

# **Annotated Bibliography of Selected Works by Women Travellers, 1837-1910**

By John Theakstone

**THESE ANNOTATIONS - USING SO FAR AS POSSIBLE THE WORDS OF THE WRITERS  
THEMSELVES - AIM TO PROVIDE A FLAVOUR OF THE BOOK OR BOOKS BY VICTORIAN AND  
EDWARDIAN WOMEN TRAVELLERS IN MY OWN COLLECTION**

## **Anon**

Nothing known

### **From Monte to Mosul [1909]**

Monte Carlo was the most difficult spot in the world to tear oneself away from. However, the unknown author had promised her friend Tig to start with him for Assyria on 25<sup>th</sup> January 1906. She started from Damascus with one short tailor-made skirt, but the pommel of Thomas Cook & Sons' extraordinary saddle had worked its way through. Two pairs of stockings [quite worn out by the time they got to Mosul], three handkerchiefs, with one change of underlinen, was the whole of her luggage, except for an old black dress, kept for state occasions, that usually lived rolled up at the bottom of a kit-bag. At Mosul in April, they pitched their camp within the city walls. The wind might blow, and it might rain all night, as it did, but she was going to sleep looking towards Nineveh. The streets were narrow and paved, and the bad weather had made them dirty. Both in the bazaars and in her return to camp, she was occupied dodging a Protestant missionary. She did not like being overwhelmed with that sort of people. His wife had written to say she wished to see a face from the dear homeland. The writer might wear a face from the dear homeland, but it represented very few home-bred sentiments. She was full of prejudices, too, about missionaries. The travellers might have made the return journey from Mosul by going down the Tigris by raft to Baghdad, then by steam-boat to Basra, and so back to England by sea. However, Father Neptune always claimed a heavy toll on the author, so she was rather glad when it was settled that they were to return by the northerly route, though it was the more expensive with their big escort.

## **A Daughter of Japhet**

Nothing known

### **Wanderings in the Land of Ham [1858]**

This unknown seventeen years old travelled for eight months from November 1854 with her mother, her invalid eldest brother, an English maid and an Indian manservant. They left Shepherd's Hotel for the Nile boat. It had long been a question whether they should take a maid or not; considering the not very strong health of the party, the mother decided on taking her. The maid took her meals on deck with the dragoman and the brother's servant - and their conversation bored the family extremely. It was impossible to conceive the discomfort she often caused, and yet she was so useful that the young woman did not know what they should have done without her. Fighting went on as a matter of course between the maid and the manservant. At Ekhmim, he jumped ashore. He said he was no longer any man's servant, and that if he was forced to go back he would jump overboard. The mother made a last appeal to his feelings, by reminding him of his wife and family in England, whom he would probably never see again if he persisted in his mad resolution, but it was in vain. One week was passed at Thebes. The young woman was tired out one day, having been out thirteen hours. However, when she reached the boat, instead of eating dinner, she smoked some pipes, and had some coffee in the eastern style, which was infinitely more invigorating than dinner *à l'anglaise*. The donkeys, unlike everything else in Thebes, were in excellent condition, and as they were

burdened with no romantic ideas of ancient grandeur and present desolation, they treated the group to some very spirited canters on the way back. The family left Thebes, a lovely moon was lighting up the plain on which they had spent so many happy hours.

### **A Lady**

Nothing known

#### **Notes on Eastern Travel [1864]**

This woman was one of a party of five who sailed from Liverpool in February 1863. They went on shore at Alexandria in March. After breakfast they were taken to see Cleopatra's needles: one was completely buried in the sand. It had been given to the British Government. She went to the pyramids. Each lady had three Arabs to help her, one holding each hand, and one pushing behind. Each lady had her dress pinned round, to enable her to step forward freely, and crinolines were not admissible. After a few minutes all feeling of trepidation gave way, for the strong grip of the men gave her complete confidence. At last the top was gained, when they all joined in a hurrah, and were glad to sit down.

In April, the unknown woman was asked to join a party - three women and seven men - made up to ascend Vesuvius. Her pony did not seem a very quiet animal, and she had no wish to mount it. Before they had proceeded far, it reared, then kicked up, and threw her off upon her head. One of the gentlemen kindly exchanged his quiet pony for hers. It would be impossible to convey any impression of the desolate, indeed awful appearance, presented by the immense beds of lava. They looked like a fitting entrance to the infernal regions. They then walked. Each lady was assisted by a guide, who passed a long leather strap over his shoulder; a loop at the opposite end had to be grasped by the pedestrian. Most thankful were they to reach the top, and sit down to rest.

### **Agassiz, Elizabeth Cabot**

m Louis Agassiz

#### **A Journey to Brazil [1867]**

Mr and Mrs Agassiz wrote jointly, based on his scientific reports and her diary. In November 1865 their quiet life at Manaus was interrupted by an excursion to the great cascade. They were called at dawn, and were on the road at six o'clock, the servants following laden with baskets of provisions. The dewy walk through the woods in the early morning was very pleasant. At a little distance from the cascade there was a deep, broad basin in the wood, with a sand bottom. The bathing there was most delicious. Mr Agassiz rejoined them in time for a late dinner, arriving in a canoe instead of going on foot. After a very cheerful dinner, they started at twilight for town, by different roads. Desirous to see the lower course of the igarapé, which Mr Agassiz reported as so beautiful, and being assured that there was no real danger, Mrs Agassiz returned in the little canoe with Mr Honorio. It was thought best not to overload it, so the others took the forest road by which they had gone in the morning. As Mrs Agassiz went down the rough steps to the landing, in the very pool where they had bathed, it struck her that the undertaking was somewhat perilous. If the overshadowed nook was dark at noonday, it was black at nightfall, and the turbulent little stream, rushing along over rocks and logs, looked mischievous. However, there was only danger enough to laugh at, none to give real concern, and Mrs Agassiz enjoyed the row through the narrow channel, where the trees met overhead, and where the boatmen were obliged to jump into the water to guide the canoe among the boulders and fallen trunks. They reached home in perfect safety, and in time to welcome the others when they arrived on foot.

### **Armstrong, Isabel Julien**

b 1848 at Hemsworth in Yorkshire, daughter of Mary A Armstrong

#### **Two Roving Englishwomen in Greece [1893]**

Miss Armstrong travelled to Greece in 1892 with her friend Edith Payne. She perhaps was typical of the middle class woman traveller. She believed that a traveller with a good temper and a sense of the ridiculous could get through the Peloponnesus on three words - those for wine, bread and good/beautiful. Patras at dawn was simply exquisite. They held the first two tickets issued by Cook and Son for the new railway line to Olympia; these created quite a sensation. They found that two beds for two people was regarded as quite a luxury. Nature had not endowed Miss Armstrong with a total indifference to performing her toilet in public; nevertheless, she contentedly accepted being a constant source of interest in the various places at which they stayed. Travelling by mule, Miss Armstrong was allotted the smallest

and meanest looking beast - but by that time she had advanced a little in the art of using a bridle consisting of a single rope; and had added to her repertoire a single word which an earlier guide had often used with good effect. A visit to the monastery at Hagios Trias involved a long climb up a set of ladders [rather like climbing up the inside of a mill chimney]. The quickest method of proceeding was to seize one's dress between one's teeth, throw oneself well back, and go up hand over hand, taking care not to knock one's teeth out with one's knees.

No doubt if they had taken a dragoman with them things would have been arranged to have approximated more closely to their English idea, but they would not have had one quarter of the amusement which they managed to get out of the trip.

### **Bacon, Lee**

m Henry Bacon

#### **Our Houseboat on the Nile [1902]**

Mrs Bacon, an American, and her husband travelled up the Nile about thirty years after the celebrated Amelia Edwards. On the first day they travelled about twenty-five miles, but had been so busy in storing themselves away that they had no time for even cursorily scanning the landscape. There was but one difficulty about amusing themselves with their shotguns - they had seen scarcely anything to shoot. How far off seemed concerts in London and Paris. Whilst her husband painted, Mrs Bacon visited temples. However, she found that fifteen to twenty minutes was all she could stand in one of those old holes in the rock. The bats were the problem. Where Harriet Martineau had found straw mats for sale the Bacons were offered only fake weapons from Khartoum.

They found an old fortress rock about which the crew knew nothing. They were attracted by a number of red stone archways, some of which had on them rosettes carved in relief. "Sitt" [as Mrs Bacon refers to herself in the third person throughout] felt that she must have one of those rosettes. Perhaps if she carried off one it might play the same role as the Elgin marbles in arousing new interest in the spot. With inventive genius, Mr Bacon ["Howadji"] used a piece of flint to convert a couple of table knives into miniature saws, and the trophy was obtained. The journey ended, it was back to modernism with the departure by the 6 a.m. train for Assouan. Fifteen minutes is not long enough for a bath, for breakfast, and for the good-bys to the boat: no time even for a glance at the river, none to sentimentalise over the boat, none for a rating glance at Philae

### **Balfour, Alice Blanche**

b 1850 in Scotland, daughter of James Maitland and Lady Blanche Mary Harriet [née Gascoigne-Cecil] [d 16 May 1872] Balfour [5 January 1820-23 February 1856] d 12 June 1936

#### **Twelve Hundred Miles in a Waggon [1895]**

Alice Balfour was the sister of one Prime Minister, Arthur James Balfour, and niece of another, Lord Salisbury. In 1894 she undertook a journey through what is now Zimbabwe, completing to a series of accomplished watercolours and sketches. Since 1946 these have been housed in the National Archives in Harare. Alice Balfour kept a copious journal but was to omit many of the shrewd, often tart, observations from the book.

Miss Balfour's companions included Alice Grey and her husband [later the 4<sup>th</sup> Earl Grey]. From Vryburg they went on in a little "special" along the as yet unopened line to start the trek. There were three waggons. One was for the stores and heavy luggage; the other two were occupied, one by the three gentlemen and one by the ladies. Eley the cook was a first rate man. Soul, the Cook's boy, could not be of much service, as he washed plates at the rate of about six an hour. His luggage consisted of a tuft of ostrich feathers and a concertina on which he played one dismal ditty of four notes repeated about a thousand times consecutively. One day they started about 6 p.m., and they all walked behind. It was quite dark, and after going a mile or two they blundered into so many mud-holes that Alice Balfour got into the waggon. Jolt, jolt, jolt they went along. How they would ever learn to sleep when the waggons were moving Miss Balfour did not know. Everything was higgledy-piggledy. They were all very unreasonable about things in general. The buck-waggon stuck in the mud. Out the men jumped to see what was wrong. Mr A. Grey rashly ventured too near the buck-waggon, and was only saved from sticking in the mud by leaving his slippers behind. Finally came the time to bid a fond farewell to the trekking life. Miss Balfour felt quite a lump in her throat as the waggon turned away, and only saved the situation by taking a hasty snapshot as it departed.

### **Baring-Gould, Edith Margaret Emma.**

b 1871 at Teignmouth, daughter of Reverend Baring and Elinor Sibella [née Lethbridge] [1846-1899] Baring-Gould [1842-1919] d 1 July 1961

**With Notebook and Camera. A Winter Journey in Foreign Lands [1901]**

Edith Baring-Gould set off for Egypt, India and Ceylon with her father and her kodak in the winter of 1899. At Port Said there were picturesque-looking Arabs and wild-looking Bedouin. They looked exactly like Bible pictures of Abraham. Miss Baring-Gould climbed the Great Pyramid. The wonderful temples of ancient Thebes were even more wonderful than the huge pyramids. They started for Karnak on donkeys, which went beautifully. Back in Cairo she went to see the El Azhar University; thousands of students were gathered in the building - proof of the great power which the religion of the False Prophet still held in the world.

At Jeypore the Baring-Goulds stayed at an Indian hotel, which, being her first experience of one, seemed very curious. A man did acrobatic tricks, balancing himself on a rope; another had a green parrot that twisted round a sort of balancing pole in its beak. A thing of interest by the roadsides were the rest stones: men with heavy loads on their heads put them off on to those stones and took a rest. How it made one long that these people should know Christ the great Burden-Bearer. The Baring-Goulds spent Christmas in Amritsar. It was strange to hear the Queen prayed for as the Kaiser-i-Hind. At the Golden Temple there was a constant stream of worshippers who made up a brilliant scene - all the colours of the rainbow. Bright it looked; but oh, the sadness of it. To all of us was not given the privilege of going in person to tell it out among the Heathen. But among those who read the book might there not be some whom God was calling to 'go' either then or at some future time?

**Barker, Mary Anne**

b 1831 in Jamaica, eldest daughter of Honourable Walter J Stewart m [1<sup>st</sup>] 1852 Colonel [1859 Sir] George Robert Barker [1817-July 1861] m [2<sup>nd</sup>] 21 June 1865 [1884 Sir] Frederick Napier Broome [18 November 1842-1896] d 6 March 1911

**Station Life in New Zealand [1870]**

**Letters to Guy [1885]**

Lady Barker was a prolific writer. Her first marriage eventually brought her a title but her husband died only a few years later. After four years of widowhood, Mary Barker remarried - this time to a man eleven years her junior. However, she continued to use the title derived from her first marriage. The years spent farming in New Zealand were followed by colonial service. Governorship of Western Australia brought her second husband a knighthood.

In New Zealand Mary Barker recorded the expeditions, adventures and emergencies diversifying the daily life of the wife of a New Zealand sheep-farmer. This life - near Christchurch - started in 1865. By May 1866 she had the bitterness of grief of the loss of her dear little baby. Did it not seem strange and sad that the little house in a distant, lonely spot, no sooner became a home than it was baptized, as it were, with tears? The servants she had brought up with her four months ago were nice, tidy girls: as a natural consequence of those attractive qualities they had both left her to be married. She was especially ignorant of practical cookery: a cookery book was a broken reed to lean on in a real emergency; it started by assuming that its unhappy student possessed a knowledge of at least the rudiments of the art. When Lady Barker's husband was away and the servants had gone to bed, a horrible lonely eerie feeling came over her; the solitude was so dreary, and the silence so intense. When the Broomes made a coach journey south, they had the box seat next the driver. What a time she had of it for nine hours! The moment the grooms let go the horses' heads, the driver stood up on his seat, flourished his long whip, and they dashed down a steep cutting into the river. Water flew in spray far over her head, and the plunge wetted her as effectually as if she had fallen in the river. She expected the front part of the coach to part from the back, on account of the enormous strain caused by dragging it over boulders.

Guy, a son, was put into school in England when Frederick Broome was moved from Mauritius to become Governor of Western Australia in 1883. Guy should remember that, whenever she told him of all the honour and hospitality shown to his father and mother, he must always *first* think that it was really our darling Queen to whom all her distant subjects vied with each other in showing their love and loyalty. On arrival, they drove as quickly as possible to Government House, for Frederick Broome had to put on his uniform and go to the Town Hall to be sworn in. It was delicious to get back, and great fun looking over the large and handsome house which was to be their new home. By January 1884 they were comfortably established in their charming summer home on Rottnest Island, avoiding the mainland summer heat. There were about one hundred and fifty native prisoners there. Every Sunday they were allowed to roam about at perfect liberty all over the island to get their own food. On Sunday afternoons, Mary Barker's pet cockatoos and parrots were let out of their big cage, and invited to tea on the lawn. Her canaries had as much

room as they could possibly want. Sometimes an emu would come gravely stepping round the corner and look in, or one of the cows would put her head at the verandah in search of pears.

#### **Barkly, Fanny Alexandra**

daughter of Thomas Goodwin and Fanny Vincent [née Steele] [d 7 December 1880] Hatchard [18 September 1817-28 February 1870] m Arthur Cecil Stuart Barkly CMG [1843-27 September 1890]

#### **Among Boers and Basutos [1894]**

Maria had been brought home by Mrs Barkly's friend Lady Barker and was glad to return to her native land with Mrs Barkly in 1877, but in Maritzburg her mother said that they had stolen her child. Mrs Barkly dined with the Governor and his private secretary, Mr Rider Haggard. Basutoland became more and more unsettled. The very unpopular Disarming Act was followed by results which the most pessimistic had scarcely foreseen. Mafeteng was the Barkly's last station in Basutoland. In 1880 most of their servants refused to work. When Mrs Barkly's little boy was born on 20<sup>th</sup> June, it was indeed terrible. Mr Barkly would not let them stay any longer; on 19<sup>th</sup> July they sent the children to Wepener. She stayed one more day. It was terrible having to go off and leave poor Arthur in a state of siege. The next day they crossed the border into the Orange Free State. As they did so, two Basutos stopped their horses and were very impudent. Fanny Barkly took the whip, and lashed up the horses to a quick gallop, and on they simply *flew*. Six or seven weeks passed in a state of terrible suspense during the siege of Mafateng, held by her husband. Wepener was not a nice place to live in. The Dutch Boers were by no means sympathetic. Mrs Barkly determined to remain on the border as long as she could. On 15<sup>th</sup> September she was thankful to see Colonel Carrington arrive in Wepener: she handed him a letter with the directions in Greek characters as to his route while crossing the border. On Christmas Day she managed to get enough for the children to eat, but not a morsel could she get for herself.

#### **Barnard, Anne**

b 8 December 1750, eldest child of James and Anne [née Dalrymple] Lindsay, 5<sup>th</sup> Earl of Balcarres [d 1768?] m 1793 Andrew Barnard [1763-1807] d 6 May 1825

#### **South Africa a Century Ago Letters Written from the Cape of Good Hope (1797-1801) [1901]**

This book only qualifies as Victorian/Edwardian because of its first publication date. Lady Anne Barnard died long before Victoria became queen. Like Lady Mary Barker, she married a man more than ten years her junior. In her late forties, four years after she married, Anne Barnard accompanied her husband in 1797 to the Cape Colony following his appointment as first Secretary. During the next four years she wrote a number of letters to Lord Melville. He was both a personal friend and the British Government minister responsible for the Cape.

Having been told that no woman had ever been on the top of Table Mountain (this was not literally true, one or two having been there) there was some ambition as a motive for climbing, as well as curiosity. Lady Anne persuaded Mr Barrow to mount the mountain along with her. They were joined by two officers, and her maid chose to be of the party. Lady Anne had a couple of servants, and a couple of boxes with cold meat and wine. They reached the foot of the mountain on horseback, and dismounted when they could ride no more - indeed, nothing but a human creature or an antelope could ascend such a path. In three hours from the bottom of the mountain they reached the very tip-top of the great rock. After a splendid and happy dinner she proposed a song to be sung in full chorus, not doubting that all the hills around them would join in - "God save the King". Lady Anne never saw the force of prejudice more apparent than in the way Englishmen there turned up their foolish noses at the Cape wines *because* they were Cape wines. They would drink nothing but port, claret or madeira, pretending that the wines of the country gave them bowel-ache.

On the eve of her departure from the Cape, Lady Anne wrote to the Minister to say that nothing could exceed the wisdom of his recall of the Cape Governor. They all rejoiced in his foolish, faulty reign being over. He had talked to her the other day [at a dinner to which he had in a fit of graciousness invited himself and a large party] of what he was to do three months hence.

#### **Barter, Catherine**

Nothing known

#### **Alone Among the Zulus [1866]**

The Plain Woman' who wrote of a journey through Zulu country in 1855 is thought to have been Catherine [or Charlotte] Barter. She was plain in person, plain in dress, plain in understanding and plain in manner. Her brother had promised some sporting friends to proceed in company with them to hunting grounds. Of course the guns and ammunition were with her, so go she must. She could never sleep in a waggon while it was moving along. She joined her brother, and persuaded him to go on at once, so that they might cross the river before it filled up again. Just as they drew near, the Plain Woman remembered that there was a bag in the driving box containing sixteen pounds of gunpowder. She had it taken out and placed behind her. No sooner was this done than the waggon came down the steep bank with a jerk. The gunpowder fell forward on her shoulder, and precipitated her head foremost over the driving box but the driver stopped any further fall.

News now came of disaster to the hunting party. The Plain Woman's brother sent a few lines, scrawled with a trembling hand - the last letter he ever expected to write. She resolved to move on, and trek as far as the oxen could go. She had full trust that she would be safe; but what if she was too late? It never entered her head that help would be offered her, but five men she met agreed to request her to allow them to go in her stead. Eight days later her brother was carried in. He could only swallow a little bread soaked in tea. At last they reached Durban. For two more months Miss Barter nursed her brother, during which time the driver was baptised. Thus two lives were at once granted to her prayers.

### **Beauclerk, Diana de Vere**

b 10 December 1842, elder daughter of William Aubrey de Vere and Elizabeth Catherine [née Gubbins] [d 2 December 1893, *having m [2<sup>nd</sup>] 10 November 1859 10<sup>th</sup> Viscount Falkland*] Beauclerk, 9<sup>th</sup> Duke of St Albans [24 March 1801-27 May 1849] m 18 December 1872 Honourable Sir John Walter Huddleston QC MP [d 5 December 1890] d 1 April 1905

### **Summer and Winter in Norway [1868]**

Lady Di Beauclerk and her widowed mother went to Norway in the summer of 1867. The season was drawing to a close, and her brother's marriage had taken place. Seldom had three unprotected females, bent upon pleasure, landed on a foreign shore with a more moderate supply of worldly goods. They left behind so-called civilisation, fashion, bonnets and smart dresses. At Lillehammer they took horse-drawn carriages: Lady Di was to lead the way, her mother to come next, and their maid Teresina to follow, the luggage cart bringing up the rear. Fifty miles a day was quite enough for ladies who travelled for pleasure, and who enjoyed stopping an hour in the middle of the day for refreshment. At Aak there was a snug little inn. No matter that access to the bedrooms was via a ladder: descent, with the courier's aid, was accomplished with safety and propriety. In mid-October, although hardly sufficiently prepared with furs or any of those necessary requirements for a Norwegian winter, they went sledging and walking over the frozen river. When half across the ice cracked with was an alarming noise. The guide told Lady Di to run for her life. Teresina, who had fallen down from fright, was left a helpless looking bundle on the ice. In sober truth, very few ladies' maids would have been so good tempered, made themselves so useful, or fallen so readily into the changes and chances of their travels as did Teresina.

They decided to spend the winter in Norway. Teresina, with extra aid called in, set to work to repair the injuries that travels by land and sea had inflicted on their wardrobes. Lady Di assisted her, though chiefly with suggestions, if her memory served her right.

### **Beck, Mary Elizabeth**

Nothing known

### **East and West [1878?]**

Mary Beck was an early client of Thomas Cook, travelling to Egypt and Palestine in 1870. She put together her account of that trip and one of a later visit to the United States. At Alexandria a mad, wild troop of muscular men clambered on deck, seizing hold of hapless passengers. The gentlemen seemed really helpless victims in the struggle, but the women successfully sat still clutching their luggage. At the pyramids, the first few steps were very easy, but the help of three native assistants was soon none too much. Before Miss Beck had time to calculate by what earthly means a step of four feet could be surmounted, she found herself borne gently up by a motion like flying. In Jerusalem, Newman Hall preached to them. At the church of the Holy Sepulchre a confusion of gorgeous imposture, a heterogeneous assemblage of "holy things" was forced upon the sight.

No New World can lay claim to a title of the same interest as that offered by the Old. The first novelty in America was the frequent appearance of blacks, or more properly "coloured people". In the railway cars there was no choice about classes; the heat and dust during a long journey in summer was almost insufferable; but the

luggage system was admirable. Christmas Day morning at Niagara rose damp and cold - grey and sombre - no sun, no glow, no glory. It was impossible for a first view to come up to the picture formed by the imagination of a lifetime. By degrees it rose in an ascending scale to a height of stupendous magnificence. Then home: "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!"

### **Bell, Nancy**

née Meugens m Arthur George Bell RI ROI [1849-24 September 1916]

#### **Picturesque Brittany [1906]**

The artist Arthur Bell exhibited from 1879 to 1916. With his wife Nancy he spent several weeks in Brittany in 1905. Even then the doctrine of liberty, equality and fraternity could not be said to have taken root in Brittany. On that July night a dense fog set in, with the inevitable result that the tide was out at St Malo. Tugs appeared to take off the passengers. As they approached the shore they noticed a boat full of luggage being rowed in the direction of their steamer - a characteristic instance of the indifference of French officials to delay and inconvenience caused to travellers.

Mrs Bell had visited Brittany on various occasions. She had hoped to find an improvement in the treatment of cattle at the Dinan market, but alas she was doomed to disappointment. She made a point of going to High Mass; there was none of the whispering or staring about she had so often noticed with regret in Normandy. They hired a carriage to take them to Plougastel. Mr Bell, who always left the choosing of their route to his wife, kept asking why she had brought him to this outlandish place where there was nothing to see and nothing to do. Men, women and children still wore costumes such as were in vogue in the sixteenth century. At Quimper, there was an infinite variety of ornate caps and collars, a gorgeous diversity of embroidered vests and jackets, such a choice of daintily-worked bodices and delicately-hued aprons, and such marvellously voluminous petticoats.

As usual they arrived at St Malo for the return home several hours before the steamer started. They wandered disconsolately about the streets, crowded with English passengers in the same position as themselves. They grumbled at the discomforts of the night crossing, even the first class sleeping accommodation leaving much to be desired.

### **Bird, Isabella Lucy**

b15 October 1831, elder daughter of Reverend Edward and Dora [née Lawson] [d 14 August 1866] Bird [d 1858] m 8 March 1881 Dr John Bishop [1842-6 March 1886] d 7 October 1904

#### **The Hawaiian Archipelago [1875]**

#### **A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains [1879]**

#### **Unbeaten Tracks in Japan [1880]**

#### **Korea and Her Neighbours [1898]**

#### **The Yangtze Valley and Beyond [1899]**

The most celebrated woman traveller of her day, Isabella Bird [later Mrs Bishop] has been written about extensively. Her earlier works are a good deal more readable than the later ones. She was the first woman to address a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, and one of the initial group of women to be elected to a fellowship.

Travelling initially for her health, Miss Bird wrote letters to her invalid sister. She reached Hawaii in 1873, and stayed seven months. She travelled between islands. Her travelling companion and two agreeable ladies, were already in their berths very sick but Isabella Bird did not get into hers because a cockroach, looking as large as a mouse, occupied the pillow, and a companion not much smaller was roaming over the quilt without any definite purpose. She visited the volcano Kilauea. The scene started out from the darkness with the suddenness of a revelation. They felt the pungency of sulphurous fumes in the still night air. The heavens became redder and brighter, and when they reached the crater-house at eight, clouds of red vapour mixed with flame were curling ceaselessly out of a vast, invisible pit of blackness, and Kilauea was in all its glory. She went riding; initially this was spoiled by her insecure seat in her saddle. A male companion suggested it would be better to ride astride, and put his saddle on the horse. Reluctantly she consented to a mode of riding against which she had so strong a prejudice.

Isabella Bird went on to the United States. By the time she reached the Rocky Mountains that prejudice was abandoned. She readily adopted her Hawaiian riding dress. This was a half-fitting jacket, a skirt reaching to the ankles, and full Turkish trousers gathered into frills which fell over the boots. She met "Mountain Jim" who was about forty-five. "Desperado" was written in large letters all over him. However, she took him as her guide for an ascent of Long's Peak, the "American Matterhorn". "Jim" was a shocking figure: he had on an old pair of high boots with a baggy pair of old trousers, held on by a digger's scarf knotted round his waist; three or four unbuttoned waistcoats over a leather shirt; and an old smashed wideawake. One eye was entirely gone. He had a knife in his belt, and a revolver in his waistcoat pocket. He could hardly believe that Miss Bird travelled unarmed, and adjured her to get a revolver at once. Her fatigue, giddiness and pain from bruised ankles, and arms half pulled out of their sockets, were so great that she would never have gone half-way had not "Jim" dragged her along with a patience and skill which never failed.

Miss Bird went to Japan in 1878. No English lady had yet travelled alone through the interior of Japan. She made an experimental journey on horseback - fifteen miles in eight hours of continuous travelling - and encountered for the first time the Japanese packhorse. She was neither kicked, bitten, nor pitched off. The pack-saddle was composed of two packs of straw eight inches thick: she dropped upon her loaded horse from the top of a wall, the ridges, bars, tags and knotted rigging of the saddle being smoothed over by a folded wadded cotton quilt. Miss Bird was fourteen inches above the animal's back, with her feet hanging over his neck. The saddle was so intolerable in going downhill that she was relieved when she found that she had slid over the horse's head into a mud-hole. She reached a mountain village so exhausted that she could not go farther. The house-master, who knelt persistently on the floor of Isabella Bird's room till he was dislodged by her guide, apologised for the dirt of his house, as well he might. Stifling, dark and smoky as her room was, she had to close the paper windows, owing to the crowd which assembled in the street. Her guide began to speak to the house-master roughly, a style of acting which Miss Bird promptly terminated, for nothing could be more hurtful to a foreigner, or more unkind to the people, than for a servant to be rude and bullying.

Then, like Mary Barker and Anne Barnard before her, Isabella Bird married a man more than ten years her junior. Within five years he was dead but Miss Bird was now Mrs Bishop, and the vivacity of her earlier writing had gone. Her four visits to Korea, between January 1894 and March 1897, formed part of a plan of study of the leading characteristics of the Mongolian races. Mrs Bishop had known Seoul for a year before she appreciated it, or fully realised that it was entitled to be regarded as one of the great capitals of the world. She knew its palaces and its slums, its unspeakable meanness and faded splendours, and the filth of its crowded alleys. Mrs Bishop moved on, accompanied by Mr Miller. Conversing with and interrogating the people through Mr Miller, taking geographical notes, temperatures, altitudes, barometric readings, and measurements of the river (nearly all unfortunately lost in a rapid on the downward journey), collecting and drying plants, photographing, and developing negatives under difficulties, were occupations which made up busy and interesting days.

Mrs Bishop's journeys in China (concluding in 1897) were undertaken for recreation and interest solely, after some months of severe travelling in Korea. To mention native Shanghai in foreign polite ears seemed scarcely seemly; it branded the speaker as an outside barbarian. It was bad form to show any interest in it, and worse to visit it. Few of the lady residents in the settlement had seen it. Mrs Bishop absolutely failed to get an escort until Mr Fox of H.M.'s Consular Service kindly offered to accompany her. She had found that many of the deterrent perils which were arrayed before the eyes of travellers about to begin a journey were greatly exaggerated, and often vanished altogether. Not so the perils of the Yangtze. They fully warranted the worst descriptions which had been given of them. To be among mountains, away from crowds, rowdyism, unmannerly curiosity, rice-fields, stench - and last but not least, the complete disappearance of rheumatism from which she had suffered long and badly, made up an aggregate of good things.

### **Blackwood, Alicia**

b 1818 m Reverend Dr Henry Blackwood d 1913

#### **A Narrative of a Residence on the Bosphorus throughout the Civil War [1881]**

Sultan, Lady Alicia Blackwood's horse, died in 1880 when at least thirty-four years old. His death seemed to recall to memory many scenes in which he had served her. Thus, she recorded her Crimea War memories. In November 1854, Lady Alicia Blackwood and her husband were moved to go out to help the sick and the wounded. Dr Blackwood was appointed chaplain. They arrived at Scutari. Behind a screen in the room to which Lady Alicia was shown was Miss Nightingale's little camp bedstead. Florence Nightingale gave Lady Alicia charge of some two hundred women in most abject misery. They were the wives of soldiers, and were in rags and covered with vermin. She found a poor soul in the agonies of death, lying on a heap of rags on the floor in a dark room containing about a hundred persons.

Scenes were impressed on her memory which could never be effaced. The decline of sickness gave Lady Alicia room to spare. Her attention was turned to the advisability of opening a little school. Florence Nightingale assisted her at once from her stores with copybooks, pens and other scholastic materials. Since that time it had been the excellent and valuable fashion for ladies to learn cookery. Unfortunately, Lady Alicia then knew very little about that department; experience had to be her instructor. How they managed to omit Mrs. Beeton's book when they packed up their luggage for the campaign, she did not know. After fifteen months it was time to return. Spithead was reached in July 1856. War was a dreadful thing, but there were many things worse; and perhaps it was to correct these worse things that the Prince of Peace said "But these things must needs be".

### **Blackwood, Hariot Georgina**

b 5 February 1843, eldest daughter of Archibald Rowan-Hamilton m 23 October 1862 Frederick Temple Hamilton-Temple-Blackwood, 5<sup>th</sup> Baron Dufferin and Clandeboye [1<sup>st</sup> Marquess of Dufferin & Ava 1888, Earl 1871] [21 June 1826-12 February 1902] d 25 October 1936

#### **Our Viceregal Life in India [1889]**

Daughter-in-law of Lady Dufferin, Hariot Blackwood had accompanied her husband to Canada where he was Governor General between 1872 and 1878. In 1884 he was appointed Viceroy of India, and she again accompanied him until they left in 1888. Soon after arrival both her time and thoughts were occupied with furnishing. She abandoned the rooms used by all previous Viceroys, and moved into the visitors' wing.

Life was often formal. A 'small' dinner for forty-three ended the day - a military dinner: the Duke told her he had not been in the room with so many generals for a long time. At times it was more informal. They were a party of twelve, and they only brought young members of their Staff with them, so in the evening they played games and enjoyed themselves. The Viceroy moved from Calcutta in March. Emptying drawers and filling tin-lined cases occupied their time, and the whole house looked untidy and dismantled. Though their departure was 'private,' there were a great many at the station to see them off. When they reached Rawal Pindi there was a magnificent array of British uniforms. The native princes and Punjab chiefs were presented one by one to the Viceroy. This gave Hariot Blackwood time to admire their clothes and their splendid jewelry. One had a great crown on, but, magnificent though it looked, it was by no means his best one.

The couple celebrated their silver wedding: the termination of a quarter of a century of life almost unclouded by great sorrows, and full of many blessings. A year later salutes, guards of honour and escorts were to be theirs for the last time, and a less public and a quieter life would begin.

### **Blackwood, Helena Selina**

b 1807, daughter of Thomas and Caroline Henrietta [née Callander] Sheridan [d 1817] m [1<sup>st</sup>] 4 July 1825 Commander Price Blackwood [4<sup>th</sup> Baron Dufferin and Clandeboye November 1839] [6 May 1794-21 July 1841] m [2<sup>nd</sup>] 13 October 1862 George Hay, Earl of Gifford [d 22 December 1862] d 13 June 1867

#### **Lispings from Low Latitudes [1863]**

Helina Blackwood was a granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. She and her sisters, Caroline Norton and the Duchess of Somerset were the beauties of their age. Her son had published 'Letters from High Latitudes' in 1856. Her riposte - a complete work of fiction - was to have appeared for Christmas 1862. However, her second husband [whom she agreed to marry when she knew he was dying] died, and publication was delayed. It consists of twenty-three pictures, each accompanied by text.

The Hon. Impulshia Gushington was given a book - Alexander Kinglake's 'Eothen' - by her valued friend and physician on 1<sup>st</sup> January 1861. 'Eothen' was indeed a delightful book. Minikin (her attached personal attendant) thought travel would do her good. She recommended Margate. Impulshia Gushington thought she would follow in the glowing footsteps of 'Eothen'. All was prepared for departure for Egypt. A terrible blow fell on her at Alexandria - Minikin refused to accompany her further. All the comfort of her voyage up the Nile would depend upon the dragoman. She selected Dimitri, a Greek in full Albanian costume, who realised her notion of what Lord Byron must have been in the first flush of his romantic manhood. On arriving at Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, she joined a pleasing Scotch family - the MacFishys of that ilk - at the table d'hôte. Mr Shepherd hinted that she would do wisely in locking her bedroom door *as the Indian mail was due*. The passengers had been sleeping in one another's pockets for weeks past. They were not a bit squeamish about privacy.

