CHAPTER XXII

LAST MONTHS: THE CALL OF KEDLESTON

1924–1925

In the British Note of August the 11th, 1923, in which was set forth the attitude of the British Government towards the Franco-German crisis, one of the most striking passages was that in which an epitome was given of the economic burden under which the British people laboured. The statement that since the Armistice the British taxpayer had been compelled to provide so vast a sum as £400,000,000, merely to keep from starvation the army of able-bodied men who were crying for work which no longer existed, brought home dramatically to the public the magnitude of the economic catastrophe which had overtaken Europe. And, bad as the situation was, it seemed likely to become worse rather than better so long as the two chief nations on the continent continued to squander their resources in an exhausting, and, as had long since become apparent to the onlooker, a futile political struggle.

The hopeless disorganisation introduced into the German economic system by the paralysis of one of her most highly developed industrial areas, had had an immediate influence on British foreign trade, while, paradoxically, the fall in the French exchange gave French exporters a striking if temporary advantage in competition with the British manufacturer in his own home market. One million, three hundred and fifty thousand British workmen were without work. To many it seemed that a desperate situation called for desperate remedies. And it was in these circumstances that the Prime Minister made a sudden announcement that, if he was to deal

effectively with a state of affairs which was already alarming and which at any moment might become disastrous, he must be free to employ tariffs for the protection of British industry in the home market. And since he held himself bound by the pledge given by his predecessor not to do so without the authority of the electors, he announced his intention of appealing to the country.

Lord Curzon's enthusiasm for Protection, never great, had dwindled after the General Elections of 1910, in which year a Protectionist programme had twice been rejected by the country. "Of course I agree with you," he had written to Alfred Lyttelton some time afterwards; "I do not believe that with the food taxes we shall ever have a substantial win, and four successive defeats for Tariff Reform will be enough to crush any programme." It is true that the food taxes of Mr. Chamberlain's earlier programme were dropped by Mr. Baldwin; but this did little to reconcile Lord Curzon to the step which was about to be taken. And in his correspondence he made no attempt to disguise his opinion of its unwisdom—

> "We are being involved, as I think, quite unnecessarily and unwisely in a conflict that can only be solved by a General Election. That this can strengthen the Government, I can hardly believe; that it may materially weaken us, is at least probable."[1]

Five days later in a letter to the same correspondent he returned to the subject—

> "Personally I deeply regret and deplore what I regard as a premature and unnecessary dissolution. But the Prime Minister is very confident."[2]

The critical state of affairs on the Continent provided him with a valid excuse for taking no part in the electoral campaign, which resulted, as he had foretold, in materially weakening the Government. "Who can explain acts of political insanity?" he asked in a

[1] Letter to Lord Crewe, dated November 12th, 1923.
[2] *Ibid.*, November 17th, 1923.

MR. BALDWIN AND LORD CURZON
On the eve of the Resignation of the Government, January 1924.

letter to Lord Lamington. "Not I. I did my best to stop it, foreseeing the inevitable and disastrous consequences. I would, indeed, have done very differently."[1]

With the Conservative party now in a minority in the House of Commons, the defeat of the Government was only a question of days. The fatal division took place on January the 21st, and on Wednesday, January the 23rd, 1924, Ministers with seals to hand over were received in audience by the King. "I handed over the seals this morning," Lord Curzon wrote, "and am now *functus officio*."[2]

Thus there passed from the Foreign Office, never to return to it, a man who during five fateful years had held in his hands the manifold threads of British Foreign Policy. Some historian of the future will see in truer perspective the crowded happenings of these tumultuous times, and will thus be in a position to determine with greater assurance than is at present possible the place to which his administration at the Foreign Office entitles him in the long line of distinguished men who have guided the fortunes of their country in her relations, sometimes cordial, at other times cool, at others, again, noisily explosive, with the nations of the world. Lord Curzon himself died a disillusioned and a disappointed man—to those who really understood him, a lonely and an infinitely pathetic figure. Judged by the level of achievement—not in this Office or in that, but in the wider field of public life at large—to which he had persistently aspired, he wrote himself down a failure. History, it may be, will take a different view. For the present the dust of controversy hangs too thick over the scene to admit of dispassionate judgment; and the opinions of to-day, formed at close quarters to the scenes enacted, may well be modified or reversed by the surer judgment of to-morrow. Nevertheless, contemporary opinion has its value, and the attempt to focus it should not be shirked.

