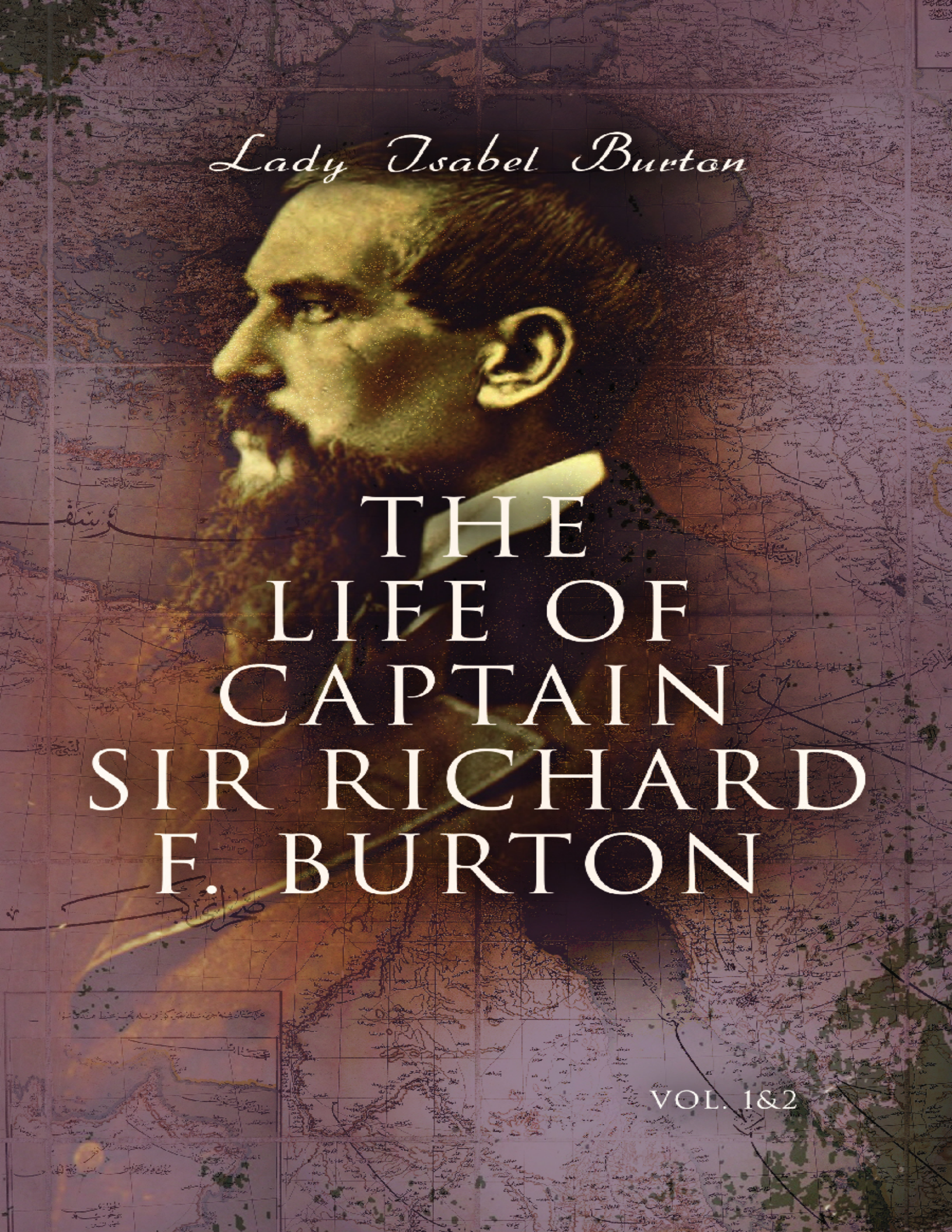


Lady Isabel Burton



THE
LIFE OF
CAPTAIN
SIR RICHARD
F. BURTON

VOL. 1&2

Lady Isabel Burton

The Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton (Vol. 1&2)

**Biography of Famous British Author and
Adventurer, by His Wife**

e-artnow, 2021

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EAN: 4064066388232

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CHAPTER I.

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THE EARLY DAYS OF RICHARD F. BURTON.

By himself. Copied from his private Journals.

"He travels and expatriates; as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to
land,
The manners, customs, policy of all
Pay contributions to the store he gleans;
He seeks intelligence from every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for *me!*"

Genealogy and Family.

Autobiographers generally begin too late.

Elderly gentlemen of eminence sit down to compose memories, describe with fond minuteness babyhood, childhood, and boyhood, and drop the pen before reaching adolescence.