Thus far, the Hon. Impulshia Gushington was only a third of the way through her [mis]adventures. In this entertaining parody, Lady Dufferin demonstrates that she was well versed in the writing of women travellers as well as that of Kinglake.

**Blennerhassett, [Rose] Rosanna**

daughter of Sir Arthur and Sarah [née Mahoney] [d 11 July 1866] Blennerhassett, 3<sup>rd</sup> Baronet [30 July 1794-22 April 1849] d 9 October 1907

**Adventures in Mashonaland [1893]**

Lucy Sleeman, whose name appears as co-author of the account of two hospital nurses appears not to have contributed to its writing. Had anyone told Rose Blennerhassett ten years beforehand that 1890 would find her nursing the sick in the heart of Africa she would have laughed the predictor to scorn. They travelled up river from Beira. Wilkins, the Bishop's builder - an excellent but doddering old person, whom it was amazing to think of as of having been with Livingstone - guided them to a tent. Their first letter from the Bishop was brought by a "runner," and was stuck into a cleft stick. They came under the care of Dr Glanville who had only been in Africa as part of a great military organisation which moved him here and there like a pawn on a chess-board. He had no idea how to move a pawn himself.

The quasi-civilisation of Johannesburg and Kimberley had not initiated them into the difficulties of pioneer life, though their experiences in those places were useful in many ways. They endeavoured to make their leisure useful by acquiring a knowledge of cookery. They took possession of four round beehive-shaped huts with mud walls and earthen floors. Mr Teal, whose venison Rose Blennerhassett had fried in sardine oil, was devoured by a lion. Waggons arrived bringing with them part of their luggage. All Miss Blennerhassett's possessions were lost. Their first patient arrived. Their first patient to die was a former England cricket team captain who was buried in a coffin made out of whisky cases. The Bishop came to say good-bye. Cecil Rhodes arrived: great was the nurses' astonishment when he rode up alone. The two years completed, they left for England. Rose Blennerhassett could not feel at all certain that either of them had looked her last upon the Southern Cross.

**Booth, Margaret**

m George Booth

**An Amazon Andes Tour**

In April 1908 the Booths had left the Amazon and were en route for the Andes. They had a splendid bathe in a little stream but luckily out of site, as they bathed *à la* Adam and Eve. They rose early on 17<sup>th</sup> April, and waited for their mules. The rain came down hard, and when it cleared a little the mules began to appear. Señor Ribero was full of excuses because he had brought only ten. One, he said, had hurt his foot, and two others had "escapado." Mr Booth lost his temper, and Señor Ribero, thinking he was going to strike his brother, interposed, and also became full of wrath. However, Mr Booth explained, giving Mr Tregoning a hearty blow on the leg, to prove that he meant no harm, and the packing of the mules began after hand-shaking all round. It was finished at last, and they started with nine mules packed with their food, beds &c., and one mule free for Mrs Booth to ride. This was eventually hung with cameras, pouches &c., as she didn't want to ride till she was tired. Four food-boxes and the chairs were left behind for the escapado mules to bring later. The road was broad and very, very muddy. They had to pick their way with the greatest care in order not to sink up to their knees, and the heavily-laden mules had a bad time, poor animals. Unluckily, Margaret Booth had taken her butterfly net to pieces and packed it, so that she felt much annoyed when numerous large black and blue butterflies settled on the path, and could have been quite easily caught. She was tired and footsore after fifteen miles in six hours, some of it very hard going indeed.

**Boyd, Mary Stuart**

b 1861 at Glasgow, fourth daughter of Dunlop Kirkwood m 1880 Alexander Stuart Boyd [7 February 1854-21 August 1930]

**Our Stolen Summer [1900]**

The boy's age in 1898 fixed the date of their departure: in nine more months he would be twelve, and consequently unable to rank as a child. The Boyds procured "round the world" tickets. Midway between Ceylon and Australia a mysterious illness seized Mrs Boyd - a protracted nightmare. Her chief recollection of Melbourne was of a day of lonely pain. On the following morning she was carried across the wharf to the ship. Four others had to be carried on board - a girl who had sprained her ankle, a two days'-old baby and its mother, and an old gentleman who died soon after he got to Sydney. The average native-born New Zealand male cultivated his muscles; it was the women who read. A colonial maid would deem it a dire insult were she asked for a character, or were her dress restricted either in colour or fabric. The social life of New Zealand was devoted to the amusement of the so-called social life of the rising generation.

In the light of later experiences it was strange to look back and remember how little the journey across America had ranked in their thoughts. They left themselves only three weeks from the time of landing at San Francisco to the date of sailing for home. Whether during the day American railway cars were more comfortable than English railway carriages was a matter of opinion. Such a thing as a ladies' compartment was unknown: one's neighbours were of what sex or manners the Fates would, and timorous old ladies were wont to suffer tortures of apprehension behind their enshrouding curtains.

Mrs Boyd later emigrated to New Zealand, becoming the first president of the League of New Zealand Penwomen.

**Brassey, Anna [Annie]**

b 7 October 1839, daughter of John A Alnutt m October 1860 Thomas Brassey [Baron 1886, 1<sup>st</sup> Earl 1911] [11 February 1836-23 February 1918] d14 September 1887

**A Voyage in the 'Sunbeam' [1878]**

**Sunshine and Storm in the East [1880]**

**In the Trades, the Tropics and the 'Roaring Forties' [1885]**

**The Last Voyage to India and Australia in the 'Sunbeam' [1889]**

Anna Brassey spent much of the last ten years of her life at sea. Her readership rivalled that of Isabella Bird but her travelling life style was altogether more genteel. The Brassey yacht the 'Sunbeam' was known the world over.

In 1874 the Brasseys set off for three months in the Mediterranean. At Gibraltar, the children and their maid boarded the 'Khedive' to return home. Mrs Brassey went on deck one night and found a poor man lying in great agony, surrounded by a group of his shipmates. She called her husband, and they compounded him two draughts and some embrocation, which in a couple of hours brought him round. It was a somewhat alarming incident for the middle of the night, and made them reflect that the presence of a doctor on board would sometimes be a comfort. In Constantinople Mrs Brassey called on Madame Hilmeh Bey, who received her in a French *robe de matinée*, laid down a French novel, and rose to greet her. All the women of the higher classes were tolerably educated, had European governesses, and read European books - principally novels, and all bemoaned their hard fate very much. It was a great mistake of the Turks to think that they could educate their wives and daughters, and still keep them in confinement and subjection. In the summer of 1878 Mrs Brassey was very ill. In September she was pronounced to be better, and change was prescribed. They sailed to Cyprus and Constantinople.

In 1876 forty-three persons sailed on the 'Sunbeam', headed by Mr and Mrs Brassey and their four children. In eleven months they travelled to South America, Japan, China, Singapore and Ceylon. Nine days into the voyage they were struck by a huge wave. In a second the sea came pouring over the stern, above Allnutt's head. The boy was nearly washed overboard. Kindred, the boatswain, seeing his danger, rushed forward to save him. The coil of rope on which Captain Lecky and Mabelle were seated, was completely floated by the sea. However, he had a double turn around his wrist, and, throwing his other arm round Mabelle, held on like grim death. Off South America they saw a large barque, under full sail, flying the red union jack upside down, and with signals in her rigging, which the signalman read as 'Ship on fire.' These were lowered, and signals 'Come on board at once' hoisted in their place. They sent off a boat's crew who returned with the mate of the 'Monkshaven' of Whitby. It was perfectly evident that it would be impossible to save the ship. By half past six the 'Sunbeam' had all the crew on board.

At the end of 1886, Lady Brassey and her daughters travelled to Bombay by P. & O., and boarded the 'Sunbeam' there. At Poona H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught danced the first quadrille with her. In Bombay four o'clock in the morning of 16<sup>th</sup> February 1887 found her in the verandah outside her bungalow (where the Brasseys were staying as guests of the Governor), listening to the roaring of the cannon, which ushered in the day on which was to be celebrated in India the Jubilee of Victoria, its Queen and Empress. On 9<sup>th</sup> May the 'Sunbeam' made Western Australia. It was with great joy and relief, as well as with pardonable pride in Tom's skill as a navigator that Anna Brassey went on deck to see those rock-bound shores. She set off in a light four-wheeled waggonee drawn by a pair of horses, having climbed up in front next to the driver. Right glad they were to get out and stretch their weary limbs. Still more welcome was a cup of good tea with real cream, homemade bread and fresh butter, offered with the greatest hospitality and kindness, in a nice old-fashioned dining room. It had turned bitterly cold after leaving Mount Barker. Lady Brassey felt too miserably ill to do justice to any of the kindnesses prepared, except that of a blazing fire. By late August 1877 the Brasseys were in New Guinea. If only a knowledge such as that conveyed by the instructions given by the St. John Ambulance Association could be spread there, it would be most valuable. It was, of

course, impossible to establish a centre there; but Anna hoped before she left to set a class on foot. Tom and she would, as usual in such cases, become life members, so as to give the movement a start. Those were her last words. Lady Brassey died at sea two weeks later.

### **Bremer, Frederika**

b 17 August 1801 near Abo in Finland [mother died March 1855] d 31 December 1865

#### **Two Years in Switzerland and Italy [1861]**

Frederika Bremer was a novelist and traveller who lived in Stockholm. She was in her forties before she began to travel. She spent two years in the United States in 1849-51. She did not believe in keeping a diary for herself - too many middling days - but letters home provided a record.

By 1856, however, her family was dead. She was free again, after several gloomy, sorrowful years: she had before her an unlimited time, which she could devote in freedom and peace to the solution of many long-cherished questions and investigations. The object of her journey was a year's residence and quiet study on the shores of the Lake of Geneva. The Countess de Gasparin paid a visit the day after her arrival. She was an amiable blondine, still young, with refined features - on the whole, a lovable person, very loquacious, and somewhat decided in manner. The most beautiful view of Mont Blanc was from Geneva. Its mass, its dazzling whiteness, its soft, rounded form, riveted the glance with an imposing power. People talked a great deal about the rapid change which the sunset produced amongst the Alps, but contemplation of the afterglow was a great enjoyment to Miss Bremer. In Switzerland she had not met with *the female worker*, in the fullest and highest meaning of her vocation, in the complete fullness of her life, as she had done in Sweden. A cold shudder went through both Frederika Bremer's body and her soul when she remembered the severe government of *La Bise noire* during her last fourteen days in Geneva. The heavens were leaden, the earth gray, the wind icy cold. The air was dry, like pulverized arsenic, and about as wholesome. The little green buds on the trees stopped their growth. People kept indoors, or went out with blue noses, and came in again with colds in their heads.

### **Bremner, Christina Sinclair**

b 1857 in Scotland

#### **A Month in a Dandi [1891]**

Miss Bremner, who in 1893 became editor of *The Women's Penny Paper* and *Woman's Herald*, went to India - where a brother was serving - in 1890. Observing an Indian woman walking, she became convinced that western women walking under three and more often four skirts did so in a series of gawky-like jerks and spasms; she bemoaned her shortsightedness in not equipping herself more sensibly for her excursion. Staying in dak bungalows meant eating a small, tough, fleshless, flavourless Indian chicken, resembling an English one mainly in being a feathered biped. Christina Bremner passed over a fierce mountain torrent by a rope bridge: ten or twelve strands of stout hempen rope were attached to poles; over these was passed a wooden cylinder, to which a rope was attached. She grasped wooden pins on the cylinder which was pulled across by the rope.

As Miss Bremner travelled she reflected on what she found. How grateful English men should be that a minority of English women, assisted it was true by the wisest and best of the men, had successfully resisted attempts to shut them out of politics, medicine, law and scientific pursuits. She could not but think it regrettable that Anglo-Indians cut themselves off from intercourse with refined and thoughtful natives, whose aims were not very different from those of thoughtful Englishmen. With few exceptions the conduct towards them was marked by haughty aloofness, in too many cases by insolence and arrogance. Even if it were conceded that England earnestly desired the good of India, yet it was *our* idea of good, not theirs; it was to be obtained by *our* methods, not theirs.

### **Brook, Mrs C J**

married Charles John Brook

#### **Six Weeks in Egypt Fugitive Sketches of Eastern Travel [1893]**

Mrs Brook took a six-week journey with two younger female companions in the early spring of 1891. In Cairo their dragoman took care to let them know that he had conducted Lord Dufferin, Viceroy of India, and his party over Cairo. He took a most demonstrative farewell of them opposite Shephard's Hotel. They boarded the train for Asyût, requesting Messrs. Gaze's agent to remain standing on guard at the door. As they were not to arrive before five o'clock the next morning, Mrs Brook

ordered the doors to be locked. She asked the guide to translate to both the guard and the head porter of the dire vengeance that would fall on them if they unlocked the door without her permission. At Luxor they accepted the donkeys and their attendants. The spirit of adventure was not quite absent from the rides, for each day somebody managed to give them the excitement which a tumble afforded. The day spent at Thebes was one she reckoned among the most delightful of her Egyptian experiences.

At the Great Pyramid three guides were apportioned to Mrs Brook, two being considered sufficient for each of her lighter companions. She had a great wish to go to the top, but did not expect to find it easy. She signified that she wished two of the Arabs to mount to the top of the stone she was intended to climb, and one to remain to prevent her falling. They were to pull only when she made a request for assistance. They reached the top and were greeted by their friends already arrived with cheers.

### **Broughton, Elizabeth**

third daughter of Henry Stanyford Blanckley, the first by her mother

#### **Six Years Residence in Algiers [1839]**

Rather more than half of the narrative derives from a journal kept by Mrs Broughton's mother between September 1806 and May 1812, with editorial comment by her daughter. The remainder consists of Mrs Broughton's own writing. The whole was published in 1839, and thus has a claim for inclusion.

Mr Blanckley was British Agent and Consul General in Algiers. The Dey received Mr Blanckley very graciously, although on his offering his hand to salute, Mr Blanckley respectfully declined doing so, as being an homage he only felt due to his own Sovereign. After two weeks, Mrs Blanckley had been so much annoyed at the disconsolate conduct of her children's nurse, whom she brought from Malta, that she had been under the necessity of sending her back. Three weeks later they had a complaint in consequence of the English butler having presumed to make his appearance on the terraced roof of the house. This privilege was only permitted to the consuls themselves. One evening Mrs Blanckley was seated on a sofa when she suddenly was tossed off it on her knees upon the floor, by a dreadful shaking of the earth, accompanied by a most terrible and awful noise. On 14<sup>th</sup> August 1808, the Blanckleys were shocked to hear that the Dutch consul had expired. Immediately after the funeral, the French Consul escorted them to his Garden. The ball which was to have taken place had been stopped by the Dutch Consul's death. However, at eleven o'clock there was a brilliant display of fireworks, during which a machine on which the French Colours were suspended caught fire. The Blanckleys had the pleasing satisfaction of seeing them burnt and fall to the ground. In May 1812 they took an affectionate farewell of their worthy and attached domestics, and quitted their abode. A Marabout made a singular request to Mrs Blanckley on the eve of her departure - that she would bring him from England a brace of wooden feet, he having had the misfortune to lose the original ones.

### **Browning, H Ellen**

Nothing known

#### **A Girl's Wanderings in Hungary [1896]**

Ellen Browning, a distant relative of the poet Robert Browning, loved the sea, mountains and the frank 'natural-ness' of the peasantry, but garlic and drunken men disgusted her. Swearing frightened her. After studying hard and passing (with great success) a stiffish University examination, she had lost her father. This combination of circumstances had nearly succeeded in destroying her health. Thorough and complete change of scene and of daily life, and a total cessation of brainwork, was the only remedy. Aged twenty-three, she went to Hungary. She hated Baedeker only a few degrees worse than Murray so she never used either. When one desired to visit any particular part of Hungary, one had only to make that desire known and a letter of introduction was obtained from some of the friends of one's friends' friends - either to a noble's family, or, failing that, to an estate agent, a country squire, a doctor, a lawyer, a parson or a head peasant of a village.

The people she was with were not nobles, not even genuine Magyars. Their father had been a Greek who made a big fortune 'in leather', married a very beautiful Hungarian peasant, and naturalised himself. The family themselves were really Greek Orthodox, and had a private chapel in the house. They spoke English fluently but not prettily. During the whole time Miss Browning was there they never once walked to the village. When she faintly suggested a desire to explore it on foot, the whole household held up their hands in horror. Such a breach of local etiquette was not to be thought of. Being great at cookery and rather proud of her capabilities that way, her hostesses easily persuaded her to go into the kitchen with them and concoct all sorts of English dishes.

**Bunbury, Selina**

b 1802 in County Louth, Ireland d 1882

**A Summer in Northern Europe [1856]**

Selina Bunbury was a novelist and traveller. In Gottland she set off on a journey. Before the postilion could get himself rightly poised on his seat, which was simply the apron of the phaeton, the horses darted off at a pace that soon increased to a full gallop; and finally breaking from the insecurely held rein, they dashed madly away. The postilion began to slide down the sloping seat on the apron, and soon only his head was visible to Selina Bunbury. She could help neither him nor herself. She had never learned to drive, but caught the loosened reins and pulled one so much more decidedly than the other that one of the wild steeds obeyed the tug and plunged off the road, dragging the other and the carriage far into an open field.

At Ostoby, Miss Bunbury was walking when a thick gloom overspread the sky. With all the speed she could use she did not reach the house until the storm had burst. The crash of thunder, the brightness of the forked lightning, were terrible, but the effects on the sky were most magnificent. It was the rain that fell like waterspouts that made her hurry in. Drenched through, she hastened to an inner chamber to change her dress; at the same time the lightning struck a poor cow under her window and killed it. How it came to pass Selina Bunbury knew not, but she was mistaken for the cow, or the cow for her and a report spread that an English traveller had been killed by lightning.

**Burton, Isabel**

b 20 March 1831, daughter of Henry Raymond Arundell m 1861 [Sir 1866] Richard Francis Burton [19 March 1821-20 October 1890] d 22 March 1896

**The Inner Life of Syria, Palestine and the Holy Land [1875]**

Lady Burton, in her private journal, avoided Science; it contained little history, geography or politics; it contained things women would like to know. Her previous published writing had been undertaken jointly with her husband, the well-known explorer and diplomat Richard Burton.

Life in Damascus had great disadvantages. Moreover, there was a certain sense of imprisonment as the gates of the city were shut at sunset. The house the Burtons chose had consisted once of theirs and another far better. They could hire only the worse half, but were quite unconscious of having neighbours. Whoever lived in Damascus must have good health and nerves, must be charmed with Oriental life, and must not care for society, comforts or luxuries. Gaiety was a thing unknown. Life was too solemn and Oriental for that. Isabel Burton she was allowed to indulge in her hobby of collecting a menagerie. Wednesday was her reception day. Mrs Burton dressed as for visiting in London: on those days she belonged to her friends, and on Saturday to her poor. She was glad to accompany her husband on a visit to Palmyra. Everyone came and wished them goodbye, wept, and thought the idea madness. They were the first to try going alone. As Damascus began to be very hot, and the Burtons moved in late June to summer quarters twenty-seven indirect miles away across country. Part way their baggage joined them: her English maid on a quiet horse, and all the livestock - the Persian cat and pups in panniers; the pianette was on a camel.

In March 1871 Captain Burton desired his wife to meet him in Jerusalem; she travelled by sea whilst he went by land. Her stay at Beyrout afforded her one pleasure if not two. Cook's party had arrived, and she lived as much as she could with them, lunching and dining every day at their table d'hôte. There appeared to be about a hundred and eighty, and they afforded her infinite amusement and instruction.

**Butler, Elizabeth Southerden**

b 1846, daughter of Thomas James and Christiana [née Weller] Thompson m 1877 Major [Lieutenant General 1900 the Right Honourable 1909 Sir 1886] William Francis Butler [31 October 1838-7 June 1910 d 2 October 1933

**Letters from the Holy Land [1903]****From Sketch-Book and Diary [1909]**

Sister of the poet and essayist Alice Meynell, Elizabeth Butler is generally referred to as a battle painter. Her books, however, are illustrated with more gentle pictures. The appointment of her husband to the command at Alexandria allowed them to take a four-week period of leave in the Holy Land. As their boat was the last to leave the steamer at Jaffa, she had time to witness the disconcerting process of trans-shipping the other tourists. The effect produced by brawny boatmen pushing and

pulling into small boats elderly British and American females in sun helmets and blue spectacles, was a thing to remember. In Jerusalem, though the continual walking and standing about may be somewhat fatiguing in the physical sense, the mind never was weary. She was greatly pleased with her first night under canvas. To have grass, stones and aromatic herbs for a bedroom carpet was a new and delightful sensation. The final encampment was enchanting. The moon was waxing bright, and never could Elizabeth Butler forget that evening. She warned intending tourists who were earnest and sensitive about that sacred land against forming large parties: they should select as few companions as was practicable - entirely with one in faith and feeling.

Lady Butler dedicated to her sister accounts of travel in the west of Ireland, Egypt, the Cape and Italy. In November 1885, on a sweet gentle morning in limpid air and with lovely fresh clouds in a soft blue sky, she started in a carriage to the pyramids. From the entrance to the Great Pyramid in the north face she had an enchanting view of Cairo on the right, and on the left the lovely pearly and rosy desert stretching away. Their sojourn at Luxor was a time of deep enjoyment. It was a joy merely to breathe the desert air. She could not say that "black care" did not sometimes ride on her donkey's crupper, for she knew her husband was pressing the enemy harder every day, and that a battle was imminent.

Elizabeth Butler could not hope to convey to the mind of those who had not experienced Cape Colony the extraordinary local feeling of those days and nights. There were effects of light and colour on those landscapes that she never saw elsewhere. Her great regret was that in 1899 she had so little time to ply her paints and try at least to make studies which later would have been very precious to her. The experience only lasted five months. They left on 23<sup>rd</sup> August 1899. The war cloud was descending. It burst in blood and fire a few weeks later.

#### **Butler, Mrs**

See Kemble, Frances Anne [Fanny]

#### **Buxton, Clare Emily**

b 28 March 1873 at Woodford, Essex, fourth daughter of Edward North and Emily [née Digby] [d 26 October 1929] Buxton MP [1 September 1840-9 January 1924] third son of Sir Edward North Buxton, 2<sup>nd</sup> Baronet m 9 April 1918 John Gurney Richard Pelly d 2 July 1959

#### **On Either Side of the Red Sea [1895]**

Edward North Buxton, a well-known hunter and writer, took his daughters with him on holidays on the Nile and in the eastern desert [in 1893] and to Sinai [in 1894]. Clare did not contribute to the account of the 1894 excursion. It was not encouraging to be met as soon as they got on board at Brindisi by a gushing young lady who poured into their ears a long account of her sufferings since Malta. They had had such a fearful passage that she and her sister intended to go straight home to England. Clare described the dahabeah journey up the Nile from Siout. Their dragoman was most attentive. The crew consisted of fifteen men though she could not imagine what all were wanted for. They went to dinner with the Provincial Governor. They had a dinner of ten courses, and the Governor would not hear of their refusing a single thing. They made up their minds to try with their fingers; but when the Irish stew came they could not bring themselves to the point.

#### **Buxton, Hannah Maud**

b 23 March 1872 at Woodford, Essex, third daughter of Edward North and Emily [née Digby] [d 26 October 1929] Buxton MP [1 September 1840-9 January 1924] third son of Sir Edward North Buxton, 2<sup>nd</sup> Baronet m 25 January 1900 Francis Hubert Barclay d 19 December 1931

#### **On Either Side of the Red Sea [1895]**

The eldest of the three sisters who went with their father to the Red Sea area in 1893 and 1894, Hannah's first contribution to their holiday stories concerned their stay in Cairo. On the first evening in their hotel they came down prepared to feast their eyes on the ball guests, all arrayed as if they were going to Buckingham Palace. Much to their disappointment they were not considered worthy to sit among the elite. Perhaps they still showed the dust of travel; their clothes did not come up to the average standard. At the pyramids three Arabs was the allotted number for each person, two holding one's hands and another to shove behind. In the middle of a frantic effort to negotiate a four foot step, a sudden shove from the man behind would send one flying up much higher than was necessary. At Thebes two girls were engaged. Fatma, a most amusing little character, very slight and wiry, trotted along all day by their donkeys, keeping up a lively prattle in the quaintest English.

In 1894 on board ship, they had a ladies' cricket match, but the cricket was of the feeblest description: nine was the highest score made by either side. Theresa got into all the young ladies' bad books by running every one of her side out.

### **Buxton, Theresa**

b 17 May 1874 at Woodford, Essex, fifth daughter of Edward North and Emily [née Digby] [d 26 October 1929] Buxton MP [1 September 1840-9 January 1924] third son of Sir Edward North Buxton, 2<sup>nd</sup> Baronet d 27 April 1961

### **On Either Side of the Red Sea [1895]**

The youngest of the Buxton sisters wrote only of the 1894 excursion. They had an exciting day in the Valley of the Leopards. The nearer they got to the mountain the steeper it looked; however, they started gallantly to climb it. The dragoman carried the luncheon, and kept spilling portions of it. They saw one delicacy after another roll down the mountain side, so at last it seemed better to eat what remained though it was not nearly lunch time. At last they were brought up by an impossible place round the corner of a precipice. Ignoring requests to stop, they found themselves in an impossible position. They had to beat an ignominious retreat. The dragoman would not allow them to come down without a great deal of unnecessary assistance, He took them by the hand, and made them run down at a breakneck pace, which, if not dangerous, was certainly very painful.

### **Caddick, Helen**

b 1844 at West Bromwich, daughter of Elisha and Ann [b1805] Caddick [b1806] d 1926

### **A White Woman in Central Africa [1900]**

Helen Caddick came from a land-owning family in Hereford; later in life she became a Governor of the University of Birmingham. She made a journey from the east African coast to Lake Tanganyika in 1898. She was to be carried in a machila, which was really a hammock made of sailcloth and slung on a bamboo pole. In Blantyre were good schools; all the instruction made the pupils useful servants, but Helen Caddick sometimes wondered how much was solely for the good of the natives. She travelled by boat on Lake Nyasa; she had a great shock the first night when she found she would have to share her room with an enormous number of the largest cockroaches she had ever seen. Some of them rather greedily ate all the kid off her shoes, while others ran races over her bunk and nibbled her hair. At Kawimbe the rats in the house were terrible at night. They raced about her room and scampered over her bed in a very happy manner. She woke up and found a rat with his foot in her ear. They came to the Songwe River. This appeared difficult to cross. Some of the boys got down into the water and held the machila while Miss Caddick scrambled down the bank and got in, not a very easy matter. Then she had to cling to the pole with her hands and feet, so as to raise herself as high above the water as possible. Then the boys hoisted the pole onto their heads, and the rest held up the hammock part to keep it out of the water.

Helen Caddick would like people to know how kind and attentive those who are spoken of as 'savages' could be to a lady travelling absolutely alone with them.

### **Calderon de la Barca, Frances Erskine [Fanny]**

b 1804, daughter of William and Mrs [née Stein] Inglis m 1838 Don Angel Calderon de la Barca [d 1861] d 3 February 1882

### **Life in Mexico, during a Residence of Two Years in that Country [1843]**

In 1839 Mme Calderon de la Barca made her début in Mexico by going to mass in the cathedral. She was taken to visit the President: he looked like a good man; his conversation was not brilliant. On Good Friday the most beautiful and original scene was presented towards sunset in the great square, and it was doubtful whether any other city in the world could present a coup d'œil of equal brilliancy. As a contrast to the Señoras, with their overdressed beauties, were the poor Indian women with a little mahogany baby behind. The motley crowd included Frenchmen exercising their wit upon the passers-by; Englishmen looking cold and philosophical; Germans gazing through their spectacles, mild and mystical; and Spaniards seeming pretty much at home, and abstaining from remarks.

Tepenasco presented a fine wild scene. The house stood entirely alone, not a tree near it. Great mountains rose behind it, and in every other direction, as far as the eye could reach, were vast plains, over which the wind came whistling fresh and free, with nothing to impede its triumphant progress. Mme Calderon de la Barca's party took a long ride to visit a fine lake. The gentlemen took their guns and had tolerable sport. The lake was very deep and several miles in circumference. Yet with all this water the surrounding land, not more than twenty feet higher, was dry and sterile. The lake was turned to no account, either from want of means or of hydraulic

knowledge. She had a beautiful horse, but half-broke, and which took fright and ran off with her. She got great credit for keeping her seat so well, which she confessed was more through good fortune than skill.

### **Cambridge, Ada**

m 25 April 1870 Reverend G Cambridge

#### **Thirty Years in Australia [1903]**

Mrs Cambridge went to Australia in 1870 only three months after meeting her husband to be; he already had accepted a church appointment in Victoria, Australia. The next thirty years were spent there, during which they would have made for their native land at any moment could they have found the means. The Cambridges spent the first year in a typical country town of the better class. There were bazaars and church teas at which their circle of friends and acquaintances was augmented by the leading tradesfolk, between whose class and that supposed to be above them the line of demarcation was very thin. In about 1873 Mrs Cambridge started writing for the 'Australasian' - trifling little papers, at long intervals - to add something to the family resources when they threatened to give out. She evolved opinions of her own as to the right of parishes to exact tributes of service from individuals in no way bound to give them, whether clergyman's wives or not. The sad breaking up of that pleasant home was a consequence of the death of their daughter when she was nearly a year old. Mr Cambridge could no longer stand the Murray journeys, involving such long and complete separation. They had to sell all their furniture and begin at the beginning again. There, Mrs Cambridge discovered the resources of the colony's intellectually cultivated class, and enjoyed the society and friendship of some who represented it at its best. Her own passport to it was a little tale in the 'Australasian'

### **Cameron, Agnes Deans**

b 1862, daughter of Jessie Anderson Cameron d 1912

#### **The New North [1909]**

After twenty-five years as a schoolmistress in British Columbia, Agnes Cameron abandoned teaching. She set out on a ten thousand miles journey. She and her niece left Chicago. During their last day in Winnipeg she snatched half an hour to look in on a reception the Women's Canadian Club was tendering to Mrs Humphry Ward. From Winnipeg to Edmonton, roughly speaking, was a thousand miles. They were ready to leave. What had they? Tent, tent poles, typewriter, two cameras, two small steamer trunks, bedding, a flour-bag or "Hudson's Bay Suitcase", two raincoats, a tiny bag with brush, comb and soap, and the kodak films. Athabasca Landing, part of the British Empire, was the true gateway to the North. They went down the Athabasca one hundred and sixty-five miles. The great rapid stretched from shore to shore and the drop was sheer. For all Miss Cameron owned she wouldn't be anywhere but just where she sat. They called upon Miss Gordon, a young Scottish woman and free-trader, operating in opposition to the Hudson's Bay Company - the only white woman on a five hundred miles stretch of the Athabasca. At midnight in broad daylight, they reached the Arctic Circle. They reached latitude 69.5°. It was the Eskimo who brought both missionary and trader to Fort McPherson. What must one call those splendid fellows so full of integrity and honour where every impulse was a generous one? Miss Cameron and her niece had gone North with the birds in spring. As they turned their faces homeward, the first migrants were beginning their southward flight.

### **Campbell, Thomasina M A E**

Nothing known

#### **Southward Ho! Notes on the Island of Corsica in Corsica 1868 [1868]**

Thomasina Campbell believed in 1868 that the beautiful island of Corsica was becoming the fashion. She hoped that a good time was coming, and that the island, so marvellously endowed by nature, would no longer be neglected by man. [One of the visitors that year was Edward Lear. He wrote of her as a "person uniting great activity of mind, physical energy, good judgement and taste" and contributed a sketch to her book. She anxiously awaited publication of his book as it promised a selection of at least fifty views. Thirty years later another artist, Henri Matisse, stayed in the "foreign quarter" established by Miss Campbell.] Ajaccio now has its rue Miss Campbell.

Miss Campbell offered her small book as a sort of P.S. to Murray's Handbook. Very nice carriages could now be hired in Ajaccio from 'Jean' (no other appellation was requisite): his ponies were the best fed, and trotted distances that would make an English groom look sad. She had wandered over a thousand miles in that lovely country, and travelled the three ways: posting, Jean's ponies and diligence. She decidedly gave preference to the ponies. Few people appreciated good music better than Thomasina Campbell, but the daily practicing of five or six sturdy French drummers and the vigorous blowing of four or five trumpeters, whose instruments were invariably in different keys, was neither soothing nor agreeable. Even strong-minded people would become weary of the noise, and invalids must be driven away in despair. Whilst she was collecting ferns a Corsican lady passed, mounted on a milk-white mule with a side-saddle - the second she had seen with any female equestrian belonging to the country, where all rode like men. The trees of the interior [when not felled] were majestic. A more truly sylvan scene could not be realised. So come from all countries, and judge for yourselves - but to the genuine British grumbler (who ought never to leave England unless accompanied by his own cook and a cow, and frequently not even then) Ajaccio said 'Remain at home.'

### **Carey, M L M**

Nothing known

#### **Four Months in A Dahab  h [1863]**

In October 1860 'Cousin Phil', seventy-five years old, but still hale and hearty, his daughter 'Little Selina', a grown woman but very delicate and Mrs Carey, along with Thomas the man-servant and Sarah the lady's-maid, took leave of all their friends. It was not usual to take European servants up the Nile - they were, generally speaking, voted "in the way." No tea, no wash, plenty of mosquitoes and something very like bugs. Selina and Mrs Carey stole a leaf for once from a gentleman's book, *grumbled*, and insisted that all must be put to rights. It was very unreasonable, but it was the only way of starting at all. Cousin Phil rose at six. He devoted an hour to his books, Mrs Carey one to her concertina. By nine o'clock breakfast was ready. After it, they paced the deck for a 'constitutional' then amused themselves with reading, working and sketching. Should the morning have passed without it, the afternoon generally would produce some place of interest to see, and to read or talk about, or to sketch.

Mrs Carey, accompanied by Thomas and Sarah, went into the Great Pyramid. She deposited the skirt of her long riding habit at the entrance. Getting out was still more difficult than getting in. Thomas and Sarah had had enough of it. Mounting the Pyramid was reserved for Mrs Carey alone. Two guides seized her wrists, mounted one of the giant steps themselves, while the third, remaining on a level with her, placed two hands on her waist, and assisted her to a succession of springs from three to five feet in height. Thus, the ascent was accomplished in a far easier manner than she had anticipated.

### **Cary, Amelia**

b 21 March 1807, n  e FitzClarence, illegitimate daughter of William IV [1765-1837] and Mrs Dorothy [n  e Bland] Jordan [1761-1816], m 27 December 1830 Lucius Bentinck Cary, 10<sup>th</sup> Viscount Falkland [5 November 1803-12 March 1884] (*who m [2<sup>nd</sup>] 10 November 1859 Elizabeth Catherine, widow of 9<sup>th</sup> Duke of St Albans*) d 2 July 1858

#### **Chow-Chow [1857]**

Lord Falkland was Governor of Bombay from 1848 to 1853. Viscountess Falkland wrote about life in India and the journey home via Egypt and Syria. It became her duty to hold a kind of drawing room to receive the ladies; it had been customary to have these receptions at midday. She made up her mind that in future she would be 'at home' in the evening; for, leaving the heat out of the question, ladies looked much better by candle light. The ladies at Bombay were more tenacious of their rank than one was in England, and the gentlemen were not always exempt from the same weakness. The arrival of a cargo (if Viscountess Falkland dare term it so) of young damsels from England was one of the exciting events that marked the advent of the *cold season*: their age, height, features, dress and manners became topics of conversation, and as they brought the last fashions from Europe, they were objects of interest to their own sex.