Those who watched closely his actual work as Foreign Minister were alternately amazed at his industry and ability and baffled by

[1] Letter dated December 29th, 1923.
[2] Letter to Lord Crewe.

the comparative poverty of the results which they produced. His analysis of a situation was superb; his exposition of it unsurpassed in picturesqueness and lucidity. Yet his advice as to the action to be taken in the circumstances which he had so brilliantly expounded, was strangely indecisive and disappointing. Why so? it will be asked. The answer, I think, is that his whole interest lay in the actual work of analysis and presentation. His mind, with its passion for detail and its tremendous strength for dealing with a multitude of small things simultaneously, delighted in bringing together the factors leading up to a particular situation, arranging them in proper order much as a skilled craftsman would put together the stones of a mosaic, and presenting a picture complete in itself for the inspection of his colleagues. His interest, that is to say, was in the past and in the present rather than in the future; and just as the interest of a man engaged in fitting together the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle comes to an end with the completion of the picture, so did Lord Curzon's interest wane when his case had been presented. It was the same in other matters—in the restoration of a building, for example. His interest lay much more in the actual work of restoration than in the subsequent possession of the renovated edifice. It followed that in the matter of a problem of Foreign Policy his concern with the results of his action was comparatively small; and herein is to be found the explanation of the difficulty which his colleagues in the Cabinet often experienced in persuading him to give a lead.

There is no doubt, too, that he was unfortunate in the circumstances of the time at which he was called upon to take control of the Foreign Policy of the country. The part imposed on him by the conditions of the post-war world was not that which he was best fitted to play. Autocratic by nature, he was never at his best in a position of subordination; and for reasons which have been given in Chapter XVI, the Foreign Minister of post-war Britain found himself subordinate to an unusual degree to the dominant figure of the Prime Minister of the day. Those who knew him as Viceroy of India, where he was supreme within the sphere allotted to him, will be ready enough to believe that, had he himself become Prime Minister, he would have loomed far larger upon the international

stage than as Foreign Minister he actually appeared to do. In the event of his being entrusted with the formation of a Ministry he had, indeed, determined to combine in his own person the two offices of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, just as in earlier days in England his old Chief, Lord Salisbury, had done; as, in accordance with Indian administrative practice, he had himself done throughout the seven years of his Viceroyalty; and as, less than a year later, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald actually did. "I was knocked out," he had explained in a letter to Lord Crewe, written two days after he had learned his fate, "not at all because it was thought impossible that I should combine the two offices of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary—because I had made up my mind, if invited, to try it at least for a time; but because the Opposition party in the House of Commons being in the majority a Labour party, the King thought that the Head of the Government must be there to answer them."[1]

There was another respect in which, in the circumstances of the time, he was at some disadvantage. He had not behind him the resources, spiritual or material, which in other days might have justified him as Foreign Secretary in playing a part more in keeping with his nature—the part not so much of a diplomatist as of a dictator. The country was war-weary; her troops had been disbanded; she was neither in the mood nor in a position, as Lord Curzon realised only too well, to shout challenges and wave flags. It was to the credit of his discernment that he appreciated from the first the nature of the chasm that separated the post-war from the pre-war world. He was not so quick to realise that he was not himself so well equipped by nature to play the part which the changes wrought—not in Europe only, but throughout the world—imposed upon him. He admitted that the qualities which the British Foreign Minister had now to cultivate were those, not of enterprise and daring, but of endless patience, never-failing equanimity and tact. And he never seems to have doubted that these were qualities of which he himself could boast. It was this belief that blinded him to the feelings which he often excited in the Ambassadors of foreign Powers. "I do not think that either A or B found me difficult to get on with," he wrote in December 1923 to a life-long

