The Landmark Trust

LUTTRELL'S TOWER

History Album

Written by Charlotte Haslam

**Updated by Alastair Dick-Cleland in1998,
with further research/updates by
Caroline Stanford in 2009 & 2013**

The Landmark Trust Shottesbrooke Maidenhead Berkshire SL6 3SW
Charity registered in England & Wales 243312 *and Scotland* SC039205

Bookings 01628 825925 *Office* 01628 825920 *Facsimile* 01628 825417
Website www.landmarktrust.org.uk

KEY FACTS

Built: c. 1780

Designed by: Thomas Sandby

For: Temple Simon Luttrell

Last owner: Colonel Gates

Acquired by the Landmark Trust: 1968

Architect: Paul Pearn of Pearn & Procter

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Luttrell's Tower, attributed to Francis Grose *c.*1790.
(Southampton University Cope Collection)

Summary

Luttrell's Tower was built in around 1780 for Temple Simon Luttrell, owner of the Eaglehurst Estate at that time. On stylistic grounds, the tower's architect was long thought to be James Wyatt. However, in 1990 Roger White of the Georgian Group recognised the tower in a drawing at Vassar Art Gallery in New York State, by architect Thomas Sandby. Thomas, whose brother was the better known Paul Sandby, designed few buildings. Comparison of the drawing with Luttrell's Tower proved the tower to be by Thomas Sandby, the only one of his buildings known to survive. It is built in the so-called Gothick style, made fashionable by Horace Walpole's house at Strawberry Hill in Twickenham, intended as a whimsical echo of the Middle Ages.

In the 18th century, the tower was known both as Eaglehurst, after the estate on which it stood, and Luttrell's Folly, for it belongs to that class of buildings that are built more for fun than serious intent. This tower was more substantial than most follies, since it contained bedrooms and kitchens as well as a fine top floor with views across the Solent to the Isle of Wight. It seems even then it was used as a retreat for the family. An account written in 1790 tells us that 'Several subterraneous passages lead from the area to a number of marquees, to which the family retires when the turbulence of the weather renders a residence in the house disagreeable. In these tents there are several beds, and also a kitchen. The house being small, these retreats are both cool and agreeable. At their backs stands a yew hedge, which protects them from the severity of the north and north-west winds. From hence another passage leads to a bathing house on the beach. All these retreats are well bricked and floored: but so very wet at times that they are impassable'.

Temple Simon Luttrell belonged to a colourful and well-connected Irish family. His father, Simon Temple Luttrell, was created Earl of Carhampton in 1785. Temple Simon Luttrell had two notorious sisters, Anne and Elizabeth. Anne married George IV's younger brother, the foolish Duke of Cumberland, who employed Thomas Sandby as his deputy for his own role as Ranger of Windsor Park, which may have been how the commission at Eaglehurst came about. Temple Simon Luttrell had quite an eventful life, including being arrested by revolutionaries in Boulogne in 1793, who exhibited him as the captured brother of the King of England. We do not know for sure why he built the folly. Local tradition claims he built it for smuggling, with its underground tunnel to the beach. Graffiti in the tunnel suggests it may predate the tower, so perhaps there was earlier smuggling activity here. Certainly, smuggling was rife along this part of the coast in the 18th century, but there is no firm evidence that our Luttrell was a smuggler.

After Luttrell's death in 1803, the tower was bought by the 7th Earl of Cavan, a distinguished soldier in the Napoleonic Wars and commander of the British army in Egypt. It was he who brought back the enormous pair of feet at the top of the steps down to the beach, thought to be the base of a statue of Ramses II of the XIXth dynasty, perhaps brought back as ballast in a supply ship. Cavan also

built the house at Eaglehurst, one of the first houses in England of any size to be built as a bungalow. The future Queen Victoria, visiting when she was fourteen in 1833, was very taken by it. 'They live entirely on the ground floor like tents', she wrote in her Journal. Later, as queen, Victoria seriously considered buying the house at Eaglehurst as her seaside residence before finally deciding on Osborne House on the Isle of Wight. In 1844, the 8th Earl sold the estate and tower to a local, Dr Drummond, who bought it to prevent its development as part of the seaside boom. For the next hundred years, the house and tower formed the venues for smart parties thrown by a succession of tenants.

The most famous of these tenants was Guglielmo Marconi, pioneer of radio, who rented the tower from 1911 to 1916 because it was conveniently close to another station near the Needles. He used the top room of the tower as a radio laboratory. His daughter recalled climbing to the very top of the tower with her mother, to wave a red scarf to the Titanic as she sailed from Southampton, on her doomed maiden voyage.

The next tenants, Sir Guy and Lady Granet, commissioned architect Clough Williams-Ellis (who built Portmeirion in North Wales) to design the steps from the tower down to the beach. As Williams-Ellis also recalled in a letter in 1975, he 'had the fun of restoring & embellishing the Gothick tower folly & surroundings & contriving a "perspective" garden etc.' During the Second World War, the RAF requisitioned the Tower as a lookout, removing its white flag pole as too conspicuous to the enemy. After the war, the tower was bought by Colonel Gates (of Cow & Gate) who repaired it and made some minor alterations. In 1965, he made the tower habitable year round by installing a modern bathroom and kitchen, laying wooden floors and replacing all the chimney pieces except that on the ground floor. The cellar was plastered and painted, the sea tunnel re-opened and the iron gates re-hung. Marconi's top room was restored: the plasterwork was re-done and the shell frieze reinstated and the room became Colonel Gates's bedroom.

After all this work, relatively little needed to be done by the Landmark Trust when we acquired the tower in 1968 (the main house and gardens are privately owned). Under architect Philip Jebb's direction, the tower's bathroom was made to exit onto the stairs rather than through the first floor bedroom and a new loo was constructed off the stairs. A new kitchen was put in on the top floor, where there had been an en suite bathroom to the Colonel's bedroom, and the sitting room was moved from the ground floor to this top floor. The front door was moved back to the bottom of the stair turret, having become French windows from the ground floor room.

Luttrell's Tower's exposed position by the sea makes it a difficult and expensive building to maintain and it requires close and regular attention. A major repair and refurbishment campaign was carried out in 2003/4, giving greater emphasis to the tower's Georgian origins in its decoration. In 2010, new, bespoke wrought iron gates were installed leading down to the beach. Luttrell's Tower continues to be one of the most popular of Landmarks and has brought great enjoyment to countless visitors over the decades it has been in Landmark's care.

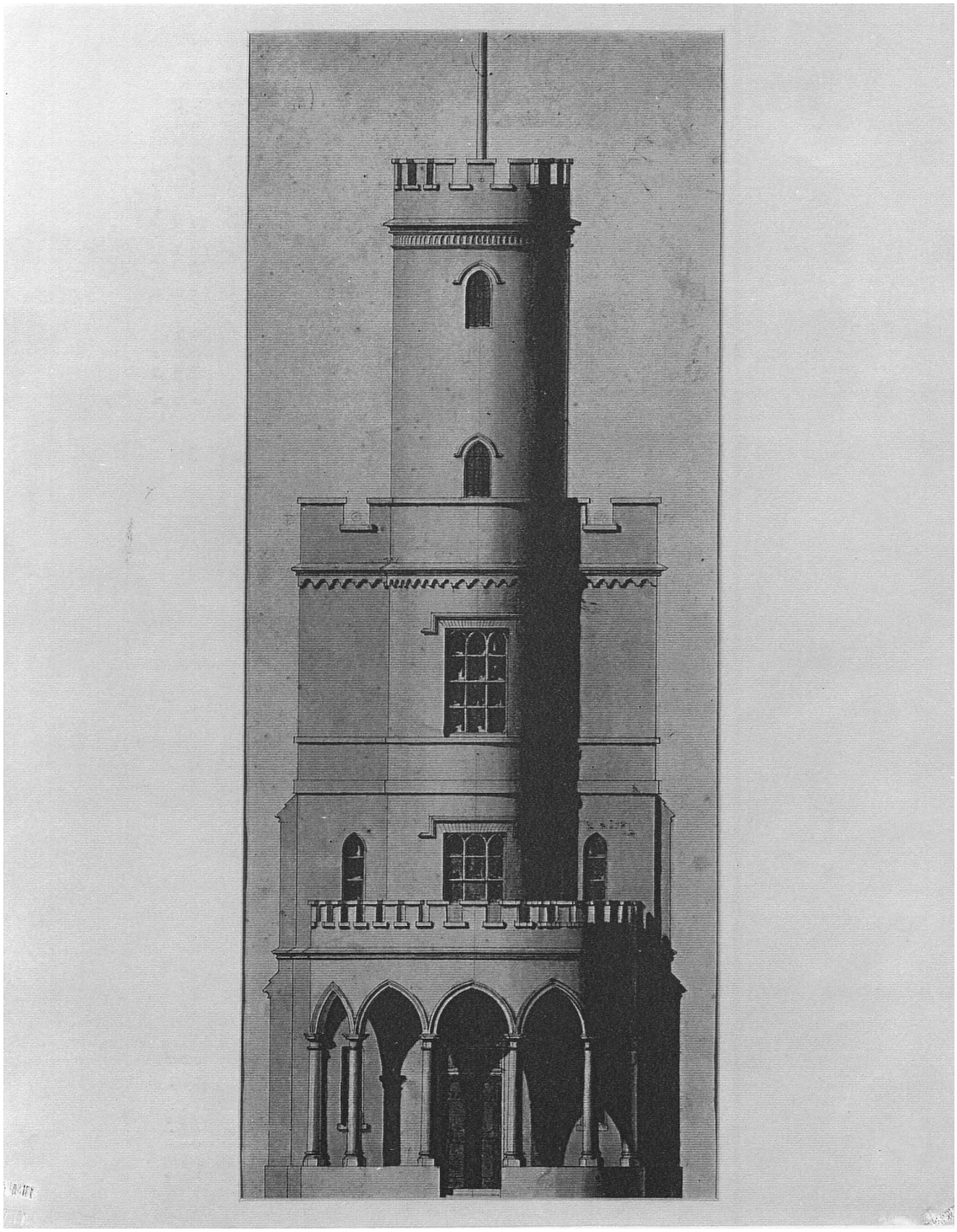
An Architect for Luttrell's Tower

Research into the history of buildings, however thorough we try to be, can still be a chancey affair. Sometimes luck is on our side, and we find just what we are looking for when we are looking for it. Very often, however, it is several years before a key piece of information surfaces. Luttrell's Tower is just such an example.

For many years the Tower had been tentatively attributed to James Wyatt. However, in 1990, while looking for something else, we came across a little sketch of Luttrell's dated to the 1790's and showing the tower with a semi-circular colonnaded porch that had not survived.

A few months later, Roger White, then Secretary of the Georgian Group appeared with a copy of a drawing he had seen at Vassar College Art Gallery in the USA. This was a design for a tower by the architect, Thomas Sandby, whose drawings had been at Vassar since 1864. Brother of Paul, Thomas Sandy was principally an academic and no extant building of his was known. However, there was now a hope that this particular design could be matched to an existing building because Roger White had at once noticed a strong resemblance to Luttrell's Tower, except for the presence of a colonnaded porch. When we compared the tower as built with the sketch, we found them to be one and the same building. Luttrell's Tower now has a known architect and the design been proved to have been executed.

(A copy of Roger White's article in the 1991 Georgian Group Journal is at the back of this album.)



Design for a Gothic Tower or Belvedere: Elevation
Thomas Sandby (1721-1798)
(Vassar College Art Gallery)

Luttrell's Tower was first mentioned in 1780 in a description of a print of Calshot Castle also by Thomas Sandby, a copy of which hangs in the sitting room:

> *"About a mile behind (Calshot) the Hon. Temple Luttrell has erected a very lofty tower, which commands an extensive prospect, and affords a very fine object for the Isle of Wight".*

"Has erected" sounds as though the building was new and would confirm the opinion of the Royal Commission on Historic Monuments, which dates it *c*.1780.

Early History of the Tower

In 1790 J Hassell made the following entry in his 'Tour of the Isle of Wight':

> *"Eaglehurst, or as it is generally named by the inhabitants of the coast, Luttrell's Folly, is built close to the shore and near the point on which stands Calshot Castle. The building is very whimsical, but neat and agreeable to the sight. On top of it a round tower is erected which was originally intended to have a full view over the southern shores of the Isle of Wight: but unfortunately the director or architect forgot that the ground on which it stands is not of equal height with the intervening mountains on the island.... The kitchens, except being damp in winter, are equally convenient with the other parts of the house. Several subterraneous passages lead from the area to a number of marquees, to which the family retires when the turbulence of the weather renders a residence in the house disagreeable. In these tents there are several beds, and also a kitchen. The house being small, these retreats are both cool and agreeable. At their back stands a yew hedge, which protects them from the severity of the north and north-west winds. From hence another passage leads to a bathing house on the beach. All these retreats are well bricked and floored: but so very wet at times that they are impassable".*

Fray painted it in water colours in 1793 and a print after a painting by I. Nixon was published in 1807. In both these pictures it is called Eaglehurst and looks very much as it does now. It is mentioned in 'Beauties of England and Wales', 1805, as "having banqueting and sitting rooms with offices detached".

Two years later William Gilpin, in his 'Forest Scenery', wrote:

> *"Near this part of the coast stands Luttrell's Tower, built as the station of a view; but it is intended for a habitable house likewise, the offices, which it could not contain, are constructed of canvas around it. It is finished in the*

highest style of expense; and, if it were not for the oddness and singularity of the conception and contrivance, it is so whimsical, and the end so inadequate to the expense, that we considered it, on the whole, as a glaring contrast to those pleasing scenes we had just examined at Exbury".