In Egypt Lady Falkland at first refused all assistance as she entered the Great Pyramid. Groping through the door, and following men with lighted candles, she found a slippery descent, at once fell flat on her face, and was picked up by two strong Arabs whose help she had despised at first, but whom she was grateful to find near her. The dust and heat were very overpowering, and the noise and murky darkness most bewildering. Again was she rash enough to try and go alone in leaving, and, consequently, at the spot where she before fell on her face, she now fell on her back.

**Carnegie-Williams, Rosa**

Nothing known

**A Year in the Andes [1882?]**

Rosa Carnegie-Williams, her husband and Hills the maid travelled to Colombia in 1881. They took ponies to Bogota, dressed *cap-à-pied* in riding habit and big hats. Hills and Mrs Carnegie-Williams wore all grey tweed, as not attracting the sun, with yellow dog-skin gloves. There, they made a few preparations for receiving gentlemen who came to tea. She was afraid they would find the entertainment rather slow, as they neither played whist nor smoked, though the wherewithal was provided. The first tea party might have been worse, though there was little doubt that it might have been better. Their household was made up of three Colombian servants, an Englishwoman who acted as housekeeper, and Hills, her maid. They were hoping to get glass into the bedroom and dressing room doors, for the room was very dark to dress in and cold as well when the doors were open.

They made a trip, the baggage-mule's load being loaded as light as possible: some chocolate, four tins of sausages, six tins of partridge, one box of biscuits, two bottles of Vermouth, and two bottles of brandy, one being mixed with quinine in case of fever. Mrs Carnegie-Williams did not suffer other than the natural fatigue attendant on twelve or more hours' continuous riding under the hot sun, and day after day. In June 1882 the return home began. In mid-July, whilst they were all seated on deck, there was a terrible cry raised: "A man overboard!" After twenty minutes, the carpenter saw a seagull hovering over the water, the sailors rowed to the spot, and there picked up the man, hoisting a handkerchief upon a boat-hook, so that the passengers might learn he was safe.

**Carpenter, Mary Thorn**

Nothing known

**In Cairo and Jerusalem, An Eastern Notebook [1894]**

Mrs Carpenter, an American, observed on arriving in Cairo that the Hotel Continental was a Mecca for her English cousins. Two evenings in every week its large mirrors reflected the British nobility in very tasteless ball-gowns. These did not shock so much when one considered how many unenlightened notions were always visible in those worn-out institutions of caste. In order to visit Sakkara, Mary Carpenter joined a keen English rector who was conducting a party of feminines on a Cook's tour of the East. He counted his flock and rushed off to be the first to secure the good donkeys. Mary Carpenter did not think he had been ordained for this purpose. The scene was strikingly reminiscent of a carnival; so incongruous and inconsistent were the displays of English ulsters, suitable only for cold European climates, and pith helmets, designed to shelter a guardsman from an Indian sun. A tramping costume made for the Highland moors, with heavy shooting boots intended for wading the bogs, moved over the sand astride an Oriental ass. When one went to Sakkara with Cook, the erudition imbibed was small.

Mrs Carpenter moved on to the Holy Land, arriving at Jaffa. It was with real joy that she saw two boats approach from the land. A jostling, eager crowd elbowed their way on deck - the representatives of Cook and of Gaze. Once divided, like sheep from the goats, in happy unconsciousness of what landing at Jaffa might mean, one by one passengers crept down the ship's ladder, washed by breaking waves. They were seized by a couple of sailors and thrown unceremoniously into the arms of others stretched out from the great roomy boat the instant it was dashed up against the ship's sides.

**Catlow, Agnes**

b c1807 d 1889

**Catlow, Maria E**

Nothing known

**Sketching Rambles or Nature in the Alps and Apennines [1861]**

Maria Catlow became known as a populariser of biological topics. Agnes painted. The Catlow sisters made no recital of stirring adventures: their aim was to convey an impression of the sublime scenery amidst which they lived. At the table d'hôte at Basle they met an American family who amused them much by finding fault with everything on the table and in the house, contrasting them with the superior hotels in the "States." At Brunnen, whilst the sisters were dining at the table d'hôte, there was a fire in the village. Everyone worked with earnest, neighbourly good will but their zeal was more often wasted than useful. The stream ran near, and women

employed themselves at first carrying pails of water on their heads, but they frequently ran against each other, and each received a cold bath instead of adding to the stock.

The sisters determined to ascend Vesuvius. After it had become very steep, they were desired to dismount, as the horses could go no farther. They boldly declined the assistance of a group of men who wanted to carry them up the cone in chairs, as they demanded four piastres for each. Each engaged two men to help them. The first thing they did was to gather up their dresses in the front, and tie them together with a handkerchief, to prevent the ladies treading on them. The men placed in the sisters' hands a stick to the centre of which a rope was attached, which one man put over his shoulder, and thus pulled them up; the other pushed them, or rather supported them from behind. It proved the hardest work they had ever attempted. The Bloomer costume was the only sensible one for such expeditions.

### **Clive-Bayley, Annie Margaret**

b 1852

#### **Vignettes from Finland [1895]**

Ms Clive-Bayley spent the six months of 1893-94 travelling with the daughter of a friend. The coachman met her at Urdiala. Up and down hill they went, at a sharp rattling pace - round acute corners, and over ruts, tree roots and stumps, and infant boulders at a tearing pace. She certainly set her teeth once or twice. Their first trip took them north-east. The foliage of the trees, the different depth and form of the waters, the varied moods of sun and clouds - of sunrise, sunset, moonlight, and starlight, of wind and calm - gave a wealth of beauty that nothing could surpass. Now they felt really started on their journey, and the little springless cart, with rope reins, was quite in keeping with the picnic arrangements they desired. The ancient driver was not communicative, and the lank, black pony was not of the best, nor yet the worst, the country could produce.

It was unlikely that any English person had ever been in the district through which Annie Clive-Bayley and her friend went after leaving Ruovesi. On the road they saw a tiny little pauper peasant, with poverty and trouble written on her brow. There she stood, in variegated rags, on the border of a lovely stretch of forest land. Startled, she made a deep salaam, Indian fashion, then stood motionless in wonder. No doubt she was one of the poor little waifs who were sold at auction to the family which would take the least for the keep of a pauper. The lot of such children was not quite as hard as it might be in a less honest country.

### **Collis, Septima Maria**

née Levy 1842 m General Charles H T Collis d 1917

#### **A Woman's Trip to Alaska [1890]**

It had been Septima Collis' fortune to behold much that was grand in nature and in art at home and abroad, but the hours spent at Muir Glacier in 1890 made the great event of her life. She hoped the day was near at hand when it would not be necessary to remain on board the steamer and make the complete circuit, but that one would be enabled to make the circuit by easy stages. In a group of a dozen or twenty people among whom she stood on deck there were periods of several minutes when not a word was uttered, except perhaps a half-suppressed exclamation of awe and admiration. A wall a hundred yards high and in some places towering up an additional fifty; a wall extending down deeper than it reached from the ocean to the sky - hard as adamant, sharp and edged like flint, aquamarine in colour, deepening towards the water into indigo, tipped on the summits and projections with a froth of snow. All the rowboats were lowered, and passengers, armed with alpenstocks, were ferried to the beach. The ascent was exceedingly difficult: one must wend one's way over a mountain of ice covered by a layer of slimy mud, crusted with pieces of granite like broken bottle glass. After an ascent of perhaps two and a half miles, which seemed more like ten, she found herself on the edge of a frozen sea. Three hundred and fifty dollars could not be more profitably spent for a summer vacation. Think of it - hardly the price of a French costume, and yet the memory of such a trip would outlive it. The pleasure was much enhanced too by the fact that one's fellow passengers were apt to be persons whose good breeding naturally tended to a regard for the comfort of their companions.

### **Colvile, Zélie Isabelle**

daughter of Pierre Richaud de Préville m 30 December 1886 [as 2<sup>nd</sup> wife] Colonel [Major General (1898) Sir (1895)] Henry Edward Colvile KCMG, CB (Acting Commissioner in Uganda 1893-95) [10 July 1852-25 November 1907] d 16 June 1930

### **Round the Black Man's Garden [1894]**

Zélie Colville and her husband set off in September 1888 on a long journey. At Yembo, having secured a very rickety canoe manned by two fierce-looking natives, the Colvilles landed after several perilous encounters with boats crammed to overflowing with shouting pilgrims. At Jeddah they secured a nice sailing boat with a jolly, bright-faced black boy; in shaping his course through the zigzagging reefs, he had constant charges of wind and current to contend with. It was only by continually raising and lowering the sail that he finally brought them to Jeddah in safety. At Lamu there were several leaky, rickety "dug-out" canoes; the Colvilles chose the safest-looking one, an outrigger less than two feet wide. Having seized the right moment and safely jumped in, they found themselves with nothing to sit on but their wet heels. As the Colville's ship approached Madagascar, the Captain, who had never been there before, missed his mark, and before there was time to realise what was happening, a great bump was felt, women shrieked, and every one rushed about to try to find out what had caused the crash. The vessel had struck a rock right amidships. Arriving in Durban by steamer, Mrs Colville stepped into a sort of birdcage hung from a derrick. She soon found herself swinging in the air over a tug, which was at one moment yards below her, at the next almost touching her cage. The cage was suddenly lowered, seized by the crew, and unhooked. Arriving in Sierra Leone the ship was boarded by a clamouring crowd of boatmen, but the Colvilles were able to dispense with the persistently offered services, thanks to the harbour-master, who took them ashore in his gig.

### **Costello, Louisa Stuart**

b 1799, daughter of James Francis [d 1814] and ? [d 1846] Costello d 24 April 1870

#### **Bearn and the Pyrenees A Legendary Tour of the Country of Henri Quatre [1844]**

Miss Costello wrote fiction and was an artist. It has been said that she also was the first professional lady traveller. She already had described two excursions through France before setting out with companions in August 1842 to explore from the stone bed of the Conqueror at Falaise to the tortoise-shell cradle of Henry of Navarre at Pau. They were not allowed the privilege, which they generally claimed, of dining in their own apartments. At the table d'Hôte they were seated at the lower end of the table, and nothing reached them. Disarmed by the hostess stating they would have no cause to complain another day, they nevertheless found themselves forced to make a perfect struggle for their dinner. Visiting a chateau near Poitiers, they were drawn into its lodge by the sound of wailing. The gardener-porter was entrusted with the care of the livestock; his wife had sent a girl aged about eight - an *enfant trouvé* whom she had nursed and loved as her own - into the woods with a flock of turkeys. The child was seduced by fruit or flowers to wander away, and the turkeys dispersed. No less than seven became victims of an ill-disposed fox. The child told of her loss, and was beaten and turned out of doors by the porter. For a night and a day the disconsolate wife had not risen from her chair. Despair reigned triumphant. A small present, and a good deal of reasoning, improved matters, but the poor woman fainted. When Miss Costello's party at length left her now repentant husband promised to reproach no one any more about the fox and the turkeys.

### **Crawford, Mabel Sharman**

b c1830, daughter of William Sharman Crawford d 1860

#### **Life in Tuscany [1849]**

#### **Through Algeria [1863]**

Miss Crawford hoped that her impressions derived from a ten months' sojourn in Tuscany would prove neither trite nor unacceptable. With July the crowning glories of Italy's floral riches appeared in the sweet-scented clematis, and the still more fragrant and beautiful myrtle. With July, too, when the bathing mania in all parts of Tuscany set in, the stream of population, which had been flowing so languidly during the preceding month towards the Baths, grew strong and deep. At Pisa the first sound that generally greeted Miss Crawford's ears on waking was the pattering of raindrops against her window or on the flags below. Under the influence of a leaden sky and the murky clouds, the wonted melancholy deserted aspect of Pisa became deepened in a tenfold degree. Life did not seem to stagnate in Florence as it did in Pisa. The Florentines seemed quite as proud and as fond of their city as were the Parisians of theirs. While Pisa seemed to brood over the remembrance of its former greatness, Florence, as if forgetful of its bygone glories, welcomed the stranger with a look of cheerfulness and even gaiety. The priest and the beggar, who appeared in Pisa on ordinary occasions to form the principal portion of the population, became in Florence but inconsiderable items.

In 1863 Miss Crawford introduced her book with a Plea for Lady Tourists. Whilst it may be freely admitted that masculine eccentricity was admired, very few would allow that any departure from ordinary rule was approvable, or even justifiable, in a woman. Britons clung with unreasoning reverence to every restriction on feminine liberty of action imposed by that society amidst which they lived. It was surely unreasonable to doom many hundred English ladies, of independent means and without domestic ties, to crush every natural aspiration to see nature in its grandest forms, art in its finest works, and human life in its most interesting phases. Doubtless, in the twentieth century, enterprising lady tourists would not feel it needful to preface the published records of their travels with a plea in vindication of the act.

On arriving in Algiers in 1859, Miss Crawford and her friend, when weary of waiting on deck, made their way in the darkness, with much difficulty and perplexity, down a steep ladder into a crowded boat, whose gunwale rose but an inch above the water. Even when they gained the shore, their troubles were by no means ended. They were instantly encircled by a battalion of touters from the different hotels, each of whom thought he could make an easy prey of the two English ladies. So far, Africa bore a close resemblance to Europe: had it not been for the unfamiliar sight of their scantily clad Arab porters, they might have fancied themselves at Boulogne. No European unfamiliar with the features of Oriental life could fail to be deeply impressed by a first day in Algiers.

### **Crommelin, Marie Henrietta [May]**

b 1849, second daughter of S de la Cherois m CC Crommelin d 10 August 1930

#### **Over the Andes [1896]**

May Crommelin became a FRGS. Before leaving Buenos Ayres, an invitation had arrived for her to spend a few days at Mendoza, and rest before the fatigue of crossing the mountains, the crux of her long journey. It turned out that eleven were doing so, Mrs Crommelin the only lady. Her dress-trunks were small enough to balance each other on pack-mules when crossing the mountains. Oh, her best hats - their light box was cruelly rope-marked and half buried under dead weight. Her travelling wear included a serge skirt and warm jacket - for the cold would be bitter on the mountains before sunrise and towards evening - and an enormous straw hat to keep the sharp air and sun from her ears and neck, with black silk ribbons tied over it gypsy-wise. An old German merchant lent her blue spectacles against the glare. Mountain sickness brought on a headache, such as among severest ones she had never before experienced, an agonising pain, when her head seemed bound by an iron band screwed tighter every minute. She was asked to take garlic. It was a charm: she took only a little but felt better at once. In her feminine opinion riding uphill was worst. It may be a matter of saddle and dress. She shut her eyes, and felt the mule under her climbing up and up. She enjoyed the downhill part of the day most; there was enough danger to be exciting. Her tired mule began to stumble; her pace and manners were excellent, to do her justice, except at starting. A strong cup of tea, into which was poured some brandy, soon revived Mrs Crommelin.

### **d'Este, Margaret**

Nothing known

#### **Through Corsica with a Camera [1905]**

Margaret d'Este and Mrs King landed in Corsica amidst a dense throng of lazily curious townspeople in November 1903. They called on a local family. The rooms were quite clean, a state of things by no means universal in Corsica, where the women troubled themselves little about the washing of anything beyond their clothes. In that they were indefatigable. Corsica was singularly free from sights - museums, churches and picture-galleries - which travellers were compelled by their sense of duty to visit, often with a noble disregard of their own tastes and pleasure.

Driving expeditions were perhaps the chief feature of a winter in Corsica. Saddle-horses were little in request, the country not being well suited to riding. Bicycling was more or less restricted to the coast roads. The charge was four francs a day; the local proprietor seemed entirely unimpressed by the information that in England it was only three francs. It was necessary to be a good walker if one wished to explore the neighbourhood on foot. The two women sketched and collected shells and coral, and paddled with mingled pain and pleasure in rock pools studded with sharp mussels, and then made tea under a sandbank with a view across yellow sands to snow mountains. An addition to the hotel party was an infant wild pig: in a few days he became tame and confident. His days were spent in voyages of exploration, eating every violet within reach, and taking tea with visitors. With every succeeding week of spring Corsica's wealth of flowers increased. In the middle of April their quiet residential life in Ajaccio was over.

**De Fonblanque, Caroline Alicia**

Nothing known

**Five Weeks in Iceland [1880]**

Although the author is designated C. A. De Fonblanque she refers to herself in the text as Constance Forrester. A party of five was headed and organised by a married couple, Charles and Alice Read. As everything had to be carried by ponies, and routes across Iceland ran through rivers, and amongst wild mountains, travellers' luggage must be so arranged as to withstand the chances of constant immersion, and destruction against the rocks. The packing was done poorly, and pepper, salt, rice and biscuits were amalgamated. Constance Forrester had brought with her a waterproof sheet, lined with flannel, into which she folded and strapped her shawls, rugs and a little pillow, which added greatly to her comfort. There were twenty-eight ponies, five of which were to be ridden by themselves, and three by the guides. The women smeared their faces with cold cream, then covered them with powder; they tied thick gauze veils over their hats and round their throats. Miss Forrester wore a dark green gown, picked out with amber brocade. The long train of Alice's blue serge gown formed a dusty wisp which tickled the pony's legs. Over her miserable head she held her umbrella, to which she stuck, spite of all appeals to her pride, and ridicule on the others' part. Riding in Iceland was a far greater exertion than elsewhere, both on account of the roughness of the ponies, and of the ruggedness of the country. It became no longer possible to blind themselves to the fact that Mrs Read was quite unfitted for Icelandic travelling, which only abnormally strong and wiry women could endure. Constance's Forrester's exuberant spirits alone sustained her flesh. It was gall and wormwood to her to relinquish the honour and glory of galloping across Iceland.

**De la Rey, Jacoba Elizabeth**

née Grefe m Jacobus Henrik [Koois] De la Rey [1848-15 September 1914]

**A Woman's Wanderings and Trials during the Anglo-Boer War [1903]**

'Koois' De la Rey became famous for his exploits as a guerilla commander in the western Transvaal during the Boer War. [He became a senator but tried to muster support for a rebellion in 1914, and was killed.] Mrs De la Rey wondered what would become of her when her husband left for the western border in October 1899. English troops entered the village. Mrs De la Rey could not remain on the farm with her children. She saw that the troops were going to ride away on her horses. Jacoba De la Rey asked to see General Hunter; her horses were brought back. Then General Douglas occupied the village. He came to the farm and took away all her sheep. When the English had got all her cattle, they went off. General Douglas heard that General De la Rey was in the place and came back at full speed. General De la Rey was already far away. Lord Methuen entered the village and took up his quarters. He said that her horses would not be taken. Mrs De la Rey was told it would be *better* if she left the place with her children.

On 1<sup>st</sup> December 1900, Mrs De la Rey drove out of the village. After about a week General De la Rey arrived. She had the great joy of having her own dear ones round her for Christmas. For nineteen months after that she wandered round in her waggon. On her silver wedding day, in October 1901, a terrible battle was fought, in which many people were killed or injured. She went with her daughter and found Lord Methuen, wounded above the knee. He begged her to forgive him for all the annoyance he had caused. He told her that her houses were still unharmed but her dwelling house had been destroyed.

May no other people in the world ever have to endure another such war so long as the world might last.

**Dieulafoy, Jane (Jeanne) Paule**

b c1856 m Marcel Dieulafoy *Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur*

**At Susa [1890]**

Madame Dieulafoy undertook excavations in western Persia with her husband in 1884-86. At a time when they stood in need of active auxiliaries, to prepare the tea, cook the daily pillau and dry a part of their garments, Sliman stretched himself out in the most comfortable corner and left to his masters the honour of serving him. The honour of inaugurating the work had been reserved for Jane Dieulafoy. Deeply moved, she seized a miner's heavy pickaxe and worked until her strength was exhausted. Marcel Dieulafoy requested the deputy governor to send funds under escort, against a receipt for a like sum given to the messenger. For three days they were without news of their ambassador. He returned in tears: instead of money, he had been favoured with blows. The case assumed an especially serious character as

the deputy governor had appropriated the receipt. With Spring the jungle became green, the tumuli were covered with blue iris, the red anemones disappeared under a cloak of white umbellifers and pink gladioles with "fleshy" flowers.

One night they reached a canal, and they set about preparing a light shelter on the bank. Madame Dieulafoy was consumed by fever. She heard distant noises. Buffaloes charged at an impetuous gait, swerved aside and disclosed some freebooters. The boatmen woke up: to cut the ropes and make their escape was their first thought. The Dieulafoys were alone, apart from the cook. He did not cut too poor a figure, his head covered with his kettle by way of a helmet, his roasting spit in his right hand. The nomads moved off. The disagreeable interview lasted an hour, but one composed of minutes of an exceptional length.

### **Dixie, Florence Caroline**

b 24 May 1855, youngest daughter of Archibald William and Caroline Margaret [née Clayton] Douglas, 8<sup>th</sup> Marquess of Queensbury [18 April 1813-6 August 1858]  
m 3 April 1875 Alexander Beaumont Churchill Dixie, 11<sup>th</sup> baronet [1851-21 August 1924] d 7 November 1905

#### **Across Patagonia [1880]**

#### **In the Land of Misfortune [1882]**

Florence Dixie was weary of the shallow artificiality of modern existence, and longing for more than the monotonous round of society's so-called pleasures when she went to Patagonia with two brothers, her husband and a friend in 1878. After a few days the skin peeled off their faces which were swollen to an almost unrecognisable extent. As they rode along, their attention was attracted by a faint smell of burning, and presently thick clouds of smoke came rolling towards them. A cry of dismay escaped their lips: a huge prairie fire came rushing rapidly along. Half choked and bewildered, they scarcely knew what course to take. The moments that followed seemed an eternity. Lady Florence's head began to swim. Her horse burst madly forward. She looked up, and the fire was behind her. By some miracle she passed through the fire unhurt. Florence Dixie had the selfishness to wish to kill the first guanaco herself. Only one step forward to make quite certain. Alas, she took it, and down she went into a hole. There was nothing for it but to walk back to where she had left her horse. A better broth could not be concocted than that obtained from a guanaco head.

In 1881 Florence Dixie, accompanied by her husband, went as correspondent of the Morning Post in South Africa. In Cape Town, they were kindly pressed by the Governor to take up their abode at his house. She expressed a wish to visit the Zulu King Cetshwayo, exiled by the British. An instance of grosser injustice could be nowhere recorded than the detention of this brave but unhappy captive. In Natal, the Dixies reached Mooi River: their rest all night long was disturbed by attacks of the little visitor who would be nameless. For herself, Lady Florence preferred to find what repose she could in a wooden chair. It had grown dark one night when, standing outside one of the tents, Florence Dixie saw a strange gleam of light, then a sound which former experience had rendered her only too well acquainted with broke on her ear. "It's a fire!" she shouted to her husband, who was half-asleep in his tent. In a few minutes it had spread far and wide. It certainly was a magnificent sight. It froze hard during the night at Loup Spruit. All night long Lady Dixie shivered and trembled and shook, cowering beneath the blankets; had it not been for the protection afforded her feet by her two little dogs, she believed, those useful appendages to man's comfort would have dropped off. Florence Dixie remembered the promise made nine months previously to Cetshwayo, that she would visit him on her return from Zululand. Accordingly, a few days after a ball given at Government House, she drove out to visit him.

### **Dorr, Julia Caroline Ripley**

b 1825 m H R Dorr d 18 January 1913

#### **Bermuda An Idyll of the Summer Islands [1884]**

The Dorr's left their New England home in March 1883 for a vacation in Bermuda. They must have a home. To the rescue rushed a kind fairy who, for a reasonable compensation, would serve Julia Dorr a simple breakfast of bananas, eggs, toast and tea in her room. The laundress was not expert. However, if her collars and cuffs were not of the orthodox stiffness, the glimpses she gave of her pretty, smiling face, and her soft voice and graceful manners were worth a great deal. Manners in Bermuda were exceedingly friendly. No man passed a lady without lifting his hat. Every child made its grave little salutation. To have any fear of anything or anybody seemed as absurd as it was impossible. Perhaps there was poverty, but squalor and absolute want, if they existed, kept themselves strangely out of sight. The climate was somewhat capricious, but it was never really cold. The chief attraction of Bermuda was in its iridescent waters. The Dorr's could look far down into the azure and

amber depths, so translucent, so pure that the minutest object was immediately visible. For the overworked and weary, for those who loved the beauty of sea and sky better than noisy crowds and fashionable display, Bermuda truly was a paradise. There were to be athletic sports, and the victors were to receive their prizes from no less a personage than the Princess Louise. Such an opportunity to see Bermuda in gala dress was not to be slighted, to say nothing of seeing the princess. Of course, in theory, one was quite above any such weakness - but was there ever an American woman who did not want to take a peep at royalty?

### **Doughty, Marion**

Marion Doughty was also known as Helton Mervyn

#### **Afoot Through the Kashmir Valleys [1902]**

All that was necessary before arriving in one of the most perfect holiday grounds of the world was some strong footwear, light literature, photographic apparatus and saddlery. Miss Doughty discarded shoes in favour of the local embroidered leather sandals. A warm shawl, tea basket and flower press were carried by her coolie. Marion Doughty determined to push on in spite of the fact that she was hardly able to put her feet on the ground. She found it difficult to manage the nice balancing act of those portions of her costume that she carried over her shoulders and her paint-box and flower-carrier. Stalwart legs and a sharp stick allowed her to arrive, panting, shaking, dripping at the further side of a stream. Walking on snow in sandals had always its drawbacks, and when that walking meant picking one's way across a field lying at an angle of forty-five degrees with a drop of fifty feet, bound by a bustling torrent, the disagreeables were multiplied.

Marion Doughty reached a friendly dak bungalow: as iced hock and peaches were not to be procured, she made shift with stewed tea and bath olivers. She reached her tents. Floods of rain blotted out all view. Then followed a wearisome succession of days spent in wandering forth, receiving the contents of the celestial tanks, and returning to attempt drying in a soaking tent. Miss Doughty decided to try and capture an orchid. There was nothing to hold to, and in an instant she felt the whole mass moving beneath her. Her stick was torn from her grasp, and with a dizzy motion down she went, a hailstorm of loose clods and stones about her, until stopped by a tree trunk.

### **Dowie, Mérie Muriel**

b 1866, daughter of James Muir Dowie m [1<sup>st</sup>] 28 August 1891 [Right Honourable 1918 Sir 22 June 1915] Henry Norman M P [19 September 1858-4 June 1939] divorced 1903 m [2<sup>nd</sup>] [as 2<sup>nd</sup> wife] 1903 Major Edward Arthur Fitzgerald [10 May 1871-2 January 1931] d 25 March 1945

#### **A Girl in the Karpathians [1891]**

Mérie Muriel Dowie was a niece of the publisher, Robert Chambers. Later in life she became a writer; one of her earlier works was about women who travelled dressed as men. At the age of twenty-four Miss Dowie travelled to Poland. On her first night she put her watch and money under the pillow, laid her revolver and matches on a chair, and spent an hour with tea and her cigarettes. She was rudely awakened: she would have exchanged the revolver gladly for a tin of "Keating." She bid adieu to the trappings of an average woman, and induced herself with the tweed suit, skirt, coat and knickerbockers in which she had decided to face every climatic possibility. She had three shirts; one was silk, the other two of pink flannel. The rest of her was cased carefully in woollen.

Miss Dowie set out for the high mountains. To be alone with a great deal of scenery was intoxicating. She flung herself down on the top of Pop Iwan, very hot and curious feeling. Her blood boiled; her skin was as though scratched over with a red-hot comb. Every morning she had awakened to remove lice from the inside of her shirt. She had a fever: she shovelled snow inside her shirt, and in an hour was well and able to go on. She took to a raft: the rush, the bang, the excitement, the shouting, the yellow foam, the continuous rumble of displaced rocks. Suddenly there was a snap and a shock, and she fell promptly upon her face. The sun dried her to an appearance of external respectability. Coming back to shoes and stockings was a terrible discomfort. There was a second hardship in having to pin a hat on to her head and keep it there however inclined she was to pluck it off in order to let the sun simmer in her hair.

### **Du Cane, Florence Gertrude Louisa**

b 21 May 1869, daughter of Sir Charles and Hon Georgiana Susan [née Copley] [d 11 June 1926, daughter of 1<sup>st</sup> Baron Lyndhurst] Du Cane [5 December 1825-February 1889] of Braxted Park near Witham d 3 July 1955

### **The Flowers and Gardens of Japan [1908]**

### **The Flowers and Gardens of Madeira [1909]**

Florence Du Cane was the elder sister of Ella Mary Du Cane [4 June 1874-23 November 1943], and wrote the text to a number of books illustrated by her sister.

Tokyo had lost its love of gardening; many of the finest landscape gardens had been swept away to make room for foreign houses, factories and breweries. The Japanese still loved their dwarf trees. Temple gardens remained peaceful and secluded. Unluckily many of them were fast falling into decay. Perhaps it was better so, as they would surely suffer at the hands of the restorer. At Uyeno the cherry trees reigned supreme; the mixing of other shrubs or trees would be unnecessary and meaningless. A few large bronze lanterns and grey stones helped to show off the delicate pink when they were in full glory. At Nara, the cryptomeria formed the principal setting; in spring, many of the trees were wreathed with wisteria, suggestive of a grey misty vapour rather than a real flower. A tiny garden in Kyoto had an irresistible charm, though hardly more than a toy compared to the scale of English gardens. While the snow was still lying deep in the northern provinces, in warm and sheltered districts the plum blossom would clothe the trees with flowers as white as the snow. Towards the end of March the first flowers of the peach tree would be opening, although for long before this time, branches covered with the bright pink buds would have been among the flowers offered for arrangement.

Miss Du Cane's mental picture of Madeira before her first visit was of luxuriant vegetation flourishing in a damp, enervating climate. Some feeling of disappointment entered her mind when she first looked on the Bay of Funchal. Any such feeling must surely be quickly dispelled on landing. She heartily recommended a visit to Madeira to those who wished to explore natural scenery: probably no other island of its size had such grand and varied scenery. The gardens around Funchal were usually on a very small, almost diminutive scale. The love of gardening, unfortunately, seemed to be dying out among the Portuguese in Madeira. Most of the larger gardens on the outskirts of Funchal were owned by English residents, and to them Madeira owed the introduction of many floral treasures. Gradually ascending to a higher altitude, those who could tear their eyes away from the beautiful view of the Bay and the curiously shaped hills would notice that the ferns and foxglove - so abundant at lower altitude - would gradually vanish. To collectors mountain expeditions were a never-ending joy, as, according to the different seasons of the year, innumerable treasures were to be found.

### **Duff Gordon, Lucie**

b 24 June 1821, daughter of John and Sara [née Taylor] Austin m 16 May 1840 Sir Alexander Duff Gordon d 14 July 1869

### **Letters from Egypt, 1863-65 [1865]**

### **Last Letters from Egypt [1875]**

Lucie Duff Gordon came from a well-known Unitarian family but converted to Anglicanism whilst still at school. She married whilst still in her teens. Lady Duff Gordon went to the Cape in 1860 in search of better health. She returned in 1862, but - still in poor health - moved on to Egypt. She stayed there for the rest of her relatively short life, her home in Luxor becoming a stopping point for other travellers. Few writers had greater sympathy with local people than she.

In September 1860, Lady Duff Gordon was whipped over the ship's side in a chair, and went to a boarding house in Capetown. She was tired and dizzy and landsick, and lay down and went to sleep. After an hour or so she woke. Why had no one ever mentioned the curious little soft voices of these coolies? Tomorrow her linen would go up the ravine in the giant mountain, and there be scoured in a clear spring by brown women, bleached on the mountain top, and carried back all those long miles on their heads. Her landlady was Dutch; the waiter was half Dutch, half Malay, very handsome, and exactly like a French gentleman, and as civil. Lucie Duff Gordon had a friendship with one Abdul Jemalee and his wife Betsy, a couple of old folks who had been slaves to Dutch owners, and who kept a fruit shop of a rough sort with "Betsy, fruiterer" painted on the back of an old tin tray, and hung up by the door of the house. Abdul Jemalee first bought himself, and then his wife Betsy, whose "missus" generously threw in her bed-ridden mother. He was a fine handsome old man, and had confided to Lady Duff Gordon that £5,000 would not buy what he was worth. The Dutch around Capetown were sulky and dispirited: they regretted the slave days, and could not bear to pay wages; they hated the Malays, and didn't like the vulgar, bustling English - who complained that the Dutch were the curse of the colony. The Caffres were very clean and very clever servants; there was nothing like one for power and grace.

On her arrival in Alexandria in October 1862, Lady Duff Gordon was dismayed at the noise and turbulence of the people, after the soft voices and gentle ways of the Cape blacks. Very soon, however, she found in Cairo a golden existence, all sunshine and poetry, all kindness and civility. She arrived by railway with the American Consul General, and had to stay at Shepherd's Hotel, but she did little but sleep there. She embarked on the Nile in November. The scenes on the river were

wonderfully diverting - so much life and movement. Her crew sported new white drawers in honour of the Sitt Inkeleezeeyeh. The oldest Nile traveller had never known so cold a winter; it was like sharp English October weather, with interludes of hot days. At Thebes had met nothing but kindness and politeness from everything Arab. It would be a pang to part with Omar, who had been her shadow for three months, and for whom she had quite an affection, he was so good and amiable. In March 1863 Lady Duff Gordon had a superb illumination at her Luxor home, improvised by Omar, in honour of the Prince of Wales's marriage. In January 1864 she was settled in her "Theban palace". She had been reading Miss Martineau's book; the descriptions were excellent, and it was true so far as it went; but there was the usual defect - to her, as to most Europeans, the people were not real people, only part of the scenery.

### **Dufferin**

See Blackwood, Helena Selina

### **Dufferin & Ava**

See Blackwood, Harriot

### **Duffus Hardy, Mary**

b c1827 at London m Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy [1804-78] d 1891

#### **Through Cities and Prairie Lands [1881]**

Lady Duffus Hardy, a widow, travelled to Canada and the United States with a woman friend. Her fellow passengers were as a rule mere commonplace specimens of humanity. However, luxury and comfort combined to make that floating world a pleasant ten days' home. The journey from Montreal to Ottawa was for the most part dull and uninteresting. She invested a dollar in literature of the lightest kind, trying to keep herself awake. From Ottawa to Toronto was a tedious journey. From Niagara they started on their tedious journey on the long comfortless cars. They were forced to sit bolt upright, and the constant passing to and fro of the peddling fraternity was most irritating. How they longed for a lounge in one of their own well-cushioned first class compartments.

In their New York hotel they were politely conducted to the elevator, which carried them up, till they fancied they must be approaching seventh heaven, and at last were deposited in a large handsome apartment on one of the upper storeys. They chose to travel to Chicago by the Pennsylvania line of railway. Their trial came in the morning, when they marched to the dressing room to perform their toilette; they found a whole army of dishevelled females, armed with toothbrushes, sponges etc, besieging the four-foot space. Lady Duffus Hardy crossed the Rocky Mountains in a pleasant Pullman car. Her fellow passengers, as a rule, were simply commonplace. A lady could travel quite alone in that country without running the slightest risk of annoyance or inconvenience in any way. In San Francisco a cosy suite of rooms had been prepared for the couple, and friendly hands had filled it with flowers, giving a most sweet floral welcome to California.

