Bygone
Days

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Edith Denn.

Jan 28.
1918.

S. R. J.

Frontispiece.

STOKE TOWER FROM THE BACK STREET.

BYGONE DAYS

BY

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BYGONE DAYS.

To those I love in Stoke-by-Nayland.

PREFACE.

To the Younger Members of my Family.

Several of you have asked me to write down all I know of the family history, and I ask myself, why should this be done? The Torlesses are a quite insignificant family, always on about the same level, leading uneventful lives; but even in these quiet lives there has been much of interest to those who care to trace, link by link, the chain which binds us to the past. One of the privileges of old age is the power of retrospect. On looking back the meaning of many happenings becomes clear, and I want you to realize that you have your own individual part to take, each of you continuing that chain; that every separate life has its definite duty; that you are not like drifting leaves from a dead tree, blown hither and thither, but are parts of a living organism, for the family is a vital constituent of the country and of the empire. Therefore family history is not just a kind of vanity or fad, but looked upon in the light of our place on earth as conscious members of the human race, ever striving after an unreached perfection, we can see that no life stands alone, but that each one of us has a definite place to fill. So I put down all I can of family history, with a sense of deep gratitude to those who have gone before, and with the hope that the story will interest the "children's children."

It is no easy task to attempt to write of one's father and mother; the very fact that they were one's parents makes it wellnigh impossible for a child to speak impartially. We know that in every life there is always much to deplore, but it is not a child's place

to dwell on mistakes and limitations, so the picture must be looked at from the perspective of the child's point of view, not in its bare reality. The same question arises in speaking of Stoke. To me it is a holy, precious place; I cannot dwell on the less worthy side, nor could I narrate many episodes of my father's long vicariate there, episodes that were of vital consequence in his career, without speaking of much that might give pain to those still alive.

The writing of this book I have found a very difficult task, and while avoiding the Scylla of saying too little, have fallen into the Charybdis of saying too much. I believe that what I have said is accurate. With regard to the "snapshots" of those still here, they are intended only for use and reference, a condensed family *Who's Who!* I can only ask my family to forgive the mistakes, both of commission and omission. No one is more aware of them than myself. On the blank pages at the end, each family can fill up details.

My part in this book has been to provide material. A member of the cousinhood, who will not allow me to mention her name, took the raw material and made it into a book. My great niece, Irene Eardley-Wilmot, has carried out a really large labour of love in typing for me the greater part of the MSS.

I have asked some of those who knew my parents to put down their remembrances, as presenting them better than I am able to do.

FRANCES H. TORLESSE

(Youngest child of Charles Martin and Catherine Gurney Torlesse.)

WIMBLEDON,
July 26, 1914.

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CHAPTER I.

STOKE-BY-NAYLAND.

THE historian of Stoke has yet to arise and tell us of the past. There is little doubt that something could be discovered as to those men of old who, inspired by faith, built the church which for so many centuries has called to worship and to prayer.

From Bishop Tanner's *Notitia Monastica* we learn "that as early as the middle of the tenth century there was a monastery at Stoke of some note, and many donations were made thereto by Earl Alfgar and afterwards by his two daughters, Œthelfled and Œgelfled, this being the burial place of that noble family and perhaps founded by some of them."

Lady Œthelfled must have been a very wealthy lady, for she left properties not only at Chelsea and Reading to the king, but farms in many parts of Essex and Suffolk for various ecclesiastical purposes, and bequeathed no less than six estates to the "sacred burial place at Stoke." Her last bequest is as follows, "I desire that to one part of my farm servants in each of my villages, freedom may be given for the safety of my soul; and that of the chattels which I possess in each of my villes one half may be distributed to the poor for the safety of my soul."

Her sister Lady Œgelfled makes a still stronger appeal to posterity. Her will is addressed to the king, to whom she leaves both land and silver vessels; it continues: "and by your love to God and by the love you bear to the soul of my husband and of my sister I supplicate and entreat you most noble prince to protect and keep inviolate that consecrated ground at Stoke in which my ancestors rest, and also the possessions which they have bequeathed, dedicated and devoted to the same sacred rite, that according to the law of God they may always be consecrated and uninjured."

Our next glimpse of the past is from the Domesday Book (1085), from which we learn something of the extent of the manors at Stoke, of the labourers who as villeins, *i.e.*, free peasants, or as serfs, were attached to their respective owners. This sentence occurs: "The Church has 60 acres of free land." This church was in all probability the one attached to the Monastery.

In 1285 Sir William de Tendring was owner of the estate which still bears that name. The fine brass of Sir William de Tendring on the floor of the church, shows a knight in complete armour, date 1408. By the marriage of his beautiful daughter and heiress, Alice, with Sir John Howard we are "introduced to the family of Howard, the most distinguished of those connected with the parish," for Tendring Hall now passes to the family of the Dukes of Norfolk. The ill-fated poet, the Earl of Surrey, walked under the (still standing) oaks and wrote of them. The beautiful cousins Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard must have spent many of their young days there; but after

the fall of the Norfolk family the forfeited manor passed in 1563 to Sir Thomas Rivett, and through his descendants passed by purchase about the middle of the eighteenth century to Sir William Rowley, the ancestor of the present owner.

There were many other manors in Stoke, notably that of Gifford's Hall, which in 1216 was held by Richard Constable, who built the chapel dedicated to St. Nicholas—now a ruin. He also probably built the older part of the present mansion, but the gateway and entrance tower are of the Tudor age, and must have been built by the Mannocks. The fine old houses of Thorington Hall and Scotland Hall, indicate that those who built them were people of wealth and position. Meanwhile cloth-weaving became the chief industry of the neighbourhood, the Guild of Clothiers had their Guildhall, its timbers are sound to-day.

Stoke must indeed have been a prosperous place, but throughout these centuries there is no record of how and when the church was built, and the first historic mentions are connected with the confiscation of property and destructions wrought in the time of the Commonwealth by Dowsing. The Rectorial tithes and the land on which once stood the stately Vicarage, belonged to the Mannock estate of Gifford's Hall. In the reign of Edward VI. this Vicarage was estranged from the use of the Vicar, and a small house in the Back Street, which was still standing in 1881, was substituted for it.

To those of you who have never seen Stoke I must try to describe it. Starting from Colchester the road is not very interesting until you come to the top of Horkesley Hill, from there, across the valley

of the Stour, which separates Essex from Suffolk, the tower stands out on the top of the opposite hill. The road leads down into Nayland, crossing the Stour, a stream wide enough to carry coal barges. Nayland is a compact village with several shops, a large flour mill, and fifty years ago there was a silk throwsting factory there. The church, "St. James," in ancient days was a dependence of St. Mary's, Stoke, and has many beautiful features. Beside it is a most perfect specimen of a Tudor house, admirably restored by the late Dr. E. Fenn. Soon after leaving Nayland the road passes the Lodge of Tendring Park, and from that point it leads winding up under what was almost an avenue of grand oaks and elms. Gradually the church and village come into sight; the road turns and the view is lost, soon to re-appear. How often have the different members of our family followed that path, watching for the moment when the top of the hill and home was reached, while from the upper windows of the old house we watched for their approach. Deepest sorrow and intense joy seem alike bound up in numberless memories of that "way home."

At the top of the hill is a small triangular green, to the left the garden and Old Vicarage House, then the churchyard and church. On the right the house called Tendring Cottage, and immediately in front the old home—it never had any name. It was simply "our house," a plain red brick building at one time entirely covered up to the roof with white jasmine.

Beyond the green is the village street with its few shops, the old high road runs on down Scotland Street, while to the left the parish of Polstead meets Stoke, and to the right we come to the other lodge and

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FROM THE "OLD VICARAGE" FIELD.

STOKE FROM THE NAYLAND ROAD.

park gates of Tendring. Along that side of the park is the road to Thorington Street, a large hamlet one-and-a-half miles from Stoke. From here are lovely views of the Stour valley as it reaches Dedham, Flatford, and other spots, familiar to the world from Constable's pictures. For half-a-mile down Scotland Street there are many cottages, then the large farmhouse standing by the pretty little stream of the Brett; this crossed, the road rises again, passing Weeping Hill—the supposed site of battle—till the hamlet of Withermarsh Green and Gifford's Hall are reached. Here is the Roman Catholic Chapel and burying ground.

In quite the opposite direction Stoke stretches out towards Assington and Sudbury. The parish is six miles long, and from two to three miles wide, a large area of ground with not only definite hamlets, but many small farmhouses or lonely cottages standing in the fields. Sixty years ago all the land, except that of Tendring Park and the woods, was cultivated, there was but little grass-land and cows were scarce, while game was abundant and strictly preserved. I remember once myself counting seventy hares in the "Broadfield" that lies between Stoke and Nayland. It will be seen that to visit these scattered hamlets and isolated farmhouses meant great powers of walking and a disregard of weather.

As I have said, the church is on the left of the green. Between the old house and the churchyard gate is a general shop, a cottage, and a blacksmith's forge. A broad footpath leading to the Back Street runs along the side of the actual graveyard. To drive from the village green to this street is a curious roundabout

way, but I do not know that the most daring modernizer ever proposed that the road through the churchyard, although quite wide enough, should be made available for wheeled traffic. The schools are in the Back Street, and I remember when stocks, whipping post, and cage were all close by the outer wall of the churchyard: these have all been improved (?) away! The well remains, it is over seventy feet deep, and the water is drawn up in buckets over a pulley; this well and the one at the further end of the street are the property of the parish and maintained out of the rates. Near by stands a fine old building, once the Guildhall, in later years the parish workhouse, but when unions were formed in 1832 it was turned into tenements.

The eastern counties of England were notoriously Puritan, and although there were many large tombs in the church and headstones in the churchyard, yet there was not a cross to be seen anywhere. When my parents went to Stoke there was not on the north side of the church even a headstone to mark a grave, for the north porch was that of excommunication, and tradition had forbidden burials near it, consequently it had been used only for paupers brought from a distance. When my sister Anna died in 1838, our parents, who resented the distinction made of reserving one part of God's Acre for the nameless poor, laid her body within a few yards of the north porch, and round that plain, flat stone have gathered sixteen of our family.

The church tower, 120 feet high, is a landmark over the whole county, visible even from the sea at Harwich. The church is one of the most beautiful among the many fine Suffolk churches; its internal length is

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THE ROAD FROM NAYLAND.

THE OLD HOUSE.

168 feet, the pillars and arches are of beautiful proportion, especially that at the west end leading into the tower. The western door is rich in ornament, over the south porch is a parvis containing an interesting old library. The font is unique, the carving round the eight panels is very curious and a puzzle to antiquaries.

So much for stones and mortar. It needs the skill of poet and painter to tell of the subtle beauty of the tower, and the arches and pillars. All who love Stoke church must feel an intense gratitude not alone to those who built it, but to the long roll of vicars and churchwardens who have maintained the fabric from generation to generation, so that to-day it stands not only a landmark but a symbol—sign of the unchanging faith that still speaks of the city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

When my father and mother came to Stoke it had not been a neglected parish, and at that period it was a populous village. Sir William Rowley, with a family of sons and daughters, lived at Tendring; resident farmers with their families and labourers occupied each farmhouse. There was a boys' school at Hill House kept by Mr. Edward Goymer, the large schoolroom standing on one side of the present garden. Here the boys, sons of the farmers and superior tradesmen of the neighbourhood, received a good plain education. In Park Street Miss Rumsey kept an "Academy" for young ladies. In the old parsonage, of which mention has been made, old "Master Grimsey" taught such of the labourers' sons for whom the weekly penny payment could be found; for the teaching of the girls no provision at all was made. It is noticeable in the marriage registers of the first half

of the last century how seldom a man could sign his name; a woman's signature was almost unknown. It is also interesting to note that there were in the first thirty years of the nineteenth century several marriages of Roman Catholics in Stoke Church, for by the Marriage Acts of 1753 and 1823 no marriages were legally valid in England except for Quakers and Jews, unless celebrated in a parish church by the usual rite (see Lacey's *Marriages in Church and State*). I have often heard my father comment on the great hardship inflicted on Roman Catholics by this law. In 1823 is this entry in the registers,

> "The Rev. Blaze Morey Priest of the Romish Church buried by F. F. Knottesford."

The mail coach from Hadleigh to London passed through the village daily; after the railway was opened to Colchester, about 1841, it still continued to run on certain days in the week as far as Colchester. Old Mrs. Boggis kept the post office in a little shop near the Green, and from there the coach took up the mail bags.

There are two sets of almshouses in Stoke, those on the Downs, left by the Lady Anne Windsor, who died in 1615 and to whom there is a very fine monument in the church; the others are by the side of the churchyard and were restored by the late Sir Charles Rowley. These two sets of cottages have proved of inestimable value to the old people of the place, and now that they enjoy "old age pensions" and can live rent free, they can end their days in comfort.

So much of the happiness of our young days was connected with Tendring Park and Gardens, that I must say something about them. Although not open

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THE DOWNS.

TENDRING HALL AND PARK.

to the public (except on rare occasions), by the kindness of successive squires we were allowed to walk in them at all times. The park has much open ground as well as magnificent trees; in the spring, when the white thorns are in blossom and acres of the ground are sheets of blue hyacinths, the beauty is indescribable. The gardens, which are very extensive, were, I believe, laid out by Lady Edith Rowley, daughter of Admiral Sir Robert Harland, who died 1850, aged eighty-six. She collected many rare shrubs and plants, so that the gardens were not only beautiful, but also very interesting. The park stretches away till it meets the meadows of the Home Farm, and is bounded by the River Stour. In the early 'fifties, when there was much unemployment and poverty in the neighbourhood, Sir Joshua Rowley (who died 1857) employed a large number of men in digging out and forming the lake, which not only added to the general scenery of the park, but provided an excellent skating ground for the neighbourhood.

When Sir William Rowley, who died 1768, became owner of Tendring, he also bought the advowson of Stoke. The Rev. John Gent was vicar from 1769 to 1803. He did not reside at Stoke for many years, and in or about 1782 the Rev. Samuel Parlby became his curate, and had charge of the parish. The old house (at present called the Vicarage) was built for him. He married Anne Cooke, one of the daughters of Mrs. Cooke, of Boxted, so well known to all interested in the Bridges family, and as Mrs. Parlby was niece by marriage of the Rev. Wm. Jones of Nayland, we may conclude that there was then, as in later years, much intercourse between the two villages.

The Rev. Wm. Jones was a remarkable man—an eminent theologian and musician; he composed both morning and evening Cathedral services and music for the organ, and one at least of his hymn tunes (St. Stephens) has stood the test of time. He placed the present organ in Nayland Church at a time when organs were almost unknown in villages, and it is said that some of the stops were brought from Canterbury Cathedral. So thoroughly did he teach both children and villagers the theory and practice of music, that the rendering of the musical portion of the Church Service became the standard of excellence for the neighbourhood.

Mr. Parlby died in 1803; on his tombstone he is described as the faithful and indefatigable Pastor of the Parish. In that year the Rev. J. Rowley's name appears in the Parish Registers as *Minister*. He was a grandson of the first Sir William Rowley and Rector of Brantham and East Bergholt, but did not become *Vicar* of Stoke until 1806; in the same year the Rev. F. F. Knottesford became his curate, and lived in the curate's house. He married Maria Downing, aunt to Mrs. Liveing, of Nayland. Mrs. Howard (*née* Liveing) writes of Mr. Knottesford:—

"Uncle Knottesford identified himself with the early Evangelicals because he felt the spiritual life of the Church was in them. He had a natural taste for all that was beautiful in Church architecture, music, etc.; and I have heard him chant the Psalms for the day to his own accompaniment on the Harpsichord. He was a good classical scholar and also a student of Divinity. It was said of him (by Archbishop Tait, I think) that he lived so much in study with the Non-Jurors that he imbibed their views. Whether or not, he was a truly

devout and good man, and I have heard him say what a grief it was to him when Tract 90 was published, he having previously built his hopes on the Oxford Movement as doing just what was wanted in the English Church, but he could never go with them further. Of course he had peculiarities, *i.e.*, he taught his coachman Greek, and he always gave to Beggars for fear of sending one needy person away. His hand-writing was so minute that he wrote with a Crow-quill; he was extremely short sighted."

Mr. Knottesford left Stoke in 1823, in which year my father succeeded him as curate, he and my mother taking up their residence in the old house in September of that year.

Very much more of great interest might be told of the previous history of Stoke and its inhabitants, but it must be remembered that it is not the history of Stoke which I am endeavouring to record, but only such part of it as will form a background for the story of our family there.

CHAPTER II.

The Torlesse and Robinson Families.

I HAVE no skill to disentangle pedigrees, and can therefore only state very briefly what is known of our forefathers. In the time of Queen Elizabeth the Torles occupied the position of yeomen at Fawley in the County of Berkshire; there are many entries in the Parish Registers of members of the family during the sixteenth century spelt as above. About the year 1840, it was intimated to my father, by whom I do not know, that he could claim "Founder's Kin" to St. John's College, Oxford. He therefore instituted enquiries both at St. John's and at the Heralds' Office, of which the following letters show the result:—

"Heralds' College,
"Doctors' Commons,
"*Dec.* 2, 1841.

"My Dear Sir,

"On the other side I have compiled your Pedigree from the Document I had the pleasure to forward to you, and from the Will of Adam Torlesse, who *ob.* 1641. The Will is a very full one and gives a great deal of information respecting his family; from his giving to the Poor of the Parish of Croydon in Surrey, I should almost infer that he lived there, at all events there would be no harm in your writing the Rector of that Parish to ask him to look at his Register, as you have the exact time of his death. Adam Torlesse in his Will also gives to the Poor of Great Fawley in Berkshire, where he states he was born and christened, a sum of money to transcribe the Register of Births, Deaths, and Marriages fairly.

"I presume you have addressed the Rector of that Parish as I suggested in a former letter. Adam T., I have no doubt from his Will, died without children, as he gives to his godson, and nephew, Adam T., almost all his property, which appears to be very considerable; he states he accumulated

during a service of upwards of 40 years, under his Master the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom he bequeathes £100. I will avail myself again of an early opportunity of looking for the Will of Dr. Richard Torlesse, and in the meantime perhaps you will have received some information from the parties you have addressed on the subject.

"Believe me,
"Yours most sincerely,
"Geo. Harrison, *Bluemantle.*"

"Oxford,
"*Dec.* 8, 1841.

"Rev. Sir,

"I have to apologize for not having earlier replied to your note of the 22nd inst.; but the search you wished me to make has been more than usually difficult and unsatisfactory.

"I have not only gone through the Register of the University, but I have, through the kindness of the present Vice-Chancellor, had access to the books of St. John's College, the result of my enquiries being as follows:

"Arthur Torlesse occurs in the original matriculation of the University as a member of St. John's, and by the St. John's books I find he was Founder's Kin fellow, June 30, 1567, took the degree of B.A. and became schoolmaster of Hinborough Eagle in Berkshire.

"Adam Torlesse was matriculated of St. John's College, March 1st, 1601. He was born in the county of Berks, but no parish given, and was 17 years of age at the time of his entrance in the University.

"Richard Torlesse entered the Univ., according to the Register of the University (very incorrectly kept at that time), Mar. 28, 1655, but according to the books of St. John's College, in 1653. He was Founder's Kin fellow of St. John's, and matriculated as the son of a gentleman, he took the degree of B.A., Jan. 29, 1656, that of M.A., June 14, 1659, and the two degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Medicine in 1666, at which time he is styled 'late a fellow of St. John's.'

"I am Rev. Sir,
"Your obedient humble servant,
"Philip Bliss."

COPY OF LETTER RELATING TO CREST (*see* TITLE PAGE).

"To all and singular as well nobles as others unto whom these Presents shall come, I John Berough, Knight Garter Principal King of Arms of English men send greeting.

"Wheras Adam Torlesse, Esqre son of William Torlesse of Whatcombe in the Parish of Fawly in the County of Berks, and grandchild of one of the sisters of Sir Thomas White sometime Alderman of London and Founder of St John's College in Oxford, hath requested me to declare and assigne unto him such armes as he may lawfully beare, I have willingly assented unto his said request. And therefore I doe by these presents declare that the said Adam Torlesse beareth for his armes as hereafter is expressed that is to say 'Gules in Orle' of Etoiles Argent on a Canton of the second a Lyon rampant, sable armed and langued of the first and for his crest on a helmet a Fesse Argent and Gules mantled Gules doubled Argent 'A Crane between two sedge branches proper' as more evidently in the margent is depicted, which Armes and Crest as above mentioned, I the said John Berough do give grant and confirm to him the said Adam Torlesse and to the heirs of his body lawfully begotten to be by them and every of them borne accordingly to the law of Armes for ever. In witness thereof I have unto these presents subscribed my name and set the Seale of mine office. Dated this six and twentieth day of June in the thirteenth year of the Reign of our Sovereigne Lord Charles by the Grace of GOD of Great Britaine, France and Ireland King Defender of the Faith etc and in the year of our Lord GOD 1637.

"Signed JOHN BEROUGH,
"*Garter Principal King of Armes.*"

"I hereby certify the pregoing to be a true copy of the Register marked More Grants of Armes 2—fo. 110 now remaining in the College of Armes London and examined therewith this twentieth day of November 1841 by me.

"Signed GEO. H. ROGERS-HARRISON, *Bluemantle.*"

From these documents it will be seen that the family had some claim to education and culture. In the year 1637, Adam Torlesse received "a grant of arms" with the accompanying crest.

From Mr. Bliss's letter the three names of Arthur, Adam, and Richard Torlesse stand out in some prominence. As well as being schoolmaster there is notice of Arthur Torlesse being musical lecturer at Oxford. It also appears that to Adam Torlesse, steward to Archbishop Laud, was given a special grant of arms; there is also a legend that Adam Torlesse left money for the purchase of fifty mourning rings, to be distributed among his friends at his death. Richard Torlesse was a physician of note; there are many particulars of him in the roll of the Royal College of Physicians, and his crest and coat of arms is depicted among others in the great window of that College.

It appears that in the seventeenth century two families of Torlesse had settled, one at Milford, near Godalming, in Surrey, the other in London, but I cannot say anything definite about either family, till we come to John Torlesse, who settled at Hamburg, and was married on December 1st, 1734, to Rachael, daughter of Julius Borchenstein.

This John Torlesse left behind him a red Bible, on the flyleaf of which is written "the gift of my worthy good uncle, Mr. Antony Torlesse, 1725." This Bible contains the names of fifteen children of John and Rachael, with the dates of their baptisms, the name of the minister who baptized each child, and the names of their sureties. Of these fifteen children only three survived infancy, *i.e.*, John, born 1738;

John Henry, 1744; and Rachael, 1749. John Henry never married; Rachael married a Mr. Jackson, and her daughter, Rachael Jackson, left the red Bible to her cousin, Charles Martin Torlesse, from whom it passed into the possession of his grandson, Arthur Ward Torlesse.

Nothing whatever is known about the life of John and Rachael Torlesse in Hamburg. John, their son, born 1738, entered into the Civil Service of the East India Company, and the following extract is from their records:—

"This is to certify, that my son John Torlesse was born here, in the city of Hamburg, the 24th June 1738; and was baptized by the Rev: Mr Rucker, Lecturer of St. Michael's Church; but by a violent and surprising flash of lightening, which happened the 10th March 1750, set fire to the church and steeple which were consumed in so sudden and small a space of time, that they were not able to save the Register, or any of the writings belonging to the Church.

"As witness my hand this 4th day of July 1754.

"(Signed) JOHN TORLESSE.

"His Godfathers and Godmother were

"Phil: Lohmanns.

"George Christian Luders, deceased.

"Anne Elizabeth Lohmanns."

The next notice of John is of his marriage at Bombay in 1782 to Anna Maria Robinson; at this time, I believe, he held the position of Judge. He had also made a considerable fortune, and he retired from the E.I.C.S. somewhere about 1784, and with his wife settled in Queen Square, London—then a somewhat fashionable part.

Before continuing the story of John and Anna Maria, I must turn to the Robinsons.

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MARY ELLITHORNE.

MARTIN ROBINSON. BORN 1733.

Martin Robinson (born 1733) was engaged in business in Red Lion Street, Holborn. He lived at the corner, and fifty years ago his house was still there, quite unaltered, with the initials M.M.R. in the wall. He married Mary Ellithorne, born 1742. She came from Bury St. Edmunds. Mary Ellithorne's sister, Ann Ellithorne, married James Hodges, and her daughter married Lord William Murray, third son of the Duke of Atholl. Their descendant, Julia Frances Delmé, married Admiral Sir Richard Vesey Hamilton, who was great-uncle to Richard, child of Charles and Kate Hamilton (*née* Torlesse), in New Zealand. This double connection with the Ellithorne family, which I have only lately found out, is interesting. The portraits of Martin and Mary Robinson are still in existence and show us a comfortable looking pair of worthies. They had a large family of sons and daughters; two of the sons married but left no descendants. Of the many daughters, six married as follows:—

Anna Maria = John Torlesse.
Martha Juliet = John Dickinson.
Harriet = General Bowness.
Elizabeth = George Fennell.
Louisa = Rev. J. Nottidge.
Mary Anne = John Eden Leeds.

From these sisters descended a band of cousins, among whom a warm friendship existed—friendships which descended to their children and last even to the present day. The Robinson sisters must have possessed an unusually large share of good looks. There is a legend in the family that on one occasion

when the Czar of Russia was visiting London, Mrs. Robinson and her six daughters were seated on a balcony to see the royal procession pass by. The Czar was so impressed by their appearance that he stopped the procession to look at them! They were well educated, as the education of women went in those days, and all of them married men of good social position.

And now we may ask how did Anna Maria Robinson get from Red Lion Street to Bombay, and what took her there? The story as I heard it as a child is as follows:—Mrs. Robinson had a sister, Mrs. Hodges, of Bury St. Edmunds, and this Aunt Hodges took at least two of her nieces to India, Anna Maria and Martha Juliet. Their ship for protection sailed with some of the Fleet, then on its way to India; they were becalmed for a long while in the tropics, and to while away the time the Commodore gave a ball on board his ship to which he invited the ladies from the passenger ship. We can imagine with what delight the girls looked forward to this break in the monotony of a six months' voyage. Aunt Hodges had had a tub of water brought into her cabin for a bath, and when fully dressed with hoops, etc., in stepping backwards to look at herself in the glass she fell into the tub; her nieces laughed, and Aunt Hodges neither went to the ball herself nor allowed them to go! (This story has been handed down in the family from one generation to another with the solemn warning to young people not to laugh at their elders.) There is also another shadowy legend of a voyage to India made by some of the Robinson sisters; the vessel was lost on the south-west coast of

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ANNA MARIA TORLESSE, *née* ROBINSON.

JOHN TORLESSE. BORN 1738, DIED 1810.

Africa, but some of the passengers were saved by natives. My father always told this with the addition "perhaps my Aunt Anne may have married a Hottentot, and I may have some black cousins in Africa."

In spite of these anecdotes there is no apparent reason why so many of the family went to India. I believe that Martha Juliet married John Dickinson in Bombay about the same time that her sister, Anna Maria, married John Torlesse.

In 1800 John Torlesse moved to Great Stanmore, in Middlesex, where the family lived in a large white stone house (still standing) near the church. We know very little of the life of the Torlesses at Stanmore. My grandfather, John, is indeed but a shadowy figure in the family story; his miniature shows him to have been a very handsome man, fair and blue-eyed, but if it is true that we may judge a man's character by his friends we can learn something from two whose careers were well known. One was Colonel Boden, of the Indian Army; he held various military appointments in Bombay, retiring in 1807. His will states:—

"On the demise of my daughter all my property, *i.e.*, £25,000, devolves to the University of Oxford, to be by that body appropriated towards the erection and endowment of a professorship in the Sanskrit language, at, or in any or either of the Colleges of said University, being of opinion that a more general and critical knowledge of the language will be the means of enabling my countrymen to proceed in the conversion of the natives of India in the Christian Religion, by disseminating a knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures among them, than by all other means whatever."

The first appointment to this Professorship was made in 1832, and I have heard that of the two

candidates the qualification of the successful candidate was that he knew the Sanskrit alphabet, which the other did not. Colonel Boden was in some way connected with the Torlesse family, he was godfather to John Torlesse's eldest son, who received from him the name of Henry Boden.

Another Stanmore friend was James Forbes, F.R.S. and F.S.A. (1749 to 1819). He went out as writer to the E.I.C.S. in 1765. He travelled a great deal, being sent on many important missions. He was a close and accurate observer, and before leaving India in 1784 he had completed 150 folio volumes of *Notes, sketches, and descriptions of the Fauna and Flora of India*; these were afterwards published in two large volumes under the title of *Oriental Memoirs*. James Forbes married Rose Gayland, of Stanmore, and had one daughter, Eliza, who married Baron Marc Réné de Montalambert, who had joined the British Army. They had one son, Charles Forbes de Montalambert. This child was born in 1810, and was brought up by his grandfather at Stanmore. His subsequent career as orator and historian are well known, and in consequence of his editorship of *L'Avenir* he may be regarded as one of the pioneers of the modernist movement in France. His biographer says that his grandfather Forbes was the "Father of his soul." James Forbes, who lived in a fine house on Stanmore Common, must have been very kind to the Torlesse boys of a hundred and odd years ago, for my father was never tired of talking about him and had many anecdotes to tell. Once when walking with the old gentleman on the road outside his orchard he said, "Charles, Charles, there are some boys robbing

my apple trees, I must look the other way." I believe that this incident profoundly affected my father's conduct throughout his whole life; he "often looked the other way." My father also said that once when he was shooting with a bow and arrow on Stanmore Common he hit Miss Eliza Forbes, who was riding there, and in after years when her son's name was much before the world, father would say with a twinkle in his eye, "If my bad shot had proved fatal there would have been no Montalambert."

Samuel Martin and his daughter, Miss Kitty Martin, also lived at Stanmore. Mr. Martin being one of my grandfather's, old Mr. John Torlesse's, Indian friends, he was my father's godfather, and there was always a great intimacy between the two families. Miss Kitty Martin was certainly an Eurasian. She was a most kind and benevolent old lady and I especially have need to hold her in grateful remembrance, for she undertook the expenses of my education for four years (1852–1856) at Miss Cahusac's school at Highgate. She lived in a very nice house in the village and kept her carriage and horses; she painted many excellent miniatures of the family. Miss Martin always led my father to believe that she would make him her heir, and he was certainly grievously disappointed when, at her death, he received only a small legacy, the whole of her property being left to her butler and maid.

From these slight reminiscences of Great Stanmore we can, I think, gather that the society there in the beginning of the nineteenth century was of a very pleasant character.

I much wish I could say more about the other

branches of the Robinson family. There was certainly a very strong affection between the sisters and the sisters' children, the evidence of which lies in the love and interest that descended through such a long period of time and to distant cousinships.

The second of the Robinson sisters, MARTHA JULIET, married JOHN DICKINSON, of the India Office. They had five children. The eldest, Martha, married Samuel Babington (one of the Rothley Temple family). I think she died early; she left a daughter, Martha, who married the Rev. Redmond Macausland. They lived in Ireland, and I do not know anything about them. The second, John Docwra, also in the India Office, married Margaret Alexander. The third, Anna Maria, was early married to John Hornidge, a surgeon. He died in a very few years and left her a widow at twenty-five. She and her sister, Caroline Dickinson, were extremely intimate with their Torlesse cousins. Anna Hornidge had no children, and was always ready to come and help both at Old Newton and at Stoke. She and Caroline were devoted followers of Edward Irving, and became members of the Catholic Apostolic Church. Charles Bridges was disturbed at this, and for some years Anna Hornidge did not visit the Bridges, although there was not the slightest diminution of friendship between her and dear aunt. She lived in Gordon Street for many years, and I cannot say for how long she played the organ at the beautiful C. A. Church in Gordon Square at the early Celebration at 6 o'clock.

To us she was indeed a true friend; both Susan and I stayed with her for weeks at a time. In middle life she had a long illness which left her permanently

crippled. She went out in a bath-chair very fearlessly, but even sixty years ago I have trembled to walk by her side when she steered herself across Oxford Street, pushed by a shaky old man. Her brother, John Dickinson, and his family lived at Purley. I remember spending the day there when it was a remote country village. I much regret that after cousin Anna Hornidge's death in 1878 we lost sight of the rest of the Dickinsons. Her sister Caroline had died some years before.

Mr. Hornidge had several sisters, the eldest of whom was a teacher of music. As a baby her father had put her name into a Tontine (a species of lottery) and said, "My Fanny shall ride in her carriage." She went on supporting herself by teaching till the age of 70, when the Tontine came to her, and she did indeed not only ride in her carriage herself, but fully enjoyed the pleasure of taking others in it.

The third Robinson sister, HARRIET, married General GEORGE BOWNESS, of whose family I can speak of two only, John, who married Anne Tyrrel, of Plashwood, Suffolk, whose father and mother lived for many years at Polstead Hall—Major John Bowness used to come to Stoke sometimes; he left a son, Joshua —, and Hester Bowness, who married the Rev. Alfred Eyles Davis, a clergyman in Wiltshire, whose daughter, Georgina, married George Hadwen. Their children were:—

Mary Alice, married to John Henry Bridges. Of her life, so full of every social and philanthropic interest, I have spoken in *Some Account of J. H. Bridges and his Family.*

George Arthur was engaged in his father's business,

but died when yet a young man. He married Amy Maxwell and left no children. She survived him only a few years.

Frederick Walter was also in his father's works. He married Anna Waugh, and they still live in the old house at Kebroyd and have three sons, John, Noel, and Guy.

Edith Georgina's life from earliest childhood was devoted to others. I have spoken elsewhere of her crossing the world to come to me. During the last few years of her life, she spent herself in nursing the incurably sick in Shottermill, and previously in London, ministering alike to soul and body. She died in 1908. She was one of those characters who make one realize that the Kingdom of God can be upon earth.

Louisa Amy, married to Charles Astley, had two children. Her son George, a boy full of promise, died in India at the beginning of his career.

Dorothea is unmarried.

Berta married Maurice Hill, K.C., and lives in Wimbledon, where she does good service in the Liberal cause. They have two sons, Philip and Geoffrey.

Nora is the wife of Leonard Hobhouse, Professor of Sociology in the University of London. They have three children, Oliver, Leonora, and Marjorie.

Of the other members of the Davis family, Alfred often came to Stoke. He was a clergyman, and I well remember on one occasion when he appeared with a beard. Father was greatly troubled, beards were anathema to both father and mother, but Alfred Davis was a good preacher and a great friend, so he

preached and I never heard of any evil consequences. He married Caroline Otter, and left two sons, Walter who died unmarried, and William who married Josephine Wallis, and has one daughter, Joan.

Emily Hester Davis, second daughter, married John Marshall. Walter Davis also married, and left two daughters, who became nuns. Minnie Davis married Colonel Henry Newmarch and left a large family.

It is curious to consider the strong intimacy and friendship that has existed so many years between our branch of the Robinson family and those represented by the Davis', while many other families equally nearly related are entirely unknown.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON, fourth daughter, married Mr. GEORGE FENNELL. They had a large family :— George, who kept a preparatory school at Iver, in Middlesex, to which my brother Henry, Edward and Robert Liveing, all went. He married a Miss Carter, whose family were among the first manufacturers of clothing waterproofed by guttapercha. George Fennell gave up school teaching and engaged in this more profitable business.

Samuel Fennell married Arabella Groom, and had one son, Charles Augustus, Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge.

Alfred Fennell became curate to Mr. Nottidge. He married, while at Ipswich, Lavinia Slater, and their first child, Gertrude, was born at the Nottidge's house, "The Grove." He then went out as Chaplain to India in the Madras Presidency. He married twice, and left two large families, of whom the eldest, Gertrude, was much brought up with her Macnamara cousins.

When very young she married, in India, Mr. James Robinson. She has now reverted to the family name of Robertson, her eldest son having inherited property in Scotland. She has a large family of sons and daughters, and is still full of the interests and activities of life.

Frances Fennell, a very lovely woman, married Daniel Macnamara, a surgeon at Uxbridge. They had a very large family, who were our dear friends and companions. Mr. Macnamara died in the year 1857, leaving his widow with six sons and four daughters and very small means. She was an especially gentle creature and apparently little fitted for the task of bringing up such a family, but her sons were loyal to their father's teaching and memory. George was already old enough to take on his father's practice at Uxbridge. Henry took Orders and died Provost of Perth; he was a frequent visitor at Stoke. Nottidge Francis and Nottidge Charles both followed their father's profession and settled in Calcutta, where they were very successful men. Nottidge Francis married a connection of the family, Amy Danvers. He retired from practice and settled in London, and left two sons, the elder of whom, Henry, has died lately. He was Rector of St. James, Garlick-by-the-Hill, and a Canon of St. Paul's, and since 1894 had been priest in ordinary, successively, to Queen Victoria, King Edward, and King George. Eric is a doctor. Nottidge Charles also left Calcutta, and living in Brook Street, London, had for many years a large practice; he married twice, and by his second wife, Mia Bayley, had several children.

James and Carol Macnamara were twins; Carol

died young, James was also a doctor. Fanny, the eldest daughter, was remarkably handsome and a most capable girl, who, though only seventeen when her father died, became her mother's right hand, supporting her in feeble health and effectually mothering her younger brothers and sisters. She married Mr. John Aitkin, who had large property in Victoria (Australia). When John and Susan Bridges went to Melbourne, Fanny Aitkin helped them to settle in their house, and on Susan's death went at once to do a sister's part to John. After Mr. Aitkin's death Fanny and her family settled at St. Andrews, Fifeshire; she was always a dear cousin to us. She died in 1914.

Nora Macnamara, the second daughter, inherited her mother's delicate beauty. She was one of those mortals who have a charm, a something that sets them apart from others. She, too, was often at Stoke, Susan's great friend and dearly loved by all. She was always fragile and died in the year 1853, only seventeen. Her younger sister Emily came to Stoke for a change after Nora's death, but she was taken ill and died at Stoke and is buried there; she was only fourteen. Carol, always a delicate boy, died at about the same time; Nora, Emily, and Carol, all were gone within six weeks. Oona, the youngest child, was like Nora; she married Mr. Francis Butlin and left two daughters, Frances, who writes charmingly of Norway and Denmark, and Oona, the wife of Mr. Sidney Ball, Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Oxford.

Mrs. Macnamara was much at Ipswich in her young days, and was one of those strongly influenced by Mr. Nottidge, one proof of which is seen by her naming two of her sons after him.

Mary Fennell married Edward Fuller Danvers; he died in early life, leaving her with a large family: two of the sons went to New Zealand, and one of them, Danby Danvers, married Mary Revell, sister of Elizabeth, my brother Henry's wife. The Danby Danvers went to Sydney. When I saw him there in 1889, he held some post connected with the Cathedral; he died a few years ago and left a son and two daughters.

Anna Maria Fennell married Dr. Henry Powell, and left a son and a daughter, Wadham, who never married, and Fanny Marcia, who married Lewis Winkworth.

LOUISA, the fifth of the Robinson sisters, married the REV. J. H. NOTTIDGE. They had no children, but Mr. Nottidge's influence was so widely and deeply felt that his name was a household word among his wife's many relations.

MARY ANNE, the youngest of the Robinson family, born twenty years after her sister, Anna Maria, (Torlesse), was married to JOHN EDEN LEEDS, surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. Her eldest daughter, Susan Eden, was married at Stoke, where she had lived some years, in April, 1837, to the Rev. Richard Mosley. The following is an extract from notes in her handwriting, written for her children:—

"The first time I heard your father's name was in a glowing account of him that Mrs. Bridges was giving to my uncle, the Rev. J. T. Nottidge, who was enquiring for a clergyman to whom to present a district and church he had just completed. Though the room was filled with people talking in knots, I was accidentally placed close to Mrs. Bridges and heard all this. This 'perfect' clergyman who was to come among us was quite a joke to my sister and myself. We were at that time

living at Stoke. Your father was then asked to pay a visit to the Grove (my uncle's residence at Ipswich) and the Torlesses and ourselves were asked to meet him. It was there we first met and it ended with our marriage the following April, 1837."

During Mr. Mosley's life at Ipswich he took pupils; among others were George and Edward Liveing, and Charles and John Bridges. Mr. Mosley had a very severe illness and became partially paralysed. On his recovery he accepted the Living of Rotherham, in Yorkshire. The care of this parish was a task of enormous difficulty, Rotherham having then become a black manufacturing town. Nothing but an indomitable will, and extraordinary methodical habits of life, could have enabled Mr. Mosley to carry out this work.

MR. and MRS. MOSLEY had eight children: Catherine and Susan died at the ages of fifteen and sixteen. Two boys died in infancy. Henry, born in 1849, is now Rector of Eversely. He was for nine years Chaplain at Rio de Janeiro, and during that time was instrumental in building the hospital for strangers, thus providing excellent nursing for the Europeans in Rio and meeting a sorely-felt need. He is married to Edith Millet. Edward, born in 1852, is Rector of Tortworth, in Gloucestershire. He married Blanche Cave and has two daughters. Dorothea, married to the Rev. H. R. Yeo, has three children. Eden Mosley, Edward's second daughter, is unmarried. Mary and Sara Mosley have lived at Hastings for many years, where Mary's special work has been for the G.F.S. and Hospital. Sara has been a Guardian for about twenty-four years.

MARY ANNE LEEDS' second daughter, Mary Anne,

married first the Rev. T. West, by whom she left two sons and two daughters—Henry Thomas, who married Emmeline Hall; Arthur Nugent, who died young at Zanzibar, where he purchased the slave market for the Universities Mission to Central Africa, on the site of which the present Cathedral is built; Harriet Eden, who married the Rev. James Verey; and Fanny Theodora, who is unmarried.