He goes on rather pedantically to belittle the view on account of its lack of foreground, but allows that:

"Though the view from Luttrell's Tower is not picturesque, it is certainly in a degree amusing. The whole area, constantly overspread with vessels of various kinds, is a perpetual moving scene; while the naked eye discovers in the distance a thousand objects and, through the telescope, a thousand more. Though the telescopic pleasures of the eye are very little allied to the pleasures of the painter, they still assist the amusement. The cliff on which this tower stands is about forty or fifty feet high, and is formed into a terrace, which runs a considerable way along the beach".

This engraving, dated 1807, shows that the colonnaded porch had gone by this date.

Another painting dated 1804 (but signed illegibly in pencil) also shows the portico very much as in the Francis Grose drawing. They both differ from Sandby's drawing in having an additional storey to both the portico and the top turret. Both these changes are quite likely to have been made at the time of construction. But, the print that appears in the European Magazine with the date 1807 shows that the colonnaded porch had already gone by this date. It shows the front door with a fanlight over it in the staircase tower; above that is an inscription; and above that again is quite a large window lighting the stairs. There is a niche above each of the ground floor windows and an imitation arrow slit on each side of the staircase above these niches on the top floor.

The Luttrell Family

Temple Simon Luttrell (1738-1803), the builder of Luttrell's Tower, was a member of a colourful, if slightly disreputable, Irish family. His grandfather Major General Henry Luttrell, went as a mercenary to France. Nineteeth-century historian Thomas Macaulay wrote that when Luttrell returned from France, he "brought back to his native Ireland a sharpened intellect and polished manners, a flattering tongue, some skill in war and more in intrigue". He defected from the Jacobites, but it was a dangerous time to dabble in politics and in 1717 he was shot dead in his sedan chair in Dublin.

His son, Simon Luttrell (1713-87, and the father of the builder of our tower) was an outspoken individual, and deeply involved in the corrupt politics of the day. He married Judith Maria Lawes, only daughter and heiress of Sir Nicholas Lawes, Governor of Jamaica, and together they had five sons and three daughters.

Simon Luttrell's quarrelsome nature led him to issue challenges to duel over parliamentary elections on several occasions. Horace Walpole said he had 'parts, wit and boldness' but wrote that his character and morals 'were not in good estimation.' The commentator Junius described him as 'this hoary lecher' and Lady Louisa Stuart as 'the greatest reprobate in England' (though one must always allow for the partisanship of opposing party allegiances in such descriptions!) Lady Louisa also recounts that Luttrell 'once challenged his eldest son [Henry]…who in return sent him word that if he (the father) could prevail on any gentleman to be his second, he would fight him with all his heart.'

Simon Luttrell was first returned to Parliament in 1761 as member for Wigan, after a particularly notorious election. From then on he spoke and voted frequently in the Commons (at a period when this was no means to be taken for granted among MPs) but his rough tongue meant he was initially passed over for office and title. In 1768, he was created an Irish peer by Bute as Baron Irnham.

As an Irish peer, Luttrell could continue to sit and vote in the Commons as well as in the Irish House of Lords, but his political allegiances remained fluid. He was described in the *Public Ledger* in 1779 as 'a strenuous oppositionist' who 'professes himself attached to no party whatsoever.' Lord Irnham (as Simon Luttrell was now known) was outspoken in support of the American colonialists during the American War of Independence, considering 'wisdom and truth' to be on their side and that the nation was 'plundered and fleeced in order to gratify and enrich a set of mercenary and rapacious contractors, who were raising immense fortunes, drawn from the very vitals of the people.'

In July 1780 Irnham came to terms with Lord North on behalf of himself and his younger sons, his own share of the bargain being the Irish earldom he coveted. In 1784 his younger sons agreed to follow Pitt, and in 1785, two years before his death, Irnham was created the Earl of Carhampton of Luttrellstown.

Henry Luttrell succeeded as the second Earl of Carhampton, and in 1795 was sent back to Ireland to suppress the Rebellion there. He did this with a heavy hand and was much hated; so much so that there was a plot to assassinate him and in 1798 his father's grave was dug up and his skull smashed with an axe.

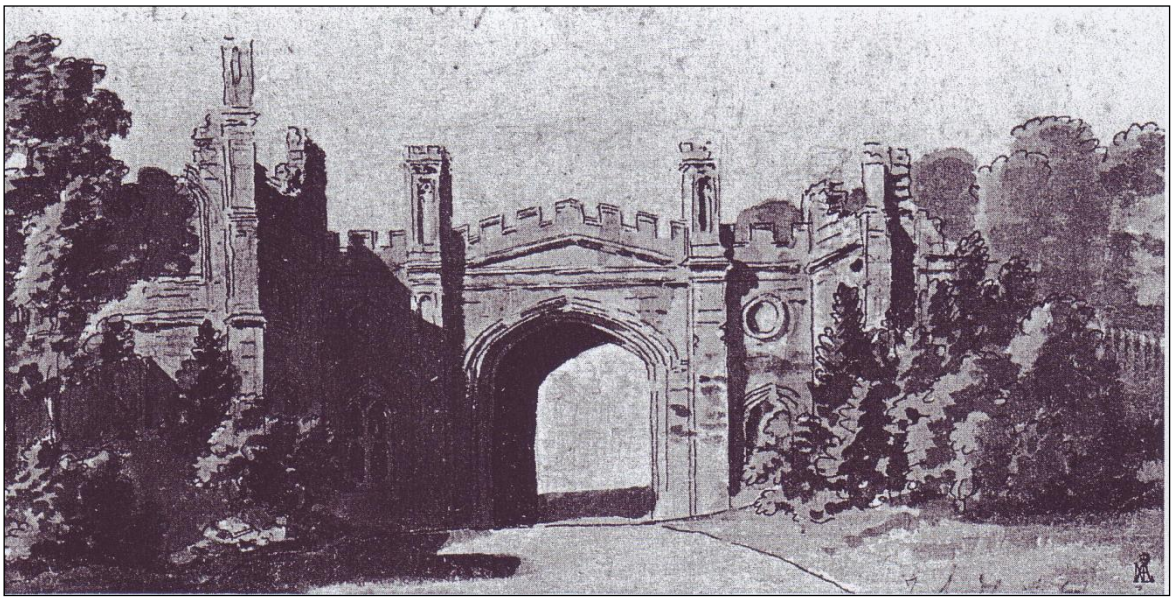
Anne, another of Simon and Judith Luttrell's offspring, caused a constitutional crisis in 1771 by taking as her second husband (at the instigation, it was said, of her brother Simon) Prince Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland and the most foolish of George III's younger brothers. George III did not approve of the match on the grounds that Anne was both a widow and a commoner. Elizabeth, Countess Harcourt, a contemporary, wrote in her memoirs:

> *"The widow of a private gentlemen, without either beauty, fortune or respectable connections to support her and with a very equivocal character, had persuaded the Duke, who was a remarkably silly man, to marry her".*

Lady Louisa Stewart describes Anne as "Vulgar, noisy, indelicate, and intrepid … one who set modesty at defiance … after being with her, one ought to go home and wash out one's ears". Some sources describe Anne as rather loose with her favours, one wag describing her before her second marriage as 'the Duke of Grafton's Mrs Houghton, the Duke of Dorset's Mrs Houghton, everyone's Mrs Houghton.'

Anne, Duchess of Cumberland, c 1780
By Thomas Gainsborough.
According to Horace Walpole, she had 'lashes a yard long, [was] a coquette beyond measure and as artful as Cleopatra'.
(Leverhulme Gallery)

It was this marriage between Anne and the hapless Duke of Cumberland that prompted the Royal Marriage Act in 1772 (not, as is commonly believed, the Prince of Wales's marriage to Mrs Fitzherbert, which only took place in 1785). The Duke of Cumberland was Ranger of Windsor Park and Thomas Sandby was his Deputy Ranger. Sandby designed several buildings in the Park and it may well be that Simon Temple Luttrell first encountered Sandby through this connection with his brother-in-law the Duke, leading eventually to the commission for Luttrell's Tower.



Design for a gateway or bridge in imitation of Gothick ruins by Thomas Sandby, dated to the 1780s. Although seemingly never built, it is inscribed in pencil *Sandby Archt. For Windsor Park.*

Anne's younger sister, Elizabeth, was another member of this colourful family to achieve notoriety. Elizabeth lived with Anne after her marriage to the Duke and is described by Sir H Heron, also a contemporary, as playing high and cheating much. Eventually, she was imprisoned for debt and was said to have given a hairdresser £50 to marry her. In 1797, she was fined £50 for running a gambling house. She went abroad and was convicted of picking pockets in Augsburg and condemned to clean the streets chained to a wheelbarrow. Faced with this prospect, she committed suicide by poisoning herself.

Lady Elizabeth Luttrell in happier times, strolling in Kew Gardens behind her sister Anne and her husband, the Duke of Cumberland. (by Thomas Gainsborough, 1783-5, Royal Collection)

After this account of his colourful father and siblings, we come to the Hon. Temple Simon Luttrell, the builder of Luttrell's Tower. He was the fourth child, born about 1750. He had some private means because his mother left him Swallowfield, her property in Jamaica. From 1774-80, he was MP for the rotten borough Milbourne Port in Somerset (in other words, his return to Parliament owed more to bribery and connection than democracy). Initially, like his father, a violent opponent of North's administration, his oratorical style is described in the *The History of Parliament* (so no contemporary political bias here) as 'a foundation of cant, taken from Burke, decorated with threats and abuse…long, repetitious and boring and padded out with classical comparisons and historical disquisitions.' Also like his father, Temple Luttrell's bitter personal attacks twice led him to the point of duelling and he also supported the abolition of taxation for the American colonists. 'To force a tax,' he said in 1775 at the second reading of coercive statutes against the Bostonians, ' upon your colonists, unrepresented and universally dissentient, is acting in no better capacity than that of a *banditti* of robbers.'

Temple Luttrell achieved notoriety for the violence of his personal attacks on Lord Sandwich for the naval conduct of the American war, but he did display a sound knowledge of naval affairs, consistent, perhaps, with his interest in maritime affairs along the south coast. Unfortunately, he often spoiled a good case by absurd charges and wild language so that, wrote Walpole, 'little regard was paid to him by either Court or Opposition.'

Temple Luttrell's sympathy with matters nautical is also apparent in his opposition to press ganging, the notorious process by which any likely male could be, essentially, kidnapped from coastal areas and forced to serve in the King's Navy. In March 1777 Temple Luttrell introduced a bill against pressing and in1778 recommended to Admiralty 'a plan of hiring seamen for three years, with a bounty on their voluntary entrance.' On 9th March 1780 he gave a speech in which 'he recapitulated the various hardships the seamen were now subject to.

That of being pressed and compelled to take low wages; his being dragged from his family and connections, who were in general thrown upon their parishes for a livelihood; and above all the withholding of his pay for years together, by which he was totally disabled from giving any relief to his wife and children out of his hard earned wages.'

It could be unwise, however, to be too sharp a thorn in the side of those in power and 1780 (the year the tower was built) Luttrell was in dispute with Lord North over 'undue and corrupt practices' (said Luttrell) at Milbourne Port. North was determined to get rid of Luttrell, who brought his own counter charges against the first minister. The Court party spent £7,431 between 1779-81 on the Milbourne Port case, revealing the lengths North was prepared to go to oust Luttrell from the seat. Unfortunately, Luttrell's reputation for controversy played against him. He could not prove his case against Lord North and the House found his charges against North 'ill founded and injurious.' The *English Chronicle* commented that 'Mr Temple Luttrell's impeachment of Lord North has verified an old proverb, which is, the greatest rogue is the first who cries out stop thief.'

Temple Luttrell was not included in the treaty his father and brothers made with the Court party in 1780, after which his father achieved his earldom and his two younger brothers, James and John, seats at the general election for Stockbridge. Temple Luttrell contested two more parliamentary seats but was not returned again. The probable timing of the construction of Luttrell's Tower coincides with Luttrell's ejection from Parliament, and we may speculate whether the tower represented either a distraction or a cocked snoot in such troubled times.

In any case, Temple Luttrell seems to have focussed his activities away from London after 1780. In 1778 he had married a daughter of Sir Henry Gould, a judge of the Common Pleas. In 1793 he was in France and was arrested in Boulogne by the revolutionaries; his sister being Duchess of Cumberland, his captors exhibited him to the populace as brother to the King of England. He

was imprisoned in Aubaye and the Luxembourg, but released in 1795. He died in Paris in 1803, perhaps of tuberculosis.

Why Temple Luttrell built his tower where he did is hard to say. The main house was not yet built. It may have been because he was a friend of Robert Drummond, who bought the nearby Cadland property in 1772. Drummond came to Hampshire because he enjoyed shooting with his father-in-law, Sir Berkeley Lucy, who had land in the New Forest. Perhaps Luttrell came for the same reason; the marshes round Lepe were renowned for their duck.

Or the truth may lie in the tradition that he came for the smuggling. This was the era of 'King George's men', so well-evoked in Kipling's poem of the same name. In 1760 800 items were liable for customs duty; by 1810, 1,300 more had been added, resulting in the smuggler's golden age and an ongoing game of cat-and-mouse with the excise men. It might have been thought that Temple Luttrell would have found himself on the side of the law, but persistent local rumours suggest he was involved with making his own profits at the expense of the political system with which he had fallen out.