[1] Letter dated May 24th, 1923.

friend who had hinted, half in earnest and half in jest, that the parts of schoolmaster and pupil were not wholly applicable in the case of a Foreign Minister and the accredited representatives of foreign Governments. And he added that he did not think that any Ambassador had found him other than easy to get on with—"I have been on very friendly terms with all." Let it be at once admitted that this belief was not well-founded. There was, strongly developed in his moral make-up, a distaste for pretence of any sort which dissuaded him from any attempt to disguise his own feelings, even if he had been capable of doing so. "The proportion of the whole truth that ought to be told in the domain of statecraft," he once wrote, "is a question open to dispute. But at least let me side with those who abhor the diplomatic lie."[1] And even if he had cultivated a taste for *finesse*, he would never have become proficient at the art. For his emotions, always powerful and clamorous for expression, were faithfully reflected through their varying phases in his speech and mien. And in proportion as he spurned subtlety, so was he frank—at times even to the point of rudeness—in giving expression to what was in his mind. He could, indeed, be shatteringly outspoken. And in these days of slow and painful recovery from wounds such as humanity had never before known, when the nerves, not of individuals only, but of nations, were on edge, there were incidents in their relations which might well have stung to anger men far more phlegmatic than Lord Curzon.

Yet even with the times thus out of joint, it may be said with confidence that to the student of some future day Lord Curzon will stand out a great and arresting figure against the shifting background of his age. It may well be that he will seem a little to have outlived his day; that his manner and deportment—even the stately forms of diction which he affected—fitted historically into an earlier setting; that he stood like an island—the lone fragment of a receding continent which had all but passed from view, submerged by the swiftly rising waters of twentieth-century democracy. Yet for this very reason, perhaps, his stately figure, wrapped in the grand manner of a vanishing age, will stand out in sharper outline and will shine with an added splendour as it is viewed down the lengthening flights of

[1] In his Preface to "Persia and the Persian Question."

time. And he will be recognised, if not as a Foreign Minister of outstanding greatness, yet as a great exemplar of a type which has played a memorable part in the history of Great Britain, and above all, as a statesman whose conduct was based on the loftiest conception of international morality and inspired by the highest standard of patriotic duty.

. . . . .

Lord Curzon's life as a Cabinet Minister did not end with his departure from the Foreign Office in January 1924; but with his realisation that the Premiership was forever beyond his grasp, and that the doors of the Foreign Office too were henceforth closed against him, his return to office in the autumn of the year was dictated by considerations other than those of personal inclination. He agreed to join the Government as Lord President of the Council, Leader in the House of Lords and Chairman of the Committee of Imperial Defence; but he did so without enthusiasm. "There is a Council to-morrow morning," he wrote on November the 6th, "at which I shall preside for the first time, as in 1916, as President, and all the new Ministers will be sworn in. How unlike my last experience, when all was new and promising."[1] He had taken part in the Election that had resulted in the return of the Conservative party to power; but he had done so solely from a sense of what was due from one occupying his position in the counsels of the party. "I have agreed to speak at Leicester," he had written in September, "at a big public meeting, on November the 18th, as, though standing or sitting on a platform for two hours is a great trial for me, I must play my part."[2] Any reflections on his work as Foreign Secretary cut him to the quick and added to the distaste with which he now viewed political life:

> "Politics, as we have often remarked, are a dirty game and the mud which others stir seems to settle with an almost malignant monotony on me. As you know, I would never have swallowed what I have done or consented to take office again,

[1] Letter to Lady Curzon.
[2] Letter to Lady Curzon, dated September 16th, 1924.

were it not that you so strongly wished me to do so and that I am always urged, and indeed expected, to do the big thing."[1]

The tone of his letters when writing of those other interests which had always vied with politics for the leading place in his affections, possessed by contrast a profound significance. Only a few days after he had spoken of the trial which platform speaking had become to him, he was writing in a strain of exuberant excitement of a visit to Tattershall Castle:

> "I had a most successful day at Tattershall yesterday, Butler accompanying me. He was ravished with its beauty, as was I. Everything in perfect order and beautifully kept. On our way back we just had time to rush into Lincoln Cathedral, 5 p.m., nearly dark, but a service going on in the choir and the glorious voices of the boys ringing down the vast and lofty nave. It was a thing to be remembered."[2]

Indeed, more and more after the shattering day in May, 1923, did he fall back upon that strange side of his Protean personality which delighted to invest inanimate things with the attributes of life and in particular to envelop piles of masonry in an aroma of rich romance. From the first, Kedleston Hall, standing "in serene beauty on the great stretches of gravel and lawns surrounding it, a silvery-grey mass on an unrelieved plain of grey and green,"[3] as I had occasion to remark in the opening sentences of this biography, had made a deep and abiding impression on George Curzon's young and plastic mind. There was something that appealed instinctively and with a peculiar intimacy to him in the stately lines of the eighteenth-century mansion with its vast and impressive pillared hall, its domed saloon, its curving galleries, its massive fireplaces, its rich cornices and decorative friezes, its beautiful ceilings—the masterpieces of Robert Adam and Angelica Kauffman working in happy and fruitful collaboration—its

[1] Letter to Lady Curzon, dated November 8th, 1924.
[2] *Ibid.*, dated September the 24th, 1924.
[3] Mr. A. S. C. Butler in his "Substance of Architecture," q.v.

Corinthian columns of solid English alabaster and its Doric porticoes.

During the greater part of his life, circumstances carried him far afield; and even after his father's death, in 1916, he continued to live at Hackwood Park; but always in the background of his life Kedleston stood, a great and magnificent reality, a thing of endurance in a world of flux, an imperishable link holding him to the soil on which for eight historic centuries Curzons had been born, had lived and died. Even during the years that he had spent away from her he had thought often of her, pored over such records of her past as he could find, and with diligent and loving care pieced together the details of her story.

It was to Kedleston, the scene of his earliest and tenderest memories, the last resting-place to which, by his desire, all that was mortal of him was taken after his life's close, that he turned in all the crises of his life. And if one seeks evidence of that side of his iridescent character which for the most part lay hidden from the public gaze—his tremendous capacity for devotion, whether to an individual or to an ideal—it is in the ancient Norman church, which for more than eight centuries had stood under the shadow of the successive mansions that had risen and fallen on the site of Kedleston Hall, that one will find it. For it was to Kedleston that he bore the mortal remains of Mary Victoria, first Lady Curzon of Kedleston, in those days of indescribable woe when death snatched her from him; and it was in Kedleston Church that he built the lovely memorial chapel, in the perfecting of which he found an outlet for his immense and imperishable love. In every detail the chapel was his own creation. No obstacle was allowed to stand in the way of his achieving the nearest approach to perfection of which his creative genius might prove capable. The quarries of Derbyshire, of Italy, of Belgium, and even of Russia; the workshops of Rome, London, Venice, Genoa, Spain, Portugal and Mexico were ransacked in his search for what he wanted. The churches of many lands were laid under contribution to provide either the originals, or failing these, the models for the chapel furniture. From Venice he secured silver lamps; from Genoa the crimson velvet altar cloth; from Portugal the crucifix; from Spain the eighteenth

century candlesticks upon the altar and the carved and painted wooden panels of sixteenth-century work representing the Descent from the Cross and the Adoration; from Mexico the silver lectern, and from Germany the wrought-iron hanging electrolier. The cathedral at Pavia provided models for bronze candelabra; the church of Sta. Maria Maggiore at Rome for sculptured panels for the adornment of the walls; the cathedrals of Spain for the iron grilles shutting off the chapel from the nave of the church. Yet all these provided but the setting for the main feature of the fane—the elaborate monument of marble which it was to enshrine.