After my grandfather John Torlesse's death in 1810, grandmama Torlesse with her two daughters left Stanmore and went to live at Edmonton. Here they came under the influence of a powerful preacher who persuaded them to renounce all connection with the "world." Mrs. Torlesse sold her jewellery and the greater part of her plate and became, in fact, what was in those days called a "Methody," although she never left the Church of England. After living a short time at Edmonton she and her daughters went to live in Ipswich, where she remained until her death in 1834. It would be very interesting to look back into the Society there a hundred years ago. So far removed from London, the town had strong individual characteristics; it was already a stronghold of Quakerism and became the stronghold of Evangelicalism, while the trade of the town was not only that which would naturally arise from the nature of the agricultural country around it, but it was already beginning to assume importance from the manufacture of agricultural implements.

The Rev. John Thomas Nottidge, who had married Louisa Robinson, was Vicar of St. Helen's, Ipswich. To understand his position it would be necessary to have a grasp of the whole story of the Evangelical

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J. T. Nottidge

BORN 1776, DIED 1847.

Movement, at that time the most powerful and life-giving element in the country. This is beyond my powers, but "Uncle Nottidge," as he was always called, was not only a leader of men both in Ipswich and the neighbourhood, but he became an important factor in the family history.

The Torlesses made their home at Ipswich on account of the connection with the Nottidges, and there, some years later, Maria Torlesse met the Rev. D. Davies, one of Mr. Nottidge's curates. They were married and went to Claverton, near Bath. Before her marriage Aunt Maria had been a most active worker with her mother among the poor of Ipswich, especially devoting herself to dirty and neglected children, but I do not know much about her after her marriage, as she and her husband led a very quiet life. My elder sister stayed at Claverton from time to time, and Aunt Maria kept up a close correspondence with my father. Somewhere in the 'fifties she sent him the chiming clock which she had inherited from her father, John Torlesse. She said she feared it was worn out, but there was a little clock-maker at Nayland who took it in hand, and its chimes have been a delight to so many of the family that I feel we should all be grateful to Aunt Maria for having sent it to my father. He was particularly pleased to possess it, as he said he could well remember its chimes when a tiny child in Queen Square, London.

Aunt Maria lived to a good old age, dying in 1874, at the age of eighty-eight. Her husband survived until 1889, when to our great surprise he left Aunt Priscilla and myself a legacy which greatly added to the comfort of our lives.

Harriet Torlesse's life at Ipswich with her mother was not a very long one, as in 1821 she married Charles Bridges, an intimate friend of Uncle Nottidge. Their first home was at Woburn, in Bedfordshire, an account of which can be read in one of my mother's letters. In 1823, the Bridges went to Old Newton, in Suffolk, where all their children were born and where they stayed until 1849. Charles Bridges then accepted the living of St. Mary's, Weymouth, which they left in 1858 for Hinton Martel, in Dorsetshire. Here Charles Bridges died, and from that time his widow made her home with her daughter, Anna Brown.

I have written fully of both Charles and Harriet Bridges in *Some Account of John Henry Bridges and his Family*, so I will not repeat it here. My dear aunt was the best beloved of all the Robinson connection. Her children were: Harriet, born 1827, died 1838; Charles Hayne, born 1831, died 1852; John Henry, born 1832, married first Susan Torlesse, secondly Mary Alice Hadwen, died 1906; Anna Maria, born 1836, married to J. Wilson Brown 1866, died 1893; Edward Torlesse, born 1843, died 1877.

Anna had seven children, of whom two boys died in infancy. Her eldest daughter, Harriet Susan, married in 1893 Dr. Edward Liveing, of 52, Queen Anne Street.

The other daughters, Edith, Mary, Margaret and Hilda are unmarried; three of them are "Sisters" of the Church of England.

To return to the Torlesse family.

HENRY BODEN TORLESSE was born June 19, 1793; he was named after Colonel Boden, of whom I have spoken. The following extract from O'Byrne's

Naval Biographical Dictionary gives the outward facts of his early life:—

"Henry Boden Torlesse entered the Navy, 10th May, 1806, as first-class Volunteer, on board the '*Antelope* 50,' Captains Henry Bazely and Edward Galwey; under the former of whom he escorted the East India trade to and from St. Helena, and conveyed the Earl of Caledon to the Cape of Good Hope. After visiting the Mediterranean he followed Captain Galwey, in April, 1809, as Midshipman (a rating he had attained in December, 1807), into the '*Isis* 50,' in which ship, commanded next by Captain Woodley Losack, we find him in the course of the same year, accompanying the expedition to the Walcheren. From February, 1810, until December, 1811, and from the latter date until March, 1814, he was employed as Midshipman and Master's Mate, chiefly on the coast of North America, in the '*Belvidera* 36,' Captain Rich. Byron, and '*Morgiana* 18,' Captain David Scott. He then returned to England in the '*Terpsichore*' frigate, Captain William Bowen Mends; and from the following June until promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, 11th May, 1815, he served on the Portsmouth station in the '*Tyrian*' brig, Captain Augustus Baldwin. He has since been on half-pay.

"Lieutenant Torlesse has been for some time a Police Magistrate at Van Diemen's Land."

After leaving the active service of the Royal Navy, he was engaged in a passenger service to India. My father used to tell this story:—

On one occasion, when in command of the ship, he was conveying the Bishop of Calcutta—whether Bishop Middleton or Bishop Heber I cannot say. A mutiny broke out among the sailors, and the Captain thought it necessary to put some men in irons. The Bishop, thinking this cruel, remonstrated, whereupon the Captain ordered him to his cabin and put a guard before his door until all symptoms of mutiny had disappeared. He then went to the Bishop, and entreated

his forgiveness for having treated him with such apparent disrespect, but pointed out that it had been absolutely necessary for him to maintain the discipline of the ship. The Bishop apologized for his part, and the Captain and the Bishop became the best of friends.

I believe Henry Torlesse lost much money over this trading to India, and therefore determined to emigrate to Tasmania. The following account is from his grandson, Edward Torlesse Liveing, who visited Tasmania in 1903 and obtained the information:—

"My grandfather, Henry Boden Torlesse, was a Lieutenant in the Navy, and at the close of the Napoleon wars, he found promotion so slow that he decided to emigrate to Tasmania.

"He sailed in the barque '*Wanstead*' (Captain Langdon), reaching Hobart, 1828. The Government granted him 2,500 acres of sheep land, at Hollow Tree, near Hamilton, about 50 miles from Hobart.

"About 1830, he married a Miss Frances Hawthorne, whose mother was a Miss Cramer (of a good and rather wealthy Irish family, having estates near Tipperary). Miss Cramer having married a clerk, Mr. Hawthorne, against the wishes of her father in Dublin, was 'cut off with a shilling,' and eventually had four children, two boys and two girls.

"Her brother befriended her, and having a friend going out to Van Diemen's Land in a high Government position, he sent my grandmother, Miss Hawthorne and her eldest brother out with him.

"My grandmother went up country as a governess. Lieutenant Torlesse saw her, fell in love, and married her; the union proving a most happy one.

"My grandfather was a genial, pleasure-loving man, fond of social life, and much given to entertaining his naval friends; he was short and stout, and very good looking. He lived on his sheep run at Hollow Tree, where he built an extensive

country house after the English style, verandahs, stables, yards, etc., and entertained on a scale rather beyond his means, with the result that the property became mortgaged, and was eventually sold.

"He was then appointed Police Magistrate at Campbeltown, where he and his wife and my mother lived for four years, when he had an illness and went to Hobart for advice. He consulted Dr. Huston, who had married the other Miss Hawthorne, and recovering, he returned home. Later, he was again taken ill, and returned to Dr. Huston's, who diagnosed the disease as internal cancer, giving little hopes of his recovery; this so preyed upon my grandmother's mind that she became very ill, and in about six weeks, herself died of a rapid consumption.

"My grandfather, before his death, sent for Sir John Franklin, who had been his fellow midshipman in the Navy, and was now Governor of Tasmania, asking him to take my mother back to England with him, to her uncle, the Rev. C. M. Torlesse, of Stoke, which he did.

"My grandfather died in 1843, aged 50; both he and his wife are buried at Kingston, Brown River Churchyard, near Hobart, but when I was there in 1903, I searched but could find no memorial stone.

"Mr. Geo. Hawthorne, the youngest of my grandmother's brothers, was then about 75 years of age, and it was on visiting him I obtained most of the foregoing information. His wife remembers my grandfather well, and used to play with my mother when children."

In 1894, my sister Priscilla and I visited Hobart, and went to New Norfolk to see old Mrs. Huston. We had a most interesting time with her; she told us that she was many years younger than her sister, Frances Torlesse, and that she, as a girl, lived with the Torlesses and took care of their daughter, Frances Jane (the Tassie of later years). Dr. Huston was the medical officer at that terrible convict prison, Port Arthur, and did what he could for the victims of the cruelties practised there. Mrs. Huston told me that

she and her sister used to drop morsels of tobacco where the convicts were likely to pass, that they might pick up and chew. She also told us that she had very much resented her little niece being taken away from her care, and sent to the unknown relations in England. In 1894, Mrs. Huston was a very nice-looking old lady, and we were struck with the strong likeness to her great-niece, Margaret (Rands).

Priscilla and I also visited a charming old gentleman and lady named Tarleton, who had known Henry Torlesse well. They said that he and Sir John Franklin were so much alike in appearance that they were constantly mistaken for one another. They had been middies together, and were very attached friends. We also went to see a deserted looking church at the mouth of Brown River, but found no trace of any grave; the church was shut and there seemed to be no sign of a clergyman, so that we could not get at the Registers.

I have always heard that Henry Boden Torlesse was a delightful man, I think he must have been like dear aunt Bridges in manner. There were two children born of the marriage of Henry B. Torlesse and Frances Hawthorne, a boy and girl, but the boy lived only a few months. Frances Jane was only eleven years old at the time of her father's death. Sir John and Lady Franklin brought her to England with their daughter, with whom she shared a governess. I still remember her arrival at Stoke, my father, of course, going to London to meet her. What a romance it was for us to have this cousin from what then seemed such a very remote country as Tasmania! She was almost exactly the same age as Susan, and

she grew up to be very lovely with an exquisite complexion, a most sweet and unselfish nature, and always a peacemaker. She inherited a small independency from her grandmother Torlesse, and when she came of age and had an income at her own disposal, she gave most handsome presents to her cousins.

The friendship with the Franklins was kept up for many years, and Sir John's expedition to discover the North-West Passage and all the subsequent anxiety and distress were matters of the deepest interest in our family. My father had the honour of receiving one of the last letters written by Sir John before leaving the coast of England, posted by the Deal Pilot.

When, in later years, Sir Clements Markham, the son of our former neighbour and friend, Mr. Markham, of Horkesley, was one of those who went to seek for traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition, the interest in the North-West Passage was renewed.

The following is an extract from a letter to my mother from Miss Eleanor Franklin:—

"*8th November*, 1847.

"My Dear Mrs. Torlesse,

"The interest you are so kind as to take in our anxiety about the N.W. Expedition leads me to send you the enclosed copy of a letter which mama received a few days ago from Lord Auckland. It is still just possible that the Expedition may return this Autumn, although the Whalers bring no intelligence, but neither mama nor I expect them, and the non-expectation increases our anxiety since their non-arrival now leads us to banish from our minds that we have ever contemplated as the most probable issue, viz., an unsuccessful return. We must (after a few days) only determine to hope that they have got thro' to Behring Straits, and will arrive before the end of March. I cannot bear to look forward beyond that month; we must trust my dear father still in the hands of

his Covenant God and Father, in the earnest hope and faith that whatever happens will be ordered by Him for the best interests of all concerned in the expedition. It is the source of my greatest comfort that my dear father in all things seeks to do and to resign himself to his Father's will. . . . . .

"Believe me,
"Affectionately Yours,
"ELEANOR FRANKLIN."

Miss Franklin was the daughter of Sir John Franklin's first wife, Eleanor Porden, and the relationship between her and her stepmother was one of the deepest affection. Eleanor Franklin married the Rev. Philip Gell.

To return to Frances Jane, always called Tassie in the family circle. In August, 1854, she married Edward Liveing, second son of Mr. Liveing, of Nayland. Their first home was at Cambridge, where he went as an undergraduate. They subsequently moved to London, and settled at 52, Queen Anne Street, in the year 1860. Their children were—

Edward H. Torlesse, born at Nayland, July, 1855.
Frances, born at Cambridge, February 7th, 1857.
Margaret, born at Highbury, December 23rd, 1858.
Henry Geo. Downing, born at Queen Anne Street, February, 1861.
William Francis Robert, born at Queen Anne Street, February, 1866.

The most dearly loved mother died, August 3rd, 1885, after a long illness, and is buried in Stoke Churchyard.

"Her children rise up and call her blessed."

Their eldest son, Edward Torlesse Liveing, married Emily Bosworth.

Henry is in Holy Orders, and is married to Margaret Rands. He has three daughters and one son, Edward, who has just entered St. John's College, Oxford, to which college he can claim Founder's Kin.

William married Millicent Flick, and has one son, Robert.

Frances married her cousin, Frederick Holland, and died 1903. Her two children are Evelyn, and Dorothy married to Arthur Smith.

Margaret married George Rands, and has three children, two boys and a girl.

CHARLES MARTIN TORLESSE was sent to a well-known preparatory school at Chiswick, kept by a Dr. Horn. Here he underwent great suffering, both from the severity of the master and the bullying of the boys. I have often heard him say that the Latin and Greek grammars were flogged into him, adding, "it was a stupid plan, I was a timid boy and could not bear to be flogged, so to avoid flogging I did my best to learn." The arrangements for the boys seem, from present-day lights, almost incredible. The only chance of a wash before breakfast was a run to the pump in the yard; at eleven o'clock three tubs of water were brought into the schoolroom, in one the boys washed their faces, in another their hands, in the third their feet. The water was not changed for the whole school! While my father was there, two boys ran away and hid themselves in the woods. They were soon caught and brought back and were found to have been reading "The History of Valentine and Orson." They were punished by flogging in the way

practised at Chiswick school; each boy was hoisted on to the back of another boy, and the Dr. first gave one a few strokes with "Well, Master Valentine, how do you like the woods?" then leaving him he went to the other, "and Master Orson, how do you get on?" then back to the wretched Valentine, and so on, gloating over their misery. Many years subsequently the school building was used as a private lunatic asylum, and father often said that he should not be surprised if some of its inmates as lunatics might have been there as boys, "with their senses flogged out of them." But those who could bear that rough treatment learnt well, and at fourteen, father went to Harrow well prepared. There he was for four years under Dr. Butler, not leaving until he was captain of the school.

On leaving Harrow my father entered Trinity College, Cambridge; the following letter from his mother throws much light on the happy relations there were between mother and son:—

"My Dearest Charles,

"I enclosed you a Post bill for £21 19*s.* 0*d.* last Monday and requested an acknowledgment of it by return of post, now if I do not hear that you have got it by Friday's post I must send to the Bank and stop the payment of it, as I shall conclude it has got into other hands, and that you have not received it. If there is a Bastile at Cam: I shall also conclude that you have gotten into it. I, however, hope that they will permit you to say 'I have got the note, paid it to Mr. Husler and am alive,' for independent of acknowledging that letter I expected a line to tell me that you were settled, etc. Your parcel of two pairs of sheets, 3 pillowcases, 4 pr. of stockings, 6 teaspoons, 2 tablespoons, and a clothes brush went by this day's coach, the man could not take them yesterday. These I hope you will also acknowledge and remember I

do not expect a long letter, I shall be satisfied with three lines if in addition to what I have *dictated* to you, you tell me that you have written to Mr. Beachcroft. I am waiting to write to them till I hear from you. I should like much to be a little fly to see you arrange your apartment with all your household stores. I hope you have got shelves for your books that they may be ready to your hand, in short I hope you have everything that can render you comfortable, and though I cannot transform myself into a fly, my heart is with you and my prayers are constantly offered up for your well doing. I was much pleased with Mr. Beachcroft's account of your choosing teacups, snuffers, etc., at a moderate price. If you persevere in this plan, you will have money to spare at the end of the year, for I am told by many persons that less than your allowance would be enough for a young man who goes to college to study as a gentleman, so whatever you may be able to save, you may put into the stocks. Henry appears to me to be just at the turn of a straw whether he shall leave the Navy or not, I have written to Sir Richard B. about him. I hope to-morrow will decide it, for it creates me much anxiety, and the expense he has been put to this trip, together with your unavoidable expenses has quite set me aground, but I must not scribble any more to-day than to convey to you yr sisters' kindest love, and to assure you my dear Charles that I am yr affec: mother,

"A. M. Torlesse.

"2*nd Nov.*, 1814."

A letter from Mr. Nottidge (*see* Appendix) written in 1816 implies that Charles had had many interests apart from a definite course of study. As a matter of fact I know very little about my father's life at Cambridge. He was certainly very happy there, for he retained a strong affection for his College throughout his life, and always gave a special welcome to any Trinity man whom he met and who could tell him anything about it. The only exercise of which I ever heard him speak was skating. He used some of the furniture of his Cambridge rooms as long as he lived,

especially a strong oak writing table and an armchair —which he always said was so comfortable that when once in it he forgot all his troubles. He also hung his walls with good engravings of religious subjects by the old masters, framed very massively in cherry-wood. All of these prints in their frames are still intact.

He, however, brought from Cambridge a lifelong devotion to the Classics. They were to him not the dry bones of knowledge, but were rather wrought up into the very texture of his mind. Homer was, I think, his favourite author; he knew the first book of the *Iliad* by heart, and almost to the last day of his life would repeat lines to himself, enjoying their very sound. Dr. G. Liveing has spoken (*see* Appendix) of the way in which he would render a Greek play. Horace and Virgil were, if I may use such an expression, his commonplace books, and in looking back on his conversation as well as his criticism of modern writers, it seems to me that his mind was so steeped in the mental atmosphere of Greece and Rome, that he hardly did justice to the writers of later times. He had a beautiful edition of the Delphin Classics in, I think, 130 volumes. His Harrow prize books were the Greek plays; there were but few English authors on his study shelves, and though he thought right to have certain editions of *The Fathers*, I confess I do not think they were often read.

As Charles Simeon was an intimate friend of Uncle Nottidge's, my father came largely under his influence and often rode with him when he went to preach in the neighbourhood. It may not be altogether superfluous to say that Charles Simeon, Rector of Trinity Church, Cambridge, from 1783 to 1836, was a leader of

the Evangelical movement, published an enormous number of sermons and tracts, and founded the Simeon Trusteeship for the insuring of Evangelical clergymen in certain livings.

Father had many most amusing and excellent stories to tell of Cambridge life. Edward Mosley has remembered the following:—

"A great feature of my uncle was his fund of amusing stories; which though often repeated, never seemed to vary or be added to. He was particularly strong on Cambridge stories, and he delighted in those which pointed to the superiority of *his* college of Trinity, over *my* college of St. John's, *e.g.*: The Master of St. John's called on the Master of Trinity, and in a thin squeaky voice (which uncle imitated) complained of a Trinity man coming into St. John's Courts and blowing his hunting horn. The Master of Trinity had the man up; and after reproving him, added, 'Besides sir, if you want to blow your horn, don't go and do it in the little college next door, but come and blow it in the big court of Trinity!'

"Uncle declared he had seen on the screen at Trinity, after the May examinations, the lists of names written; and after the six classes it was stated, 'The following gentlemen could not even copy correctly.'

"Or again, he would tell how one dense undergraduate could only pass his exams. by learning to read writing upside down, and copying off the paper of the man sitting opposite to him.

"Some of his stories take one back to a bygone age, as, *e.g.*, the undergraduates used to await the arrival of the coach at Cambridge; then one of them would take up a bag, and walk off with it, as if it were his

own. The owner, of course, protested, and a violent altercation would ensue, and when the rightful owner was made thoroughly furious, the undergraduate would calmly put down the bag and walk away! Or an undergraduate would rush into a grocer's shop, seize the end of the string hanging from a reel on the ceiling, and run with it down the street. The stupefied tradesman had not the wit to cut the string, but would watch his reel being gradually emptied!"

My father took his degree in 1818. He was at the top of the Junior Optimes. Bishop Thelwall and Professor Henslow took their degrees the same year; the latter was a lifelong friend.

Father spent some of the time between taking his degree and his ordination in reading under the tutorship of the Rev. John Bickersteth, then Rector of Acton, near Sudbury, in Suffolk. He formed a lifelong friendship with the Bickersteth family, which was carried on specially through the marriage of Mr. John Bickersteth's only daughter with the Rev. Richard Ottley, who succeeded his father-in-law as Rector of Acton, and with the Ottley family we were very intimate until the year 1851, when the Rev. Richard Ottley became Vicar of Richmond in Yorkshire. So late as 1907, I met again Miss Alice Ottley, the well-known mistress of Worcester High School. She came to stay with me at Shottermill, and although more than half a century had passed since we had last met, we found many grounds of mutual interest, and renewed in full force the friendship of our childhood.

To return to my father, it was certainly before his ordination that he first met my mother, Catherine Gurney Wakefield, at a ball at Bury St. Edmunds,

and as his home was in Ipswich, and she was so often there, there must have been abundant opportunity for their meeting. I do not know when they were formally engaged, but I conjecture somewhere about 1822 (*see* letter in Chapter "OLD LETTERS," from my mother to my father written from Woburn in 1822). Father was ordained deacon on June 17th, 1821, by the Bishop of Lincoln, and became curate to the Rev. Arthur Obins, in the Parish of Hemmingford Abbotts, in the County of Huntingdon.

He was ordained priest in June of the following year, the ordination taking place in the old Parish Chapel of Marylebone. My father had the greatest respect and affection for his Rector, Mr. Obins, and corresponded largely with him both during the times when Mr. Obins was absent from his parish, and also after he left in 1823. The extracts from Mr. Obins' letters (*see* "OLD LETTERS") not only show the affectionate terms between rector and curate, but also what excellent training for his future the latter received at Hemmingford, especially as regards church music and parish visiting. In April, 1823, father became curate to the Rev. Samuel Carr, of St. Mary Key, Ipswich, who promised him a yearly stipend of £70, and on the 7th April in the same year (being Easter Monday) he and my mother were married. The following letter from my grandfather Wakefield is the best description I can give of their marriage:—

"*From* EDWARD WAKEFIELD, SENIOR, *to* MISS DAVIS.

"Ipswich,

"*April 7th*, 1823.

"MY DEAR MISS DAVIS,

"I am thinking that I wrote you word that my dear Catherine was to be married on the 8th. I mistook the day and

meant Monday the 7th, and so we went to Church this morning. I arrived here yesterday, and she and I had a quiet evening to ourselves. She is languid and looks poorly but has gone through the ceremony vastly well. When she took my arm to walk up to the Communion Table she trembled sadly, but she repeated that part of the service which she had to do with great firmness, and was with us at a pretty large party at breakfast afterwards, and left me about one hour since in high spirits. Mr. Torlesse and she will go to a lodging at a small bathing place, Felixstowe, twelve miles from this place, where they will pass the first two or three weeks quite by themselves. We are flattering ourselves that so much of her illness has arisen from anxiety upon the subject of the marriage, that a little quiet will restore her. Our party consisted of my father, my sister Mrs. Head, a widow with her three daughters, my Priscilla, and Mrs. Torlesse, the mother of Charles Torlesse, a widow and her daughter, and her sister, Mrs. Nottidge with her husband, who performed the ceremony. This you know is not an ordinary occasion of writing, and if my expressions are warm I am sure that both your father and you will attribute them to my ardent and enthusiastic disposition which directs my pen this morning upon a subject as to which I am so deeply interested. My mother is extremely feeble and we were fearful of exciting her feelings and therefore did not say one word of it to her until it was all over. Our party is now gone different ways and I am writing to you at a table close to my mother, whom I wish you knew.

"I have formed my Catherine's mind and created an intense intimacy with her long before she became the entire substitute of her angel mother, an event which clothed her with duties which she has discharged with cheerfulness and infinite credit to herself. Perhaps you may think the same intimacy may continue in her married state that has existed in her single one, but No! I have made up my mind that it can and ought not to be. Her husband, whom she has just promised to love, cherish and honour, and these I hold not to be words of form, has a right to her mind and thoughts, and I will never interfere to divert them from him to my pursuits, my pleasures or my cares, I have resigned her to him wholly and for ever.

"Tues. Morn. April 8th.—So far had I written when as you may believe I was interrupted by visitors calling, and locked up my writing case to dress for dinner. I dined with an intimate friend of mine, Dr. Williams, who has written an account of Caius College, Cambridge, where he was brought up and which he worships night and day. His house is filled with the pictures of all the great men the College ever produced. He had a small party of ladies, all friends of Catherine's, I was in high spirits, the Dr. facetious, and he and I managed I believe to make them very merry. In the evening I went to my sister's to meet all Mr. Torlesse's family, my father and mother and my Priscilla. My sister has three sons as well as three daughters. We formed a large party, and what with cutting up wedding cake and one story or another I never spent a more cheerful evening. It is surprising to observe how much my mother enjoyed it, and as for myself I was as great a boy as any amongst them. It always delights me to see others happy and when Geoffrey Croyien described his feeling when he first saw and heard the lark bound from the ground he pretty nearly told how I was all the last evening, and all I wished was that more of those whom I love and like had been of the party.

"Most truly and sincerely yours,

"EDWARD WAKEFIELD."

After a short stay at Felixstowe, a place then consisting of about three houses, the Torlesses went to Westmoreland and paid a pleasant visit to mother's cousin, John Wakefield, at Sedgewick, near Kendal; they also went for a short tour in the Lake District, then a somewhat adventurous proceeding. They had introductions to both Wordsworth and Southey; Wordsworth was away from Rydal, but they saw Southey, and had an interesting conversation with him.

The stay of father and mother at Ipswich was a very short one, for in the summer of the same year father was offered the Curacy of Stoke-by-Nayland, and in September he and mother entered the old house of which I have spoken in my account of Stoke.

CHAPTER III.

THE WAKEFIELD FAMILY.

THE story of the Wakefields, well told, would easily fill a good-sized volume. This is quite beyond my scope, but I will try and record so much as bears directly on our family history.

In the sixteenth century we find the Wakefields settled near Kendal, in Westmoreland, in the position of "statesmen." In 1665, ROGER WAKEFIELD, of Preston Patrick, married Hannah Preston, and as they were married at the Kendal Meeting House the family had by that time become Quakers. His eldest son, Roger, established the Bank at Kendal, which together with some gunpowder works in the neighbourhood has been carried on with consideration and profit by his descendants. EDWARD WAKEFIELD, a younger son of Roger (2nd), born in 1715, had to seek his fortune away from his native county, and succeeded in building up a fine business as a banker in Dublin and a merchant in London. He married twice, his first wife being Huldah Willett; by her he had a son Joseph, and a daughter, Elizabeth. Joseph, born in 1744, settled in Ireland, where he learned the linen business, and there married Hannah, daughter of Thomas Christy, of Moyallon; his family are still represented in that part of Ireland, and are still "Friends." EDWARD WAKEFIELD married as his second wife in 1748, Isabella, daughter of David Gibbon of Ratcliff, who is said to have been a relation of the historian; by this marriage he had three sons

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EDWARD WAKEFIELD WITH PRISCILLA (SEATED) AND CATHERINE BELL.

and one daughter. This EDWARD WAKEFIELD carried on business in Luds Lane in the City of London, and had a house in Kensington Square. He died in 1765, leaving his Irish property and business to his son, Joseph, and his London business to Edward (born 1749). In 1770 this EDWARD, the second, married Priscilla, the eldest daughter of Daniel and Catherine Bell. The group opposite shows this Edward with Priscilla Bell, and her sister Catherine, afterwards wife of John Gurney and mother of Elizabeth Fry. Daniel Bell was descended from a Northumberland Quaker family, but settled in the neighbourhood of London, where he married Catherine, youngest daughter of David Barclay. The genealogy of the Barclays goes back into remote ages, to which I refer such of the family as are interested in the matter to *Foster's Families of England*, but I think we should remember with a due sense of responsibility that Catherine Barclay was the direct descendant of Robert Barclay, of Ury, who wrote the famous Apology for the Quakers, and suffered imprisonment for the cause.

"Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking.

"So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron gates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen."

(From Whittier's *Barclay of Ury*.)

David and Catherine Bell, who married at the Tottenham Meeting House, had a very large family, of whom I may mention Priscilla, Catherine, Rebecca, and Jonathan. From a manuscript which I possess, the Bells appear to have been a robust, clever, lively family, with an immense amount of family affection and mutual admiration. The story of Catherine, who married John Gurney, has been fully told in Hare's *The Gurneys of Earlham*. Rebecca Bell, known in the family as "Becky," married Abel Chapman; she left a family of fourteen, of some of whom we shall hear again. Priscilla was the eldest of the Bell family, and I feel that it is impossible to do her full justice in a short space. Her long life, for she lived till 1832, from the time of her marriage at the age of twenty seems to have been one long struggle with adverse fortunes, and the difficulties arising in connection with her children. But in spite of immense difficulties, she found time to write very many books for children and young people. They were quite devoid of genius, but as they filled a need of the day and were written with great care, they had a large sale and brought "grist to the mill." Her books have long since been forgotten, but her work in establishing Savings Banks, originally called "Frugality Societies," has been of lasting benefit. A hundred years ago thrift was looked upon as a virtue, and it would be interesting to trace how from the first "Frugality Societies" grew the whole system of Savings Banks. On behalf of this scheme she travelled much about the country, establishing not only the Savings Banks but other methods for helping her poorer neighbours. It must be confessed that her husband, Edward Wakefield, although

according to his portrait a handsome man, was rather a poor creature, as he constantly failed in business and exercised little control over his sons.

There were three children of this marriage, Isabella, who married Joshua Head, of Ipswich; EDWARD, born 1774; Daniel, born 1775. On January 1st, 1796, Priscilla Wakefield began to keep a journal, that at least is the earliest date of those now in existence, and one or two small indications seem to point to its being a new practice with her. Once begun it was steadily kept up until the year 1816. The entries for each day are very brief, but very much to the point, and so fully reveal the character of the writer that we seem to know her intimately.

At the date of the first journal MR. and MRS. WAKEFIELD were living at Tottenham, where she was in the close neighbourhood of many members of her own family.

In 1814 the Wakefields left Tottenham and settled in Ipswich, where Priscilla found not only the various branches of the Head family, but a circle of Friends among whom she was welcomed, and we may believe that her latter years were passed with tranquillity. A strong friendship was formed with both the Nottidges and Mrs. Torlesse, and Mr. Nottidge's influence and teaching were soon felt by the Wakefield grandchildren. Her youngest grandchild, Priscilla (afterwards Mrs. Henry Chapman), was her special charge, and she lived to see her Torlesse great-grandchildren.

She died in 1832, and the following is an extract from the obituary notice which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year:—

"This clever and remarkable woman was born January 31st, 1751. Born a member of the Society of Friends, she remained in it from principle. She was the founder of the Frugality Banks, the first of the Savings Banks, and also a warm supporter of Lying-in Charities. In her efforts to improve the rising generation by the publication ot useful books for their perusal, she was eminently successful . . . . in her private character, whether as a daughter, wife, mother, or grandmother, Mrs. Wakefield was exemplary. In her disposition remarkably calm and cheerful, bearing with great patience an accumulation of extreme bodily suffering ; indeed, her whole conduct discovered an energy, philosophy in meekness, and resignation rarely to be met with."

When Priscilla Wakefield left Tottenham she was presented with a silver inkstand by the residents there, in recognition of her work in establishing Savings Banks. This inkstand is now in the possession of her lineal descendant, Irma O'Connor, in New Zealand.

Priscilla Wakefield's eldest son, EDWARD, whom we will call EDWARD 3rd, appears to have been brought up as a farmer : at all events, in 1791 he occupied a farm near Romford, in Essex, where at the age of seventeen he married Susanna Crash, daughter of a farmer at Felstead. She was a beautiful woman, apparently of a retiring and gentle disposition ; she was seven years older than her husband, and as she had a large family, with but a small and irregular income, her life must have been one of great difficulty. She died in 1816 at Salisbury, where she is buried. Although we have no record of where or how her husband, my grandfather, was educated, there is abundant evidence of his intellectual powers and capability. In 1814 he established himself as a land agent at 42, Pall Mall. Ere this his agricultural employment seems to have mainly given place to land

agency and surveying, in which he acquired the experience which qualified him to produce the work on the economical condition of Ireland, which has chiefly preserved his name. He also served on two important Parliamentary Commissions, one on the condition of mendicancy and pauperism in the Metropolis, his evidence in the Blue Books making very curious reading. The other Commission was an investigation into the condition of St. Luke's and other hospitals for lunatics. In both these directions he showed a large intelligence and a true spirit of philanthropy.

About 1827 he married again, his second wife being Frances, daughter of Dr. Davies, of Macclesfield. They had two daughters, Frances and Laura. In their girlhood he made the tour of Europe with his own carriage and horses. They all studied exhaustively the histories of the various countries through which they travelled, and he compiled a history of Hungary, which, unfortunately, was never printed.

After seven years' wandering, he settled at Blois, where he established a silk industry. His daughter, Frances, died young, but Laura married David Jones. They settled at Warborne, near Lymington, Hants, and still live in that neighbourhood. Their two children, Laura and David, have both taken the name of their maternal grandmother, Arderne. Neither are married.

I well remember my grandfather Wakefield. He was tall, with good features, and a very fresh complexion. To the end of his life he took the most lively interest in all social questions, especially colonization and education, which he called "eddi-cation!" He

died in 1855, and is buried in Kensal Green Cemetery.

We must return to the children of his first marriage, of whom there were no less than nine.

CATHERINE, born 1793, EDWARD GIBBON, WILLIAM, DANIEL, HOWARD, ARTHUR, FELIX, PRISCILLA, PERCY. None of these children were baptized in infancy, as their father was still nominally a Quaker, but parchment certificates of their births were carefully preserved. As their young and improvident father found it difficult to support them all, the good grandmother, Priscilla, seems to have taken almost entire charge of the elder ones. There are very frequent notices of both "Kitty" and "Edward" in her journals, and it cannot be doubted that Catherine at least looked upon her in the light of a mother. Although always speaking of her own mother with great affection, yet she knew that it was to her grandmother that she owed her education, and to whom she was bound by the deepest affection. By the time the boys began to grow up their father must have been better off, for in 1808 Edward Gibbon was placed at Westminster, while the younger sons went to the Grammar School at Bury St. Edmunds. Howard entered the East India Company's service as a soldier, and Arthur entered the Royal Navy; Percy died early. About 1814 the grandparent Wakefields left Tottenham and settled in Ipswich in order to be near their daughter, Isabella Head, and remained there until their deaths.

CATHERINE'S life until the time of her marriage was passed under very varied circumstances. As a child she lived almost entirely at Tottenham with her grandmother, and listened intelligently to the

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PRISCILLA WAKEFIELD, *née* BELL.
BORN 1751, DIED 1832.

CATHERINE GURNEY WAKEFIELD AT
THE AGE OF SEVEN.

conversation of the learned people who gathered there. She also heard much of the horrors of the French Revolution from some of the refugees to whom her grandmother opened her doors. Among others was a lady who supported herself as an artist, and painted the little portrait (*see* opposite page) of "Kitty" about the year 1800. What as a child she heard of the Revolution left an indelible impression on her mind, and strongly biassed her views on all social and political questions throughout her life. So far as I know she returned to her father's house as a young girl, and grew up occupied with the care of her invalid mother and younger brothers and sisters. She was passionately attached to her brothers, especially the eldest, Edward Gibbon, whose extraordinary conduct was one of the deepest tragedies of her life. His young wife died about 1819, leaving two children, a daughter, Nina, and a boy Edward Jerningham. Catherine then went to live with her brother to take care of his children, her love for whom almost exceeded her love for her own children later on. Nina grew up a beautiful and clever girl; she died at the age of sixteen, and Catherine could never speak of her without tears in her eyes, and carefully preserved relics of her needlework, etc.

In the year 1820 Catherine began a diary, which she continued for a few years. She heads it "A Very Private Diary," but as she left it to me with the direction that I was not to open it until after her death, I conclude that she meant me then to read it. From first to last it is an expression of the emotional and spiritual side of her life. There is but little reference to events, and only such mention of her outward

actions as bore upon her inner life. For instance, she mentions nursing her grandfather, and taking charge of her brother's motherless baby, as duties lying before her: how are these to be combined with the time she felt she ought to give to Bible reading and meditation? There are also numerous time tables, and from these we learn how much time was spent in the regular teaching of her young brother and sister, Percy and Priscilla.

Early in 1821 Charles Torlesse appears on the horizon. The thought of him she regards at first as a snare, drawing her mind towards things of this world. Later on this thought becomes merged in the almost passionate desire that she to whom she had given her affections should be a worthy Minister of the Word. Of Mr. Nottidge she constantly speaks as her revered instructor and teacher; she gives long extracts from his sermons, and when in Ipswich lives in an atmosphere of religious thought and habit. When in London in her father's house the atmosphere was extraordinarily different. Neither he nor her elder brothers made any profession of religion; this was a constant grief and distress to her.

The journal continues at intervals for the first few years of her married life, and the joys and sorrows of motherhood are vividly set forth; but from first to last her journal shows a true "agonizing" in her effort to live out in daily life the highest aspirations of her soul; but throughout all there is an unswerving trust in her Heavenly Father, an absolute confidence in Christ as the deliverer from sin, and a practical reliance on the Voice of the Holy Spirit as her guide through innumerable perplexities. She regarded the Sacrament of

Holy Communion with the deepest reverence, and many passages in her journal are meditations on this subject.

During these years, too, Catherine was a great deal with Elizabeth Fry, her father's first cousin. She went with her to Newgate, and also on to the convict ships, and has often described to me Mrs. Fry's wonderful reading of Psalm 107 to the women. When I first entered Sydney Heads, and looked round the harbour, I thought how marvellously the prophecy had been fulfilled: "And there He setteth the hungry, that they may build them a city to dwell in" (Psalm 107, verse 36). Catherine was also much interested in the system of education, in which Joseph Lancaster was a pioneer. When her grandparents moved to Ipswich in 1814, she, as well as her aunt Bell, came much under the influence of Mr. Nottidge. He carefully taught her the doctrines of the Church of England, and when she was about nineteen he baptized her. To her this was a tremendous crisis in her life. In the acceptance of the Creeds and the Liturgy she found satisfaction for her deepest spiritual needs. She had an intensely sincere nature. To her, forms of prayer, whether of supplication or praise, were the actual expression of her heart's desires, and this gave an unusual power to all that she said and taught on religious subjects. Although absolutely devoid of the sense of music, she entered into and enjoyed the singing of the Canticles and hymns, as she was conscious that the words when sung expressed more to others than to herself.

She seems to have divided her time between her father in London and her grandparents at Ipswich and it was from their house that she was married.

One incident of my mother's girlhood must be recorded. In 1810, when she was a girl of seventeen, she went to pay a visit to her cousins in Westmoreland. Her cousins, Mary and Ann Wakefield, were her contemporaries in age, and a very delightful time the girls must have had together, bathing in the beautiful River Kent, and thoroughly enjoying the country life in those lovely surroundings. Mary Wakefield never married. Ann married Mr. John Cropper, of Liverpool. Catherine visited these cousins again on her honeymoon; and in 1857 she took me to Sedgewick, where Mary was still living with her brother John, then a widower. From that day to this some of the happiest memories of my life are bound up with visits to Westmoreland, first staying with Mary Wakefield at her house, Strickland Gate, in Kendal, and afterwards at Ellergreen (on the Windermere side of Kendal), the beautiful home of Mr. James Cropper, whose wife (*née* Fanny Wakefield) died in 1868; it is to her death that my mother refers in the following letter :—

"... This morning's post brought sad news from Ellergreen. In the letter from cousin Mary early in January, she said, 'Fanny is in bed with a very bad cold.' This, I suppose, was the commencement of an illness which terminated fatally last Monday. The loss to all is incalculable, though she, as a child beloved, entered into her Father's House. I cannot get out of my head the beaming face which was seen three or four times a week in the drawing-room at Kendal, and the memory of it is sweet indeed."

I could easily fill a chapter with memories of the past, and grateful recognition of the friendships of the present, but to do this would be beyond the scope of my "family story."

I shall refer to EDWARD GIBBON in reference to emigration.

WILLIAM was educated at Westminster. Through his association with Edward Gibbon in the Turner case, he served a sentence in Lancaster gaol. He then entered the Spanish Army, where he won considerable renown, and when, in about 1840, the New Zealand Company was formed, he, as agent of the Company, led the first band of immigrants to Port Nicholson (now Wellington), New Zealand, where he remained until his death, guiding to the best of his abilities the infant fortunes of the colony. He married Emily Sidney, of Penshurst, and had a daughter, Emily, who married Edward Stafford.

DANIEL was educated for the Bar, and followed his brother William to New Zealand, where he became a judge. He married Angela, the daughter of Thomas Attwood, Banker, of Birmingham, the well-known advocate of the Reform Bill. DANIEL left a son and a daughter, Charles Marcus and Alice Mary. Charles Marcus spent much of his early life in New Zealand, where he made a most valuable entomological collection. He was on his way to England with this collection in the ship "*Blue Jacket*," which caught fire and was lost at sea. He with a few other passengers escaped in a boat, and after twenty-one days' incredible hardships they were rescued, and eventually reached England. His collection was, of course, lost, and his health never enabled him to replace it. He married Annette S. Collis, and settled at Uxbridge in Middlesex. He died in 1902, leaving two daughters and two sons, Angela, Priscilla, Edward and Charles William.

Edward married Edith André and died in 1913, leaving two children, Priscilla and Roger.

Charles William is in Holy Orders and married Emily Fletcher.

Angela and Priscilla are unmarried, and live with their mother at New Belmont, Uxbridge.

CHARLES MARCUS WAKEFIELD was an excellent classical scholar. He was a frequent visitor at Stoke, and was much attached to his uncle, Charles Torlesse, and on his death he bought his edition of the Delphin Classics, 130 volumes, and most of his other classical books.