Physiologists say that a man's body changes totally every seven years. However that may be, I am certain that the moral man does, and I cannot imagine anything more trying than for a man to meet himself as he was. Conceive his entering a room, and finding a collection of himself at the several decades. First the puking squalling baby one year old, then the pert unpleasant schoolboy of ten, the collegian of twenty who, like Lothair, "knows everything and has nothing to learn." The *homme fait* of thirty in the full

warmth and heyday of life, the reasonable man of forty, who first recognizes his ignorance and knows his own mind, of fifty with white teeth turned dark, and dark hair turned white, whose experience is mostly disappointment with regrets for lost time and vanished opportunities. Sixty when the man begins to die and mourns for his past youth, at seventy when he *ought* to prepare for his long journey and never does. And at all these ages he is seven different beings not one of which he would wish to be again.

First I would make one or two notes on *Family History*.
family history.

My grandfather was the Rev. Edward Burton, Rector of Tuam, in Galway (who with his brother, eventually Bishop Burton, of Killala, were the first of our branch to settle in Ireland). They were two of the Burtons of Barker Hill, near Shap, Westmoreland, who own a common ancestor with the Burtons of Yorkshire, of Carlow, and Northamptonshire. My grandfather married Maria Margareta Campbell, daughter, by a Lejeune, of Dr. John Campbell, LL.D., Vicar-General of Tuam. Their son was my father, Lieut.-Colonel Joseph Netterville Burton, of the 36th Regiment, who married a Miss (Beckwith) Baker, of Nottinghamshire, a descendant, on her mother's side, of the Scotch Macgregors. The Lejeune above mentioned was related to the Montmorencys and Drelincourts, French Huguenots of the time of Louis XIV. To this hangs a story which will be told by-and-by. This Lejeune, whose real name was Louis Lejeune, is supposed to have been a son of Louis XIV. by the Huguenot Countess of Montmorency. He was secretly carried off to Ireland. His name was translated to Louis Young, and he eventually became a Doctor of Divinity. The royal, or rather morganatic, marriage contract was asserted to have existed, but has disappeared. The Lady Primrose of that

date, who was a very remarkable personage, and a strong ally of the Jacobites, protected him and conveyed him to Ireland.

The Burtons of Shap derive themselves from the Burtons of Longnor, like Lord Conyngham and Sir Charles Burton of Pollacton, and the two above named were the collateral descendants of Francis Pierpoint Burton, first Marquis of Conyngham, who gave up the name of Burton. The notable man of the family was Sir Edward Burton, a desperate Yorkist who was made a Knight Banneret by Edward IV. after the second battle of St. Albans, and who added to his arms the Cross and four roses.

The Bishop of Killala's son was Admiral J. Ryder Burton, who entered the Navy in 1806. He served in the West Indies, and off the North Coast of Spain, when in an attack on the town of Castro, July, 1812, he received a gunshot wound in the left side, from which the ball was never extracted. From 1813 to 1816 he served in the Mediterranean and Adriatic, and was present at the bombardment of Algiers, when he volunteered to command one of the gunboats for destroying the shipping inside the Mole. His last appointment was in May, 1820, to the command of the *Cornelian* brig, in which he proceeded in early 1824 to Algiers, where, in company with the *Naiad* frigate, he fell in with an Algerine corvette, the *Tripoli*, of eighteen guns and one hundred men, which, after a close and gallant action under the batteries of the place, he boarded and carried. This irascible veteran at his death was in receipt of a pension for wounds. He was Rear Admiral in 1853, Vice Admiral in 1858, and Admiral in 1863. He married, in 1822, Anna Maria, daughter of the thirteenth Lord Dunsany; she died in 1850, leaving one son, Francis Augustus Plunkett Burton, Colonel of the Coldstream Guards. He married the great heiress Sarah Drax, and died

in 1865, leaving one daughter, Erulí, who married her cousin, John Plunkett, the future Lord Dunsany.

My father, Joseph Netterville Burton, was a lieutenant-colonel in the 36th Regiment. He must have been born in the latter quarter of the eighteenth century, but he had always a superstition about mentioning his birthday, which gave rise to a family joke that he was born in Leap Year. Although of very mixed blood, he was more of a Roman in appearance than anything else, of moderate height, dark hair, sallow skin, high nose, and piercing black eyes. He was considered a very handsome man, especially in uniform, and attracted attention even in the street. Even when past fifty he was considered the best-looking man at the Baths of Lucca. As handsome men generally do, he married a plain woman, and, "Just like Provy," the children favoured, as the saying is, the mother.¹

In mind he was a thorough Irishman. When he received a commission in the army it was on condition of so many of his tenants accompanying him. Not a few of the younger sort volunteered to enlist, but when they joined the regiment and found that the "young master" was all right, they at once ran away.