### **Dunbar Margaret Juliana Maria**

Nothing known

#### **Art and Nature Under an Italian Sky [1860]**

For 'M. J. M. D.' the painful part of leaving England in September 1845 was the consequent separation from her own dear child. In Italy, they set off to cross the Simplon Pass: never would Ms Dunbar forget the first sight of the glaciers, far above their heads, as, clear and bright in the morning sun, they pierced the blue sky above. How incredible seemed the idea that, ere midday they would be at the very feet of those dazzling pyramids of ice and snow. Before commencing the descent, huge wooden sabots were put upon the wheels; the horses rushed at a frightful speed down places where it would almost make one nervous even to walk. They entered Milan after being warned by the police to keep a good look out from the windows in passing through the Corso, as many light-fingered gentlemen took advantage of the dark shadows to lie in wait and assist passengers in disposing of some of the smaller articles of luggage. Margaret Dunbar very valiantly leaned half out of one window, and whether her alarming position kept them at bay or not, they certainly encountered no such depredators. Margaret Dunbar made two ascents of Vesuvius. When animals could proceed no further they pursued the ascent on foot. Most formidable was its aspect: up this steep breastwork they pursued their way, but less

toilsomely than they could have anticipated, even the ladies making light of it. This was owing not a little to the able and willing assistance of the guides, who, with straps fastened over their shoulders, the ends of which were given the party to hold, cheered on the flagging with their good-humoured merriment.

### **Duncan, Jane Ellen**

b 3 April 1848, eldest child of William Duncan [d 1900] d 12 May 1909

#### **A Summer Ride through Western Tibet [1906]**

As it was not good to spend the whole summer at Srinigar in Kashmir, where the heat was great, the climate enervating, and the mosquitoes intolerable, Miss Duncan resolved in 1904 to go to the hills. One of the luxuries of travelling alone was to be free to change one's plans at any moment. Without Aziz Khan Miss Duncan could never have undertaken the trip. [She had three other servants.] She was advised to take a dandy in case of being too ill or tired to ride, but she only used it for one day. Her tent was her only home for nearly six months, and was quitted with regret. On 27<sup>th</sup> June Jane Duncan got up at 4 a.m., and breakfasted while her tent was being taken down. There was a thin coating of ice on pools of water, and her fingers were so numb that she could hardly use them. At seven o'clock they reached the summit; it was beautiful to see the sun's beams lighting up one rocky pinnacle after another, and shining on the snowy range on the other side of the Indus. She felt the air so exhilarating that she could have laughed and sung from pure joy. She was in the saddle that day for seven and a half hours continuously without feeling tired. Miss Duncan was not scientific, and deeply regretted her ignorance of botany and geology. The camping ground at Maglib did not look inviting, but there were always some unlooked-for beauties in what were, at first sight, most unpromising places. There, she saw the most exquisite moon-rise she ever beheld. Between early June and late September, Jane Duncan crossed eight passes varying in height from 14,000 to 18,000 feet without having a touch of headache or mountain sickness.

### **Dunn, Sara H**

m Archibald Dunn

#### **Sunny Memories of an Indian Winter [1898]**

Sara Dunn, the wife of an architect, lived in comfort in County Durham. A winter sojourn in India was easy of attainment, even to those of a slender purse. One would find a wealth of beauty in its mountains, rivers and jungles; amazing feats of artistic architecture in its palaces, temples and tombs; and a fund of large kindness in the people. She stayed in the bungalow of a friend. After *chota hazari*, when the more trivially minded of the party dispersed to golf, riding or badminton, the *memsahab* threw herself into the vortex of household duties. Mrs Dunn's two servitors were Mussulmans of solemn and inscrutable countenance. Setting aside Calcutta's bright social aspect and kindness of newly-made friends, there was little to detain travellers there. At the risk of having to face the chilling fogs which often hung over Darjeeling in February, the Dunns determined to air their lungs amid the "hills". The luggage, because of the facilities offered, assumed proportions which would be tolerated by no other railway. To Mrs Dunn's horror she saw her large cabin trunk being slung on to the back of a little Bhutea woman about four feet high.

After waiting many days with clouds below and round about them, they had days when for an hour after each solemn dawn they had a view. On one such morning Mrs Dunn and a friend rode six miles [and climbed a thousand feet] to see the crown of Everest. The Taj Mahal possessed a magical, dreamlike beauty, but if architecture is "poetry in stone," its utterances were not those of the highest intelligence. Its shallow motive could not compare with the stern force and majesty of the Hindu temples.

### **Eden, Emily**

b 3 March 1797, seventh daughter of William and Eleanor [née Elliot [d 1818]] Eden, 1<sup>st</sup> Baron Auckland [1744-1814] d 5 August 1869

#### **Up the Country [1866]**

Emily Eden's unmarried brother, 1<sup>st</sup> Earl of Auckland, was Governor-General of India between 1835 and 1841. She and a sister lived with him. The eighteen months journey took place at the very start of Queen Victoria's reign. It was picturesque in its motley processions, in its splendid crowds and in its 'barbaric gold and pearl'.

Travelling companions included one of the Government secretaries, clever and pleasant, who spoke Persian rather more fluently than English, Arabic better than Persian, but who, for familiar conversation, preferred Sanskrit. A major observed in a gentle ill-used voice that a captain behaved very ill to him, having said that he could lodge all the servants that were indispensably and absolutely necessary; he only brought one hundred and forty, and now he was told there was not room even

for them. At Simla at Easter, housed in an extremely enjoyable house, very like a cheerful middle-sized English country house, Miss Eden did not mean to think about the future for six months. There never was such delicious weather. The next Christmas she visited Runjeet Singh's wives. Five of the Rânees sat on silver chairs against the wall, and she sat on a chair opposite them. Four of them were very handsome; two would have been beautiful anywhere. They gave her rather shabby presents: a small pearl necklace and diamond bracelets. She wished she could make out how those women filled up their lives. On coming back to the grand palace in Calcutta from those wretched tents Emily Eden said that home was home, be it never so homely - and she would repeat that with still greater uncton when she arrived at their dear little villa at Kensington Gore.

### **Eden, Elizabeth [Lizzie] Selina**

Nothing known

#### **A Lady's Glimpse of the Late War in Bohemia [1867]**

In March 1866 Lizzie Eden went to Nice for her sister's wedding, where a friend joined her. They had a tedious journey from Prague to Bodenbach. The first news that greeted them next morning was that war was imminent. One night they were told that the mine at the nearby railway line was to be sprung at four o'clock. The couple carried their bags and dressing cases to the bathhouse, where they were considered safe. They found it so cold in the hotel's front hall that they took possession of the nice warm kitchen. Bivouacked soldiers joined them. How astonished her friends in England would have been if they could only have seen them in the kitchen from midnight till two in the morning, with Jägers seated on every available space. She was sitting over the fire, Gamp-like, with her bonnet and shawl on ready for a start whilst her friend and her maid attended to the men's suppers. On midsummer day they were greeted with the intelligence that the Prussians were within three hours' march. Their position at Bodenbach was always looked on as highly dangerous. The weather was fearfully hot. The old bath woman used to amuse her during her bath-hour by devising *bath tortures* for Bismark. Lizzie Eden hardly knew at that time how events succeeded each other; news, beyond the ideas suggested by the heavy firing they heard, was so meagre and contradictory. She did not wish to leave Bohemia till they had heard that the victory of Austria was thoroughly assured, and Prussia completely humiliated; but she often longed to be in England.

### **Edgcumbe, Ernestine Emma Horatia**

daughter of Richard and Caroline Augusta [née Feilding] [d 2 November 1881] Edgcumbe, 3<sup>rd</sup> Earl of Mount Edgcumbe [1797-?2 November 1881] d 20 May 1925

#### **Four Months' Cruise in a Sailing Yacht [1888]**

Lady Ernestine Edgcumbe [a lover of the sea] and Lady Mary Wood [who hated it] were in a party of seven, including Lady Mary's husband, which steamed into Algiers harbour. They went on board their floating home, the 'Ariadne'. Contrary to expectations, they positively shivered with cold during the first fortnight. Nevertheless, they had to stay there till the storm blew out. They were not sorry when the time came to leave Algiers. They had great discussion as to how to manage the expedition to the Chabet Pass. The yacht would land them, and a carriage sent there over night would meet them at a spot where a sandy beach seemed to hold out a possibility of landing the gig. So far so well. They were obliged to come to the conclusion that it was not possible for the dinghy to take them off. There was no lodging to be got, and the party was rather depressed. They were desirous of seeing the old town of Constantine; they heroically resolved upon turning out at 4.30 a.m. in order to go thither by the six o'clock train. Unluckily, it came on to rain, and they were unable to see nearly as much of the Arab town as they should have liked. The pelting rain, and mud inches thick, at last drove them back to the hotel to get themselves dried and warm, nor did they did not object to a cup of tea and some bread and butter before starting the return, particularly as, to their astonishment and delight, the butter tasted of butter.

### **Edwards, Amelia Ann (Amy) Blandford**

b 7 June 1831 at London, daughter of Thomas and Alicia [née Walpole] [1800-26 August 1860] Edwards [c1788-22 August 1860] Cousin of Matilda Betham Edwards d 15 April 1892

#### **Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys [1873]**

#### **A Thousand Miles up the Nile [1877]**

Amelia Edwards was one of the best known women writers of her day, and is credited with establishing the first University Chair in Egyptology in England.

The midsummer rambles of Miss Edwards and her friend Lucy Renshawe in the Dolomites were in 1872. A certain amount of activity and some power to resist fatigue were necessary to the proper enjoyment of this new playground: the passes were too long and too fatiguing for ladies on foot, and should not be attempted by any who could not endure eight hours of mule riding. For ladies, side-saddles were absolutely necessary, there being only two in the whole country, and but one of those for hire. Sophia, Miss Renshawe's maid, being delicate, was less able for mountain work than they, and was left at Cortina, mournful enough at being left behind in a strange land. The courier - a gentleman of refined and expensive tastes - abhorred "roughing it" and despised primitive simplicity. At Cortina, the storm burst: he begged leave to tender his resignation. He was then and there paid off and done with, and was dismissed just at the time when the protection of a trustworthy man had become an indispensable condition of their journey. Must the tour through the wild heart of the country be given up? His replacement was faithful, honest, courteous, untiring and intelligent, though unused to his new office.

In 1874 half of the diners at Shephard's Hotel in Cairo were going up the Nile - young and old, well-dressed and ill-dressed, learned and unlearned. In a place like Shephard's, where every fresh arrival had the honour of contributing, for at least a few minutes, to the general entertainment, the first appearance there of Miss Edwards and her friend Lucy Renshawe - tired, dusty and considerably sunburnt - may well have given rise to the comments in usual circulation. On Christmas Day four newcomers joined them - the Painter, a couple not yet married a month, and a maid. Abou Simbel was a wonderful place in which to be alone - a place in which the very darkness and silence were old, and in which Time seemed to have fallen asleep. The Painter conceived the idea of setting the crew to clean the northernmost Colossus, still disfigured by plaster left on it when a cast was taken more than half a century before. A scaffolding of spars and oars was improvised. All they had to do was to remove any small lumps that might yet adhere to the surface, and then tint the white patches with coffee. Rameses' appetite for coffee was prodigious. Neither Miss Renshawe nor Miss Edwards went inside the Great Pyramid. Miss Renshawe's maid did so, and reported it as so stifling within, so foul underfoot and so fatiguing that, somehow, the women each time put it off, and ended by missing it.

#### **Edwards, Matilda Barbara Betham**

b 4 March 1836, fourth daughter of Edward and Barbara [née Betham] Edwards [d 1864] Cousin of Amelia Edwards d 4 January 1919

#### **Through Spain to the Sahara [1868]**

Matilda Betham Edwards, a niece of the poet Mary Matilda Betham, was a prolific writer - much of it on France - and traveller. She was awarded the title of Officier de l'Instruction Publique de France. It was a most unusual thing for ladies to travel in Spain. With one or two exceptions, they had the ladies' coupé to themselves from one end of Spain to the other. In no country but Spain would two ladies have been allowed to fill the first class compartment in the way they did. Under the seats, on the seats, above the seats, were piled an infinite variety of packages, a box of medicines, a folding india-rubber bath, a basket of provisions, two or three bundles of rugs, a bag of sketching materials, and a bag containing notebooks, opera-glasses, passports, a teapot, a water-bottle, an air cushion, slippers and sundries without number. They arrived at Burgos and felt themselves at last in Spain. The rooms had whitewashed walls, iron bedsteads that might have come out of Heal's warehouse, deliciously cool floors of brick-red tiles, wool mattresses, sweet-smelling homespun sheets, and pillows bordered with La Mancha lace. Isidora - a handsome, saucy creature of whom they grew very fond - delighted to give them lessons in Spanish, and went into fits of good-humoured laughter at their blunders. They were served by Gregoria, handsomer and saucier even than Isidora. Miss Edwards and her friend were very comfortable at Burgos, excepting that it was impossible to keep warm indoors. They went to bed at seven o'clock, finding bed the only warm place.

#### **Ellis, Elizabeth [Beth]**

daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Mary [née Dean] [d 1917] Ratcliffe-Ellis [31 December 1842-6 March 1925] m 1909 Godfrey Mansell Baker d c7 August 1913

#### **An English Girl's First Impressions of Burmah [1899]**

Beth Ellis made her first plunge into literature after a visit to her married sister in Burmah. Shortly after leaving Ceylon, Miss Ellis was awakened, and terrified to hear the cry "Fire! Fire!" Brave men anxious to be of use, snatched children from their mothers' arms, while the distracted mothers, having but a vague notion as to what was happening, supposed the boat to have been boarded by pirates or kidnappers, and fought fiercely to regain possession of their infants. Those who prided themselves on their presence of mind, ran up and down with small water bottles to fling on the flames. It was a false alarm. The passengers returned to their cabins, feeling indignant and somewhat foolish, and perhaps a little disappointed (now that the danger was over) that the adventure had turned out so tamely.

Beth Ellis had always had a terror of horses, and had not ridden for eleven years. But here she was with twenty-six miles between her and her destination, and no way of traversing the distance save on horseback. The animal with the reputation of being the quietest pony stood saddled before her. She announced herself ready to start, but her steed was not prepared to do so. At last he did begin to move, backwards! This was a situation for which Miss Ellis was wholly unprepared. She tried to turn the pony round, so that if he persisted in continuing to walk backwards, they might at any rate progress in the right direction, but he preferred not to turn.

### **Ellis, Sarah Stickney**

b 1799 m 1837 William Ellis [1794-1872] d 1872

#### **Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees [1841]**

Mrs Ellis made no pretension to observations either of a scientific or a political nature in her recollections of a residence of fifteen months from early 1840 amongst the Pyrenees. There was the usual proportion of dandies, still evidently English, notwithstanding all the pains they took to look French. Mrs Ellis observed upon the futility, as well as the bad taste, of all such endeavours. The colours of evening were more evanescent than in England; but while they lasted, they were also much more varied and intense. Mrs Ellis was not a little surprised to find that she had to pay in most instances as much for the necessaries of life as in England. For every article she and her husband purchased in the shops or the market, they had to give at least twice as much as it was worth, and much more than the owner expected finally to take, unless they chose to bargain and dispute for half an hour on every article they bought. Mrs Ellis was inclined to think that the grand secret of being able to live at less expense in France was because they were satisfied to do without a vast number of things which one imagined to be essential to respectability at home. At Pau, the eye was never shocked, as in England, by the slovenly cap, the shabby bonnet or the mock finery which too frequently disfigured the poorer class of women there. The Protestant burial ground contained the remains of strangers from almost every land, and many of the inscriptions were dedicated to the memory of married women between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five. Cases of gross or fatal intemperance were much less frequent than in England: Mrs Ellis never saw a woman whose conduct excited even a suspicion of this kind.

### **Eyre, Mary**

Nothing known

#### **A Lady's Walks in the South of France in 1863 [1865]**

##### **Over the Pyrenees into Spain [1865]**

Mary Eyre's slender means compelled her to travel humbly. She left England in the autumn of 1862, intending to try whether the south of France was a cheaper place of abode. A woman who was content to rough it a little might go far and see much for a small sum. There were disadvantages, however, in the gipsy style of travelling which Miss Eyre did not foresee when she set out. She felt no fear in walking alone among the mountains and valleys with no other guard but her dog, Keeper. The great mistake most English travellers made was to look at everything from the English point of view. In March 1863 the English gentlemen at Bagnères gave a ball in honour of the Prince of Wales' marriage, and sent Mary Eyre an invitation. As the note stated that 'higher dresses would be worn' she determined to go, and make her acquaintance of her country folks. She went to it in her plain black mousseline-de-laine dress, for she had no other. She felt a little awkward at walking in by herself among so many strangers. The rule at Bagnères was for the stranger to call upon the English residents, and Miss Eyre did not know this, and called on no one. Miss Eyre benefited so much personally in health and spirits by her free mountain life, and living almost perpetually in the open air. She preferred to travel unencumbered by heavy trunks, and untroubled by packing, rambling from village to village with her dog and her knapsack.

The favourable reception accorded to Mary Eyre's account of her first Walk induced her publisher to propose to her a second tour through Andorra and the Spanish side of the Pyrenees. The scenery was marvellously beautiful - but Spain must be considered a semi-civilised country so long as a respectable, quietly-dressed woman, walking quietly alone, was subject to insult and outrage in the streets. Even accompanied by a guide she was subjected to hooting and insult, simply because she was a stranger. Mary Eyre would rather have been tying up sweet peas, and training clematis round the porch of her wee four-roomed cottage at Hampstead, could she have retained it. She rode a mule. It tried to throw her over the first bridge they came to. It would walk on the very edge of the precipice, clearly with villainous intent. Miss Eyre's back had been injured some months before, by being thrown down by a large package flung against her at the Great Northern Railway office in Pall Mall. No one who had not tried could imagine the horror of riding on a hard conical seat, without bridle or crutch or stirrup or footboard, with nothing but a loose cord to hold

on by with each hand. She never, if she could avoid it, dined or supped at a table d'hôte. The sort of men one met were not precisely those a lady would like to mix with. At Barcelona Mary Eyre went to eat ices in a splendid café, brilliantly lit up, and as richly decorated with mirrors, marble pillars, gilding, and magnificent chandeliers. She followed some respectable ladies into two, having no one to go anywhere with her.

### **Falkland**

See Cary, Amelia

### **Ford, Helen Cordelia**

b 1856 at London m John Rawlinson Ford

#### **Notes of a Tour in India and Ceylon [1889]**

Mrs Ford and her solicitor husband sailed in December 1888 on the maiden voyage of the P & O's "Peninsular". She was not sociable, unable to get into endless sort of chat with people. Mr S. K. and Miss \_\_\_ sat opposite at meals on board, rather aggressive. He was very energetic at political and other arguments. The Fords changed their table: they really could not stand Mr S. K. and Co. At Aden, there was a refreshing breeze but the sun was very powerful. Mrs Ford put on her thick topee: to think that it was Christmas Eve.

On New Year's Eve in Bombay the Fords saw K\_\_\_y off: she had a lady's carriage all to herself; it was extremely tiresome, but she seemed quite cheerful. People said it was easy for ladies to travel alone in India, the carriages were so strictly set apart for them. Delhi was so cold, really *cold*. They were in a pig of a hotel, dirty and cheerless. Mrs Ford piled up logs on the fire and sat with a rug over her knees. In Helen Ford's humble opinion, the Taj Mahal was almost perfect when taken in detail and also when looked at from a long distance, but looking at it closer, but not yet close enough to judge of its ornamentation, she allowed herself to question the judgement of critics who considered it absolutely perfect. The Fords heard that Darjeeling and the hills were so cold, and as their experience at Delhi of such weather was not pleasant, they gave up the plan of going North, and were to start for Ceylon the next day.

### **Forde, Gertrude**

Nothing known

#### **A Lady's Tour in Corsica [1880]**

Miss Forde was one of three ladies who travelled to Corsica, a country where there was neither a whining beggar, overreaching landlord, nor humbugging tradesman. It could not be denied, however, that the Corsicans, though polite and even friendly to strangers, had a weakness for shooting one another. Corsica was a remarkably easy country in which to travel, totally without difficulties or dangers, though the accommodation was often extremely rough. At the hotel in Corte the big landlady - a mixture of sudden irascibility and occasional benevolence - was apt to regard one's wants as puerile. A foray in dressing-gown and slippers to the kitchen, after hot water or cleaned boots or any other necessity, was apt to end in ignominy and the trial of English tempers.

The trio travelled by the best diligence in Corsica. The conductor was a big, fine man, and remarkably well informed. As, however, he thought it necessary to descend and refresh himself at every village, his conversation became less interesting, and his company rather less agreeable towards the middle of the day. They walked part of the way. Some workmen walked beside them for a time, but they walked so fast that they distanced their companions, who seemed astonished at the energy of Englishwomen. At Bonifacio, Miss Forde found the children extremely curious but well-behaved. Finding that they could not be induced to retire, she made use of them: one held down the flapping page of her sketch-book, while another held an umbrella over her head. They became very good friends, and were exceedingly anxious not to intercept her view; but the brisk fire of questions added another difficulty to a rapid sketch.

### **Fraser, Marie**

Nothing known

#### **In Stevenson's Samoa [1895]**

Marie Fraser and a friend were the only women on board a ship which travelled from Sydney to Samoa. There, they rejected an offer from an Oxford University man to rent a very untidy little shanty which had a picturesque jungle of garden in front. Instead, they took a charming little place on the slope of the mountains which had been built as a country residence but which had never been inhabited. She had to learn to cook, her previous efforts never having gone beyond scrambling eggs, roasting chestnuts or mushrooms on the bars of a grate or making toffee. The heat of the stove and the exertion of keeping things from being singed burnt up their first enthusiasm for cooking their own food. A horseman arrived, clad in a brown velvet coat, light corduroy breeches, long boots and a white cap; a moment later they were being shaken by the hands and welcomed right heartily to Samoa by Robert Louis Stevenson.

They enjoyed a birthday feast with the author. There were dozens of pigs, quantities of chickens and ducks, every kind of native fruit and vegetables, and before each guest a leaf of large pink prawns. The pretty, vivacious native girls laughed at the ignorance displayed by the few strangers in their lack of knowledge concerning the subtlest method of enjoying the most rare delicacies, and they spared no pains in instructing them. They went riding, calling for lunch at a Chinaman's shanty. There never was anything to drink at Kai Sue's except lager but Louis Stevenson had thought that girls generally liked champagne, and sent down a consignment of Dry Monopole in ample time to have it cooled for tiffin.

### **French-Sheldon, May**

b 1848, daughter of Colonel Joseph and Dr Elizabeth J French m Eli Lemon Sheldon d 10 February 1936

#### **Sultan to Sultan [1892]**

In 1891 Mrs French-Sheldon parted from her husband at Naples, and travelled to Zanzibar. There, she set off for Masai country near Mount Kilimanjaro. At Taveta she met a woman of intense feeling, a lover of power, indeed a leader among women; she was eager that Mrs Sheldon should be a friendly witness to all the strange customs and habits of her tribe. May French-Sheldon determined to descend a crater to Lake Chala. She found herself attempting to penetrate a girdle of primeval forest. The porters cleared a small opening through which she managed to squeeze; every moment's tardiance seemed to imperil her equilibrium. It required a cat-like agility to crawl or slide down. She frequently sank up to her armpits, and had to be hauled out by her men. Every time a white man chanced to be with them, her porters were discontented. They seemed to have a latent suspicion that the white man would make demands upon them. Six weeks after May French-Sheldon had safely traversed the country as a lone woman, the celebrated Dr Carl Peters, in order to pass safely with armed soldiers, felt obliged to turn his guns on the people, and killed a hundred and twenty. If visiting people, instead of taking useless, showy trumpery, would give the local people implements useful and simple to understand, and take a little trouble to teach them the uses thereof, they would be found ready and appreciative people, evincing gratitude and no mean amount of aptitude.

### **Gardner, Nora Beatrice**

b 1867 at London, eldest daughter of James and Eliza (Ellen ) [née Mooney] [1839-12 December 1894] Blyth, 1<sup>st</sup> Baron [10 September 1841-8 February 1925] m 29 April 1885 Colonel Alan Coulstoun Gardner, MP [1846-25 December 1907] d 5 January 1944

#### **Rifle and Spear with the Rajpoots [1895]**

Nora Gardner and her husband sailed for India in 1892, staying initially at Government House, Kurrachee. In Kashmir they had a letter of introduction from the Viceroy to the Resident. For the thirteen-mile march to their shooting ground, Mrs Gardner was carried in a dandy on four men's shoulders, most unpleasantly high from the ground. It looked so shaky and unsafe that, feeling it would be ignominious to be killed by a fall from a dandy, she first prudently sent the ayah for a trial trip. Later, they found the ayah quite broken down, and so Mrs Gardner was obliged to put her in her dandy, and continue her way on foot. Later on, the ayah was simply drunk with cold: the weather led her to commit the strangest extravagances in the way of packing. She had removed all the silver-topped bottles from Mrs Gardner's dressing bag, and placed them in the remains of the kettle, which she then rolled up in one of Mrs Gardner's skirts, and packed in a box.

Hunting involved camping out. At Sara the wind was fearful. They camped on a housetop, and lashed the tent ropes to the side buildings. The owner of the house was rather unreasonable, and objected to a fire being lit on his roof. The Gardners explained that it was absolutely necessary to have a fire. He said that he also must have a house, which would not be the case if they burned it down. Matters were compromised by having some big smooth rocks placed as hearthstones. At Bombay the Gardners found one of His Excellency's carriages waiting to take them to Government House.

### **Gordon Cumming, Constance Fredereka**

b 26 May 1837, daughter of Sir William Gordon and Eliza Maria [née Campbell] [d 1842] Gordon-Cumming, 2<sup>nd</sup> Baronet [20 July 1787-25 November 1854] d 4 September 1924

#### **Wanderings in China [1886]**

#### **Two Happy Years in Ceylon [1892]**

Miss Gordon Cumming was one of the foremost women travellers of her day. She stayed only three days at Shanghai which depressed her to such a pitch that she resolved to risk spending Christmas Day 1878 at sea rather than remain there. By early January, however, she was in Canton where a resplendent palanquin had been sent for her to be carried to her hostess. Travellers in China must put up with queer lodgings when once they had to leave their boats, and very odd food into the bargain. By April Miss Gordon Cumming was back in Shanghai: many friends so enfolded her in kindness as effectually to dispel her first dreary impressions. Nevertheless it had dirt and bad smells in excess of those of any other city she had yet explored. She had seen a wonderful variety of picturesque and grotesque vehicles in many lands but the palm must be awarded to the one-wheeled conveyance greatly in favour with the Chinese of Shanghai. While Miss Gordon Cumming was hesitating whether she *could* face the journey to Peking, her way was made smooth by the arrival from England of a family returning to the British Legation. With truest kindness, they invited her to join their party, and travel together, and so the difficulties all vanished. She reached Peking in June - the dreariest wilderness of dirt that one could possibly conceive

Miss Gordon Cumming gladly accepted an invitation from a friend, the Bishop of Colombo, to make a leisurely visit to Ceylon, finding headquarters under his hospitable roof, and thence exploring such parts of the isle as had special interest for her. She was rowed ashore by Tamil boatmen, who cheered their toil by singing wild songs, reminding her of the Skye boatmen. Perhaps the most fascinating feature of Ceylonese scenery was the number and beauty of the rivers, ranging from picturesque mountain torrents to stately streams. Starting in the cool of the morning (preceded by sundry coolies burdened with her baggage) she walked up-hill to a point where the Governor's carriage awaited her. The drive was simply exquisite. After a happy peaceful week at the Bishop's little bungalow at Pallagolla, during which they saw many friends, she moved on to Kandy. There she was most hospitably received and lionised, and with the help of friends who sympathised with her wish to see everything of interest, there were few, even of the most out-of-the-way corners, left unvisited or unsketched. The ruins of Anuradhapura were not easily accessible to ordinary mortals, and involved somewhat troublesome and expensive travelling. Miss Gordon Cumming was, therefore, fully conscious of singular good fortune when the Governor most kindly arranged that she should form one of his party.

### **Grey, Theresa Catherine**

b 30 January ?, daughter of Major General Count von Stedink, Inspector General of Cavalry of Sweden m [1<sup>st</sup>] 20 September 1858 William George Grey [15 February 1819-19 December 1865] (son of 2<sup>nd</sup> Earl Grey) m [2<sup>nd</sup>] 5 July 1873 Duke d'Oranta d 21 June 1901

#### **Journal of a Visit to Egypt, Constantinople etc [1869]**

Theresa Grey, then a widow, was lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Wales, and accompanied the Prince and Princess on a tour between January and May 1869. In Cairo, the party stayed at the Palace of Esbekieh - beautiful, full of French luxury, but without the real comfort of an English house. Her room was so large that even when the candles were lit there might be someone sitting at the other end of it without one knowing it.

The Nile dahabeah stuck fast about thirty or forty yards from the shore. The ladies chose to allow themselves to be carried through the water. Sir Samuel Baker and Mr Brierley carried the Princess, crossing their arms, on which she sat. The native boatmen wished to persuade Mrs Grey to let them carry her in the same manner; but in spite of their very amiable faces and gesticulations, she refused by her only Arabic word - la, la (no, no), fearing they would drop her in the water. Sir Samuel Baker and Mr Brierley came back and carried her on shore. Whilst the Prince visited Lady Duff Gordon near Assouan, the Princess and Mrs Grey took a ride on two wretched donkeys, without bridles, and only one of them with anything like a saddle - and that a miserable sort of wooden affair. The other had nothing but a cushion tied on. In spite of all this, they mounted in the best way they could, the Princess on the one with the cushion. The wooden saddle was so uncomfortable that, at last, Mrs Grey had it taken off, and rode on the bare back. Her great difficulty was that her legs hung down so low as almost to touch the ground.

### **Grimshaw, (Ethel) Beatrice**

b 1871, third daughter of Nicholas Grimshaw d 30 June 1953

**From Fiji to the Cannibal Islands [1907]**

**In the Strange South Seas [1907]**

Suva society was tiresomely like society at home, though so hospitable and kindly that one must forgive it. Beatrice Grimshaw made a resolve, and kept to it, in spite of the objections of Suva - to go through the interior of the islands, and see just what the native and his life were like, and of what value the country still might be to possible settlers. She had never been "off the road" before. She engaged a time-expired native soldier to act as interpreter and courier, and picked up a couple of carriers. So far as she knew she was the first white woman who had ever travelled through the mountains. She resolved to sleep with her revolver under her head. In the pitch dark she rode into a village; the inhabitants took it quite as a matter of course, squatting down to stare their fill, in solid amazement. It was nearly time for bed, so her men put up her mosquito-net, and said that only the women might remain in the house for the night. This evidently impressed the Fijians as the funniest idea they had ever struck. She felt very much as if she had strayed into the Great Bed of Ware, and was in danger of losing herself. Rats, cats, bats and scuttering crawlies created a sound of revelry. To see all the islands, one must have time to spare, time to burn, time to throw away - an iron constitution, unlimited patience, and plenty of money.

One bright winter afternoon a liner bore away Beatrice Grimshaw round the world. The main object of her journey was to find out, as far as possible, what were the prospects for settlers in some of the principal Pacific island groups. She did not use the few days in Tahiti to the best advantage. In the Cook Islands, the beachcomber element, which was so unpleasantly in evidence in other island groups, had been strongly discouraged. At Raratonga, she began to understand the meaning of the term "colonial hospitality". She was about to see something of the true island life at last. During the year or two of island travel, Ethel Grimshaw suffered from cockroaches: they spoiled her tea, ate her dresses (or parts of them), flew into her hair at night, and climbed into her berth on shipboard. She climbed the highest mountain: they went the wrong way, lost their food and water, and swarmed up perpendicular rock faces on the ladders of the creepers. For four months, with a single break, a schooner was her home. The true traveller, who wandered for joy of wandering, and was not afraid to "rough it" a good deal, would find a sailing trip in the Pacific among the most fascinating of experiences. Much of the Pacific had been "discovered" by the tripper element of recent years, but Niué was still almost inviolate. Hotel dinners, big liners, shops, hired carriages, guides and picture postcards were death to the spirit of the South Seas.

**Grimwood, Ethel St Clair**

m Frank Grimwood [d 1891]

**My Three Years in Manipur [1891]**

When Ethel Grimwood's husband was appointed Political Agent in Manipur she pictured to herself the dignity of being mistress of a Residency in India. All was peaceful until September 1890. Dawn broke - and with it came firing. Every now and then bullets crashed into the rooms, smashing different things. They retreated to the cellar. It was decided to make a truce. The regent agreed to see the chief commissioner and Mr Grimwood. Ethel Grimwood was awakened by hearing the deafening boom of the big guns again, and knew then that it was not to be peace. Where was her husband?

They knew that their one chance lay in retreating. Mrs Grimwood could not get anything for the journey. She could not have chosen better than the blue serge skirt and white silk blouse: if only she had been able to collect a few outdoor garments - on her feet were thin patent leather slippers. It was no easy matter to get on to the road from the back of the Residency. She got through the hedge with comparatively little damage to her raiment; but her hands received a good many scratches, and her stockings were dreadfully torn. The next obstacle was a wall with a six-foot drop. The river bank was very slippery and muddy. Mrs Grimwood fell two or three times, doing considerable damage to her already dirty dress. In the middle of the stream she was overtaken by the doctor who carried her the rest of the way through the water. After ten days of marching, the luxury of getting into clean garments was enchanting. A week later the news came which put an end alike to all hope and fear. Her husband had been killed.

**Grove, Agnes Geraldine**

b 25 July 1864, daughter of Lieutenant General Augustus Henry [1820-4 May 1900] and Honourable Alice Margaret [née Stanley] [d 19 May 1910] Lane-Fox [from 1910 Lane-Fox-Pitt-Rivers] m 1882 Sir Walter John Grove, 2<sup>nd</sup> Baronet [9 September 1852-9 February 1932] d 7 December 1926

### **Seventy-one Days' Camping in Morocco [1902]**

Alice Grove, with two male and two other female travellers, ten tents and about forty animals, started for the Atlas Mountains. Alas, even in Morocco she was pursued by the haunting fact that women, children and imbeciles were classed as one in matters more than the Parliamentary vote. She was wearing a really charming habit of white woollen stuff embroidered round the large collar and loose sleeves in lovely colours. Her pistol never left her side. A large white pith hat (not a helmet) swathed with a scarf of Indian muslin, and a large gauze veil completed a most suitable but becoming outfit. After Morocco City, her habit-skirt was discarded altogether, because during the mountain climbing she rode for the most part on a man's saddle. For a long distance the difference in the feeling of fatigue between a side-saddle and a cross-saddle could only be realised by those who had tried both. When riding cross-legged she wore a pair of Moorish trousers and a Moorish shirt. Her legs were less outlined than on a side-saddle - though why legs should convey indecency in a woman was an unsolved mystery.