His sister, ALICE MARY, who lived with her mother as a girl at Wellington, New Zealand, was most tenderly attached to her uncle, Edward Gibbon. She and her mother were his constant companions in the last fading years of his life. After his death in 1862, they came to England, where Alice married, in 1874, Harold, the eldest son of Edward Freeman, the historian. ALICE FREEMAN has always been most devoted to her uncle's memory, and has done all in her power to promote a scheme for a memorial of him in New Zealand. She has one son, Edward, and two daughters: Mary, unmarried, and Edith, now Mrs. Swinfen Jervis. Edward married Miss Gillespie and has three sons.

HOWARD WAKEFIELD, named after John Howard, the Prison Reformer, entered the Bengal Army, and remained in India for thirty years without returning to England. He was a deeply religious man, and after his return home devoted himself to the cause of temperance reform. He married Maria Suffolk, and had four children, one son and three daughters—George, who settled in India—and of whom I know nothing; Priscilla married Major Carnegie and died early;

Lucy, whose marriage to Hugo, Count (afterwards Prince) Radolinski, was the occasion of a remarkable family gathering. As the bridegroom was a Roman Catholic a special dispensation was obtained from the Pope, and the English marriage took place at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, from the house of Samuel Gurney.

Lucy was a very exceptional beauty. There is a mention of this and also her portrait in Madame de Bunsen's *Three Legations*. She had three children and died young. Prince Radolinski, who has lately been Ambassador in France, is still alive.

Julia Wakefield married Mr. Tyrell, a judge in India. Her only son is Sir William Tyrell, secretary to Sir Edward Grey.

HOWARD WAKEFIELD and my mother, Catherine Torlesse, had deep sympathy in spiritual matters, and she greatly felt his loss when he died.

ARTHUR WAKEFIELD entered the Royal Navy at the age of 11, under Captain Beevor of the "*Hebrus*," where he seems to have remained for many years. He saw a great deal of service, and was at the taking of the Isles of France and Java, and in all the operations in the "*Chesapeake*," and on the coast of America, including the Capture of Washington and Bombardment of Baltimore. In 1841 he led the first body of emigrants to Nelson, New Zealand, where he lost his life the following year at the Wairau massacre. He never married. He, as well as Howard, was a man of deep religious principles.

FELIX WAKEFIELD, the sixth son, went to Bury St. Edmunds Grammar School, and was brought up to the profession of a surveyor. Somewhere in the

'twenties his father, Edward Wakefield, had settled at Blois, and Felix was with him. He there married a young French girl, Marie Bailly, and as he was keen on agricultural pursuits he went to Tasmania, where grants of land were then easily obtained.

There a large family of ten children was born. His homestead was not far from that of Henry Boden Torlesse. About 1848 he came to England, bringing his children with him. Several of them lived in a farm near Stoke, Emily and Susan Torlesse taking charge of their young cousins, of whom one, Josephine, has been a close and lifelong friend to me.

FELIX WAKEFIELD was of what I suppose may be called a romantic disposition, as he named his children after various celebrities.

Murat and Salvator both made their home in South Australia, and my first impressions of life at the Antipodes was at the latter's charming home near Adelaide, which seemed to me to be literally a land flowing with milk and honey.

Salvator was a generous and good friend. He left two sons and two daughters who all settled in South Australia.

Murat married Constance Varcoe.

Ariosto and Oliver both died as young men in New Zealand. Edward is still alive. He has four children, two sons and two daughters: Edward Howard, who married Annie Wedderburn, is living in New York. Oliver has been for some years engaged on the railway mission in Western Canada. Constance is married to Dr. Tom Bragg; they are engaged in extremely interesting medical missionary work in North China. They have two children. Mildred

married her cousin, Frederick d'Arblay Burney, Rector of Harworth, in Yorkshire. They have three boys.

FELIX WAKEFIELD'S youngest son, Percy, has passed all his life in Australasia, but I know very little about him.

Constance Wakefield, FELIX'S eldest daughter, was an exceptionally clever woman. When quite a girl she opened a school in Christchurch, New Zealand, in the early days. She there married Frederick Witherby. He died young, leaving her with two boys and a girl: David, Arthur and Mary. David and Arthur made their home in New South Wales. Mary married Robert Hopkins, who holds a Government appointment at Bombay. She has devoted herself to the work of the Y.W.C.A. in that city.

Constance married secondly the Rev. A. d'Arblay Burney, Vicar of Witham Friary, near Frome. By this second marriage they had four sons: Frederick, who has married his cousin, Mildred Wakefield; Ronald, chief manager of the P. and O. Office in Bombay; Charles, living in South Australia; and Malcolm, now settled in Melbourne.

FELIX WAKEFIELD'S youngest daughter, Priscilla, died as a girl.

In my grandmother Wakefield's journals her youngest grandson, PERCY, is often mentioned. He had, I believe, the promise of as much cleverness as his brothers, but he died as a boy.

PRISCILLA SUSANNA WAKEFIELD was born January, 1810, and was seventeen years younger than her sister, Catherine Gurney, who fully realized her responsibility towards her little sister. Their mother died in 1816.

Priscilla's home was almost entirely with her grandparents at Ipswich, where she, too, fell under Mr. Nottidge's influence, and was baptized by her brother-in-law at Stoke in 1825. My grandmother Torlesse established a small orphanage in Ipswich where Priscilla Wakefield taught regularly. Her great friend was Susan Leeds, born in the same year as herself. A first effort was then being made to educate Hindu girls, and Priscilla was offered a position as teacher in a school just established in Calcutta by Mrs. Wilson. Her letters from Calcutta are full of her keen interest in this work. In 1836 she married her distant cousin, Henry, son of Abel Chapman and Rebecca Bell.

After some years the Henry Chapmans settled at Wanstead, in Essex. The strong affection which had always existed between the sisters was never diminished but increased, as Priscilla's children always found a warm welcome at Stoke.

In 1855 Henry Chapman died after a very short illness, leaving his widow with nine children to bring up. She settled for some years at Tonbridge in order to be near the school where her four younger sons were educated. She then lived at Wimbledon, and died there in 1887 after a long and most suffering illness, borne with extraordinary patience and courage. She was buried at Wargrave. The task laid upon her through the death of her husband was indeed nobly fulfilled.

HENRY HOWARD CHAPMAN, her eldest son, was born in 1838. Although destined for a business career, his strong wish to be a soldier prevailed, and he entered the Company's service. When the Mutiny broke out he was the first Englishman who was

wounded at Benares, a bullet passing through his face. The terrible wound did not prove fatal, and after a year or two he rejoined the army. In 1863 a frontier war broke out, and in the endeavour to save a fellow officer's life he lost his own. The chaplain of the troops, the Rev. G. Corrie, afterwards Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, told me the following fact: The Afghans had taken his head, but recognizing the extreme bravery of his action had wound round his body the red thread of honour, which they gave to their own dead heroes.

EDWARD FRANCIS CHAPMAN was born in 1840, and entered the army in 1858. He was made General in 1896. He served in the Abyssinian War of 1867–68, and was present at the Siege of Magdala and brought home most interesting relics of King Theodore. He was in the Afghan War, 1878–80, and was A.D.C. to the Queen in 1881. He was in the Burmese Expedition of 1885–6. He was Quartermaster-General in India during the time of General Roberts' march to Kabul. Edward was Director of Military Intelligence at the War Office from 1891–96 and commanded the Scottish District from 1896 to 1901, living in Edinburgh.

He was also Secretary to Sir Douglas Forsythe's Mission to Yarkand in 1874. On his return to England, he came almost at once to Stoke to tell his uncle, C. M. Torlesse, all about his most interesting adventures. In 1886 he married Georgiana, daughter of Sir Edward Clive Bayley. Since his retirement he has lived at Lingfield in Surrey. In 1905 he was made a K.C.B.

Although no longer on active service he takes the

keenest interest in everything connected with the well-being of soldiers, and is an ardent Scout Master.

ARTHUR WAKEFIELD CHAPMAN was with his younger brothers educated at Tonbridge School. As a very young man he went to Calcutta, where he entered a house of business. In 1876 he married Agnes, daughter of H. Mangles, of Tilford, Surrey. When they left Calcutta he built a charming house on Crooksbury Hill. He has two sons, Paul and Michael. Michael is married and lives in Toronto. Arthur Chapman's wife died in 1906, and since then he has lived in London and devoted himself entirely to work connected with the administration of the Poor Law. He now holds the position of Chairman of the Surrey County Council.

CORRIE ROBERT CHAPMAN, the third brother, also sought his fortune in India, where he entered the I.C.S. and, after a long period of service, retired on his pension. He married first Charlotte Greig, and had two daughters—Dora, who died young, and Violet. He married secondly Ada Govett.

CECIL MAURICE CHAPMAN was head boy of Tonbridge School, and went up to Balliol with school exhibitions. He was called to the Bar in 1878. His career as a London magistrate is well known. He takes special interest in Children's Courts and the best treatment of juvenile criminals. He married, in 1899, Adeline, widow of Mr. Arthur Guest.

HUGH BOSWELL CHAPMAN was born on November 5th, 1853. He also was educated at Tonbridge and went to Oxford. He took Holy Orders, and was for nearly twenty years Vicar of

St. Luke's, Peckham. He is now Chaplain to the Savoy Chapel Royal.

EMILY PRISCILLA CHAPMAN was the eldest daughter of this family. She was born July 24th, 1843. From her babyhood she was often at Stoke, and my father was especially fond of her. She was a very pretty and specially dainty-looking girl. I well remember dressing her for her first ball, to which she went with the Rowleys. She married, in 1870, Captain Philip Story and went out to India, where her three children were born. She returned invalided in 1880, and died in 1882 after a long illness. The loss to her children was quite irretrievable. She stayed for some weeks at Stoke in the summer of 1881; at that time it was hoped that she might recover. She was an extremely gentle and absolutely single-minded woman. Her comparatively early death was a deep grief to all her family. Her three children, Philip, Vera, and Harry were left to the care of their aunt, who has indeed taken a mother's part to them.

GERTRUDE CHAPMAN died quite young.

Upon HELEN JESSIE CHAPMAN, the youngest, fell the care of her mother's last suffering years with all sisterly duties towards her brothers and the charge of her nephews and niece. In June, 1899, she married Hugh Acland Troyte, of Huntsham Court, Devon, which has been not only her home but the centre of strenuous philanthropic work.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TORLESSES AT STOKE.

IT must be remembered that my father went to Stoke as curate to the Rev. Joshua Rowley (who lived at Bergholt), and did not become Vicar until 1832. The letter which he received from Sir William Rowley may be said to have set the key to the relationship which was to exist between squire and parson.

"Tendring Hall,
"*Sept. 6th*, 1832.

"DEAR SIR,

"My brother (The Revd.) having this morning communicated to me his intention of resigning the Vicarage of Stoke, I will honestly and fairly tell you I know no man that will more conscientiously discharge his duty to the Parish than yourself. I therefore shall be glad of the opportunity of signing the necessary document for your appointment which I trust you will procure. You will never find the Magistrate interfering with the Minister in his avocations, and I trust to the good sense of the Minister to make the same return to the Magistrate.

"I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
"W. ROWLEY.

"To the Rev. Charles Torlesse."

Those first years at Stoke were indeed very busy and happy ones. The eldest of the family, Priscilla Catherine, was born on March 3rd, 1824, in a furious storm of wind. Charles Obins followed in May '25. Anna, Louisa, Emily, Susan, Henry, Catherine followed

in swift succession. My mother has often told me that she always kept the month following the birth of a baby in strict seclusion; she said "God has given me that month that I may have more time for quiet thought and prayer for the children." She saw no visitors, and she considered that this month of absolute retirement enabled her to take up the thread of her active life again with renewed strength. The household under her management was a large one, for my father had pupils to read for Holy Orders, most of them being young men who had taken their degrees at one of the Universities. The following letter from Dr. Butler is my source of information on this point:—

"Harrow,
"*Sept. 15th*, 1824.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I congratulate you on having embarked in the useful and (may it so prove) not unprofitable employment of Crypte-cramming or private-tuition. I am fully persuaded of your qualifications for the undertaking, and shall have great pleasure in availing myself (consistent with other similar demands upon my friendship) of any opportunity that may present itself to forward your wishes. I have put your name down on my list of learned men, and I am quite ready to admit the magnitude of your claims upon me, both as a friend and a scholar. At all times you may safely refer your applicants to me, should any wish to hear your praises at this fountain head.

"I remain ever my dear friend,
"Yours truly,
"E. BUTLER."

Several of the pupils became lifelong friends, especially the Rev. Charles Lloyd, afterwards Rector of Chalfont St. Giles; the Rev. Richard Rackham and Mr. James Bevan.

Her oldest surviving friend, Mrs. Howard (*née* Anna Liveing), gives the following recollection of C. G. Torlesse, which may be inserted here :—

"With her an abiding and very strong sense of duty produced strictness in her government of all who were under her charge, but to none more than herself. Her character was essentially a strong and matter-of-fact one, thus lacking the charm of a more imaginative disposition, and by many people she was not understood, but to those who once came under her influence and knew of the unselfish pains she took for the good of others, a very deep respect and affection remains. Besides her work in the parish schools and clubs, there were girls always being trained in her house for service, and with most a correspondence kept up after they left. Remembering that in addition she had a large family of her own to train and to provide for, the amount of work accomplished is really astonishing. Many and great were the sorrows and trials of her life, but I never knew her fretful, and well do I remember on one occasion when for some good reason we were all most anxious for fine weather, her saying that she never concerned herself about what was entirely out of her own power, finding always enough work to employ all her capacity where it could be useful. It was always a pleasure to hear her read aloud (which I believe she frequently did in her own family),* but which I have

*Reading aloud was considered by my mother to be an essential part of the education of her family, and was carried on by her in spite of ill-health or innumerable interruptions, with perseverance and regularity, almost to the end of her life. We read together in the winter of 1872–3 *Lyall's Principles* and *I Promossi Sposi*.

only rarely enjoyed. Those who have lived with her or been frequent visitors to her house could furnish many more particulars of her life. I would just mention how happy she looked when her nephews, then little boys, were staying with her, after her own children were grown up, and how she loved all very young children."

In or about 1830 Susan and Mary Ann Leeds came to live at Stoke in the old house. They were the daughters of the youngest of the Robinson sisters, Mary Ann Leeds. Their father had been surgeon at the Chelsea Hospital, where these girls were born and brought up. Their mother died when they were young, and on their father's death they were left to my father's guardianship. Their chief friend at Chelsea had been the famous Mrs. Somerville. After the intellectual society to which they had been accustomed the two girls deeply resented the idea of being buried alive in the country. But Susan soon became my mother's dearest friend, and the "country parson" was still a young man and not the old fossil their fancy had pictured; so while Mary Ann did not stay long at Stoke, Susan remained for seven years, until her marriage in 1837 to the Rev. Richard Mosley, one of Mr. Nottidge's curates at Ipswich. Susan helped my mother with her little children's education, and identified herself so entirely with the family that she became an integral part of it; and although after some years the Mosleys moved to Rotherham, in Yorkshire, the intimacy never slackened. She and my mother corresponded frequently and regularly, and, as much as distance would allow, there was a constant interchange of visits between the

families, and to-day her two daughters, Mary and Sarah, are my oldest and dearest friends, while their two brothers, Henry, the present Rector of Eversley in Hants, and Edward, Rector of Tortworth, in Gloucestershire, have invariably proved themselves trusty friends as well as cousins.

It must not be forgotten that the Bridges had settled at Old Newton in 1823, and that there were very frequent visits between Stoke and that place. Grandmama Torlesse was still a vigorous and active woman, living at Ipswich; the aged Wakefield grandparents made large demands on my mother's care, and among these various families we constantly discern the figure of Mr. Nottidge, who as a gentle Pope exercised an unquestioned influence over his relations. I just remember when I was a little child he came frequently to Stoke. His visits were somewhat of a penance to us turbulent children, as he "ate by the clock," putting a large watch by the side of his plate, and spending a certain number of seconds in biting each mouthful of food.

In 1837 father, mother and my brother Charles, then a boy of twelve, went for a little tour up the Rhine. (*See* Chapter VII, "OLD LETTERS," p. 187.) On the steamer they met a German family with whom they entered into conversation. My mother talked to the lady in French, and my father talked to the gentleman in Latin, as father knew no German, and he knew no English. They spent a long day together, father taking much pains to impress upon his newly-found friend that the Rhine was the natural boundary between Germany and France. When they reached Mayence, a Guard of Honour turned out to meet the

steamer, and they discovered to their amazement that the unknown acquaintances were Prince William of Prussia, afterwards Kaiser William I. and his wife! When the Franco-Prussian war broke out in 1870, father used often to chuckle at the thought that at least once in his life the Kaiser had been told the truth about the "natural" boundary of Germany and France.

Apart from the family and strictly clerical duties, painful and deep public questions were stirring. I have heard my father speak of the toast given at a rent dinner, "A wet harvest and a bloody war." The enclosure of commons was going on apace, night by night the horizon was lit by "swing fires," for rick burning began as soon as the harvests were gathered in; sheep stealing was a common offence, and in many families one member had "gone foreign" for the good of their country. Seeing and noting these things, father, although by birth and education a Tory, was always a determined advocate of the repeal of the Corn Laws, thus incurring not a little ill-feeling on the part of those connected with corn growing, whether landlord, farmer, or miller. And here I will speak of what comes within my own recollection. When the news of Sir Robert Peel's death reached Nayland in 1850, the churchwarden of that time, owner of a large flour mill, ordered the church bells to be rung as a sign of rejoicing over the death of their enemy. I was staying at the time with our dear friends the Fenns, at Nayland, and well remember hearing the bells and the various comments on what was taking place. Father often used to say that he wondered he had not been tarred and feathered, so unpopular were

his views. In 1832 came the crisis of the Reform Bill, and the complete change in the method of administering of the Poor rates. The Parish Guardian, Mr. H. P., was a hard, and perhaps cruel, man, but under the best circumstances the change effected, although fraught with so much real benefit, was extremely unpopular, and H. P. was well hated. Again speaking of my own recollections, he died in April, 1852, and his funeral took place in the week of my sister Catherine's death. A large number of working men had sworn that they would drink a pint of beer when old H. was buried, and they kept their vow, and stood in groups by the "Angel" corner to carry it out as the funeral passed by to the churchyard. I well remember the deep distress this pagan proceeding caused my father, and how it added to the gloom of that sad time.

In writing of these early days of Stoke, you must remember that I cannot speak of my own knowledge or memory, as I am the youngest of the family, not born till 1839, when those early days had already retreated into the "long ago." From my parents, first settling there, two tasks seem to have engaged their attention besides the regular routine of Sunday services. There were no schools for the children of the poor except Master Grimsey's, and they determined to have a girls' school. Bazaars were almost unknown things in those days, but with the help of Lady Edith Rowley, mother organized one, which was held in the beautiful Tendring Gardens. It was a great success, and with the money so raised a schoolroom was built in the Back Street, and there Mrs. Simmons was installed as schoolmistress. The farmers and their wives as a rule strongly objected to

the poor girls being taught. The education given was scanty enough, but they learned to read and write, and to repeat the Catechism, and the whole of the afternoon was given to needlework and knitting. Needlework was so well done that orders were given to the school for the making of fine underlinen and table linen, and the money thus earned was a considerable source of income to the school. I hardly know how to put it into words, but I think that the girls who were taught by Mrs. Simmons, learned a self-respect which stood them in good stead when they went out into the world and became wives and mothers. A small school was also started in the hamlet of Thorington Street for both boys and girls, where among other things the boys were taught to knit, and it was not considered at all derogatory to their boyhood to knit their own worsted stockings in the odd times between minding sheep and scaring birds; for it must be remembered that the boys, as a rule, went out to work when about eight years old. The girls' school in Back Street was also used for the Sunday School. About the year 1847 the then squire, Sir Joshua Rowley, built rooms for both boys' and girls' schoolrooms, and a good house for the master. The opening of these rooms was a great event in the parish; parents and children were all feasted, and Mr. Birch, the Rector of Wiston, gave a large Bible and a gallon loaf to the parents who had the greatest number of children in the school. Charles Merton, an intelligent young man, whom my father had largely educated, was appointed schoolmaster, Master Grimsey and Mrs. Simmons having by this time passed to their rest. Charles Merton married my dear nurse, Charlotte, who

had taken care of me for many years, and whose memory I hold in the deepest love and gratitude. She took charge of the girls' school.

Looking back over the long years of my father's ministry at Stoke, it is clear that the education of the children and their subsequent well-being were objects of his and my mother's greatest care. He visited the schools almost daily, taught well with blackboard, and where he saw a boy who showed any particular intelligence, he had him to his own house and gave him individual teaching. Religious education was not confined to Sunday School; every Friday afternoon was given up to the hearing of lessons which had been learned during the week, and the various members of our family as they grew old enough had to take their part in hearing these lessons. The younger children learned the Collect for the week, those a little older the Gospel, and the elder ones the Epistle, so that every child when leaving school had at least a definite knowledge of the Bible and Prayer Book teaching. But with the Education Code of 1872 all this was necessarily changed. In order to obtain the Government grant, without which the schools could not be maintained, the time-table regulation had to be enforced, and religious teaching could only be given before or after the hour when the register was marked. My father was by this time an old man, but he determined that he would give the Bible lesson as long as possible, and day after day was in the schools by 9 o'clock so as to superintend the Scripture lessons. This task was a tremendous effort to him as the infirmities of age increased, but he did not leave it off until 1879. He was then eighty-four years old, and it

was pitiful to see him on a cold winter's morning, the tears running down his cheeks from the bitter east wind, as morning after morning he came back from the schools. But to him religious education was of paramount importance, and no consideration of personal discomfort withheld him from carrying it out. In these efforts he was loyally upheld by the schoolmasters. I also wish to record the faithful service as schoolmistress of Miss Sarah Moss, who for over twenty-eight years taught the girls and infants. The subjects which secured success in examination and the Government grant were by no means neglected, but the religious teaching was to her mind of still greater value. She carried it out diligently and efficiently, and in such a way that religious principles became a sure foundation and guide for the lives of the girls she taught. Her pupils loved her dearly, and many a mother bringing up her own children has told me, even as lately as 1913, how much she owed to Miss Moss's influence.

The appointment of diocesan inspectors for religious teaching proved a great help and stimulus to all the schools where religious teaching was carried out.

The next object of my father's and mother's care was the betterment of the conditions of life of the labouring class. In the 'twenties wages averaged seven shillings a week, with some addition at "Haysel" or harvest. Child labour was freely employed, and a boy of eight years old could earn sixpence a week by bird scaring. Both women and girls worked at stone-picking, and a woman with a good-sized family could glean enough corn to last till nearly Christmas. But even with these additions to the family income the

Suffolk agricultural labourer was practically a pauper throughout his life; for before the Reform Bill of 1832 relief from the rates was given by a sliding scale in proportion to the size of the family and the wages received by the father. If the weekly earnings went below a certain point the man could claim so much relief.* In these circumstances it seemed impossible to lay by anything for sickness or old age. Stoke was better off than many parishes, as there were and are, two sets of almshouses, where the very old can live rent free, but as a rule the old people had to end their days in the workhouse. My mother knew from her grandmother's experience in the establishment of Savings Banks that thrift was possible, and during the first years of their life at Stoke, my father, with the help of friends in the neighbourhood, established the "Stoke and Melford Benefit Society" in the year 1828, which by quarterly contributions insured for its members payment in sickness and at death. The special feature of the Club was that the quarterly payments insured an annuity after the age of sixty-five; this payment being, so far as the members of the Club were concerned, compulsory. The operations of the Club spread over a considerable area of the county, having two centres, one at Stoke, the other at Melford, twelve miles away. The clergyman in each parish became the honorary director, and great pains were taken to encourage both boys and girls to enter the Club as young as possible.

* In the vestry at Nayland Church I have seen the actual sliding scales which were used to determine the rate of relief to be given.

The Club feast was held on Whit-Monday, alternate years at Stoke and Melford. It was a great event in our village life, and looked forward to with an eagerness which cannot possibly be understood in the present day of multifarious sights and sounds. The Club members assembled on the village green and marched to church, each village with its own banner, a short service with many joyful hymns, specially the metrical version of Psalm 133 was held, and a "Club sermon" preached. After this the whole company adjourned to a neighbouring barn, where dinner was served, consisting in the first place of puddings and gravy followed by mighty joints of beef, and finishing with plum pudding; a certain amount of beer brewed for the occasion was served, and pipes and tobacco handed round. On these joyous days not only the insuring members but the honorary members, neighbouring clergy and squires with their wives and children also came to Stoke or Melford. We kept open house all day, and I can truly say that this bi-yearly festivity was one of the joys of my childhood. Father held the position of Treasurer (which involved a very elaborate system of account keeping) for twenty-seven years. When he resigned he was presented with a handsome service of plate. (*See* Appendix C.)

I cannot pass away from this account of the old Club without saying that it has stood the test of years and the strain of the annuities, and is to-day on a firm financial basis, possessing a capital of £86,491, and the number of insuring members 1,904. These figures are for the year 1912. This result was produced by the agricultural labourers of Suffolk. I should not

like to state positively that father originated the idea of the Club, and he certainly could not have carried it out without the faithful and determined help of his friends in his neighbourhood.

Foremost among them was Mr. Liveing, surgeon of Nayland. In the year 1821 he had married Catherine Downing, who with her widowed mother had lived at Stoke in the house in Polstead Street, now known as the "Laurels." It is almost as impossible for me to speak of Mr. and Mrs. Liveing as of my own parents. Mr. Liveing was a man of very strong individuality. Keenly devoted to his profession, he used it as a means of helping his fellow creatures, not only in illness, but equally for their spiritual and social good. When I was a child his name was still a household word in every cottage, and many were the stories I have been told of his peremptory, but efficient, methods of dealing with illness. I have heard that if two messages came to the surgery at the same time asking for his attendance, one from the squire and one from the cottage, he would go to the cottage first. It is one of the regrets of my life that I do not remember him. He died in 1843 while still a young man. At that time Charles Holland was living in Nayland, and has often told me of the funeral, that he never in the course of his long life had seen expressed such deeply felt and genuine sorrow as by the weeping crowds who were present. (*See* "OLD LETTERS.")

From 1824 therefore till 1843 Mr. Liveing was my parents' most faithful friend; his talents, his time, his purse were always ready in the carrying out of any scheme for the benefit of the poor.

Although father was in sole charge of the parish,

yet for the nine years in which he was Mr. Rowley's curate the services were regulated to the "Reverend's" wishes. The east end of the church was ornamented with two full-size paintings of Moses and Aaron with the Commandments, Lord's Prayer and Creed.

> "Moses and Aaron on the Church wall
> Holding up the Commandments lest they should fall."

The high square wooden pews were strictly appropriated to the different houses, and were looked upon as private property by the respective families. The Tendring pew had a small fireplace in it, and a large table in the middle. In the days of my youth, when the squire thought the sermon had lasted long enough, he poked the fire vigorously; if that hint were not sufficient he came and rattled the door handle. Needless to say these hints were not noticed by the Parson. I think it was a merciful provision for the little children who were expected to be good through a two hours' service, that the large square pews furnished certain amusements, such as counting the brass-headed nails which fastened the green baize lining, and there were also various little games connected with the mouse holes in the corners. There was also the variety of being stood up on the seat while the singing was going on, when looking over the tops of the pews we could see our neighbours. Mrs. Z. in a large Leghorn coal-scuttle bonnet was an object of my childish admiration. The working men still wore "smocks" or sleeve waistcoats.* These latter were made with fronts of a

* Smocks were then universally worn by both men and boys, and many of the women smocked most beautiful and elaborate patterns on the strong coarse material of which they were made.

gorgeous coloured velveteen, or sometimes of a dressed calf skin with back and sleeves of fustian; and on certain Sundays in the year when Mr. Polly, the head shepherd, came to church in a beautiful white smock, and set up his shining polished crook in the corner of his pew it was indeed a sight to behold.

At Christmas time the decorations consisted of a branch of holly stuck in each corner of the pews. Father said he liked the church to look like "Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane," as it hid the nakedness of the land, congregations being very scanty in the winter, for beyond the little fireplace aforesaid, there was no attempt at heating the church. Order was kept by two men called "Quest men," who carrying long wands walked up and down the church during the sermon, waking up the sleepers and keeping order among unruly boys. There was a gallery at the west end with a small band which led the singing, flute, 'cello and violin. When a hymn was to be sung, Master Mann, the Clerk, arrayed in a wonderful black gown with large tufts down the sleeves, walked from his desk under the three decker up into the gallery, and set the pitch with a tuning fork. The hymns used were those of the metrical version of the Psalms, the Tate and Brady found in most Prayer Books of that time. Mr. Goyner, who kept the school at the Hill House, had written a hymn book containing hymns for every possible occasion, including one for a man about to be hanged, but this book was not generally used.

The old women from the almshouses sat on a bench just under the pulpit, most of them wearing red cloaks. I can just remember when they curtsied, not only

in the Creed but at the Glorias; this custom had never dropped and so formed a living link between pre-Reformation days, and the revival of ritual in consequence of the Oxford Movement.

In the early days, Holy Communion was administered but ten times in the year, always after full Morning Prayer Litany, Ante-Communion and Sermon, which was half an hour long at least. Special sermons, generally called Charity Sermons, were expected to be much longer. Afternoon Service was held at 2.30 in winter and 3 o'clock in summer. This consisted of Evening Prayer and Sermon, and in the evening father held a service in the schoolroom, of an informal character, which was much liked by the poor people. Sunday School was held both morning and afternoon. Father never ate any dinner on Sundays, his mid-day meal invariably consisting of coffee, which he made himself in a wonderful machine called a "platoff," and toast and butter.

Good Friday was not recognized as a holiday, but most of the farmers insisted on their men going to church. This they did, coming straight from their work, and they returned to the fields after the service. Many men came on that day who came on no other. Father took special pains to preach such a sermon as could be understood by those who were "no scholards." In the days of square pews those men who wished to listen to the sermon stood up, leaning with their arms on the edge of the pew, the rest for the most part slept.

It will be remembered that when father was curate to Mr. Obins he took much interest in the music of the

church, and after he had been some years at Stoke he began to devote much time and attention to this matter. Gradually the various musicians were displaced by a harmonium and a choir of boys and girls, and the prospect of having an organ was set on foot. This was steadily opposed by the Squire, and it was difficult to see how the money was to be raised. However, a bazaar was held, chiefly organized by my sisters, and somehow or other the money was got together. The objection raised to this project by the Churchwardens was that they would be saddled with the expense of an organist, but father promised that so long as he had daughters available that expense would be spared to the parish. My two sisters, Priscilla and Louisa were sent to Hastings, where they lived for some weeks in the house of an organist in order to learn to play. In due time, on August 26th, 1847, the organ was duly opened, the sermon on this occasion being preached by Dr. Nixon, Bishop of Tasmania, and from that time my sisters were the regular organists. Louisa died in 1851, and after that Miss Harriet Liveing became a most efficient helper, and when Priscilla could no longer carry on the duties of organist, Miss Rowley took her place. Both my father and Priscilla were absolute enthusiasts about church music. Not only was infinite trouble bestowed on the singing of the ordinary Sunday services, but they did much to inaugurate Choral Festivals, and what was, I believe, the first village Choral Festival ever held in England was held in Stoke Church in 1862. A platform was erected in the empty space at the west end of the church, and the choirs from the various villages round all joined. The

money collected was sent to help build the Church of Stoke, near Nelson, in New Zealand. Fifty years ago Choral Festivals were looked upon with an enthusiastic hope that they would prove an enormous power for good, not only for the better rendering of music but for the influencing and uplifting of the whole of village life. Not all the hopes were fulfilled, but I am sure that as far as Stoke was concerned the constant gathering of all classes and both sexes for practising was a real gain in social life: they drew us all together and gave wholesome excitement and enjoyment. One other memory I must recall of the time when the organ was still in the gallery at the west end. It was my lot to be the last to leave the church to see all safe and lock the doors. So I have often stood in the gallery alone in the silence, and watched the moonlight gleaming through the clerestory windows, the ugly pews invisible and only the beauty of pillar and arch revealed, speaking of the ideal thought that lay behind the stones of the building.

From this time onward the Diocesan Choral Festival became part of the annual routine. The choir went to Lavenham, to Bury St. Edmunds, and once as far as Ely, over fifty miles. There was no small fatigue involved in driving twenty odd miles in a springless wagon, starting at 5 o'clock in the morning, but these expeditions did us all a great deal of good. The culminating point was, so far as Stoke was concerned, singing "The Messiah" in the church on New Year's Day, 1868. The practising for this lasted many months previously, and could never have been carried out if it had not been for extraordinary energy and perseverance on Priscilla's part.

I find constant references in my mother's letters to these various musical enterprises. Although she had no ear and no love for music, and although she doubted the wisdom of so much time and energy being spent on it, yet she helped forward in every possible way the various arrangements that had to be made in connection with all the practices, festivals, etc., etc.

Before passing from the subject of music I must speak of my father's power of teaching the school children. This he did on the Tonic Sol-Fa system. He had no musical instrument except a tuning fork, but the children learned to sing at sight accurately in four parts, and I have known him even to divide them into eight groups, each one of which would keep its own part. I do not think he could have done this without the help of Miss Moss, who had an accurate ear and a good voice. In the days of my childhood it was a *sine qua non* that at least one servant in the house should be able to sing. I remember once when we had three musical sisters for servants, and it was a little trying when one or other, or perhaps all three, would be called from their work to practise an anthem or a glee.

In 1860 Mr. Winny became choirmaster, and for thirty-eight years put his whole heart and soul into this work, not only with regard to the church services but also in getting up village concerts, both in Stoke and the neighbourhood.

During the last years of his life music was still my father's greatest joy and, indeed, consolation. When he could no longer leave his chair he had a piano in his bedroom, and many friends came and played to him. As his powers failed one by one music still

spoke, and within a very short time of his death his face lighted up and his hands moved rhythmically when his granddaughter, Amy Holland, played his beloved sonatas to him.

On August 20th, 1864, during morning service, in fact at the very moment when the Litany was being said, the church tower was struck by lightning. With explosive force the sixty large stones forming the north-west pinnacle were hurled in all directions, many falling on the roof of the church, and one going right through the pantry wall of a cottage on the other side of the Back Street. The service was never finished, the congregation getting out of church as quickly as possible. No one was hurt, but several fainted, and it was no small difficulty to get one or two of them down the crooked stairs of the gallery, or out of the high pews. Sir Joshua Rowley tells me that he recollects my father placing four inverted soda water bottles, one on each pinnacle of the tower. They covered the iron rods which supported the pinnacles, and are there at the present day! Some years later, on a Sunday evening, when the days were already shortening—the church had no lights except candles in the pulpits—while father was preaching, a heavy thunderstorm rolled up. Quite noiselessly the congregation slipped out of the south door, leaving only the choir in the chancel. But as father did not hear the storm, and could not see what was happening, he went on preaching, till Mr. Winny went up into the pulpit and whispered: "Sir, they are all gone!" "Oh! better sing the Doxology, and then you can go," was father's answer. Tradition also records that one Sunday, father being rather absent-minded, when

he went into the vestry to change to his black gown, he stood in the doorway in his shirt sleeves lost in admiration at the beauty of his church!

One more of my parent's efforts in those early days at Stoke must be mentioned. The district of Leavenheath lay between Stoke, Assington, Wiston, and Nayland. I do not know how recently it had been enclosed from Common land, but in 1823 there was a wild and lawless population there, a "no man's land" for these various parishes. Mr. Liveing was, I believe, the first who urged that something should be done. A school was opened and, as probably the teacher knew little more than the taught, mother went regularly once a fortnight (it was a walk of three and a half miles each way) to superintend the teaching, and through the school, got to know the parents of the children, and visited their homes. At last a little church was built, planned by Mr. Liveing, and much of the woodwork made in his yard. A bazaar was held to raise funds, and on St. Matthew's Day the church was dedicated, and a Mr. Beevor, who had been a chaplain in Canada, took charge of the district. I am sure it must have been a great relief to both my father and my mother when this was accomplished.

Father held cottage lectures at Thorington Street, Withermarsh Green, and Stoke Tye, and it is pleasant to me to know that from that time to this, successive vicars have kept up these informal gatherings for worship and teaching. A meeting of the same informal character was held on the last Saturday in each month, in preparation for Holy Communion. How well I remember going with my nurse to these meetings, which were held in the "Den." Of course

I did not understand much that was said, but I received an impression of awe and reverence which I hope has never left me.

We have now come to a part of the family story where personal and public events are so closely intertwined that the record of them cannot be treated separately. The story of Edward Gibbon Wakefield's conduct, which landed him in Newgate for three years, has been told over and over again with many varieties of detail, and I shall not repeat it, but wish rather to point out the result of imprisonment on the mind of so unusual a man. During these years he studied profoundly the whole convict question. He wrote a powerful book on "Punishment by Death," which did much to alter the barbarous laws which condemned even children to capital punishment. But he did more than this; he examined the whole question of planting our colonies with criminals, and, profoundly impressed with the futility of such methods, he evolved the far-seeing system of the free colonies; the system which has since then gone by the name of "the Wakefield theory." E. G. Wakefield was released from Newgate in 1830 and went to Ipswich, where his grandparents' home was open to him, and his cousin, John Head, continued the friendliness which he had shown him during the years in Newgate. I have spoken before of my mother's love for her eldest brother, and of her care for his motherless children, but I do not think any words can be found to describe the grief caused to her by his conduct, or how keenly both she and my father felt the social stigma attached to his name. Nevertheless, the doors of the old home were open to him, and when staying

at Stoke he saw the miserable condition of the labourers, watched the swing fires from the church tower, and in his schemes for free colonies saw at all events a partial remedy for these evils. The long and complicated story of his work in connection with the colonization of South Australia and New Zealand must be read in his life by Dr. Richard Garnett, or in an article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. During the ten years of his writing and planning he was very constantly staying at Stoke, and gradually inoculated my parents and others with the thought of the happy prospects held out in the new countries that were to be, so that when in 1841 the first three ships left Gravesend to form the Colony of Nelson, my eldest brother Charles, with others from Stoke, were of the party. My uncle, Captain Arthur Wakefield, R.N., was leader of the expedition (*see* Chapter WAKEFIELD FAMILY). My father preached to the assembled crews, before they set sail from Gravesend, from the text: "Who is he that shall harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good" (1 Epistle of St. Peter, iii, 13th verse).*

From that day began the long drawn-out tragedy of my mother's life. In the present day it is impossible to realize what separation meant in those far away days; there was no certainty whatever when letters could arrive, and sometimes a whole year elapsed without news, and in looking back it seems to me that the pivot on which my mother's life turned was "waiting for the mail." I have often thought

* When I visited Nelson in 1884 I was shown a very rough MS. of this sermon laid up among the archives of the Colony.

that the peace and happiness of the last twelve months of her mortal life were induced by the fact that her beloved sons had passed from this world and were nearer to her in the Unseen, than when she was constantly picturing their trials and illnesses at the Antipodes.

But I do not wish to convey the idea that my parents disapproved of emigration; on the contrary they promoted it by every means in their power. My father was a member of the Canterbury Association; he constantly went to London to attend its meetings, and was in frequent correspondence with the late Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Henry Selfe on subjects connected with the colony. Some families from Stoke went to Nelson, and when the Canterbury Settlement was fairly launched a very considerable number went from Stoke and other parishes in the neighbourhood. In helping and directing those who wished to emigrate, my parents were very determined that those who went to found a new country should be of the best quality; they often incurred grave displeasure from those who urged them to give a young ne'er-do-well one more chance.

I have told elsewhere some details of the lives of my brothers in New Zealand; here I am trying to show the effect of emigration on the life at Stoke; in the family it meant a constant outlook to the other ends of the world. The question was often raised that my father should follow his sons to New Zealand. More than once it seemed as if the project would be carried out. My mother desired it passionately, my brothers were constantly urging it, but father never saw his way clearly. But the idea coloured our life

at Stoke and produced often an atmosphere of marked unrest. How well I remember one of my occupations as a very small child was to collect acorns, chestnuts, beech masts, and other seeds to send to plant in New Zealand. Every year a box filled with all kinds of useful household things was sent out. Then there was clothing to be made for the families of intending emigrants, and as by degrees regular mails were established correspondence became a very definite occupation. As a rule the farmers resented my father's efforts to send away their best labourers, as no doubt this proceeding tended to raise the rate of wages in the neighbourhood; but some took a wider view, and among the best settlers in Canterbury were members of farmers' families from Suffolk.

Some of you may like to know a little about the old house. I believe that one characteristic of it was that the front door generally stood open. The dining-room was on the right-hand side of the passage, the study entirely lined with books on the left; all the windows had deep sills, which made nice seats; they were boarded underneath, and the seats being fitted with hinges, lifted up, and the spaces beneath made delightful receptacles for all kinds of things. At the end of the passage from the front door was the kitchen, larder, etc.; above the dining-room was the drawing-room with the windows looking down the hill on to the road from Colchester. There were three bedrooms on this floor and four large attics above. A window in the passage between the attics opened on to a gutter between the gables, and it was a pleasant adventure to get out of this window and scramble about to the edge of the gables. I think the most

curious arrangement of the house, was that the stable and coach-house were under the same roof as the house itself, and the only entrance to the yard and back door was past the heels of the horse, and the only place to wash the chaise was the village green. On the east side of the house was a small lawn enclosed from the village by a high brick wall, behind this and the house was a large kitchen garden. Father was an excellent gardener as far as fruit and vegetables were concerned, the cultivation of strawberries was a special hobby. When old Mr. Jones' Vicarage at Nayland was pulled down, father had cartloads of the old mortar brought up, to help to make some strawberry beds; the fruit grown there went by the name of Jones' strawberries, and had indeed an excellent flavour. In the summer father's habit was to get up by daylight, and arrayed in a wonderful yellow cotton dressing-gown, water his beloved strawberries; he often did this for about two hours and then went back to bed again. He was a man of many hobbies. Being convinced that a great deal of the illness of the poor people came from their drinking hard, or sour beer, he, at one time, took to brewing himself with the object of showing how good beer should be made. It was a woeful process for the rest of the household! On the top of the study bookcase there used to be a black crocodile about two feet long made of indiarubber, and in an evil day, someone told father that india-rubber put over the soles of boots made them water-proof. The old crocodile was sacrificed, and gradually cut to pieces, melted by the kitchen fire, and the boots of the household smeared over with the mess. The smell was intolerable, and the boots so doctored stuck to everything!