The only service that he saw was in Sicily, under Sir John Moore, afterwards of Corunna, and there he fell in love with Italy. He was a duellist, and shot one brother officer twice, nursing him tenderly each time afterwards. When peace was concluded he came to England and visited Ireland. As that did not suit him he returned to his regiment in England. Then took place his marriage, which was favoured by his mother-in-law and opposed by his father-in-law. The latter, being a sharp old man of business, tied up every farthing of his daughter's property, £30,000, and it was well that he did so. My father, like too many of his cloth, developed a

decided taste for speculation. He was a highly moral man, who would have hated the idea of *rouge et noir*, but he gambled on the Stock Exchange, and when railways came out he bought shares. Happily he could not touch his wife's property, or it would speedily have melted away; yet it was one of his grievances to the end of his life that he could not use his wife's money to make a gigantic fortune. He was utterly reckless where others would be more prudent. Before his wedding tour, he passed through Windermere, and would not call upon an aunt who was settled near the Lakes, for fear that she might think he expected her property. She heard of it, and left every farthing to some more dutiful nephew.

He never went to Ireland after his marriage, but received occasional visits from his numerous brothers and sisters.

The eldest of the family was the Rev. Edward Burton, who had succeeded to the living. He wasted every farthing of his property, and at last had the sense to migrate to Canada, where he built a little Burtonville. In his younger days he intended to marry a girl who preferred another man. When she was a widow with three children, and he a widower with six children, they married, and the result was eventually a total of about a score. Such families do better than is supposed. The elder children are old enough to assist the younger ones, and they seem to hang together. My father's sisters, especially Mrs. Mathews, used to visit him when in England, and as it was known that he had married an heiress, they all hung to him, apparently, for themselves and their children. They managed to get hold of all the Irish land that fell to his share, and after his death they were incessant in their claims upon his children. My mother was Martha Baker, one of three sister co-heiresses, and was the second daughter. The third daughter married Robert

Bagshaw, Esq., M.P. for Harwich, and died without issue. The eldest, Sarah, married Francis Burton, the youngest brother of my father. He had an especial ambition to enter the Church, but circumstances compelled him to become military surgeon in the 66th Regiment. There was only one remarkable event in his life, which is told in a few very interesting pages by Mrs. Ward, wife of General Ward, with a short comment by Alfred Bate Richards, late editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, who, together with Andrew Wilson, author of the "Abode of Snow," who took it up at his death, compiled and put together a short *résumé* of the principal features of my life, of which some three hundred copies were printed, in pamphlet form and circulated to private friends.

"Facts connected with the Last Hours of Napoleon.

The Napoleon Romance.

"On the night of the 5th of May, 1821, a young ensign of the 66th Regiment, quartered at St. Helena, was wending his solitary way along the path leading from the plain of Deadwood to his barracks, situated on a patch of table-land called Francis Plain. The road was dreary, for to the left yawned a vast chasm, the remains of a crater, and known to the islanders as the 'Devil's Punchbowl;' although the weather had been perfectly calm, puffs of wind occasionally issued from the neighbouring valleys; and, at last, one of these puffs having got into a gully, had so much ado to get out of it, that it shrieked, and moaned, and gibbered, till it burst its bonds with a roar like thunder—and dragging up in its wrath, on its passage to the sea, a few shrubs, and one of those fair willows beneath which Napoleon, first

Emperor of France, had passed many a peaceful, if not a happy, hour of repose, surrounded by his faithful friends in exile.

"This occurrence, not uncommon at St. Helena, has given rise to an idea, adopted even by Sir Walter Scott, that the soul of Napoleon had passed to another destiny on the wings of the Storm Spirit; but, so far from there being any tumult among the elements on that eventful night, the gust of wind I have alluded to was only heard by the few whose cottages dotted the green slopes of the neighbouring mountains. But as that fair tree dropped, a whisper fell among the islanders that Napoleon was dead! No need to dwell upon what abler pens than mine have recorded; the eagle's wings were folded, the dauntless eyes were closed, the last words, '*Tête d'armée*,' had passed the faded lips, the proud heart had ceased to beat...!!

"They arrayed the illustrious corpse in the attire identified with Napoleon even at the present day; and among the jewelled honours of earth, so profusely scattered upon the breast, rested the symbol of the faith he had professed. They shaded the magnificent brow with the unsightly cocked hat,² and stretched down the beautiful hands in ungraceful fashion; every one, in fact, is familiar with the attitude I describe, as well as with a death-like cast of the imperial head, from which a fine engraving has been taken. The cast is true enough to Nature, but the character of the engraving is spoiled by the addition of a laurel-wreath on the lofty but insensate brow.

