

1594

Southampton, Aug 26

My dear Mr. Stelm: Although I have written two letters home last week, they have both I believe been on special subjects rather than connected with my own little daily doings. I began to day therefore with the short trip I took from Saturday to Monday, 18-20. I had an invitation from an Englishman to visit him because he had seen I was preparing a life of Nelson & his father had served on board the Victory, Nelson's flag ship at Trafalgar, and which I was intending this visit I had a letter from Mr. Henry Math to pass the usual Saturday to Monday with them - so I determined to combine the two.

Leaving here at 10 on Saturday, an hour brought me to Fareham where I was met at the station by my correspondent, Mr. Edgar Goble, a man of from 55 to 60. I had only three hours, and he had arranged to do more than I had expected; for he drove at once not to his own house but to that of Sir M^r. Parker, the son of an admiral of the same name,

who himself was the last to survive of the English Captains, who actually served as such under Nelson. The present Sir M^r is a man a little older than I and he has some very interesting relics &c, which he showed me. Chief among them was a portrait of Nelson of which I had never before heard, taken in Sept. 1805, when he returned to England after an absence of over two years, remaining only three weeks, and then leaving it for the last time - for he was killed Oct. 21. The artist presented it to Parker in 1838, with a note which is pasted now on the back giving the particulars. There were other interesting things, but nothing I can stop to mention. This portrait of the great admiral shows a worn sad expression which I have not noticed in others. We then drove to Mr. Goble's. His father was clerk to the captain of the Victory - Hardy - and in that capacity was near Nelson throughout the day - heard the talk about the famous signal "England expects every man to do his duty," and being near the admiral when that was one of the groups that stood

round him as he lay on deck before being carried
below to die. Owing to this he was called upon
to aid Mr. Benjamin West - an artist of
American birth but long resident in London -
to group his picture of the Death of Nelson,
where Goble's own face appears. He has handed
down a singular story. The day before the
battle, while they were trying to close with
the enemy's fleet, he dined at Nelson's table,
and the admiral then said, "To-morrow I
shall do that which will give you young
gentlemen something to think about and talk
about for the rest of your lives; but I
shall not live to talk of it myself." This
confirms the remark he also made next
morning to a captain who took leave of
him to go back to his own ship - "God bless
Blackwood, I shall never see you again" -
and shows that he had a real presentiment.
Mr. Goble had asked to meet me at
lunch Admiral the Hon. Maurice
Horatio Nelson, the brother of the present

Earl Nelson, who descends not from the great
Nelson but from one of his sisters, but the
patent which permitted the peerage to
descend in the female line provided also
that its holders should take the family name
Nelson. The present admiral is a great Com-
moplace man enough, who has long since
retired from active service - but I very meet-
ing him have an invitation from Earl
Nelson to visit him at his seat, appro-
priately called Trafalgar, which I shall
of course try to do. From Farnham I took the
train to Portsmouth where I had to take a
fresh start for Guildford, the station of the
Whites. I met in the train a young English
army officer whom I had known in Nice
last winter, and had with him a short
talk - then for forty minutes of sleep,
which pretty well pushed me, and from the
station a drive of half an hour brought me
to the house now occupied by my friends

a charming old English Country seat, built
between three and four hundred years & having
still traces of the moat which was needed in
those fearful times. It has a great hall two
stories high, full of portraits each of which has
its history, several of English Sovereigns who
have from time to time been guests there.
Mr. White told me that he had been telegraphing
to all sorts of celebrities & met me - chiefly
Statesmen - but all were enjoyed. I was not
particularly sorry to have a quiet time, with-
out any mental strain, and the very small
company gathered were easy and pleasant.
One, as you already know, was an old Admi-
ral of Mamma's, a Mrs. Sands. I think
she was genuinely pleased to hear of
Mamma again, though Nancy has
pretty well settled to be English the rest
of her days. Mrs. White told me that she
had had a success for when she first
came out in London, but it is easy to

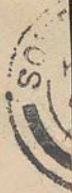
see she is not happy. Maxima will be interested and friend I hear that her husband, who was an utter unbeliever, completely destroyed his wife's faith, so that she is like so many other poor creatures that now grope wistfully through life. As the prophet Isaiah has it: "The people for the most part are like the blind, and we grope as if we had no eyes: we stumble at noonday as in the night." I had a good deal of talk with her first and last - she goes in for psychological research & all that, but she shows the evident trace of association with other people. I doubt her being clear herself. She seems to have seen a great deal of Gladstone & to be really attached to him; and she tells me that his chief interest in life was in religion - so that, though now off duty for ever in this life, he has the solid found-

of peace and happiness before him. Quite a contrast to Mrs. Sand's was Dr. Merrin, the American Chaplain who has been in Rome for near thirty years. Strong, smiling, gentle, self-satisfied, though not unpleasantly so, an interesting talker, yet always about his own doings - a man who has been successful, moderately important and who spent so - in all respects a singular foible & the sensitive rather brooding and evidently uncontented face of Mrs. Sand's. Besides these there were two or three young American men of means - one of whom asked me to come and stay with him at a place he has taken near Cambridge. Mrs. White spoke again of the number of distinguished men who had been carried away by their admiration of any books - mentioning names; and Mrs. Sand said she had sent to the library for it and

received the reply that there were a
hundred copies out and none in; but
it seems now there must be some
mistake here. A letter from Mr. Marston
yesterday says they are still selling well,
and he enclosed me a circular he is sending
out to all schools, calling attention to
their suitability for prizes. On Sunday
afternoon the Duke of Connaught rode over
with one of his staff at 5 o'clock tea. We
were not invited to dine with the German
Empress - although he gave a large dinner
on his yacht - and I am inclined to fear
that we omitted some mark of attention.
Possibly, it was in a failure to write our
names in his book; but however it be
of course don't mention my surname out-
side. After all, there was no reason why we
should be asked. Tuesday Aug 28 I will close
now dear child - simply saying I am well. Much
love to mamma & the others

Yours fond father

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