Those were indeed days of "plain living." I believe my elder brother and sisters only had butter on Sundays, the idea then prevalent of bringing up children to be hardy was, I am sure, carried too far. Money was scarce and no luxuries were thought of, both food and clothing were of the plainest possible description. Thursday was baking-day, and the bread was baked in a large brick oven, in what was called "the bakehouse," and very often it was not cut till the following week. I can remember now the nice little crusty bits which our dear old cook, Mrs. Wilson, used surreptitiously to give me. When the bread was taken out of the oven, large yellow dishes of rice pudding and tins of apples were put in, and left to cook all night. On Saturday evenings, Tom Chisnall appeared with a sack of boots and shoes; he was the village shoemaker, and brought the boots which he had mended ready for Sunday. He played the flute in the Church band, and was quite a light among the musicians as well as a good cobbler. Enough of these trivialities! Among other pursuits, father was something of an astronomer, he had a Transit telescope as well as an ordinary one, and spent many of the night watches in "getting" the stars. My sister Emily remembers that on one occasion when there was an eclipse of the sun on a Sunday afternoon, he held the service in the garden instead of the church.

I have mentioned "the Den." It was a room over the larder and back premises of the house, reached by a staircase from the garden. There was a flying beam across it from which were hung bunches of fruit or seed to dry, or any sort of natural object which father happened to be observing. An old spinnette in one

corner, two 'cellos, an air pump, bottles of spirit with snakes, made some of the furniture. The seats of the chairs were so worn out that their places were generally taken by old books. One side of the room was fitted with pigeon holes, in which father kept his sermons, arranged in some order known to himself. Although he preached the same sermon again and again, he always wrote it out fresh every time, and would always stitch his sermon paper himself. "The Den" was a most useful room; being apart from the house it was used for many parish purposes, and at one time an infant school was held in it.

In the winter evenings the only available light for the family was a couple of "mould" candles. I cannot think how we all carried on our various pursuits by such a dim light, but so it was, and it was a joyful day when the first Colza oil lamp came into use. We had tallow "dips" for use in the kitchen and bedrooms, and a farthing rush-light for a night-light.

Speaking of the stables, I must not forget our black horse Pompey. He was one of a pair of horses that my uncle, E. G. Wakefield, brought from Canada. He certainly had more sense and character than many human beings, and we played with him as many children played with a dog. My brother Henry used to mount his back by taking hold of his tail, and so jumping on, and he let me pull out the long hairs of it on which to thread my beads. I can see now his gentle look if we pulled a little too hard. He was a big powerful horse, and was used by my father and mother on their long journeys to Ipswich or Bury St. Edmunds.

The old house was many miles from the railway,

and to friends who came to see us, we showed the best hospitality we could. On one occasion a distant cousin of my father's was quartered at Colchester, and wrote inviting himself over to lunch. He and a daughter came in carriage and pair, and great were the efforts on Priscilla's part to do honour to such distinguished guests.

"Lunch" being over, the usual programme was gone through of taking visitors over the church, up the tower, and into the Tendring gardens. We then gave them afternoon tea, and supposed they would leave. But about five o'clock, Gen. R. remarked, "My dear cousin, we have had such a delightful afternoon here, that we should like to stay to dinner and drive home later." The whole resources of the village had been called upon to provide lunch—there were no shops to run to, and it was before the days of tinned foods. We had a clever cook, and out of the remains of the lunch she constructed a passable dinner, but never again did we call our early dinner "lunch!"

Another funny incident was when Mrs. Wilson, the cook, took down a side of bacon from the kitchen beam to cook some for an unexpected visitor. As she took it off the hook a mouse jumped out, and she found the side of bacon was a mere shell, having been entirely devoured by mice!

I have spoken of our cook, Mrs. Wilson. In her young days she had been a servant in a big house, but her marriage had been an unfortunate one, and when she could leave her large family, she used to work for us. She was a fine woman both in body and mind, and if there was anything extra to be done, thought nothing of getting up at four o'clock in the morning

and doing it. She took pride in her kitchen as well as in her work. I can see it now, with the wide dresser shelf running round three sides, the coffee mill and pepper mill (it was a nice occupation for little children to grind coffee!); the stone floor with large square flags, on which when the morning's work was over, she sifted fine red sand, making a pattern on each flag. It was equally an occupation to naughty children to get the bellows and blow the sand away!

She was a faithful friend; and during her last months of a very suffering life, Priscilla and I were able to nurse her to the end, her children having all emigrated.

James Coleman came to us as gardener when we moved to the Cottage. He had been a post boy and liked to tell of all the couples he had driven on their wedding day, among others the Mosleys. Industrious, honest, and faithful, he had an ungracious manner which hid his excellent qualities. Edward Mosley remembers my father trying to instruct Coleman in science. "Coleman," he said, "there is no warmth in a blanket." "I know better," said Coleman. "I know there *is* warmth in a blanket." "No," said Mr. Torlesse, "wrap up a leg of mutton in a blanket: it will not get warmer." When Bank holidays were first instituted, I said to him on Boxing Day, "Coleman, you shouldn't be working to-day, it's a Bank holiday." "Umph!" he grunted, "there aint no Banks, and do there were, no one h'aint got no money to put in 'em." After father's death he went to one of the Churchyard Almshouses, and the last time I saw him in 1882, when I asked him if he wanted anything, he said, "No, I are got all I want, I've set my taters (in the allotment ground) and my taters 'll bury me." And so they did, for he

died in the autumn, and the crops he had set fetched just enough money to pay the expenses of his funeral.

Bill was the Browns' gardener and odd man. He had been a bricklayer and when working during the restoration of the Church fell from a high ladder and broke his thigh. He was a queer character, possessing the Suffolk quality of "saving" in a very marked degree. During Anna Brown's long illness a large collection of half-emptied bottles containing medicines, liniments, poisonous or otherwise, was put out into the yard. He felt it would be sinful to let so much good doctor's stuff go to waste, so emptied all the bottles into a large one which he took home and drank when he felt he wanted something good. He gave a home to a poor half-witted brother who died rather suddenly. Tiffen came to me rather late one evening to ask for a shirt to "bestow" his brother in. I asked if any neighbour had come in to help. "No'm—I aint a mite afraid of Jim. I never did him no harm when he ware alive, and he won't do me no harm now he's dead."

Tycho, the Wilson Brown's black dog, was quite one of the characters of Stoke. He was an extraordinarily intelligent dog, and always used to fetch the milk for the family from Goldsmith's farm at the bottom of the Hill. He was only once known to put down the can on his way back, when he fought another dog on the Green, and then picked up his can safely and came home.

During the early years of life at Stoke there was much intercourse with Old Newton Vicarage. Many of dear Aunt Bridges' letters (*see* "OLD LETTERS") refer to the various children, and in both families there was

the same object, the intense desire that the children should show evidence of conversion.

Cousin Susan Leeds (Mrs. Mosley) was my mother's right hand in those days when her life must have been a most strenuous one. She not only had the care of her own household but went constantly to Ipswich to her aged grandparents, and she often told me of the long drive with a tiny baby as her only companion. She drove herself in what would, I suppose, be called a gig.

The nursery at Stoke was for many years ruled by Naomi Emeny, who maintained a Spartan discipline. Many is the story I have heard of her severity; she had, however, some sterling qualities. In 1838 she married William Songer, fourteen years her junior. They went out to Nelson, New Zealand, in one of the first three ships, at the same time as my brother Charles. Naomi nursed him in illness, and looked after him in the young colony as faithfully as when he had been her nursery charge. The Songers were successful settlers. One of Naomi's letters has a place in E. G. Wakefield's *System of Colonization*, p. 170.

Governesses succeeded Naomi—Miss Palmer and Miss Archer—the latter becoming a lifelong friend. The boys went early to school, as will be seen in the more detailed account of their lives.

I was born in August, 1839. Several of the children had scarlet fever at the time, and consequently my mother was attended by Mr. Harold, Mr. Liveing's uncle and partner. It interests me to think of this link with the Boxted Memorials, and that household of Bridges of which I have spoken in *Some Account of J. H. Bridges*, for Mr. Harold is there spoken of as

a valued friend. My mother has told me that when I was born he said to her, "God has sent you another daughter in place of little Anna."

My own memory begins in the year 1843 when my brother Charles returned from his first stay in New Zealand. I remember it distinctly, sitting on his lap at supper after his arrival, and the dish of custards in glasses sent over by Mrs. Boggis, who kept the Post Office and little shop opposite the old home. She was an excellent cook and made cakes and a particular kind of sweet which we called "suckers." My uncle, Edward Gibbon Wakefield, used to take tins of "suckers" away with him to London, and declared that when he wanted to carry a point in Committee he handed round the tin, and the various Committee men found it so hard to speak while engaged on a "sucker" that he could carry his own point.

Speaking of Mrs. Boggis reminds me of an event which left a deep impression on the mind of the parish: she sold arsenic as freely as sugar plums for its common use of rat killing. There was a farmer's family living at the Poplars farm, and one day as the family had finished the "pudden" that came before meat, several of those who had eaten were taken violently ill. A message soon brought Mr. Liveing on the spot. One of the men who was taken ill has often told me the story—"Mr. Liveings he came with his stomach pump and he copped off his hat and up with his sleeves and said 'say your prayers for you'll soon all be dead.'" The farmer's wife, the servant maid, and one of the men died, and old Wass always said he was ill each year as the time came round when it had happened. "You see Miss, Mrs. T. she was a near woman and when she

had made the pudden she hadn't flour enough to sprinkle the board and she took a little chice of flour that was in a screw of paper in the cupboard just to sprinkle the board, and that were poison."

My lot fell in better days as regards nursery discipline than my elders, for my dear nurse was Charlotte Street; when I was eight she married Charles Merton, the then schoolmaster. They went out to Canterbury in the "*Egmont*" with Bishop Harper, and had the satisfaction of seeing their sons take their place among those colonists who have made New Zealand the happy land for so many. I had the intense pleasure of being often with my dear old friend in her later years—if there is any good in me I owe it, next to my parents, to her.

The annual fair is a never-to-be-forgotten feature of Stoke life. Then it was a horse and cattle fair as well as for shows and stalls, and attracted a large and very rowdy company. The shows and stalls were on the Green, exactly under the windows of the old house. Rightly or wrongly my parents did not wish us to see even the outside of the shows, or to hear the language, so our friend the Dickens, who lived in Polstead Street, came to the rescue, Captain Dickens coming through a gap in the hedge and carrying me on his shoulder to their house, where Mrs. Dickens amused me and my sister Kate for the whole day. I am afraid we thought it a poor compensation for the forbidden glories of the fair. The school children were also kept away from the evil influences, and one of mother's letters speak of the treat given them in the park instead. In later years we used to pay the "merry-go-round" man to put his machine up in the

camping close, where the children could enjoy it unlimitedly.

In later years the worst features of the fair ceased, it was no longer used for the sale of animals, and little by little it became quite unobjectionable. When the present Archdeacon Hodges became curate to my father, he instituted a service for the "fair" people held at 11 o'clock at night, when the fair was closed; this service has been held ever since.

I have often heard my parents blamed for their strictness about this matter, but my mother had known the ruin that had befallen girls who had gone into the dancing booths, and it was to them a clear duty to keep the children of the parish, as well as their own, free from "evil communications" of either sight or sound.

But what a change! The following is an extract from a letter I had from the Rev. H. Wilkinson, Vicar of Stoke:—

"STOKE,
"*May 23rd*, 1913.

"... It was Fair week last week. The Creghtons and Co. were engaged elsewhere and we had Barker and Co., some of whom had not been for 18 years. All came to the night service, there were over 200 in church. Red-haired Clarke, the miller's man at Polstead, brought his cornet to join mine, and the processional hymn from the Vicarage, the choir with candles in honey jars, and the two first verses of "Onward Christian Soldiers" which I had painted on a white banner made the singing of the crowd behind us articulate. *All* the Fair people put money in the boxes at the bottom of the church, which impressed me. ..."

No doubt the fair was a remnant of the old feast in honour of Our Lady the Patron Saint of the Church,

for it is held on the Wednesday next to the old May Day (11th May).

Let us hope that the services now held may in some dim and limited fashion recall the time when the old festivals were a vital part of the public worship of each parish.

The Red Barn murder, 1827, gave a distinction to our neighbouring village of Polstead, and certainly affected us. The story repeated and dramatized need not be told again, but I have often heard my father speak of the intense curiosity shown about it, that he had seen streams of carriages going to look at the Red Barn (remember the old house faced the high road from London) the visitors including judges and bishops! I have also heard that Daniel Mann who was clerk for many years and a veracious person, always averred that before the discovery of the body in the barn he was working in the field near by and saw three ravens near it. When I was a child the barn had been burned to the ground, but there was a corner of the road near by which we passed coming from Old Newton, and to this day I remember the relief when that corner was turned. In the 'seventies, James Corder, the posthumus son of the murderer, who inherited some little property in Stoke, used to come to church there sometimes. He lived in Colchester and set up the first bookstall at the railway station, anticipating W. H. Smith.

The roads round us were haunted by intangible evils. There was hardly a man or woman who would go alone to either Nayland or Thorington Street after night had set in. If you asked why, they could or would not tell; a headless calf was one supposed ghost.

I have often pondered over that strange dread; it was a perfectly quiet, safe neighbourhood; robbery was unknown, and yet there was the fact, and in quite late years when all kinds of changes have been wrought by schoolmaster and telegraph wires, it was only old H. J., the queer woman of the village, who would go to Nayland in the evening, to fetch medicine from the doctor or chemist—"I ar'nt afraid, nothing won't hurt me" was her formula, and a very useful, naughty old woman she was.

There is little doubt that if she had lived 200 years sooner, she would have been burned as a witch, for children were terrified of her. Even as late as the middle of the last century witchcraft was still believed in, and one old man who lived under the shadow of the Church Tower, had an image of an enemy into which he thrust nails and pins.

At the further end of the Back Street, in a cottage which had two doors facing in opposite directions, lived old Mrs. W.

Her husband was a jobbing gardener. From the time he left to go to work in the morning, when she had done the work in their cottage, she spent the whole day in going from one door to the other. Looking up the street she cried, "is he a-coming home." Then shutting that door she opened the other, again repeating, "when is he a-coming home." When he came back from work she was at peace. For many, many years this plaintive cry could be heard. As a young married woman, she became jealous of a girl in the house where her husband worked. As a thoughtless joke the girl put her handkerchief into Mr. W's. pocket, and Mrs. W's. jealousy turned to a monomania that spoilt hers and her husband's life.

He was a quiet, peaceable man, and grew the most beautiful pansies that I have ever seen.

Somewhere about 1870, Sara K. went, as was the custom of the girls of Stoke, to service in London, where she had an aunt, with whom she stayed before taking a situation. After a few months her letters home ceased, and nothing could be heard of her. Her mother in great distress went to London, and spent many weeks searching for her in vain. All trace was lost. Shortly after this Henry K. went to work at some distance from home, where for the first time he saw a railway line. He and some other lads were curious to know what would happen to a train, which they had never seen before, if it met with any obstacle, so they put some stones on the line. Fortunately no bad accident happened, but the boys were arrested, and H. K. was sent to a Reformatory, at Castle Howard, Yorkshire, for seven years. Here, his good conduct and ability raised him to the post of teacher, and latterly assistant superintendent.

In 1890, on my return from New Zealand, I went to see Mrs. K. "You are not looking very well Mrs. K." "No Miss," she said, "my heart is wonderful bad now; that's along of Sara you see." "Oh" I said, "What about Sara?" "Why Miss, the Saturday before last Easter, I just finished tighting up the house and my husband was at work in the yard, when there come a knock at the door. I opened it, and there stood a lady. 'Does Mrs. K. live here?' 'Yes I said, I'm Mrs. K.' 'Oh Mother!' she said, 'Don't you know me?' And Miss, that were Sara! It were 20 years since we had heard of her. She said 'I've got my husband and children in a trap up

the road.' 'Fetch them in,' I said, and then I called my husband. He come in and we made them kindly welcome. I said to my husband, 'John, will you ask her where she's been all these years,' but he said 'No, Ax no questions, she'll tell us what she please, and what she don't choose to tell I shan't ask.' But Miss, my heart wholly turned over when she come, and that h'aint ever been right since.

"Well Miss, that night our Hinry come home from Yorkshire, he'd a bin away 17 year, and there was an excursion, and so he comed to see us. And the next day were Easter Sunday, and ye see you was all away so we thought we must take and show them to some one, so we druve over to Ason to Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

"Ye see Miss—we often thought of leaving this old house after all the children was grown up—but we never did, lest Sara should come back, and not know where to find us."

The old Workhouse in the Back Street was divided by a passage into two tenements. In one of them lived Mrs. X., who had been long bedridden. She had once had a paralytic stroke and the doctor had pronounced her dead. But a neighbour going in who was sure this was not so, poured brandy through her teeth and applied other restoratives and brought her round. She was just going to be laid out, but she lived for many years, and was a most industrious woman. Though completely paralysed in her legs and one arm, she made quantities of ingenious patchwork, and cultivated flowers, always gaining a prize at the Village Flower Show for a special plant.

On the other side of the passage lived old W. W.

His large family had all dispersed, many of them having gone to Natal in the 'fifties. One winter evening there was a knock at his door, and seeing a rough-looking man, he thought he was a tramp, and told him to be gone. But Mrs. X. heard the voice and called out "That's Bob! Let him in." And sure enough it was. He had been away and unheard of for thirty years. His poor old father was greatly distressed at having repulsed him, and put him into his own bed. Bob had led an extraordinarily hard life for many years with Kaffirs only, digging for gamboge. He was so little accustomed to a bed that when he sunk among the feathers he was frightened, and nearly had a fit and quickly laid on the brick floor, where he could sleep.

We saw a great deal of the old people in the Almshouses. Many of them were very quaint characters.

Mrs. A. was a stout handsome old lady. Latterly she became thin. She used to pluck at her arms bare to the elbow, and say, "I'm a wastin', I'm a wastin', but I'm glad on't, there'll be less for the worms!"

She used also to say "I are got neither father nor mother, grandfather nor grandmother, uncle nor aunt, they're all gone." Priscilla's answer was "Yes! Mrs. A., and a very good thing they are, so old as they would be, but just think how many children, and grandchildren and great-grandchildren you've got."

My father's faithful nurse, Mrs. Jones, passed her last years in one of the churchyard cottages. Her early married life had been much tried by a husband who drank, and who often treated her very badly. But under Wilson Brown's influence he had taken the pledge and kept it faithfully. "What Mr. Brown

has done for my husband's worth millions of pounds," she used to say. She and Mrs. Wright nursed my father most devotedly during the last eighteen months of his life. And this leads me to say, what excellent nursing I have seen among the untrained village women. Without wishing to deprecate all that training can do, it is well to remember the devotion, care, and often skill given by one neighbour to another.

I have spoken of the strict preservation of game, and some of the saddest tragedies of village life grew out of the severity of the game laws.

There were some miserable cottages in a distant part of the parish, where one snowy winter the hares came into the gardens and ate the cabbages.

A youngish man, who lived there with his wife and many children, was caught by the keeper snaring a hare in his own garden. He was sent by the magistrates to Bury Gaol for a month with hard labour. This meant the tread-mill. When he returned home his health was irrevocably broken, and he very soon died from inflammation of the lungs produced by the exposure. He left a wife and seven young children to be a charge on the rates.

Most of the old people who lived in the churchyard could get to church, but this was often impossible for those who lived on the Downs, and at regular intervals father would celebrate Holy Communion in Mrs. Vince's cottage. I generally went with him, and I have blessed memories of the awe and reverence of those services.

As I write, how many other dear friends do I remember. The Durhams, the Munnings at Scotland

House Farm, the Postans at Shelley, the Cooks and Mr. Worters, the Benhams, and the Goldsmiths, Mudds, and Gardiners, the dear old Miss Blencowes and the William Blencowes at the Valley Farm, the Woodgates at the Poplars, and in the village, Mrs. Boggis, Mrs. Martin, who kept a dame school, the Chisnals, the Greens, and Mrs. Howard, who taught the children at Thorington Street. I think we were all very friendly, and if there were disagreeables and dissensions (which no doubt was the case), the memory of them has passed away, and left only the thought of the close bond that held us all together—a mutual sense of loyalty and sympathy.

In the neighbourhood also we had many friends. Mr. Tom Fenn had succeeded his uncle, Mr. Liveing, at Nayland, and settled there with his young wife, Maria Alston, in 1843. They were the most hospitable and generous friends. Both Susan and I used to stay in their house for weeks at a time, doctored and well cared for by Mr. and Mrs. Fenn. It is one of the great pleasures of my old age to talk over the days of our childhood with Annie and Isabella Fenn, now Mrs. Hand and Mrs. Cotes. Mr. Fenn was as indefatigable a country doctor as his uncle had been, never sparing himself. He was worn out at a comparatively early age, dying in 1870. Dear Mrs. Fenn only survived him a year. His son Edward succeeded him, but did not long remain in Nayland. He settled at Richmond, marrying Katie, daughter of Dr. Julius, there. Edward Fenn ultimately inherited Alston Court at Nayland from his uncle, Mr. Sam Alston, and restored the Tudor house in a remarkable way. Mr. Blomfield was the architect.

Mr. Harry Palmer succeeded Edward Fenn in the Nayland practice, he and his wife coming there as quite young people. It is pleasant to think that they too became faithful and lifelong friends of our family.

Mr. Birch, at Wiston, brought the first breath of the Oxford Movement. He restored the beautiful little Norman church at Wiston, and designed calendars and small books with exquisite illuminations. He also established in Stoke a depository for the S.P.C.K. publications, and used to come constantly to attend to it. The room where the books and tracts were kept was by the side of Mrs. Boggis's shop. Bibles, Prayer Books, tracts, pictures, almanacs were for sale. The price was marked in plain figures. The purchaser took whatever he wanted, entered the fact in a ledger, and put the money in a bowl. When Mr. Birch made his periodical visits, he compared the ledger with the cash and the stock of books, and I do not remember that any dishonesty was discovered.

A special friend of my mother's was Mrs. Sadler, of Great Horkesley; her daughters were my sister's most intimate friends.

We loved to go to Mr. Smith's, at Newton, near Sudbury. Mr. Smith was unconventional in mind and conversation, and a very deeply learned man. He was in close personal touch with Dr. Pusey, and in a very quiet way had a great influence in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Smith had a great heart and a loving manner. The daughters, Constance and Bertha (Mrs. Blaire and Mrs. Fanshawe), were my intimate friends.

Mr. Fearon, of Assington, was a man of different type. Clear-headed, determined and practical, he supplied the backbone to the body of the clergy. He

was a most trusted friend of my father's in regard to the Stoke and Melford Club. Mrs. Fearon was my godmother. I owe her a deep debt of gratitude for her prayers and her teaching. Mr. Fearon held the living of Assington for Mr. Philip Gurdon, son of John Gurdon, the squire. When Philip Gurdon was old enough he became vicar, and the Fearon's left, to the deep regret of the parish and neighbourhood.

Among these various neighbours there was no religious controversy. I believe that this band of friends, and, I am sure, many others whose names I have forgotten, were all united in a common desire to carry out the teaching of Him who said, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor, he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord" (St. Luke IV, 18 and 19 verses).

Among our later friends was Mr. Bradley Alford, who was incumbent at one time of Leavenheath. When he and Mrs. Alford were travelling abroad their children used to stay with us. Mr. Alford has written as follows of my father and mother and the old house:—

"Mr. Torlesse was a very distinct personality. First of all, in figure he was short and thick set, his face lit up on occasion with a charming smile; on occasion it could be stern with strong disapproval. Coming as a young clergyman into Suffolk, I found myself one in a company of elderly rectors and vicars. Mr. Torlesse was as young of heart and as untiring in work as the youngest of us. His parish was constantly yielding fresh interests, and calling forth in him fresh energies.

"Close beside the church stood the house used as a vicarage:

the front of it was half-hidden in sweet-scented jasamine, and the sight or smell of jasamine still reminds me of that pleasant hospitable house. Mrs. Torlesse, when I knew her, had laid aside some of the outward activities of life, but never ceased from its quiet charities, and from the bestowal of her sweet sympathy with a smile as sweet. It was easy to see that she 'rained influence' from within doors, and effected more in her retirement than many a clergyman's wife with bustling ways. On her gravestone in Stoke churchyard is written the sentence, 'Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded.' This humble prayer of unconditional faith contains the secret of a life both patient and pious."

One of the social institutions in the neighbourhood was the Ladies' Book Club. I think about twenty ladies subscribed. Each member nominated so many books, which were bought, circulated during the year, and then sold by auction annually to the subscribers. We got nice books in that way. I remember having the first two-volume edition of *The Heir of Redclyffe* given to me on my birthday from the sale, and how it was borrowed and read by our neighbours. And I well remember hearing the vogue it had among undergraduates at Cambridge.

We had hardly any intercourse with Colchester. The railway station was half-a-mile from the shops, and if we went up to the town for shopping, or to show visitors the lions of the Castle or the Museum, we did not touch the social side of life there.

In looking back to those far-away days, it certainly seems to me that the chief excitements of the family were the comings and goings from and to the Antipodes. Not only had my brother Charles gone to Nelson with his uncle, Captain Arthur Wakefield, in 1842, but my uncle, Colonel William Wakefield, had

gone to Wellington about the same time, while my mother's youngest brother Felix, who had settled in Tasmania, returned to England about 1848, bringing a large family with him.

About this time Miss Greenup came to live with us. She had been governess with Mr. Bull, of Sowerby Bridge, and had helped in the education of his four sons and many pupils. She was a very remarkable woman, and although she did not stay very long in our house, she remained in the neighbourhood for many years, taking pupils. She was masculine in her appearance, and had a good classical education, and an extraordinary power of imparting knowledge. I was nine years old when she taught me, and to this day I remember her lessons more vividly than any other teaching I have ever had. She brought with her her niece Bessie, daughter of Dr. Greenup, of Calne, who was a delightful companion to me. A few years later Dr. Greenup and his family went to Sydney, where he held the appointment of Medical Superintendent at the Parramatta Asylum, thus adding another family to our list of friends at the other end of the earth.

Well do I remember the famine years of '47 and '48. During many months our bread was made of flour mixed with carrots or hominy, and we ate hominy instead of potatoes. I do not know that there was a scarcity of wheat flour in England, though it was very dear. The motive for this economy was to save every possible penny and to send it to Ireland. Potatoes were bad in England, and father had an idea that he could extract starch from them. For this he employed some of the village girls in grating rotten potatoes

into water, but I do not think he ever made useable starch. It was one of his hobbies. The famine days made an indelible impression on our minds. Susan was especially affected, as with her quick sympathies she thought of the sufferings in Ireland.

A happier recollection is of the excitements of the bazaar for the organ (1847) and its opening, and of the new schools (1849). About this time, too, Charles Holland began his visits to Stoke from Ipswich, with the happy result of his marriage to Emily on New Year's Day, 1850.

After Mr. Liveing's death at Nayland, early in 1843, Mrs. Liveing moved to Thorington Street, where she lived until 1863. To us her house became a second home. The Rev. Henry Liveing, while Curate of Polstead, lived at the "Cottage" at Stoke. When he left General Thomas Forbes and his sister Maria came there. She had been much at Bath, and brought with her to Stoke the Bath code of manners. I remember the way she held her saucer whilst drinking her "tay." She sometimes gave my mother her old dresses, and I was rather vain of a little frock made of stiff silk brocade in a large pattern of tulips, while quite conscious that it was not new and very unsuitable. General Forbes had children and grandchildren, who often stayed with him. His only daughter was married to Captain Peregrine Fellowes. They were our great friends. Father taught Charles and Villiers Forbes, helping them to prepare for the army.

Older and more intimate friends were the Dickins, who lived in Polstead Street. Captain Dickins was a retired officer of the R.N. There were five sons and one daughter. The eldest, Hildesley, went to India

(R.E.), and used to send home delightful Indian boxes, muslins, etc. Mordaunt, the third son, was also a soldier, and both were great friends. Isabella, the daughter, looked upon Priscilla as a sister. Captain Dickins, one of the sons, and Isabella, were all subject to attacks of insanity, and my father was constantly called upon to deal with them. When Priscilla went to New Zealand in 1856 Isabella was much affected by her absence. Susan and I did our best to console her, and prevent her falling into absolute melancholia.

I remember when Mr. and Mrs. Kendall lived at Giffords' Hall. Their only son, Russell, had married Mary Thorpe and there were three children—Gwenllian, Ethel, and Clarence. After Russell Kendall's death, his widow married Major Gresley, and they came to Gifford's and lived there for many years. Seven children were born there. They certainly added very largely to the brightness of the neighbourhood. Mrs. Gresley had great social gifts. She gave a fancy-dress children's party, with the first Christmas tree ever seen in the county. It was a wonderful event. I was dressed as Queen of Clubs, and Nellie Liveing as Queen of Hearts, our dresses being designed by her brother Edward. I must have been about eleven years old. Then Mrs. Gresley got up concerts, gathering all together who could play or sing, quite irrespective of class. The old Hall lent itself to these entertainments, and certainly, to me, in my somewhat solitary childhood, the companionship of Gwinny and Ethel Kendall was a great boon. Giffords' Hall was the haunt of many ghosts, and was the property of the Mannock family, who let it, and the tenants often changed. Mr. Cole lived there for ten years, and his

family have always felt a great affection for the place. He was succeeded by Mr. Macandrew, whose children were among the intimate friends of the younger generation of Torlesse's.

The year 1851 stands out very vividly. The family went for a few days to London to see the Great Exhibition—father, mother, and the six girls. The Hollands joined us. We were in lodgings in Hans Place, Chelsea. My grandfather Wakefield and his second wife were living near by. We left Stoke at 5 o'clock on Monday morning, went by excursion train to London; the railway carriages were rather like cattle trucks. It was a week of intense enjoyment. We spent long days at the Exhibition, and Priscilla took my sister Kate and myself to the other chief sights of London. One memory is undimmed. Father and mother had tickets given them for a bazaar, held in Chelsea Gardens. The beautiful Duchess of Sutherland and her daughters had a stall. I went with my parents, dressed in a brown silk frock, a black silk jacket made out of a hatband, and the large bonnet I had worn at Emily's wedding. A queer little figure! I wandered away from my parents and looked at those beautiful women, and heard the Guards' band play Mendelssohn's Wedding March—sight and sound that lighted up my life with glamour.

In September of that year my sister Louisa fell ill and died (October 1st). In April, 1852, Kate followed her to the Unseen, and our cousin, Charles Bridges, also died the same year. My brother Henry's health became seriously affected, and instead of going to Cambridge, he sailed for New Zealand on October 1st, 1852. In July of the same year I went to school at

Miss Cahusac's, at Highgate. So the home party was reduced to three—Priscilla, Susan, and Tassie. Neither father nor mother were the same after that fatal year, but on father the change was more marked. Mother had had so many great sorrows and troubles in her previous life that these bereavements did not change her as they did father.

About the year 1847 by brother Henry had gone to Mr. Bull's, at Sowerby Bridge, near Halifax, in Yorkshire. Mrs. Bull was uncle Bridges' sister Sarah. Mr. Bull took a few pupils to educate with his own four sons. Priscilla and Susan went to stay at Sowerby Parsonage, and there first met our cousin, Georgina Hadwen, the daughter of Hester Davis, and granddaughter of Harriet, the third of the Robinson sisters, who had married General Bowness. Georgina Hadwen was a year older than Priscilla, and when the cousins first met, a young and extremely attractive woman. Between her and Susan there was from the first a very strong friendship. Before her marriage, when living in London with her aunt, Mrs. Carr, Georgina Hadwen had been much in the society of literary men. She had naturally a strong intellect and power of appreciation of genius in others. From the year 1847 and onwards there was close and constant intercourse between our family and the Hadwens. That hospitable home was always open, not only to the older members of the family, but to the little ones. These, who are now middle-aged men and women, can look back to many happy days of childhood spent at Rybourne and Kebroyd. Between my father and Mr. Hadwen there was a very strong friendship. I believe Mr. Hadwen was my father's

most intimate friend, although a much younger man. They went delightful tours together. Father also took special delight in Louie Hadwen's (Mrs. Astley) music. She was named after my sister Louisa, and this drew my father specially to her. Mary Bridges has contributed her memories of these times. (*See* Appendix.)

After 1851–52, the next event of interest in the family was Frances Jane Torlesse's (Tassie) marriage to Edward Liveing, August 29th, 1854. It was a very hot day. The wedding guests stood all round three sides of the Communion rails (there was room for fifty persons, and consequently a very large floor space). While the service was going on a frog hopped out and seemed to look about. The wedding feast was held in a tent in the garden, and a swarm of bees settled on the cake.

In 1857 Sir Joshua Rowley died, and was succeeded at Tendring by his brother, Sir Charles, who, with Lady Rowley, soon came to live there. Many of their large family had died the previous year, and of the two sons and seven daughters who came to Tendring some were delicate. But they all became well and strong in the pure air of Stoke.

It is difficult to describe the change that their coming made to my parents. Sir Charles was the kindest and most genial of squires, and both he and Lady Rowley entered whole-heartedly into every effort made for the benefit of their poorer neighbours. The first Christmas after they came Sir Charles had a bullock killed, and distributed the meat to his own workmen's families. I can say with certainty of many that this was the first time they had ever tasted

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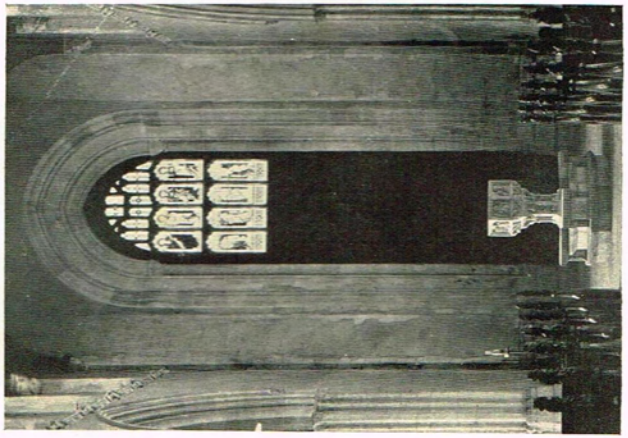

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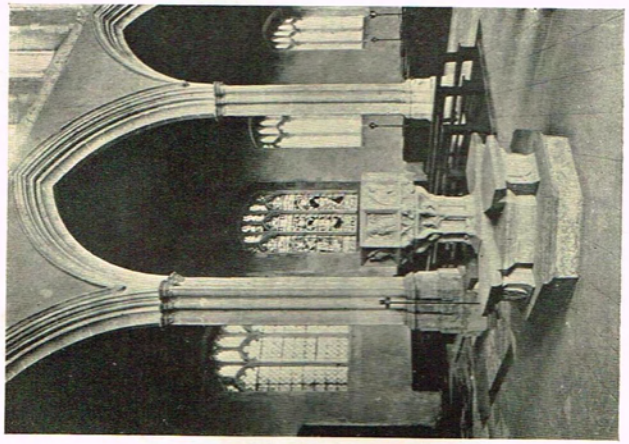

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butcher's meat. The next Christmas some of the farmers followed Sir Charles' example, and Christmas Day was generally observed as a holiday without wages being deducted. But some of the old-fashioned farmers still looked upon this giving of wages and meat as a dangerous practice. Somewhere in the 'sixties father preached on Christmas Day from the text: "Eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared." He made the application very pointed, and that was the last year when "nothing was prepared" for the men and their families on the farms.

In 1866 Sir Charles Rowley determined to restore the church at his own cost. Great tarpaulins were put across the tower end, and seats were so arranged that the usual services were carried on without any interruption during the year that the work was going on. This work consisted of removing the square pews and substituting oak seats, scraping of pillars and arches from paint and wash, removing of Moses and Aaron, and erecting a stone reredos. It is indeed much to be regretted that the process of church restoration was not understood at that time, for many precious relics of the pre-Reformation building were destroyed, among others the stairway leading to the rood-loft. The greatest improvement was the removal of the gallery and the opening out of the beautiful west arch into the tower.

Sir Charles Rowley's eldest daughter, Miss Emma Rowley, took the deepest interest in this matter of church restoration. She was a devoted churchwoman, and did indeed love her neighbour as herself. She was extremely interested in the village boys, taught

them and helped them forward in life. She learned to play the organ, and played on Sundays for many years. She was a rare and beautiful character. She died suddenly in 1875, deeply loved by all who knew her.

While the alterations were going on in the church, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Gurdon often came over from Assington. As the old pews, gallery, etc., were cleared away, and the structure laid bare, they questioned deeply into the original meaning of various parts. They studied church history. St. Mary's Stoke spoke eloquently of the undivided church of the West, and doubts as to the validity of the post-Reformation period assailed them. Very shortly afterwards Mr. Gurdon resigned the living of Assington, left his home and his birthplace, and he and his wife were received into the Church of Rome.

I have written fully of the marriage of Susan and John Henry Bridges elsewhere, and here only record that it took place on the 7th of February, 1860, and her death in December of the same year.

In May, 1861 my brother Charles, his wife Alicia, and their children, Arthur, Katie and Priscilla, arrived from New Zealand. It was a very happy visit. He was well, and his affairs so prosperous that he could indulge his generous instincts to their full extent. The children were delightful, and brought new life to us all, after the overwhelming sorrow of Susan's death. They remained in England a year, visiting relatives and friends, and sailed for New Zealand in June, 1862, leaving Arthur behind at Stoke. A daughter, Emily, was born before they reached Melbourne, on the 18th of September. In 1865 the whole family returned to

England. Charles was then entirely an invalid, and he died on the 14th of November, 1866.

On the night of that day was the famous shower of meteors. It was some diversion to the sadness of our hearts to stand on the Green and watch that marvellous sight, when the heavens opened and the stars fell in showers.

Sometime before this Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Selfe, the police magistrate, who were among the founders of the Canterbury Association, went out to New Zealand, and were very anxious that my father should go with them. The journey, however, was too expensive.

They visited both my brothers, and on their return to England Mr. Henry Selfe came down to Stoke to tell us about them, giving us much details which letters could not convey.

In 1864 my father became aware that his strength was not equal to the burden of the parish—he was then sixty-nine—and the Rev. John Stewart came as curate—a kindly gentleman. He stayed about three years, and was succeeded by the Rev. Peter Royston, an eloquent and popular preacher. He was followed by the Rev. George Lightfoot, who married Fanny Weston, of the Westmoreland branch of the Wakefield family. Mr. Lightfoot was a very real friend to us. He became Vicar of Pickering, in Yorkshire. To speak candidly, I do not think father was happy in his relations with his first curates. He was so accustomed to do things in his own somewhat original way, that he found it difficult to accept other methods. In 1870 he felt his powers failing, and it was then arranged that Wilson Brown, who had married Anna Bridges in 1866, should come to Stoke as curate. It was a

very happy arrangement. We moved from the old house to the Cottage, and the Browns took possession of our old home. Dear aunt Bridges lived with them, and it was no small part of the pleasure of this move that she and father were brought together in the close of their lives. To mother the change to the Cottage was an unmixed joy. She was thankful to rest, for she was seventy-seven, and to turn her eyes to the peaceful view of the park instead of to the village street. Priscilla made the garden lovely, and by enclosing the verandah with glass, made a snug, warm corner for mother. She and dear aunt met most days. Cousin Hornidge came for her annual visit. The Mosleys took rooms in the village from time to time.

During the next few years of father's life, when comparatively free from the active work of the parish, he carried out a project he had long had in his mind, to put together some account of the history of Stoke. This task occupied him for at least three years. Many friends helped him, especially Dr. Edward Liveing, without whose invaluable help he could never have deciphered documents, both in the British Museum and in the Muniment Room at Gifford's Hall.

The compilation of this book and the extensive correspondence with all kinds of people to which it led, was an immense interest to him, and proved a stimulus to his active brain, which kept it young. The book was published in 1877 (he was then 82) and went through two editions. It does not profess to be a history of Stoke, but a collection of all kinds of miscellaneous information from many sources. Messrs. Harrison, of St. Martin's Lane, were the printers and

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CHARLES MARTIN TORLESSE.
BORN 1795, DIED 1881.

CATHERINE GURNEY TORLESSE, *née* WAKEFIELD.
BORN 1793, DIED 1873.

publishers, and when in 1912 the same firm printed *Some Account of John Henry Bridges*, Mr. James Harrison remembered my father's book and spoke with kind appreciation of the work of so old a man.

In order to work at the British Museum, father stayed for some weeks in that London home of the family, Dr. Liveing's, 52, Queen Anne Street. It was at the time when Mr. Wood was bringing to the Museum portions of the Temple of Diana which he had been excavating at Ephesus. Father was much interested in the sculpture, and bought a large and beautiful photogravure of the base of the column. When some of the family remonstrated with him for this extravagance (?) he excused himself by saying that he had had nothing more substantial than buns for his lunch at the Museum, and by this meagre diet had saved the cost of the picture!

In the spring of 1872 mother had a very severe attack of bronchitis, her life was despaired of, she felt herself dying and took leave of us all. She had been given a considerable amount of stimulant, and she suddenly said "Give me a glass of cold water." For twenty-four hours she touched nothing but cold water, and the fever ceased and she gradually recovered. Then I was desperately ill, but by the summer we were both sufficiently recovered to go to Petworth, where we had a very happy visit. It was then that the photograph of mother was taken. She was so curiously happy that year, telling me that she no longer had the wearing anxiety about her sons: she thought of them in peace and happiness, she felt them so much nearer to her than when seas divided, and she was always on

the rack of "waiting for the mail." She was confident of soon rejoining them in the Unseen World.