"About this cast there is a *historiette* with which it is time the public should become more intimately acquainted; it was the subject of litigation, the

particulars of which are detailed in the *Times* newspaper of the 7th September, 1821, but to which I have now no opportunity of referring. Evidence, however, was unfortunately wanting at the necessary moment, and the complainant's case fell to the ground. The facts are these:—

"The day after Napoleon's decease, the young officer I have alluded to, instigated by emotions which drew vast numbers to Longwood House, found himself within the very death-chamber of Napoleon. After the first thrill of awe had subsided, he sat down, and on the fly-leaf torn from a book, and given him by General Bertrand, he took a rapid but faithful sketch of the deceased Emperor. Earlier in the day, the officer had accompanied his friend, Mr. Burton, through certain paths in the island, in order to collect material for making a composition resembling plaster of Paris, for the purpose of taking the cast with as little delay after death as possible. Mr. Burton having prepared the composition, set to work and completed the task satisfactorily. The cast being moist, was not easy to remove; and, at Mr. Burton's request, a tray was brought from Madame Bertrand's apartments, Madame herself holding it to receive the precious deposit. Mr. Ward, the ensign alluded to, impressed with the value of such a memento, offered to take charge of it at his quarters till it was dry enough to be removed to Mr. Burton's; Madame Bertrand, however, pleaded so hard to have the care of it, that the two gentlemen, both Irishmen and soldiers, yielded to her entreaties, and she withdrew with the treasure, which she *never afterwards would resign*.

"There can scarcely, therefore, be a question that the casts and engravings of Napoleon, now sold as emanating from the skill and reverence of Antommarchi, are from the original taken by Mr. Burton. We can only rest on circumstantial evidence, which the reader will allow is most conclusive. It is to be regretted that Mr. Burton's cast and that *supposed* to have been taken by Antommarchi were not *both* demanded in evidence at the trial in 1821.

"The engraving I have spoken of has been Italianized by Antommarchi, the name inscribed beneath being *Napoleone*.

"So completely was the daily history of Napoleon's life at St. Helena a sealed record, that, on the arrival of papers from England, the first question asked by the islanders and the officers of the garrison was, 'What news of Buonaparte?' Under such circumstances it was natural that an intense curiosity should be felt concerning every movement of the mysterious and ill-starred exile. Our young soldier one night fairly risked his commission for the chance of a glimpse behind the curtain of the Longwood windows, and, after all, saw nothing but the imperial form from the knees downwards. Every night at sunset a *cordon* of sentries was drawn round the Longwood plantations. Passing between the sentinels, the venturesome youth crept, under cover of trees, to a lighted window of the mansion. The curtains were not drawn, but the blind was lowered. Between the latter, however, and the window-frame were two or three inches of space; so down knelt Mr. Ward! Some one was walking up and down the apartment, which was brilliantly illuminated.³ The footsteps drew nearer, and Mr. Ward saw the

diamond buckles of a pair of thin shoes, then two well-formed lower limbs, encased in silk stockings; and, lastly, the edge of a coat, lined with white silk. On a sofa at a little distance was seated Madame Bertrand, with her boy leaning on her knee; and some one was probably writing under Napoleon's dictation, for the Emperor was speaking slowly and distinctly. Mr. Ward returned to his guard-house satisfied with having *heard the voice of Napoleon Buonaparte*.

"Mr. Ward had an opportunity of seeing the great captive at a distance on the very last occasion that Buonaparte breathed the outer air. It was a bright morning when the serjeant of the guard at Longwood Gate informed our ensign that 'General Buonaparte' was in the garden on to which the guard-room looked. Mr. Ward seized his spy-glass, and took a breathless survey of Napoleon, who was standing in front of his house with one of his Generals. Something on the ground attracted his notice; he stooped to examine (probably a colony of ants, whose movements he watched with interest), when the music of a band at a distance stirred the air on Deadwood Plain; and he who had once led multitudes forth at his slightest word now wended his melancholy way through the grounds of Longwood, to catch a distant glimpse of a British regiment under inspection.

"We have in our possession a small signal book which was used at St. Helena during the period of Napoleon's exile. The following passages will give some idea of the system of vigilance which it was thought necessary to exercise, lest the world should again be suddenly uproused by the appearance of the French Emperor on the battle-field of Europe. It is not for me to offer any opinion on such a system, but I take leave to say that I

never yet heard any British officer acknowledge that he would have accepted the authority of Governor under the burden of the duties it entailed. In a word, although every one admits the difficulties and responsibilities of Sir Hudson Lowe's position, all deprecate the system to which he considered himself obliged to bend.

"But the signal-book! Here are some of the passages which passed from hill to valley while Napoleon took his daily ride within the boundary prescribed:—

"General Buonaparte has left Longwood.'

"General Buonaparte has passed the guards.'

"General Buonaparte is at Hutt's Gate.'

"General Buonaparte is missing.'

"The latter paragraph resulted from General Buonaparte having, in the course of his ride, turned an angle of a hill, or descended some valley beyond the ken, for a few minutes, of the men working the telegraphs on the hills!

"It was not permitted that the once Emperor of France should be designated by any other title than '*General Buonaparte*;' and, alas! innumerable were the squabbles that arose between the Governor and his captive, because the British Ministry had made this puerile order peremptory. I have now no hesitation in making known the great Duke's opinion on this subject, which was transmitted to me two years ago, by one who for some months every year held daily intercourse with his Grace, but who could not, while the Duke was living, permit me to publish what had been expressed in private conversation.