They were up by five most mornings and off by seven. Their own provisions consisted of such things as jam, sardines, tea, coffee and biscuits. Supplied bread was heavy and indigestible; butter was rancid; and meat was reeking with oil of a particularly revolting smell and flavour. Lady Grove was the only one of the party who had never been confined to her bed for a single day during the whole campaign. She had never delayed the camp a single hour through ill health. No contretemps of serious character ever ruffled the serenity of the most peaceful party.

### **Guest, Theodora**

younger daughter of Richard [27 January 1795-31 October 1869] *m* 16 September 1819] and Elizabeth Mary [née Leveson-Gower] [1797-1891] Grosvenor, 2<sup>nd</sup> Marquess of Westminster *m* 8 March 1877 Thomas Merthyr Guest [18 January 1838-5 November 1904] *d* 24 March 1924

### **A Round Trip in North America [1895]**

In 1894 hunting came to its last sad day earlier than usual so there was time for a good long excursion. The Guests, a friend and Lady Guest's maid sailed to America. The vessel was so enormous that one was absolutely unaware of the four hundred emigrants on board. Arriving, they found a special train waiting, with their host's private car attached. In Philadelphia, too, they had a private car, with sitting-room, bedroom, bathroom, a large dining room, kitchen and servants' room. In Washington, Mrs Cleveland, the President's wife, had arranged to receive them. In the Rocky Mountains, near a lovely grave where was buried "Ellen Keefe, who died in 1876, having been eaten by mountain rats". Lady Guest tried in a small sketch-book to convey a reminiscence of the most enormous landscape she ever saw in her life. In San Francisco they were taken to an opium den: it certainly was rather horrible; but in no way as degrading a sight as that of the ordinary European drunkard. On the Northern Pacific Line there was the excitement of a runaway train: Lady Guest ran out just in time to see the station train going off at top speed, having been hit by another train. Away it went at all rates, and must have had a high time of it round all the curves. Niagara Falls were grand, but with a grandeur that did not surprise Lady Guest; it was only afterwards that the full beauty grew upon her. The visit ended in New York. The Guests just missed the season, so, though they saw some of the rank and fashion, they also saw a great deal that was neither.

### **Hall, Mary**

b 1857 *d* 1912

### **A Woman's Trek from the Cape to Cairo [1907]**

Mary Hall was "the first woman of any nationality to accomplish the entire journey from the Cape to Cairo". At Chiromo in 1905 she was provided with a machila, and sixteen men to carry it, in addition to porters for the loads. At Karonga the African Lakes Corporation was responsible for all her camp equipment, machila, food and cook. She made a selection of soups, biscuits, Californian fruits, jams, cocoa and condensed milk. Her personal staff - Robertson, Mike and John - were practically her parlourmaid, housemaid and lady's-maid. One afternoon she met the luggage of a white person, the one unmistakable sign being a bath. He was a Belgian; it was difficult for her, in the excitement of the moment and the necessary recumbent position in the machila, to summon up enough French to begin a conversation with an utter stranger. One morning she was toppled into a stream: not much damage was done beyond a wet skirt, and a lost *last* hatpin. She took off her skirt, and walked on in her petticoat: a little unconventional no doubt, but she knew there was no chance of meeting any one but natives, who would not know the difference. At the first station of the London Missionary Society Miss Hall was cordially invited to remain for a few days. She arranged to send on her heavy loads, gave the thirty men half a crown's worth of salt as a tip, and presented the cook with a fez, price one shilling.

**Hall, Charlotte**

m Reverend Newman Hall

**Through the Tyrol to Venice [1860]**

The Halls arrived in the Bavarian Tyrol in the dark. There was immense confusion in getting their baggage. The rooms were so dirty and damp that they declined them. A disagreeable looking man offered to conduct them elsewhere. They applied at two other wretched inns, but to no purpose. Tired, hungry and cold, many hundred miles from home was slightly dispiriting. One was sure to meet with lots of hindrances to enjoyment. It added a relish to the pleasures, and might prove a wholesome discipline.

In Venice Mrs Hall never tired of watching the gondolas gliding noiselessly and rapidly over the water. She delighted in exploring the mystery of the network of water-streets. The Lido fête was dismal. Among the few amusements provided was a donkey. It was continually being hired for short journeys, by persons to whom the very sight of so large a quadruped was a rarity. Nevertheless the Halls enjoyed themselves. As they left Venice they envied those who were to remain, who would visit again the picture galleries and marble palaces, and wonder at the beauty of the city.

Como was beautiful. They awoke to pouring rain; Mrs Hall was glad. It would detain them at the lovely spot, and how delicious the repose after the hurried journey from Venice. They took the diligence up the dreary Adda valley. The villages were wretched. The appearance of the inhabitants increased the feeling of dreariness. Many were idiotic, and nearly all were afflicted with goitre. Mrs Hall had a bad cold. Their spirits sagged, and they felt considerable yearnings towards home. However, the keen mountain air was exhilarating. Its bracing influence almost cured her cold. Glorious Nature reigned in one of her sublimest haunts, instantly refreshing and gladdening.

**Harris, Georgina**

b c 1829 at Manchester m Reverend James Harris [b 9 August 1822] d 1886

**Diary of the Siege of Lucknow [1858]**

Mrs Harris arrived at Lucknow as wife of an army chaplain in March 1857. On 25<sup>th</sup> May she was roused at 3 a.m.; every woman and child should take refuge in the Residency-house. Georgina Harris was so thankful that her husband's duty did not separate him from her. On 15<sup>th</sup> June such an awful thing happened: two Christian Englishmen quarrelled, and one shot the other. 30<sup>th</sup> June was a most disastrous day. The ladies and children were hurried down stairs into a damp, dark, gloomy and excessively dirty underground room. On 2<sup>nd</sup> July the Chief Commissioner was mortally wounded: his screams and groans of agony all day had been fearful to hear. Georgina Harris, nursing him, thought the sound would never leave her ears. On 20<sup>th</sup> July Mr Polehampton, the other chaplain, died of cholera. James Harris was just in the act of bathing when roundshots came through; he was obliged to creep out almost in a state of nature. Mrs Harris was dreadfully frightened. Their rest was much disturbed: what with frequent night attacks of the enemy, the crying and illness of the poor children, the rats and mice which ran over them, the heat, unbroken sleep was a luxury they long had been strangers to. 9<sup>th</sup> August was James Harris' birthday, and a little siege baby came into the stormy world. Georgina Harris sat up with his mother all night, and was with her until master baby made his appearance. Mrs Hershams and Mrs Kendal's babies died.

On 17<sup>th</sup> November Mrs Harris was told all were to leave with only as much as they could carry in their hands. She felt utterly bewildered, and could not realise the utter ruin it would be to them all.

**Hart Bennett, Ella M**

Nothing known

**An English Girl in Japan [1904]**

At eighteen Ella Hart Bennett accompanied her widowed father to Japan. They sailed from Southampton to New York. There were passengers on board of every description and nationality including Mr Carnegie (the millionaire), Dr Barnado, and Mrs Annie Besant. On landing at Yokohama, they took rickshaws to the Grand Hotel. Ella Hart Bennett never would forget her first ride in the quaint little carriage resembling a small buggy pulled by a funny little brown grinning man, dressed in a blue cotton garment, barefooted, with a large white hat like a mushroom. The first few weeks would have been rather dull, had she not made the acquaintance of a

girl a few years older, and clever with very decided opinions on most subjects. They explored the streets of Yokohama together. They experienced an earthquake - not severe but quite enough to alarm the visitors. One night Ella and her friend went out to see what they could of a fire. The heat and smoke became almost unbearable, sparks began to fall on them, and one had even scorched Miss Hart Bennett's hair. She thought she would try a warm swimming bath. The sensation as she plunged in was rather pleasant. After swimming and floating about for a few minutes she heard a splash; looking round, she saw to her horror a man. Unfortunately, she had left her clothes hanging on a nail on the door at the other end. She vowed that nothing on earth would again tempt her to take a sulphur bath. She attended the garden-party given by the Emperor and Empress without having utterly disgraced herself by tumbling over her train.

### **Havergal, Frances Ridley**

b 14 December 1836, youngest daughter of Reverend William Henry and Jane [née Head] [d 5 July 1848] Havergal [18 January 1793-19 April 1870] d 3 June 1879

#### **Swiss Letters and Alpine Poems [1882]**

Fanny Havergal crossed the Channel in 1869, having no notion of waiting till she was too ill to stir before making herself comfortable. At Heidelberg they were much too late for table d'hôte, so she told the waiter they wanted "dinner", and to bring anything they happened to have. After having soup, salmon, roast beef, tongue, cutlets and a queer preparation of duck and olives, they thought they had had enough. The singing at Sunday service was dignified, solemn, grand, massive, the very antipodes of some of the flimsy rattling church music at home. The five days from Martigny to Chamouni were the very essence of the whole tour. Miss Havergal went across the Mer de Glace, and did not slip once, though she had the gratification of seeing two gentlemen tumbling down. It felt queer for the first few minutes, but one soon got one's balance and one's glacier feet. There were some decidedly interesting bits where one had to walk along a ridge just wide enough to tread, with beautiful blue crevasses yawning on each side.

In Paris in 1871, unable to get a cab, Miss Havergal walked about a mile and a half to the station. Most of the way was Paris of old, but here and there houses were pitted with bullet marks, and over nearly all the churches they saw the mark of the Communists in large-lettered "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.*"

### **Heckford, Sarah Maud**

née Goff 1839 m 1867 Dr Nathaniel Heckford [1842-71] d 1903

#### **A Lady Trader in Transvaal [1882]**

Mrs Heckford determined upon going to the bush-veldt to trade amongst the Boers. There was beginning to be a feeling of insecurity in Pretoria: people felt that the air was electric. Sarah Heckford was pretty sure that the Boers would fight. Panic and excitement increased. All horses, waggons and oxen were being seized. An order was circulated that all inhabitants were to go into a camp in Pretoria, and they were told that those who adhered to the loyal cause would receive full compensation for any loss arising. Mrs Heckford loaded up, not leaving anything in the house. The Boers were upon them! They would not be in time to get into the camp! They went into the camp and prepared for the siege. That camp was a most miserable sight. Children and delicate people suffered severely. Peace was concluded on the terms dictated by the Boers. How well Mrs Heckford remembered that morning. All order seemed gone. Sarah Heckford applied to have her animals returned, and for the hire of them and the waggons. The decision was not given for almost three weeks. This was productive of evil. All credit was at an end. There was absolutely no money in Pretoria. Numbers were leaving every day for Natal. Mrs Heckford agreed to do the same. The news of the decision came: no one was to receive a penny for the use of their oxen and waggons. It was a terrible blow, and to her the delay in giving the answer was fatal. Ruin had come to numbers owing to the war.

### **Herbert, Mary Elizabeth**

b 21 July 1822, daughter of Lieutenant General Charles Asch A'Court-Repington m 12 August 1846 Right Honourable Sidney Herbert [1<sup>st</sup> Baron Herbert of Lea 15 January 1861] [16 September 1810-2 August 1861] d 30 October 1911

#### **Cradle Lands [1867]**

#### **Impressions of Spain in 1866 [1867]**

In Cairo Lady Herbert avoided Shepherd's Hotel, having been warned of the excessive discomfort, and the impossibility of getting anything to eat there. In the Royal Harem the ignorance of the ladies was unbelievable. They could neither read nor write; their whole day was employed in dressing, bathing, eating, drinking and smoking. At Thebes the English Consul held a reception, and introduced dancing-girls. This exhibition was not according to English taste, and the ladies returned early to their dahabiéh. On St David's Day the travellers first set foot on what was so emphatically and rightly called the 'Holy Land.' It was long before 4 a.m. that Lady Herbert was taken to pay her first visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. In the afternoon she presented her letters of introduction to the Patriarch. The Garden of Gethsemane had a villa kind of look, inexpressively painful to those who would have wished to have knelt in stillness and peace. Lady Herbert spent some weeks almost exclusively in the services of each day, leaving much to remember but little to record.

Lady Herbert went to Spain in 1866 for winter sunshine. Their first hotel appeared but tolerably comfortable; when they returned four or five months later, they thought it a perfect paradise of comfort and cleanliness. She arrived in Madrid on a Sunday morning, and the first object was to find a church. They arrived in Cordova at 8 p. m., after twenty-four hours of travelling, very tired indeed, horribly dusty and dirty, and without having had any church all day. There, though Mass had been promised them at five, it was six before the priest made his appearance. They arrived in Grenada tired, hungry, dirty and cold to find all the hotels were full. Lady Herbert found her way to the cathedral whilst the rest held a council of war about where to stay. Scarcely had they set foot in their hotel in Seville when they were told that if they wanted to see the Alcazar they must do so at once. Dusty, dirty and hot as they were, they at once sallied forth. Lady Herbert left Spain with regret, hoping to revisit before the so-called march of civilisation had utterly destroyed all that was beautiful, simple and characteristic of its noble people.

### **Hitchcock, Mary E**

m Commander Roswell D Hitchcock, USN [d pre-1899]

#### **Two Women in the Klondike [1899]**

Mrs Hitchcock and Edith Van Buren set off for the Alaskan goldfields, sorry to be leaving behind her young and pretty maid: the responsibility of taking her into such regions would have been too great. They became squatters; their tent attracted the greatest amount of attention. Edith made some delicious soda-biscuit, and they managed with great difficulty to open a tin of butter and of sardines. Their Man Friday was to do all his cooking and eating in his own tent. So fearful were they, however, of losing their cook, butler and boatman, they dared not enter a protest when he did full justice to the remains of their breakfast. They took out a miner's certificate at ten dollars.

They arranged a church service, using their three chairs, some empty boxes and a few benches. The British and American flags draped the pulpit - a pine table and a bench, decorated with mosquito-netting. To hide the kitchen and their sleeping apartments from view they hung cheese-cloth from a line. Miss Hitchcock started the music-box at a sign from the clergyman. Only one unfortunate mistake occurred: as the clergyman was reading, a pigeon perched on the music-box, and it started once more *Nearer my God to Thee* which could not be stopped until the end. Life in the tent made dressing for dinner impossible; silken hose were not exactly appropriate in rubber boots or muck-a-lucks, which they now took off only at bed-time. Nothing but heavy flannel, such as one rarely wore at home, was comfortable. A skirt was decidedly in the way of gathering wood for the stove, washing dishes, cooking etc.

### **Hodgson, Mary Alice**

daughter of W A G Young, Governor of the Gold Coast m 1883 [1899 Sir] Frederic Mitchell Hodgson [22 November 1851-6 July 1925] *Governor of the Gold Coast 1893-1900*

#### **The Siege of Kumassi [1901]**

Rebellion broke out in Kumassi whilst the Governor of the Gold Coast and his wife, Lady Hodgson, were there in April 1900. From 29<sup>th</sup> April to 8<sup>th</sup> July not a scrap of news reached them from the outside world. At last the hour came when their shelter for eight and a half weeks had to be left. To be under fire in a strongly built fort was an awful experience, but could any woman who had not been through it realise what it meant to be in a hammock, with bush so dense that thousands could be hidden in it pointing guns. Captain Marshall ran past Lady Hodgson's hammock early in the morning, cheering her by saying everything was going splendidly. Ten minutes later he was lying helpless, mortally wounded.

The Hodgsons lost nearly everything they had. She had only left then the clothes she was wearing. They were entirely dependent upon food in villages through which they passed. They reached a stream some thirty feet wide, across which was a tree trunk. Lady Hodgson knew she could not balance herself on it. The cook insisted on carrying her over. They reached another river, too deep for her bearers to carry her in the hammock. A canoe was sent - but to get into it from the hammock was a feat not easy of accomplishment. A biscuit tin had been placed for her to sit upon. The canoe dashed into the branches of a tree which twisted themselves into her hair. She used all her force to break the branch, and the canoe passed through, her hair torn and her hands bleeding. It was with very thankful hearts that, stepping ashore, they found the river between them and Ashanti.

### **Holbach, Maude M**

m Otto Holbach

#### **Bosnia and Herzegovina Some Wayside Wanderings [1910]**

Mrs Holbach viewed the exceedingly beautiful scenery between Mostar and Jablanica from a friend's comfortable motor. They sped past picturesque peasant houses, and almost always their owners ran out to see them pass, and smiled and doffed their caps. They lunched beneath flowering chestnut trees, and listened to the birds'-songs that filled the air. The waterfall at Jajce was glorious among the waterfalls of Europe: the little platform, perched on the very brink of the precipice, had a strange fascination for Maude Holbach. She was grateful to the American family who had ordered the falls to be illuminated. She was somewhat disappointed with Banjaluka, which was distinctly less picturesque than other Turkish towns. Lovers of the picturesque should hasten to visit Sarajevo, with well-lit streets and law-abiding citizens, before the great variety of national costumes vanished into the limbo of the past.

Mrs Holbach had the novel experience of a voyage down the river on a raft. She lunched with the civil head of the district and some officers from the garrison. Aboard, her Union Jack was run up and floated gaily aloft, surrounded by the black and gold of Austria, the red and yellow of Bosnia, and the red, white and green stripes of Hungary. The Holbachs decided to leave the revolver behind on the occasion of a mountain excursion near the Montenegrin border; it was safer to carry no arms. She had wandered far, from the Pacific to the Pyramids, and the borders of the far Soudan, but never had it been her lot to sleep in a more romantic spot than the little border fort in the Balkans.

### **Hore, Annie Boyle**

b 1853 m Edward Coode Hore [b1848]

#### **To Lake Tanganyika in a Bath Chair [1886]**

Edward Hore was an explorer and surveyor of Lake Tanganyika. She and her young son had been separated from him for two years when they again met in 1884. On the night before the start, Edward Hore sat up working alone till midnight, rigging up Annie's bath chair and Jack's little palanquin. Sixteen men were told off for carrying the bath chair, and four for Jack's chair. The bath chair proved very effective and comfortable. In this way Mrs Hore was carried right through to Ujiji. A river had to be crossed: how her chair was got over, Mrs Hore could not say, for she was so mobbed by willing helpers that she was only sensible of the extreme angles she was made to describe, and a surrounding mass of arms and legs. She was so wearied that she very much dreaded having to carry Jack the rest of the way; he was quite willing to sleep in his own chair but when he was awake she was obliged to carry him. She often longed for a good walk, both for her own pleasure and to relieve her carriers, but Jack would not permit it. They found famine in full force. Several of the men, whose food was now exhausted, gave way to despair on being told no water was to be had. One night Annie Hore awoke and saw nothing but water, in which her bed formed a sort of island, and was just in time to catch her shoes as they floated by. It was a complete and sudden change, for both food and water were now to be had in plenty.

### **Hort, Dora**

m Alfred Hort

#### **Tahiti the Garden of the Pacific [1891]**

Alfred Hort had shelling and oil interests in Tahiti. His bachelor abode was being renovated and refurbished in honour of his wife. He had expected to find the house ready, but the roof had been removed. As a provision against being left alone during her husband's absence she had engaged a lady's maid cum companion. She heard

with delight that there were two saddle-horses. No ride, drive or walk could be totally devoid of interest where such prolific vegetation existed. Picnics were organised: as a rule gentlemen rode, ladies drove, and merriment was the order of the day. Participants followed the principle of enjoying the present and letting the future take care of itself. Bathing constituted more often than not the jolliest part of the programme.

The enervating influence of the climate began to affect Mrs Hort's health, and she took a sea voyage. On Sundays and Thursdays shore etiquette was observed: full dress and light kids were de rigeur. They went to Sydney; Dora Hort was not impressed with its appearance. They visited one of the best theatres, where her husband slept throughout the performance. The popping of ginger-beer corks prevented her from following his example. Back in Tahiti, Captain Miller had shaken hands with the Horts prior to sailing to America. Before he could sail, however, he was shot by Captain Dunn, not dead however. Miller fell to the ground where Dunn despatched him with blows to the head from the butt end of his revolver.

### **Howard, Winefred Mary Lisle**

b 1844, third daughter of Ambrose Lisle March Phillipps and Laura Mary [née Clifford] [d 15 August 1896] De Lisle [17 March 1809-5 March 1878] m 16 July 1863 [as second wife] Right Honourable Edward George Fitzalan Howard [1<sup>st</sup> Baron Howard of Glossop 1869] second son of 13<sup>th</sup> Duke of Norfolk [20 January 1818-1 December 1883] d 7 December 1909

### **Journal of a Tour in the United States, Canada and Mexico [1897]**

In 1894 Lady Howard, a widow, and her brother travelled to America. She had her first experience of American "sleepers" and cars. How one longed for an English first-class compartment, or even second or third. Lady Howard was sorry to hear that English travellers mostly went to hotels on the American side of Niagara - unpatriotic of them and unwise. The Canadian was by far the more impressive side. San Francisco provided a comfortable and magnificent hotel, and an earthly paradise in its parks. At night the streets were brilliantly lighted by electricity. As the sights and odours of Chinatown had been described to Lady Howard as very far from celestial she, perhaps foolishly, left a visit to her brother. At Yosemite, her landlady kindly arrayed her in her absurd balloon-shaped divided skirt so as to take a mule ride. Lady Howard arrived at Hot Springs early in January. Some ladies, and a young couple from Boston who shared her table, were all mightily impressed by her long climb - most Americans being much too lazy to walk, considering it waste of energy. A change came over the weather; the rain turned to torrents, and then to snow. There was nothing for it but to take refuge in the steaming sulphur baths. She reached Washington in brilliant sunshine and blue sky, with a mere powdering of snow, the air quite mild - a most welcome change. She saved much time by walking across a beautiful round expanse of green - which "Keep off the grass" peremptorily forbade. Had she been politely "requested" she might have listened, but she thought a "command" might be disregarded.

### **Howard-Vyse, Mrs L**

daughter of Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, 1<sup>st</sup> Baronet m 29 August 1839 George Charles Ernest Adolphus Richard Howard Vyse [27 July 1812-29 May 1890] d 4 December 1892

### **A Winter in Tangier and Home Through Spain [1882]**

Having arrived in Morocco, Mrs Howard Vyse was extremely surprised to find no conveyances. They set off to walk, accompanied by their bearers carrying their smaller pieces of baggage, with the larger ones on the backs of donkeys. Everything appeared most curious and picturesque, and totally unlike anything she had ever seen. All the best rooms in the hotel faced north, which in winter was a serious objection. Happily her maid had a south room. The terms for their expenses during the winter appeared to her rather exorbitant. However, the proprietor, having been messman to an English regiment, thoroughly understood their ideas of comfort. The greatest drawback to passing winter in Tangier was that there was no English church or clergyman. Mrs Howard Vyse visited the Grand Bashaw's Harem. She was met by the eldest daughter, a pleasant-mannered girl, very courteous and dignified, without much real beauty. It was a very different affair for her, with her boots on, to sit down, compared with the bare-legged people accustomed to drop down on their crossed legs. Christmas Day was wet and warm; it did not feel like Christmas in any way. They had an invitation to dine with the British Envoy, and had an excellent dinner with, amongst other things, mutton and pheasants from England, plum-puddings and mince-pies. In March they made a tour: the couple were on mules; the maid seated Arab fashion on a mattress on a large horse. They had a good-sized double tent, and a small piece was divided off for the maid. Mrs Howard Vyse's travelling clock, and many other little comforts, made them feel quite at home.

**Howe, Maud**

m John Elliott

**Sun and Shadow in Spain [1908]**

Maud Howe's first day in Spain was in Andalusia. They chose their guides mostly for beauty or charm. On the whole the plan worked well enough. Thanks to the old woman in Ronda, one of the mysterious doors was opened to them, and they saw the interior of one of the old Moorish houses. The first impression of Seville was of Conception sitting in the patio under a golden shower of roses. It was Wednesday of Holy Week. The party had timed its arrival with an eye to that service. They arrived at Cordova too late to see the Mosque, and went directly to the bridge to watch the thin current of life and traffic pulsing in and out of the dead alive old town. There was no place like a bridge for gathering impressions of a strange city. At Granada they met the gypsy King at the entrance of his cave; a swart hulk of a man, with the voice of a bull and bold piercing eyes. Maud Howe went to Madrid meaning to keep house for six months or more. She soon found that a furnished apartment at a moderate price was as rare as a roc's egg. The young King in his automobile flew by. He was supposed to be incognito: of course everybody recognised him, but the fiction of the incognito was strictly respected. The group became so absorbed in the pleasant social life of Madrid, so taken up with current matters of public and private interest, that many journeys they had planned were put off.

**Hubbard, Mina Benson**

b 1870 m 31 January 1901 Leonidas Hubbard [12 July 1872-18 October 1903] d 1956

**A Woman's Way through Unknown Labrador [1908]**

Leonidas Hubbard died exploring Labrador. Two years later, in 1905, his wife set out to complete his work. Her crew numbered four, chief among whom was George Elson, who loyally served Mr Hubbard; he had recovered Mr Hubbard's body. She had a revolver, a hunting knife, and some fishing tackle; two cameras, a sextant, a barometer and a thermometer. She wore a short skirt over knickerbockers, a short sweater, a rather narrow brimmed soft felt hat, one pair of high seal-skin boots, one pair of low ones, and three pairs of duffel. Of underwear she had four suits and five pairs of stockings, all wool. She also took a rubber automobile shirt, a long Swedish dog-skin coat, one pair leather gloves, and a blouse - for Sundays.

A canoe overturned, and they lost all the axes. They killed a caribou: Mrs Hubbard pulled her hat down over her eyes while the deed was done. Finally, they reached their destination - a little group of tiny buildings nestling in at the foot of a mountain. The length of the journey was 576 miles, the time forty-three days of actual travelling, eighteen days in camp. The results were pioneer maps, with some notes by the way on the topography, geology, flora and fauna of the country traversed. How little Mina Hubbard had dreamed on setting out that the journey would prove beautiful and of such compelling interest.

**Inchbold, A C**

m Stanley Inchbold [b 1856]

**Under the Syrian Sun [1906]**

Stanley Inchbold was an artist. For the Inchbolds the customs at Beyrout were no longer a sinecure - discreet backsheesh administered at the psychological moment. The whole place was a bear-garden. The town was deserted by all who could fly from the vapoury heat. One charming consideration in making plans in advance was the uniformity of fine weather. A visit of ceremony was paid by the British Consul to some neighbouring villages, and Mrs Inchbold had the pleasure of accompanying the Consul's wife. Lady Drummond Hay was seized by willing and too helpful hands, on both sides, and conveyed almost bodily over the rugged, stony ground. In the same manner the women pounced upon Mrs Inchbold. Alas., the purple evidence of the fervour of their grip remained for days as testimony to the fervour of their welcome.

At Baalbek, three travellers were roused to curiosity by the sight of a Franghi lady sitting in solitary possession of a long room. One caught hold of the collar of his silk kumbaz, and showed Mrs Inchbold that it lacked a button. She replaced it. No thanks were rendered; the man's demeanour suggested a secret congratulation that he had been the instrument of forcing one of those hare-brained, forward women of Western races to do something that was essentially feminine and useful. In Jerusalem, Mrs Inchbold visited a harem. Easily could one pick out those who had received advantage of some education under European training. Their figures were disciplined, they held themselves erect, and sat on chairs or stools. Their expression had depth.

**Inglis, Julia Selina**

b 1833, daughter of Frederic and Anna Maria [née Tinling] [d 9 April 1875] Thesiger, 1<sup>st</sup> Baron Chelmsford 1858 [15 July 1794-5 October 1878] m 19 July 1851 Brigadier [Major General ?] [Sir 26 September 1857] John Eardley Wilmot Inglis [15 November 1814-27 September 1862] d 3 February 1904

**The Siege of Lucknow [1892]**

Brigadier Inglis was commander of the garrison during the siege of Lucknow. At the Residency the confusion and excitement baffled description. On 15<sup>th</sup> June two steady, respectable men, liked by their officers, had a quarrel upon some very trifling matter, and one shot the other. It was a most sad event. Mrs Inglis was pronounced to have smallpox - not pleasant news, at such a time especially. A force left the residency; Julia Inglis felt very much distressed, as her husband had promised he would not go out again without coming to say good-bye. He returned, crying: after kissing his wife, he turned to Mrs Case: her husband was dead. Never would Mrs Inglis forget the shock his words gave her, or the cry of agony from the poor widow. She heard that a captain had been killed: persuading his wife to go down quietly into her room, Julia Inglis sent Mrs Giddings to tell her. It was a wretched moment, but there was no time for thought. Poor Miss Palmer had her leg taken off by a round shot; she had remained in the second storey though warned it was not safe.

The Chief Commissioner had his thigh broken by a shell; the wound was too high to allow amputation. He died after suffering fearful pain. General Inglis's soldier servant lost his leg. Amputation was considered necessary. He was too weak for chloroform, and he asked the General to hold him while the operation was being performed.

**Jackson, Catherine Hannah Charlotte**

daughter of Thomas Elliott m [as second wife] 1856 Sir George Jackson [October 1785-2 May 1861] d 9 December 1891

**Fair Lusitania [1874]**

Lady Jackson had been a widow for some years when she went to Portugal. If one chanced to meet in Lisbon or Oporto with any of Queen Victoria's loyal subjects - exiled for a time by their occupations from their own dear land of fogs - seldom could five minutes be passed in their society without hearing disparaging remarks on Portugal and her people. A tour in Portugal could hardly be profitable or pleasant unless the tourist chanced to possess some knowledge of the language. How was it that a country so lovely, whose capital was second in beauty to none of the cities of Europe, whose people were so courteous, so kind-hearted, so hospitable was accounted the least important and interesting of European kingdoms?

What a blessing it would be were the lotteries to be abolished. Yet that would be so unpopular, so strenuously opposed by those who find it to their advantage to keep up the pernicious system. Dinner for Lady Jackson was a very long affair. The party of strangers was chiefly Spanish; all were gems of the first water, though from the dinner-table habits one would never suspect that. At their ease, they talked, smoked, and laughed, with their elbows on the table propping up their chins, toothpicks in the corners of their mouths. Lady Jackson discovered that her Spanish friends were more systematic in their sight-seeing than she quite cared to be. A regular course of churches or parishes was wearisome. It was pleasanter to pop into a church when the doors perchance were ajar.

**Jebb, Louisa**

b 1874 at Ellesmere, Shropshire, second daughter of Arthur Trevor and Eglantyne Louisa [née Jebb] [b1846] Jebb [b 1840] m 1907 Roland Field Wilkins [3 January 1872-1 May 1950] OBE d 1929

**By Desert Ways to Baghdad [1908]**

Louisa Jebb was brought up in comfortable circumstances. A younger sister, Eglantyne Jebb became a well-known philanthropist. Miss Jebb set off on a camping trip with a female friend. One was at a decided disadvantage with no knowledge of a suitable language, but by dint of pointing with her riding-whip and pointing at everybody in turn, she managed to get the men under way. Constantin ladled the onions and rice on to two plates and picked out the bits of mutton. The pair had been stretched out on the ground; they drew themselves up, and sitting cross-legged balanced the plates on their knees. They were destined to spend many nights in camp, but perhaps none could give exactly the same thrill as the one on which for the first time they slept out in the open. On getting out of bed their clothes were damp with dew and the grass was cold to their bare feet; at the next town they bought a strip of carpet.

They had an introduction to a harem. A Greek lady who acted as interpreter accompanied them. A very young and pretty woman sat in lonely state, the latest addition to the harem. She sat, draped in the softest silks of gorgeous colourings, surrounded with all the evidences of luxury and comfort, as sulky as a little bear. She simply stared in front of her with an expression of acute boredom in her beautiful eyes. She never went out except for an occasional drive in a closed carriage. She was tired of embroidery work, she was tired of eating sweets, she was tired of smoking, and she was tired of her fine dresses.

**Jenner, Katherine Lee**

née Rawlings m Henry Jenner

**In the Alsatian Mountains [1883]**

In 1882 'Katherine Lee' and her husband left behind their young daughter, and made an enjoyable yet inexpensive tour in the Vosges Mountains. They were interested in trying to discover the feeling of the Alsations towards their German masters. They took no more than they could carry. They travelled by rail: a German lady petted and fondled her husband. To Englishwomen this public tribute of affection seemed rather repulsive and decidedly objectionable; but then Englishwomen were considered cold all the world over. Katherine Lee found her first mountain walk a little trying: the wonderfully fine air had not yet given her extra walking powers. She never could decide which she liked best, the green and brown of the fir forests or the gray and pink of the beeches. It was the invariable custom of the Vosges Club to mark the paths. This was kind and thoughtful, but it destroyed a man's natural self-reliance and right of free will.

It rained. For the only time during their tour Mrs Lee felt a serious inconvenience from having only one dress and petticoat. She had pinned her dress up about her waist, so that was dry, but her petticoat was soaked. The evening, she had to extemporise with her little shawl. Taken altogether the Vosges was a district eminently

suitied for walking tours. The distances between good quiet country inns were nowhere very great, the roads were almost invariably excellent, and the scenery beautiful.

### **Kemble, Frances Anne [Fanny]**

b 27 November 1809, third child of Charles and Marie Thérèse [née De Camp] Kemble m 7 June 1834 Pierce Mease Butler [divorced 1849] d 13 January 1893

#### **Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838 and 1839 [1863]**

The actress Fanny Kemble, niece of Sarah Siddons, went to America with her father's company in 1832. There she married, apparently unaware that her husband owned plantations dependent on slave labour. Her journal, though written in 1839, was not published for more than twenty years. In February 1839 she had the pleasure of announcing a variety of improvements about to be made in the infirmary. This would leave the ground floor and room above it comparatively free for the most miserable of the unfortunates. To her unspeakable satisfaction, those destitute apartments were to be furnished with bedsteads, mattresses, pillows and blankets. Mrs Butler felt a little comforted for the many heartaches her life there inflicted upon her - at least some of her twinges would have wrought that poor alleviation of their wretchedness for the slaves when prostrated by disease or pain. Fanny Butler had hardly time to return home from the hospital before one of the most tremendous storms she ever saw burst over the island. The afternoon cleared off most beautifully, and Jack and she went on the river to catch what might be caught. Jack's joyful excitement was extreme at her announcing that Mr Butler had consented to try plowing on some of the driest portions of the island instead of the slow and laborious process of hoeing the fields. On her return from the river she had a long and painful conversation with her husband upon the subject of the flogging which had been inflicted on the wretched Teresa.

### **Kemp, Emily Georgiana**

Nothing known

#### **The Face of Manchuria, Korea and Russian Turkestan [1910]**

Emily Kemp, a landscape painter who exhibited between 1893 and 1913, and her friend Miss MacDougall made a four months tour in 1910. The genuine traveller always experienced a thrill of expectation on crossing the frontier into an unknown country. In Manchuria it was desperately cold. Their umbrellas soon disappeared; a collision sent a basket flying; and a large cart crashed into theirs, missing Miss Kemp's arm by a hair's breadth. At Mukden they were greeted by a man possessing a few words of English, so they were glad to entrust themselves to his care. Miss Kemp could give no better advice to travellers than to try and secure the help of a medical missionary as a guide to all that was best worth seeing.

Arriving in Korea, the couple found chairs sent by their hosts to take them the one and a half miles from the station. They had been told that Chinese was understood everywhere, but this proved entirely incorrect (like most of the information they had received). The pair had only eight days in the Diamond Mountains, so had to give up the hope of doing the principal pass. They started with four ponies and three men. Their bed bags had to take the place of saddles, but they made precarious seats. Having lost their umbrellas they bought paper waterproof coats. It was only at the close of the journey that they learned none of the men had traversed any part of the route previously.