In his imagination Lord Curzon had pictured a group of figures sculptured in pure white marble and resting upon a floor of unbroken green. And not until after a quest extending over two years did he succeed in procuring from the Ural mountains a sufficient quantity of the translucent quartz, known as aventurine, to enable him to carry out his scheme. Upon the floor thus carefully prepared now rests what has been described as Sir Bertram Mackennal's masterpiece and one of the supreme artistic achievements of the time, a tomb of white Italian Serravezza marble, on which repose the recumbent figures of Lord and Lady Curzon, over whom bend two angels holding out to them the celestial crown of love.

It was at the suggestion of one of the earliest of his friends[1] that he agreed to his own effigy being laid, while he still lived, beside that of his dead wife, giving as the reason for his consent the tragic truth that with her death his own youth had perished also.

Out of the bottomless depths of his grief and his devotion he drew the words which he caused to be graven on the tomb. On one side is the affirmation of his love:

M. V. C.
QUI JAMPRIDEM AMABAT
HODIE AMAT
CRAS AMABIT
IN AETERNUM AMANDAM
G. N. C.

And on the other, a verse from that poem which all through his

[1] Violet, Duchess of Rutland.

life had lingered in his memory, the "Blessed Damozel" of D. G. Rossetti, in which he read her answer to his own fervid protestation:

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me
Only to live as once on earth
With love, only to be
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he."

No one who has once set foot across the threshold of what must surely be one of the most perfect private memorial chapels in existence, can fail reverently to bow his head in recognition of love so great and of so fine a texture. One glimpse of this, the love offering of his ardent soul—could the public but have it—would shatter for ever the popular myth of George Curzon as the cold and pompous hero of the notorious college rhyme.

And now, when so far as his public career was concerned, the golden bowl seemed broken, it was to Kedleston that he turned for solace, and it was in his plans for the renovation of the mansion that he found the interest and the occupation without which life for him became an empty and meaningless dream. In 1926 his lease of Hackwood would run out, and for some time past he had been planning such alterations at Kedleston as would enable him to move into a modernised mansion in that year. "I have done a lot while here," he wrote in 1919, "in clearing out old books, arranging the library, getting old furniture mended and making plans for the alteration of the house."[1]

Concurrently with his preparations for introducing into the interior of the house every possible modern convenience, he was engaged on the collection of material for histories of the house, the church, the family and the estate. "I have, I think, examined every scrap of paper or item of evidence that has been left at Kedleston and have filled many lacunæ by independent research." Thus he wrote in his introduction to the series of which one volume only—that on Kedleston Church—was completed and printed for private

[1] Letter to Lady Curzon.

circulation before he died. Here once again, as so often before, he indulged his passion for reconstructing the past, for breathing the breath of life into that from which it had ebbed away, for "making these dry bones live." And as he did so, he made clear something of the veneration with which he regarded the ancient social order that sprang from feudal England. Something more than a purely local or personal interest clung to records of the families, churches and houses of Great Britain, since they constituted a fragment of the domestic history of the country, reproducing on a small stage the effects and movements of the outer world:

> "Son succeeds father for generation after generation; he retains, or adds to, or diminishes the patrimony of his ancestors; he builds or rebuilds or alters the family mansion; he takes part in the public life of his country; he discharges according to his lights his duty towards his neighbours and dependents—and the picture presented, though miniature in scale, is a microcosm of the larger life of the community whose evolution it assists to illustrate. It may even have a personality in which the more spacious canvas of the historian is wanting."

And of greater assistance in the task of reconstruction than the musty manuscripts of the muniment room themselves were the actual buildings:

> "Buildings where they have escaped the perils of fire, restoration, or other dangers, are documents at once more vivid and more valuable, since they carry their history all but indelibly written on their face. Particularly is this true of churches where the history of the past can often be recovered with an almost microscopic fidelity from the architecture, and where sculptured effigies faithfully delineate the features, dress and style of successive epochs."[1]

For some time past, indeed, he had been preparing for a possible day when public affairs might no longer claim him. A vision of life

[1] Introduction to the series of Monographs on Kedleston.

at Kedleston, amid whose peaceful surroundings he might spend long, joyous hours plying his pen, not on official Memoranda and Despatches, but on those many other subjects which he loved, was one which grew in attractiveness as the years wore on.