"I would have taken care that he did not escape from St. Helena,' said Wellington: 'but he might have been addressed by any name he pleased.'

"I cannot close this paper without saying a word or two on the condition of the buildings once occupied by the most illustrious and most unfortunate of exiles.

"It is well known that Napoleon never would inhabit the house which was latterly erected at Longwood for his reception; that, he said, 'would serve for his tomb;' and that the slabs from the kitchen *did* actually form part of the vault in which he was placed in his favourite valley beneath the willows, and near the fountain whose crystal waters had so often refreshed him.

"This abode, therefore, is not invested with the same interest as his real residence, well named the 'Old House at Longwood;' for a more crazy, wretched, filthy barn, it would scarcely be possible to meet with; and many painful emotions have filled my heart during nearly a four years' sojourn on 'The Rock,' as I have seen French soldiers and sailors march gravely and decorously to the spot, hallowed in their eyes, of course, by its associations with their invisible but unforgotten idol, and degraded, it must be admitted, by the change it has undergone.

"Indeed, few French persons can be brought to believe that it ever was a decent abode; and no one can deny that it must outrage the feelings of a people like the French, so especially affected by associations, to see the bedchamber of their former Emperor a dirty stable, and the room in which he breathed his last sigh, appropriated to the purpose of winnowing and thrashing wheat! In the last-named room are two pathetic mementoes of affection. When Napoleon's remains were exhumed in 1846, Counts Bertrand and Las Casas carried off with them, the former a piece of the boarded floor on which the Emperor's bed had rested, the latter a

stone from the wall pressed by the pillow of his dying Chief.

"Would that I had the influence to recommend to the British Government, that these ruined and, I must add, desecrated, buildings should be razed to the ground; and that on their site should be erected a convalescent hospital for the sick of all ranks, of *both* services, and of *both* nations. Were the British and French Governments to unite in this plan, how grand a sight would it be to behold the two nations shaking hands, so to speak, over the grave of Napoleon!

"On offering this suggestion, when in Paris lately, to one of the nephews of the first Emperor Napoleon, the Prince replied that 'the idea was nobly philanthropic, but that England would never listen to it.' I must add that his Highness said this 'rather in sorrow than in anger;' then, addressing Count L——, one of the faithful followers of Napoleon in exile, and asking him which mausoleum *he* preferred—the one in which we then stood, the dome of the *Invalides*, or the rock of St. Helena—he answered, to my surprise, 'St. Helena; for no grander monument than that can ever be raised to the Emperor!'

"Circumstances made one little incident connected with this, our visit to the *Invalides*, most deeply interesting. Comte D'Orsay was of the party; indeed it was in his elegant *atelier* we had all assembled, ere starting, to survey the mausoleum then being prepared for the ashes of Napoleon. Suffering and debilitated as Comte D'Orsay was, precious, as critiques on art, were the words that fell from his lips during our progress through the work-rooms, as we stopped before the sculptures intended to adorn the vault wherein the

sarcophagus is to rest. Ere leaving the works, the Director, in exhibiting the solidity of the granite which was finally to encase Napoleon, struck fire with a mallet from the magnificent block. 'See,' said Comte D'Orsay, 'though the dome of the *Invalides* may fall, France may yet light a torch at the tomb of her Emperor.' I cannot remember the exact words, but such was their import. Comte D'Orsay died a few weeks after this.

"Since the foregoing was written, members of the Burton family have told me, that, after taking the cast, Mr. Burton went to his regimental rounds, leaving the mask on the tray to dry; the back of the head was left on to await his return, not being dry enough to take off, and was thus overlooked by Madame Bertrand. When he returned he found that the mask was packed up and sent on board ship for France in Antommarchi's name. From a feeling of deep mortification he took the back part of the cast, reverently scraped off the hair now enclosed in a ring, and, overcome by his feelings, dashed it into a thousand pieces. He was afterwards offered by Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim (phrenologists), one thousand pounds sterling for that portion of the cast which was wanting to the cast so called Antommarchi's. Amongst family private papers there was a correspondence, read by most members of it, between Antommarchi and Mr. Burton, in which Antommarchi stated that he knew Burton had made the plaster and taken the cast. Mrs. Burton, after the death of her husband and Antommarchi, thought the correspondence useless and burnt it; but the hair was preserved under a glass watch-case in the family for forty years. There was an offer made about the year 1827 or 1828 by persons high in position in France who knew the truth to have

the matter cleared up, but Mr. Burton was dying at the time, and was unable to take any part in it, so the affair dropped.

"The Bust of Buonaparte.

"Extract from the 'New Times' of September 7th, 1821.

"On Wednesday a case of a very singular nature occurred at the Bow Street Office.