We spent the winter at Hastings. In February there was a big storm at the same time as a high tide, the house was shaken and this tried her, she said "we will go home before the next high tide," and we did. She sent round the parish to all the mothers who had had babies while she was away, and asked them to come and see her and bring their babies. She employed herself in making underclothes for one of her grandchildren; she went out a little in the garden, hoping much to get to church on Easter Day, but it was too cold. On Easter Monday our cousins Gascoigne and Ina Bevan came over from Sudbury, and spent the day. Mother was downstairs and particularly enjoyed their visit. On Tuesday she was taken ill, bronchitis set in with delirium, she was unconscious except for one interval on the morning of Friday, 25th April, when she began to say the Te Deum. Although I do not think she was conscious when she began it, yet the words seemed to bring recognition, and as she said verse after verse her eyes lightened with triumph till in a full clear tone her voice rang out, "In Thee Oh Lord have I trusted: let me never be confounded." I was holding her hand, and longing that father should be with her during this moment, when her mind was quite clear, but as I moved she said "I know that my Redeemer liveth." It was her last conscious word: she passed away at noonday Saturday, April 26th, 1873.

During the days that she laid in her coffin all those who loved her in the parish came to look once more at her. Death never showed a fairer face. It was

before the days when flowers were sent immediately after a death, but Miss Moss, the schoolmistress, who loved her dearly, asked if she might bring the school-children to see her; they came, each child bringing a little bunch of spring flowers, daisies and violets and forget-me-nots, and as they looked they put the little flowers in the coffin, entirely covering her.

Her influence in the parish was very strong, she was a conscience to the whole place, dearly loved and never forgotten. On the cross above her grave we put the last words of the Te Deum that so clearly expressed her life.

It was an immense consolation to father that dear Aunt Bridges was at hand to comfort him, and for the next few years Priscilla and I had strong interests in the children around us; Arthur and Harry came home in intervals of sea-going. Katie Torlesse was specially devoted to her grandfather, and was always ready to go for him to any distant part of the parish.

Wilson and Anna Brown had brought their little daughters to Stoke when they came in 1870, Charles was born in September of that year but lived only a few weeks. Margaret Frederica was born later, so frail and delicate a child that it seemed impossible that she could live. A second boy, Reginald, was born July, 1873, but his little life soon closed. In 1874 Anna had a desperate illness which left her an invalid for months.

The year 1874 was the jubilee of my father's ministry at Stoke and the parishioners and friends took this opportunity of presenting him with a sum of money and an address. An account of this will be found in the Appendix D.

It need hardly be said that this unexpected evidence of love and affection greatly touched him.

The summer of '76 was a happy one. Edward Bridges was at home, always a delightful companion, the Liveings were with us, and we all enjoyed the summer, the park and the meeting of so many cousins. Edward Bridges had gone out of England for several winters. He went to the Riviera in the autumn of 1876 and was much better there, so much so that he ventured to bathe; it was a fatal effort, bringing on hæmorrhage and he died at Cannes on May 20th, 1877. John went to Cannes, and brought him back to be buried at Stoke. I have spoken of him fully in *Some Account of John Henry Bridges.*

In 1878 Wilson Brown was offered the living of Assington and the family left Stoke. It was a happy change for them but a grievous loss to Stoke and to us. The Rev. George Hodges then came as curate; we could not persuade father to resign, so he remained nominally vicar to the day of his death, but he gave up two-thirds of his stipend and Mr. Hodges had practically the sole charge of the parish, and was always most loyal to father and in every way most friendly and kind.

Dear Aunt Bridges passed away at Assington after a few hours' illness, December 2nd, 1878. In the following autumn father's health began to fail markedly, but he went through the following winter, going to the school almost every day, driving about the parish, and taking his share in the church services. On the 14th March he was very poorly, but insisted on preaching. The lesson was Exodus III, and he preached on the Burning Bush. His voice was remarkably clear and could be well heard all over the church. He came

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Back row (from left to right)—Edith Hadwen, Margaret Liveing, Wilson Brown, Tassie Liveing, Harry Liveing.
Second row—F. H. Torlesse, Katie Torlesse, C. M. Torlesse, Harriet Bridges, A. M. Brown, P. C. Torlesse.
Front row—M. F. Brown, Frances Liveing, S. H. Brown, Edward Bridges, M. Brown, E. A. Brown, Alicia Torlesse.

home and sank back in his favourite chair in the study, and never did anything more. It was exactly as if the main spring had broken ; he was not paralyzed, and for a few days he expected to be better, and was very anxious about confirmation classes for the boys which he had arranged. His last effort was to enter some twenty names in a book dividing the boys according to their attainments. From that March until July of the following year he was so weak that at any moment the end might have come. Yet it was not an unhappy time, his mental powers failed very gently and gradually. He liked to see friends, music was an almost unending delight, his dearly loved classics were by his side and a friend brought him very large print copies of the Psalms, Isaiah, and the New Testament, in separate volumes, which was a great comfort to him.

In January, 1881, there was a tremendous snow-storm over the south of England. I was away at Hastings for three days, all intercourse was cut off, trains could not run, and for many hours the telegraph wires were down. Of course I returned home as soon as possible, to find father none the worse. Katherine, the youngest daughter of Sir Charles Rowley, had been married to the Rev. Cecil Littelton ; the bride and bridegroom went from the church to father's room, and knelt by his bedside to receive his blessing. He was very much interested in the engagement of his grand-son Frederick Holland to Frances, the daughter of Edward and Frances (Tassie) Liveing. Her mother had always looked upon her uncle as her father, and Francie wished to be married at Stoke. So Dr. Liveing took the old vicarage house for a time and

the wedding took place from there on the 5th February, 1881, the newly-married pair coming as the Littletons had done the previous week, to the grandfather's bedside, and kneeling there he blessed them. It was a strange time, the deep snow that made the roads almost impassable, the intense cold, the two weddings, both of strong affection and love for the old friend in the one case, and the grandfather in the other, that made the two couples feel that their marriage would not seem complete without his blessing; all this made that dreary winter a time when the deep true elements of life triumphed over external difficulties, and the patriarchal blessing carried with it the vital force of spiritual life.

Early in the summer of 1881 our dear cousin Emily Story (*née* Chapman) came to stay with us,. She was very ill, but we hoped much that the change and pure air would help her. From her babyhood she had been a special favourite with father and he was still able to enjoy seeing her. When she left, Amy Holland, the wife of his eldest grandson, Arthur Holland, came to stay, bringing her two beautiful babies, Winnie and Enid. I shall never forget the picture when Amy stood at the foot of the bed, her arms round a child on each side and father propped up with pillows, lifting his hands towards them saying "Lovely, lovely." The night of the 11th July he just breathed his last, and the account of his funeral which I wrote down years ago is the end of this part of the family story.

"On July 16th, 1881, Charles Martin Torlesse was laid in his grave, and on that day the family gathered for the last time in the old home at Stoke. The day before, the heat had been so intense that we

quite feared many friends would be unable to come, but on Saturday it was cooler, and a perfect summer day was granted us. We put a tent in the garden, and in the dining-room the coffin was placed. The Guild had sent the most beautiful cross of rarest hot-house flowers, which laid the whole length of the coffin, and each friend as they came brought a wreath. We who had seen him lying there could only think of that beauty which death had revealed. We had dressed him in his surplice, hood, and stole, and as S. H. B. said, 'he looks like a marble bishop.' Yes, no one who had watched him during the last two years of the mortal life could have doubted the purification of spirit that had taken place, and when the struggle was over even the bodily features seemed to speak of the victory won.

"By one o'clock all were gathered. Charles and Emily Holland, Arthur, Walter, Fred and Francie, Katie Durrant and Percy Holland, Henry and Edward Mosley, Cecil and Boswell Chapman, Charles Wakefield, Alicia, Katie, Priscie, and Emmy Torlesse (Arthur and Harry were both out of England), Susie, Edie, Mary and Margaret Brown, General Dickens, the Rev. B. Alford, E. Conybeare, and John Bridges, Edward Liveing, G. Hadwen and John Storr, a truly representative gathering; the children and grandchildren, the members of mother's family feeling that they had lost their head. Just think of such different men as C. Holland, J. Storr, E. Conybeare, and J. H. Bridges, all their differences of thought, opinion and standing merged in the deep love for their friend. It was right that he whose house had always been open to every differing opinion, should be thus followed to his grave.

"As we left the house the long line of parishioners walked first, then as we reached the churchyard gate the line opened. First went the choir, then fourteen neighbouring clergymen, then the coffin, and then—I was going to say the mourners, but we did not mourn. No, it was rather the joy of harvest. The service was simply read by Mr. Hodges and Wilson Brown. As we walked from the church to the grave the choir sang processionally the Easter hymn, 'Jesus Lives —' and while all were taking their places round the grave the schoolchildren sang, 'Oh God Our help in ages past,' his favourite hymn. Many noticed that as the coffin was lowered a lark sprang, as from the grave, and flew up singing loudly, as if it carried the spirit to the freer air above. So the head of the family was laid among his own. There, as in a sacred home, we leave him; father and mother, Charles, Susan, Louisa, Catherine, and Anna; dear aunt and Edward Bridges, and the babies who came to draw out springs of love and then bind the hearts of their parents and sisters even more to the unseen world.

"And the parish was there, every farmer and tradesman, the labourers left their work, the neighbours all gathered round."

CHAPTER V.

My Brothers and Sisters.

I AM writing this brief account of my brothers and sisters in a separate Chapter, to enable me to tell more consecutively the story of the family life.

In writing of my brother, CHARLES OBINS TORLESSE, I shall largely use a journal in his own handwriting.

From his birth his mother's love for him was beyond that she gave to any of her other children; it is indeed true that every sorrow of his pierced her heart. Some indication of this will be found in her letters to him.

The following extracts are from a MS. in his own handwriting, which he had abbreviated from his diaries:—

Extracts from the Journals—

"Born at Stoke, May 2nd, 1825, educated from the age of six by Miss Susan Leeds, now Mrs. Mosley, and Mr. Charles Lloyd.

"1835.—Went to school at Blackheath Proprietary School, where I learnt nothing and forgot all I had learnt. My life saved from drowning by Rigaud.

"1836.—To school at Stanmore in Middlesex, kept by Rev. J. A. Barron; inclined to be behindhand with my lessons, and consequently I was kept in very much from play, as I had a great many impositions to do. I was also mischievously disposed. Mrs. Barron was very kind to me, and by her kindness I was induced to get on better with my lessons; she used to take me out in her carriage. I and a few other boys used to go frequently to Miss Martin's who was an old friend of my father's, living at Stanmore. Edward Ward, eldest son of Hon. Henry Ward, of Killinchy, co. Down, Ireland, was my greatest friend.

"1840.—In consequence of a very severe flogging Barron gave me for telling a lie which he forced me to tell to exculpate some of the boys, I left the school. I heard afterwards that only about six of the 110 boys of the school returned in consequence of their fathers' disgust at the treatment I had received.

"1840.—I went to the College of Civil Engineers established at Putney, under the patronage of the Duke of Richmond. The Principal was Major Hutchinson. I was treated there as a gentleman, and gained good conduct character. We had good tuition in engineering matters, and I believe I should have prosecuted the study with good result if I had remained there. We had capital boating on the Thames at Putney, and I thoroughly enjoyed my stay there. Amongst the boys and young men there was G. Lermit, now the Rev. G. Lermit, head-master of Dedham Grammar School.

"April 27th, 1841.—My father proposed for my consideration uncle Arthur Wakefield's offer to take me to New Zealand, as a surveyor on the first expedition for the foundation of Nelson, in New Zealand. This proposition I accepted, and the expedition consisted of Captain Arthur Wakefield, James Howard, storekeeper, Dr. Macshame, Henry Bell, secretary, Mr. Tuckett, chief surveyor, T. Musgrave, D. Browne, Mr. Stephens, and Mr. Duffy, assistant surveyors, — Watts, W. E. Wilkinson, John C. Boys, C. O. Torlesse, Relichet, Arnold, F. Brunner, F. Cumberland, and Griffiths, F. Moline, W. Davison, cadets or improvers. We went out in the barques '*Whitby*' and '*Will Watch*,' the schooner '*Arrow*,' with stores for the expedition, accompanying us. Also there were about 100 picked men: agricultural labourers, mechanics, and Deal boatmen. We carried out two Deal boats, lugger rigged. I was engaged in laying out the country at Nelson into sections, sometimes with the assistant surveyors, and sometimes on my own account with another cadet. At one time we lived at a native 'pah' in Massacre Bay, and close to the natives at Motueka, and I formed a strong attachment to the natives, with whom we were on very friendly terms.

"1843.—I returned to England with John Boys, W. E. Wilkinson, and F. Moline, in consequence of the Wairau massacre, where my uncle, Captain Arthur Wakefield, Thompson, Police

Magistrate Cotterell, J. Howard, and some of the men of the party were killed by natives. We went by way of Sydney and took passage in the ship '*Templar*.' Amongst the passengers on board were Lord Glentworth and family. We had to put in to Rio de Janeiro for provisions, where Lord Glentworth found that he was the Earl of Limerick. In consequence of the birth of a princess there were illuminations and cannonading from all the forts of this magnificent harbour, and from all the men-of-war of various nations there assembled. I omitted in the account of New Zealand experiences to mention my old nurse Mrs. Songer and her husband, with whom I frequently lived. Mrs. S. nursed me very tenderly through a very severe ever.

"May, 1844.—Arrived in England, my father met me at Greenwich; Wilkinson had paid my passage home. My father repaid him. For the first few months after I returned to England I was engaged in railway surveying in various parts of England with Frank Moline.

"1845–1848.—After this I went to live with my uncle, Edward Gibbon Wakefield, at Burstow Park, Reigate, South Stoke, near Arundel, and at Strutts, near Nayland. First I attended him until he had recovered from a severe illness, and then acted as his amanuensis in his newspaper correspondence. I then learned to write a good hand by copying out Cobbett's English Grammar. My uncle's newspaper writing consisted of articles to the *Spectator* newspaper (Editor Rentoul) on colonial subjects, and were with a view of counteracting the hostile view which Mr. Stephens, Under-Secretary of the Colonial Office, took of the subject of the colonization of New Zealand.

"1848.—In this year E. G. W., seeing that the New Zealand Company was getting to a low ebb, made a great effort to start a new expedition to found another settlement in New Zealand, and with this view devised the scheme of an Association of gentlemen in connection with the Company, but with a special regard to their own views and principles, fixing the price of land at £3 per acre so that £1 could be applied to Religious and Educational purposes, £1 to Immigration and £1 to roads and surveys, bridges, etc. Captain Thomas was appointed the Chief Surveyor and Agent to the Association for the Preliminary

Expedition, and Thomas Cass and myself as Assistant Surveyors.

"1848.—We set sail for New Zealand in the barque '*Bernecia*,' 548 tons, Captain Harford Arnold. Cass and I worked the ship's latitude and longitude throughout the passage. I employed myself in reading works on geology, and in studying algebra and works on surveying.

"Nov. 2, 1848.—Arrived at New Plymouth, heard of the death of Colonel Wakefield.

"First settlers Canterbury arrived 16 Dec., 1850, in the ships '*Crescy*,' '*Randolph*,' '*Sir George Seymour*,' '*Charlotte Jane*.'

"Jan. 1st, 1849.—Ascended the mountain called Otarama, afterwards named Mt. Torlesse—6,000 ft. high, with Maori—Te Aiked."

I have often heard the story of Charles' ascent of Otarama. When the surveying party mounted the hills above Port Lyttelton, and looked across the plains to the long range of the Alps, he said to Captain Thomas: "I should like to go and see what is the other side of those mountains." Captain Thomas gave him leave to make the expedition, and finding a Maori boy from the Kowai Bush Pah to act as guide, with a donkey to carry provisions and instruments, and a dog for company, he started up the mountain side. When he reached the saddle, it was only to see that the mountains stretched one beyond the other, and that there was no "other side" to be seen. He travelled, however, for some days, until all their provision was spent, and reached a point still known as Starvation Gulley.

He then felt he must return, and tossed as to whether the donkey or the dog should be killed for food. The toss determined that the dog was to be the victim, but at that moment it caught a "Weka"*

* A ground bird about the size of a small pheasant.

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PORT LYTTELTON, 1850.
ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST 4 SHIPS.
From a drawing by Miss Mary Townsend.

and so saved its own life and its companions'. On their way back down the mountain side they were met by a party of Maoris from the "Pah," who had come out to rescue them.

When I crossed to the west coast by the Otira Gorge about the year 1886, the driver of the coach pointed out to me "Starvation Gulley" and told me the story exactly in the same words as I had heard it from my brother. He did not know my relationship, and I did not enlighten him. When Charles returned to Lyttelton, and the first survey maps were being made, Captain Thomas gave Otarama the name of Mount Torlesse, as Charles Torlesse had been the first Englishman to make its ascent.

In those first years he went through many perils, especially in crossing the unknown river beds. He, with others of the survey party, met with much kindness at the hands of the few squatter families, especially the Deans at Riccerton.

His survey work over, Charles took up land at Rangiora, twenty miles north of Christchurch, where there was a considerable amount of bush or forest. Here he built a small house, to which in the Christmas of 1851, he brought his bride, Alicia Townsend. He also took up a large run further north, and made a homestead at Fernside, near the Oxford Bush. His son, Arthur Ward, was born March 25th, 1857, three months after my sister Priscilla had arrived from England.

While living at Rangiora, Charles was instrumental in building both a church and schoolroom, and the Rev. Henry Dudley soon came to take charge of the newly-forming parish.

Wherever Charles bought land he set aside a portion for church and school. He planted many English trees, both forest and orchard trees, and when, in after years, I looked at spreading oaks and chestnuts in Canterbury it pleased me to fancy that they might have grown from the acorns and chestnuts which I had gathered in Tendring Park.

Charles was an excellent correspondent, and from 1848 he never missed a single mail in writing home. He liked to have newspapers, books, and reviews sent out to him as often as possible, and writes to his sister Priscilla :—

"You are not to suppose that because one's business is sheep, and talk all wool, that we have no higher aspirations. Any national questions would be better understood by, and be of greater interest to us, if noticed by your remarks and the opinions held by various parties. This may seem a very cool request, but I must beg for some solid information to the wild creature that has been absent eleven years, as well as the domestic intelligence, which, however, I would not have curtailed on any account."

Two other children were born at Fernside, Catherine in June, 1858, and Priscilla Louisa in January, 1860. In 1861 Charles brought his family to England, and the delight of his parents and sisters in welcoming them to the old home can be imagined. It was indeed a happy time, and it was a sore trial to part with them again when they returned to New Zealand at the end of the year. Emily, the youngest child, was born at sea on their way back, September 18th, 1862. On Charles reaching New Zealand, instead of resuming his farming life, he entered into partnership with Mr. Henry Matson as Wool and Land Agent, settling in Christchurch, where he built a charming house at

the corner of what is now known as Rolleston Avenue, opposite the Botanical Gardens.*

He also built the first stone building ever put up in Christchurch. Fifty years ago it was considered an adventurous and dangerous thing to build in stone instead of wood, for the fear of earthquakes was great. The stone buildings still stand near the Post Office and look very small and insignificant by the side of the fine buildings which have been lately erected. The following letter from his brother Henry shows what Charles' life was in Christchurch :—

FROM H. T. TO HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.

"Ch. Ch.,
"*Nov.* 15, 1864.

" . . . Charles is I am sorry to say very ill indeed, and we cannot tell at present what form his illness may take. . . . You will share with us our deep anxiety about dear Charley. I know that no one on earth will feel so poignantly as you my dear mother, for Charley is very dear to you. God alone knows how dear he is to me and that if he were to be taken away by this illness, I should lose my best and dearest earthly friend, and should have no one here to supply his place. Dear C. has derived comfort from my reading to him and praying with him. He was prayed for in Church on both the past Sundays, and it was very affecting to hear the whole congregation entreating the Lord for one who had but a short time before been actively engaged as Churchwarden, and doing his duty as each Sunday came round in showing people to a seat, or collecting the offertory money. Dear Charley ! I really think that he has had too much business anxiety lately on his mind, not connected with money only, but business of all kinds. He was not only meditating a dissolution of partnership with Matson, whom he

*This house and ground was subsequently sold to Christ College, and is now the Theological College of the Diocese.

loved and respected sincerely, but was in addition to his other business, occupied with building two offices, one on the site of the old offices and the other on F. Wakefield's land in Cathedral Square, but he was on almost every Committee in the Town. He was Churchwarden and Vestryman, on the School Committee, Church Property Trust Comm., St. John's Church (Latimer Square) Building Comm., Mechanics' Institute and Acclimatization Society Committee, so that his mind was never quiet, and I think that accustomed as he was in former years to an outdoor life of physical exertion, the strain upon his mental powers has been too great since he took to business. . . . Let us bless God indeed that he was not a money lover, that if he is to be taken now he will die in harness, a generous hearted, conscientious, kind, good friend and neighbour, in the estimation of all who knew him.

" . . . Your loving son,
" HENRY TORLESSE."

On his partial recovery from his illness, the whole family returned to England, the children's home being with their grandparents. Mr. Lermit—Charles' old schoolfellow, and now Headmaster of the Grammar school at Dedham—and his wife, most kindly taking charge of Arthur.

The following words of his wife, Alicia, tell best the story of his last days:—

" Charles Obins Torlesse after arriving in Canterbury, October, 1862, and entering into business with Henry Matson as Agents, in October, 1864, had a bad attack of brain fever, which entirely disabled him from business or any active employment. The whole family returned to England in the good ship '*Mermaid*,' Captain Rose, 30th April, 1865. Had a favourable, quick passage, reached England, July 17th, 1865—Stoke, 20th July, 1865.

" Charles O. Torlesse's hip having been attended to by Dr. Ferguson, became in time much better, and he was able to enjoy walking with crutches, and paying visits to various friends, to the Hollands at Petworth, the Boys at Eastbourne, the Miss

Cowells at Ramsgate, and at Rydinghurst. He had several illnesses through which I was able to nurse him, and by God's blessing he recovered; but he had a very bad attack which seized him on the 18th September, 1866, and though he had every care and attention his very suffering life quietly terminated 14th November, 1866.

" He was a most just, honest and unflinchingly upright man, kind, benevolent and generous to a degree, and one who feared and loved God and walked in His ways, and whose unfailing purity of life and conversation was an example to many. His faith was simple, earnest, and childlike, and we can rest in hope of meeting him again at the Resurrection at the Last Day, and can say of him, 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see GOD,' and 'Whosoever GOD loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.'

" Charles Obins Torlesse is buried in Stoke Churchyard, his native place, 20th November, 1866. May he rest in peace."

ARTHUR WARD TORLESSE, Charles and Alicia Torlesse's only son, was born March 25th, 1857, at Rangiora, New Zealand. He was baptized by Bishop Harper.

In 1864, when he returned with his father to England, Mr. and Mrs. Lermit of Dedham most kindly took charge of him, and he was at Dedham Grammar School until 1870, in which year he passed his Naval Cadet, and joined the "*Britannia*." He was rated Midshipman in 1872 and joined the "*Spiteful*" in 1874, where he saw the end of the Ashantee War. It was then that he brought home the grey parrot "Richard," who was so long an amusement to the family. In July, 1876, he passed as Acting Sub-Lieutenant, receiving his commission as Acting Lieutenant on the same day. In February, 1877, he joined the Royal Naval College, passing out with "Three Ones." After this he went to China, and on

his return joined the College for torpedo work, and was on the staff of H.M.S. "*Vernon*." He was promoted Commander in 1893 and served at the Admiralty in the Department of Naval Ordnance. In 1898 he was in command of H.M.S. "*Royalist*," and was present at the operations in Samoa when five of the "Royalists" were killed.

In 1900 he had a post at Plymouth Dockyard, and afterwards in the Coast Guards at Bognor.

In 1904 he retired with the rank of Captain. He had married, in January, 1901, Harriet Mary Jeans. It was just at the time when Queen Victoria lay dead, and the wedding had to be in mourning. Two sons were born at Bognor: David Arthur in January, 1902, and Ynyr John in 1903. After his retirement the Arthur Torlesses bought a house at "Little Settley," near Brockenhurst, where they now live.

Catherine Torlesse, eldest daughter of C. O. and A. Torlesse, always called Katie, was one of the most truly unselfish persons I have ever known. Whilst her mother made her home at Stoke, she was specially helpful to her grandfather by taking messages from him to the poor people living in the most distant part of the parish. I have sometimes thought that she threw herself so entirely into the lives and interests of others, especially those of her mother and her sister Emily, that her own personality never had full expression. She was extremely good looking and all photographs of her are libellous.

She died on the last day of 1897 at Ilfracombe, after a short attack of malignant influenza, and was buried at Stoke on the Epiphany, 1898.

Priscilla Louisa, the second daughter, was born in

New Zealand in 1860, and was the dearest of babies when she came to Stoke in 1862.

After Katie's death she and her friend Muriel Morrison devoted themselves to her mother. They took a house at Ventnor, where Alicia Torlesse died in 1909. She and Muriel have lived at Farrancleary ever since.

Emily, the youngest child, was born at sea, September, 1862. She shared the sea-going instincts of some of the family, going out to New Zealand with her aunts, Priscilla and Fanny, in 1884. To her was given much of the "joie de vivre," and never shall I forget the St. Matthew's Day we spent at Cape Town, when we drove out to Wynberg with a pair of black horses. Emmie mounted the box by the side of the driver, a large negro. She soon took the reins from him, regardless of the tremors of her aunts in the carriage. It was a glorious spring day, the road was lined with arum lilies in full blossom, and when we got to Wynberg, we all went quite crazy with delight over the extraordinary profusion of wild flowers.

In 1885 Emmie and I went for a little trip by coach, driving from Wellington along the coast line to Otaki, then through the beautiful Manawatu Gorge, and back to Wellington through the ninety mile bush.*

She returned to England, but in 1894 came out to New Zealand again, to marry her cousin, Charles Henry Hamilton, who had cleared land and made a homestead near Palmerston North, where their only child

* I believe this beautiful tract of country has now been turned into dairy farms.

Frances Theodora was born in March, 1896. We kept up as much intercourse as was possible, and the last time Emmie came to stay with me in Christchurch she persuaded me to write down all I remembered of the family story, and wrote a considerable amount from my dictation.

In 1904, hearing of her mother's illness in England, she started home with Frances, as her husband could not just at that moment leave important business. A few days after leaving Wellington she was taken ill, and died on March 29th, and was buried at sea the following day. Kind friends took care of Frances, and her uncle Arthur Torlesse met her at Plymouth and took her to Ventnor, where she had her home with her grandmother and her aunt until she returned to her father in New Zealand.

HENRY TORLESSE was born February 24th, 1833. He went to school about 1841 to Mr. George Fennell, a first cousin of father's. Charles Macnamara went to the same school, and spoke to me with warm admiration of Henry's schoolboy days. Some of his old letters are still in existence. In 1844 he says, "Religion is getting on famously, and delightful news which I did not tell you before, but we have got E. Liveing and his brother with us." In 1846 he went to the Rev. Wm. Bull, Vicar of Sowerby, near Halifax, Yorks. Mrs. Bull was sister to Uncle Charles Bridges, and was therefore looked upon as a connection. I believe Henry was very happy there; I remember that one holiday he brought home a little Himalaya Cedar tree, which Mr. Bull had given him, and as it was supposed it would grow into a large tree, Sir Joshua Rowley allowed it to be planted in

the Tendring Gardens. Priscilla's Christian Year has this entry, "July 4th, 1846, Henry planted a Himalaya Cedar tree, given to him by Mr. Bull, in the Tendring Gardens."

At Sowerby, Henry was taught by Miss Greenup, a wonderfully effective teacher. I do not know how long he was at Sowerby. He was at home for a time, father teaching him and a boy named Harry Bull, a nephew of Mr. Wm. Bull, of Sowerby. It was not a very happy arrangement: Henry was full of spirits and mischief, and his companion encouraged him in all kinds of daring performances — going up the church tower with a loaded gun to shoot jackdaws, aiming at passers-by with a peashooter from the window of the loft, taking his sisters a cross country walk, which meant that he would fix on a distant spot, Gifford's Hall or Polstead Hall, and then make straight for it over hedges and ditches, and woe to the child who complained of scratches or objected to taking off her shoes and stockings and paddling across a stream.

He and Edward and Robert Liveing were close friends, and this companionship was much valued by my parents, as they did not join in these pranks.

He was confirmed June 21st, 1847, with his sisters and Tassie and Harry Bull (confirmations were then triannual), by Dr. Turton, Bishop of Ely. Henry Bull left Stoke, June, 1848, and I think that it was then Henry went to Brighton College, where he fell under the influence of John Smith, afterwards Master at Harrow, whose beautiful life, written by Mr. Rendell, has lately been published.

Although he had been surrounded by Christian

teaching and influence all his life, it was not till then that his spirit responded; it was John Smith who changed his life. The Rev. Canon Maurice Cowell, Rector of Ashbocking, Ipswich, writes:—

"Henry left Brighton College and came to Ipswich to Queen Elizabeth's School, when Dr. Rigaud came there as Head. We were fast friends till 1852, when Henry left England. Henry was a very great hero amongst us boys, and a good influence over us each and all. I so well recall his voice and merry ways at St. Stephen's Rectory, Ipswich, when Mr. and Mrs. Holland were there. Henry and I used to go alternate evenings to read Sophocles in turn between that home and my dear mother's. We read the Greek plays through. At my side I have now the two vols., interleaved, of Wundin's Sophocles, dated March 10th, 1851. To me he was always full to the brim of energy and spirits and happiness."

In 1851–52, came the sorrow of his sisters' deaths; his special mate in the family was his sister Kate. After her death he became ill and his spirits were broken. It had been arranged that he should go to Cambridge and a letter (*see* "OLD LETTERS") shows the conflict that went on in his mind. He knew that his expenses at Cambridge could only be met by a curtailment of the comforts of his parents and sisters, and he determined to give up what had been for years his ambition. Of this determination, Mr. Cowell writes:—

"This to me seemed to be perhaps the noblest of his aims and resolutions in life."

His uncle, Edward G. Wakefield, was just about to sail for New Zealand, and offered to take Henry with him. He left England October 1st, 1852, in the ship "*Minerva*" with his uncle and a large body of colonists for Canterbury. Among others was Mrs. Revell with a large family of sons and daughters.

Dr. Maunsell, of Dublin, had given her a letter of introduction to Mr. Rentoul, the then Editor of the *Spectator*. My father and mother both went to Plymouth to see the last of the emigrants, and through Mr. Rentoul were introduced to Mrs. Revell and her daughters, who went with them to church at Plymouth on the last Sunday Henry Torlesse spent in England. During the voyage he suffered much, and was well cared for by Mrs. Revell's sons. The "*Minerva*" did not reach Lyttelton till February 13th, 1853, where Charles met him. From 1853 to 1856 he led a somewhat solitary life on the hills about Fernside. He was mostly alone, and while carrying on the work of a shepherd, he kept up his classical reading and resolved that if possible he would seek Ordination.

There is a strongly marked contrast between his views on the Clerical calling, when in 1852 it was put before him as a profession, and the ideals which obtained in his mind when in the hill solitude he saw the vision of what he might be as an ordained minister. But his life was not all solitude, for the acquaintance which had begun with the Revell family on board the "*Minerva*" had ripened into warm friendship, and in October, 1856, he was engaged to be married to Elizabeth Henrietta, the second daughter. Priscilla arrived in New Zealand, Christmas, 1856, and helped Henry to prepare for his marriage, which took place at Kaiapoi, June 16th, 1857. From 1856 to 1859 Henry was partner with Charles, living sometimes at Fernside and sometimes at Rangiora. At Rangiora his eldest son Henry Holland was born July 17th, 1858, in the same house where Arthur Ward Torlesse had

been born the previous year. The following year Bishop Harper acceded to Henry's request for Ordination, which took place, September 29th, 1859, at St. Michael's, then the only church in Christchurch. Henry was appointed to the charge of Okains Bay on the remote side of Banks Peninsula; he was to be schoolmaster as well as parson. It was a very out-of-the-way spot, where old whalers had made a home. The population was rough, and some of them did not welcome Henry and his wife. Time would fail me to tell of the hardships and privations they underwent, and how Henry won the hearts of the young men by setting them to cricket and games; his skill in cricket and powers as a good runner raised him in their estimation, and before long they became real friends. He succeeded in building a church and establishing a school, and his work undoubtedly left permanent effects on the lives of his people; not only in Okains, but in the other Bays in the Peninsula under his charge. While he was there he had a visit from Miss Dorothea Wheal, so well known for her interest in the emigration of girls and women. She was accompanied by Miss Schott, who remained with the Torlesses, and afterwards married Mr. Mark Stoddart. She has remained a life-long friend.

After four years at Okains, Henry's health showed signs of strain through continual riding. The Provincial Council of Canterbury (it was before the days of the Central Parliament) offered him the post of Chaplain to the Gaol, Hospital, and Lunatic Asylum in Christchurch. He and his wife and family left the Bay with very deep and true regret. He bought a small house in Christchurch near the Public Gardens.

From his extensive correspondence to his parents, one can gather how peculiarly trying this work was. It was a continuous ministry to the sad and the sorrowful, with but little power to alleviate their troubles. Not only this, as chaplain he saw the great need of reform in the management of Gaol and Hospital, yet as a Government official he could say and do nothing. In Mr. and Mrs. Seager, at the Lunatic Asylum, he met kindred spirits, who co-operated with him in every effort to bring light and comfort to the patients.

In the course of his ministrations in the Hospital and Gaol he came across many girls who had fallen out of the ranks of society, and were homeless. For them, he and his wife established a Refuge. On this subject, too, he wrote exhaustively to his mother, and she helped him both by obtaining information and collecting money. This Refuge, founded in faith and prayer, was the beginning of all like work which has subsequently been attempted in the Diocese of Christchurch.

In 1867 the Provincial Council gave up the Chaplaincy, and the Bishop of Christchurch offered Henry the parish of Governor's Bay, a few miles from Port Lyttelton. The hardships were little less than in Okains, but he was very happy there, and the future seemed hopeful. But a bad fall, to which he paid no attention at the time, started an internal injury, which after some months entirely incapacitated him. When he knew that recovery was impossible, he moved to his house in Rangiora with his wife and seven little children. During the months of uncertainty preceding this move, Mr. Hoare, then Vicar

of St. John's, Latimer Square, put his house at Henry's disposal. Mr. and Mrs. Hoare nursed him as if he had been their brother, and did all they could to help his wife and children. Henry lingered in continual suffering until December, 1870, when he died.

This is but a very brief record of a man whose life was full of intense purpose, unswerving faith in God as his Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. He desired to be guided in every word and thought by the voice of the Holy Spirit.

I can hardly pass away from the record of my brother Henry's life without mention of his wife, Lizzie Torlesse, though she is still alive. Ten children were born during these years of hard work and small means (three of whom died in infancy), but all that this implies did not prevent her from helping her husband to the utmost in his parish duties. After his death, she remained at the house in Rangiora, which went by the name of Stoke Lodge, until 1907, when her children having married, she moved to Christchurch, buying a small house "Stoke Martin," near her daughter, Mrs. Buckham, where she still lives.

During those thirty-seven years Stoke Lodge, Rangiora, was a true home. The main guiding principle which dominated Lizzie's bringing up of her children was that it should be in accordance with her husband's desires. From this line she never swerved, and one consequence was that the children, although the younger ones could not even remember him, were always conscious of their father's presence in their lives.

Although means were small, the cost of living then was extremely moderate. On the little homestead

of about 16 acres they kept cows, pigs, and fowls, and two or three horses found pasture.

Lizzie attended to the farm and garden herself, and had a governess to teach the girls. For twenty years or more she had boys during the holidays, whose parents lived in Christchurch, and I am quite sure that it would be impossible to find a merrier, happier party of children gathered there season after season.

Old Mrs. Revell made her home with her daughter Lizzie for many years. She was a stately woman of the old school, and both in speech and action maintained in a new country the very best traditions of the old. She died in 1901 at the age of 90.

When the Henry Torlesses lived at Governor's Bay, and Henry's illness was becoming grave, his eldest boy HARRY (Henry Holland) had to take his share in the difficulties of their life. He acted as messenger, constantly riding over the hills to Christchurch to fetch medicine, etc. He was then nine. When they went to Rangiora, Harry went to Christ's College, on the favourable terms granted to the sons of clergy. The Rev. C. Harris was then headmaster, and proved indeed a good friend to the boy, doing all he could to get him on. Shortly before his father's death he arranged that Harry should enter the Navy, and he left New Zealand early in 1871, under charge of a Captain S., to whom his mother paid £10 to coach him on the voyage. He arrived in England in April. John Bridges and I went to meet him at the docks. Captain S. had entirely failed in his trust, and it seemed very doubtful if the boy could be prepared for the examination in the following July. However, a good coach at Greenwich effected this, and he entered the

Navy as a cadet in 1871, joining his cousin Arthur Ward Torlesse on the "*Britannia*."

From this time both boys had their home at Stoke, and if they added to the anxieties of their grandparents and aunts, they also added so largely to the interests and joys of their lives, as to far outweigh the troubles.

The following is an extract from the obituary notice in *The Times* :—

"Captain Torlesse entered the Navy as a cadet in 1871, becoming a sub-lieutenant in 1878, lieutenant in 1882, commander in 1896, and captain in 1902. He served in the '*Minotaur*' during the Egyptian War, 1882, and was awarded the Egyptian Medal and the Khedive's Bronze Star. When commander (N.) of the '*St. George*,' flagship of Rear-Admiral H. H. Rawson, C.B., he was present on the occasion of the bombardment and capture of the Sultan of Zanzibar's Palace, on August 27th, 1896, by Rear-Admiral Rawson's squadron, and served in the expedition landed from the squadron to punish the King of Benin for the massacre of the political expedition in the previous year. For these services he was mentioned in despatches and received the General Africa Medal with Benin clasp. He was Captain of the '*Inflexible*,' battle cruiser, when Admiral of the Fleet Sir Edward Seymour hoisted his flag in her to proceed to New York for the Hudson-Fulton celebrations in 1909, after which he was appointed as Captain-Superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard, which post he resigned recently owing to ill-health. While holding this post he was decorated with the Second-Class of the Order of the Red Eagle on the occasion of the visit of the German Emperor in May last."

In December, 1888, he married Nina Alice, youngest daughter of Daniel Foley Roberts, who was for thirty years chairman of the Legislative Council of the Parliament of Queensland. There is ten years difference between the ages of their two daughters, May and Dorothy.

Harry Torlesse was extremely devoted to his profession. He kept on at his post through months of extreme suffering, hoping to fly his flag as Admiral. He died only three months before this would have taken place, December 26th, 1911.

SUSAN BRIDGES, the eldest daughter of Henry and E. Torlesse, was born on February 7th, 1861, the anniversary of her aunt Susan's marriage to John Bridges, and she seemed to inherit the same rare spirit of unselfishness. While but a little child herself she took charge of her baby sister Lizzie. As she grew up she took great interest in parish work, singing in the choir, and teaching in the Sunday school to the end of her life. She was indeed her mother's right hand. She died in 1906 in the old home, and is buried by the side of her father in Rangiora Cemetery.

Margaret Priscilla, as a child, shared with Susie the care of the little ones, and both these girls were much with their father in the last months of his life.

Margaret married, in 1885, George Buckham, and had a pretty little home at Rangiora. She had five children; two baby boys did not long survive their birth. George Buckham died in 1891, and after his death she moved with her three girls to Christchurch, where she still lives.

Her eldest daughter, Kathleen, is married to Arthur Moffatt, and has her home in Invercargill—her children, Patrick and Natalie, are the delight of their grandmother and great-grandmother. Helen and Gladys Buckham are unmarried.

Charles Edward Torlesse, born in 1866, was educated at Christ's College, Christchurch, but had to leave school early, and entered the Rangiora branch of

the Union Bank at the age of sixteen. This enabled him to live at home, where he was a great comfort to his mother and sisters. He has remained in the Bank ever since, and has for some years been manager of the branch at Waimate.

In December, 1900, he married Florence Chatfield. They have four children: Mary Elisabeth, John Henry, Robert Charles, and Susie.

Catherine Harriet Torlesse, born 1867, was married in 1905 to Charles Henry Hamilton, whose first wife, Emily Torlesse, was her cousin and greatest friend. Charles and Kate have one son, Richard. Their home is at Sumner.

Mary, born 1868, was married in 1905 to Charles Waterston. He is manager of the Union Bank at Whakatane, not far from Rotorua. They have no children.

Lizzie, the youngest child, born 1869, was married in 1893 to the Rev. Percy Hugh Pritchett. Their first home was on the West coast, but he is now Vicar of Mt. Somers, near Ashburton. They have a large family: Delabere, Eileen, John, Marjorie, Enid, Susie, Keith and Elisabeth.

During the years of my own life in New Zealand, Stoke Lodge was always a second home to me and to Priscilla, and the lives and careers of the children there have been one of the great interests of my life. With my dear sister, Lizzie Torlesse, I have kept up an uninterrupted weekly correspondence since I returned to England.

My sister, PRISCILLA CATHERINE, was born March 3rd, 1824, and must have been a precocious child; there was a tradition in the family that she made a

shirt when she was three years old. The eldest of such a large family, all her faculties were early developed.

This is her mother's description of her:—

"3rd of March, 1826. This day my dear Priscilla is two years old. I will write down her little attainments that I may compare them with those of others at another time. She says everything fluently, and applies words properly, putting suitable adjectives, etc. She knows some letters, and can count six. She knows several hymns and the Lord's Prayer. Her religious knowledge is only this much:—When asked who made her she says God, and God made the sun, moon, etc., and put them in the sky. She knows that Prayer is addressed to God, and says Pray God make me a good girl. She says, Thank God for my good dinner, and that good little Samuel prayed to God. She knows that Jesus Christ loved good little children and said, 'Let little children come nigh, and will not despise such an infant as I.' Some weeks ago she was in the room when her father was praying; he had not taken notice of her for some time, but heard her little voice repeating in a broken manner the Lord's Prayer, and on looking, found that she was kneeling beside him.