The Tower's 110 foot height made it ideal for signalling. Typical practice at the time was for ships to signal arrival to the shore at pre-arranged times. Someone on the Tower would have been perfectly placed to return a signal of lamp flashes. The number of flashes, their duration or absence would indicate to the men on board whether or not customs officers were about, and so whether it was safe to bring the goods ashore. The contraband could have been stored in the cellars and tunnels of the Tower, and moved on when convenient for the profit of all concerned. It was profit or death, because excise officers who caught smugglers usually did not wait for the slow course of justice.

Certainly, a great deal of smuggling was going on along this stretch of the coast at the end of the eighteenth century and well into the nineteenth.

Sprats Down, a village a mile inland, was until recently known as Lazy Town, because the inhabitants were said to work (illicitly) all night and sleep all day. There is a cave, still to be seen there, where the barrels were kept. The underground passage from the Tower to the sea - which, if the date 1731, which is scratched on the wall, is contemporary - is at least 40 years older than the building and was said to have been used by smugglers; so was another one, now blocked up, which ran from just east of the Tower to today's Eaglehurst; although they also, as described above by J Hassall, had more pedestrian uses.

The evidence against Luttrell being involved in the smuggling is that his brother John was made a Commissioner for the Excise in 1784 and he was also an acting magistrate. Perhaps John turned a blind eye, or even shared in the profits. In any case, when he died, Temple Luttrell left all his Jamaican property to his brother John, so presumably he was on good terms with him. There is also the question of why Temple Luttrell chose to build his tower directly above an earlier tunnel, if not to join in the clandestine activities it seems to have sheltered.

Further Owners & Tenants

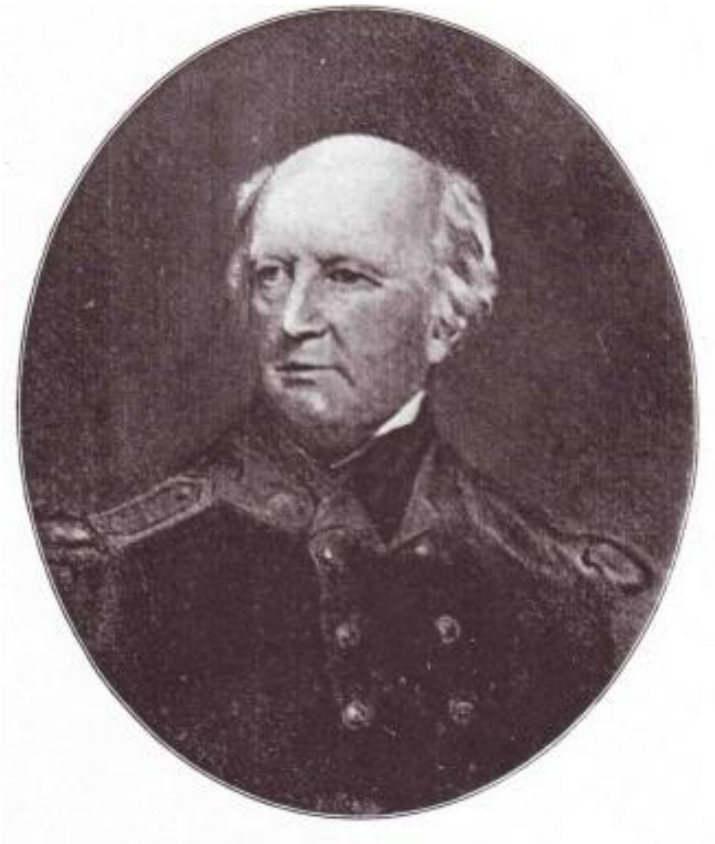
The Earl of Cavan, and Eaglehurst

After Temple Luttrell's death in 1803, Luttrell's Tower passed into the ownership of his brother-in-law, Richard Lambart, 7th Earl of Cavan, whose wife, Honora Gould, was Mrs Temple Luttrell's sister.

The Earl was a distinguished career soldier in the Napoleonic wars. He commanded a brigade, which was part of Sir Ralph Abercrombie's expedition to Egypt, and took part in the capture of Alexandria in 1801. Afterwards, he commanded the whole of the British army in Egypt. He brought back with him several Egyptian trophies; the only one remaining at the Tower is the pair of enormous and mysterious feet which can be seen on the left at the top of the steps down to the beach. In 1938, the British Museum said that it was probably the base of a statue of Rameses II of the XIXth dynasty, and may possibly have come back as ballast in some of the supply ships which went out to Egypt.

In 1805 Cavan, now a General, was given command of the Isle of Wight; in 1813 he became Governor of Calshot Castle. The Earl purchased an inn at Calshot that was believed to be used by smugglers as a place to gather after a successful night's activity. In an effort to stamp out smuggling, he had it demolished. The Earl lived in Luttrell's Tower, but found it too small. The Rev. William Gilpin, who described it in 1807, noticed that the offices were constructed of canvas, a practical solution from a seasoned campaigner.

Lord Cavan must have found his tents convenient, for when he built a permanent house near the Tower, he followed the same plan. Some extracts from letters by a young Ensign, William Kemp, to his mother describing his stay with the Cavans, are included at the back of this album. Among other things he recounts that:



Richard, 7th Earl of Cavan and his second wife, Lydia Arnold, whom he married in 1814, a year after the death of Honora.

> *"Great alterations have taken place I dare say since you were here, the Tents I have heard you speak of now being converted into pavilions and arranged in a half circle with the castle in front of them, on the margin of the sea, only separated by the lawn".*

It was at this time that the estate became known as Eaglehurst either because it stands on Eagle Cliffs or from the name "Eglise-Hurst" by which the locality had been known. It was possibly among the church lands of the Abbey of Titchfield (of which the Manor of Cadland formed a part) which were granted by Henry VIII to Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton.

Eaglehurst is one of the first houses in England of any size to be built as a bungalow. Queen Victoria was most struck by this when she visited Eaglehurst in 1833. She was aged 14 and had come over from Norris Castle on the Isle of Wight where she was staying with her mother. She wrote in her Journal:

> *"It is a very singular place; there is a very high tower near the sea; but they live entirely on the ground floor like tents. There is not a staircase in the house. It is very comfortably furnished and quite like a cottage. Lady Lydia (Cavan) gave me a fine nosegay of flowers. We went up the tower and from there saw a very fine view of Norris Castle. We likewise saw in the tower a Mummy, which Lord Cavan brought from Egypt with him. They cut off a piece of the linen which was wrapped around the Mummy and gave it to me. We went to Calshot Castle where we embarked".*

The ceilings of the main rooms in the house were designed to look like tents. The wings, or at least their first floors must have been added after 1833.

Lord Cavan died in 1836. Soon afterwards his grandson Frederick, the 8th Earl, sold the Eaglehurst property which comprised 500 acres. The Tower then had two lucky escapes. Queen Victoria was looking for a house by the seaside and Eaglehurst was very seriously considered. Had she chosen it, the Tower would probably have been destroyed or embedded in a huge royal residence. Fortunately, she chose Osborne instead, the house that Sir John Conroy,

controller of her mother's household, had taken while they were staying at Norris Castle.

Next, Lord Cavan then nearly sold the property to a Mr Emmanuel who wanted to develop it as a holiday resort. The south-coast seaside business was booming and had he done so, the Tower would either have been demolished or embedded among Victorian boarding houses. It was saved by Andrew Robert Drummond of Cadland who was horrified when he heard of the sale and succeeded in buying Mr Emanuel out and acquiring the property himself. After his death, ownership passed to his son Edgar Drummond.

The Count of Batthyany

From 1844 for the next 100 years Eaglehurst and Luttrell's Tower were let to a succession of tenants who altered remarkably little. In her book, *Chit-chat*, Lady Augusta Fane describes staying with Count and Countess Batthyany in the 1870s.

> *"They lived in a foreign style; we lunched and dined at small tables in the garden, which in the evening was lit up by Chinese lanterns. The view of the sea and the twinkling lights from the yachts off Cowes made a lovely picture in the moonlight. Smartly dressed parlour-maids were first seen at Eaglehurst - a much admired innovation. …*
>
> *Crowds of young people would sail over to the garden parties at Eaglehurst, play tennis* (Count Batthyany had become an enthusiast of the "new game and had a very perfect grass court made on the lawn"), *stay to dinner and dance. We often had fireworks as well, which we let off from the tower over-looking the cliff; rather a dangerous amusement, as the squibs would explode unexpectedly and swish round the stairs, instead of shooting up in the air".*

The Count and Countess held an annual fête, as described in 1880 by a local paper:

> *"A prettier sight cannot be conceived. The weather was calm and the flotilla brought up close off the shore and a large number of steam launches and rowing boats landed their occupants. There were a great many pretty faces on the lawn, the Princess of Wales setting the example of perfect neatness in a well-fitting suit of black serge with a plain black hat".*

It hurt the Count greatly when family ill-health at home in Vienna forced him to give up his lease:

> *"…I cannot find words to describe my feelings at the thoughts of Eaglehurst in a few weeks not being my home any longer. I cannot realise the idea of it and I have put off writing to you* (Drummond) *on this most painful of subjects".*

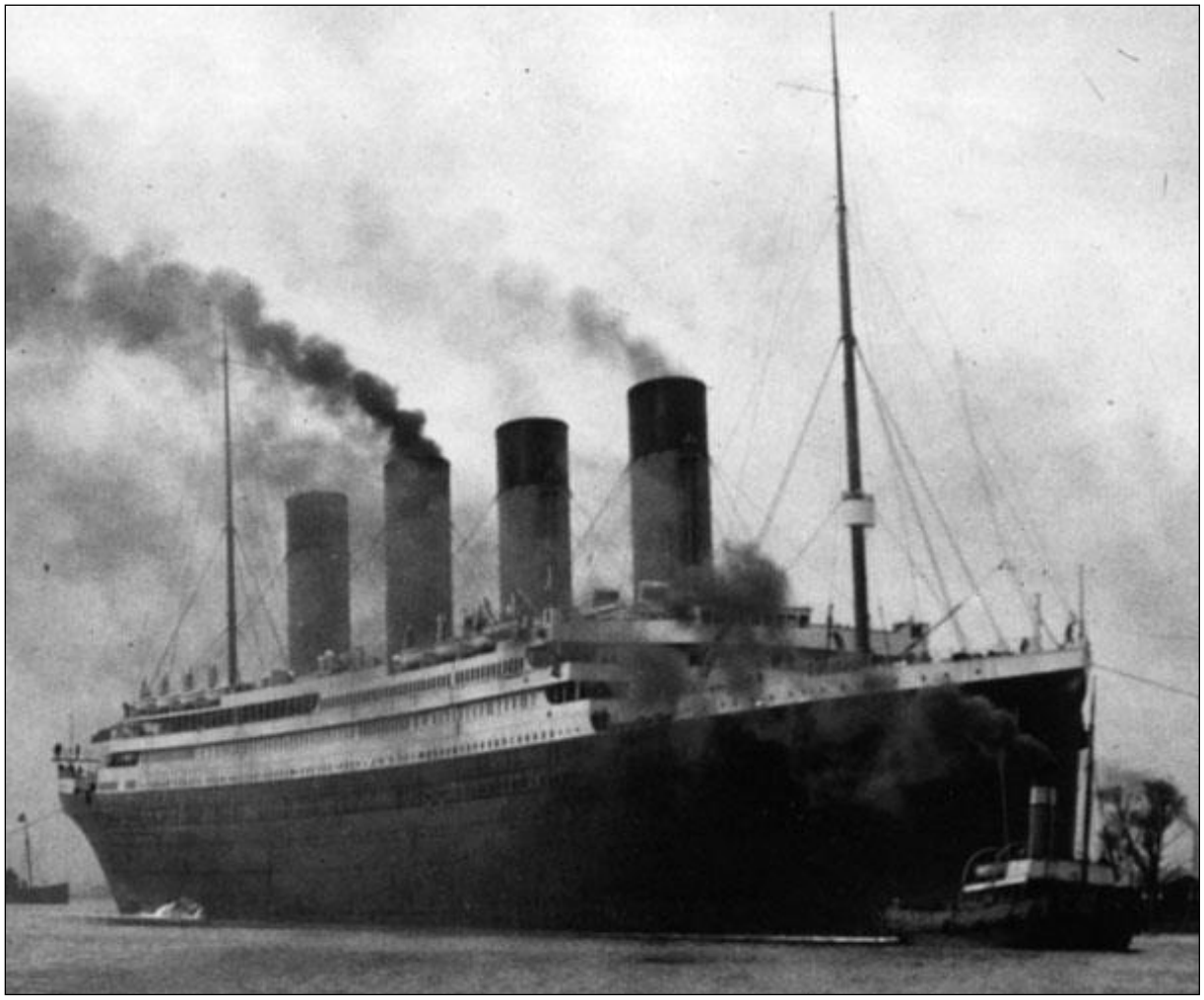
Radio pioneer Guglielmo Marconi

An early, 1.5 kilowatt Marconi transmitter. Similar equipment may have been installed in the top floor of the Tower.

Marchese Guglielmo Marconi

The most distinguished tenant at Eaglehurst was radio pioneer Guglielmo Marconi, who took the Tower from 1911-1916. He came because it was conveniently near the Needles, which had a station playing an important part in his radio experiments. The Royal Family had been early enthusiasts for the new technology. In 1898, while at a ball in Paris, the Prince of Wales (and future Edward VII) fell, hurting his knee. He preferred to spend his convalescence on board the Royal Yacht 'Osborne' rather than at Osborne House where his mother Queen Victoria was staying. The Queen, after hearing of Marconi's success at the Kingstown Regatta, invited him to set up a wireless link between the Royal Yacht and Osborne House, so that she could monitor his recovery while he attended the Cowes Regatta Week. Marconi installed apparatus on the Royal Yacht and in Ladywood Cottage in the grounds of Osborne House, which delighted the Royal family so much that they continued to use wireless communication after the Cowes Regatta Week with various Royal Dukes and Cabinet Ministers joining in.