On the train across Siberia there was a nice dressing-room between every two coupés - an inestimable boon on a long journey. It was not only pleasanter but wiser not to have more than one solid meal a day on the journey.

### **Kingsley, Mary Henrietta**

b 13 November 1862 at Upper Holloway, London, daughter and eldest child of Dr George Henry and Mary [née Bailey] [1827 - March 1892] Kingsley [14 February 1827-2 February 1892] cousin of Rose Kingsley d 3 June 1900

#### **Travels in West Africa [1897]**

The Royal African Society was founded in 1901 to commemorate and continue Mary Kingsley's work on the study of Africa. Mary Kingsley, a niece of the celebrated writer Charles Kingsley, travelled to West Africa in 1893 following the deaths of both parents the previous year. Her second journey, in 1895, made her a figure of national importance.

Miss Kingsley travelled up the Ogowe Rive. She went ashore, walking alone - and heard an awful hiss. Serpents! No, geese. Awful fright. Grand things, good, old-fashioned, long skirts were for Africa. Miss Kingsley determined to acquire the art of managing a native canoe. She got into the bow, and shoved off, then knelt down. She rapidly learned how to steer but could not get up any pace. The current grabbed her canoe by its tail, and dragged it ignominiously down river. Fortunately, the canoe shot into a tree with a crash. She was cautiously crawling to the tail-end of the canoe, intent on kneeling in it. She found that her education in steering from the bow was of no avail. Pace was needed, and pace, except when in the clutches of the current, she had not so far attained. So she got along on her knees into the centre to experiment. Bitter failure. Mary Kingsley trekked across country in the company of local men. The path was slightly indistinct. Miss Kingsley made a short cut, and the next news was that she was in a heap, on a lot of spikes, some fifteen feet or so below ground level, at the bottom of a game pit. It was at those times one realised the blessings of a good thick skirt.

Mary Kingsley could never sufficiently speak of their kindness of the traders. Thanks to "the Agent" she had visited places she could never have otherwise seen, and it was to the respect and affection in which he was held by the native, that she owed it that she had done so safely.

### **Kingsley, Rose Georgina**

b 1845 at Windfield, Hampshire, eldest child of Charles and Frances E (Fanny) [née Grenfell] [1814-12 December 1891 m 1844] Kingsley [12 June 1819-23 January 1875] cousin of Mary Kingsley d 1925

#### **In the Rhône Country [1910]**

Rose Kingsley took a leisurely six weeks' journey down the Rhone in 1909. It was always a good plan in a new place to make a reconnaissance first of all by the ordinary cab, to get some slight notion of the points of the compass. Constant excursions appealed but moderately to her tastes. Miss Kingsley, having seen a fair share of mountains in her day, went for the old towns strung like jewels along the course of the noble river. Beautiful as many of the Gothic Cathedrals were in the south, the Romanesque had a greater charm: it appealed more strongly to the imagination, because it was indigenous and therefore more sympathetic and in keeping with the country.

Four ladies, a dog and a lively canary, besides Rose Kingsley and her friend, filled the compartment to overflowing. Neither heat, dogs, birds nor fellow travellers could diminish the eager expectancy with which Miss Kingsley started. Avignon was stupendous: as Rose Kingsley came suddenly upon the Palais des Papes, she exclaimed out loud. They squeezed into a compartment with a family in deep mourning. The father produced sausages off which he cut large chunks with a pocket knife. The family ate them with their fingers, drinking the vins du pays from a common tumbler. And this in a first class carriage! Miss Kingsley knew in advance that the Pont du Gard near Nimes was to be a crowning day of delight to all the six weeks. She had expected much, but when it stood revealed in all its solemn grandeur she stood awestruck.

### **Kirkland, Caroline**

Nothing known

#### **Some African Highways [1908]**

Caroline Kirkland, an American, travelled with her mother to Uganda and the Transvaal in 1905, and returned conscious that she only touched the surface. They arrived at Mombasa which gave the traveller a peculiarly vivid impression of the tropics in Africa: colours, sounds and smells were all intense and exciting. The sun blazed down ferociously on the railway station at the hour of their departure. English officials, in pith helmets and khaki suits, shouted orders which no one seemed to carry out. They went on by lake steamer, officered by the fine class of men England chose for her colonial service - efficient, presentable and smart-looking. The only cabin was small, and already occupied by the largest cockroaches that ever clattered about floors and walls. Miss Kirkland's brother-in-law comfortably installed her and the Italian maid at Entebbe. Americans were, as a rule, gregarious and lovers of cities: Miss Kirkland never got over the wonder of the spectacle of splendid types of British youth delighting in lonely conditions.

Caroline Kirkland travelled on, eager not to miss one instant of the wonderful Barnum's show which the Uganda Railway gave. It was like a reversal of the usual circus procession: the passengers were in the cages. She played bridge, her partner being a well-known English scientist. Their table was a box built for a monkey, but which held only two giant sleeping tortoises, while the monkey sat on the professor's shoulder.

In Johannesburg her brother whisked her to his home in his automobile. As they cut corners at what seemed to her a fearful speed, she held on to her seat and hat with a fear greater than any she had known in face of lions or other perils in the tropics.

### **Lambert, S**

m Charles J Lambert

#### **The Voyage of the 'Wanderer' [1883]**

The Lamberts arrived at Rio de Janeiro in October 1882. After a late breakfast they went out for a stroll in the primeval forest. Great steel-blue butterflies flitted about, looking like birds, and vainly pursued by the Lambert boys. Some of the party had the satisfaction of disturbing a rattlesnake, and also another snake about four feet long, of a brilliant green colour. After dinner, Dr Gunning, seeing that Mrs Lambert and the girls were evidently somewhat tired with their sight-seeing, asked them to spend a quiet day on the morrow under his hospitable roof, which invitation all were glad to accept. They spent a delicious lounging day sitting in the veranda, strolling through the woods, the boys catching butterflies and beetles, and trying to do the same to the humming-birds, but failing, Mrs Lambert was glad to say. These little creatures flitted about, plunging their beaks into the dark orange-coloured flowers of a creeper that grew on the side of the house. At night the fire-flies were splendid, some with a brilliant green, others with a flashing light. They ended the day with a most cheery dinner, the doctor having some old port of which he was justly proud. The next day they had secured places on the coach. When they were coming to the end of the first stage, Mrs Lambert espied four white mules awaiting them in the distance, and immediately announced that she was sure those were the bad mules mentioned by Lady Brassey. Sure enough away they went anywhere but on the road. All the gentlemen jumped off from the top of the coach, assuring the ladies that there was no danger, and the safest thing was to sit still, which they did. The gentlemen did not succeed in explaining in a satisfactory manner *why* they jumped off, if it was safer to sit still.

### **Larymore, Constance**

youngest daughter of Reverend A H Belcher m 1897 Major Henry Douglas Larymore [16 September 1867-30 January 1946]

#### **A Resident's Wife in Nigeria [1908]**

In 1901-2 Major Larymore spent seven months of military service in Sierra Leone. He and his wife had grown heartily to dislike it. Then he was sent to Nigeria as a Resident. Mrs Larymore enjoyed every day of the trip. Within a month they set forth on their first tour in the 'bush' where no white woman had been seen previously. Later, she visited the Emir's harem: a crowd of women, some mere girls, others middle-aged, nearly all carrying babies, and a swarm of brown toddlers, all laughing, clapping their hands, and calling greetings incessantly. Their perfect courtesy, that fine characteristic of the African people, prevailed to restrain them.

The wife of an official in Nigeria would usually find that her husband had more work to do than he could squeeze into each day. The household in Nigeria was by no means the complicated affair that one had to cope with in India. West Africa was not healthy for dogs: the Larymore's learned that lesson through sad experience. An Irish terrier had lived in perfect health for four years in India, and had even weathered eight months in Sierra Leone. Since his death, the Larymore's dogs had never been allowed to run whilst they were on tour. Growing vegetables was the most satisfactory part of Mrs Larymore's garden work. She most strongly advised every woman who intended to do much riding in Nigeria to abandon her side-saddle altogether, and adopt the 'astride' position.

The time spent on tour was the happiest and most enjoyable of all. It was impossible to be cross, bored or grumbly in the clear sunlight, and amongst some of the loveliest surroundings imaginable.

### **Lees, Dorothy Nevile**

Nothing known

#### **Scenes and Shrines in Tuscany [1907]**

Dorothy Lees entered a Florentine family as a boarder; it would be hard to imagine anything more unlike an English family of similar social position. How well she came to know the bedside mat on frosty mornings when, standing upon it, she used to slide it beneath her feet from bath to cupboard and from dressing table to trunk. There were many sad days when, driven in from sightseeing by early darkness, she sat in an ice-cold room lighted by one dim lamp. Since going to Italy, Miss Lees could hardly live out of the sun, and a week of rain seemed to plunge her whole soul into gloom. The tourist was generally too busy with the details of church and

gallery to spare much time to woo the spirit of the real, living Florence, which was so shy and elusive. Miss Lees set off, accompanied by a man skilful in the management of horses. The excitement which their passing aroused was comical. Hearing the beat of horses' feet, great girls of eighteen or twenty took to their heels and fled, to gaze open-mouthed from a distance. Children ran screaming to their mothers, and, safely arrived, turned to cast distrustful, sidelong glances out of their great black eyes. Italian children were far less strictly confined to nursery life than their English contemporaries, as, not only did they lunch with their parents, but usually dined with them at night, followed by bed at an hour which shocked the notions of English people.

### **Little, Alicia Helen**

daughter of Calverley and Mary Amelia Bewicke m 1886 Archibald Little d 31 July 1926

#### **The Land of the Blue Gown [1902]**

Mrs Little was a quite prolific writer on China where she spent a number of years. She could imagine nothing more tonic for the person wearied of London, and perhaps somewhat overladen with the cant of the day - æsthetic, hygienic and social-economic - than a sojourn in Peking before the Boxer Rebellion. The European colony of Shanghai rarely skirted beyond the Concession; men who had been twenty years in China and did not speak a word of the language, had never set foot in the Chinatown. The first thoroughly pleasant afternoon Alicia Little spent there was when, in a little company in rickshas, she careered along the Bund. This was always a most animated scene with its motley crowd of long-pigtailed Chinamen, Sikh policemen of magnificent proportions, coolies, Parsees, Jews, Portuguese, French, English etc.

One summer the Littles were living in Chungking, fifteen hundred miles from the sea. It was very hot, and all day long Mrs Little was shut up in the sitting room so she started a diary, recalling many simple pleasures and some painful days. One of the great excitements in Chinese city life was when a great traveller came by. Two, who had specially strange tales to tell, had written no books. One was the missionary Annie Taylor who passed through Chungking on her way home from Tibetan voyagings. She was still full of enthusiasm for the Tibetans. Her hardships would require a volume. Miss Taylor's picture of Tibetans was so unlike anything Mrs Little had read in any book of travels that it seemed to her well worth recording.

### **Londonderry**

see Stewart, Frances Anne Emily

### **Lorimer, Norma**

daughter of T W and Elizabeth [née Palmer] Lorimer d 14 February 1948

#### **By the Waters of Carthage [1906]**

Mohammedan countries interested Norma Lorimer more than any others. She used her questions of her dragoman, and his answers, as the basis for a book written in fictional form. In Tunis one would try to do many things; Carthage would call; and there was the Jewish quarter which had for some tourists a certain amount of interest; and the strangest little villages lay on the outskirts. She visited the tombs of the Beys, realising later that of all others it was the most difficult Mohammedan monument to visit. She did not discover why they should be guarded so jealously from the eyes of unbelievers. The trams - windowless and delightfully curtained with grey holland - were always full of natives of every sort and kind, for neither the city Arab nor the Jew ever walked if he could ride or drive. They looked absurdly out of place.

Norma Lorimer was really glad she had not yet seen Spain, for she supposed the Alhambra would have spoiled her for the exquisite Moorish buildings in Tunis. She felt as she looked at the exquisite staircase and loggia, that never again in the world's history would there rise up the inspired builders of ancient days. Tunis owed half her splendour to Carthage, just as Carthage in her great day owed her art and beauty to Greece and to the talents of other nations.

### **Lowe, Emily Emeline**

Nothing known

#### **Unprotected Females in Norway [1857]**

### **Unprotected Females in Sicily, Calabria and on the Top of Mount Aetna [1859]**

Emily Lowe maintained that ladies *alone* got on travelling better than with gentlemen; the only use of a gentleman in travelling was to look after the luggage, and she took care to have no luggage. Her colouring apparatus was compact: a little square tin box holding six honey colours, a tin water bottle and two brushes went into a pocket tied round the waist; a light drawing frame, also in case, tied as a balance on the other side. Miss Lowe travelled round Norway with her mother. They found plenty of occupation for pencil and fishing rod. They found plenty of novelty and hardships, were not unduly nervous in penetrating into wilds where English ladies had never been heard of, and only one Norwegian lady had given the inhabitants an idea of the refined feminine world beyond. Emily Lowe took a saddle horse on the steep narrow ledge along the face of rocks. This was not difficult in full daylight; the novelty of the position carried off the sense of its eccentricities; riding was merry work until fatigue and twilight came on at the same time. For once she felt as if the Providence of the "unprotected" were failing. Then a boat was seen; the guide hallooed, struck a bargain, carried the women down the steep cliff in his arms, and put them on board.

Miss Lowe also went with her mother to Calabria and Sicily. They ascended Mount Aetna in December. The young moon was alone in the sky when they started. The sun rose; the scene was that of a beautiful English park. The hour and a half spent in that sylvan scene, the only one in poor heated Sicily, was delightful. The mules were beginning to sink knee-deep in the snow. They dismounted, and felt the moment had come when two of the wonders of creation - a snowy volcano and a woman's curiosity - were to try their ardour against each other. Cloaks, hoods and overstocking were left with the muleteer. Mamma took Angiolo's, Emily Georgio's arm, and they set off with conquering step. Mamma regulated the pace at which they walked - a plan to which Miss Lowe attributed the success of the whole attempt. For two hours they walked on crisp hard snow. The shawls were thrown off; handkerchiefs followed; the heavy cloth petticoats next. The hour's toil up to the column was inexpressibly painful. The snow had now become soft, and at each step they sank in almost ankle-deep. They neared the top. Emily at once seated Mamma comfortably on an icicle, she rushed off with Angiolo towards the crater.

### **Macquoid, Katherine Sarah**

b 26 January 1824, third daughter of Thomas and Phoebe [née Gadsden] Thomas m 1851 Thomas Robert Macquoid RI [24 January 1820-6 April 1912] d 24 June 1917

#### **In the Ardennes [1881]**

Mrs Macquoid, a prolific writer, and her artist husband travelled through the Ardennes in the autumn of 1879. The walking traveller who delighted in beautiful country, and who did not object to a humble though clean inn at the end of the day, would find the Ardennes a mine of unvisited loveliness. Katherine Macquoid walked alone on an unfrequented way across country. The flowers flung themselves across her path as she climbed. The butterflies sported close by, prisms of rich and varied colour. The view at the top of the ridge was fine. It was a walk she recommended everyone to try in spite of the rickety bridge at the bottom of the valley.

The air at La Roche seemed to the Macquoids the purest and most bracing they had met. The town had been too frequently destroyed by fire to have any great antiquity, but its irregularity made it picturesque. The chief inn belonged to three brothers, the eldest about eighty, who were quite an institution. The table d'hôte was always crowded; but every one seemed to be overflowing with happiness and enjoyment. The brothers were on the most friendly terms with all their guests; the youngest seemed greatly pleased to be talked to by his lady customers. They were such sober, honourable men that their word was enough. There was always plenty to eat; but the living was rough, and one would have preferred to pay more and have better-cooked food. It was fair to say that, even at the busiest time, if you asked the youngest brother for anything special at supper, you would get it without extra charge.

### **Maitland, Julia Charlotte**

Nothing known

#### **Letters from Madras in the Years 1836-1839 [1843]**

Mrs Maitland, young wife of a district judge, sailed for India with her Irish maid in August 1836, arriving in Madras four months later. She landed in a great boat with twelve boatmen, all singing a queer kind of howl, and with very small matters of clothes on. Julia Maitland learned that she had an ayah (or lady's maid), a tailor (for the ayahs could not work), a man to sweep her room, another to bring water, one to lay the cloth, another to bring in dinner, another to light the candles, and others to wait at table. Every horse had a man, and every dog had a boy. Mrs Maitland inquired whether the cat had any servants but found she was allowed to wait upon herself. As she seemed the only person in the establishment capable of doing so, Mrs Maitland respected her accordingly. Within weeks Mrs Maitland was surprised

how little interested most of the English ladies seemed by all the strange habits and ways of the natives. It was not merely that they had grown used to it all - by their own accounts they never cared for what went on around them.

By March 1839 a reading room had been established and much approved. The doors opened before six in the morning, but there were always people waiting outside, ready for the first moment they could get in. About a hundred came in the course of the day. The wall was hung with penny pictures sent by Julia Maitland's family, which were much admired, especially that of the Queen on horseback. May brought papers from England, containing an account of a society for protecting the natives of India, with a capital speech from a Mr Thompson.

### **Marsden, Kate**

b 13 May 1859 at Edmonton, Middlesex, daughter of Joseph Daniel Marsden d 1931

#### **On Sledge and Horseback to Outcast Siberian Lepers [1893]**

Kate Marsden was nursing sister in Liverpool at the age of 22. She then spent time nursing in the Russo-Turkish War before going to New Zealand. By the time she was 30 she had made it her mission to work amongst lepers in Siberia. In Moscow, the Empress of Russia willingly bestowed kindness and assistance. Miss Marsden prized her Jaeger garments more and more as the months went on: flannel-lined body, eider-down ulster, sheep-skin and reindeer skin so broadened and lengthened her that she failed to recognise herself. She set off by horse-drawn sledge. As midnight approached, the horses became entangled in the harness. At about one o'clock in the morning they were in a ditch. Her friend, Miss Field, fell ill from sheer fatigue and want of proper food. They reached Omsk; it was found absolutely necessary that Miss Field should return home. At Tomsk Kate Marsden was ill. About five hundred miles on she had to buy a tarantass: packing it was no trivial affair. It ran on wheels, and the roads were in a terrible condition. One's limbs, muscles, head and, worst of all, insides ached.

On 22<sup>nd</sup> June 1891 Miss Marsden set out on a journey of 2,000 miles on horseback. They had not gone far when the horses sank up to their haunches in a bog. The next day her torments from mosquitoes began. She felt utterly worn out, and nearly tumbled off her horse several times. She ached in every bone, and trembled all over, and was too tired to pay any attention to mosquitoes, fleas and bugs. She at last arrived. After all those months of travelling she had found, thank God, the poor creatures whom she had come to help.

### **Marston, Eleanor Agnes [Nellie]**

b 14 May 1860, daughter of Dr C H and Mrs [d September 1873] Marston [1828-September 1870] m 1888 Cecil Henry Polhill d 31 December 1904

#### **With the King [1905]**

Mrs Polhill's letters were edited and published posthumously by her sister Annie W Marston. Nellie Marston went to China as a missionary in 1884. One early experience was the feeling of being extraordinary when she went out: sometimes whole troops of people followed her. Being alone in the midst of a Chinese crowd, very little of whose speech she understood, gave her a sense of complete helplessness. Living amongst those who either were not Christians or had just been brought out of heathenism, the responsibility of being Christ-like would be altogether too much unless she knew something real of His keeping power. In 1886 Miss Marston travelled in a sedan chair carried on the shoulders of three men, while her luggage was carried by mules. She was very comfortable in that chair, with pillows to make it soft, and a nice warm rug to cover her. The distance to Tsinchau was about two hundred and fifty miles. Every day the scenery seemed more beautiful. At last they came to a very high hill, so steep that she could not let her chair-bearers carry her. The departure from Tsinchau in April 1888 was a very hurried one, taking advantage of the fact that an experienced missionary, Annie Taylor, would be a companion for the first half of the journey to Paoning where she was to be married. She spent nearly twelve hours each day in the carrying chair. The couple moved on to Tibet. The small carts were so terribly shaky, that to travel in them was more pain than pleasure. The forces of the enemy were very great: lamas; sorcerers; a form of religion, not of godliness, without the power thereof. Drunkenness abounded, and took the place of opium smoking.

### **Martin, Annie**

Nothing known

#### **Home Life on an Ostrich Farm [1890]**

Annie Martin and her husband sailed to South Africa in 1881. It was her husband's intention to resume the occupation of ostrich farming, in which he already had spent many years in Cape Colony. It was her first visit. They found a comfortable little furnished house, in which they spent the first five months. It was just a convenient size for her husband and herself, two English servants and a beautiful collie. On their first arrival in the Karroo they were unable to take up their abode at once on their own farm. Their first plan was to strike out on something entirely new in farm architecture, but they found themselves obliged to sacrifice beauty to usefulness. There were not many young animals prettier than a little ostrich chick. One would have liked these delightful creatures to remain babies much longer than they did; they entered on an ugly "hobbledehoy" stage for two or three years. During the few days of plucking, everything had to give way to feathers, large piled-up masses of which crowded the rooms, till the Martins seemed to be over head and ears in feathers. Runaway birds were far from being the least among the many trials of an ostrich-farmer's life; and the annual losses caused by them even exceeded in number those resulting from accident.

However simply one might live, one could not possibly live cheaply. In the colonies people soon learned to accommodate themselves to circumstances, and contentedly to do without many of the things which in England were deemed such necessary adjuncts to daily life. The South African fly was the torment of the Martin's lives until one day they made a grand discovery - it could not stand Keating's insect powder.

### **Martineau, Harriet**

b 12 June 1802, third daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth [née Rankin] Martineau [d 1826] d 27 June 1876

#### **Society in America [1837]**

#### **Eastern Life, Present and Past [1848]**

Harriet Martineau, though profoundly deaf, travelled from her early thirties, by which time she already was a writer of note. In 1834 she determined to go to the United States, chiefly because she felt a strong curiosity to witness the actual working of republican institutions. She was on friendly and intimate terms with some of the judges of the Supreme Court, and she enjoyed the hospitality of the President. After two years there, Miss Martineau did not pretend to have formed any theory about American society or prospects. Americans had risen above all liability to a hereditary aristocracy, a connection between religion and the State, a vicious or excessive taxation, and the irresponsibility of any class. They had one tremendous anomaly to cast out; a deadly sin against their own principles to abjure. They were doing this with an earnestness which proved that the national heart was sound. This was slavery. The progress of the Abolition question in the north was a far stronger testimony to the virtue of the nation than the noisy clamour of a portion of the slave-holders of the south. Europe owed America the justice of regarding her as the country of abolitionism, quite as emphatically as the country of slavery. Scarcely anything she observed caused her so much sorrow as the contemptuous estimate of the people entertained by those who were bowing the knee to be permitted to serve them.

In 1846 Harriet Martineau joined friends on a trip to Egypt and the Holy Land. On the Nile the traveller could only speculate on the possibility of vast "treasures hid in the sand." If she were to have choice of a fairy gift it would be a great winnowing fan, such as would, without injury to human eyes and lungs, blow away the sand which buried the monuments of Egypt. What a scene would be laid open then! Such an event as the ascent of the Cataract could happen but once in one's life. Miss Martineau would not hear of going ashore: what she wanted was to feel it. Throughout the four hours she saw incessantly great sagacity; much nice management among currents and rocks; and much knowledge of the forces and subtleties of wind and water. The day came which she dreaded - the day of the party's expedition to the Pyramids. She was unwilling to carry her ear-trumpet up the Pyramid. When she joined her party at the top, she never remembered it: they talked during the forty minutes they were there, without her ever missing it. She explored the inside, came out and lunched, without ever missing it. For three hours and a half she had heard as well without the ear-trumpet as with it. Such a thing never happened before. A stronger proof could not be offered of the engrossing interest of a visit to the Pyramid.

En route to Petra she had experience of the Khamsin - a strong wind sprang up suddenly from the south. Though it was as hot as a blast from an oven, Harriet Martineau felt it as a strong relief. She was aware that the sensation could not last; for the drying quality of the wind was extraordinary, and immediately felt upon the skin. The thirst which the wind caused was great, but the group had plenty of water and oranges.

### **Mazuchelli, Elizabeth Sara [Nina]**

b 1832 [but in 1881 stated aged 43] in Somerset m 1853 Reverend Francis Mazuchelli [1820 (but in 1881 stated aged 54) - 1901] d 1914

### **The Indian Alps and How We Crossed Them [1876]**

Francis Mazuchelli was sent to Darjeeling for two years as a chaplain. He and his wife undertook with another British man an excursion into the eastern Himalayas. Besides thirty-two baggage coolies, they were to take four servants exclusive of the head man. A dandy - a kind of reclining chair, made of cane, and suspended by leather straps to a strong rim of wood, the shape of a boat, with a pole at each end - was to be Mrs Mazuchelli's mode of conveyance, the two men having decided to take ponies from themselves. At high altitude their toilets were of the very simplest, and the perception of the beautiful was but little heeded. They generally decided in favour of retaining for the night everything with the exception of hats and boots.

Mrs Mazuchelli's bearers, declaring themselves too blind and giddy to carry her, set her and her dandy on the ground, without further ceremony. Gradually, they regained their sight. A steep ridge had to be descended. Her dandy was ingeniously converted into a kind of sledge. They lost their bearings in mist. Nina Mazuchelli realised the situation and all its terrors. She felt that not an instant should be lost. To travel further into the lonely heart of the mountains with the mere possibility of discovering their whereabouts, or lingering where they were on the miserable chance of the mist clearing, would alike be running a tremendous risk. With a woman's natural instinct she arrived at the only safe course to pursue. "Let us return at once; don't hesitate for a moment," she cried, stamping the snow with her foot in her vehemence, "It is the only thing to save us." The men yielded willingly to her proposal.

### **Meakin, Annette M B**

Nothing known

#### **Russia Travels and Studies [1906]**

In Moscow in October 1904, Annette Meakin entered the palace to see, not the grandeur of its beautiful halls, but the devotion of Russia's women to the soldiers who had gone to fight in Manchuria. The throne-room was filled with little tables, and on every table there was a sewing-machine buzzing under the hand of an active worker. Women of all ranks - rich and poor - sat side by side, with heads eagerly bent, and every thought engaged upon the business in hand, while all round them stood great bales of linen ready for use. In another hall the cutting out of undergarments was going on. While she stood there looking on, the guiding spirit of the whole arrived upon the scene, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorovna, tall and elegant, the beautiful sister of the beautiful Empress, and eldest daughter of Britain's Princess Alice. No one looked up as she entered, and she went about her work just like the rest. Miss Meakin's guide through the Imperial apartments informed her that the ladies had worked there every day, all through the summer - and that wealthy ladies who had gone to live in country villas for the hot weather, drove in almost every afternoon to do their share of the sewing.

In the Caspian port of Petrovsk there was a fine sandy beach and excellent sea-bathing. Annette Meakin found a row of bathing-boxes, and decided to take a dip. On joining a number of ladies who were already in the water she was surprised to find that she was the only one who had taken the trouble to put on a bathing dress. No one liked to come near her till she had assured them that she was an English woman, and it was merely from force of habit that she had donned a bathing dress.

### **Melville, Elizabeth Helen**

Nothing known

#### **A Residence at Sierra Leone [1849]**

Mrs Melville went to Sierra Leone to join her husband in the 1840s, upon which they moved into a house out of town. At a cantering sort of pace the bearers bore her palanquin along under the shade of some fine orange trees, and set it down in the open ground piazza of a building. It appeared that her dwelling rose phoenix-like from the ashes of another. The most unpleasant thing about the wet season was the impossibility of getting out *every* day to take proper exercise. The Melvilles returned to England on leave. They were becalmed in a fog off Hastings. A fishing-boat was alongside, and the Melvilles decided to go ashore with them. A group of seafaring people looked at them in silent wonder, especially at Sarah [the Sierra Leonean maid] who seemed more alive to the consciousness of walking for the first time in boots than to the gaze of the multitude.

The Melvilles returned. In the house everything was exactly as they had put it on going away. Until some of their chests could be opened, they had to borrow some horrid *tin* knives and forks. For a considerable period after landing they were far from settled. Sarah proved, by the active manner in which she set herself to the operations of sweeping, dusting, and scrubbing, that she had profited by the example of tidy English servants. In May, a heavy tornado came on. In a short period of

time the temperature actually fell 20°F. Vivid lightning and violent rain continued for many hours afterwards. Violent tornadoes were almost nightly visitors in June. The howling wind rushed against the house till Elizabeth Melville all but felt it give final way beneath the blast's impetuous strength.

### **Miller, Ellen E**

Nothing known

#### **Alone through Syria [1891]**

During more than six happy months spent in Egypt and Palestine, many of Miss Miller's experiences were unique - in Palestine especially, where she travelled alone and without tents. In Egypt, the solitary traveller, who had not an unfathomable purse, would be as glad as she was to avail himself of Messrs. Cook's comfortable steamers. She could testify from experience that the independent line need not prove a more expensive way than the other of seeing the Holy Land.

In Luxor, the room shown to her as her domicile was a miserable little damp-looking hole, built right away from the house, on a level with the garden, and well overlooked by every passer-by. Her luggage would have to remain outside in the garden. The room promised as hers was still tenanted by a gentleman who had damaged his nose owing to a fall from a camel: in this disfigured condition he refused to show himself to public view. For ladies wanting the Thebes excursions there was often a difficulty through the great scarcity of side-saddles, which became the prize of the few who had exercised superior forethought and diplomacy. It was very enjoyable to explore on foot. One must not mind plenty of dust. One could not be alone; the children were remarkable for their precocious audacity and extreme sociability.

In Palestine it was wearisome to ride for hours at a slow pace, so Ellen Miller was always anxious for the change of a trot or canter. The baggage-man protested that he would not consent to be left behind with the goods, lest some one should murder him for the sake of the baggage. After that, she had to submit to the crawling pace.

### **Mitton, Gertrude Edith**

b 1869 at Bishop Auckland, fifth child of Reverend Henry A and Annie Eliza [née Dury] [1838-1903] Mitton [1837-1918] m Sir (James) George Scott [25 December 1851-4 April 1935] d 25 April 1955

#### **A Bachelor Girl in Burma [1907]**

Gertrude Mitton wrote a number of books for both adults and children. She was born into a large, comfortably off clerical family. She visited Burma at a time when it was only just beginning to be known as a holiday land. The start to her voyage was so rough that the Mersey pilot had to stay on board to Marseilles instead of being put ashore at Holyhead. Could one's first sight of the East ever be forgotten? The few days from Colombo to Rangoon were sad: half the passengers had disembarked; life had gone out of everything. Miss Mitton so liked the French hours for meals at Moulmein that afterwards when she travelled alone she adopted them. They were convenient in a country where the middle of the day was too hot to work in comfort. They would not do at all in England.

Miss Mitton was keenly excited at the prospect of getting away quite by herself to penetrate even ever so little "into the rough" on her own account. He was not quite alone, for she had Chinna-sawmy, and he made a vast deal of difference. A clerk from the Deputy-Commissioner's office had procured a stout wooden cane-seated chair, slung on two bamboos, to convey her across the wilderness of sand. The sensation of being hoisted up shoulder-high had to be endured with some fortitude. When the carriers set off at a jog-trot, out of step, and stumbling in the soft sand, Gertrude Mitton lost all dignity, and only clutched at equilibrium.

### **Morison, Margaret Cotter**

Nothing known

#### **A Lonely Summer in Kashmir [1904]**

In May 1901 Miss Morison, through no fault of her own, was suddenly thrown on her own resources in Kashmir, with no friend in the land, and no one with whom to travel or chum. As yet she had seen only two sides of Kashmir life - that of the river, amid lovely scenery, on a house-boat; and the life of the English residents in Srinagar. She had to decide whether to explore alone the mountains and side valleys as she had intended doing in the company of a friend. It seemed better to be alone in the hills than hanging as a stranger on the outskirts of a community. She determined to be off, and spent the next few days in hiring tents and camping outfit, laying in stores, buying enamel plates and cups, and severely weeding from her wardrobe all but the most necessary clothes.

It was on the stroke of six when, taking with her an English saddle she had hired in Srinagar, she met a waiting man and pony. As some years had passed since Margaret Morison had been on a horse, and as she had never been a good rider, it was with distinct nervousness that she looked forward to this first experience on an untrained country pony. The owner of the pony carried her tiffin basket wrapped round in a blanket and slung over his shoulder, and the boatman acted as guide and protector. After her first excursion she found a secluded corner, settled herself on the ground, spread out her umbrella for privacy, used the saddle as a pillow, and went off fast asleep. Never in her life did Miss Morison enjoy a more delicious two-hour rest.

### **Morris, Isabel**

Nothing known

#### **A Summer in Kieff [1891]**

Everybody said that Isobel Morris could not do it. She was not a bold, strong-minded person but nothing put her on her mettle so effectively as a challenge like that. She determined to go through with her trip to Russia with a brave countenance, though she would quake at heart all the way. She was determined not to be hampered by a variety of trunks, so ordered an immense oblong travelling-basket which would hold everything except the little indispensables required on the way. Isobel Morris had a good knowledge of German as it was taught in England, and could make herself understood, but what of it, when she could not make out what the Germans were driving at. Fatigue and weariness of three days and nights of continuous travelling, with insufficient food, lay heavy upon her at Vienna. She went to an hotel, and found an English-speaking porter and waiter. She had a light supper, and after making an ascent of about three thousand stairs, she reached bedroom 295 and - collapsed.

Isobel Morris got on very well until she reached Cracow, where she fell into the hands of a Polish train conductor, whom she could get to understand nothing. He introduced her to a Russian lady who spoke English well. Then her way was smooth. The last few hours of her journey were a dragging torment but at last she found herself with her married sister.

### **Murray, Amelia Matilda**

b 1795 d 1884

#### **Letters from the United States, Cuba and Canada [1856]**

The Honourable Amelia Murray was a Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Victoria. She travelled to Canada in 1854, going on to the United States and Cuba before returning in 1855. In the United States some Northern friends affirmed that she had not spent sufficient time among slaves and slaveholders to judge fairly. Her visit to the South might not have enabled her to ferret out and investigate all the evils there might be to discover there, and it would be absurd to ignore the possible existence of cruel masters and ill-used slaves. Miss Murray saw nothing, and heard very little, which would substantiate accusations. If her observations jarred against commonly-received and long-cherished opinions and principles, she was sorry to differ. In Canada the free negroes were in a much more degraded, suffering and irreligious state than any slaves she had seen.

Niagara Falls were quite as magnificent as any imagination need desire. She was up before six; she settled in her own mind, she would try to make a drawing tomorrow at this same time. The first day it was impossible to draw; she could only look. Next day, she covered herself with wraps, and put a blanket round her feet, so as to be able to endure a sunrise from the verandah long enough to draw. The English were accused of being a grasping nation in requiring fees for sights, but nothing Miss Murray ever met equalled the charges for the contemplation of Nature at Niagara.

