

picture's teaching, hangs on the wall a tablet with an inscription, in Dutch, of which the following is a translation :—

"The things I wish for and no more
To love my God all else before,
No overflow of wealth to have,
And—what is wisest always crave—
A life in this vale without stain—
These three do everything contain."

It is strange that nothing in the picture suggests that the beings in this homely *ménage* have any particular desires or aspirations, or even thoughts unconnected with the frugal meal before them; nevertheless, 1660, the date at which the picture was painted, was a stirring time enough.

As regards Dutch Landscape, there is the little picture, exquisite in its way, by Van de Velde. There are two pictures by Cuyp, No. 68, *Landscape with figures and cattle*, and 56, *Landscape Morning*; neither of these are particularly good examples of Cuyp, which is a pity, because Ruskin said of him, that he can indeed paint sunlight the best that Holland can show. "He saw broadly, even seriously found out—a wonderful thing for men to find out in those days—that there are reflections in water, and that boats require often to be painted upside down. Nothing happens in this picture except some indifferent persons asking the way of somebody else, who, by their cast of countenance, seem not likely to know it. For further entertainment, a red cow and a white one; or puppies at play, not playfully; the man's heart not going even with the puppies. Essentially he sees nothing but the shine on the flaps of their ears." All perfectly true; but if you have never realized what minute fidelity of detail really means, go and study it in Jan Steen and Miers. Then as regards its influence on your life and work, compare it with the Turners and The Great Venetian School in the next room, which we will consider next week.

A Book of the Week.

THE portrait of Priscilla Lady Burghersh that faces the preface to her Letters, is full of winsome grace. It is evidently taken from some old family miniature, and she must have been a beautiful woman; but the charming face is full of character as well as beauty, and her letters that are contained in the small, large-printed volume on the table before us amply fulfil the promise of her portrait.

The Campaign to which these letters relate was that of 1813, when the whole of Europe was in arms against Napoleon, and when the English under Wellington were fighting his armies in Spain, and when the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian Governments were (for the time being) united in driving him out of Germany.

Lady Burghersh lived from her earliest childhood in a brilliant political society. Her father, William Wellesley Pole (afterwards Lord Maryborough), was the second son of the Earl of Mornington, and brother to the Duke of Wellington.

"The Letters of Lady Burghersh, afterwards Countess of Westmoreland, from Germany and France during the Campaign of 1813-1814." Edited by her daughter, Lady Rose Weigall. With portraits.—6s. John Murray.

At the age of 18 she married Lord Burghersh, who had been aide-de-camp to her uncle (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) in the Peninsular. About two years after their marriage an appointment was offered to Lord Burghersh to go out as "Commissioner" to the headquarters of the Austrian Army in Germany. The prospects of the journey and subsequent winter-campaign were full of hardships and difficulties, but Lady Burghersh was determined to accompany her beloved husband, even though all her family, especially her father, tried to dissuade her. Travelling in those days was very different to what it is now, and at that time the difficulty of getting from England to Germany was great, for all the French and Dutch ports were closed against English ships; but finally, after many difficulties and delays, quite enough to daunt any gently-nurtured woman, Lady Burghersh and her husband landed on October 10th, 1813, on the Swedish coast. Her account of the difficulties of her subsequent journey, and of the cold and want of proper food or beds, is most interesting reading; but a light, brave heart carries her through all her troubles, and she says—"We have a great deal of fun."

On October 27th they arrive safely at Berlin; but here she writes to her mother that she is miserable at the idea of so soon parting with B., and one gathers from her anxious letters the difficulties in those days of obtaining reliable information. She says—"Wellington is in every mouth here, the perfect idol." Three weeks after her husband left her to join the armies at Frankfort, she became so tired of her life of idle suspense and uncertainty at Berlin that she determines to set out and join him. Her letters to her mother, describing her journey, are most graphic. She travelled for nine days, getting up every morning two hours before daylight, and travelling till 8, 9 or 10 at night; yet she writes—"I am not only not the least tired, but grown fat." She stayed for some time at Frankfort; then her letters are dated from Freiburg, Lorach, and other places. At Basle she seems to have had a very interesting time. She says :—

"It is a most interesting existence, and will furnish me with recollections for the rest of my life, as my room is the *point de réunion* and my English tea is a great luxury; so all the great and little people meet every evening, and all the most interesting discussions pass at my tea-table, and all the different reports from different quarters which are brought to the different generals make it always agreeable."

When Lady Burghersh was left at Dijon by her husband, she writes :—

"Can you conceive anything more vexatious for me . . . the head-quarters being at Châlons and me down at Dijon! It is impossible to conceive what can have possessed old Francis to come here."

The Emperor Francis, thus designated as "old Francis" by the young wife impatient to rejoin her husband, found it impossible to think of moving from Dijon till the roads were restored, safe conducts organised, escorts provided, etc; but Lady Burghersh thinking that although these delays and precautions might be necessary for great official personages, she could do very well by herself; so she packed her carriage, got horses, and set off with her maid and servant; and after one little fright, and after travelling three days and nights, she arrived in the evening after dark at the gates of Paris. She inquired her way to

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