Marconi used the top room of Luttrell's Tower as a radio laboratory into which he disappeared for such long hours that the family dog reportedly used to bite him as a stranger. His daughter describes their life there in her book *'My Father Marconi*'. On 10th April 1912, she and her mother climbed the Tower (which was normally out of bounds to the children) to watch the Titanic sail past on her doomed maiden voyage. "..together we waved at the ship, huge and resplendent in the spring sunshine, and dozens of handkerchiefs and scarves were waved back to us" she wrote. The ship had a 5 kilowatt Marconi installation and, five days later, its high-pitched distress tone when the *Titanic* struck the iceberg and was sinking, saved hundreds of lives and brought home to the general public the importance of Marconi's invention. In the same year the Marconi Scandal broke over the heads of Lloyd George, Rufus Isaacs and Alexander Murray, the Liberal Chief Whip. They had invested in the Marconi Company just before it was given a big government contract.



The White Star liner R M S *Titanic* being guided out into the Solent.

The Cadland Estate Book, meanwhile, records the day-to-day transactions of any landlord and tenant:

> "Mr Marconi asked to contribute to the Cadland Flower Show".
> "Mr Drummond asks permission to cross Eaglehurst to get to Calshot Castle to avoid going a long way round. It is granted".
> "Rent is asked for the ground taken up by the Marconi Pole with its stays and surrounding fence. Mr Squibb, tenant of Ower Farm, said to be happy with £1-10/-".

Sir Guy and Lady Granet were the next tenants, ownership of Eaglehurst by now having passed to Maldwin Drummond. The Granets commissioned Clough Williams-Ellis (architect and designer of the famous resort village of Portmeirion in Gwynedd) to design the steps from the Tower down to the shore, and also a now-demolished beach house and the Eaglehurst garden which can be seen well from the top of the Tower. Williams-Ellis may well have carried out some work on the Tower for in a postscript in a letter of 1975 he wrote:

> *"Your Calshot address suddenly reminds me that I long ago did a bit nearer you - Isle of Wight, Bosham, Chichester Harbour, & best fun of all, Eaglehurst near (too near) Fawley - where I had the fun of restoring & embellishing the Gothick tower folly & surroundings & contriving a "perspective" garden etc."*

Maldwin Drummond died in 1929 and ownership of Eaglehurst passed to his younger brother, Cyril, followed after World War II by his son, another Maldwin.

During the war, Eaglehurst was requisitioned by the RAF and the Tower was used as a look-out. They removed the white flag pole because it was thought to make it too conspicuous to the enemy. The RAF considered sandbagging the battlements in order to install a machine gun, but as there were doubts about the strength of the tower and whether it would take the additional load, the idea was dropped. (But note that in Grose's drawing of 1790 there appear to be small

cannon on the roof). Manned around the clock, it gave a grandstand view at the height of the Battle of Britain.

The house returned to its owners after the war in a battered state. Some of the battlements had been pushed over and the Chinese wallpaper cut up to extract its ornamental birds. The Drummonds reluctantly decided to sell Eaglehurst, to Colonel Valda Gates who had served in the Royal Army Service Corp during the war. He returned to civilian life to run the family business, the Cow & Gate baby food empire, with military precision. He divided the house into flats for his many children, intending Eaglehurst to be their holiday home.

Thomas Sandby (1721-98) [1]

Paul Sandby (1730 -1809) a map-maker turned landscape painter, was an active member of London art world for half century and, while perhaps neglected after his death, was never forgotten. His elder brother Thomas Sandby, designer of Luttrell's Tower, is 'a more shadowy figure…his reputation has for long been, and still is, at a low ebb.' In Hermann's view, Thomas has as much claim to be designated 'Father of the English Watercolour' as Paul, to whom that title is usually assigned.

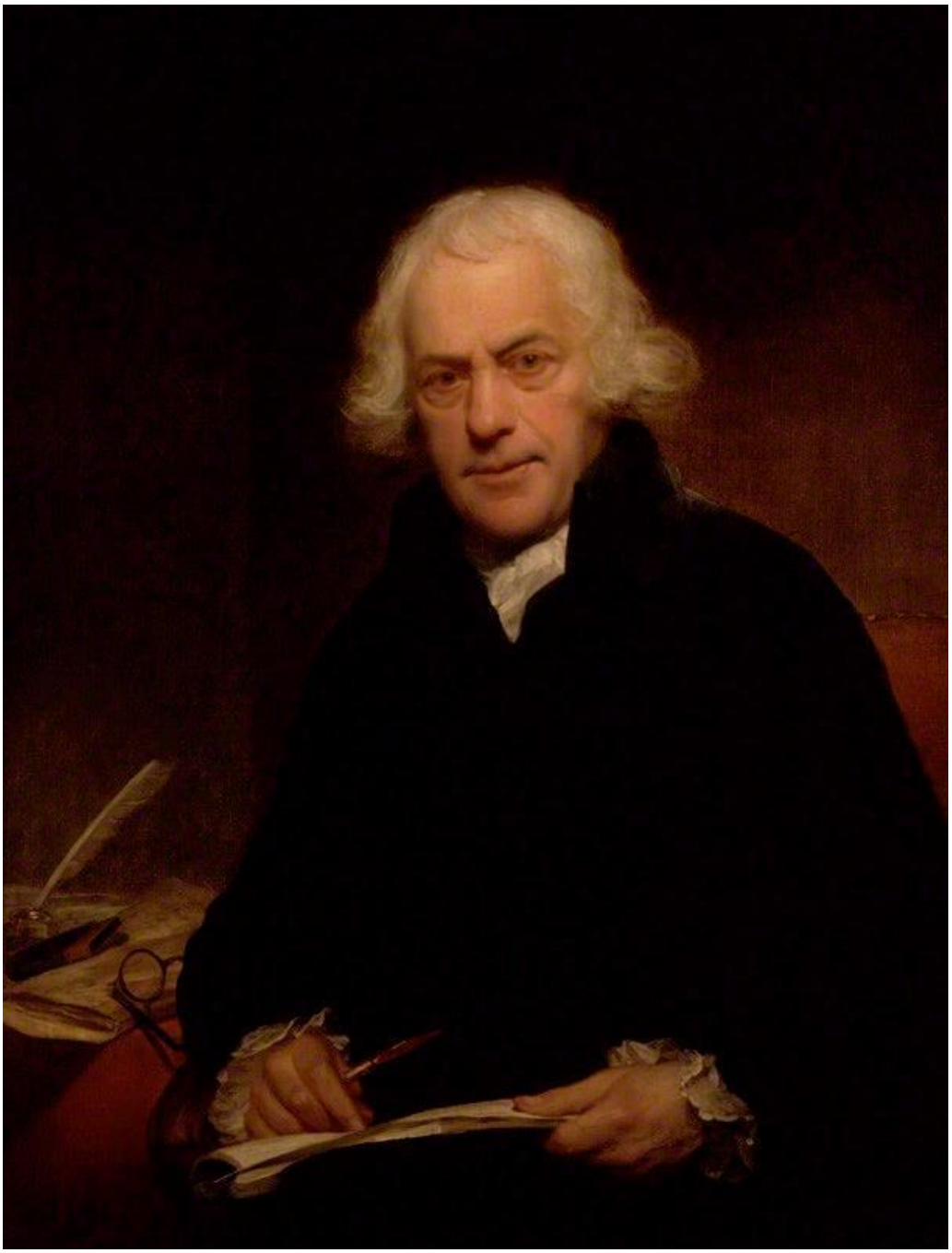
The boys were born the sons of a textile worker in Nottingham, and in the early 1740s, joined the topographical drawing room of the Board of Ordnance at the Tower of London in the early 1740s. On the basis of these cartographical skills, Thomas was present at the Battles of Dettingen and Culloden as draughtsman to Prince William Augustus, then Duke of Cumberland (1721-65) and known as Butcher Cumberland after Culloden. (Prince William Augustus was the elder brother of Prince Henry Frederick, to whom the title of Duke of Cumberland passed at Prince William's death and who married Anne Luttrell).

The Sandby brothers were founding members of the Royal Academy in 1768, and Thomas was the Academy's first Professor of Architecture. He was also appointed Architect of the King's Works and became a highly respected teacher of architectural theory. His most notable architectural commission, with which he won an architectural competition, was the Freemason's Hall in Great Queen Street in London, which linked two houses bought by the United Grand Lodge in 1775. The Hall was extended by Sir John Soane in the 1820s but demolished in 1930 after irreparable structural damage in a fire in 1883.

Luttrell's Tower is, to date, Thomas Sandby's only known surviving building. Unless new information comes to light he must remain one of the least-known

[1] See *Paul and Thomas Sandby* (1986) by Luke Hermann: Catalogue *raisonné* of drawings in the V & A Drawings Collection.

of the more eminent architects of his day. There are however sufficient clues to indicate that he was a jovial and friendly man, an affectionate father, a loyal colleague and an attentive teacher.



Thomas Sandby, by Sir William Beechey, 1792, National Portrait Gallery.

THOMAS SANDBY – A CHRONOLOGY

1742 Engaged as Military Draughtsman in the Office of the Tower of London.

1743 Sent to Scotland and present during Duke of Cumberland's Culloden campaign.

1747 In Netherlands with Duke of Cumberland, during last stages of War of Austrian Succession.

1750 Appointed Draughtsman with a salary of £100 pa. to Duke of Cumberland, who since 1746 had been Ranger of Windsor Great Park (and was George II's favourite son).

Designed picturesque features for Windsor Park and Virginia Water; his other designs seem more Classical.

1764 Appointed Steward by Cumberland.

1765 Appointed Deputy Ranger of Windsor Great Park and settles at Windsor. Not known whether this was by Duke William Augustus or by his nephew, Henry Frederick, who succeeded him both as Duke of Cumberland and Ranger and was fourth son of Frederick Prince of Wales and on good terms with George III at this stage.

1768 TS and PS founder members of RA. Great flood at Windsor destroyed much of earlier Duke's work esp at Virginia Water.

1769 Henry Flitcroft, architect in charge of much of this work, died. Likely TS had much more to do with further developments there.

From1770 Delivered six lectures a year in his role as Professor of Architecture at the RA.

1775 Appointed Grand Architect of the Order of Freemasons and designs Freemasons' Hall in Lincolns Inn Fields. A fine classical building, TS's most important executed work and his only major building in London. Much admired at the time (demolished 1932).

1777 Appointed Architect of the King's Works.

1780 Thomas 57 years old, Paul 49. Both at the height of their powers and careers. TS increasingly interested in and involved with landscape. Employed now on development of Virginia Water.

1798 Death of Thomas Sandby.

Restoration and maintenance of Luttrell's Tower

The condition of the Tower suffered during the war, but then it was purchased by Colonel Gates (of Cow and Gate) who repaired it and made some alterations. The basement fireplace (since removed) and the gates at the bottom of the steps by the sea he purchased from the Maharajah of Jaipur. In 1958 the stair turret was rendered because the brickwork had corroded from the salt.

In 1965 the window to the right of the front door was added. Inside, it was made habitable; previously it had long been used as a summer house. The kitchen and bathroom were put in. Woodblock floors were laid on the first, second and cellar floors. All the chimney pieces except that on the ground floor were replaced with carved wooden ones older than the Tower.

The top room, which Marconi had used as his laboratory, was restored; the plasterwork re-done and the shell frieze put back with new shells. The cellar, which had been quite rough, with plain brickwork, was plastered and painted red; the wine bins were built, doors were fitted and a loo was put into a converted water tank. The sea tunnel was opened and the iron gates re-hung.

After this work by Colonel Gates, the Tower required relatively little work when it was acquired by the Landmark Trust in 1968. Work was overseen by architect Paul Pearn: we altered the door to the bathroom so that access is from the stairs rather than through the first floor bedroom; a new loo was constructed off the stairs on a mezzanine floor. A new kitchen was created on the top floor where there had been an en-suite bathroom in what had been Colonel Gates's bedroom, and the front door was moved from the south side back to the bottom of the stair turret. Subsequently, Eaglehurst was sold, the Trust keeping the Tower and the garden.

The Tower's exposed maritime setting makes its maintenance an ongoing challenge and there have been periodic campaigns of work, including reinstating the open fire in 1999.