**Murray Mitchell, Maria Hay**

daughter of Reverend Alexander Flyter m 22 December 1842 John Murray Mitchell [19 August 1815 - 14 November 1904] d 31 March 1907

**In India [1876]****Sixty Years Ago [1905]**

Calcutta was worthy of the appellation "City of Palaces" but Mrs Murray Mitchell was disposed to give it the added title "city of hovels." Very few women were to be seen in the bazaars, and then only coolies, or of the lowest castes. The whole female community of the upper and middle classes was shut up in their zenanas, and never, on any pretext, went abroad except in closed-up gharrees or palanquins. The Murray Mitchells had their first glimpse at the country outside Calcutta, and both in going and returning they were lost in admiration at the rich beauty and luxuriance of the vegetation. Their friends the Duffs sailed for England. These home-goings were certainly great drawbacks to Indian life. Mrs Murray Mitchell was up before daylight to get the party for the steamer under way. They all drove down to the landing place, Maria Murray Mitchell carrying her little pet, Mabel Duff. She would have nothing to say to her new nurse, an Englishwoman, as her beloved ayah had to be left behind. It was a bitter parting for both. Mr Tagore - eldest son of the leader of the progressive section of the Brahmos - invited Mrs Murray Mitchell to his zenana. She would certainly avail herself of the invitation. She had been glancing over Miss Carpenter's book: she had noticed the magnificent tamarind tree in the Mission compound, beneath which the dear children sang their pretty hymns. Miss Carpenter said of their singing that it was "particularly sweet and beautiful."

Mrs Murray Mitchell had first gone to India in 1842 to be married. She was the only young lady on board ship. She thought she was the very first unmarried damsel who had ventured overland to India. That remarkable Hindu gentleman, Babu Dwarkanaut Tagore, and his party joined at Malta. He was not a Christian, she was sorry to say, but he was an able and enlightened man. Maria Murray Mitchell's first day in Bombay was her first in India - a day never to be forgotten. Their first home was a modest little mansion of only four rooms. The first day in their home was a Sunday, and from early morning they were launched into work. Mrs Murray Mitchell knew to the core of her heart that the women shut up in the zenana were ignorant and downtrodden, and sorely needed the teaching of their happier sisters in the West. Kind friends had before Maria Murray Mitchell's arrival provided a nice young girl as an ayah. Her former mistress had taught her to speak a little English, so she was of immense use as an interpreter. She took delight in instructing her new mensahib in Hindustani, while Mrs Murray Mitchell, in return, taught her to sew, and to read and write English.

**Norbury, Amy**

Nothing known

**Maskee [1903]**

Mr and Mrs Norbury started a journey round the world in November 1902. After Marseilles the weather became so bad that there were a great many absentees from dinner, including one of them. At Port Said, after breakfast all were glad to escape the coal dust by going ashore to have a look at the first oriental place Amy Norbury had ever visited. She spent most of a day in her cabin helping two ladies make fancy dresses for the ball at night. The heat was terrific, but she felt quite rewarded for the trouble she had taken when one of the dresses she had made was awarded the prize, one of the judges being the Countess of Lonsdale. Bombay was a delightful and most interesting place, full of beautiful buildings, luxurious foliage and flowers, and Eastern people. She could not help feeling almost sorry to see the signs of abject fear usually shown by these people to the British. At their hotel in Lucknow, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and the Duke of Hesse and party were expected.

The Norburys went on to China. The coolies who carried one made a peculiar noise to clear the way, but now and then a block occurred; then it was dreadful, and not a place for anyone who was nervous. One day she was quite startled by seeing a man ride by on a bicycle, with light brown curly hair and a long fair pigtail. Amy Norbury was told that he was a missionary, and that they could have no influence over a Chinaman unless they had pigtails.

**Nostitz, Pauline**

m [1] June 1834 Dr Johann Wilhelm Helfer [5 February 1810 - 23 January 1840] [2] July 1844 Count Nostitz [d 1871]

**Travels of Doctor and Madame Helfer in Syria, Mesopotamia, Burmah and Other Lands [1878]**

Countess Nostitz intended her book as a tribute of well-deserved affection for her first husband. Although Dr Helfer was killed in 1840, his widow knew that her husband had promised Colonel Chesney, Commander of the Euphrates Expedition of 1835-6, not to publish until he had published his own. It was only in 1868 that Countess Nostitz felt released from that promise. The Helfers left Prague for Smyrna in April 1835. They were to sacrifice their peaceful abode at Smyrna to Helfer's love of exploration. Safety and propriety enjoined the laying aside a woman's dress. Mme Helfer wanted to see, hear and learn, and this was only possible in the garb of a man. When the turn of the fez and turban came, her thick hair could not be thrust into it; with a resolute hand she severed the switch of long hair from her head. By placing a dagger and two pistols in her broad girdle, she looked not unlike a young Turk. In Armenia she visited the Governor's wife. Her costume occasioned difficulties, the guards hesitating to allow her to enter.

Members of the Euphrates Expedition rode to Baghdad through the night. Mme Helfer had taken care of Helfer and herself by taking provisions with her; taught by experience she never went on an excursion without. The English were so accustomed to their regular meals that they thought it unseemly to take a bit of anything in between. Now, to her great satisfaction, one after another of the gentlemen came up to her with 'Mrs Helfer, haven't you an egg left?'

### **Nugent, Maria**

b 1771, fifth daughter of Cortland and Elizabeth [née Kearney] Skinner m 1797 [Baronet 1806] George Nugent [1757-1849] d 24 October 1834

#### **A Journal of a Voyage to, and Residence in, the Island of Jamaica [1839]**

Lady Nugent's posthumous publication was printed for private circulation. Although she died before the accession of Queen Victoria, the journal of her experiences whilst her husband was Lieutenant Governor of Jamaica in 1801-1806 was published later. It was coupled with her journal of the period 1811-1813 when her husband was Commander in Chief of the Army in India. In March 1803 Lady Nugent's husband was away on business when she set off on a journey of her own. She was up at three, and proceeded first to the King's House, to give her last directions. Sir John Duckworth, nurse, Johnson and the baby were with her in the sociable. Mr Baker and the Admiral's valet-de-chambre were in a curricule; white George was with Mrs Clifford in a littareen; Prince and Peggy were in another. A white groom, and two black men on horseback went before them early, to get all the wains laden with sugar casks out of the way, as they were dangerous to pass on the road, being drawn by oxen. Last came two sumpter mules, forming in all a great cavalcade. The baby was well and merry, and all of them were in gay spirits. Just before they came to the river, they met the Speaker and two members of the Assembly. They advised Lady Nugent to lose no time in fording the river, as the water was pouring like a torrent from the mountains. They ordered one of the black men to go through the most shallow part of the river. Lady Nugent's horse began to plunge; the carriage began to move up and down. Lady Nugent took the baby, and sat upon the back of the carriage, with her feet upon the seat.

### **Paine, Caroline**

Nothing known

#### **Tent and Harem: Notes of an Oriental Trip [1859]**

Caroline Paine reached Constantinople in 1850. The ladies of the party took their seats in a carriage, while an invalid woman was borne in a sedan chair. The large hall which was to be their drawing room had neither stove nor fireplace; and the day after they became the occupants the weather was so cold that it snowed nearly all day long. A more felicitous tableau of some scene of incantation could not well be devised than was presented by the little circle who sat with chattering teeth and shivering limbs. They had an opportunity of visiting the harem of the Governor, who had but one wife. She received them with the ease and dignity of manner usual in a person accustomed to refined society. She spoke freely of the difference in their manners and customs. After coffee, pipes were brought, which were declined as they were not accustomed to smoking. The hostess went through the form of taking her pipe, the amber mouthpiece of which was richly set with diamonds, but she dismissed it after two or three whiffs.

Early in 1851 Caroline Paine moved to Egypt. She was six weeks in making a voyage to the second cataract of the Nile. The sight of the pyramids was far from producing the emotions she had expected. One would be subjected to lasting reproach who did not climb to the very top. She attempted to explore the interior, and groped through unventilated passages, one so low that she was obliged to crouch to an uncomfortable degree.

### **Parbury, Florence**

Nothing known

**The Emerald Set with Pearls [1905?]**

Florence Parbury produced a book of reminiscences and illustrations which also included the poem "Lalla Rookh" [with musical additions by herself and a collaborator] and a tribute to its author, Thomas Moore. The memory of a single visit to Kashmir would make Miss Parbury return some day. She was waiting patiently for an aeroplane, as another voyage through the Red Sea would kill her, ere she could return to that Lotus Land. Of course aeroplane liners would be running in a few years.

Miss Parbury's driver apparently knew no fear, and the horses knew the road by instinct; two advantages for which she envied them as they dashed recklessly round corners, and in her excited imaginations saw herself whirled into space and eternity. It was a great joy to arrive. It was idyllic to sit in front of the houseboat, and glide through many miles of beautiful water lilies. She tried to paint them, and started out with a stout heart, but she came back grieved and disappointed. Was it the difficulty of the subject, or the thousand and one attractions which stole her attraction, or the heat of the blazing sun which daunted her? The Maharajah of Kashmir loaned her a beautiful white Arab, the delight of riding which she would never forget. Florence Parbury went on trek with her mother. It was a particularly fine summer. Nevertheless, they had a goodly share of rain - but what did it matter when her clothes were eminently suited for rough weather. Except that her mother disliked rain, she felt sorry that they did not have more of it, for she dearly loved a short skirt, long boots, an unspoiled hat, and a long walk in a rainstorm.

**Peel, (Agnes) Helen [Nellie]**

b 1870, 3<sup>rd</sup> daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Emily [née Hay] [d 4 April 1924] Peel MP, 3<sup>rd</sup> Baronet [4 May 1822-9 May 1895] m [1<sup>st</sup>] 22 November 1894 Daniel Van de Heydt [d 5 April 1911] m [2<sup>nd</sup>] 25 June 1919 Arthur Gilstrap Soames [d 22 July 1934] d 6 February 1964

**Polar Gleams [1894]**

Nellie Peel, a grand daughter of Sir Robert Peel [Prime Minister in 1834-35] and goddaughter of the Marquis of Dufferin & Ava [Viceroy of India 1884-88], set off in a steam-yacht for Siberia in July 1893 with two gentlemen, another lady and a crew of twenty four. She did full justice to her reputation as a bad sailor. The extraordinary effects of light and shade in high latitudes were quite enchanting. At Tromsø, the ladies venturing through the Kara Sea, willing to encounter obstacles and even perils, were no doubt instantly put down as mad and eccentric Englishwomen, not likely to be heard of again. The fortnight spent at Vardø was anything but pleasant, nothing but smell, cold and rain. They made the best of it.

A crow's nest had been fastened on to the main topmast: it fascinated Miss Peel enormously, and her wish was to climb to the top; had it not been for her petticoat encumbrances she would not have hesitated to follow the sailors' track. The scenery continued to assume characteristically arctic appearances. Miss Peel accepted an offer of a drive in a sledge drawn by six reindeer: to prevent being thrown off, she had to cling with both her arms round her companion's neck. The fact that Nellie Peel was the first lady who had navigated the Kara Sea caused her great delight. She wore a blue serge skirt, an unlined jacket to match, a red flannel shirt, and a straw sailor hat. Very slight addition was made to her usual underclothing.

**Pfeiffer, Ida Laura**

née Reyer 15 October 1797 m 1820 Dr Mark Anton Pfeiffer d 27 October 1858

**Journey to Iceland [1852]**

**Visit to the Holy Land, Egypt, and Italy [1852]**

Ida Pfeiffer became well known for the travel books she wrote; in her time she was regarded as standing in the front ranks of travellers whose scientific results were of value. She separated from her husband after an unhappy marriage, and started to travel at the age of 45. In 1842 Mme Pfeiffer travelled to the Holy Land on horseback in the company of an Englishman. Before they retired to rest on the eve of their arrival, her companion was seized with the rather original idea that they should pursue their journey at midnight. He asked her if she was afraid, but at the same time observed that it would be much safer to act on his suggestion, as no one would suspect their departure by such a dangerous road at midnight. She certainly felt a little afraid, but her pride would not allow her to confess the truth. At dawn they stood before the walls of Jerusalem; her emotion was deep and powerful. Later, she left her baggage in the room allocated to her, and hastened into the church, to lighten the weight on her heart by fervent prayer. She rejoined the party in leaving Jerusalem. Whoever was not very hardy and courageous, and insensible to hunger, thirst, heat and

cold; whoever could not sleep on the hard ground, passing cold nights under the open sky - should not pursue his journey further. As she proceeded, the fatigues became greater and less endurable; the food was so bad she only ate from fear of starvation; and the only water she could get to drink was lukewarm and offensive.

In 1845 Mme Pfeiffer travelled to Iceland, crossing from Copenhagen. She made a tour of some 560 miles. She was forced to descend a fissure by a small, steep, dangerous path, across large fragments of lava. Colossal blocks of stone, threatening the unhappy wanderer with death and destruction, hung loosely from the lofty walls. Speechless, and in anxious suspense, Ida Pfeiffer and her guide descended a part of the chasm, hardly daring to look up, much less to give utterance to a single sound, lest the vibration brought down an avalanche of stone. The tour accomplished, Mme Pfeiffer set out in late June for the Great Geyser and Mount Hecla. At the geyser her guide assured her that she could trust a peasant in spite of his intoxication. The unsteady guide led her to the margin of the basin, pointing out which springs they might unhesitatingly approach, and warned her from others. When Ida Pfeiffer's tent was ready it was nearly eleven o'clock. Her companions retired, and she remained alone. It was usual to watch through the night in order not to miss an eruption. It came a very hard task for her alone. She could scarcely repress a slight sensation of fear. To be alone in such a scene was certainly no joke. Her guide told her that he had never taken anyone so far on horseback. Walking was bad enough - riding was fearful. She stood at the top of Hecla, and scarcely comprehended how it was possible to penetrate so far. She was overcome with terror at the thought which involuntarily obtruded itself - the possibility of never finding her way again out of those terrible labyrinths.

### **Phillips, (Dorothea Sarah) Florence (Alexandra)**

daughter of Albert Frederick Ortlepp m 22 May 1885 [1<sup>st</sup> Baronet 1912] Lionel Phillips [6 August 1855-2 July 1936] d 23 August 1940

#### **Some South African Recollections [1899]**

In September 1889 Mr and Mrs Phillips moved, with all their servants, from Kimberley to Johannesburg. Whole histories could be written by those who had travelled much by coach. Florence Phillips often had to be hoisted across the Modder River in a box. A rope would be stretched across, and a small packing case hung thereto, which was worked by pulleys. It was a very curious feeling to dangle a hundred and fifty feet above a roaring torrent. In time, Lionel Phillips became President of the Chamber of Mines. He joined the 'Reform' movement seeking to get right done for the non-Boer population and for the mines.

On New Year's Day, 1896 Mrs Phillips - ill in England - learned of the Jameson Raid in Transvaal: this rash and treacherous action of a few individuals wrecked a carefully considered plan, and lives were lost or ruined. [The Boers had defeated Jameson when armed in support of the 'Reform' movement.] Lionel Phillips was arrested and sent to Pretoria. Florence Phillips returned in February. She made her preparations for the possible flight of the prisoners, and began by getting a woman to buy her four revolvers. Her plan was to put some drug into the whisky for the guards. The trial began. She was not in court for the sentence: it was death. This was commuted. Mrs Phillips arranged with the under-gaoler, who went to see her after dark, to take in as much as he could carry of the food she had obtained. He was a perfect godsend.

### **Pirie, P**

daughter of Alexander Hamilton Pirie

#### **Kashmir: The Land of Streams and Solitude [1909]**

The Gilgit road in Kashmir was unlike most other roads there. There was a solidity and directness, a plain straightforwardness about it, that was brusque and British, typical of its builders. It had never been a road of pleasure, but always a road of war. Everything on the road was on so stupendous a scale that, as one rode day after day through those mountains, one was dazed by their vastness, beauty, solemn desolation and silence. Miss Pirie's riding pony understood alpine climbing so much better than she did. In the worst places, she closed her eyes and lay the bridle on his neck, while he daintily picked his way up and down a rough flight of rocky steps or round an abrupt and slippery corner with a raging torrent below.

Baramulla was the beginning of many months of wandering among the beautiful scenes of Kashmir. Miss Pirie reached it after two restless days of jolting and shaking. Their boat and servants had been engaged for them through a friend, and were there to meet them. The matting on the boat's roof was new and golden yellow, and it was gay with muslin blinds freshly dyed in pale shades of pink and mauve and scarlet. They had brought their own camp beds, silver, linen, cooking utensils, and various odds and ends to make the boat comfortable. The quiet and cessation of motion were delightful after the turmoil of four days in train and tonga.

**Poole, Sophia**

b 16 January 1804, youngest child of Rev Theophilus and Sophie [née Gardiner] Lane m 1829 Edward Richard Poole d 6 May 1891

**The Englishwoman in Egypt [1844]****The Englishwoman in Russia [1855]**

Mrs Poole, whose mother was a niece of Gainsborough, was the sister of the Arabic scholar Edward William Lane. The desire of shortening the period of separation from her beloved brother was the motive for her accompanying him to Egypt in 1842. With their arrival in Cairo came the necessity that Sophia Poole and her sister-in-law should equip themselves in Eastern costume. In English costume she would not gain admittance into many hareems. She was exceedingly interested in observing the manners of the ladies. In visiting the *high* hareems it became necessary to ride the *high* ass; she used a prayer-carpet spread on a common saddle, and found it infinitely more agreeable than her usual donkey's equipment. When visiting ladies of the middle class Mrs Poole wore Turkish dress, which was delightfully comfortable.

Sophia Poole was aware that the ascent to the summit of the Great Pyramid was not dangerous, though rather tedious. She had fully determined to attempt the ascent; but the wind was so high that she dared not do so. Before the traveller entered the pyramid, he should divest himself of some of his clothes (for the heat of the interior was oppressive). The passage by which she entered was only four feet high; in the sloping passages notches had been roughly cut to prevent the feet from slipping. However, Mrs Poole found them far from producing the desired effect, being then polished by the naked feet of the guides.

This Englishwoman - believed to be Mrs Poole - spent ten years in Russia. The generality of travellers in Russia were unfortunately limited to a class who, having a few months' leisure, and being desirous of change, took a voyage to Russia as one promising more novelty than the hackneyed roads of France and Switzerland. Had they remained a few years among the Russians, not living - as did most of the English - in little colonies by themselves, and had they travelled a few thousand miles over the cross-country roads, they would soon have had "the gilding taken off the gingerbread" of Muscovite civilisation. The Englishwoman had to wait at Archangel for some weeks until the winter roads had become sufficiently hard to render sledge travelling pleasant. Once fairly on the journey, she found herself surrounded by dreary forests and boundless morasses hidden by deep snow. Utter desolation reigned, scarcely a living thing was seen; a solitary wolf or fox might occasionally be descried. Several times on the journey they met gangs of wretched criminals, heavily chained, and escorted by soldiers. In an accident, the Englishwoman was thrown into the midst of an enormous snowdrift; she really thought she would be smothered, for the sledge rolled right over her. Being half-buried in the snow was disagreeable enough, but to have pillows, mattresses, portmanteaux and a whole shower of small etcetera with which the sledge was filled, upon her back, rendering it impossible to move, was even worse.

**Power, Maud**

Nothing known

**Wayside India [1907]**

Miss Power left Ireland in October, arriving in Bombay at the end of November. Since the arrival of the Prince of Wales everything had gone up in value. She recalled with pleasure the busy street in front of the hotel; she often sat in the deep porch, and watched the strange new world go by. She spent many delightful hours shopping. There was an utter absence of vulgarity about the natives. To Maud Power they all seemed to be princes in disguise. At Bangalore the fashionable time to make calls was between twelve and two, when the sun was at its prime. Miss Power might have enjoyed it more had it been cooler and the people easier to find. She took a drive in the Nilgiri Hills. The driver walked his horses up the hills, and galloped them down, the victoria swinging and swaying round the corners at the bottom near the unprotected edge of the precipice. After leaving civilisation behind, her driver flung precaution to the winds and began to exhibit his power of inspiring terror and admiration.

In Agra, Laurie's Hotel was almost as ancient as the Taj. There was a notice hanging near the door, requesting visitors not to ill-use the hotel servants. Maud Power did not understand the head waiter's English, and he could not make head or tail of hers. Patience was the commodity most useful in the East. At the Taj Mahal she expected to be disappointed, and in a way she was. She was not really disappointed, but she was astonished; it was so different from anything she had imagined. Even an American millionaire would not now be allowed to carry away that building to New York.

**Ramsay, Claudia Hamilton**

Nothing known

**Summer in Spain [1874]**

The Ramsays often had wished to make a tour of Spain but, unfortunately, it had never happened that the country was quiet when they could go. They travelled from Rome in 1872. No waiting maid could have handled Mrs Ramsay's dresses more daintily than did the Custom-house officer. The hotels had not yet reached the luxury of a conveyance of their own; private carriages were unattainable; so the only means of getting to or from the station was the common street omnibus, which was far from select in its inmates. Strange, dreamy, magnificent, tawny Toledo! The Ramsays there took private lodgings kept by two old ladies, sisters, and apparently decayed gentlewomen, who made them exceedingly comfortable. They reached Granada, and saw the Alhambra. It was a strange sensation; Claudia Ramsay had felt nothing like it since they glided into Venice, one starlight night long ago. Once before she felt the same, when they first crossed the Tiber on their way to Rome. Nor would she ever again feel the like until she saw Jerusalem. As the Ramsays neared Seville they were horror-struck to behold several tall chimneys sending forth volumes of smoke. That was appalling, and upset all their preconceived ideas. To travel by night was one of the many mistakes made by travellers in Spain. Another mistake made by English tourists was to travel second-class. That ought never to be done in Spain, especially by ladies.

**Rattray, Harriet**

Nothing known

**Country Life in Syria [1876]**

In 1863 Mrs Rattray moved into a new home in the plain which separated the chain of Anti-Lebanon from the mountains of Lebanon. Her family consisted of her husband and herself, two young grey mares, and a beautiful Persian cat. They went scrambling over the mountains for hours daily in search of partridges and hares. There was nothing to be bought, in the way of food, except milk, eggs and some venerable hens. Their cotton speculation turned out a failure: typhus fever broke out on the plantation. In May 1865 a swarm of locusts appeared, presenting the appearance of a dense fall of snow, in large yellow flakes, as far as the eye could reach. The fellaheen, after losing all their grain, fruit and tobacco by the locusts, faced another calamity - rinderpest.

The Rattrays had at times fits of home sickness, when the green fields and shady trees, and sweet music of cathedral services were remembered. They had to stay indoors for a day or two on account of a fight between the people of neighbouring towns. It was quite impossible to describe the style of conversation to which the Syrian ladies listened with complacency. The manners of the natives, even of the upper classes, at meal-times, would disgust and astonish an English coal-heaver's family. Black slaves were to be met with in most of the large houses. They were invariably kindly treated - spoilt, one would consider in England.

**Rigby, Elizabeth**

b 17 November 1809, fourth daughter of Dr Edward and Anne [née Palgrave] Rigby [d 1821] m 1849 [Sir 1850] Charles Lock Eastlake [1793-1865] d 2 October 1893

**A Residence on the Shores of the Baltic [1841]**

Elizabeth Rigby was a novelist and art historian who married a future director of the National Gallery. She was just under thirty years old when she went to Estonia, travelling via Norway, Denmark and Russia. She set off from St Petersburg in November 1838, loaded with as many clothes as a southlander would wear up in the course of a long life. A close, silk, wadded cap edged with fur replaced her light straw hat. Her English-lined fur cloaks had been held up to derision as mere cobwebs against the cold, and a fox-fur, the hair as long as her finger, drawn over them.

In Estonia she walked every day, sometimes meeting peasants with rough carts, generally put together with less iron than an English labourer would wear in his shoes. As Spring came, Elizabeth Rigby took her last sledging drive. The coachman, a very daredevil of a Russian, set off through a foot deep of water standing upon the yet unbroken ice. A longer drive in Spring meant a stop at a place at once the public house of the peasantry and the only inn of the gentler traveller. One was expected to bring one's own provisions to spread the filthy table, and one's own cushions to fill the wretched bedstead. Autumn came. Miss Rigby was inclined to think that nowhere else could the beauties of autumn be so resplendent. That season, as the dismal forerunner of the time which was to sever her from Estonia and all its real and acquired bonds of attachment, was doubly autumn to her.

**Roche, Harriet A**

m Alfred R Roche [d 1876]

**On Trek in the Transvaal [1878]**

Mrs Roche went to the Transvaal in 1875 because her husband [the first honorary secretary of the Royal Colonial Institute] went, and because there were no very potent reasons why she should stay behind. After bumpings and thumpings, joltings and jinglings which tortured their poor bodies - with the dread of the wagon not holding out until they reached their journey's end - they arrived at Eersteling in July. By the end of the year Alfred Roche was a helpless invalid, longing for home. Harriet Roche, weakened by illness and anxiety, cared for him imperfectly. They had to leave. In February 1876, Mrs Roche took her first step towards home, and the health to which she fondly hoped it might restore her husband.

Harriet Roche occupied a tent by the side of the waggon in which her husband lay. With a bright moon shining, she could see the stars, the wagon and the oxen as clearly as by day. About midnight the wind began to blow a perfect hurricane, and the rain to fall in torrents. She had to make herself as strong and heavy as she could to keep her house over her head. The treks were long and weary. Mr Roche kept entreating to outspan, and begging for water. Harriet Roche never could recall realising more vividly the sense of being so thoroughly alone. "The master" and one man were in the wagon, the other underneath it, but they might have been miles away for all the feeling of companionship afforded by their proximity. After six weeks the journey was ended but hope, which had sustained Harriet Roche for so long, utterly died away. There, so sadly ended the tale of their trek in the Transvaal.

**Rogers, Ellen M**

m Reverend G Albert Rogers

**A Winter in Algeria 1863-4 [1865]**

In 1863 Mrs Rogers accompanied her husband to Algeria for the winter, meeting in Paris en route, the woman who had been Miss Crawford's companion in Algeria in 1859. Mr Rogers went as a chaplain. On Christmas Day there was little but the pleasures of memory to remind them that this was the day. A mild drizzling rain was all that the weather could get up in its honour. Mrs Rogers mourned for the Arab women: poor veiled creatures - veiled alike in mind and body - bound in shackles which none but their own sex could loose. She longed to be able to reach them, but without a knowledge of Arabic, the hope was futile. Mrs Rogers visited a mosque, just as full choral service was going on. She called it this out of courtesy, but the strange intoning of passages from the Koran was very unlike any other description of chanting. Some demur was made at first to their entering without laying aside their shoes; but that obstacle was overcome by providing them with slippers.

The end of April saw the Rogers' last reception day, for the very valid reason that every one was now leaving, or had left. Their levées were held partly on the upper terrace on the roof, looking down on their flower garden. Even under the shelter of umbrellas, it was getting somewhat too hot for this, tempting as was the view. They left in May, bidding adieu to chibouque, turban and fez; to veiled women and bumoused men; to the strange mélange which distinguished Algiers, and embarked for Marseilles.

**Rogers, Mary Eliza**

Nothing known

**Domestic Life in Palestine [1862]**

Miss Rogers was the sister of Edward Thomas Rogers, Consul in Damascus, and accompanied him on his return in 1855. Hâifa was attacked: they were actually in a state of siege. Mary Rogers sat alone watching and wondering what would happen. She could hear the firing of guns now and then from the back of the town, and the loud screams of the terrified women and children. Girls flocked into her room with their mothers, crying and trembling; they wondered why Madama Inglesi (as they called her) did not show signs of fear. She tried to calm them, and they refused to be comforted. Her brother procured guns and ammunition from an English ship in port. Their room was converted into an armoury.

Margaret Rogers was playing chess with a local man when he was told a son was born to him. Two days later, she visited his harem. She found a number of people assembled, and in one corner there was a bed, consisting of two mattresses on the floor, and Helweh, her favourite, was half reclining on it. When Miss Rogers

approached her, she threw herself on Miss Rogers' neck, and burst into tears. The child was female, and was made no account of. She handed to Miss Rogers a little figure swaddled in white and purple linen, and crimson silk. Helweh said that the father would name the little girl - she had no power. Asked if she had any choice, Helweh said she would like it to be called Miriam because that was Miss Rogers' name. Miss Rogers said she would ask the father if he would allow it. Helweh answered immediately that, in that case, the child was named already - its name was Miriam.

### **Rolleston, (Charlotte Emma) Maud**

née Dalzell m 1882 Colonel [Sir 1911] Lancelot Rolleston [1847-26 March 1941] CBE

#### **Yeoman Service [1901]**

Lady Maud Rolleston, sister of the Earl of Carnwath, passed the most exciting and interesting months of her life in South Africa in 1900. She went, with bright, pretty and good-tempered Nurse Beaver (Nan). Her husband was there in the Boer War. They met in Cape Town: he was so dirty and black that she did not quite recognise him. She had lunch at Cecil Rhodes' house with Lady Charles Bentinck. She and Nan drove up to the camp, and Nan sat in the hansom and did a lot of odd bits of sewing for the officers and men. Ladysmith was relieved: the Rollestons dined in the hotel, and by request Mr Rudyard Kipling got up and made a charming short simple speech. Lady Maud and Nan visited a hospital, where Lady Henry Bentinck was flitting about like a guardian angel. Lady Maud returned from Stellenbosch, had a delicious bath and dinner, then saw Lord Cecil Manners. Lord Scarborough had succeeded in engaging a black cook for the regiment, and asked Lady Maud to become his chaperone to Paarl. In Cape Town she had a long talk with Lord Basil Blackwood after dinner. Lady Maud opened a convalescent home in Kimberley. Lady Gifford, who was nursing at the Civil Hospital, very often brought down to tea one or two patients. Major Baden-Powell dined with her the night before he started for Mafeking with the relief column. Lady Gifford's sister and Lady Idina Brassey came in May. Lord and Lady Chesham came twice to see them. Mafeking was relieved. At dinner Lady Maud gave the Queen's health, General Baden-Powell and Mafeking, which was drunk with acclamation.

### **Roundell, Julia Anne Elizabeth**

b 1846, daughter of Wilbrahim Spencer Tollemache m 1873 Charles Savile Roundell MP [19 July 1827-3 March 1906]

#### **A Visit to the Azores [1889]**

Mrs Roundell went to the Azores in 1888. On their first drive, a friend accomplished the wonderful feat of carving a cold chicken placed in a small soup plate when they were in almost total darkness, the moon not having risen. They kept the landau open as long as they could, but soon rain came down in torrents, and even Mr Roundell was driven inside. They moved on by steamer in half a gale. Julia Roundell and her friend wedged themselves into their berths with rugs and bags, but even then they had to hold on, and the racing of the screw was dreadful. As they were rowed ashore at Fayal the varied and brilliant colours looked beautiful: the bright blue water of the harbour; the white line of surf breaking on the black lava shore; the brown, red and orange, mixed with patches of vivid green, of the southern headland and the frowning black rocks of the northern point; the street of white houses half hidden in foliage, and the marvellous turf walls of the crater rising behind, formed a picture which they could never forget. They anchored at Terceira. The captain advised them not to land, as smallpox was quite an epidemic in the island. Good Friday morning was too rough and wet for even her friend to land, and the American ladies got ashore with great difficulty. In the afternoon the gale moderated, and the other two went on shore, getting a thorough wetting as they went. On Easter Monday the Roundells returned to Madeira. All their possessions had to be re-examined at the Custom House just as if they had arrived from a foreign country. Their protestations were all in vain.

### **Sale, Florentia**

b 1787 m 1808 General Sir Robert Sale d 1853

#### **Journal of the Disasters in Affghanistan [1843]**

During the last three months of 1841 Cabul was in revolt. General Sale left Cabul on 11 September 1841, fully expecting his wife to follow in three days at the latest. The envoy, Sir William Macnaghten, was killed. General Elphinstone's powers of mind had become enfeebled with those of his body. He agreed a retreat. On 6<sup>th</sup> January 1842 the British marched out of Cabul: the snow was nearly a foot deep; the thermometer considerably below freezing point. Lady Sale and her daughter, Mrs Sturt, rode with the horsemen through the river, in preference to attempting the rattling bridge of planks laid across the gun carriages. Nearly all the baggage and the

greater part of the stores were lost. Numbers of unfortunates dropped, benumbed with cold, to be massacred by the enemy. Sturt's horse was shot from under him, and before he could rise from the ground he received a severe wound in the abdomen. Lady Sale had fortunately only *one* ball in her arm; three others passed through her sheepskin near the shoulder without doing her any injury. Mrs Mainwaring, left to her fate, had not only to walk a considerable distance with her baby in her arms through the deep snow, but had also to pick her way over the dead, dying and wounded. 500 of the regular troops and about 2500 camp followers were killed. Sturt died. There was but faint hope of ever reaching Jellalabad. The women and children were escorted by some chiefs to a fort. It would be impossible to describe the feelings with which they pursued their way through dreadful scenes as they travelled over mountain paths to Jugdaluk.

### **Sartorius, Ernestine Isabella**

previously Ross m 1870 [as second wife] Colonel [later Acting Major General] George Sartorius CB [2 April 1840-2 November 1912]

#### **Three Months in the Soudan [1885]**

As cholera had passed away in Egypt it was quite safe for Mrs Sartorius and her step-daughter to return in November 1883. Having joined her husband in Cairo, she called on General Baker Pasha at Shepherd's Hotel. Her husband went with General Baker to the Khedive, who gave him the rank of Pasha. The Sartorius family sailed to Suakim. There was no kind of hotel whatever in the place. Mrs Sartorius proposed to Mr Wylde to look after the house for him, as he always had his house full, and she had nothing to do. Nearly all the English came in during the morning, and they agreed to set up a mess, of which Ernestine Sartorius was to be president. To her disgust she found that there was very little in the house, while in the market a small quantity of camel meat was the only thing available. General Sartorius went into battle. The reserve companies, instead of obeying orders, began firing. Fortunately for him, who was but ten or twelve paces from them, they fired in the air. General Sartorius rushed into the midst of them, and endeavoured to persuade them to stand, but all to no avail. The first sight of the rebels made them altogether panic-stricken; he was carried away in the surging crowd for nearly 200 yards. He was able to extricate himself only when the rebels, coming up, had thinned the ranks with their spears, and enabled his horse to move. The mess was reduced to Colonel Harrington, Mr Brewster, Mrs Sartorius and her stepdaughter. A new governor general did not think the town safe for Ernestine Sartorius, and as her husband was soon going, she determined to return to Cairo on 16<sup>th</sup> February.

### **Savory, Isabel**

Nothing known

#### **A Sportswoman in India [1900]**

#### **In the Tail of the Peacock [1903]**

For Miss Savory pig-sticking was always wildly exciting. Mian Mir was a hideous station and a most unhealthy one, but there was the meet. There were half a dozen ladies besides themselves, one the well-known Lady Harvey; in spite of her short sight she went well. They went up to the hills with Sir George Wolsley. Tea parties, picnics, dinner parties, all ran to riot in hill stations, where every one felt more energetic than they had for months past. Isabel Savory went into the "back of beyond." There was no feeling like it. To be in one's oldest clothes, to feel one was going out of the reach of letters, telegrams, and the faces of the civilised world - this was the *only* life. Once in some thick undergrowth they heard a heavy animal moving, but it was not clear enough to allow them to see. No doubt plenty of bears were about, and they began to wish they had brought a rifle with them. Miss Savory's horse slipped: instantly she felt him turn outwards still more, and both his hind legs were over. In the selfsame moment she threw herself off the saddle on to the path. She did not know how she did it. She was powerless to hold him up. But for the fact that she had just happened to pull out her skirt, and, being on a man's saddle, slipped off at once, the rocky gorge would have held them side by side. Later, she saw her tiger: when he was abreast of her and about forty yards off, she took a long, steady aim, and pulled the trigger. He gave a huge leap into the air, and she fired again. He glared up at her tree, seeing her distinctly, and then rolled over dead.