"Count Bertrand, the companion of Buonaparte in his exile at St. Helena (and the executor under his will), appeared before Richard Birnie, Esq., accompanied by Sir Robert Wilson, in consequence of a warrant having been issued to search the residence of the Count for a bust of his illustrious master, which, it was alleged, was the property of Mr. Burton, 66th Regiment, when at St. Helena.

"The following are the circumstances of the case:—

"Previous to the death of Buonaparte, he had given directions to his executors that his body should not be touched by any person after his death; however, Count Bertrand directed Dr. Antommarchi to take a bust of him; but not being able to find a material which he thought would answer the purpose, he mentioned the circumstances to Mr. Burton, who promised that he would procure some if possible.

"The Englishman, in pursuance of this promise, took a boat and picked up raw materials on the island, some distance from Longwood. He made a plaster, which he conceived would answer this purpose. When he showed

it to Dr. Antommarchi he said it would not answer, and refused to have anything to do with it, in consequence of which Mr. Burton proceeded to take a bust himself, with the sanction of Madame Bertrand, who was in the room at the time. An agreement was entered into that copies should be made of the bust, and that Messieurs Burton and Antommarchi were to have each a copy.

"It was found, however, that the plaster was not sufficiently durable for the purpose, and it was proposed to send the original to England to have copies taken.

"When Mr. Burton, however, afterwards inquired for the bust, he was informed that it was packed and nailed up; but a promise was made, that upon its arrival in Europe, an application should be made to the family of Buonaparte for the copy required by Mr. Burton.

"On its arrival, Mr. Burton wrote to the Count to have his promised copy, but he was told, as before, that application would be made to the family of Buonaparte for it.

"Mr. Burton upon this applied to Bow Street for a search warrant in order to obtain the bust, as he conceived he had a right to it, he having furnished the materials and executed it.

"A warrant was issued, and Taunton and Salmon, two officers, went to the Count's residence in Leicester Square. When they arrived, and made known their errand, they were remonstrated with by Sir Robert Wilson and the Count, who begged they would not act till they had an interview with Mr. Birnie, as there must be some mistake. The officers politely acceded to the request, and waived their right of search.

"Count Bertrand had, it seems, offered a pecuniary compensation to Mr. Burton for his trouble, but it was

indignantly refused by that officer, who persisted in the assertion of his right to the bust as his own property, and made application for the search warrant.

"Count Bertrand, in answer to the case stated by Mr. Burton, said that the bust was the property of the family of the deceased, to whom he was executor, and he thought he should not be authorized in giving it up. If, however, the law of this country ordained it otherwise, he must submit; but he should protest earnestly against it.

"The worthy magistrate, having sworn the Count to the fact that he was executor under the will of Buonaparte, observed that it was a case out of his jurisdiction altogether, and if Mr. Burton chose to persist in his claim, he must seek a remedy before another tribunal.

"The case was dismissed, and the warrant was cancelled.

"The sequel to the Buonaparte story is short; Captain Burton (in 1861) thinking that the sketch, which was perfect, and the lock of hair which had been preserved in a family watch-case for forty years, would be great treasures to the Buonapartes, and should be given to them, begged the sketch of General and Mrs. Ward, and the hair from the Burtons; he had the hair set in a handsome ring, with a wreath of laurels and the Buonaparte bees. His wife had a complete set of her husband's works very handsomely bound, as a gift, and in January, 1862, Captain Burton sent his wife over to Paris, with the sketch, the ring, and the books, to request an audience with the Emperor and Empress,

and offer them these things, simply as an act of civility—for Captain and Mrs. Burton in opinion and feeling were Legitimists. Captain Burton was away on a journey, and Mrs. Burton had to go alone. She was young and inexperienced, and had not a single friend in Paris to advise her. She left her letter and presents at the Tuileries. The audience was not granted. His Imperial Majesty declined the presents, and she never heard anything more of them. They were not returned. Frightened and disappointed at the failure of this, her first little mission at the outset of her married life, she returned to London directly, where she found the Burton family anything but pleased at her failure and her want of *savoir faire* in the matter, having unwittingly caused their treasure to be utterly unappreciated. She said to me on her return, 'I never felt so snubbed in my life, and I shall never like Paris again;' and I believe she has kept her word.

"Oxonian."

Francis Burton, alluded to in these pages, returned to England after the death of Napoleon, married one of the three co-heiress (Baker) sisters, and died early, leaving only two daughters. One died, and the other, Sarah, became Mrs. Pryce-Harrison.

Nor was this the only little romance in our Burton family, as the following story taken from family documents tends to show. Here is the Louis XIV. history—

*The Louis XIVth
Romance.*

"With regard to Louis XIV. there are one or two curious and interesting legends in the Burton family,

well authenticated, which make Richard Burton great-great-great-grandson of Louis XIV. of France, by a morganatic marriage; and another which would entitle him to an English baronetcy, dating from 1622.