"She has the habit of accurate observation. On coming in from a walk will tell what she has seen, imitating the noises of the different animals. She knows the pictures of various creatures, and some particulars respecting what they eat, etc. Her disposition is gentle, but her temper fretful, she amuses herself pretty well, but does not like to see me reading. She takes much pains to teach her brother, and is very kind and gentle with him. She is now suffering from whooping-cough, but bears it with more patience than I expected."

After a certain amount of home teaching she went to a school at Ipswich kept by two sisters, the Miss Smarts. They were good women, and ladies, but Priscilla always said she learnt little or nothing there. She, however, formed a friendship which was of the

greatest value to her all her life, with the five daughters of Mr. Faulkner, of Long Melford. Between Priscilla and Ellen Faulkner there was a specially strong tie; visits were often interchanged, and they corresponded to the end of Priscilla's life. Ellen and Sophy Faulkner survived her, and lived to old age.

When Priscilla was grown up she often went for long visits to the Bridges and the Mosleys, helping much in the care and education of her young cousins. She had a special power of interesting children in all matters of natural history, especially botany; she had also a rare faculty of dealing with what are called naughty children, her chief method being to find occupation for idle hands. She had many ingenious games and devices, which she called "anti-Satans," and to be sent to "Cousin 'Cilla" generally proved an efficacious way of curing queer tempers.

I have spoken of her learning to play the organ, and for many years the church music was one great object of her life. I have before me relics of her handiwork in the neatly covered anthems and service books which she kept in order for the choir. She kept a journal only on her voyage to New Zealand, but she very often noted where she was in her well-used copy of the *Christian Year*; she entered marriages, deaths and baptisms in the same book. She used Bentham's *British Flora* in the same way, putting the date of finding a flower, and the initials of anyone who was with her at the time in the margin of the book. It is possible to reconstruct most of the activities and interests of her life from these two sources. More than this, the *Christian Year* embodied to her the faith which she accepted without questioning; her

feeling about flowers was quite a religious one. So these two books, with their many annotations, are full of her presence and express her life.

In the year 1856, when the tide of emigration to Canterbury, New Zealand, was at its height, she determined to go and see her brothers. She sailed September 11th in the ship "*Egmont*," with Bishop Harper, Mrs. Harper and their large family, the Rev. Eyre and his family, Charles and Charlotte Merton and their children, and many others of the early colonists. She kept a full journal of the voyage, for people then settled down to regular occupations, and the voyage was no holiday. Priscilla taught Mrs. Eyre's children, and had charge of them, when a baby was born. The "*Egmont*" reached Port Lyttelton on Christmas Eve, 1856. Bishop Selwyn met the new-comers, and my brother Charles was soon there to meet Priscilla, and many of the party were able to get over the bridle path from Lyttelton to Christ-church in time for service on Christmas Day.

At that time Dr. Donald, who had married Mary, the eldest of the Townsend daughters, and Mr. W. Hamilton, whose wife, Frances, was the second daughter, were both living in Lyttelton, and at once came on board the "*Egmont*," and Priscilla spent her Christmas morning in Lyttelton, and afterwards rode over the bridle path to Christchurch, where they stayed for the night, and went on the next day to Fernside, where Charles was then living. I believe that an extract from her journal will be of interest to those who only know Lyttelton as it is now.

"Sat., Dec. 20, lat. 44, long. 172.—Was awakened by a cry of land at half past 4. Got up immediately and went upon deck,

where, upon the lee bow about 20 miles off, we saw the land to the north of Otago ; it was our first and last glimpse, as the morning was very misty, and all traces of it soon disappeared.

" Regaled with coffee and biscuits on deck, passed a pleasant morning in anticipation of reaching port by the evening. But, alas ! for those who are dependent on the wind, all patience is needed. We have got the wind dead against us, and can do nothing but tack about. But it has given us an opportunity of seeing Bank's Peninsula and the various bays which indent the coast, which is most beautiful. The hills in some places rise to a height of 3,000 feet and are well wooded, though we did not get near enough to distinguish the trees. This has been one of the loveliest evenings we have had since we left the tropics, and the light upon the hills has brought out every ravine and peak most distinctly ; the air has been soft and delicious, and there is a decided land smell. Some can distinguish heather, others roses, whilst the breath of cows and the scent of new-made hay is perceived by others. We have spent the whole evening on deck, reminding us of the old days in the tropics, though it seemed very strange to be singing Christmas hymns on the longest day.

" Mon., Dec. 22.—Disappointed again about landing, though we have made some little progress, and been within sight of Mount Pleasant and of the mountains which gird the coast as far as Kaikora in the Nelson Province. I cannot conceive anything more magnificent than the view now presented to us. We could see as far as the Kaikora Mountains, nearly a hundred miles off. The clearness of the atmosphere is wonderful, and can only be realized by those who have seen it. Mt. Torlesse, most distinct with its snowy summit. Indeed, all the way up to the Kaikora you see the snowy range.

" Tuesday.—Soon after breakfast indications of a fair wind sprung up, and almost imperceptibly at first, and then most rapidly we neared the harbour. The day has been lovely, and as each fresh bay burst upon us new feeling of admiration came over us, and glasses were snatched from hand to hand in an almost frantic manner, many lovely spots being revealed as the various bays came in sight, some with snug homesteads and little patches of cultivation. The European travellers of our party said there was

no finer scenery in Europe, while others compared it to the north coast of Devonshire and to the banks of the Clyde.

"At last we approached the harbour, which is most magnificent—a complete basin surrounded with mountains on every side, on whose sides the light and clouds are for ever varying.

"At 4 o'clock a gun was fired for the pilot, who presently came on board, and delighted we were once again to see a fresh face. We had for some time been gazing at a prettily decorated little vessel, which we now discovered to be the '*Southern Cross*,' and not ten minutes after the pilot came on board Dr. Selwyn and Mr. L. Harper were greeted by Dr. Harper and his family. At the same time plenty of boats came up from the shore, and, having made up my mind not to see C. or H., I was not much disappointed at receiving a note from the former to say he would come as soon as possible, also a kind note from Mr. Hamilton asking me to go to his house. These were given me by Dr. Donald, who assured me one of my brothers would be sure to come down in the morning. So I determined to wait patiently on board.

" Dinner was now announced, and I had the honour of sitting between the two bishops, and having some beautiful flowers presented to me by Dr. Selwyn. Oh, the delight of seeing pinks, roses, geraniums, and all kinds of dear old flowers again. We also had ripe cherries and gooseberries. After dinner Dr. Selwyn took Dr. and Mrs. Harper, all their party and myself on shore that we might attend Evening Service in the Emigration Barracks, which are very nicely fitted up for the purpose. And very thankful I was once more to join with the little congregation in heartfelt thanksgiving for God's great mercy in having given us such a safe and prosperous voyage, and having in every way made the way clear before me. The first feeling of walking on terra firma once more and inhaling the delicious land smells must be felt to be understood. We returned to the ship laden with little wild flowers and grasses, and having given up all idea of seeing anyone from Rangiora that night, I was enjoying the fresh milk and bread and butter for tea when, just as we had finished, a gentleman was announced, and before I could get up to meet him, in walked C. Regardless of spectators we had a hearty embrace, and truly glad was I once more to find a portion of our scattered family in these distant lands.

"Wednesday.—The excitement and *quiet* prevented my sleeping, for the ship noises had ceased, being now quietly at anchor, though the gentlemen down below talked the livelong night. C. came on to breakfast the next morning at 7 o'clock, and immediately after Bishop Selwyn arrived with his boat to take the Harpers on shore, and we had to say goodbye. With feelings of great regret we did so, for we have been a very pleasant party. C. and I had some pleasant converse with Dr. Selwyn, and he most kindly volunteered to come up to Rangiora on Sunday. As the last boat went off a salute was fired, and soon after I said farewell to the good ship '*Egmont*' and the few passengers left. We called on the Hamiltons, saw Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, Marcia, and Maggie.

"Christmas Day, 1856, Lyttelton, N.Z.—To church in the morning. Very nice service. Saw some of the Egmontonians, among others the captain, whom I took leave of. Dined at Dr. Donald's—Mr. C. Ward and the two Miss T.'s. In the afternoon called on Miss Andrews and the Eyres, and then proceeded over the hill on a horse lent by Mr. Hamilton. Walked down the other side and stopped at Christchurch that night.

"Sunday, Dec. 26.—Called on the Harpers, saw several people in Christchurch. Stopped at the Revels, Kaipoi, where I met Henry. Proceeded to Rangiora, where we picked up Alicia, and reached Fernside same evening."

On March 25th, 1857, Priscilla had the immense pleasure of welcoming her nephew, Arthur Ward Torlesse, into the world. She invested a little money in sheep, bought a bit of land at Rangiora, and identified herself with the life of the vigorous young colony; but she heard of Susan's marriage engagement, and felt her place was at home, so she returned by P. and O. steamers, immensely enjoying glimpses of other lands on her way. She left New Zealand in October, 1858, reaching England about the middle of January, 1859, and from that time while

their lives lasted she devoted herself to the care of her parents, and such work in the parish as was compatible with home duties. She delighted in the move from the "Old House" to the Cottage in 1870, and made a lovely garden there. My brother Charles came home in 1861, bringing three children, and went back to New Zealand in the following year, but returned to England in 1865, shattered in health. From July, 1865 to 1867 the children had their home with us, the care of them mostly devolving on Priscilla; she loved them intensely.

When my father died in 1881, Priscilla and I determined to leave Stoke at once, and in less than a month we had broken up the old home completely. We took rooms for a time in Grosvenor Road, Westminster, and went for a little trip to Belgium and the Rhine. It was the first time I had ever been out of England, and we both enjoyed it all immensely. Then I took up work in the M.A.B.Y.S., and Priscilla went to help in Mrs. Meredith's Home at Addlestone, but this proved too much for her health, and she went to Petworth and made her home with the Hollands.

I left Hammersmith in 1883 and went to New Zealand. I returned to England in a few months, and after much discussion Priscilla decided that we would make our home in New Zealand, and we left England on August 29th, 1884, taking Emmie Torlesse with us. We had a very pleasant voyage, reaching Lyttelton October 19th, and very soon found a little home in Gloucester Street, Christchurch, where we spent what I shall always consider the five happiest years of my life. We were both well, had enough to live upon, and abundant interest and occupations. Priscilla was

always ready to befriend and help many ladies who were alone in the colonies, some in poor health, others who were disappointed at not finding New Zealand the El Dorado they had been led to expect.

Towards the end of 1889 I left New Zealand, and, taking my niece, Kate Torlesse (now Mrs. Charles Hamilton), with me, went to Auckland, Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide, where she left me, and so back to England. Priscilla preferred the direct passage, and with a friend, Rose Godfrey (now Sister Rose), came home, reaching England March, 1890. She saw most of our relations and friends in England during the summer of that year, and in November we again left England, Emmie Torlesse, Rose Godfrey, and Nurse Vousden (now Sister Marian) coming with us. We had a very unpleasant voyage. Priscilla and Emmie, however, stayed in Adelaide a month and enjoyed the hospitality of our good cousin, Salvator Wakefield, who had a charming home on Mt. Barker.

Priscilla and Emmie came on to New Zealand early in 1891, and we again settled in Gloucester Street.

On January 16th, 1894, Priscilla and I paid a visit to Tasmania. A Church Congress of the Bishops, Clergy and laity from all over Australasia was to be held, and as H.M.S. "*Orlando*" was also to be at Hobart we thought it would be a good time to visit the island. We had a most delightful time, attending the Congress meetings, meeting many interesting people, and on the Sunday going to church on board the "*Orlando*," where Harry Torlesse was commander. I have spoken elsewhere of our visit to New Norfolk and Brown River. We returned from Tasmania by way of Milford Sound and Priscilla was so rejoiced at seeing the wonder of the Fjords.

The following words written by her niece, Violet Murray, may be inserted here :—

"It is very difficult for me to say much about my dear aunt, Priscilla Torlesse, because my recollections are only very fleeting ones of childhood and early girlhood. But, in trying to recall my impressions of her, I think what stands out most vividly was her simple, childlike nature, combined with an intense *joie de vivre*.

"She was *young* always, though at the time I knew her, as years are counted, she was already an elderly lady. And I fancy that the mainspring of this perpetual youth came from the fact that she lived in touch with the eternal verities of life. Nature, in its most intimate aspect, was her constant inspiration, and I should guess, though my knowledge of her is too limited to write with any certainty, that through it God was in great measure revealed to her.

"Her love of children was akin to her love of Nature, and, because she was as one of them in spirit, she possessed the gift of being able to interest and entertain, to hold absorbed and enthralled, to accomplish, without consciousness on their part of any restraining influence, the miracle of what is called 'keeping the little ones good.'

"Because of her own nearness to God, she was enabled to come very near to all His unspoilt creatures."

Her knowledge of geology and botany gave her a scientific as well as æsthetic interests, and whatever disagreeables we encountered they were soon forgotten at the sight of a tree, or flower, or fossil. During our years of living in Christchurch we went once to Mount Cook in the old rough days of coaching, and when the accommodation at the "Hermitage" was of the most primitive order. One day there was hardly any food left till a bullock dray brought provisions up, but she was full of fun and made the best of such scraps as we could find.

How she enjoyed that time, the mountain tops, the

tumbling avalanches, the curious plant life, the Keas, the parrots! I could write a volume of recollections of our trips together, for we went a trip to the mountains every year, but I will only add now a bit of her own writing when we were staying at the little hotel in the Otira Gorge in the days when the railway was only a dream of the future, and the forest was untouched by axe or fire.

"*Sunlight in the Gorge.*

"When we two toiled, old, feeble and grey, up to that glorious mountain pass, where birds warbled gaily, where the scarlet blossom of the Rata was in holiday attire, where rushing waters made glad music among the rocks beneath, and lovely cascades fell sparkling from the heights above, fatigue and dulness vanished, our youth seemed renewed, and we exclaimed: 'How glorious are Thy works, O Lord, and what pure pleasures Thou still reservest for Thy toil-worn servants.'"

"*Fog and Mist.*

"One loved one has departed, and the solitary sister wanders forth alone. How changed is everything—mists and vapours encompass the once fairy scene, sullen and sombre vegetation is all that can be discerned on the mountain side, no lovely blossoms are to be seen, the singing birds are mute, nothing is to be heard but the roar of the surging waters and the drip drip of the invisible waterfalls; while the downward path, so joyously traversed in the brilliant sunshine, must now be cautiously pursued to avoid precipices and dangerous corners. And when the wanderer reaches her temporary resting place, she thanks God for the gift of Memory which will always enable her to retain possession of that sunny day, whatever clouds may gather round."

In 1895 we again returned to England and looking over my Diary I am astonished to find the amount of reading we accomplished on that voyage in the

comfortable ship, the "*Ionic*." Priscilla had a way of gathering people round her and reading to them. She always had her little working parties, often on Sunday afternoon when the usual games were not allowed. I remember one good captain, greatly scandalized at this, remonstrating with her, "Where do you expect to go to, Miss Torlesse, if you work on Sundays?" "I really don't know, Captain J., but just come with me into the saloon," where she showed him the greater part of the passengers sound asleep. "Where do you think *they* will go to, Captain J., wasting their time instead of enjoying the beautiful air?"

She spent the greater part of the summer of 1895 at Petworth, not feeling equal to going about England as on former visits. She also stayed with Mrs. Storr at Crockham. We left England again October 3rd, 1895, dear Edith Hadwen coming with us; her life-long task of nursing her parents was over, Mr. and Mrs. Hadwen having both died early in 1895. Priscilla's health was failing during the voyage, and a bad fall she had on the deck accelerated the mischief in the head. We had, however, a delightful day at Hobart, where Mr. A. Allom (Amy Storr's elder brother) met us and took us about. We stayed two days in Wellington, Emmie, now married to Charles Hamilton, came down from her home in the bush to see us, and it was an immense joy to Priscilla to be with her.

We reached Lyttelton, November 20th. I believe I first recognized how ill she was when I saw the expression on Eliza Torlesse's face when she met us there. From that time she became rapidly worse. Her last conscious act was to make some clothes for

Emmie's expected baby: this she did beautifully. Edith Hadwen used to take her out into the Botanical Gardens, where she looked at her beloved flowers. Miss Reeves also devoted herself to her. She passed away June 19th, 1896, the funeral service was held at St. Michael's. She is buried in the cemetery on the New Brighton Road, many old Stoke friends, as well as those of her own family, coming to her funeral. On the white marble cross over her grave are the words expressive of her faith:

> "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face,
> Now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known."

I feel that I cannot convey any real impression of Priscilla: she was a very unique person, with an original mind. She was critical, with a keen sense of the funny side of things. Her criticisms were often expressed with a sharp word, and there were those who were afraid of her. I can recall innumerable instances when her sense of humour saved the situation, but such remembrances lose all their point when written down. One who as a child saw her often, recalls the expression of her face as one of critical amusement. I do not think she was ever fully appreciated, because she lacked the particular driving power that impresses itself on the world, but she was absolutely unselfish, always putting others in front of herself, an embodiment of that charity that "seeketh not her own."

My third sister LOUISA, named after Louisa Nottidge (*née* Robinson), was born January, 1828. She was born with a hare-lip. Among old papers I found a

prayer in my father's handwriting, and used by her parents and Aunt Maria Davies, when the surgeon at Ipswich was about to perform the operation of closing it. As far as speech was concerned she was not at all affected, but the scar was a sad blemish on her unusual beauty. She went to school for a short time at Miss Cahusac's at Highgate, and with Priscilla she learnt the organ. She had a great gift of music both in playing and singing, and she also sketched well. She was a joyous, radiant creature. In September, 1851, a fire broke out in Polstead Street and a barn and malthouse were destroyed. Louisa quickly gathered the women together, arranged them in line from our yard across the garden and field to the street, and herself worked at drawing water from the deep well, and handing it from one to the other as quickly as possible. A woman had just been confined in one of the cottages near the fire, and all efforts were directed to throwing water over the roof of this house to prevent it catching fire. When all danger was over Louisa came in overheated and overtired, and dripping wet. She was taken ill the next day with some form of fever, and died October 1st, 1851. To my father especially it was a crushing blow: she was his favourite child.

EMILY TORLESSE was born September 29th, 1829. She was a delicate child, but very fond of all out-door pursuits, keeping poultry from an early age. Many were the disputes between her and old Isaac Songer, the gardener and stable man, because she would get the horses' food for her fowls. She was educated at home, chiefly by a governess, Miss Burrows. She was a very practical girl, and once she and Susan took

charge of a large family of young cousins who arrived unexpectedly from the Antipodes. They lodged in a farmhouse, but Emily and Susan did everything for them. In 1849 Charles Holland appeared on the horizon. Some years before, when curate to Mr. Markham, Rector of Great Horkesley (on the Essex side of the Stour valley), he had lived at Nayland and was a frequent visitor at Stoke. In 1849 he was Vicar of St. Stephen's, Ipswich, and in the summer of that year came over to Stoke on the occasion of a school-feast. He fell in love with Emily, and an engagement was soon followed by their marriage on New Year's Day, 1850. It was a great event in the family history. The Holland's first home was at St. Stephen's vicarage, where the eldest son, Arthur Charles, was born, October 24th, 1850. The next year they moved to Shipley, near Horsham, a quiet country village. Two more sons and two daughters were born at Shipley. In 1859, to his great surprise, Charles Holland was offered the living of Petworth, by the late Lord Leconfield, then Colonel Wyndham. It was a great change from the little country village to the huge rectory and country town, and a heavy burden of work fell on both Charles and Emily.

There was a large glebe attached to the rectory, which gave Emily ample scope for her real skill in agriculture. She had a large herd of beautiful cows, of which one was always kept for the sick babies in the parish. She also had several horses, being especially clever in knowing the good points for breeding. Her little Welsh pony Gyp, picked by her as a foal out of a herd driven through the place, was

quite one of the family. Gyp grew aged with her mistress, and drew her about in a little low carriage till she was over thirty years old.

Naturally, Emily's work lay among the sick in the parish, to whom she gave most practical help in time of need. The most permanent result of her work at Petworth was the establishment of the Cottage Hospital which from then until the present day has proved of immense benefit to the parish.

In the 'sixties "conventions" counted for much in a woman's life, but to Emily they counted as nothing. She always provided herself with delicate silk knitting for babies' stockings when chaperoning her elder girls to balls.

About 1878 she began the driving tours which for so many years were such a leading feature in the family life. The first was to Stoke. She drove a pair of stout cobs in a large wagonette, packed with boys and girls, and two or three of the family had riding horses besides. Three of the servants followed in a Sussex "jingle." The whole party crossed the Thames at London Bridge, slept on the road and reached Stoke the next day, much to the amazement and amusement of the village. These trips to Stoke were continued during my father's life.

Emily always drove herself, and was most scrupulous in seeing the cobs well stabled and fed.

When there was no longer any object in driving to Stoke, she took her family over the greater part of England, once going as far north as to Whitby, and another year to Cornwall. These tours lasted two or three weeks. They visited beautiful scenery, the greater number of the cathedrals and places of

historical interest. Emily considered this open-air life was extremely good for the children's health, and the minor hardships of bad weather or scanty accommodation added zest to the expeditions.

Four more children were born at Petworth, and the nursery was never empty. Dora, the eldest girl, was married April, 1875, to the Rev. E. Eardley-Wilmot when Violet Holland was only a year old, and the eldest child of this marriage, Mary Dora Eardley-Wilmot, took the place of a sister to her young aunt. Arthur Holland had married in 1878, and his two eldest children also joined the nursery party.

Charles Holland resigned the living of Petworth in 1896. After living in London for two years in order to be near his daughter, Dora Eardley-Wilmot, he bought a house, "Watchers," in Lynchmere, near Haslemere, where he lived till his death in April, 1910, at the age of ninety-three. He was an earnest parish priest, an unusually good preacher with a clear beautiful voice, he had the gift of eloquence, his words were both arresting and interpreting, and he had a real power of expounding. In his extreme old age he used to take part in the little services held in the drawing-room at "Watchers," giving a most lucid and interesting exposition of Gospel or Lesson for the day.

To all of our family Charles Holland was indeed a true friend. Their sons having settled in New Zealand, my parents leaned much on his judgment and affection. He came constantly to Stoke, not only for the annual visit of the family, but at every emergency of illness or trouble. I am quite sure that his affection for my parents was as deep and strong as

that for his own father and mother—to me personally he was a real brother and friend for sixty years.

I can only give a brief account of the large family of Charles and Emily Holland.

ARTHUR CHARLES was born in 1850 at St. Stephen's Rectory, Ipswich. He married Amy Stratton in 1878; they have twelve children and seven of their sons are good colonists in different parts of the world.

WALTER LANCELOT was born at Shipley in 1852. He went to Cambridge, and married Edith Eardley-Wilmot in 1877. They have four sons: Eardley, the eldest, married Dorothy Colgate and is a well-known physician; Cyril, married to Mary Smith, is a curate at Gravesend; he has one daughter. Claud is a captain in the Merchant Service; he married Gladys Turner and has one boy. Jeffry Holland is unmarried.

FREDERICK CATESBY HOLLAND was educated as a solicitor. He married Frances Liveing in 1881. She died in 1903, leaving a son and daughter, Evelyn (who has settled in South Africa) and Dorothy, who is married to W. A. Smith.

FREDERICK married again, in 1905, Alice Haines; they live in Johannesburg.

PERCY HOLLAND, the youngest son, born at Petworth in 1862, was educated for the Army, where he has had a successful career, serving in India, Egypt, "Tel el Kebir," Burma and China. He was in command of the 47th Sikhs from 1903 to 1910. Lieut.-Colonel 1904, Colonel 1907. He married, in 1893, Rose Trevor and retired from the Army in 1913. He has one daughter, Zaidee.

DORA EMILY HOLLAND, born at Shipley in 1855,

married the Rev. Earnest Eardley-Wilmot in 1875. She died at St. Jude's vicarage, South Kensington, in 1897, leaving seven children, two sons and five daughters. Her early death was an extreme sorrow to all her family, and the loss of such a mother has indeed been irreparable. The eldest son Charles is in Holy Orders, and is working with the Bishop of Quebec. He married Rose Bowen in 1914. One daughter, Hilda, is married to F. Brownrigg and is living in China; she has one child. Mary, Maud, Irene and Christine are unmarried.

CATHERINE LOUISA HOLLAND was born at Shipley in 1857, and married, 1881, to the Rev. Charles Durrant. They have four sons and three daughters. The eldest son Aubrey is in Holy Orders, Christopher is a captain in the Marines. He married Margaret Easson. Phyllis, the eldest daughter, married Harold Grotrain and has two children, Michael and Ursula. Faith and Dulcie Durrant are still young. Oliver has gone to Ceylon, and Humphry is in the Navy.

EDITH PRISCILLA HOLLAND, born at Petworth in 1860, married Philip Gurdon in 1885, and has two sons and one daughter. The eldest son John, in the Army, is a "mighty hunter." William is in India, and Joyce lives with her mother.

ETHEL MARY HOLLAND, born at Petworth, is unmarried.

VIOLET TORLESSE HOLLAND, born at Petworth, was married in 1910 to Harold Murray, and has two children, Diana and Kenric.

Of my sister SUSAN TORLESSE I have written fully in *Some Account of J. H. Bridges*, but I will say a little here.

She was born April 14th, 1831, and when quite a little child suffered from inflammation of the eyes. To these attacks she was subject all her life, which made anything like regular education impossible. Nature, however, compensated her with a dauntless spirit and an unusual power of acquiring knowledge. As a young girl she could keep children amused for hours by telling them stories, illustrated by delightful little pictures as she went along. She did her best to supplement the scanty teaching given to boys, by having a night school for them several evenings in the week during the winter months.

She had also a faculty of making friends with the young women of the parish, especially those who worked in the silk factory in Nayland. While living at home she spent a great deal of time in visiting in the cottages, not as a matter of formal duty, or on any special set plan, but because she felt for the hard-working over-burthened mothers a true friendship. This was especially the case when in the 'fifties "slop tailoring" was first introduced into the neighbourhood as an industry for the women. It was the very worst kind of sweating, and the pay which the women were content to take would only have been possible in a district where the men's wages were so extremely low.

The consequent neglect of babies, and the work put upon tiny children, roused Susan's deepest indignation, and it was her practical knowledge rather than any social theories, that led her in later years to adopt the views of the pioneers of social reform.

She married in February, 1860, her cousin John Henry Bridges. They settled in Melbourne, full of

hope of seeing better conditions in a new country. But she died in December of the same year, and her body was brought back to Stoke by her husband, and laid beside her sisters under the shadow of the Tower. "Vivre pour autrui" is written on the cross over her grave.

CATHERINE TORLESSE, the sixth daughter, was born January, 1835. She was a grave, earnest child. She and her brother Henry, just two years her senior, were "mates." She did not go to school, but learned from her elder sisters. As a child I looked up to her as immeasurably my superior, always looking forward to the time when I should be old enough and learned enough to be in some sort her companion. But it was not to be. During the winter after Louisa's death, her strength failed without any apparent cause, and in March, 1852, she was taken ill while staying with friends in Ipswich. She came home and in a very short time died, April 7th, the Wednesday in Holy Week.

She was tall, with handsome features, and a great quantity of beautiful hair. I have always thought that if she had lived she would have given proof of great intellectual powers—her spiritual life was already fully developed. She was laid with her sister at Eastertide, and on their grave are the words expressive of a kind of broken-hearted resignation on the part of my father and mother:

> "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away.
> "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

After the death of Louisa and Kate, an account of their last days was drawn up, and the record of the faith, patience, and joy shown by them both, has

often spoken to the hearts of those who did not know them. I had thought of printing these accounts, but the phraseology of sixty years ago is hardly understood by the present generation, and therefore, although I feel the story of those last hours to be very precious in itself, yet possibly it might not convey a living message. They were both young, and full of the hopes and anticipations of youth, but they recognised the "far better" of Christian hope, and I believe that though their bodies died, it has been something more than their memory that has continued among us for so long a time.

I myself, FRANCES HARRIET TORLESSE, was born 1839. I went to Miss Cahusac's school at Highgate from 1852 to 1856. From that time until 1881 I often visited the Storrs, the Hollands, and the Hadwens, and had delightful times in Westmoreland. During the latter years of her life, I spent several winters with my mother either at Torquay or Hastings. After my father's death I took charge of a Home under the M.A.B.Y.S. at Hammersmith. In 1883 I went to Australia and New Zealand, and wishing to settle in the latter country, returned to England to make arrangements. From 1884 to 1905 I consider that my home was in Christchurch, although I paid two visits to England during that time. In 1902, I was ordained Deaconess by the Bishop of Christchurch, but never joined the community. In 1898 my health broke down, and Edith Hadwen again came out to New Zealand to nurse me; this she did with the greatest devotion. In 1905, I had sufficiently recovered to return to England, and settled at Shottermill, where dear Edith again made her home with me. Her

loving friendship is one of those sacred memories upon which I cannot dwell.

In 1909 I left Shottermill, and lived in London for about three years, until I moved to Wimbledon. I have said nothing of my life in Christchurch, my friends and my work there are still so intimately bound up in my life that to speak of this adequately would take a volume in itself.

CHAPTER VI.

Stoke in Later Days.

During the latter years of my father's life, he was often asked to resign the living, but nothing would induce him to do this. He, however, gave up two-thirds of his income to his curate, the Rev. George Hodges, now Archdeacon of Sudbury, who from 1879 to 1881 had sole charge of the Parish, and succeeded as Vicar on my father's death. He gave himself whole-heartedly to the work of the Parish, and his powers of preaching are well known throughout Suffolk.

Mr. Hodges was at Stoke, until his appointment to St. James' Bury in 1888, and he was succeeded by the Rev. H. Bull, now one of the Cowley Fathers, who in spite of very different work in South Africa and elsewhere, has always felt a keen interest in Stoke. He wrote from Robbin Island in 1903 to me:—

"It is very pleasant to be reminded of the old days at Stoke, and of your name also, for though I never saw your father, yet it always seemed to me that he must have done a wonderful work there, in days when the Church was not supposed to be doing much in country places. A good solid work that left behind it a sound Church tradition, and was a real power in the life of the people. The Stoke and Melford Club always seemed to me a splendid witness of his goodness and care for them. The conditions of country life, socially and religiously, are very different now, and not all for the better."

Mr. Bull was succeeded by the Rev. E. Symonds, who was Vicar from 1891 to 1897. During his time the immensely important work was undertaken of re-pointing the Tower, which has been most beautifully done.

After Mrs. Symonds' death at Stoke, Mr. Symonds resigned the living, and was followed by the Rev. Horace Wilkinson, who was Vicar until the present year, 1914. For some years Mr. Wilkinson was Chaplain to the Sanatorium four miles away. He put up telephone posts from the "Old House" to Nayland, and from thence to the Sanatorium. In the church he put five instruments on the pulpit, reading desk, organ, and near the Altar. Over the beds in the Sanatorium are the receivers, which enable the patients to follow the whole of the church service. The telephone from his house connected with the telegraph office at Nayland has brought Stoke into closer touch with the world.

Some years ago he put up a "wireless" on the top of the Tower, and this was succeeded by a mast 120 feet high in his garden. It was a strange and wonderful thing to me to sit in the "Old House," and hear the clock strike in the Eiffel Tower, and to realise that thousands of stations were at the same moment taking Greenwich time from Paris. Mr. Wilkinson and his family always made me feel that the "Old House" was still our home. Of his larger work as Parish Priest during the last seventeen years, it is not for me to speak.

During the last few years the roof and the north wall of the church have undergone thorough repair, and Mr. Wilkinson installed petrol gas, which lights the church in a perfectly ideal manner.

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MR. BEER and MR. S. JONES, who have sung in Stoke Choir for over fifty years.

I feel very strongly that an immense debt of gratitude is due to the successive Vicars and Churchwardens, who during the last crucial years have preserved the fabric of the church.

The picture opposite gives us a very living link with "Bygone Days," as Mr. Beer and Mr. Jones are still singing in the choir.

The Rev. Francis Ames has just been appointed Vicar.

There is indeed little change in the outward appearance of Stoke during the last thirty years—but the Institute to commemorate the Coronation of King George is a great addition to the village street, as well as a most useful institution. The site was given by Sir Joshua Rowley, who also bore a considerable portion of the expense.

The great change which has taken place in farming methods during the last forty years has greatly altered the population. There are comparatively few tenant farmers now, and the number of labourers has proportionately decreased. The latter are no doubt better off than in former years, but for them the cottage accommodation is still lamentably small and inefficient.

It is very hard to say goodbye to Stoke. There is a sense of rest when I think of all those I love there—not only those whom death hath bound fast to the "bright shores of love," but those still there. As I left them thirty-three years ago, so I find them to-day, faithful and loving.

What is it in Stoke that gives it a charm that is felt by those who come there comparative strangers? There is beauty of landscape, the old buildings that

speak of bygone social life; there is all the Church stands for. But above and beyond this there is the sense of continuity of life. Each generation from Lady Ægelfled's to the "wireless" has passed on year by year the same rule of life, to serve God and love our neighbours. The outward conditions of daily life have indeed changed, not always for the better, but the vital principle remains the same. Let us all, old and young, those in distant lands, and those who still live within sight of the Tower, unite in constant prayer that God will bless our beloved old home, making the present and the future much better than the past.

"I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land."

Blake.

CHAPTER VII.

Old Letters.

I HAVE in my possession a considerable number of 'Old Letters" and I wish that space would allow me to print them all, for they give a truer expression of the writers than I can attempt in my own words. As far as possible I have given those which are most characteristic. My father did not write many family letters, and very few are extant.

The aim has been either to give the picture of a family, from the pen of a contemporary, or to show such characteristics of the writers as should enable their descendants to breathe in some slight degree the mental atmosphere in which they lived.

I have not printed letters from my brother Henry, although I have many written to his mother. They are deeply interesting in themselves, but are too intimate for general reading, and also belong more to the present than to the past.

Letters from the Rev. J. T. Nottidge.

To C. M. T.

"Bocking,
"*April 3rd*, xvi.

"My Dear Charles,

"I have been much interrupted since I received your letter, and am seldom capable of being a very punctual correspondent. The impression I entertained of your being candidate for an University Scholarship arose solely from my being informed that you did not expect to succeed. For if you have to contend only

with the men of your own college, even though some of them should be of a higher year, I did not think (all things considered) that you ought to have entertained any very appalling apprehensions. If the materials you possessed on leaving Dr. Butler, and the public and private lectures you have since received had been carefully attended to and regularly digested in an orderly manner in your own mind and memory, referring to such helps as were necessary to understand whatever difficulty occurred, I think you ought to be able to enter the lists with most men that even Trinity can furnish. There may be men of more talent and genius, but that does very little indeed at Examination, plain persevering labour is the only means of success. You say you have totally neglected your Classics since you have been at Cambridge. Here you see is more than half your time gone, and one most important subject of examination on which you are to depend for your future credit and for a fellowship, and for accomplishing that general success in your Academic pursuits which will reward your mother's anxiety and expence, as yet wholly neglected. I have no idea that this need have been the case with any young man of common industry, common talents, and common health. If indeed you have not yet habituated yourself to resolute application for a considerable part of every day, and if you do not regularly master every difficulty that can be mastered as it occurs in the course of your reading, then every other advantage will amount to nothing, the more you read the more you will be confused. And if you lay by any part of your studies for so long a time as you have the Classics, you will find that if you recollect anything of what has been so long neglected, what remains will be without any order or consistency, like the recollection of a dream, and when you come to Examination you will not be able to bring it forwards. Whatever subject you wish to retain and produce in an intelligible and creditable form, you must read a little of, if ever so little, constantly. 'The men of our year (you say) are very superior Classics.' How came they to be so Charles? By labour, and persevering labour. This, with common advantages, will make anybody a good Classic, and you have had much more than common advantages and I hope the result of them will yet appear. As to getting up things for Examination I have

no great opinion of any such process. But perhaps something of the following plan it might be worth your while to try. First keep fast hold on your Mathematics, and don't fall into the error of withdrawing your attention from them, but secure the means of doing yourself credit in the Department you have cultivated. Then give the rest of your time to reading Translations of the ancient Historians. And from the Translations as often as you come to any interesting period turn to the originals, and thereby make yourself master of the general style and all the grammatical peculiarities referring to the best grammatical works, and writing them down, and constantly examining yourself in them by memory. In the same manner exercise yourself in Chronology and I suppose Geography also, having dates and places always before you, and recollecting dates and drawing maps of particular places from memory. I don't know whether you ever tried Gray's Memoria Technica, a great deal may be so remembered if you take any fancy to the plan. This sort of exercise is the only road to the recollection of dates and grammatical peculiarities, they cannot be got up by any compendious method. The Translations will be a shorter way of getting at the matter of the Historians, as of course you will not have time to read the originals at length. Meanwhile you must translate and compose, and remember it is not how much but how well. Do a little constantly till the Examination and endeavour to catch the manner and spirit of the authors into whose language you translate. Write again as soon as you can and let me know when the Exam. takes place, and what books you resolve to undertake, and I will pick up any hints I can from Dr. Adams and other friends. Be determined and persevering and do your best, and if you do I am sure you will do yourself credit though you should not succeed, and you will feel your own strength for another struggle.

"Kind remembrances,

"Yours J. T. N.

"What have been the subjects of the Classical Lects. for this and the last year?"

To C. G. T.

"*March* 26, 1827.

My Dear Catherine,

"How much I feel having by my foolish blunder missed seeing you the other day, I cannot easily tell, nor how gladly we would put the horses to and indemnify ourselves this very day from disappointment. But the tremendous calls of daily engagement are such, and during the Confirmation even rather more pressing than usual, that I feel compelled once for all to say that I fear my reduced strength does not encourage the hope of my being able for the future to do anything beyond barely creeping through the most obvious of ministerial duties, even so as to keep off the very strongest and most unanswerable convictions of gross neglect. Added to this, almost every other concern in which I am engaged has, by gradually accumulating neglect and arrear, got into such a state of perplexity that if I had no ministerial engagements at all, it might not improbably take all my disposeable time, and attention, to get my house in order before I die.

"To have a little conversation and prayer with you at this particular juncture would be inexpressibly pleasing to me. But I can no more appoint a day for it than a man who is escaping out of a house on fire, or a commander exposed to the perpetual attacks of a vigilant and restless enemy. All I can say is that so long as I keep myself from hurry, and the indulgence of that tendency to complain, which great weakness is frequently occasioning, I neither droop nor despond, but see hope all along my road, and brighter at the end of it, persuaded that with all my sense of weakness and weariness I shall yet be made more than Conqueror thro' Him that loved us. While I insert our united love, I cast up my heart to Him Who can and will do more for us than we can ask or think.

"I remain your faithful and affect. friend,

"John Tho. Nottidge.

"I cannot spare the sermon at present but will send it as soon as I can. I am very glad you intend visiting the parish throughout, you will find that all that is effectually done will be through the instrumentality of personal conversation. Give

them texts of Scripture (not to learn by heart but to think of) on Xts Ministrations, on covenanting with Him, and a regular lecture at your schoolroom on the three parts of the Bapt. Cov. would afford the scheme for distributing the materials of personal conference. God be with your spirits."

From the Rev. A. Obins.
To C. M. T.

"47, Marine Parade,

"*Monday* (*about* 1819).

"My Dear Sir,

"... it is I quite think with you a subject of regret that education is so mechanical, that the intellect is so little exercised. I feel the sad effects of this in my own case, and I regret it very much in the case of others. The talent of questioning well, is one of considerable importance. I have it not, you may perhaps be more fortunate, at all events it is one you should cultivate, as supplying in some degree, or rather making up in part for the defect of skill we are complaining. An adroit question may lead the child to think before he answers; here again so much simplicity is required that very few do it well."

To C. M. T.

"Hemingford Rectory
(*about* 1819).

"My Dear Sir,

"... I was happy to receive my weekly letter this day. Wm. John's was not intended to exonerate you from this duty. I had a very full and satisfactory letter from him. I was pleased to observe the grateful mention he made of your name, and the sense he expressed of your great attention to him. He also spoke much of your exertions in the parish. I had not previously heard of the pains you were taking with the singers. This must be very grateful to the people and is very acceptable to me. I am very anxious to have good singing, and as I believe I told you to have the singing general, that everyone who can join may join. This and the repeating the responses aloud, adds considerably to the effect of our service,

and gives an animation very much wanting where this is not practised. It is according to the Rubric, it also makes the people use their prayer books, we must work for this when we meet. Quo ad, the blind girl from B. I like the plan much. but I think Lady O. would rather it should take place when she is at home, we will talk of this. I am very happy to find Mr. Beachcroft has been with you, pray consider it my wish at all times, that as long as you are in my house your friends should be all most welcome there. I fear, however, you are only nominally my guest, I have heard of little supplies from your own store for which I shall scold you. I am glad the servants second my wishes and make you comfortable.

"Your faithful

"A. O."

To C. M. T.

"Boulogne,

"*June* 16, 1822.

"You will be glad to hear of our safe arrival at this place, and as I conclude and hope your troubles are over and that this will find you quietly seated at Ipswich, I shall briefly tell you something of your Rector and his party. We left Town Friday at 12 o'clock, and reached Canterbury that night, started at five next morn to catch the steam packet at Dover which was to sail at 9 o'clock. We had a very rough and sickening passage of four hours, and reached this place when the tide was ebbing. We had about a quarter of a mile to pass through a very rough sea before we reached the shore, and as this trajet was made in a small boat, Lady Olivia was somewhat alarmed, as indeed she well might be, for the dear Frenchmen vociferated so loudly and had altogether so novel an appearance, and fatigue had already so exhausted her, that I was thankful when we reached this house. The steam packets are certainly very wonderful inventions and the simplicity of the machinery is not the least wonderful part of the invention. The expense is great, 4,000 guineas the cost of the '*Medusa*' our packet, about 60 ton. This bad effect has resulted at Dover that 6 packets do the work of 35, consequently the crew of the remaining 31 are adrift, to say nothing of rope, sailmakers, etc., etc. The smell is to me

very sickening, and my nose has a full charge of this nauseous odour at this moment. I can scarcely believe that this day sennight we were at dear Hemmingford; little marks the Sabbath at this place. I have just finished our service and have read a beautiful manuscript sermon of Dan Wilson's, on the benefit of affliction.