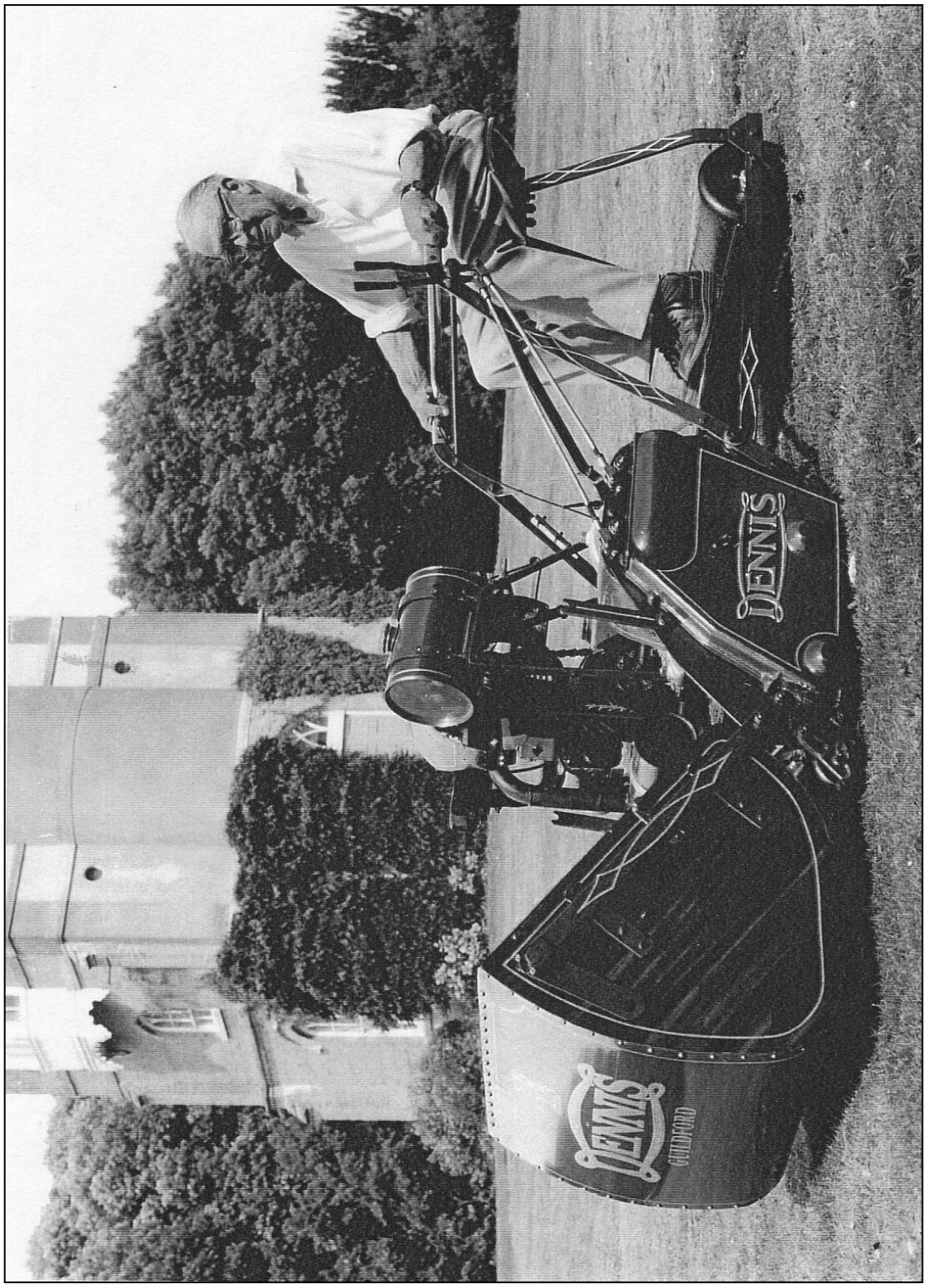
Some more substantial works were required in 2003, partly due to weathering from the seaside elements, partly from continuous use of one of Landmark's most popular buildings. The decorative finishes, fittings and furnishings were simplified to reflect the Georgian architecture more. The floorboards on the upper two floors were replaced with boards salvaged from a redundant Salvation Army building in London (it is unusual for Landmark to use reclaimed materials but here we felt that the boards were appropriate for the wear that the Tower has suffered over the years).

Luttrell's Tower has always suffered from damp, mostly on the landward side, so a render-coat has been applied to protect the brickwork. Internally, timber panelling and lathe and plaster had not survived. In due course we hope to replace the original materials but for now, we hope that the new paint scheme allows the architecture to be read more faithfully.

Plumbing and electrical engineering were also improved in 2003, and the WC and bathroom were dry-lined and insulated. The heating system was also improved.

In 2010, after a specific fundraising campaign, new wrought iron gates were commissioned leading onto the beach.

In 2013, the entire tower was scaffolded for stonework and joinery repairs. The inevitably harsh maritime environment makes the tower a high maintenance building.



Mr C J Buxton, gardener at Eaglehusrt, with his 1930 30" Dennis lawnmower, which he used from 1951 until 1985.

The Buxtons and Luttrell's Tower

Landmark was very lucky to 'inherit' Colonel Gates' loyal gardener with the tower, Mr C Buxton. Mr Buxton worked as gardener around Luttrell's Tower until his death in 1992. He had been helped for some years by his son, Brian, who then took over. In 2013, after nearly 50 years' service in his own right, Brian reluctantly resigned to care for his wife Linda, by then in poor health but until 1994 a longstanding housekeeper for the tower. Brian's thoughts as he wrote his letter of resignation are worth recording here:

> 'I think you understand the pull which Eaglehurst exerts over me. We moved into Eaglehurst cottages in 1951 when my father became head gardener for Colonel Gates and the house and tower were empty shells. I was a babe in arms. For the next 17 years it was painstakingly brought back from the demolition intended by the Drummonds, until it was in the pristine condition as bought by the Trust in October 1968. Mum and dad showed Sir John [Smith] and Group Captain Williams round, on behalf of the estate agents, but mum and dad dismissed the visit as "inquisitives"! The outcome caused amusement for some while. In those days, mum and dad used to visit Shottesbrooke frequently to collect their pay and for reimbursement of expenses, and mostly it was Lady Smith who handed them over, and she arranged a picnic lunch for us!
>
> Mum was housekeeper and dad gardener until mum died in 1981, when Linda, my wife, took over for the next 15 years, until she went back to teaching, when I was made redundant from research in the electricity industry. I took over gardening when dad died in 1992, but of course I was helping mum and dad since 1968.
>
> In those days we tackled anything, even reupholstering the chairs in leather, woodwork, painting, drainage problems, curtain repairs and all the washing and ironing - no laundry service until half way through Linda's service! I used to deal with the electrics including the power operated curtains in the top room - a bedroom in those days. They were the joyous plaything of visiting children.
>
> We had the boathouse and two chalets to contend with in those days too, and campers had the use of one chalet and the boathouse, and no power for vacuum cleaners in the chalet.

Quite a number of campers[2] used to come by yacht in those days, so the boathouse was used for tenders. Also some came by train, so dad used to collect them and their luggage from nearby Fawley railway station. They used to send a complete shopping list to mum and dad, so the fridge and larder were well stocked on their arrival. This was the time of Green Shield stamps, so the job had its perks!

Every Xmas mum and dad used to receive dozens of Christmas cards from all over America and Germany from regulars who all ended with "See you usual week". I have boxes of photos of them with mum and dad, and most were like friends. Mum and dad really enjoyed working for the Trust! John Ewers was our leader then.

It has been a pleasure tending dad's garden… as dad once told Lady Smith "You pay all the bills, but I'm here every day and enjoy the place every day" She told him that in many ways he owns the place more than the Trust!'

It is the dedication of longserving housekeepers and gardeners like the two generations of Buxtons at Luttrell's Tower that lends Landmark so much of its character. We both salute and are grateful for their loyalty and commitment.

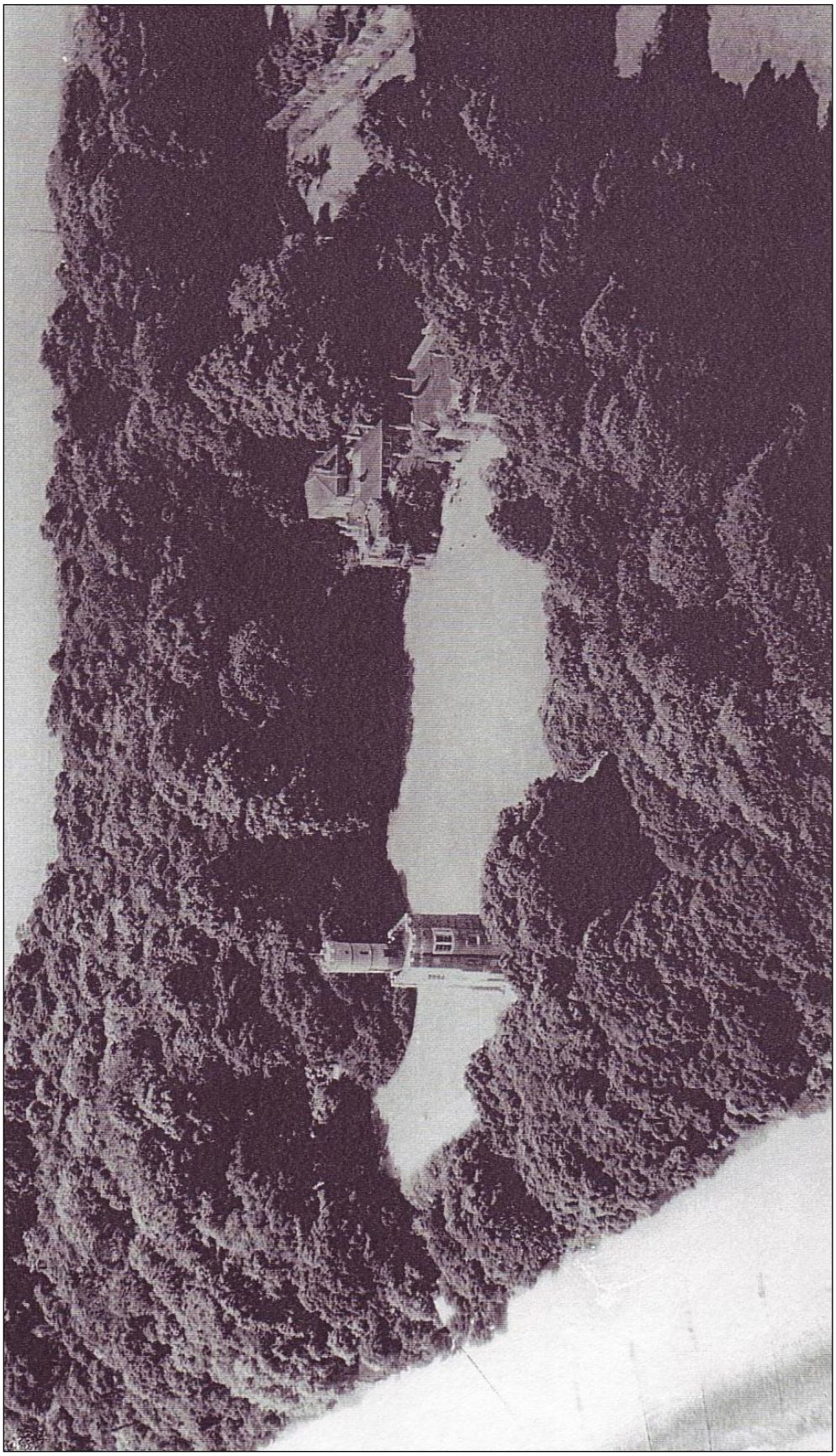
Linda & Brian Buxton outside the tower's front door.

[2] John Smith's af

The basement fireplace (now removed).

Detail of the fireplace

Detail of the fireplace



Aerial view od Luttrell' s Tower and Eagelhurst.

The Beach Pavilion

When we acquired Luttrell's Tower, a little pavilion on the beach below formed part of the purchase. It must once have been an elegant little amenity, with a portico by Clough Williams-Ellis looking out to sea, and deep wall cupboards on either side of a fireplace inside. Unfortunately, the pavilion became derelict and was also difficult to oversee, given its distance from the tower and the popularity of the beach today. In the end, we reluctantly decided to demolish it. The photos below are included as a record.

AN ARCHITECT FOR LUTTRELL'S TOWER

Roger White

In the summer of 1989 members of the Georgian Group visited Luttrell's Tower, a Gothick 'folly' on the banks of the Solent near Calshot Castle commanding views across to the Isle of Wight. Though tolerably well known to folly buffs and afficionados of the Landmark Trust (which acquired it in 1968 and subsequently restored it to its usual high standard), it has until now lacked an architect. 'In the manner of James Wyatt' would have been a fair guess. However, there is a possible clue to the real identity of the architect in the fact that it is first recorded in the description of an engraving of Calshot Castle published in 1780.[1] This states that 'about a mile behind [Calshot] the Hon. Temple Luttrell has erected a very lofty tower, which commands an extensive prospect and affords a very fine object for the Isle of Wight'. The engraving was of a view by Paul Sandby

In May 1990, while on a short sabbatical at the Yale Center for British Art, I visited Vassar College (Poughkeepsie, New York State) to examine the drawings by Paul Sandby's brother Thomas which form part of the collection of 18th- and early-19th-century English architectural drawings and topographical watercolours acquired by the Revd. Elias Magoon in the 1850s from the estate of the antiquarian John Britton (perhaps the first such collection to cross the Atlantic), and which were then the subject of a small exhibition in the college art gallery. I was particularly struck by an unidentified elevational design for a Gothick tower (Fig. 1)[2]; the Hon. Mrs Jane Roberts, Curator of the Print Room at the Royal Library, Windsor Castle, had suggested that this might have been yet another of the many unexecuted Sandby projects for ornamental structures in Windsor Great Park, while James Palmer's catalogue entry also related it to the design of Robert Adam's Brizlee Tower at Alnwick. To me it called to mind Luttrell's Tower.

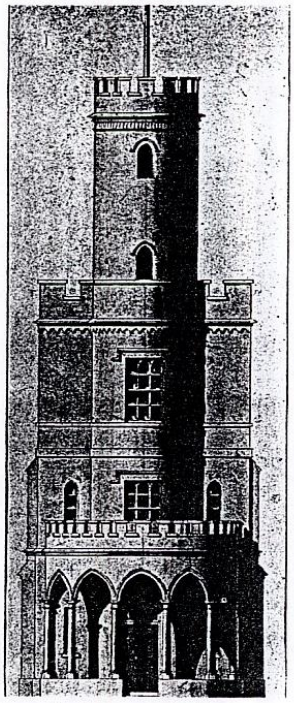


Fig. 1. Thomas Sandby, Design for a Tower (Vassar College Art Gallery).