There was no desert in Morocco. In 1901, Isabel Savory and Rose A. Bainbridge left behind the last outpost of England - Gibraltar. Englishmen had introduced pig-sticking in Morocco, but even pig were getting scarce. They had set their hearts upon visiting Fez but insurmountable barriers blocked the way. On the face of it Tetuan had attractions; the first thing to be done was to get hold of a man who could cook, act as guide, interpreter and muleteer. Two men's saddles of antiquated English make, with rolls, were unearthed, and hired in preference to some prehistoric side-saddles, with moth-eaten doe-skin seats and horned third pommels. Tetuan met all their needs: the only question was where to live. Two hotels presented themselves. Number two had the better cook: the inside man carried the day. Three

times a week the lady missionaries opened their dispensary. It was in women's hands alone, Miss Banks at the head. Though she was not a doctor, the good which she did was incalculable. The better class of women would ask Miss Banks to visit them in their own houses; the better class of men would not go to lady missionaries. They went camping. Their personal servant, though small, dark and dirty, was a friend to trust. The second servant was a lazy Arab. Another saint by heredity looked after their camel. Their fourth and last man drove a donkey.

### **Scott-Stevenson, (Mary) Esmé Gwendoline**

née Grogan or Herbert-Stepney m Andrew Scott- Stevenson

#### **On Summer Seas [1883]**

In April 1882 Mrs Scott-Stevenson, having spent the winter in Cyprus, set off for Smyrna with her husband, baby, mother, cousin, maid, and two bachelor friends, on a boat containing a colossal party of Cook's travellers. The usual backsheesh allowed them to pass through customs without trouble. It was all a strange mixture of European civilisation and Oriental barbarism. They went on to Ephesus, a place easier to write about than get at: the preliminary arrangements were very troublesome. The steamer to Athens was large and very fast, but except in the cabins there was no distinction in class among the passengers, and the result was most unpleasant. On the whole their visit to Athens was disappointing. Corfu was left with universal regret; it was certainly one of the few places Esmé Scott-Stevenson would care to return to. Her first impression of Brindisi was how exceedingly ugly and dull everything looked. The party had little trouble with its luggage at customs in Venice. Mrs Scott-Stevenson could not say she liked her first experience in a gondola: the funereal appearance was repulsive; unless there were two rowers the motion was unpleasant, and so slow it made her head ache. As a rule, great expectations are doomed to disappointment, and Venice was no exception to this: the first impression made on her was one of dinginess, largely caused by the ugly Venetian masts.

### **Sewell, Elizabeth Missing**

b 19 February 1815, 3<sup>rd</sup> daughter of Thomas and Jane [née Edwards] [1773-1848] Sewell [1775-1842] d 17 August 1906

#### **Impressions of Rome, Florence and Turin [1862]**

Miss Sewell, a quite prolific author, spent a few months in Italy, going via Paris and Marseilles. [Had anyone ever been at Marseilles once without earnestly hoping it might never be his fate to visit it again?] How pleasant it was to be journeying to Rome. They hurried to the chamber of the one member of the party who had breakfasted in her own room - how they collected gloves, ribands, brooches, and every miscellaneous article of the toilette, and thrust them into their bags and pockets - how mercilessly they turned and twisted about their unhappy friend, throwing her garments upon her stringless and unbuttoned. One endeavour Miss Sewell made in Rome was to discover why it was so resting and satisfying, as well as exciting: it struck her at last that it was because of the completeness with which it enabled a person to carry out the different trains of ideas which it awakened. Florence, in comparison with Rome, had no soul. What could be said of the Medici? How could they inspire enthusiasm? All connected with them was luxurious and selfish. Elizabeth Sewell would regret leaving Florence for the pictures, and would keep it in tender remembrance for its beauty; but she could never feel for it as she did for Rome. Finally, she was on her way to Germany. At another time the tour would have been pleasant - but she had no heart then to look forward to it, for who had ever without a pang said farewell to Italy?

### **Sheldon, May French**

See French-Sheldon

### **Sleeman, Lucy**

Nothing known

#### **Adventures in Mashonaland [1893]**

Lucy Sleeman was co-author with Rose Blennerhassett - but appears to have played no part in writing the book.

### **Smythe, Emily Anne**

b 1826, daughter of Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort [1774-1857] m Percy Ellen Frederick William Smythe, 8<sup>th</sup> Viscount Strangford [1826-69] d 1887

**The Eastern Shore of the Adriatic in 1863 [1864]**

Viscountess Strangford, the daughter of the inventor of the Beaufort Scale of wind strength, organised nurses in the Crimea. When the Strangfords arrived in Corfu in 1863, the rains had entirely failed. Their expedition was of the rough-and-ready kind: some were old campaigners at tent life and horseback travelling, and some were too young and gay and new to everything not to take every *désagrément* as an additional pleasure. They were three ladies and three gentlemen. They had provided themselves with two tents, a cook and two man-servants, whose only fault was that they were as incapable of accomplishing any part of their duty as the cook was innocent of all cooking. In Ragusa Viscountess Strangford hired an interpreter: he was totally useless to them in every way, in both Montenegro and Dalmatia.

In Montenegro, a small suite of rooms had been prepared for Viscountess Strangford in the palace, where she was glad enough to rest after her ride, for the sun had been hot, although their journey had lasted less than five hours. Opposite the gate of the palace was a very fine plane tree. While she rested under that tree in the late afternoon, she saw the Senate, sitting in full conclave at the further end of the street. They came and stood in a half-circle of splendid dresses and fierce faces, expressing their pleasure at seeing an English lady.

**St Maur, Susan Margaret**

younger daughter of Charles Mackinnon m 5 September 1877 Algernon Seymour St Maur [22 July 1846-22 October 1923] (who succeeded as 15<sup>th</sup> Duke of Somerset 2 October 1894) d 20 January 1936

**Impressions of a Tenderfoot [1890]**

Susan St Maur's husband and Hariot Blackwood's husband were cousins. The St Maurs undertook a seven months' journey in search of health, sport and pleasure. They went to Niagara in a first class railway car. It was not long before Susan St Maur realised that first class was on a par with the third at home; one was sometimes obliged to travel with the roughest people. Travelling with a maid in Canada was more trouble than could be imagined; no accommodation was provided, and consequently she was always in the way. Mrs St Maur was able to send hers to stay with her aunt in Chicago. The maid was regretful, but Mrs St Maur felt she had acted wisely.

Great energy and an utter disregard for the comforts of life were required the moment the beaten track was left. Susan St Maur's first experience of camping was rather a rough one. With the tent up, and the fire lighted, things looked better, though to her the place appeared weird and chill in the evening light. They enjoyed a supper of freshly caught trout, and Algernon's bread made in the frying pan was most successful. Cooking to them being a novelty, they were much pleased with their small feats in that line. Staying in a log cabin, she felt ill., was depressed, and went to bed. No sooner was she in bed than the rain came through the roof. She got up, covered the bed with a waterproof, hoisted an umbrella over her head, and, having arranged a screen with some shawls, went to sleep. She awoke in the morning much better.

**Stafford, Millicent Marchioness**

See Sutherland-Leveson-Gower, Millicent Fanny

**Stopes, Marie Charlotte Carmichael**

b 15 October 1880, eldest daughter of Henry and Charlotte [née Carmichael] Stopes m [1<sup>st</sup>] 1912 Reginald Ruggles Gates annulled 1916 m [2<sup>nd</sup>] 1918 Humphrey Vernon Roe d 2 October 1958

**A Journal from Japan [1910]**

Marie Stopes - later to achieve fame as a pioneer in birth control - lectured in science: a purely scientific interest in coal mines and the fossils they contained led her to go to Japan in 1907. She had an exciting time going round Tokyo: initially she went about in a rickshaw, but then was simply a parcel to be delivered. Later, she sallied forth to a place three miles away, and had to take three different tramcars. She took a map, and got there without losing herself once until within a hundred yards. Further north, life in the clubhouse was not without its interest. She couldn't get to bed for constant visits from officials; the last gentleman came after she had

prepared for bed, and she conversed with him in her nightgown. This, mercifully, was long and rather like a tea gown, but he never turned a hair - coming in on her before she could put on a dressing gown.

Marie Stopes received an invitation for the Imperial garden party. It was amusing to see the awe with which her landlady viewed it. She took it in her hands, raised it three times to her forehead, and asked leave to take it to show her husband. Miss Stopes shone from the reflected glory.

### **Stowe, Harriet Elizabeth Beecher**

b 1811, daughter of Lyman and Roxana [née Foote] Beecher m 1836 Reverend Calvin Ellis Stowe d 1896

#### **Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands [1854]**

Mrs Stowe, famous as the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin', visited Europe in 1853-54. On arriving in London, she was invited to the Lord Mayor's dinner. So, though she was tired, she hurried to dress in all the glee of meeting an adventure. The ladies were in full dress, which in England meant always a dress which exposed the neck and shoulders. There was scarce a moment for conversation amid the whirl and eddy of so many presentations. She sat by a most agreeable and interesting young lady, who seemed to take pleasure in enlightening her on all those matters about which a stranger would naturally be inquisitive. Directly opposite was Charles Dickens, and Mrs Stowe was surprised to see him looking so young.

Mrs Stowe lunched with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, their family, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Palmerston, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, Mr Gladstone and Lord Granville. After lunch the whole party ascended to the picture gallery, and Lord Shaftesbury read a very short, kind and considerate address on behalf of the ladies of England. Mrs Stowe was introduced by the Bishop of Oxford. Lord Shaftesbury took Mrs Stowe to see the Model Lodging-Houses. Separation in the parts belonging to different families was rendered complete and perfect by the use of hollow brick. The dust flue was so arranged that all the sweepings of the house, and all the refuse of the cookery, had only to be thrown down to disappear for ever. Mrs Stowe saw nothing to prevent the working classes from becoming quite as prosperous as those in America, except the want of a temperance reformation.

### **Strangford**

See Smythe, Emily Anne

### **Sutherland-Leveson-Gower, Millicent Fanny**

b 20 October 1867, eldest daughter of Francis Robert and Blanche Adeliza [late Maynard, née Fitzroy] St Clair-Erskine, 4<sup>th</sup> Earl of Rosslyn m [1<sup>st</sup>] 1884 Cromartie Sutherland-Leveson-Gower, Marquess of Stafford, eldest son of 3<sup>rd</sup> Duke of Sutherland [succeeded as 4<sup>th</sup> Duke 1892] [20 July 1851-27 June 1913] m [2<sup>nd</sup>] 17 October 1914 Brigadier General Percy Desmond Fitzgerald DSO [d 17 August 1933] [divorced 1919] m [3<sup>rd</sup>] 27 October 1919 Lieutenant Colonel George Ernest Hawes DSO MC [d 1946] [divorced 1925] d 20 August 1955

#### **How I Spent My Twentieth Year Being A Short Record of a Tour Round the World 1886-87 [1889]**

The Marchioness of Stafford made a nine months' tour round the world with her husband in 1886-87. They reached Calcutta very sleepy and dirty, and drove over at once to Government House, then spent a quiet Sunday at Barrackpore with Hariot Dufferin. Calcutta as a place did not grow on one, but it was very nice being there with the Dufferins who were extremely kind. [Lady Dufferin recorded that day that they were such a large party that they didn't look as if they were having a quiet time, and her home dinner table was as large enough for other people's banquets.] They went on board the Brassey's yacht "Sunbeam" in Rangoon harbour: it made the Marchioness very envious, especially on the discovery that their steamer cabins were full of cockroaches as long as her finger. [Lady Brassey recorded that day that she had a busy morning with letters and callers. Among the latter were Lord and Lady Stafford. Captain Fanshawe also called, and Mr Symes and Mr Hodgkinson came to lunch.] In Sarawak they took a nice steamer: its cabins were clean and minus cockroaches. The "Sunbeam" party came on board, and Lady Brassey presented the Marchioness with another copy of her book. [Lady Brassey recorded that day that later on they went on board the "Bokhara", and then landed.]

In San Francisco the Staffords saw Sarah Bernhardt in "Theodora": her acting was simply marvellous. In Denver they saw Mrs Langtry in "Pygmalion and Galatea" who was not in her element as Galatea.

**Sykes, Ella Constance**

daughter of Reverend William and Mary Molesworth Sykes d 23 March 1939

**Through Persia on a Side-saddle [1898]**

Miss Sykes was elected FRGS. She was sister of Sir Percy Sykes, foundation Consul in Kerman and Baluchistan in Persia, who invited her to accompany him on his appointment in 1894. Whilst camping they had a gale and violent dust storms, life being anything but pleasant. The sand drifted into their tents, covering their clothes and faces, getting into their hair, and invading their food in appreciable quantities, while the tent-pitchers were employed every ten minutes in hammering down the tent-pegs, and arranging boxes on the felt edging of the tents. Ella Sykes had started life in Persia with a firm determination not to worry more than was strictly needful, and so was not greatly overcome when she discovered that some of her dresses were ruined by bilge-water getting into the packing cases. All her servants had a perfect passion for soap and matches, expecting Miss Sykes to supply them whenever they asked, which was every two or three days; it was some time before it dawned upon her that they sold them in the bazaar. They stayed in the hills, where Ella Sykes hoped to have accompanied her brother on shooting trips. She gasped so much and experienced such an odd feeling of suffocation whenever she attempted to go uphill that she was forced to abandon the idea. The air was evidently too bracing and the height too great for her, and she felt drained of all energy, even the slight exertion of rising in the morning making her pant.

**Symonds, Margaret**

third daughter of John Addington and Janet Catherine [née North m 10 November 1864] [5 October 1840-10 April 1893] Symonds

**Days Spent on the Doge's Farm [1893]**

Margaret Symonds father - a well-known writer - died before he was able to write an intended introduction to her book about her stay in Lombardy. The Doge's farm remained at root absolutely Italian, though with a tinge of England entered through an English bride. From a sombre approach, one passed through the halls, and out to the south side. There, the garden was the sole creation of an English fancy, full of flowers at any season. Dinner, though almost endless, was accompanied by a conversation so brilliant and amusing that one was spared the dismal task of noting that with such a dish at the beginning there was sure to be an unwelcome number to follow. A great, though half-forbidden attraction was the ascent of the campanile. When once the rickety, break-neck stairs had been ascended, there could be no airier nor pleasing resting-place. After a great storm it was a joy to climb the tower and look upon a fresh-washed plain, with the tremendous clouds pouring black sheets of rain on the horizon.

Miss Symonds sometimes took a tramp - such as her nation considered necessary - through the fields. She was always accompanied by the five dogs. All enjoyed themselves extremely, the dogs going through the solemn farce of hunting hares, where it was certain none existed, and Margaret Symonds that of encouraging them in their folly.

**Taylor, Ellen M**

Nothing known

**Madeira: Its Scenery and How to See It [1882]**

Ellen Taylor, who had a lifelong acquaintance with Madeira, hoped that her book might be a practical contribution to the want of a Handbook of Madeira. Four-fifths of her book did so. She added a small selection of letters written over a year in 1880-81. She was thankful for a couple of little jars of "Liebig's Extract" on the outward sea voyage, as she had only to ask for some boiling water, and she was able to give her travelling companion - a wretched sailor - a cup of tea or soup. Their landing was very primitive. They rather regretted having brought the piano; they found they could have hired one at moderate terms. Nature in the island greatly helped the invalid to whom a complete change and rest were necessary. Her friend's first essaying in "hammocking" came off most successfully. The hammock men were perfect marvels of freshness and tidiness in their attire. There had to be a certain rhythm in hammock carrying, to make it a pleasant and soothing experience instead of the reverse. Miss Taylor found the rough pavement in Funchal very trying at first.

The couple began to feel like old residents, especially as Ellen Taylor's friend was quite another creature, and had regained much of her lost strength. They only had horses twice a week, as they liked keeping on the hammock and the bearers. They often went to the English Library, and were much diverted by the view from the balcony window of the busy scene on the beach. In March they were for a fortnight at Santa Cruz, and enjoyed the change enormously. In May they went further

afield, with friends. The gentlemen had horses, and the four ladies hammocks, with a spare bearer to each. A mule took their heavy baggage, the extra bearers carrying their hand-bags. Miss Taylor's simple plant-pressing apparatus of two thin boards and a leather strap answered very well.

### **Thomas, Margaret**

b 1843 d 24 December 1929

#### **Two Years in Palestine and Syria [1900]**

Margaret Thomas, a trained artist, arrived in Jerusalem in 1895. Heavy rain fell in mid-November. The morning after, looking towards the mountains as they rose above the Dead Sea, a wonderful sight presented itself. A dense white mist rose in majestic masses from the water, half concealing the mountains, which were purple while the sky was orange and blue. The greatest charm of the streets was the wonderful variety of costume which met the eye on every side. The most melancholy of all sights were the lepers, who, not allowed within the walls, sat outside the gates holding up their mutilated limbs, or ostentatiously concealing some more dreadful deformity. The exhibition at the Holy Sepulchre was a shock to one's highest sentiments; apart from the fact that one was really in Jerusalem, the inspection did not add in the least to one's stock of religious impressions.

Margaret Thomas travelled to Damascus: everything in the tent became saturated with dew, and to that she attributed the very severe chill she got. They were informed that the next day's journey was exceedingly dangerous, but they saw nothing to excite alarm. The chief charm of Damascus was the seething Oriental life to be seen in the streets, the colour and variety of costume, the vivid presentment of the Eastern civilisation which was slowly but surely becoming a thing of the past. The party went on to Baalbeck, pitching their little tent en route in the midst of a cornfield, which proved a comparatively clean if not comfortable resting-place. They had what was surely one of the very finest views on earth. These were the moments that counted in a lifetime.

### **Tobin, Caroline**

née Ellis m [later Sir] Thomas Tobin

#### **Shadows of the East [1855]**

A group of four including Mrs Tobin spent eight months in 1853-54 in Egypt, the Holy Land and the Middle East. In Cairo they were obliged to lay in a supply of soft boots and shoes of colossal dimensions for they had already begun to feel the plague of boils. They purchased English sidesaddles. They set off up the Nile: the wind contending with a strong current caused a most unpleasant rolling of their little vessel. It was *consoling* to be told that the same thing would occur pretty often in the course of the voyage. They went ashore, and darkness came quickly upon them. They were surrounded by noisy groups of men, women and children, whose demeanour inspired them with anything but confidence. Preceded by two of their sailors, armed with thick sticks, and Antonio with a brace of pistols, they walked steadily on towards the landing place. At Luxor, the Consul offered them apartments at his house, but they were too ill to feel any desire beyond staying where they were. Mrs Tobin and a female friend were each placed on a kind of litter - borne aloft upon the shoulders of their strong and active sailors - and proceeded to Karnak. Next day the litters were again put into requisition, and a hard day's work it must have been for the twelve Arabs who bore them. In the evening they made up a merry party to Karnak by torchlight. They rode donkeys. The next evening they dined with the Consul. They were all soon comfortably seated upon the eight cushions laid for them, ate the soup *out of the tureen*, and were generally amused at how the Arab gentlemen arranged the morsels of meat round the dishes for the guests to take with their fingers. Antonio had brought a supply of plates, knives and forks, but they preferred the novelty of dining for once in their lives a l' Arabe.

### **Vassal, Gabrielle M**

b 1880, daughter of Howard and Edith Candler m Dr Vassal Awarded Chevalier de la legion d'Honneur d 31 May 1959

#### **On & Off Duty in Annam [1910]**

A few weeks after her marriage Gabrielle Vassal's husband got marching orders for Annam. The natural fate of a French army doctor was a French colony. Mme Vassal had never heard of Annam until then. The encouraging interest and sympathy enabled her to leave England with a fairly light heart. At Saigon, they decided, though tired out, to sit on deck of the local steamer till they started. Below, slumber was not so easily gained: before they attempted to undress they spent a good hour chasing mosquitoes.

The Vassals chose three servants - cook, boy and gardener: though Gabrielle Vassal's knowledge of housekeeping was small, she felt confident of her capabilities, and started her duties with a light heart. She tried to teach her servants to do things in European fashion, but it was very often the case of running her head against a brick wall. Her cook was the cause of her greatest worries. Before the end of six months she had changed all her servants, and engaged others. As soon as Mme Vassal arrived in the country, her husband began to give her lessons in riding and shooting, and it was not long before she ceased to be terrified and to drench on to her saddle at the slightest movement of the mare's ears. She rode astride as her husband thought it was safer in the rough, roadless country. They often dismounted from their ponies, and climbed the hills for the sake of the view from different pagodas. As soon as they passed the wall or railing with which the temple was surrounded, the guardians would come running out of their shelters. Though they would smile and bow, they kept their eyes fixed on the Vassals the whole time, and perhaps they did not like the intrusion.

### **Villari, Linda White**

b 1836 m Pasquale Villari d 1915

#### **On Tuscan Hills and Venetian Waters [1885]**

The Abetone was often called the Italian Switzerland. There was a cluster of cottages and a little inn, more mean stone houses - ill-described by the cosy word cottage - a tiny church, and the dingy hotel that was once a grand ducal custom and post-house. This hotel was most uninviting quarters, with its damp dining room and gaunt, unscoured chambers; but three steps took one into the encircling forest, where space and purity and quiet were yours to command. The villagers were simple, kindly people, always ready to chat with the strangers. The year Linda Villari was in Siena the Palio race day dawned cloudless and brilliant. Three times round the Piazza constituted the race, and as a spectacle nothing could be more animated, nothing finer in colouring. In the evening eighteen or twenty carriages went to the Lizza, a public park about the size of the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens; to the Sieneze it was more than Hyde Park to Londoners

To most ears the words Venice in summer seemed synonymous with much heat, bad odours and mosquitoes innumerable. To enjoy summer it was essential to live in private lodgings. No tourist talk broke the spell, no dinner bell curtailed one's study of sea and sky, and every door could be left open to invite free draughts of air. Fate led Linda Villari to San Samuele, and gave them a modest dwelling with a perfect Venetian view.

### **Vincent, Ethel Gwendoline**

daughter of George Moffatt MP m 20 May 1882 [KCMG 1896] Colonel Charles Edward Howard Vincent [31 May 1849-7 April 1908]

#### **From Newfoundland to Cochin China [1892?]**

The Vincents went first to Newfoundland, where they stayed at Government House. They crossed Canada by rail. The sleeping cars were most elegant, with their polished pine wood inlaid with mother of pearl, and their pale green brocade hangings. In Winnipeg they stayed at the Clarendon Hotel, whose days Lady Vincent feared numbered. Deceived by the high-sounding designation of Capital of the North-West Provinces, the Vincents broke their journey at Regina, and at five o'clock were left cold and shivering in the just broken dawn. They reached Calgary at the atrocious hour of two a.m., and turned out of a warm berth into a cold bed at the hotel. They received permission to travel on by freight train, and the division superintendent kindly lent them his private car. It was somewhat annoying, having risen at 5 o'clock, to have to wait about the platform at the station until nine. The Vincents were hot and tired when they reached Banff, and had a long wait for "the rig": it was drawn by a vicious roan which shied and bolted in a terrifying way. Breakfast at North Bend, like everything that the C.P.R. did, was excellent.

In the universal and domestic use of electric light, Canada, like America, was twenty years ahead of Britain. It was the same with the telephone. All public buildings, offices, shops, and almost every private house in a city had its telephone.

### **Waddington, Mary King**

m William H Waddington d 30 June 1923

#### **Chateau and Country Life in France [1908]**

Mrs Waddington was the wife of a French diplomat. She lived for some time in part of a big chateau: after nightfall a mantle of silence seemed to settle on the house and park - that absolute silence of great spaces where one almost heard one's own heart beat. A Scotchwoman was nurse to one of the children. It was curious to see

her tall, gaunt figure, always dressed in a short linsey skirt, loose jacket and white cap, in the midst of the chattering, excitable women of the village. The Waddingtons stayed at the Grand Hotel Normandy, which was very comfortable. There was a splendid terrace overlooking the lake - rather an ambitious name for a big pond, which did, however, add to the picturesqueness of the place. The whole hotel adjourned after dinner, and people walked up and down and listened to the music until ten o'clock. After that there was a decided falling off of the beau monde. They certainly didn't look their best in the early morning, but the women stood the test better than the men. With big hats, veils and long cloaks, they passed muster very well, and didn't really look any worse than when attired for a spin in an open auto. The men, with no waistcoats, a foulard around their throats, and a very dejected air, didn't have at all the conquering-hero appearance that one liked to see in the stronger sex.

### **Walker, Mary Adelaide**

née Rogers 1866 d 1950

#### **Untrodden Paths in Roumania [1888]**

Mrs Walker published a number of books dealing with the Balkans. She stayed at a monastery in Moldavia: the visitors were conducted into two large, well-furnished and delightful rooms, looking across the shady balcony to the wooded slopes, and down the peaceful valley. The little rivulet was adding its soothing murmur to the cool and grateful refreshment of the pure mountain breeze. Within all was beautifully clean and orderly, the hospitality unstinted. The moon rose over the dark pine forest, and flooded the tranquil landscape with its silver radiance. All was restful: one could imagine no better solace to the toilworn, weary brain than a few weeks of calm repose in these sylvan glades.

Mrs Walker went into the mountains; the ascent, made by many windings, was gradual. Deep precipices and gorges opened out on the right hand, the way being bordered by strong wooden bars and posts wherever there appeared the slightest risk. The scenery increased in beauty as distant mountain heights and blue distances were revealed at each turn. The air had become cooler, the breeze almost bracing. There was no room for the group in the poor little hotel. A private house, quite new, did not promise badly at first, but the accommodation was of the roughest. A new difficulty arose - the horses arrived with the clumsiest of pack-saddles. A side-saddle was not to be thought of; such a thing had probably never been seen in that part of the country.

### **Wallace-Dunlop, Madeline A**

Nothing known

### **Wallace-Dunlop, Rosalind H**

Nothing known

#### **How We Spent the Autumn [1860]**

Where should the Wallace-Dunlops go in the autumn? They were tired of Paris, disliked the Rhine, had spent last winter at Brighton, and Mamma objected to Scotland as being too cold. It appeared certain, though they had already visited Brittany, that a ramble through it would be something new and delightful. Mother, as they had anticipated, became alarmed at the prospect of dirty hotels, uncomfortable carriages and rough roads, and could not be persuaded to go beyond Rennes.

Amy wished to accompany them through town without the fatigue of walking. They made inquiries as to the possibility of hiring a donkey for her; their hostess recommended them to try a chair, as no donkeys were to be had. The sisters concluded this would be a bath chair, acquiesced and calmly awaited its arrival: great was their amazement on seeing a genuine old sedan chair carried into the courtyard. A sedan chair was nearly as antediluvian a sight in Rennes as it would have been in London. At St. Nazaire, they sallied forth - to find the boat, in which they were to be conveyed, high and dry on the beach. Their hopes sank very low at that mournful sight. The boat was hauled down to the water, and they were at last deposited in it, under the care of one man and a boy. The breeze was in their favour, the sail was strained tight, and they skimmed merrily down the river. Poor Lady Leslie sat gravely in the centre of the boat, looking half reproachfully at one Miss Wallace-Dunlop, who persisted in declaring this the pleasantest part of the journey, and had the temerity to laugh when a wave made the boat lurch to one side.

### **Whitwell, Mary Janet**

b 1854 at Heath, York, daughter of E Aldham Leatham DL m Edward Robson Whitwell [1843-14 October 1922]

#### **Through Corsica with a Paintbrush [1908]**

### **Through Bosnia and Herzegovina with a Paint Brush [1909]**

Mrs Whitwell, the wife of a colliery owner in north east England, exhibited at the Society of Women Artists when in her sixties. She travelled alone in Corsica for about ten days before rejoining her yacht. She devoted two days to Ajaccio, all she could spare on this her first visit - far too short a time for an artist, when on every hand he or she found a subject. She then took a four days' drive into the island: the coachman was a delightful companion. At Evisa Mary Whitwell arrived at a rather dirty looking house where she was to stay. Her heart sank as she was ushered up a dirty staircase, but she entered a very clean dining room; the bedrooms were very neat, and clean dimity curtains framed the windows and the bed. Near Cargese she passed a woman nursing a baby wild boar on her lap. Next year Mrs Whitwell spent six weeks in Corsica, having found a friend to go with her. She was sufficiently daring to put the marvellous colouring of the seaside rocks on paper on rather a large scale. At Piana Mrs Whitwell had to turn out of her nice little bedroom to make a room for fifty-five persons from a French cycling club to lunch in. She returned to her room after they had gone, but her carpet never returned.

Mrs Whitwell had been twice in Dalmatia; the first time they sailed in their yacht from Venice. On her second visit her first meal included soup, which she had not intended to have. Mary Whitwell ordered spaghetti, which she naturally thought would be macaroni and tomato sauce, and was disgusted to find it the name of a soup. Wine was given free, but she found it horribly bitter. In Ragusa she started to paint but down came the rain in torrents. She sent off the old courier for a carriage while she took refuge in a doorway, and she generously gave him her umbrella. Unfortunately, he forgot where he had left her. She made an excursion to Montenegro. She paused to sketch; it was bitterly cold, and by the time she had finished she could hardly feel her fingers. In Bosnia - where two ladies could travel alone quite well if they could speak Italian and German - her guide carried her sketching things and kept off the crowd. The pair of women went to Sarajevo by train. From the incessant rain the streets were ankle deep with mud. They wandered out in the afternoon with their skirts not quite so high as the trousered ladies. Sketching and photography were not to be thought of. Her friend, who did not like driving or roughing it, decided she would go direct to Budapest, and home by Vienna.

### **Wilson, Eliza**

b 1811, daughter of John Wilson [m 1804 d 1834] m Robert Wilson d 1873

### **In the Land of the Tui [1894]**

In 1889 Mrs Wilson, wife of a railway surveyor, went to New Zealand for three years. When they drew up alongside the wharf at Wellington, her first view almost inspired her to write a dissertation on hats. Through the livelong night of the steamer journey to Lyttelton, sighs, groans and sounds of misery issued from all cabins. They found a house in Compton. Across the wide expanse of veranda hung trailing masses of wisteria, heavy with purple blossoms which scented the air. On the Wilson's first Christmas, a pudding and two words in the almanac were their only indication of the festive time. They went riding in the hills. What a loss it was that one could not live always on the heights physically as well as mentally. After a year, Mrs Wilson took a voyage to the Sounds with her young daughter. Perhaps she was too hard to please, and expected more than she deserved. She went with the very simple object of enjoying the scenery; had no other form of entertainment been provided, the time would have been most agreeably spent. In September the family made a tour together round the north of the island. What curious individuals coach drivers generally were, and how humorous the relating of redoubtable performances, where the historian invariably figured as hero. Their driver plunged his team of four into a swirling flood. Then came a wild moment when it seemed as if all hope had gone, for the leaders were swimming, and the coach was lifting and swaying, while they on the box had the water washing over their feet. A landing place was reached. At such moments she felt there was no doubt that life was well worth living.

### **Wood, Mary**

third daughter of Alexander William Crawford, [16 October 1812-13 December 1880], 25<sup>th</sup> Earl of Crawford and 5<sup>th</sup> Earl of Balcarres m 9 May 1878 Frederick George Lindley Wood [later Meynell] fourth son of 1<sup>st</sup> Viscount Halifax

### **Four Months' Cruise in a Sailing Yacht [1888]**

Lady Mary Wood, an accomplished artist, travelled with Lady Ernestine Edgcumbe, and they jointly produced a book.

### **Workman, Fanny Bullock**

b 8 January 1859, daughter of Alexander Hamilton and Elvira Hazard Bullock m 1881 Dr William Hunter Workman d 22 January 1925

### **Algerian Memories [1895]**

#### **Through Town and Jungle [1904]**

Mrs Workman was one of the best-known women mountaineers of her time. However, some of the excursions she undertook with her husband were bicycle trips. Bicycle maps of Algeria did not exist, neither were good road maps to be had. Even a prominent bicyclist in Algiers, when consulted in regard to the road from Batna to Biskra, gave a description which proved to be wide of the facts. The first ride in Africa - eighty-one kilometers from Oran to Perregaux - seemed wonderful; when analysed it was very like a half-day's spin in France or Italy. It was their experience that horses, oxen and mules were much more liable to be frightened by a woman on a bicycle than by a man. Perhaps dogs, which seemed to regard themselves as a sort of special police, considered women out of place on a wheel, and in need of correction. A table d'hôte of some pretensions was generally attainable, even in small places, where the other accommodation was of the simplest character. Occasionally, a charge of three and a half francs would appear upon the bill, which did not necessarily imply that the dinner was any better, but might rather be taken as an indication that the attention of the hostess had been called to the practice prevalent in Europe, of making a higher charge to English travellers than to those of other nations. What the charge would have been had she known they were Americans, the Workmans would not venture to guess.

The Workmans visited India chiefly to study remains from six styles of architecture. This required extensive travel of a primitive kind, and the endurance of much hardship. They reached India in 1897 at Tuticorin which, with its mud houses seemed as desolate a place as they had ever been in. Its so-called hotel, a large covered shed with open sides, was the most imposing building in the place. After a long summer in Kashmir and amongst the mountains, the Workmans went to Darjeeling, preparing for a pioneer run to Calcutta, a journey no one had as yet attempted on the cycle. It would occupy eight days. The thick of the jungle was the place for the tiger, but none appeared, nor were any wild elephants encountered. They did meet some rather remarkable monkeys. Four unbridged rivers had to be crossed; fortunately, the water at the deepest only reached a little bit above their knees, so they got across with some loss of time and the exertion required to carry cycles and luggage over. The Workmans reached Ahmedabad in February 1899. Considering the superlatively interesting character of its buildings this city ought to possess at least one hotel, where visitors could pass three or four days with a fair degree of comfort. As it was, a stay of one or two days in the crowded noisy station "resting rooms" was as much as the average person could endure.

### **Wright, M J**

Nothing known

#### **Three Years in Cachar [1895]**

On 9<sup>th</sup> March 1889 Miss Wright reached Calcutta, where the heat was intense. Doyapore was destined to be her Indian home. The plantation was near to the borders of Manipur. Miss Wright experienced on her first evening what a storm in India meant: it was fearful to behold - a grand but awe-inspiring sight. There were no schools on the plantations; an attempt was made to start one on theirs, but the children could not be got to attend. She was the first white woman who had ever been seen in a nearby village. The people treated Miss Wright and her charge with great respect. Of all the tribes around them, none was so wicked and cruel as the Lushais: scarcely a year passed without some soldiers falling victims to them. On a ramble with her charge she met some Lushais: to have shown fear would have been to invite insolence. Her heart sank. Her mind was in a whirl of doubts and fears, when she saw their attendants running towards her.

In September 1890 word came to them that there was every likelihood that a war would break out among the Manipuris. Troops arrived, with the sad intelligence that the rising was indeed the bitter truth. Among the troops was Mrs Grimwood, whose heroic endurance and womanly devotion were so universally applauded. After three years, Miss Wright's employer was advised that the seven years old boy should leave, as he was getting too old for India. Well did she remember her last walk: the scene was extremely beautiful, set off as it was by brilliant moonlight. Was it not always so that, when blessings and privileges were slipping from one's grasp, one suddenly awoke to appreciate their full value?