> "When I have closed the Foreign Office bag," he wrote one day in September, 1921, "I will go and stroll round the pleasure ground and will endeavour to get some peace on this lovely September evening. I have never seen a more lovely autumn. Every evening sunlit, still, quite soundless—the sort of unbroken peace that precedes the beginning of decay. How you would love it, or rather, I would love it the more with you. You will see great improvements when you come here, but it will take me the full four years to get things right."[1]

Amid these surroundings the drone of the daily drudgery of Whitehall sounded infinitely far off; and peculiarly susceptible, as always, to the influence of his environment, peace fell gently upon his restless spirit. One thing only was wanted to give him real happiness—the presence of the sympathetic and well-loved companionship upon which he leaned so heavily in these later and lonely days.

> "I do so regret that you have had no share in this amazing autumn here. I have never known anything like it; fog or mist in the morning, but after this has lifted about 10.30 a.m. the most wonderfully pearly air and mellow sunlight, Nature resting in a still trance and parading her exquisite beauties before she sinks into decay. It is with anguish that on Sunday night or Monday I tear myself away."[2]

The beauty of Nature was a never failing source of wonder; and two years later to a day he was describing, in almost identical language, the effect that autumn days at Kedleston had upon him:

> "To-day has been positively divine; and now at 7.15 p.m. there is that wonderful stillness in the air—an almost unearthly

[1] Letter to Lady Curzon, dated September the 7th, 1921.
[2] *Ibid.*, dated October 16th, 1921.

radiance that I used to describe to you at Schwalbach in the same month two years ago."[1]

How he revelled in the planning and not least in the doing—as far as possible with his own hands—of the improvements that kept forming in his mind. "I am planning everything out so that when we move from Hackwood in a little over four years time, everything may move naturally into its place here."[2]

And how he relished other people's lack of efficiency as a foil against which to parade his own:

> "As the Park keeper would not take the weed off the water, nor keep the boat-house clean, nor keep the grass cut in front of it, I went into Derby myself and bought a scythe, a pair of clippers, a rake and a broom. Now he has no excuse."[3]

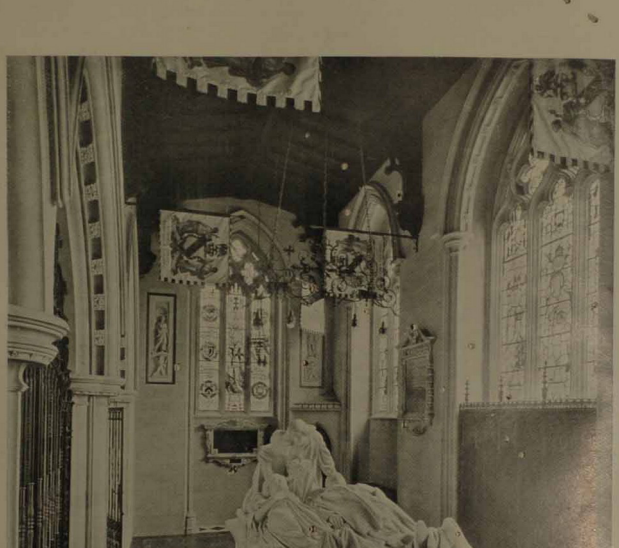
The claims of Whitehall interfered grievously with these activities. "I shall be back in London Tuesday night and in the full tide of work—Cabinets, etc., on Wednesday. How detestable. But I shall try to get down here for Sunday."[4] In September 1923 he was even more emphatic.

> "On Monday I have to go to town for Cabinets and the autumn work which is now beginning. I look forward to it with horror."[5]

As his passion for politics burned itself out, his passion for Kedleston grew. "Politics are a sorry game," he wrote in a letter to Lady Curzon on February the 3rd, 1924, "and your difficulty will be to keep me in them at all." And the next day—"Just a line after a hard day in the garden."