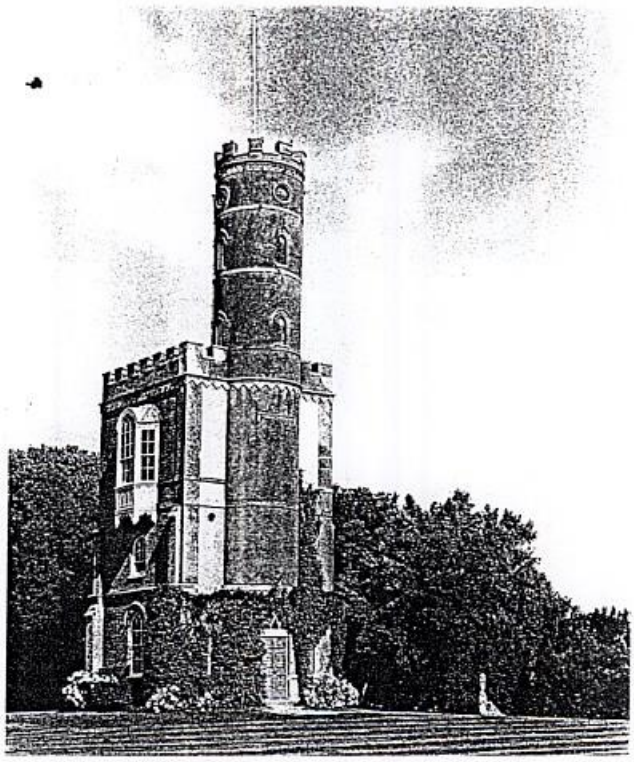


Fig. 2. Lutterell's Tower from the north-west (Landmark Trust).

On my return to London I was able to compare a photocopy of the Vassar drawing with photographs of the west elevation of Luttrell's Tower (Fig. 2), which more or less confirmed my hunch. There were, however, discrepancies to be accounted for. The tower is built of creamy-buff brick with Portland stone dressings. It is a rectangular battlemented structure of three storeys, with, embedded in its west face, a circular stair turret that rises considerably higher and again terminates in battlements. Sandby shows the first and second floors of the turret lit by large square-headed sash windows under Tudor drip-moulds. At some stage these were evidently filled in and the first and second floors of the west and south sides of the tower rendered, leaving only the upper of the drip-moulds floating in limbo in an expanse of bare wall. The pointed windows to either side of the turret at first floor-level have been replaced by small portholes.

A more striking discrepancy is the fact that Sandby shows a curved five-bay battlemented Gothick arcade wrapped around the ground floor of the turret, within which the tower is entered through a door under a Gothick fanlight. Although the door and fanlight — which mid-20th century survey drawings show removed — have been reinstated, the arcade has vanished altogether. However, although the arcade had disappeared by the time Nixon's view of Luttrell's Tower was engraved in 1807,[3] it is still there in the sketch by Francis Grose (Fig. 3), made perhaps circa 1790;[4] moreover J. Hassell's *Tour of the Isle of Wight*, published in that year, notes that 'the portico has a pleasant appearance and is very convenient'.[5]

Comparison of these three views — Sandby, Grose and Nixon — in fact suggests that several modifications were made to Sandby's design at the time of the tower's erection. Thus, although Sandby shows this Gothick porch topped by a simple battlemented parapet at the junction of ground and first floors, Grose shows the porch itself having a first floor lit by circular windows, so that the first floor of the tower's west elevation is entirely obscured and the

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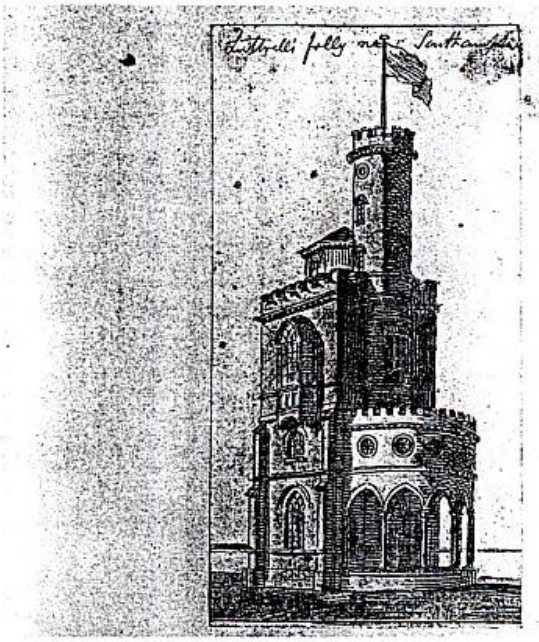


Fig. 3. Francis Grose, 'Lutterells folly near Southampton' *c.*1790 (Southampton University Art Gallery)

battlements rise to the base of the second floor. In Nixon, though the door remains, the turret's first floor window has been replaced by what appears to be a tablet bearing an inscription. Finally, the turret itself has acquired an extra stage in both Grose and Nixon, lit by circular apertures. Since Sandby's Vassar drawing, like Nixon's, is a head-on view of the west elevation, it is impossible to say whether the pretty wooden oriels which enliven the north and south elevations at second-floor level are part of Sandby's original design. Nor can one be sure that the present appearance of the east elevation, which is ornamented with elegant Classical urns and paterae (almost certainly of Coade stone) set respectively into oval and circular recesses, corresponds exactly with Sandby's intentions.

As first built in (presumably) the late 1770s, the tower rapidly gained local notoriety on account of both its architectural oddity and the yet odder way in which it was inhabited, as Hassell's account explains:

'Eaglehurst, or as it is generally named by the inhabitants of the coast, Lutterell's Folly, is built close to the shore and near the point on which stands Calshot Castle. The building is very whimsical, but neat and agreeable to the sight. On the top of it a round tower is erected which was originally intended to have a full view over the southern shores of the Isle of Wight: but unfortunately the director or architect forgot that the ground on which it stands is not of equal height with the intervening mountains on the island . . . The kitchens, except being damp in winter, are equally convenient with the other parts of the house. Several subterraneous passages lead from the area to a number of marquees, to which the family retires when the turbulence of the weather renders a residence in the house disagreeable. In these tents there are several beds, and also a kitchen. The house being small, these retreats are both cool and agreeable . . . From hence another passage underground leads to a bathing house on the beach. All these retreats are well bricked and floored: but so very wet at times that they are impassable'.

The Revd. William Gilpin, writing in 1807 in his *Observations on Forest Scenery*,[6] confirmed the decidedly eccentric recourse to tents to augment the tower's accommodation. The 'whimsicality' and 'contrivance' of the conception did not appeal to Gilpin, and indeed it must

have been fairly soon after his visit that the practical drawbacks of so much canvas on an exposed coastal site led the then owner, the Earl of Cavan, to replace it with a more permanent single-storey house, set well back behind the tower. The young Princess Victoria found the arrangement 'very singular' when she visited the Cavans in 1833: 'there is a very high tower near the sea; but they live entirely on the ground floor like tents. There is not a staircase in the house. It is very comfortably furnished and quite like a cottage.'[7]

The explanation of the oddities of Luttrell's Tower, and indeed the probable reason for Sandby's involvement, may be sought in the raffishness of the builder and his Irish family. Temple Luttrell was a younger son of the 1st Earl Carhampton. His eldest brother refused to respond to a challenge to a duel issued by the earl on the grounds that his father was not a gentleman. His younger sister Elizabeth was jailed for cheating at cards and ended her days in Bavaria by poisoning herself after being convicted of picking pockets in Augsburg. According to local tradition Temple himself chose to site his tower on the Solent because of the opportunities it afforded for smuggling; some plausibility is perhaps lent to this theory by the underground passage connecting the tower with the foreshore, although Luttrell's brother John was a Commissioner for the Excise and acting magistrate for the district. In 1793 Temple was arrested in Boulogne by the French revolutionaries and imprisoned for two years before finally dying in Paris in 1803.

The connection with Sandby came through his elder sister Anne, who in 1771 married George III's son Prince Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland. Elizabeth, Lady Harcourt called her 'the widow of a private gentleman, without either beauty, fortune or respectable connections to support her and with a very equivocal character, [who] had persuaded the duke, who was a remarkably silly man, to marry her'.[8] Lady Louisa Stewart described her as 'vulgar, noisy, indelicate and intrepid . . . one who set modesty at defiance . . . after being with her, one ought to go home and wash out one's ears'.[9] It was this unfortunate union, rather that of the Prince of Wales to Mrs Fitzherbert (1785), which prompted the passing of the Royal Marriages Act in 1772. At all events, it was probably due to the duke's favour that Sandby was appointed Deputy Ranger of Windsor Great Park in 1765, and certainly in this capacity that his many projects for the Park were drawn up.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am indebted to Charles Hind for drawing my attention to the Vassar drawings; to James Palmer who organised the exhibition there and showed me the drawings; and to Mrs Charlotte Haslam of the Landmark Trust for very kindly making her notes on Luttrell's Tower and the Luttrell family available to me.

NOTES

1. The engraving hangs in the tower. It has not been possible to discover exactly when it was published.
2. *Vassar College Art Gallery, 864.1.298.*
3. *European Magazine*, 1807, vol 52.
4. Southampton University Art Gallery, Cope Collection C9 LUT, inscribed 'Luttrells folly near Southampton'.
5. J. Hassell, *Tour of the Isle of Wight*, 1790, vol 1, pp.63-66.
6. *Ibid*, vol II, pp.196-7 (1791).
7. September 13, 1833. *Ex. inf.* Royal Library, Windsor.
8. Quoted in Cokayne's *Complete Peerage* (ed. Vicary Gibbs), 1913, under the entry on the Duke of Cumberland.
9. *Ibid.*

Ensign William Keep and his connection with Eaglehurst

William Keep was in the 77th Regiment of Foot and was stationed from November 1808 to early July 1809 at Winchester.

His mother, Honora Margaretta, had the same Christian names as the first wife of the 7th Earl of Cavan (died 1813) and the two were obviously old friends. In the few months that Ensign Keep spent in Winchester, he wrote to his mother of his short visits to Eaglehurst. He mentions Lady Honora Woodgate, who was the widowed daughter of the Cavans, Lady Alicia who seems to have been rather ill and probably not at home, Lord Kilcoursie who was Lord Cavan's heir, and a Mr Edward Lambart who I have not yet been able to trace.

When in Southampton for a function, the Cavans had lodgings over Clementi's Music Shop and it was there that he went to meet them for his first visit, recorded in a letter of *17th December 1808:*

"... Lady Honora then requested me to step to Lady Cavan at Clementi's Music Shop over the way, which I did, & was soon in the company of her ladyship. She made many enquiries about you, & then repeated the invitation frm Lord C., saying that his Lordship wished me to stay until Monday, and to accompany Lady Cavan back again that day. The carriage was waiting at the door & therefore I could not have gone without detaining her Ladyship some time, & had in the mean time to ask my Commanding Officer's permission. She therefore proposed that I should leave Southampton as soon as I could, and proceed to Hythe by water, where she would arrive in about an hour, & whichever got there first would wait. Col Spry gave me leave, & I acceded to the proposition with many expressions of the happiness I should have in doing so etc. We then parted, & I proceeded to the George Inn where I was quartered, to dress & prepare myself accordingly, which being done I proceeded with my Servt to the Quay where I had the mortification to remain near an hour after the appointed time on account of the tides, so that her ladyship was very incorrect in her calculation, and I did not reach Hythe until it was quite dark, the wind was so unfavourable. Having detained Lady Cavan so long (tho' not through any fault of mine) I was of course full of impatience to join her, which I soon did, & having handed her ladyship into the carriage we drove off with the utmost rapidity. Judge then how I felt when I remembered that my trunk in my hurry was left behind me! But I was silent on the subject until we reached Eaglehurst lest her ladyship should have been inclined to return for it, and she had not dined, and I was almost faint with hunger, having ate nothing since 8 o'clock in the morng at Winchester, as I was disappointed of my mince pie by my hasty introduction to Lady Honora. as before related. (I had a good dinner and plenty of wine on my arrival, so that I was not liable to starvation). As we travelled by the light of the carriage lamps only, I could hardly tell where I was; this part of the country is so intricate, but when we had passed the lodge Lady Cavan told me we were close to the sea.

"We alighted at the door of one of the pavillions & passed into an interior one where the cloth was laid, & everything in readiness for dinner. Lord Cavan and Lord Kilcoursie were there, and received me very kindly. I slept in Lady Alicia's beautiful bed room the whole time, & very comfortable I was. It was proposed over night that I should go with Lord K. to Burleigh heath next morning, Coursing - but

luckily for me one of the horses met with an accident, which prevented it, otherwise I might have broke my neck I think, being such a novice in that sport. We amused ourselves in shooting and ferretting, however, and killed two fine rabbits. I had plenty of diversion during my stay, and enjoyed myself extremely. Lord Cavan behaved very affably and pleasantly to me, & so did Lady C., her ladyship condescended to say she considered me as her own Son, from her attachment to you, and she ask'd his lordship if he did not think I was very like Lord K. - or George as she called him. I could have returned this compliment with many I felt disposed to pay in full sincerity to all three. I thought you the fairest of the fair but Lady C's complexion is incomparably beautiful, rather too much so in the texture of her skin, which is so fine that the blue veins are visible about the upper part of her face and eyes. My first introduction to Lord Cavan I remember took place when I was about 10 years old and at Burney's, on his return frm Egypt. I had no recollection of him, but of his being very tall, and of my chin coming near the waist band of his corduroy breeches. I now find he is quite another person to what I imagined him, & bears no resemblance to a military man, he is so thoroughly domesticated & most agreeable, that I am not surprised the Prince of Wales, & Duke of York are so much attracted to him. & Lord Kilcoursie I like very much. He received an order frm his Regt to prepare himself for Spain immediately, while I was there, and I witness'd some very distressing (to you and her ladyship) but humerous scenes to us on this subject (by the bye we have hopes of being ready for service by May as our numbers are rapidly increasing). Lady C. really does not act properly by opposing thus what necessity requires were compliance with. I have not told you one half yet and intend writing again this week, wherein you shall have the particulars of a Ball at Southampton I went to on my return from Eaglehurst with Lord and Lady C., Lord K, and Lady Honora. I can only add that I have received every attention from them, & would wish you to write as soon as you can, as they complain that they have not heard from you lately..."