"One of the documents in the family is entitled, 'A Pedigree of the Young family, showing their descent from Louis XIV. of France,' and which runs as follows:—

"Louis XIV. of France took the beautiful Countess of Montmorency from her husband and shut him up in a fortress. After the death of (her husband) the Constable de Montmorency, Louis morganatically *married* the Countess. She had a son called Louis le Jeune, who 'was brought over to Ireland by Lady Primrose,' then a widow. This Lady Primrose's maiden name was Drelincourt, and the baby was named Drelincourt after his godfather and guardian, Dean Drelincourt (of Armagh), who was the father of Lady Primrose. He grew up, was educated at Armagh, and was known as Drelincourt Young. He married a daughter of Dean Drelincourt, and became the father of Hercules Drelincourt Young, and also of Miss (Sarah) Young, who married Dr. John Campbell, LL.D., Vicar-General of Tuam (*ob.* 1772). Sarah Young's brother, the above-mentioned Hercules Young, married and had a son George, a merchant in Dublin, who had some French deeds and various documents, which proved his right to property in France.

"The above-named Dr. John Campbell, by his marriage with Miss Sarah Young (rightly Lejeune, for they had changed the name from French to English), had a daughter, Maria Margareta Campbell, who was Richard Burton's grandmother. The same Dr. John Campbell was a member of the Argyll family, and a first

cousin of the 'three beautiful Gunnings,' and was Richard Burton's great-grandfather.

"These papers (for there are other documents) affect a host of families in Ireland—the Campbells, Nettervilles, Droughts, Graves, Burtons, Plunketts, Trimlestons, and many more.

"In 1875 *Notes and Queries* was full of this question and the various documents, but it has never been settled.

"The genealogy runs thus:—

"Louis XIV.

"*Son*, Louis le Jeune (known as Louis Drelincourt Young), by Countess Montmorency; adopted by Lady Primrose⁴ (see Earl of Rosebery), and subsequently married to a daughter of Drelincourt, Dean of Armagh.

"*Daughter*, Sarah Young; married to Dr. John Campbell, LL.D., Vicar-General of Tuam, Galway.

"*Daughter*, Maria Margareta Campbell; married to the Rev. Edward Burton, Rector of Tuam, Galway.

"*Son*, Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Netterville Burton, 36th Regiment.

"*Son*, Richard Burton, whose biography I am now relating.

"There was a Lady Primrose buried in the Rosebery vaults, by her express will, with a little casket in her hands, containing some secret, which was to die with her; many think that it might contain the missing link.

"The wife of Richard Burton received, in 1875, two very tantalizing anonymous letters, which she published in *Notes and Queries*, but which she has never been able to turn to account, through the writer declining to come forward, *even secretly*.

"One ran thus:—

"Madam—There is an old baronetcy in the Burton family to which you belong, dating from the reign of Edw. III.⁵—I rather believe *now in abeyance*—which it was thought Admiral Ryder Burton would have taken up, and which after his death can be taken up by your branch of the family. All particulars you will find by searching the Heralds' Office; but I am positive my information is correct.—From one who read your letter in *N. and Q.*

"She shortly after received and published the second anonymous letter; but, though she made several appeals to the writer in *Notes and Queries*, no answer was obtained, and Admiral Ryder Burton eventually died.

"Madam—I cannot help thinking that if you were to have the records of the Burton family searched carefully at Shap, in Westmoreland, you would be able to fill up the link wanting in your husband's descent, from 1712 to 1750, or thereabouts. As I am *quite positive* of a baronetcy *being in abeyance* in the Burton family, and that *an old one*, it would be worth your while getting all the information you can from Shap and Tuam—the Rev. Edward Burton, Dean of Killala and Rector of Tuam, whose niece he married was a Miss Ryder, of the Earl of Harrowby's family, by whom he had no children. His second wife, a Miss Judge, was a descendant of the Otways, of Castle Otway, and connected with many leading families in Ireland. Admiral James Ryder Burton could, if he *would*, supply you with information respecting the missing link in your husband's

descent. I have always heard that *de Burton* was the proper family name, and I saw lately that a *de Burton* now lives in Lincolnshire.

"Hoping, madam, that you will be able to establish your claim to the baronetcy,

"I remain, yours truly,

"A Reader of *N. and Q.*

"P.S.—I rather think also, and advise your ascertaining the *fact*, that the estate of Barker Hill, Shap, Westmoreland, by the law of *entail*, will devolve, at the death of Admiral Ryder Burton, on your husband, Captain Richard Burton.'