During the last eighteen months of his life he seldom missed a week-end there. He had found an architect after his own heart—one who was prepared to put himself unreservedly at his disposal, to

[1] Letter to Lady Curzon, dated September 9th, 1923.
[2] *Ibid.*, dated September 11th, 1921.
[3] *Ibid.*, dated September 7th, 1921.
[4] *Ibid.*, dated October 2nd, 1921.
[5] *Ibid.*, dated September 20th, 1923.



MEMORIAL CHAPEL AND MONUMENT
(erected by Lord Curzon at Kedleston.)

THE GREAT PAINTED HALL AT PEDLESTON

By courtesy of Country Life.

whose lure he could not resist when in contact with it, he was almost happy—if, that is to say, true happiness may be defined as spiritual contentment.

At the end of February 1925, he was spending the week-end as usual, planning and directing operations, when he became unwell. Reconstruction was in full swing and scarcely a room in the house was habitable. Lord Curzon retired to bed, therefore, in the great state bedroom where—because he refused to allow the introduction of radiators into this apartment—he lay wearing an overcoat and gloves under the large Adam canopy, covered with a blue silk counterpane, reading a magazine. Though he had no sort of idea of it, he was not again to see Kedleston alive.

He was so accustomed to bodily infirmity that he thought little of what he imagined was a passing indisposition, and a week later he proceeded to Cambridge to fulfil a public engagement. While dressing for dinner he was seized with an attack of illness which necessitated the summoning of a surgeon. On the following day he was taken by Lady Curzon to London, and an operation was decided on. He seems to have had no premonition of impending doom, for on March the 8th, the day before the operation, he wrote in reply to a letter of sympathy from the Prime Minister—"I am not in the least afraid of the operation and I am sure I shall get through alright. And, with a touch of that charm of manner which, on occasion, he knew so well how to employ, he added:

> "Let me congratulate you on your wonderful speech. It was a sure instinct that persuaded you to make it; and the reception it met with must be as welcome to you as it was delightful to your colleagues."

The public were equally unprepared for the fatal termination of his illness which came on the morning of March the 20th, for the daily bulletins, as was admitted later in the House of Lords, had all along rather understated than overestimated the seriousness of his condition, in the expectation that the patient would insist on seeing them. He might indeed have lived but for his own impetuosity and intolerance of restraint. But with his small reserves of strength

interests of the great world in which for more than forty years Lord Curzon had been a familiar and an arresting figure, the first part of the funeral service was read in Westminster Abbey. From the Abbey the coffin was conveyed the same evening to Kedleston, where it lay in state in the great pillared hall until the following day. Lord Curzon himself could have wished for no more fitting home-coming. From the town of Derby, where flags flew at half-mast and silent crowds and shuttered windows told their tale of mourning, the cortège passed on to Kedleston, bearing all that was mortal of him into the keeping of his own people. There in their midst on March the 26th he was laid finally to rest, borne on the shoulders of the estate tenantry from the solemn and moving service in the central hall of the cherished home whence he had gone forth in the morning of his earthly journey and to which he had returned in the waning light of evening, to the quiet of the ancient church which carried down the centuries the memories and traditions of generations of his race. Here was not the pomp and panoply of the outer world—rather the quiet simplicity, the happy intimacy of domestic England. He would not himself have had it otherwise. "We lay her to rest peacefully, no show. This is as she would have wished," he had written of the burial of Mary Victoria, first Lady Curzon of Kedleston. And now he lies at rest himself, beside her in the family vault beneath the lovely Memorial Chapel which he had spent so much time and thought in erecting and adorning.

Upon a tablet to his memory has been graven by loving hands this epitaph:

> In divers offices and in many lands
> As Explorer, Writer, Administrator and Ruler of men
> He sought to serve his Country
> And add honour to an ancient name.'