He continued in his letter of3lst December 1808:

"The concise account I gave you in my last of my introduction to Lord & Lady Cavan requires me to be a little more descriptive in my present relation. The anxiety I felt about my trunk caused me to enquire at last of Lady C. while in the carriage whether there was any conveyance to Eaglehurst from Hythe, for parcels. Her Ladyship said there was not but my mind was relieved when I afterwards heard that a Mrs Elcock took charge of such things for the family, & knowing it to belong to an Officer who accompanied Lady C. would doubtless forward it by the first opportunity - this person keeps the Alehouse that is situated on the landing place.

"...Lady Cavan told me to dress in my uniform, being the most proper on my first introduction to the Colonel of my Regt, which I accordingly did. In our conversation on the intended Coursing, it was discovered therefore that I was complete in my equipment for *one* field, but entirely destitute of what I should require in the *other,* and I immediately had the offer of the things necessary to complete the desired metamorphosis from the soldier to the sportsman. I went to bed early and rose the next morning at 9 o'clock, and after breakfast Lord Kilcoursie and I amused ourselves with the Guns instead of the Greyhounds. I wish you could have seen me equip'd. I think I must have very much resembled the figure drawn in the caricature shops of Johnny Newcome in the Island of Jamaica having my white Kersemere pantaloons on, with dress boots, a green jacket with a long waist, the sides extending out of all proportion, with an innumerable number of

pockets containing a large assortment of everything essential to a thorough sportsman - an old hat of Lord Cavan's with a brim as broad as the Quaker's, and so loose on my head that with any extraordinary wind it might have twisl'd round like a Weathercock. A Gun supported on my left shoulder, & a pouch with shot slung across my right, in short I think so funny a figure would have made you laugh heartily. Nevertheless we amused ourselves till dinner time, rambling part of the time along the sea shore. Great alterations have taken place I dare say since you were here, the Tents I have heard you speak of now being converted into pavillions and arranged in a half circle with the castle in front of them, on the margin of the sea, only separated by the lawn. Lord Cavan shew'd me the curiosities of the latter, and the beautiful bow-window'd room, with the carved woodwork, which cost so much money, and the subterraneous passage from the centre pavillion. I was greatly surprised the first night on passing *out* to *the verandah* in going to bed, and when the footman came the next morning with my clothes across the lawn to the glass doors to see the Isle of Wight so distinctly and close to me on the opposite shore.

I enjoyed myself extremely and regretted very much that time flew so swiftly. Monday soon came however. Lord & Lady C. requested me to stay till Tuesday, but as I was for duty that day, and thought it would only make one day's difference I declined it. I was afterwards sorry that I did, as Lady C. had intended to have taken me to Colonel de Crespigny's & to have introduced me to Lady Sarah de Crespigny, but never the less I went there with Lord K. & play'd with him at billiards. I left Eaglehurst alone, in a one horse chaise belonging to Mrs Elcock, and drove thro' Fawley to Hythe. My box had been sent to me, & I took care that I would not again leave it behind me. It was nearly dark before I left Hythe, & the wind was high, so that I was almost afraid to cross, particularly as they had refused to take my person over on Sunday, it was so dangerous. However *they knew me to be a Soldier, & I* was ashamed to say I would not venture, as I thought it would have been highly incompatible with my profession to have made such an acknowledgement. I accordingly seated myself, after using in conjunction with the Boatman half an hour's exertion to *push off.* He was an honest weather beaten limb of his trade, who would probably have climbed over the crater of Mount Etna on a deal board as fearlessly as he cross'd with me. I tried every method I could suggest to keep a little warmth in me, as I was almost frozen before I enter'd the boat. We were two hours on the water, and I never suffered so much in my life from cold. My first 2 hours ride was tolerably pleasant, as I had a good nag to proceed with at my own rate, but the last two were miserable in the extreme for though the wind was high the boat made little way owing to the force of tide. I might have sent you something worth accepting if I had had Kilcoursie's fowling piece with me, there were such flocks of wild Ducks & water fowl flying about..."

He writes of meetings with various members of the Cavan family but does not write of staying at Eaglehurst again until June 1809, when he was there in company with another young man, Herbert Gould (probably a relative of Lady Cavan, who was a Gould before she married). Unfortunately, in his letter of 22nd June written on his return to Winchester, he says:

"I returned from Eaglehurst on Tuesday last, and being anxious to inform you of it, as well as to describe the kindness I met with there as soon as possible. I had commenced a regular detail, hoping to gratify you with the description of many entertaining scenes in my sojourn, .. but..." *and here he explains that he got the*

news that the Regiment was ordered to prepare to leave immediately for foreign service. But he does manage to mention, amid all the excitement "I can only add that I spent a delightful time at Eaglehurst. Lord and Lady C. did everything to render my stay with them agreeable. I slept as before in Lady Alicia's Chamber. I need not describe to you the enchanting situation of it, opening with glass doors upon the sea and the lawn, and I much admire the custom in this part of the World of having the Bedroom on the ground floor. I thought myself in fairyland there, it was all so elegant and beautiful..."

19.6.97

REPORT
The crew of the Titanic

When the Titanic sank, she took with her **700 CREW** – including **550** from a **SINGLE CITY**. Their stories have rarely been told – **UNTIL NOW**. A century on, we investigate their **TRAGEDY** – and discover the devastating **LEGACY** handed to the people of Southampton

THE FORGOTTEN VICTIMS

WORDS BY DAVID RANDALL

Right *The wife and children of stoker William Mintram of Chapel Road. A convicted killer, Mintram gave his life jacket to his son-in-law to save his life – and lost his own*

REPORT

The crew of the Titanic

RALPH BIBBY/CORBIS; FATHER BROWNE/MARITIME IMAGES; GROUPCITY IMAGES, SOUTHAMPTON CITY COUNCIL ARTS & HERITAGE

IN THE 100 years since the *Titanic* sank, one group of people on board have been reduced to the role of mere ballast. Nameless in almost all accounts of the sinking, they were nevertheless the most numerous, and suffered losses which made even third-class passengers seem privileged. They were the crew: the poor bloody, loyal crew. As the ship slowly went down by the head, the engineers and firemen stayed below, keeping its electrics working until the final moments. Stewards ushered passengers to the boat decks, helped with life jackets, or gave them their own to wear. No member of the crew rode away in a lifeboat, save those ordered into one by an officer. They knew they were the lowest priority on a doomed liner, and some, such as the restaurant staff, even accepted being locked into their quarters. They did their duty, which – on a ship carrying 2,223 people and lifeboats only for half that number – was, basically, to die. Of the 899 crew who sailed on the ship, 686 perished – a death rate of 76 per cent, worse than any class of passenger, even steerage.

These, truly, are the forgotten victims of the *Titanic* – hundreds of husbands, brothers, fathers, sons, and sweethearts reduced by history, as they are by any film of the sinking, to mere anonymous extras: the little people, just so many figures making up the crowd in that night's panorama of desperation. Even more ignored by any film or popular account of the disaster are the families left behind. Few towns can have experienced the shock and drawn-out wait for firm news endured by the women and children in hundreds of Southampton homes, or the wholesale bereavement they suffered when they got it. Of the 724 crew who came from Southampton, no fewer than 549 died that April night.

Even for someone like myself, who has lapped up every *Titanic* book and documentary for 20 years or more, this statistic comes as a shock, so comprehensively have the Southampton crew been written out of the script. I thought they deserved, on the centenary, some effort to remedy this. And so, using the superb Encyclopaedia Titanica website, records of the Titanic Relief Fund, and the city's heritage collection, I set about collecting stories of Southampton's lost crew and their families.

A lot of people relied on the port and its ships for employment in 1912, just as they do now. Southampton's population had grown rapidly to 62,000 by 1901 and, with major shipping companies transferring there, as White Star did in 1907, another 33,000 were added by 1911. Here was work, albeit of an insecure, voyage-by-voyage kind, not only for local men, but also increasing numbers of incomers from London, Liverpool, Glasgow and elsewhere. The grimy workers in engine rooms gravitated towards the close-built terraced streets of Northam and Chapel (the kind of hard-drinking neighbourhood on whose Albert Road six pubs could be found side by side). The stewards, engineers, electricians and officers, meanwhile, settled in areas rippling out from the town's centre in strata of ever-increasing gentility. Such social divisions continued at sea. At the top, on the bridge, were the captain and senior officers. Then came the crew's middle class: junior officers and the like, followed by the lower-middle class of stewards, waiters and clerks, and then, at the bottom, toiling in the bowels of the vessel, were its working class: the "black gang" of firemen, stokers and greasers without whose sweated labour the ship would not have moved at all.

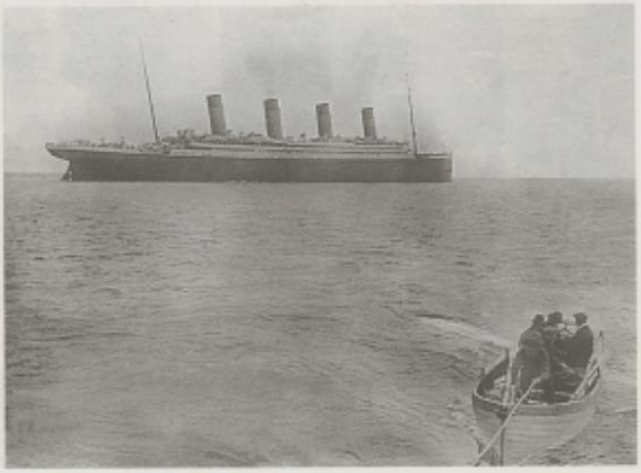
It was on 10 April that this crew of around 900, serving about 1,300 passengers, left Southampton. On Sunday 14 April, just before midnight, it struck an iceberg 400 miles off Newfoundland and sank within two hours 40 minutes. The actions of the nine senior officers (four of whom survived) are well known, but of the Southampton men – the bell boys, lift boys, boot boys, bakers, soup cooks, wine butlers, stewards, stokers, clerks, and greasers – there are only glimpses. Here is Eustace Blann, a fireman/stoker aged 21, rushing into his dormitory quarters holding a piece of ice and saying: "Look what I found on deck!". He died. There is Thomas McCawley, the 36-year-old Scot in charge of the gym, who remained at his post until the last, then declined the offer of a life jacket on the grounds it would slow him down as he swam. He died. So did John Jago and all the other postal clerks who, as the ship went slowly down by the head, manhandled 200 sacks of mail, each weighing as much as a small woman, to higher and higher decks in a vain attempt to keep them dry. They all died.

Left *Children in Northam Street just after the disaster; many of the ship's engine-room workers had lived on the street*

Top, near right *Purser Hugh McElroy, who, as the ship sank, shook the hands of crew members and said, 'Well, goodbye, fellows. It looks like sand for breakfast tomorrow.' Pictured with Captain Edward J Smith during the run from Southampton to Queenstown in Ireland*

Top, far right *Steward Sidney Daniels, aged 18, from Albert Road. Daniels survived by clinging on to an upturned collapsible boat and was rescued by the 'Carpathia' hours later and taken to New York. He was the last surviving 'Titanic' crew member; he died on 25 May 1983*

Below right *'The Titanic' leaving the port of Queenstown on 11 April 1912; the ship was to sink four days later*



And then there is William Mintram: fireman/stoker aged 46, resident of the tough Chapel Road, father of five, grandfather, and convicted killer. On 18 October 1902, he had come home from the pub at around 10.30pm, slapped his wife Eliza round the face, argued with her, grabbed a knife, and fatally stabbed her in the back. At his trial for murder, Mintram said his wife nagged at him when he complained about her pawning the boy's boots to buy drink. He said she rushed at him, but he could remember nothing more. The court – perhaps more concerned with not making orphans of the five Mintram children than an example of William – convicted him of manslaughter, and sentenced him to 12 years, of which he served only three. Such a blot on his CV was no bar to working on the black gang of the *Titanic*, and Mintram signed on, along with Walter Hurst, the husband of his daughter Rosina. As the ship neared its end, the two met, and Mintram, seeing his son-in-law had no life jacket, gave him his. Hurst was saved and the convicted killer perished.

More glimpses: maitre d' Paul Mauge – the only one of the 69 restaurant staff to survive – jumped into lifeboat number five, landed on a woman occupant, and broke both her legs. They both lived, unlike stewards William Cox, Albert Pearcey and George Dodd, who ushered groups of steerage passengers up to the boat decks and a chance of salvation while the lifeboats they had been allocated left without them.