"From the Royal College of Heralds, however, the following information was forwarded to Mrs. Richard Burton:—

"There *was* a baronetcy in the family of Burton. The first was Sir Thomas Burton, Knight, of Stokestone, Leicestershire; created July 22nd, 1622, a baronet, by King James I. Sir Charles was the last baronet. He appears to have been in great distress—a prisoner for debt, 1712. He is supposed to have died without issue, when the title became extinct—at least nobody has claimed it since. If your husband can prove his descent from a younger son of any of the baronets, he would have a right to the title. The few years must be filled up between 1712 and the birth of your husband's grandfather, which was about 1750; and you must prove that the Rev. Edward Burton, Rector of Tuam in Galway, your husband's grandfather (who came from Shap, in Westmoreland, with his brother, Bishop Burton, of Tuam), was descended from any of the sons of any of the baronets named.'"⁶

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1. N.B.—This I deny. Richard was the handsomest and most attractive man I have ever seen, and Edward, though smaller, was very good-looking, but there is no doubt that Richard grew handsomer every year of his life, and I can remember Maria exceedingly attractive so far back as 1857.—I. B.
 2. "The coffin being too short to admit this array in the order proposed, the hat was placed at the feet before interment."
 3. "Napoleon's dining-room lamp, from Longwood, is, I believe, still in the possession of the 91st Regiment, it having been purchased by the officers at St. Helena in 1836."
 4. "This Lady Primrose was a person of no small importance, and was the centre of the Jacobite Society in London, and the friend of several distinguished people; and as she was connected on her own side and her husband's with the French Calvinists, she may very likely have protected Lejeune from France to Ireland, and he would probably have, when grown up, married some younger Drelincourt—as such were undoubtedly the names of the parents of Sarah Young, who married Dr. John Campbell. We can only give the various documents as we have seen them."
 5. "This is an error of the anonymous writer. Baronetcies were first created in 1605."—I. B.
 6. N.B.—We never had the money to pursue these enquiries. But should they ever be sifted, the proper heir, since my husband is dead, will be Captain Richard St. George Burton, of the "Black Watch." We made out all the links, except twelve years from 1712. It is said that Admiral Ryder Burton himself was the author of those two anonymous letters to me. My husband often used to say there were only two titles he would care to have. Firstly, the old family baronetcy, and the other to be created Duke of Midian.—Isabel Burton.

CHAPTER II.

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RICHARD'S BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

I was born at 9.30 p.m., 19th March (Feast of St. Joseph in the calendar), 1821, at Barham House, Herts, and suppose I was baptized in due course at the parish church. My birth took place in the same year as, but the day before, the grand event of George IV. visiting the Opera for the first time after the Coronation, March 20th. I was the eldest of three children. The second was Maria Catherine Eliza, who married Henry, afterwards General Sir Henry Stisted, a very distinguished officer, who died, leaving only two daughters, one of whom, Georgina Martha, survives. Third, Edward Joseph Netterville, late Captain in the 37th Regiment, unmarried.

*Richard
Burton's Early
Life.*

The first thing I remember, and it is always interesting to record a child's first memories, was being brought down after dinner at Barham House to eat white currants, seated upon the knee of a tall man with yellow hair and blue eyes; but whether the memory is composed of a miniature of my grandfather, and whether the white frock and blue sash with bows come from a miniature of myself and not from life, I can never make up my mind.

Barham House was a country place bought by my grandfather, Richard Baker, who determined to make me his heir because I had red hair, an unusual thing in the Burton family. The hair soon changed to black, which seems to justify the following remarks by Alfred Bate Richards in the pamphlet alluded to. They are as follows:—

"Richard Burton's talents for mixing with and assimilating natives of all countries, but especially Oriental characters, and of becoming as one of themselves without any one doubting or suspecting his origin; his perfect knowledge of their languages, manners, customs, habits, and religion; and last, but not least, his being gifted by nature with an Arab head and face, favoured this his first enterprise" (the pilgrimage to Mecca). "One can learn from that versatile poet-traveller, the excellent Théophile Gautier, why Richard Burton is an Arab in appearance; and account for that incurable restlessness that is unable to wrest from fortune a spot on earth wherein to repose when weary of wandering like the desert sands.

"'There is a reason,' says Gautier, who had studied the Andalusian and the Moor, 'for the fantasy of nature which causes an Arab to be born in Paris, or a Greek in Auvergne; the mysterious voice of blood which is silent for generations, or only utters a confused murmur, speaks at rare intervals a more intelligible language. In the general confusion race claims its own, and some forgotten ancestor asserts his rights. Who knows what alien drops are mingled with our blood? The great migrations from the table-lands of India, the descents of the Northern races, the Roman and Arab invasions, have all left their marks. Instincts which seem *bizarre* spring from these confused recollections, these hints of distant country. The vague desire of this primitive Fatherland moves such minds as retain the more vivid memories of the past. Hence the wild unrest that wakens in certain spirits the need of flight, such as the cranes and the swallows feel when kept in bondage—the impulses that make a man leave his luxurious life to bury himself in