"This place is full of English, they have a service on Sundays, but as there are persons here whom Lady O. knows and did not wish to see, we thought it better to have service at home, particularly too as it rained. We set off early to-morrow and expect to reach Antwerp on Thursday. We have got a very good courier; tell Allan when you see him, if he had been within my reach this morning I should have been disposed to give him a good scolding, he has sent me from home with my very thinnest drawers, so if I catch cold I shall leave it at his door, he should have given me my long cotton drawers. I hope you got my note about the B society and that Dotts explained my wish to you. I must conclude, my only news is, Baroness . . your ci-devant Stanmore friend is become a Roman Catholic, it is well poor old Forbes is gone to his rest. We are not in the best position for a quiet Sabbath, but God is everywhere present to those who faithfully seek Him and I trust He will not allow our thoughts to be withdrawn from Him by any external circumstances.

"I hope you have found Mrs. Torlesse and your sister well, pray present my compts. Lady Olivia and Miss Sparrow desire to be kindly remembered to you, say something kind from me to our servants when you see them and to John B. and anybody who cares or thinks of me, not omitting William Johns. I have no address to give you yet. I must wish you farewell. Believe me ever, with sincere regard,

"Your faithful

"A. O."

To C. M. T.

"*Sept.*, 1831.

"My Dear Sir,

". . . The Coronation must be warm work. William was down at Westminster this morning at half past

five. The Queen came attended by Alderman Wood and one lady and was refused admission. She was hissed; all her advisers, legal advisers, had said don't go, and the King hooted her, but she hoped to make a row. Miss Sparrow had her hair dressed at 3 o'clock this noon and was to be at the Abbey at five, and not to get out probably before five."

From Charles Martin Torlesse
To P. C. T.

"Stoke-by-Nayland
(*about* 1834).

"My Dearest Priscilla,

"As the contents of my epistle will not be very valuable, I shall endeavour by plain writing to give you as little trouble as possible in obtaining possession of them. I am afraid that you find what you would not believe at Stoke to be true, that Bath is a dull place. One lesson you may learn from this is not to expect to be made happy by mere change of place. Some people are all their life long finding this out, and after moving from London to Bath, and from Bath to Paris, and from Paris to Moscow, and from Moscow to Brighton, and from Brighton to Cheltenham, and so on to twenty other places, are as far from happiness as when they first put their feet into the travelling carriage. Oh! (says Pris.) indeed! But why, papa? I will endeavour to explain it to you, Pris. Supposing you had broken your leg, would you cease to feel the fractured limb by going from the Pump Room to the Concert Room, and then to the Crescent, and so on to all the grand places in and round Bath. You must first have the limb set, before you could enjoy anything. Now, my dear girl, there is something out of order within you, and you will never be quite content with anything without this is set right. You must be a follower and a child of Jesus. You must pray to Him to enable you to love Him, and then you will be happy almost anywhere, as Joseph was happy in imprisonment in Egypt, Daniel in the lion's den, Paul in dungeon in Philippi. But perhaps, Pris., you have not found Richmond Terrace quite as dull as at first it appeared. You went to Bath hoping to find happiness in dress, and shops, and fine buildings, and fine people. But perhaps the day does not pass so heavily in going through regular lessons, and in

walking and talking with uncle and aunt. Many poor children lead what you would call dull lives in picking up stones or spinning wool, but they are not dull because they are actively and usefully employed. Try, then, and never sit with your hands unoccupied, and even Richmond Terrace without balls and theatres, and other places for idle people, may be a cheerful spot. I want you to bring home some Bath stone, which consists of little round particles like the roe of a fish, and some fern fossils or impression of fern plants on coal, which is found in the neighbourhood of Bath. If, however, the weather is as cold in Somersetshire as it is here, I daresay you and aunt keep close to the fire. Charley is delighted with the ice, and skates famously, and what is still more wonderful, now the leader of complaints is in Bath, neither Anna, nor Louisa, nor Emily, nor Susan, nor Henry say a word about the cold. I am afraid mama and Charles have told you all the news in Stoke. I am glad to hear you are not learning any new music before you are perfect in your old lessons. Does aunt understand the Sol Fa card, and do you learn to sing Psalm tunes? Perhaps aunt will teach you to play one or two of the tunes which are written in Sol Fa letters in the printed books. I suppose you know Charley is going to school. You must then come home, or Stoke will be too dull for me without you both. But I am so satisfied that aunt desires to see and make you happy, that I think I could bear to be dull at Stoke without you, if I was certain you was actively employed at Bath. And now, Pris., goodbye. In return for this long letter you must send me a sheet with only twenty misspellings on each page. Kind love to dear uncle and aunt.

"Your affect. papa,
"C. M. Torlesse.

"To Miss Torlesse."

To F. H. T. (on her 13th birthday).

"Stoke-by-Nayland,
"*August* 28, 1852.

"My Dearest Fanny,

"I believe I have never before been so long separated from you, and yet I am reconciled to your absence by knowing that you are so carefully watched over, and so kindly treated.

The recurrence of your birthday calls for a few remarks even from papa, who so seldom takes up his pen, so many pens being always ready to be employed in his stead. A birthday is a time for looking back on the past, and looking forward into the future. The retrospect of the year, that it is gone, is very sad and solemn to us all. It says to you in sounds which cannot be mistaken, 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.' There is also much to humble in the retrospect. Time misspent, evil temper indulged, idle thoughts cherished, God too little in the mind, swell the amount of the fresh debt you have incurred, and should teach you more than ever the need of a Saviour's merits and intercession. Think also of the mercies of God mingled with his judgments, especially of the kind Providence which has placed you happily at Highgate. In looking forward to the future, you must reckon on trials and troubles of some kind or other, and if you enter upon another year in your own strength, you will be very ill-prepared to encounter them. Be earnest in prayer, that the grace of your Saviour may be sufficient for you. You have discovered, I doubt not already, that your happiest hours have been your employed hours. Rest assured that as it has been in the days, and weeks, and months, and years which are gone for ever, so it will be in time to come. The closer you walk with God the happier you will be. If young persons are not happy, but gloomy, it is not religion, but the want of it which makes them so. Remember, too, whatever your employment in future may be, your duty now is to attend diligently to your school studies. I expect to find that you are improved in all your studies, and I hope that you will make the best use of the advantage of having a music master. I particularly mention this because you are not able to make much progress at home. I shall not fill up my letter with domestic news, because you are so amply supplied from other quarters. I expect, however, a long, chatty letter in reply, with a full account of what you are doing. Has Miss Martin been to see you yet?

"Believe me, dearest child,

"Your affectionate papa,

"C. M. TORLESSE.

"Tell me what I ought to have sent you as a birthday present."

To F. H. T. (after one of C. M. T.'s journeys with Mr. Hadwen).

"Rectory, Petworth,

"*August 4th*, 1860.

"MY DEAR FANNY,

"I ought sooner to have acknowledged the receipt of your letter which I found at London Bridge on Tuesday, contrary to my expectations. You must know that the hotel there is closed, so that when I moved there on Sunday evening, I could gain no admittance, and found myself with my luggage in the street. A policeman directed me to a most (as he called it) respectable place, the Sussex Hotel. I found the entrance filled with a motley group of cab drivers, navvies, etc., but the bedrooms were tolerable, and my appearance was so respectable that they did me the honour of charging me three shillings for my lodging; but when I came down in the morning in my wideawake and flannel shirt, I suppose I was taken for a different person, and for a good cup of coffee and four slices of bread and butter had the mortification of being called upon to pay only fourpence.

"I have brought down my travelling only to the inn at Nardessach, at the foot of the Gemmi Pass. The room in which we passed the night, containing four beds (used generally for guides and porters), was, as you may suppose, not of the most neat and inanimate kind, and it was without any difficulty that we turned out at 3 o'clock to ascend the Pass. Not without much pleading I prevailed upon the landlord to let me have a horse for the first two hours, in other words, for the roughest and hardest part of the ascent. The air was so light, and the ground so crisp with frost and ice, the height of the Pass being between 6,000 and 7,000 feet, that I felt no fatigue in walking on for five hours, taking care to walk very slowly, especially in the descent to Leuk, which is a most marvellous work of pathmaking. You have to descend a rock 1,600 feet perpendicular depth, and this is managed by cutting zig-zag grooves in its face. Leuk is a small town at the foot of this rock, between 3,000 and 4,000 feet above the sea, famous for its hot springs and baths, where invalids come to

sit in its hot medicinal waters for hours together. We all, after our walk, found much comfort from a bath, and then went on by a char-à-banc down a most wonderful road cut in the same zig-zag shape to the banks of the Rhone as far as Sion, from which we took the railroad to Martigny. Here we slept, proceeded the next morning, Friday, by rail to the Head of the Lake into which the Rhone flows, with its white, turbid waters, and immediately on board a steamer, and coasted the North shore of the lake about fifty miles to Geneva, which we reached about eleven o'clock. We had little time to look over this interesting city, and started again at two for Paris, travelled all night, and arrived at six in the morning; left it at half-past ten, and were in London by ten Saturday evening.

"I much regret the hurried travelling by night from Geneva to Paris; we could discover by faint twilight that one part of the road passes through most beautiful and romantic country. I heard yesterday from Miss Rowley, to whom I had sent a few ferns collected by Mr. Davis. She says there is very little illness in the parish, and thinks Mr. A. would ably preach the school sermon in the place of Mr. Reeve, who does not visit Suffolk. I therefore wrote to Mr. A. to ask him to preach for the schools on the 20th. It will not do to postpone the sermon until after my return. Miss R. says that Charley is fishing and playing with Mr. A.'s boys all day, so I suppose Tendring and the Vicarage agree together. Let me know how the Isle of Wight plan goes on, and when letters must be sent to Melbourne and Canterbury. This is a most quiet place. I like Mr. Bright, he manages the boys judiciously. This morning news came of the death of General Wyndham, Lord Leconfield's brother. By this death £20,000 a year comes to his Lordship, which, as Charles says, will place him in easy circumstances. Mrs. W. Burrell has just arrived with her children, and dinner is ready.

"Goodbye, with kind love to mama and Pris., uncle, aunt, Edward, and A. M.

"Believe me ever affect.,

"C. M. TORLESSE."

TO H. T.

"Stoke,

"*Jan.* 10*th*, 1860.

"MY DEAR HENRY,

"I believe that a closer and more uninterrupted correspondence takes place between Stoke and New Zealand than between us and many spots in England containing friends, and relatives, the monthly mails reminding us of epistolary duties. At the same time it is rather provoking to have to write when in a few days we might be able to reply to your letter. How much I expect to learn in your next, of your new position, of your people, of the schools, the house, the neighbourhood, the society if there be any. As to your ministrations, however circumstances may require a difference of style and language, the treatment must be essentially the same, as the disease is the same, whether it be in the hovel or in the palace. Earnestness and sympathy are sure to gain access to the heart. *Si vis me flere dolendum est. Primum ipsi tibi.* I hope you will mention any theological books which you may want. I live so much out of the way of Bishops, or Candidates for Holy Orders, and I see so seldom young clergymen, that I probably am less acquainted with the theological works of the day than the clergy of Christchurch. If you undertake to teach singing, and can collect a few boys and girls, let me strongly recommend you to teach them time. I observe in the most recent musical publications, the different metres are Trochaic, Dactyle, Anapaestic, etc., thus drawing the attention of the learner to the place where the accent should be placed. I am also inclined to think that $\frac{2}{4}$ time is the best for Psalmody. I think you would be very pleased with the way we have dressed the Church this year. The Rowleys undertook the task, and with the help of two men and the loads of evergreens, which their garden supplies, have wreathed the shafts of the pillars very gracefully. The great danger in the present day consists in carrying out these ornamentations too far. I see in the paper to-day that another unseemly collision has taken place between the Rector of Edmonton and one of his Churchwardens on the subject of an Altar Cloth. No sooner is one affray settled than another seems

to spring up. I strongly suspect that this zeal for semi-popish practices in our Church is fostered by those who wish to overthrow the Establishment; certainly nothing is more suited to the end desired by these men than such practices.

"I have been mercifully carried through the past year. I believe Mr. Fenn has not paid us one professional visit. The question is, Has the Master of the Vineyard found any fruit this year? If not and the tree is yet not cut down, must I not expect that the Vine dresser will dig about and dress it.

"What the events of the year may be, is known only to God; but whether they be adverse or prosperous, if we bear fruit it will be well.

"I took for my New Year's text St. Paul's address to Agrippa:—

"'Would to God that not only thou but that all that hear me this day were both altogether such as I am except these bonds.'

"Kindest love to Eliza and many kisses to baby,

"Ever affectionate

"C. M. TORLESSE."

To H. T.

"Stoke,

"*May 25th*, 1866.

" . . . I must again repeat that my own present bodily and mental powers are—as far as relates to the instrumentality—owing to the careful diet I have adopted for many years as good as ever. A good day's work fatigues me as little as it did 20 years ago, and you know I never touch a cigar or pipe, or beer, or porter, and wine very rarely, and so I have a good appetite and sleep soundly, and take no medicine, and if I live till next Tuesday I shall be in my 72nd year. What a long lease of life and how little has been done, what a wreck of broken resolutions and intentions and plans strew the road which I have trodden.

"The papers will tell you what a disturbance there has been in the financial and monetary world, and how many must have fallen from the supposed position of princely fortunes to

bankruptcy. We seem also on the eve of a great Continental war. All Europe is bristling with arms. The year 1866 has long been fixed by the interpreters of prophesy as the end of the twelve-hundred and sixty years, and certainly the signs of the times in which we now are are of no common kind. Will our own Church much longer withstand the assaults from without, seconded by our internal divisions? Church rates seem doomed, and the Irish Church curtailed of the greater part of its emoluments and machinery. And the inherent weakness of the Established Church has vastly increased, not only by the wide differences of spirit, but by the determination of the contending parties to make known to the world their disputes. Oh, that they would remember the direction, 'Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askalon.'

"A new monthly theological Review, the *Contemporary* has come out this year. It contains many articles of power and originality, but it is tinged with the dangerous tendency of the day 'Broad Church views.'

"In this month's number a work which has excited great interest, 'Ecce Homo' is reviewed. This history of our Lord taken from the three first Gospels, and the Epistles of St. Paul, professes to contain only that portion of His Life which can be drawn from these sources, and reserves further development to a future volume. It is full of interesting and original passages quite out of the common groove, but it is looked upon with suspicion and fear for many, not so much by what it asserts, as for its omissions. Little mention is made of man's fallen and sinful state, and of course there is no reference to the Atonement. However, it is unfair to pass sentence upon a work which its author professes to be incomplete. What with Romanism and Ritualism on the one side, and Socinian, Rationalistic and Deistical tendencies on the other, what need have we to hear a Voice saying, 'Walk ye in the strait way' when we are so invited to turn to the Right hand or to the Left.

" . . . Much love to your wife and children,

"Your affectionate

"C. M. T."

Letters from Catherine Gurney Torlesse.

The following letter was written on a sheet of paper 15 × 9½, the single sheet, of days before the penny post. Woburn vicarage was the first home of Charles and Harriet Bridges, who had recently married and settled there.

To C. M. T.

"Woburn Vicarage,
"*Dec.* 16, 1822.

"My Dear Charles,

" . . . I write what I think may be agreeable to you, that is to say, to give you a little account of what passes in this happy abode. I must also try to answer your last, for which I have already thanked you. On Friday and Saturday I felt so well that I was able to get through a great deal of work, and by 1 o'clock on Saturday had prepared everything for the dear children's and my own departure. (Note.—Edward and Nina the children of Edward Gibbon Wakefield.) My father happened to be going to Wycombe, so that of course we started together. I had intended taking a chaise at Beaconsfield, but when we arrived there he chose that I should go on and spend the evening with him at Wycombe, which of course I did, though I was rather disappointed and also did not like having to come here on Sunday morning. My father treated me to reading Cobbett for an hour and half, after which I enjoyed myself very much by a good fire in my bedroom and read as in order the seventh chapter of Romans. The coaches passing all night prevented my sleeping, however, I rose pretty well, and arrived here at 9.30, coming on in a chaise by myself, and if it had not been from a consideration of employing improperly the horses and postillion, I should have enjoyed my ride, indeed I did so. Just before entering the chaise, this was presented to my mind, 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding,' and occupied me pleasantly till I reached the Vicarage. Harriet was engaged with her Sunday School, so that I saw her for a few minutes only before Church.

"At 2 o'clock she sent me into the house her upper class of about seventeen great girls who occupied me till 3.30, and very much interested I was with them, indeed I can hardly express the interest I feel in Sunday School children; perhaps it is too much, for it would almost amount to anxiety if I saw them constantly. We dined at 4 o'clock and went to church at 6 o'clock. Mr. B. preached an excellent sermon on that great passage, Is. 61, 1. The hymn, too, of Watts: 'Come we that love the Lord,' struck me a great deal. At 10 o'clock I retired, and found again a nice fire, for which I really always feel thankful. The 8 Romans occupied me almost entirely till 11 o'clock, and very much I am led to rejoice that my eyes have been opened to see its beauties. I remember well the time when it was incomprehensible, now I seem to have found the pearl of great price in feeling 'that there is therefore no condemnation to them who are in Jesus Christ, who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit,' in short, this chapter is so rich in mercy that I cannot easily say how much I feel it. I suppose you know that C. and H. B. read and look out references together for one hour every morning. I was admitted to-day and longed to have had you of our party . . . . however, you shall have some of the fruit of our labours in the references we found to the 24th and 25th verses. (Then follows a list of over twenty references.) After this H. and I talked of you for an hour, and then I accompanied her to the Green to visit some poor people. I hope to learn some useful lessons from her, but I do hope (at least, if I have anything to do with it) that you will not have such a large parish as this; it seems to me an almost overpowering charge. Trouble is nothing, but amongst such numbers you must meet with much that is painful and much that is opposing. Harriet comes home and goes singing about the house gaily, indeed I have seldom seen anybody who appears to be happier. She has much to contribute to this in her circumstances, but after all it is more in her own mind, and some little perhaps from a good tone of physical power.

"Now I shall tell you, as they are to be your model, a little of what strikes me about their establishment, and I quite think with your mother, that the outfitting for such a house as this, and done in this manner, must cost £500, and nothing short of this perhaps could ensure the comforts you have been accustomed to.

"Tuesday.—This house, from its convenient size, sufficient and good furniture, etc., etc., presents every comfort, but how much more pleasure is derived to me from seeing the degree of sympathy existing between its master and mistress—first, about the best things, the most exalted objects, the most interesting pursuits, and secondly, from natural affection, which, though regulated by Christian principle, appears very strong on both sides. He is not original either in his conversation, exposition, or preaching, but still he is an interesting companion and a solid experimental teacher, and, as far as the experience of his mind and life go, seems to have reached to a high degree of spiritual mindedness and holiness. Now for answering your letter. Your liking the looking out references will I hope encourage me to cultivate it; by-the-by, how I feel my extreme ignorance of the Bible before people versed in it, as C. and H. B., though there are many greater reasons for taking shame to myself on that head. I well remember, not so very long ago, when the hope of Heaven, the desire for its pure joys, its fountains of living water, its golden streets, had nothing to do with what I called my religion. Now, I cannot tell you that my seal is exactly put to the declaration of Paul: 'To me to live is Christ; to die is gain,' and even if I feel it in a degree sometimes, I soon fall back into carelessness and reluctance to leave a place which can bear no comparison with that for which it would be exchanged. This the world calls melancholy, but so far from it, I am convinced that this view in a complete sense would destroy all regret about anything here, and would fill the mind with those joyous anticipations which must effectually enlighten the heart and encourage in the way, though that way be strewn with difficulty or sorrow.

"I shall get *Joyce* when I return to London, indeed I expected to have found it here, and wish I could have read it in this quiet, which is a new and very agreeable atmosphere to me. I like your account of the book very much. To-day I have not been out, but instead of it read about 100 pages of the life of Alexander Stuart, a Scotch minister. They speak highly of it. I am also looking over their village library, and adding to my list of books. Have you got the Leeds Catechism for your children? It seems excellent.

"I hear from Harriet very good accounts of Maria's health, though her spirits have been affected by the death of Eliza Fennel. You know I believe the plan they have here of writing a kind of sermon on a text of scripture; I shall copy one for you underneath, but shall finish my letter by telling you according to your wish, that Woburn has not had the effect I anticipated, for though it is very cold I do not think that the pain in my side is at all worse, and my cough is perhaps better, and I really feel very well. A large Burgundy pitch plaster on my side rather annoys me, first, because it is irritating, and secondly, because it is dirty; however, all my complaints put together are nothing in the way of inconveniences. I almost envied a poor woman I saw yesterday who was suffering a great deal."

To C. O. T.

"Stoke-by-Nayland,
"*March* 24, 1837.

"My Dearest Boy,

"I fear you will think us all so busy thinking of wedding preparations that we have no time to think of you, but this is by no means the case. Cousin is to be married (Susan Leeds to Richard Mosley) on the 3rd of April; Mrs. Boggis is making a large wedding cake, of which you shall have a taste. We should like to have had you with us this Easter, but it seems hardly worth while to come such a long journey for such a short time. Perhaps papa may go to see you some time in April, but on the 15th he goes to Newton to preach the next day for uncle Bridges, who is going to Dublin. Your uncle Arthur (Wakefield) is here just now, he is just come from the Mediterranean. And now I must tell you a great piece of news. Aunt Priscilla was married last November to Mr. Henry Chapman, a cousin of ours and brother of Mrs. Godfreys; he arrived in Calcutta about a month before her; she writes in good spirits, and seems quite happy. She keeps on her teaching the heathen children, and appears as busy as possible. Your uncle William (Wakefield) has been in a very dangerous action in Spain, where 900 were killed and 1,500 wounded, but he was, through mercy, preserved. His regiment is mentioned as having behaved very gallantly. Pris. has been

very busy earning money to buy cousin's work box; with presents and earnings she had 16 shillings. I lent her *7s.*, and she has bought the box, which is handsome, and furnished with scissors, etc.; she is very much obliged to you for the *2s. 6d.* The box is to be given on the wedding morning. Pris. has employed all her play hours in this work; the rest are well. Henry improves in his lessons, and constantly talks of you, and wants to know when summer will come that you may come home. Papa and I were very glad that cousin went to see you, and that you had such a nice little journey with her. We were pleased with what we heard of you, but hope to hear of your being still more attentive. Cousin, too, told me that you wanted looking after as to your washing and clothes. Now you are quite old enough to mind these things of yourself, and you know I told you I should form an opinion of your well-doing very much from your attention to these matters, not because it is wicked to be dirty, but because cleanliness shows attention, and that is what you want in everything. You know I do not write to scold you, my dearest boy, but to encourage you to take more pains and to give pleasure to your parents, who think so anxiously about you and love you so much. Uncle Arthur talks of going to see you when he returns to London, which will be a great pleasure to you. We have had a great many fires near us, one at Higham, one at Langham, and a great many robberies, but we are to have two policemen from London to watch, hoping to keep away such bad people. Your sisters are going to write to you next week; they and papa send you their best love. God bless you, my dearest boy, and keep you and make you his own.

"Your affectionate mother,
"C. G. TORLESSE.

"It keeps so very cold that I am afraid your chilblains will get worse."

To S. Mosley.

"1838.

"MY DEAREST SUSAN,

"Nothing but my unworthiness makes me shrink as to undertaking the sponsorship for your dear child. I dare not

promise to do what I wish because I do not watch over or pray for my own children as I ought or as I desire but, God helping me, I will endeavour to pray for yours and watch over her whilst life and reason last. You do so for one of mine I know. It is a blessed office I believe and one intended to call out some of our best sympathies. Can you defer the Baptism till the 2nd or 3rd of March. I do not like proxies, and if spared, my own child's birthday will call me to Ipswich. I suffer much from her absence but I know more and more that it is best for her and I do not repine. God indeed weighs and measures every grain of sorrow or joy and why should we wish anything to be different. I hope I do desire nothing but more grace in myself and others and the coming of Christ's Kingdom with his own glorious appearance. Lent is coming which is a blessed time for reflecting on the sacrifice made for us. May it be blessed to us both.

"God bless you, dear Susan,
"Your very affect.
"C. G. T."

To P. C. T.

"Stoke,
"*March* 31, 1838.

"MY DEAREST CHILD,

"I daresay you have been accusing me of being very shabby about writing to you, to which charge I plead guilty, though by this you must not suppose that you are not very, very often in my thoughts, but I have had some expectation of seeing you and this has been one reason why I have not written. If I can manage any way for your getting over, I intend you should pass a few days with us at Easter, or rather before Easter as I shall probably send for you on Thursday week. Does Mons. Martin give you a lesson on Easter Monday afternoon? Now I must tell you a piece of news. Naomi (the nurse) is to be married on Easter Monday; she has very much set her heart on seeing you at that time. Perhaps you can make her a table pincushion, something like mine, which I suppose would not take much time. You had better bring your

Tuscan bonnet and light frock, as your sisters much wish to go to church with her, if Papa has no objection. They are going to live in part of Mrs. Chisnall's house, and William is going to be our servant again, so you may expect to see your garden very neatly done up. Charley is indeed a naughty boy, we have not heard from him for three weeks! I am afraid hockey, with which he seems very delighted, tempts him to neglect us a little. One of the ornaments of Naomi's house is to be your sampler framed and adorned at the bottom with a piece of hair from each of your heads. I have sent to Charley for a piece of his wig and you must send yours to Cousin on Monday evening, desiring that it may come by Parker on Tuesday morning. Henry and Catherine have had coughs, but I am thankful to say are not ill as many children here have been. Two children and the only two, of some people named Ellis have died of croup within a week of each other. We have already had more funerals than during the whole of last year. Yesterday afternoon I heard a tremendous shout in the hall, and found Pollock at the door with a hamper containing another white poodle puppy, such a beauty. It was smothered with embraces and terribly frightened, however, to-day it is more reconciled and eats comfortably when I go alone to feed it. I hope it will not meet the fate of its unfortunate brother. I shall enclose a note for your aunt which perhaps Miss Smart will allow you to leave, if you walk that way or send to the post when her letters go. All unite in very much love to you. God bless you my child and make you His own.

"Your most affectionate mother

"C. G. T.

"My very kind regards to the Miss Smarts."

To P. C. T.

"Stoke,

"*Sunday Night*, 1838.

"My Dearest Child,

"As I may not be able to write to you much at length in the morning, I begin to-night, though it is Sunday, but the occasion will I hope justify me. Your dear sister remains very

ill, she has been bled twice in the arm to-day, and had six leaches on her side. The rash which appeared at first on her skin, is now supposed to be on her lungs, and causes great difficulty of breathing, indeed it is very painful to witness the oppression under which she suffers, but she is extremely patient, makes no complaints, seldom asks for anything, and takes medicines, or submits to remedies without any hesitation, which is a great comfort as by this means anxiety and trouble are prevented. Though as to the event of her illness I must feel much solicitude, still I hope I shall submit perfectly. Our Father who is in Heaven orders all this much better than we can. I hope she has faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, knows that there is no other remedy for sin, no other hope of pardon, but this faith, this life-giving principle which cheers even sickness and makes death only the summons to joys without end. To-night the bell tolled, for two hours; she said 'I wish the bell would leave off tolling.' I said 'Never mind the tolling of the bell, that is no bad sound for those who by death are summoned to be for ever with God.' She said 'No it is not.' I added, "You know Jesus said "In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you, etc."' 'Yes,' she said, 'I know, but you did not read that chapter to me the other day.'

"And now I must tell you about the bell tolling. Mr. Durham was quite well at eight o'clock last night when he went to bed. A little before 10 Mrs. Durham went to bed, and before she had been to sleep she suddenly felt the clothes pulled off her and he had rolled out of bed. She jumped up and on finding he did not speak ran to her daughters. When she returned they lifted up his head, he breathed twice, and then no more. Mr. Liveing was sent for, but he had been dead some time. You may fancy a little what a tremendous shock this has been to them all. I have been down to-day and Papa since, but human sympathy can do little in such cases. God alone can heal or mitigate the wound He has seen fit to inflict. You will think I have written you a melancholy letter, but I am not in bad spirits. Should it please God to terminate Anna's illness by death, I hope she will only be removed to His own glorious presence, and though she is an affectionate child, I feel as if I could not wish to retain her here, where there are so many

troubles. Sin is the only thing I mind. I would sooner follow my children to the grave than see them live in sin, and at all events Heaven must be much better than the best of conditions here.

"Monday morning.—Mr. Liveing was here before eight, he has cupped Anna in the back which she found very painful. I said to him 'What may I tell her sisters about her?' He said 'You must say she is dangerously ill.' Perhaps dear child you will now have more idea of prayer than you have ever had. Naomi sat up with her and I went to bed for a little while. You may expect to hear from me on Wednesday morning at all events. Give my kind regards to Miss Smarts. Ask her permission to send this letter to cousin as I have no time to write to her. Papa's best love, much of the same from your very dear mother.

"C. G. TORLESSE."

To C. O. T. (When he went to Putney College.)

"Ipswich,

"*Nov.* 19, 1840.

"MY VERY DEAR BOY,

"How do you do, and how have you fared all the week? My heart often asks these sort of questions and longs to peep at you, to see you in your sports where I wish you to be amongst the most active, to listen to your examinations where I should hope to hear you ranked amongst the forward ones, to take my seat beside you to Chapel and know that you were listening to your kind spiritual teacher, for whom I regularly pray that success may be given him with you and your companions; then I might wish to accompany you to the Library on Sunday afternoons, where I should hope to perceive you among the attentive hearers, listening and asking questions, last of all I should like to follow you to your bedroom and know what your private prayers are. There pray for your dear father as a Minister of God's Holy word and Sacraments, there pray for your beloved mother, that much grace may be vouchsafed to help her infirmities, and enable her to perform some arduous duties, then think of your dear sisters and little brother, and for

yourself, that your young heart may be given to God, remembering some of your precious and now sainted sister's last words 'They that seek me early shall find me.'

"Louisa, Susan and I came here yesterday to pay uncle a little visit. This morning they walked with Mr. Mosley to see the new docks. I have Priscilla in full charge of everything at home, and am anxious to know how this *essai* at management turns out. She was very anxious that I should try her and wished me to stay a fortnight, but we return to-morrow. Miss Archer is at Newton, where I believe she has no easy task to manage John Henry, who was here yesterday and looking quite well. They asked a great deal about you, and every letter from aunt Priscilla mentions you. Everybody congratulates me on your being so happily placed. You will be sorry to hear that Mr. Barrow's family has been thrown into great trouble by scarlet fever. The whole school was dispersed, re-assembled and dispersed a second time. A young lady who was staying there died in the house, and they don't know when they will get the boys together again. One great pleasure I anticipate on going home to-morrow, will be your letter which I suppose arrived to-day, or will do so to-morrow. The Dickens are to drink tea with us, Mordaunt is extremely grown, looks well, and is quite a dandy in appearance. I shall leave this open till to-morrow, I may have some home news to communicate, but for the present, goodnight.

"My beloved boy.

"Your most affectionate mother,

"C. G. TORLESSE."

TO THE REV. R. MOSLEY.

"*Jan.*, 1841.

"MY DEAR MR. MOSLEY,

"Tho' I do not know the pang of parting with an infant child, I know the many sweet endearments which even a very young child brings with it. I know too, the inexpressible feeling of seeing a child draw its last breath, but these are the scenes of love and hope and fears which belong to us as mortals, but I can tell you, as you doubtless feel with me, the

blessed feeling of knowing that you have a redeemed Saint before the Throne, member of the Church Triumphant. Yours scarcely having been an heir of sorrow, and now blessed for ever. I certainly did feel a great deal of pleasure about this baby for you both. Dear Susan has sympathised with me about almost everything, now she will know still better how to do so, and perhaps this trial might be sent to you as a Minister that you might know better how to sympathise with your people.

"My constant thoughts are with you, how glad I am that the dear girls are well. Kindest love to them and Susan.

"Yours affectionately,

"C. G. TORLESSE.

"Stoke,
"*Friday*."

To C. O. T.

"Stoke,
"*May 24th*, 1841.

"Priscilla is playing and singing Little Bo-Peep to Frances, who is sitting on her knee in her night-shift, as she is just come in to wish good-night. Frances sings and says 'more, more.' They have all been working in the garden this evening, as there are more weeds than the boy can clear away. The garden, however, looks pretty well, and we have plenty of asparagus and spinach. Miss Archer arrived at Aberdeen this day week, she had a very quick passage, but I have not heard from her since she got to Ellon, where she is to reside, 15 miles from Aberdeen. She spent a day here three days before she went to London, and was much out of spirits at leaving. Your uncle Edward is gone to America, so I can hear no private news, but the *New Zealand Journal* gives a letter from your uncle William, dated December 12th, 1840, which seems to speak of things going on pretty well at Port Nicholson; by the report, too, of the persons who had been to examine the Tomnaki country, it seems that the natives are preparing for the English, even going so far as to build houses upon speculation for the 'Pakekas.' I have, however, no answer to a letter I wrote your uncle last August, but it will not do to think of the time. Yesterday was the fifth Sunday since you sailed, fancy pictures you to me

till I get miserable, and try and forget you, but no, my dear boy, this plan never answers, there is no forgetting you or the cruel distance which separates us. My only refuge is prayer, and this soothes me into submission, and faith bids me see you happy in serving God, and being useful to your fellow creatures. I then go on to hope that you are progressing in your profession, and fitting yourself for independence by diligence and good conduct. Everybody says you have a good field put before you, and my sanguine hopes keep me up, but you, too, have suffered dearest boy; many a pang I know you have suffered. May this your first trial have led you to a Throne of grace, to Him who will hear the feeblest prayer, who will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. Stoke has lost its charm for me, and if it pleases God to point out the way I am ready to leave it for New Zealand.

"Last week we had the fair, and on Friday gave tea bread and butter, buns and pies, to 125 children who did not go to the fair. This was in the park where they all enjoyed themselves, playing till past 8 o'clock. One evening last week Priscy walked to Nayland with Papa, they were all well. Mrs. Harrold was buried on Wednesday, and Mr. Harrold talks of going to live with Mr. H. Liveing, and of selling Horkesley Park.

"Good-night precious boy,
"Your dear mother,
"C. G. TORLESSE."

To C. O. T. (when in Nelson).

"Stoke,
June 25, 1842.

"MY DEAREST BOY,

"Since the 15th, on which day a packet of letters went to you by the '*Olympus*,' cousin Susan has been staying here, and has written you a letter. Since she married she has not stayed so long with us before, but it is a farewell visit, as they are going very soon to Rotherham, near Sheffield in Yorkshire, to which living Mr. Mosley has lately been presented by Lord Effingham. I shall miss cousin very much, she has been a valuable friend to me for many years, and even now I shal

hope to see her sometimes if our lives are spared. She has two dear little girls whom you would like very much.

"Priscilla is going to stay with her schoolfellow, Ellen Faulkner, and Susan is at Felixstowe. We should seem a small party did not Louisa's spirits and movements create some variety. We employ the mornings industriously, and this makes the holidays more pleasant. Louisa is improved much in French and music. I hope Henry will go after the holidays to Mr. Fennel's, where Edward Liveing has been since Christmas. Mr. F. is a cousin of papa's, and takes 10 or 12 little boys, and we are told has much skill in managing them. Henry much wants a companion, and when George Liveing goes away, as he will after the holidays, he will feel it still more, besides he is not doing enough in the way of lessons. Kate is a dear, tractable child, and gives very little trouble, and Frances is the pet of the house, and the people in the village say 'she is the best of the lot.' Yesterday I received three New Zealand Gazettes, the 5th, 8th, and 12th of January, judge of my vexation at receiving no letters, when I tell you that the newspaper states that a ship, the '*Look-in*,' had just arrived from Nelson Haven and spoke well of the progress making in the colony. Oh, my dear boy, never grieve me by allowing any ship to go away without a letter. All my seven children left to me here seem nothing in comparison with yourself, but if I could have regular communication with you I should not feel so desolate.

"Mr. Mangles, one of the directors has put papa on the Church Committee for New Zealand, and we are trying to collect some funds, but they will be small. I comfort myself now that you have a clergyman settled amongst you. Oh, that my beloved boy may have grace to listen to the voice of God, and early give himself to His service. I wonder whether you have begun to build your church. Three evenings ago I walked to Nayland to see Mr. Liveing, who has been very ill from a large swelling at the back of his neck, indeed, he has been obliged to have a surgeon from Nayland, but he is getting better. Mrs. Liveing has another little girl, to be named Ellen, about a fortnight old. Fanny Liveing looked rather tired with nursing her father and attending to the little one, as Miss Stratford, Mary, and Sarah Ann are away. To please

Henry we went a little way up the river in the new boat. Henry rows much better than you would expect, it is a nice safe deep boat; Henry also bathes with George, and likes it extremely, he is much more manly than he was. And now, dearest boy, goodbye, God bless and keep you,

"Your very affectionate mother,

"C. G. TORLESSE."

TO THE SAME.

"STOKE,

"*March* 25, 1843.

"MY DEAREST BOY,

"I am told that Mrs. Young employed a great part of every day in writing to her son, and so one of her great sufferings must now be the missing of this occupation. My pleasure, dear boy, in writing to you is certainly much diminished by my not knowing whether you have received any of our letters. Certainly the pang of separation by death could hardly be greater, for I can hardly realise your being alive and my not knowing anything about you, but time is passing away, and we are quickly hastening to a rest from all trouble and cessation from all anxieties. Our dear friend Mr. Liveing has entered upon that eternal state. When I last wrote to you he was very ill, and on Friday, the 10th March, he was released from extreme suffering. His complaint was an uncommon one and called pharingitis, or inflammation in the swallow; his agonies were extreme from a sensation of suffocation, but three days before his death his throat was better, and hopes were entertained of his life, though he himself did not expect to recover. He sunk at last from the breaking of a blood vessel in the bowels. During the first part of his illness he was in miserable spirits, and could not perceive the salvation of the Gospel as applicable to himself; but it pleased God to remove all his doubts and fears, and he died in perfect peace. Papa had the privilege of administering the Sacrament to him just before he died, and almost the last words he said were, 'I am thankful,' in reference to the words used in that service in giving the wine. Though he had led such an exemplary and useful life, he felt no comfort in reflecting on his good deeds.

Every man who is enlightened by the Spirit of God, and views his life compared with the requirements of God, finds that he has come very short of what he ought to be, and must flee for safety to a better righteousness than his own. So our dear friend, he expressed his firm reliance on the merits of Christ and his utter rejection of any other source of comfort. Papa preached his funeral sermon at Nayland last Sunday afternoon to a crowded congregation of attentive weeping people; his text was from Acts: 'John fulfilled his course.' He spoke of John as a remarkable person in his birth, life, and death, which was sudden, and according to our judgment undesirable, for he was cut off in the prime of life, in the midst of usefulness, but still he fulfilled his course. So we have all a course to fulfill. God has given us all talents to use, work to do, and you, beloved one, may enquire whether you are fulfilling your course and doing God's will. I remember Mr. Liveing's talking the last night of your being at Stoke. You walked to the door with him, and he said it would always give him pleasure to hear of your doing well; you returned to the dining room and said, 'The words of such a man were enough to make anybody work.' He is gone and our loss is immense. You would think that the father of the country was removed, his exertions in his profession were so great and so successful, his character so large, his principles so great and honourable. I feel that I have suffered a great loss, and my children a greater. But God's will must be submitted to, and it is our wisdom as well as our duty to be silent. Dear Fanny sinks daily; she is so unlike herself, that she has taken but little notice of her father's death. Mrs. Liveing talks of living in the house where Mrs. Cook lived at Thurton Street, so we shall have the comfort of having them in our parish. Mr. Charles and Mr. Wm. Liveing have been down here, and we have shared with them the anxiety of intense watching while life lasted, and since, the sorrow of no common character, for such a loss.

"Last week I heard from your aunt Chapman, who had had a letter from uncle Arthur dated 29th August, in which your name was mentioned, but this is the only intimation we have about you. I have blessed God indeed for allowing me to hear of the arrival of the Bishop. Louisa says in her last letter, 'I

am very glad to hear the Bishop is at Nelson, now perhaps dear Charles will have an opportunity of hearing God's holy word.' Yes, dear boy, I can think with intense delight of your listening to the word of life, and earnestly pray that you may have grace to follow in the ways of holiness. Through mercy we are all well at this time; Susan's eyes remain finely. Louie and Henry are very happy at school. God bless you my ever beloved one, your very affectionate mother.

"C. G. TORLESSE."

TO S. MOSLEY.

"Stoke,

"*Jan. 9th*, 1850.

"MY DEAREST S.,

"Your short report this morning cheered us about dear Susie. Functionary and organic complaints are very different, and I do trust that it may please God to spare her life, still more do I pray for benefit to her soul. Tho' she may not be able to express herself, you cannot doubt that so many prayers will not be answered, tho' we cannot tell exactly in what way. Nehemiah made bold to be God's remembrancer, but dares not to be His councillor or prescriber. He remits the shaping of His answer to the greatness of His mercy. You do not know how much mercy may be in store for her, in being withdrawn from the world. For her life I dare not pray, but make bold to intercede earnestly for her soul's welfare, and for sustaining grace to be granted to you and her father, that your faith fail not or your strength forsake you. I trust that Mrs. Hadwen and Susan may shortly render you some assistance with the other children, if not with her, and that I may hear full particulars from them. When we were taken into Covenant with God He was bound to attend to our cry to sustain our faltering steps. When the world would have had you dearest S., you were snatched away and made to know the Truth, even almost against your will, I am sure I was. How rich the portion of such will only be fully known in the Ages of Eternity.