When the last of the lifeboats had gone, there were still around 1,500 people on board, half of them crew. Among those Lowry-like figures we see crowded by the rails in the film are storekeepers Michael Kieran, Frank Prentice and Cyril Ricks. As the *Titanic*'s bow took its final plunge, and the stern rose, they jumped. Ricks was killed by falling debris, Kieran was never found, and only Prentice was saved. Greaser John Bannon, 32 and married, jumped, and found a wooden grating to use as a small raft. He was last seen paddling it towards a distant light, almost certainly a low star.

Very few of those who plunged into the sea survived. The temperature of the water was barely above freezing, and even a healthy, fit young man couldn't last much more than 15 to 20 minutes before hypothermia, and a merciful unconsciousness, kicked in. A small number, such as 29-year-old married bedroom steward Sidney Siebert, were hauled into a lifeboat, but he was too far gone and died before daylight. Not that there were many so picked up. Only lifeboat number 14, navigated by fifth officer Harold Lowe, risked capsize by returning to rescue those in the water. The rest ignored the cries – one man was heard to cry "Mother! Mother!" until his strength had expired – and rowed away.

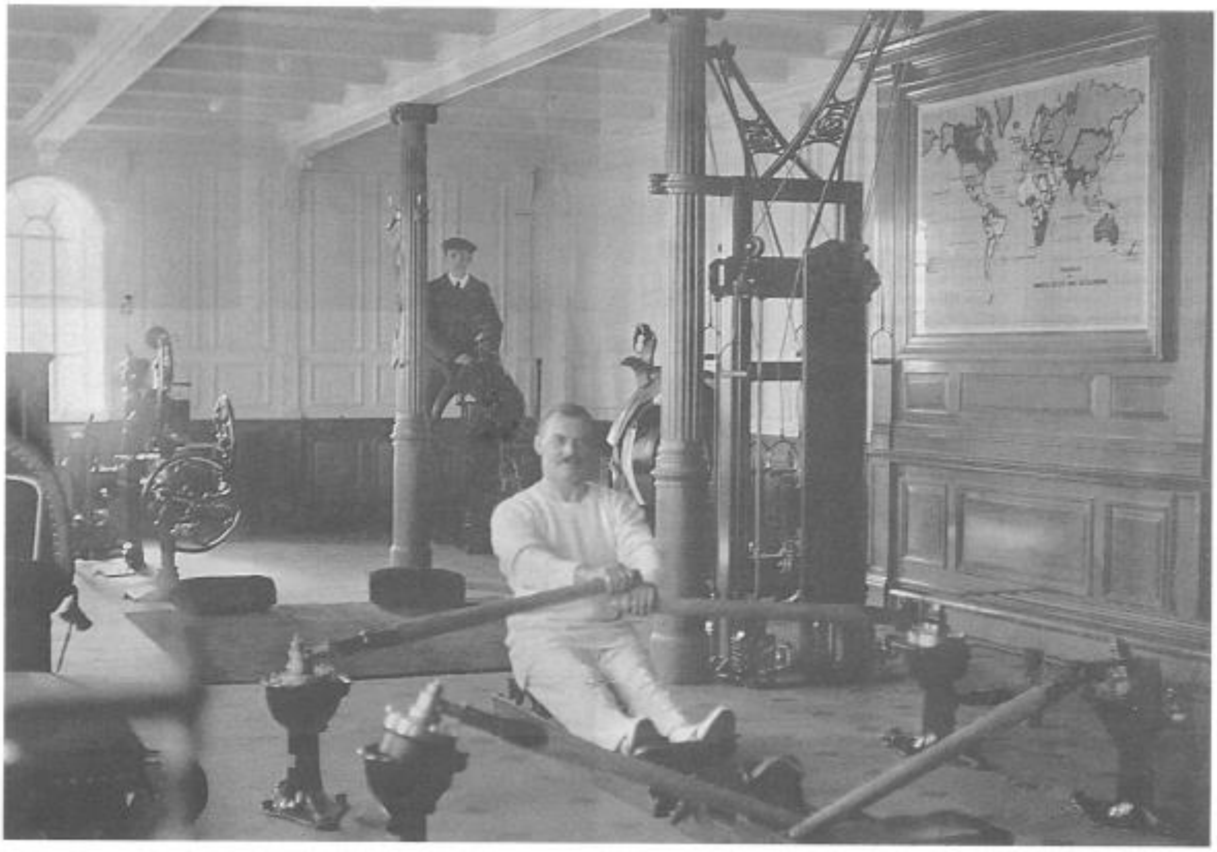
By contrast, there was the *Boy's Own Paper* cheerfulness of purser Hugh McElroy who, at the last moments of the ship, was seen near the gym with a few other crew. He shook them by the hand, and said: "Well, goodbye, fellows. It looks like sand for breakfast tomorrow."

AS THE SHIP WENT DOWN, THE POSTAL CLERKS MANHANDLED 200 SACKS OF MAIL, EACH WEIGHING AS MUCH AS A SMALL WOMAN, TO HIGHER AND HIGHER DECKS IN A VAIN ATTEMPT TO KEEP THEM DRY. THEY ALL DIED

BACK IN Southampton, what had happened to the *Titanic* came first as rumour. And, in a town where more than 600 homes had men and women aboard, word passed from →

REPORT

The crew of the Titanic



person to person, from street to street, like a city-wide game of Chinese whispers. One of the first confirmations of sorts appeared in the window of the *Southampton Times* where a notice said the *Titanic* was "probably sinking". Soon that Monday morning, crowds anxious for news had gathered outside the offices of the White Star Line in Canute Road, and the Seafarers' Union in Terminus Terrace. There was talk that the *Titanic* had been holed, but was still afloat and being towed to the port of Halifax, Nova Scotia. No doubt there were some who said the worst could not be true because "they" said the *Titanic* could not sink. But, at some point on Monday, the following was posted outside the White Star offices: "Titanic foundered about 2.30am April 15. About 675 crew and passengers picked up... Names of those saved will be posted as soon as received."

And so began the wait. The *Hampshire Independent* reported: "As darkness grew, the crowds increased, both outside the White Star offices and the west gate side of the docks. It was an impressive and pathetic scene. The street lamps and the white light from the arc lamps flickered on hundreds of faces which were wan and grey by anxiety. The crowd was very dense around the entrance to the Company's offices, but frequently a gap was formed to allow some grief-stricken relative to pass in and inquire if any more news was to hand. But each time the answer was the same, and the inquirer turned once more towards the street with head bowed."

By Tuesday, most were probably resigned to the worst, but of firm news, there was none. The vigil outside the White Star offices continued day and night. Dolly Curry, daughter of White Star's office manager, brought out trays of coffee to those still keeping watch. On Wednesday, workmen came and nailed to the railings blackboards on which would be posted the names of the saved. The *Daily Mail* described one woman who waited with two babies in a pram and toddler holding her hand. "'What are we waiting for, mummy? Why are we waiting such a long time?' asked the tired child. 'We are waiting for news of your father, dear,' came the choked answer, as the mother turned away her head to hide her tears."

On Friday, five days after the sinking, a clerk appeared and pasted on to the boards strips of paper on which the names of those saved were written in large blue letters. And thus became apparent the scale of the loss. More than 500 households lost at least one person. Whole streets in Northam and Chapel were drab with black crepe. At one school, the headmistress took a visitor into a classroom and said: "Stand up any child who has a relative on the *Titanic*." Every chair scraped back, and the whole class stood. At another school, in Northam, half the 240 pupils lost their father. And the words of one woman to the *Daily Mirror* capture how concentrated the deaths were: "Mrs May across the way lost her husband and oldest son... Mrs Allen round the corner lost her husband, George. And the young girl there in black is Mrs Barnes. She lost her brother. The woman going into the shop is Mrs Gosling. She lost a son..."

At Victoria Road, Ethel Burr, wife of first-class steward Ewart, had recently received a letter from her husband, posted as the ship stopped at Queenstown. "Dearest Ethel I need not mention to you to take care of our little son as I know you love him as much as I do. Give him my love and kiss him each night from daddy." Not long afterwards, a knock at the door brought a telegram. "Much regret," it curtly informed her, "Burr not saved."

Also not coming home were junior assistant engineer Henry Dodds, due to be married on his return; John Brookman, wed only three days before the ship sailed; and father and son Arthur May senior and junior, whose deaths left no fewer than 11 dependents: the elder Mrs May and her eight children, and May junior's young wife and six-week-old baby.

Not that the loss of the unmarried was any easier to bear. The parents of bell boy Archie Barrett, just 15, placed "In Memoriam" advertisements in Southampton papers for many years after the sinking: "...As we gaze at your picture that hangs on the wall, Your smile and your welcome we often recall. We miss you and mourn you in sorrow unseen. And dwell on the memory of days that have been."

More haunting still is the case of electrician Herbert Jupe, whose body was recovered, buried at sea, and his effects – watch, small pencil, and a single brass screw – returned to his parents. His father subsequently wrote: "I should like to thank you for the great kindness you have done my precious son... I am very pleased with the watch, pencil and screw. I have got it mounted on a round black polished stand with a glass shade over it with silver plate with inscriptions as family memento on our sitting-room

Left *The gymnasium aboard the 'Titanic'; trainer TW McCawley (on the rowing machine) and electrician William Parr (on the mechanical camel) both perished in the sinking*

Right *Locals gather outside the White Star offices in Canute Road, in the hope their loved one would be among the survivors. This vigil went on day and night for five days*

SOON AFTER SHE RECEIVED A LETTER FROM HER HUSBAND, A FIRST-CLASS STEWARD, ETHEL BURR TOOK DELIVERY OF A TELEGRAM. 'MUCH REGRET,' IT CURTLY INFORMED HER, 'BURR NOT SAVED'

table. He was a dear boy to me and mother and he would never have married while we were alive."

The body of saloon steward Fred Wormald was also found, but sufficiently intact to be taken to Halifax. White Star arranged for his widow Emily, and their six children, to sail over on the *Olympic* to pay their respects. They travelled third-class, of course, and so in New York were dropped off at Ellis Island for immigration and health checks. Officials there took one look at them, rejected their story and put them back on the returning *Olympic*. Passengers had a whip-round and raised £40 for them, which was just as well because when they got back to Southampton they found their landlord had rented their home to another family, and dumped their furniture in neighbours' outhouses.

Their salvation, as it was for so many of the bereaved, was the Titanic Relief Fund, an amalgam of the appeals launched by the lord mayors of Southampton and London, *The Daily Telegraph*, and some unlikely fund-raising ventures on both sides of the Atlantic. Enrico Caruso gave a benefit concert, the FA Charity Shield match between League champions Blackburn Rovers and Southern League champions Queens Park Rangers was brought forward, and there was a charity record of a song based on the *Titanic* captain's alleged final order to his crew: "Be British!". The Shipping Federation gave £10,500, George V gave 500gns, Queen Mary 250gns, and Queen Alexandra £200. Eventually, £450,000 – the equivalent to about £21m in today's money – was raised. Trustees invested it in such reliable stock as Canadian Northern (Ontario) Railway 3½ per cent debentures, and the fund was still making payments in the late 1950s.

Some 2,396 dependents made claims on the Fund, more than 1,400 of them in the Southampton area. For the crew's families, payments were about half the pay of the lost man (only three of the 686 crew who died were women). The widow of a bedroom steward could expect £1 12s 6d, with 6s 3d (31p) for each child. Salaried employees of White Star were granted outstanding pay in full, plus £300 under the Workmen's Compensation Act, but these were few in number. Most of the crew was hired for each voyage, and so their families were not entitled to such a payout. With little work available to married working-class women except taking in washing or seamstressing, it was the fund – or the workhouse.

Besides the standard weekly payments, the fund's minute book records ad hoc grants: "One quart of milk per day and six eggs to the value of ½ per week to be continued to Mrs Johnson (widow) for a further three months"; 8/6 to Miss Penrose for a pair of spectacles; "£5 to purchase surgical appliances for Mr Reed"; 4gns so that Ethel Duffy, widow of engineer's clerk William, could buy a set of false teeth; and, on 23 April 1914, for stoker's widow Amelia Barnes and her four children: "An order to supply groceries to the value of 2s (10p) per week be given to Lancaster & Crooks Ltd for the period of 12 weeks." They were still giving her an allowance of 3s a week 10 years later. The fund paid out so the children of lost *Titanic* crewmen could start apprenticeships: "Melita Wallis (daughter, nearly 15) be apprenticed to Mr Proust, hairdresser, at a premium of £20 for a period of 3 years." There was even £5 given to Mrs Bristow, widow of saloon steward Harry, "to take her children to the seaside" – generous indeed to a family living a short walk from the English Channel.

The fund's administrators took a close interest in each dependent family, which was not always to their advantage. Payments to the parents of fireman/stoker Edward Biggs were stopped in 1914 because his mother Rose had been "up before the magistrates for drunkenness"; and "Mrs P" had her allowance stopped the same year "as the committee were dissatisfied with her mode of life". And then there was Mary Foster, widow of storekeeper Albert, whose payments were stopped in February 1914 because "certain facts of an undesirable nature" had been reported. Had Mary Foster been finding comfort in a variety of different tattooed arms? Or was she the target of malicious gossip? Probably the latter, since payments for her two girls continued, and, come October, those to Mary were restored. So the valuable, if paternalistic, work went on, until 1959, when the remaining money was converted into annuities.

Next month, exactly 100 years to the day that the *Titanic* sailed, Southampton will open its new Sea City Museum with special exhibitions on the *Titanic*, its crew and their families. It, and the city's remarkable archives, guarantee that the death of all those men and the endurance of their families, will not be forgotten. Maybe one day, someone will even make a film about them. •