"Your very affect.,

"C. G. T."

To F. H. T.

"*Oct. 23rd, Saturday*, 1852.

"Dearest Chickey,

"I am glad you were able to make out Henry's letters, which I hardly expected. Long ere this I hope the '*Minerva*' is getting into the Trades, which make ships go along merrily. Miss Dyer has sent most excellent letters home in five months, they had built all their farm premises, and the house was to be finished in a fortnight. They had 8 cows, calves in proportion, pigs, poultry, etc. She says fuschias grow into large trees, and that they make excellent pies and puddings of the berries. Mrs. Macnamara came on Tuesday with Oona and stays till Monday. Nora and Emily, of course, have been very happy, but I hope their great pleasure will not make them idle. They have lessons of Mr. Hardacre and get on nicely with him. Emily is collecting seeds for Henry, chiefly forest trees, and Oona's chief amusement is playing with Zillah and the kittens. I am very pleased to hear that you can make such good use of your fingers, as nearly to accomplish a flannel petticoat in an evening. You will make work scarce. Who should arrive just as we had finished tea last Saturday but aunt Bridges, she was only 36 hours in the house as she left again on Monday morning, but we gobbled her up and enjoyed her company 'immensely,' as Henry would say. She looks a good deal older, but seems in good health and tolerable spirits, having received much comfort from Charles' state of mind, though his sufferings were terrible to witness. I hope your parcel will contain the supply for all your wants, and that you will receive it on Monday.

"Your loving Mother,
"C. G. T.

"I have a small thermometer hanging in my room which Henry left for you, and which I know you will like to watch for his sake as well as for remarking the heat and the cold."

To F. H. T.

"Stoke,
"*Nov. 4th*, 1852.

"My Dearest Child,

"My first intention after reading your letter this morning, was to write you a long and comforting letter, but

just as I had taken my pen in my hand an alarm was given saying that Martin and his son were killed in King's well in Polstead Street. This proved too true. They had gone halfway down the well and were repairing the brickwork, when owing to the late heavy rains, the earth gave way above them, and they are now buried under an immense weight of bricks. Many men are at work, but there is no probability of the bodies being got out to-night. You may fancy what a scene there is with the two Mrs. Martins, Mrs. Boggins the daughter, and the eldest son who has just arrived from London. To be cut off so suddenly, and I fear, in such an unprepared state, is indeed awful. Mrs. Martin herself, I hope, is a Christian woman, who has sought God before this day of bitter trouble was appointed, therefore am I persuaded that she will not be deserted, because He has promised to be with His people, even though He may see fit to afflict them.

"Tassie, I believe, is going to the Duke's (Wellington) funeral, and for that purpose will stay at Mrs. Macnamara's. She is going to make us all presents on her 21st birthday. She talked of giving you a small writing case like Emily's; would you like that or anything else better? Tell me in your next. The cat, kittens, dog, etc., are quite well, and we still have a few flowers in the vases, but are surrounded by floods.

"God bless you my precious child.

"Your very affect.,
"C. G. T."

To F. H. T.

"*Aug.*, 1853.

"My Dearest Child,

"Your later more comfortable letter was welcome to me this morning. I gather from it, however, that you need more control over your feelings, remember that he who conquers himself is a greater hero than he who can head an army, and that this is the battle which as Christians we are daily called upon to fight. . . . . You want patience with yourself too, as well as with others, because your health gives you trials from which many are free. In this Susan is a bright example; she has suffered more or less for fourteen years, and

many is the struggle which she has had, and though it has been a great trial to see her suffer, I have reason to believe that it has been much blessed in subjecting her will to that of God. The Apostle tells us, Cor. 2, 10, 5, to bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. If you had no trials at school you would have no discipline, which you acknowledged to me was so good for you, so take courage and endeavour to bear everything cheerfully.

"Your very affect.,
"C. G. T."

To F. H. T.

"*Oct. 27th*, 1853.

"DEAREST FANNY,

"I delighted myself all yesterday with thinking of the pleasure which you would have in seeing dear aunt and this was some compensation to me for her departure, which nevertheless we felt very much. It has indeed been a gleam of bright sunshine to us all.

"Dear Susan continues very nicely and sketches almost every day, as she wishes to catch some autumn tints which are fast fading away. Sometimes she draws in the pony chaise, and sometimes on Mrs. Murring's donkey, for she cannot now walk far, still I feel some hope that she may go on improving if it pleases God. Priscilla will, I suppose, go to Weymouth in about a month, and I shall be glad she should do so, for she certainly looks very poorly. I suppose you have heard that papa was going to-day to the funeral of his unhappy cousin (Rachael Jackson) in Lambeth, and hopes to return with Tassy to-morrow night. You may fancy that Susan's company in such nice health and spirits seems to give us almost new life. I hope we shall show our gratitude by renewed love and obedience. Share this feeling with us, dear child, it may give fresh vigour to your prayers and your actions. I am glad you proceed better with your bedroom companion. I can also promise you, though I am not with you and can hardly tell what your daily routine is, that you will find her more and more agreeable, if you are forbearing and making it your daily and hourly study to please and do her good. You may quite rely on our correspondence

being kept quite secret. I hate very much anything like a profession of religion, so that I should carefully forbear mentioning anything of the sort in my children, though, at the same time, I do very much like to know what is passing in their hearts. Besides, we are commanded and encouraged as to the exercise of intercessory prayer, and by your confiding in me fully I may be able to speak to God for you, and feel sure that He will fan the spark of grace into a flame some day, and why? Because He who first gave the spark, will not leave His own work imperfect. Then, again, 'He will not break the broken reed or quench the smoking flax.' To this tender care and guidance I constantly commend you, dear child.

"Your very loving mother,
"C. G. T."

To F. H. T.

"*March 4th*, 1853.

"MY VERY DEAR CHILD,

". . . This morning I received a most kind note from Mrs. Montgomery (Ann Cook's mistress) asking if you might pay her a little visit in London. This note I shall send to Miss Cahusac, and I dare say she will arrange for your going on some day when you have not a Master. She speaks so highly of Ann and her sisters that I was quite pleased. She says that little Miss Fanny is held up as a model in her nursery, so, of course, something will be expected of you. Mr. Montgomery is a clergyman well known in London, and preaches at Percy Chapel. Tassie is going to Miss Cahusac's as a boarder; of course, she will have a room to herself and you may only see her at meals or of an evening, but she says she shall walk with you sometimes. Much of her time, I suppose, will be occupied in singing, but she also intends to read steadily.

"Susan was here yesterday, looking remarkably well; she is beginning to read and draw again, and is in excellent spirits, quite like her former self, but I do not know when she will come home, as Mr. Fenn objects to her leaving Nayland till the weather is warmer.

"Priscilla remains at Wanstead till next week. Uncle and

aunt C. had engaged to take her to Exeter Hall last Wednesday Even: to hear the Creation, which I hope she enjoyed.

"The sick are all better, except George Chisnall, whose disease is very serious. Miss Greenup was so kind as to give me a sovereign for the poor, so that I am to-day making the fourth copper of soup which they much enjoy this cold weather. Letters have arrived from Sydney this week, dated October. Minnie relates one capital story as follows:—Mrs. L—, the Governor's Lady, was looking at some silk dresses in a shop at Melbourne. She pointed out one which she admired, but said to the shopkeeper that it 'was too dear for her.' A gold digger, who stood by, said presently, 'Cut me off a dress of that silk for my missis, and cut one for that 'ere woman, for she seems to like it.' To this the shopkeeper replied in a whisper, 'Did you know that she is the Governor's Lady?' 'Never mind,' said the man, 'she seems to like the colour, let her have it.' Miss G. told this with her excellent Yorkshire accent, and made us all laugh. I saw plenty of snowdrops this morning in Mrs. Hazle's garden and wish that I could send some to Miss Cahusac. The snow, I hope, is going away by degrees, but it has been dismal. The aneroid has proved most correct in foretelling the arrival of snow by dropping extremely. Last Saturday and Sunday I was very uneasy at the disappearance of Pussy and thought you would be vexed at her death. All my calling on Sunday was in vain, but on Monday morning Songar found her in the loft and she is now at my elbow at every meal. I often feed her for your sake.

"Now, dearest, farewell, may God bless and guide you every day and every hour of your life,

"Your loving mother,
"C. G. T."

To F. H. T.

"Wanstead,
"*May 18th*, 1854.

"I found a long letter from Emily, the best part of her packet was a little mat which Arthur had made within the week for me. Emily only threaded his needle and made the knots, he fastened every row off himself, there are 30 rows in it. I

shall put it in my *treasure* drawer, the child who would persevere in doing such a thing as that, must have something in him. . . . On Sunday, I was woefully stupid from weariness, but I was glad to be present with Harry Chapman at his first Communion and hope that the whole occasion of that and his Confirmation may be blessed to him. . . . On Monday, I went to Knightsbridge, where I found your grandpapa in bed with erysipelas, he was certainly very ill; to-day I have a worse account of him, and never expect to see him again; though he was a very old man and I quite expected his removal, I feel the parting very much, he has always been an affectionate parent and only too indulgent to me when I was young."

To F. H. T.

"Stoke,
"*June 9th*, 1854.

"My Darling Child,

"I do not like to let the week pass away as you do without writing, but perhaps I shall be brief to-day as Mr. M. the school inspector is here and I feel rather muddled from being in the schoolroom. I hope he is satisfied, but he has such a cool unfeeling way of examining, so entirely like a matter of system merely, that I cannot tell what his opinion may be, perhaps I may discover something at dinner. Poor M. A. Boggis is glad enough that this day is over as far as the examination is concerned. We are quite satisfied with what she has done, tho' perhaps Mr. M. finds fault as he looks very much to apparatus, etc. When you come home Miss Greenup is going to give the Fenns, Curreys, and first class in Merton's school a treat in our garden which I hope you will enjoy. Mr. M. again kissed M. J. who is the very plague of the school. It is a sad encouragement to naughty children.

"I have had capital accounts from Susan and forward her letter that you may see how comfortable she is. I have been very busy, which is a good cure for dulness, nevertheless I miss her extremely and if it pleases God I shall be glad of your company, a very good compensation, but I believe she will not

stay long, she talks of returning with Susey Mosley early in July. Priscilla has a project of going by an excursion train and taking you to the exhibition, but I am doubtful whether she will be able to carry it out. It would make your day of coming home a very fatiguing one, but you have not yet told us on what day you hope to come home and perhaps I set my mind on it too much. The Liveings are to begin with their new governess on the 15th, rather unfortunate for you as they will not have holidays for some time. P. and I went to Colchester yesterday and bought a new dinner set and some forks, changing away the old coffee pot, as the new one is to be given on the 21st. Mr. Currey showed me the plate consisting of a round teapot, a sugar basin, an upright coffee pot and cream jug, very solid and handsome but not showy. The inscription is :—

"From the members of the Stoke and Melford Union in remembrance of the active services of Rev. G. Torlesse, for 25 years as Honorary Treasurer.

"Your very affectionate,
"C. G. T.

"Kind love to Miss Cahusac and Emily.
"I had a better account from Emily on Monday."

To F. H. T.

"Stoke,
April 19, 1854.

"My Dearest Child,

"I shall long to know who your new companions are, you say 'they will not affect you much.' Do not think this, for you must be more or less influenced by those with whom you have daily intercourse. There is, however, one simple rule. Be kind and obliging to all, but only make friends of those who love and fear God. Emily has a Christian mother who would rejoice in knowing that her daughter was making progress in the best way. Think of this, pray to be directed aright and God may enable you to be useful to one who is deprived of a father and has an excellent mother deeply anxious about her. Papa says you may have drawing lessons if Miss C. thinks you have the time for them. This I know you will like only I am afraid of your applying too much. I liked your description of

the church, Mr. Allom was the architect. I forgot before to tell you that P. and I went to the Catholic Apostolic Church, it cost as it is £40,000 but is not nearly completed. As a building it is exquisite but sadly Popish in many parts, and I have no doubt that the observances and preaching greatly tend to put outward things in the place of spiritual, and thus obscure the beauty and freeness of the Gospel. Now dear child farewell, may God bless and guide you.

"Your Loving Mother,
"C. G. T."

To F. H. T.

"Stoke,
Aug. 10*th*, 1855.

"My Dearest Fanny,

". . . . Yesterday I was delighted at a visit from the Rev. John Smith who used to be dear Henry's private tutor at Brighton. He was staying at Dedham and came over to enquire after him. I remembered the great affection with which Henry had named him and had often asked me to enquire about Mr. Smith if I could. He asked after Henry with the affection of a brother and really his visit was a treat, he does seem to be such a nice person. He is now one of the Masters at Harrow. . . . .

"Your very affect.
"C. G. T."

To F. H. T.

"Stoke,
"*Aug.* 17, 1855.

"My Dearest Fanny,

"I would not write till after yesterday, because I thought you would like to have some account of the school fête which went off well, the day being very fine. The tables were nicely set out in Mrs. Munning's barn, which was decorated with the addition of the French and English flags. 176 children gobbled up bread and butter, and excellent plum cake and tea, all better than usual as they have a new housekeeper. Plenty

of play succeeded, races, etc., till 8.20, but at 8 I was obliged to leave, being quite beat, not only from standing and walking about for 5 hours, but also from mental feelings. None of my own dear ones, who used to take such pleasure in these things, being there, I could not help feeling it all, though I hope my sorrows were well concealed, for I endeavoured to take an active part for others, which is always a good secondary means for alleviating grief. The children in whom you take particular interest always receive much attention from me. I have visited the infant school regularly twice a week, and intend to do so, for, as Emily Vince had her holiday at Ipswich, she goes on keeping school, whilst the others are gleaning. She is much improved and I am now satisfied that her children are doing well. Charlotte and her little boy, born last week, are also well. I have had little Charlotte here several times, and find her a very good child. Priscilla arrived at Rybourne on Tuesday but seems to have left Rotherham with great regret as she had become attached to the children, who begged her to stay . . .

"Baby (E. T. Liveing) grows sweetly and really takes a great deal of notice, considering that he is not yet 7 weeks old.

"Your very affectionate,

"C. G. T."

To F. H. T.

"*Sept.* 19, 1855.

"My Dearest Fanny,

"After I last wrote we were kept in a good deal of excitement about Sebastopol, and our musical party which all went off nicely. Mrs. G. and Mrs. K. were a little jealous of Miss Pickersgill but these things always happen, I believe where unbroken harmony should exist. Papa praised the supper, and this was credit to me though I had really devoted more time and thought to it than perhaps I ought to have done. On Friday I drank tea at Thurton Street. Mr. Calverley had just arrived uninvited and unexpected; he announced himself by whistling in the garden . . . Anna is making a nice chalk drawing of the baby, who engrosses Tassie so completely that

nobody sees much of her. They declare that she spends all the morning in dressing him and all the evening in undressing him. I know that after dinner she lies down with him for an hour, so there is not much time for her friends. On Monday I went in Mr. P's omnibus to Bentley for Mr. Cheetham, and yesterday Papa took him to Colchester on his way back to Cambridge. He seems to be a man of a decidedly prayerful and devoted mind, with great industry and determination of character. He will not give any answer about going to Rangiora, till an answer is received from Charles, as to many matters relating to the church, but he seems to have a real missionary spirit, and I do trust that he may be sent to them 'in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Peace.' He is superintendent of a most interesting Sunday School at Cambridge, containing 1,000 children. Forty undergraduates are the teachers. Among these, this year there is a man likely to be Senior Classic, last year one teacher was a high Wrangler. It is very delightful to see men of talent devoting themselves in this way. On Friday at 2 o'clock they all visit the different districts, and in this way every house in which resides a Sunday School child is visited once a week. The school is divided into four grades. The first learn a good deal, the last nothing, by heart. Mr. Cheetham fixes the lessons for the whole school, and on Sunday afternoon, after the teachers leave to go to church at 4 o'clock, he gives an address to the whole school. He must be a man of some power to manage all this, but he is extremely modest in speaking of himself.

"Susan had a most happy letter from Priscilla this morning; she seems to be quite interested in helping Georgie with her children and in other ways, and wishes to stay longer.

"Your very affectionate

"C. G. T."

To F. H. T.

"*22nd Dec.*, 1855.

"Joy, joy, ten letters from Rangiora within 3 days. The dutiful, affectionate, serious tone of them is perfectly delightful, and I am led to wonder at God's mercy to one, so unworthy as myself, in granting me such a favour. Of course I send them

first to Priscilla but you shall have some of them soon; in the meanwhile I give you the salient points.

"... Eliza Harrington was living with Mrs. Townsend; Tom went to Rangiora but soon left them, at which I am not surprised.

"... They write capitally about the war. Besides the Patriotic Fund the ladies of Canterbury were likely to raise £1,000 for the sick, Miss Nightingale's Fund, etc. Are they not plucky people? Henry says a man ought to sell the shirt off his back sooner than not give to it. I like to see their hearty English spirit. The Harringtons and Frosts were all going to settle at Rangiora, for which I am very glad, as they are such nice people. The men were going to build the church and old Mrs. H. will be a comfort wherever she goes. Papa and I went to Colchester yesterday to have a photograph made for Charles, but I cannot tell you yet whether it will do. The man and his wife go about in a very smart house on wheels—parlour, kitchen, bedroom and all; so it is rather like a Trucker, however, Papa had a fancy for it and I hope it will answer. I took a great liking to the artist because he reminded me of Charley ...

"P. will send you on a letter of Henry's which please return to me as I shall like to look at it again.

"Yours very affect.

"C. G. T."

To Henry T.

"*Aug.*, 1858.

"... How shall I tell you, my precious Henry, of my delight at beholding your photograph, which arrived two days ago. It was a present to Fanny, and she is delighted with it; it is a *gift* to me. However your own modesty may shrink from it, I suppose Eliza will not object to my saying that you are much better looking than I ever expected you would be. Fanny exclaimed, 'People will say we have got a handsome brother!' The beard and moustache, which even on your dear face I consider odious, alter your mouth and chin, of course, but the eyes, forehead, and expression are what they were, only improved, partly, I suppose, owing to the great improvement in your health since the days of your sufferings in England.

"15th Aug. This has been a red-letter day in my life, for this morning arrived your letters to your father and to me, dated April 21st and 24th, announcing your having been able to give up your work as shepherd, intending by God's grace to devote yourself to the Ministry of the Word. How shall I bless God enough, how shall I show my gratitude and love, how are my desires about to be granted, how are my prayers about to be answered? In my last letters to you and Priscilla, I wrote particularly on the subject of your preparation for Orders; though it has long been on my mind I was more especially drawn to it by your letter to C. Holland. In Psalm 77, 19, it says of God, 'Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known.' So, indeed, God has worked wonderfully for you; at one time things seemed tolerably smooth for your going to College here, and it was thought by some that this would lead to your taking Orders, though I well remember myself your saying that you did not feel either the inclination or the power for such an office. No, you were to be led through troubled waters that God might see what was in your heart, and thereby, I trust, fitted to be a workman who needed not to be ashamed, a Pastor for such a flock as has been gathered round you at Rangiora. Beloved, I bid you God-speed, I pray daily and hourly to teach you by His Holy Spirit so that you may be able to teach others.

"I have longed to send a man from England, and have tried to do so, but in many respects you and your wife may be better suited; you will be satisfied with moderation as to income, and the inconveniences as to colonial life do not deter, and will be more cheerfully borne by you.

"... Your father is, I think, much pleased, for he mentions the subject to everybody. Cousin Hornidge was here, and deeply sympathised with us, and we have received aunt Bridges' assurances of rejoicings with us, as well as Charles Holland.

"... My head is full of plans for getting you books, and conjectures as to how you will commence your work. I desire not to be too confident for you or for myself, only while we tremble about ourselves are we safe, because then we lean on Almighty strength. From Charles Holland I am sure you

will receive excellent advice, and I believe you will have plenty of books by the next ship.

"Charles Holland preached two excellent sermons to-day, especially the one in the afternoon. 'In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.' I trust many felt interested. I cannot believe such a sermon has been preached in vain.

" . . . Your very loving mother,

"C. G. T."

To F. H. T. (relating to Mr. Storr's illness).

"Stoke,

"1865.

". . . Your report, dearest F., is indeed distressing to one's natural feelings, I am thankful that you are able to help Amy. Her mother nursed my favourite brother when he appeared to be in the greatest danger, and I am glad that one belonging to me should do the slightest thing for Amy; more than this I have a sincere esteem and affection for Mr. Storr himself, and I most earnestly pray that this rod of correction may bring him fully into the Bonds of the Covenant. Give my affectionate love to Mr. Storr if he is able to receive a message, and tell him that I earnestly pray God to give him faith and peace in believing."

To F. H. T.

"Stoke,

"*Oct.*, 1864.

". . . . Mrs. Parsons (in New Zealand) is a remarkable instance of struggling against difficulties; she was the first mover in getting the church built, and now, I have no doubt, she will have a parsonage. Then, from the first, I have seen in her the faith which strengthens the soul, and nerves the limbs when otherwise they would be powerless. On Sunday morning came a note saying Mr. Bryan was ill in bed, so papa went there in the afternoon, of which I was glad, as he was nervous about the christening; however, all has been beautifully quiet, though the church was extremely full. Mr. S. read the service so that it was well heard. The babies were very quiet,

and he preached a fair sermon. When he was entering the names afterwards he said, 'Funny little dears, one face was nearly smothered in a bonnet, nice little pigs, aren't they?' How would the parents have liked this? Still, the same man, I believe, had taken great pleasure in reading the beautiful service which always brings tears to my eyes, remembering my own nine dear children who were brought to that same font, I trust in such faith as ensured a blessing. Some have entered on the 'Inheritance' then secured, and the rest, I hope, are pressing into the Kingdom.

"Dear love to Amy,

"Your most loving mother,

"C. G. T."

To F. H. T.

(1867.)

"My visit to Hinton does indeed bear reflection; it is instructive and comforting to be with a person so stepping into heaven as uncle appears to be; his bodily life appears to be like a flickering flame, but his soul is indeed raised above earth; dear aunt and the babe (Susan H. Brown) are constantly before my eyes."

To F. H. T.

(1868).

"Sunday was a miserable day, but yesterday a great change took place, and like an old crumpled butterfly I got into the sun and unfolded my limbs by calling to see Mrs. K. and others. The malignant fever at Terling has alarmed the authorities, so to-morrow Sir Charles, Mr. Fenn, and Mr. Royston are going to inspect drains, etc. . . . At Terling the sewerage has gone into the wells, 110 cases in a population of 900—ten servants at Lord Raleigh's. . . . We have got Liddon's Bampton Lectures, do you think we shall ever pick such a tough bone?"

To F. H. T.

"*Wednesday, April 13th*, 1870.

"You will not be surprised dearest F. to learn that another fit has terminated the life of our kind friend Mr. Fenn. He was

seized at one o'clock this morning but lived till five, tho' without speaking. I remember with comfort that he said 'his illness had been the greatest blessing of his life,' this Mr. Fenn told me the day he came into the study. The loss is a public one, and for us he was not only a skilful medical adviser but a warm and valuable friend. Edward told me the day before yesterday that he had suffered much pain for several days. . . .

"The people here seem all astir this morning and many will feel the loss, though Edward is very deservedly popular, still he is young. . . ."

Letters from Harriet Bridges.

To Susan Leeds.

"Old Newton,

"*Wednesday.*

(1835 *or* '36.)

"My Dearest Susan,

"I have been wishing to write to you for some days but *really* have not had a spare moment. In the first place I must declare my griefs at the idea of adding to dear Cath.'s troubles and Naomi's cares and your occupations, by sending John Henry to Stoke. But what *can* I do? I knew nothing about the plan till it was laid and executed, and now I suppose there is no appeal. I really am vexed and though I am *as* much rejoiced at the thought of this dear child being so well taken care of, yet I should have been glad to have sent him to you in a *little* better order than he is at present. I think you will find that one *great* point needs attention, which will include almost everything else, that is, the subjugation of his will. Miss R. certainly fails with him, and lately he has rebelled about everything. He is very determined when he chooses, but I find that a *decided* measure is generally effectual. Like Ht. he easily finds out when he can teaze anyone and of course this ought never to be found out. He had begun to read nicely, but now he finds out that he cannot read words of two letters yet. The less notice taken of him the better. I have just been giving him a sham, but very solemn dose of salts, for eating green leaves and pease, etc., which he is very fond of doing. Dear Susan, you know my *first* wishes for him and I know yours

coincide, and I feel thankful that you will have so close an opportunity of studying the disposition of this dear child, whom grace can change and renew, and make a vessel fit for honour meet for the Master's use.

"Now for yourselves. When I found that the die was really cast, and that you had resolved to bid adieu to Suffolk as your home, my heart sank and I could not help indulging the repeated hope that something might intervene to detain you here, yet my *judgment* I believe remains substantially the same, that is so far as leaving Stoke is concerned. I confess that had the slightest idea of Ipswich becoming bearable to you ever entered my mind, I should thoroughly have urged your giving your residence in that place very mature consideration, as it does appear a very formidable step for you, to remove so far from those who feel the most nearly interested in your welfare. There are so very few with whom I can confer confidentially that personally I should have opposed your going with all my might. But I trust we shall all find that this important step in your lives has been all planned and ordered by infinite wisdom and love.

"Your very affect.

"H. B."

To C. G. T.

"*Monday.*

"My Dearest Catherine,

"My husband has been desiring me to write and has taken away almost all my time for doing so, so that a short letter must be the fruit of such inconsistency. We are delighted at the prospect of seeing you here next Wednesday fortnight, a long time to look forward to but a very pleasant anticipation, if it please God to permit it to be realised. You will not come alone *unless* it should be for the sake of more perfect rest to you, and that you can leave the dear chicks comfortably. Tell Susan we shall be quite pleased to see her after your visit, but upon terms which may not be so pleasing to her, *i.e.*, our Missionary Anniversary will be at the time she is with us, will she mind a little Boggisifying if our house (of large dimensions)

should happen to be full? I have another plan in my head but the times and means of executing it I must write again about, *i.e.*, I want one of your children here for a little, which I leave the choice to yourself, only suggesting from what you say of Anna the change might be beneficial to her. You give I daresay a faithful picture of your little party, if I can at all judge from my own, I suppose what we daily and hourly see to grieve over in our dear children, is especially intended for our own humiliation, and I often think that nothing short of what I *do* see in them, would counteract my sad indolence in bringing them to God in prayer. The varieties in their dispositions, failings and virtues are quite curious, Harriet and Johnny are in some respects alike, but still very distinct. The latter is very much improved, and the three weeks in which Miss Ritchie had the entire management of him did wonders. Still he is very violent at times, only that he is easily brought round again. H. is in some respects going on well, but it is curious to see how she takes advantage of me. Just now she was practising very steadily and good temperedly. I have brought my writing in, to go on with here, in order to hear her practise. She instantly put herself out of humour without anything to account for it except my presence. I should be quite puzzled by this sort of thing, if it did not *precisely* bring myself to recollection with my dearest mother. No one I am sure I loved half so dearly yet to no one, till I gained habits of self control and obedience did I display so much temper. Little disputes among themselves are their great faults, a want of mutual forbearance. H. is now trying for a prize for a month's continuance without a quarrel with Charley. *He* has been very naughty the last few days, putting himself into *violent* passions with me, upon very slight grounds. This morning I have given him a severe whipping, and he is gone to bed without being yet restored to favour. He *looks* quite unconcerned, but I have reason to think there is more *feeling* about him than in the others, and more real conviction when he does wrong. I do not mean *spiritual* conviction, that I cannot discern in any one of them. *That* I do earnestly desire to wait and pray for with far more earnestness than I do. Charley's timidity and fretfulness are a great misfortune to him. His dread of animals or of the slightest difficulty, such as

passing over a narrow bridge, etc., is extreme. What would you judge the best means of producing more manliness of character? Our parish is going on in the same way, new preachers three or four times a week. They had a camp meeting at Stowmarket on Sunday, 10 preachers and I understand 4,000 hearers. One of our S. S. Teachers has left her place *in the afternoon*. I shall be thought dreadfully bigotted I daresay, but I have told her that I cannot conscientiously allow it, and have intimated that I must seek for another in her place if she cannot settle herself among us. Do you approve of this proceeding? I am writing in an immense bustle. *Perhaps* I shall write again in two or three days, and will then tell you what you owe me for bonnets but I want you to recollect how many you have had. I have had my hair cut off quite close to my head. Chas. sighs over my false front and gone-by charms, but I tell him it is in vain, I was getting quite bald and feared I might wholly lose the roots of my hair.

"Adieu dearest Cath., it is, I fear, too late for the post.

"Your very affect.

"H. B."

To Susan Leeds.

"*March 26th* (1835 *or* '36).

"My Dearest Susan,

"It seems such an age since we have heard from each other, that my pen is determined to take a spirit this morning, and as dear Catherine requested to hear whether or no we could accept her very tempting invitation for next week, I shall address you instead of her. Charles would, I think, have been quite pleased to have spent a night or two at Stoke, independent of the bribe held out in the sale, but really next week it is quite out of the question. In the first place he *could not think* (this you are to tell Charles) *of breaking through the new rules and regulations* which are to be proposed at the Clerical meeting next Wednesday, by non-attendance, especially as the said rules, etc., were invented and drawn up, etc., by a certain Rev. gentleman named C. M. Torlesse! ! ! And *pour moi*, I mean to go with him very much in the hope of meeting this brother of

mine, who cannot, I am sure, think of absenting himself. So you must do all you can to induce him to go. Another reason which would prevent my going to Stoke at present, is that the little boys have the whooping-cough. I hope Charley will have it slightly, tho' not so much so as Harriet had. John Henry has it rather severely, but there does not seem any inflammation on the chest, and he is vastly merry during the greater part of the day, and looks blooming, owing, I believe, to the violence of the cough, which strains the little veins of his face. Tho' I have been doctoring half the parish, I felt more comfortable in having Mr. Bree's advice for my own chicks. Your god-son is a most curious little body. Miss Ritchie is very anxious to get him in to some sort of order, and she is beginning to succeed, and lately he has grown very anxious to learn his letters, etc., again. Charley had a Bible given to him on Tuesday, which was his birthday, as a reward for being able to read in it, which he does not do yet *very* fluently. His powers of comprehension are very slow, and he says the most simple things possible, but his memory is retentive, and he has much more application than Harriet. Our great difficulty still is the *proneness* to disagree in H. and C., such continual interference in H. In other things I think I may report a decided improvement, and though Miss R. is very strict and unyielding, yet H., seeing that nothing is passed over and that every attentive lesson and every intention of right behaviour is noticed, and tells as well as her faults, she seems to feel a confidence in Miss R. and an interest in what she does which she never evinced before. I really think I have much cause for thankfulness in having so valuable a person to co-operate with me in the charge of my dear children. It makes me long more than ever that dear Catherine had such a helper. In her last letter I gathered that she was going to try and get on as well as she could without help, but dear Susan, how can she do that, especially if you should go out and M. A.? What are your plans, dear? And when will you come to see us? After next week we shall be at liberty, and truly glad to see you, and you might bring one of the children who has had the whooping-cough. I have written a sad stupid letter, for I wrote part of it in the schoolroom, in the midst of French and history, etc., and part downstairs with Chas. 'Come dear, haven't you

done yet?' Tell me how all the dear children are, and all the news. I am feasting on Mrs. H. More. Has Catherine heard anything of her poor brother Edward?

"Adieu, dear love, from us both to all,

"Your very affect.,

"H. B."

To Susan Mosley.

(*Between* 1837–'42.)

"My Dearest Susan,

"There is still one more sack of potatoes belonging to you, besides the one now about to be sent. You have paid me for four sacks; you will, when the next sack is gone, owe,

4 sacks at 3/	...	12/
Carriage of do.	...	4/
Apples	... ...	3/
		19/

"If I *should* chance to send you a basket of eggs, it will be because they cost me nothing, because I don't know what else to do with them, and because I daresay you can all eat them, and because too, I was always accustomed to send a *Tithe* of our Easter offering (which is paid in eggs !) to my dear mother as the patroness of this living, and you live in the same house and so ———. 140 eggs are just brought in after deducting sundry perquisites for the clerk, old Mrs. Carbonne, etc. I shall feast the Stoke children on them when they come next week; I expect them on Tuesday. Naomi looked most gay when she called here on Wednesday. Dear Catherine, I greatly feel for her. I wrote to M. A. on Tuesday, and to-day have had a nice letter from her. She is quite well, excepting having swollen her arm by writing, which I daresay rest will remedy. Think of their choosing our wedding-day for their own, the 25th, so you must put up a thought for us as well as for them on that day. O, how have goodness and mercy followed me for the last 17 years! M. A. begs you to let the Chevalliers know the day, and any others who will pray for them. I had very little

idea of my poor Charley going on with his papa on Monday, as it was to depend on the weather. I am very anxious to hea. how the experiment answered, of his being under his father's wing, and I thought it might tend to bring them more together, to more dependance on the child's part on his father, and more control over the child.

"J. Henry is a very different child altogether; his will wants much curbing, but as to teaching, etc., it is an interesting task from his intelligence and energy in acquiring knowledge. He is very backward and awkward in all manual employments, and you would smile to see his attempts at writing, and hopping, and jumping.

"Think of you sending the baby's things home *ironed*, when I wanted them only rough dried. O vous silly little chose."

To S. M.

"*June 9th*, 1848 (?).

"My Dearest Susan,

"Many's the time that I have hoped to sit down to write to you, not such a nice chat as I had from *you*, which was a real treat, and brought our Sheffield meeting vividly to my remembrance, but a little scrap at any rate just to keep the engine going—I was going to say keep the flame alive, but I think we both feel that if our correspondence were to cease for a year, our love and interest in each other, and each other's concerns, would not diminish. If I can, I must try and answer your dear children's very nice letters, which pleased me very much. Nannie would have thanked you for your very pretty presents to her over and over again if wishing and intending were the same as doing. But she is a sad spendthrift of time, and consequently seldom has any at her disposal. However, I do not mean to wait for her, I hope it will not be long before she follows in my train. I thought your general report of yourself, dearest Susan, I mean including *yours* as well as you, rather more comfortable. I mean you seemed to be a *little* more free from the many and heavy cares which encompass your path. And as they do not appear to be of your own making, you must take them as the portion your Lord appoints for you, and as

needful for the process which His grace is carrying on in your soul, as the sharp frosts and rough blasts of winter are for the production of the autumn fruits. But we go on (*knowing* all this) shrinking from our medicine, as if we forgot the beneficial effects it had again and again produced; and forgot, too, how we had been made to thank and praise our Heavenly Father for administering it. This is at least *my* experience, and I daresay it is in some measure yours, tho' I hope you have learnt a little more than I have in the school of Christ's cross and discipline. I will tell you, however, what I hope I *have* learnt a *little* more of lately, and that is the privilege of casting every care, great and small, as it arises, upon God, and that on the ground of His Own assurance. '*He careth for you.*' I have felt this especially under our anxiety about the disposal of our dear Anna Maria, for this weighty matter is not yet settled. If we have, as we profess to have done, really given her to Him, both in His Own ordinance, and again and again since, and if it is indeed our first desire that she should be His, either taken to serve Him above, or fitted to glorify Him on earth, should we not believe that He accepts the offering, and if so, that He will not refuse to direct us into the *best* means of educating her for Himself? When I can thoroughly stand upon this ground, I feel that I can use every exertion, that so I shall be led at last to a decision with so much more confidence, and this I trust we may be enabled to do soon. . . ."

To Susan Mosley.

"O. Newton,
"*Nov. 7th.* 1848.

"My Dearest Susan,

". . . I must tell you how often, how very often, I have thought and almost talked with you since you were here. Perhaps as the shortness of your visit was so entirely out of our control, I ought not to indulge the feelings of regret which *will* arise, that it *was* so short, and rather to be thankful that we were permitted to meet at all. Surely I have written to you once since. We were out a month, *i.e.* 3 Sundays, and have scarcely been alone till the last week since our return. In fact

we are not alone now, only as our present inmate will be with us till Xmas we go on in our usual routine. Think of us engaged in the happy and lucrative calling of Pupilizing. I wish I could hear of a governess for you. I should advise you writing to Anne at once, 2, Red Lion Square, when she might (if you describe your wants) be able otherwise to supply them, as she is so much in contact now with teachers of almost all grades. She paid us a valuable little visit about three weeks ago, pleasant in all ways, but specially useful for the care and pains she took with Eddie, and I do hope she has found the secret of mastering his stammering, in reading, though he hesitates a good deal still when he wants to express his own ideas. I give him from an hour to an hour and a half regularly every morning now, which I find is enough, and he is thoroughly proud of his little lessons. After they are over (tell your girls) he has a little paint box which Aunt Anne gave him and which is a great amusement. Yesterday he said, 'Well I think I really shall become quite a painter, instead of a clergyman.' We have had such a beautiful account from dear Anne of the Jubilee proceedings in London from Tuesday till Thursday in last week. A party of 7 sailed yesterday for Africa, a missionary and his wife and 5 African youths trained for the instruction of their countrymen. Anne says it was such a striking sight to see their *jet* fingers receive the Elements at the Lord's Table from the delicate hand and white robes of the good Archbishop.

"With love to you both and your dear children,

"Always believe me your very affec.

"H. BRIDGES."

TO SUSAN MOSLEY.

"WEYMOUTH,

"*Feb.* 11, 1850.

"MY DEAREST SUSAN,

"My husband is out, and my children are at school and I *almost* feel as if I *too* had a little leisure, and I am sure to no one would I more gladly devote it than to you. I have truly longed to enjoy some communication for weeks and *months* past, but it really has been out of the question. I feel now that there is a little hope of my having a stray room to myself now and

then, which I have not enjoyed for many a long day. The vexatious thing is that I do little or nothing which tells either in schools or parish. My *whole* afternoons and sometimes mornings too (for people are so atrocious as to pay visits before 12 o'clock) are often spent in seeing one set of callers after another, some on business, some on duty (the conventional duty of etiquette, etc.), so that, though my friends bestow *great pity and sympathy* upon me, that does not mend the matter. However, here I am, and I am ashamed not to realize more habitually that I am here by the Lord's appointment, and that my one purpose ought to be to live, speak, and act for His glory, and to shine in the sphere in which I am placed as a light, however feeble and glimmering, to those around me who have not the same advantages as I am blessed with.

"I hardly know how dearest Susan to give you a description of this place and people, but I will try if I can manage it while the practising is going on. There is an Esplanade nearly a mile in length, on this all the visitors and many of the residents live. It is opposite and very near the Bay, and of course the most desirable part for all who like the sea, from year's end to year's end. Behind the Esplanade are a crowd of stables and houses for the poor, etc. Then there is a good sized town, with two principal and several cross streets, and innumerable courts and alleys. The poor population is, I believe, about 2,000 and the rest between 4 and 5,000. The church is said to hold 2,000, but I suppose the even. congregation is about 1,500. Dissent of every sort, still there is a good Church feeling, and I fancy a very distinct *High* and *Low* Church party, tho' we hear as little about this as possible. My husband follows a *Tractarian* whose memory is very popular, and who in fact still resides here with his family. This is the *Crook* in our lot as he is a busy meddling man and not very friendly towards us. However I trust my dear husband may be enabled to exemplify that beautiful chapter we had yesterday, 2 Cor. 6, and to prove himself an Epistle of Xt., known and read of all men. But as for *rest* we must not look for it. I used to dream of spending the latter part of my days in quietness, and perhaps my dreams savoured too much of indolence and sloth, and now behold us moved to a sphere requiring twofold *more* diligence and exertion than our former *dear*

dear little parish called for. As for our manner of living, it is as simple as it ever was, we have declined all dinner company and seldom go out in the evening, and then only to people who value a little Xn. society, for none of the worldly people have invited us, though most of them have called. There is a nice little band of Xtns. here who have long been praying that Weymouth might be helped with a faithful minister, and who receive my husband as sent to them in answer to prayer. He proposed to two or three of the young people to have a sort of Bible class once a week, and that has been very nicely responded to and our drawing room sometimes contains as many as 30 attentive and interested. All these are young ladies, I long to have something for the tradespeople's daughters. We are trying to get a class of the poorer sort of young women on Sunday mornings, but they do not come very regularly. We have a good set of district visitors and are tolerably off for S.S. teachers in the girls' school. The boys are less favoured. During the holidays three very nice sons of our excellent friend Mr. Eliot, the banker, and our own two boys were a great help, now we are obliged to substitute lady teachers, and among them who do you think took her place yesterday ? ' The Peep of Day,'* who is here with her husband for the winter. She is busy writing another book, the companion to *Near Home*, which doubtless you know. Our Sunday services are three, C. preaches morning and evening, the curate in the afternoon. Prayers, Wednesdays and Fridays, on Wednesday Chas. has added a lecture ; and he would gladly have had a service on Thursday Even. in the schoolroom for the poor people, but the Trustees have opposed this, and for the present he is not sorry to give it up, as the approaching Confirmation is likely to give him as much work as he can possibly get through. Our schools are in a *very very* low state in every way, and have been miserably managed and being under the rule of Committees I fear they will continue so.

"Now for ' near ' or at home, which I know you will kindly feel interested to hear about. Dear J. H. returned to Rugby only on Saturday, after 8 weeks' holidays. Chas. went back a fortnight ago to Brighton. He went to Oxford on his way to

*N.B.—Mrs. Mortimer.

matriculate at Wadham College, which we have decided upon after a great deal of deliberation. It has a very decidedly religious Head or Warden in Dr. Symonds, and a good character in every way. I do not think dear C. is very comfortable at Brighton, and I shall be glad when he leaves it. I hardly know what to say about him as respects any advance in spiritual things. He is very much shut up and it is only incidentally that we can discern that there is the same preference for religious people and books and as far as we can see, *no wrong* propensities. His character at school is very good. He is too much buried in geology, which is *quite his fort*, and on this account he likes this neighbourhood, and you would be amused to see him with a great hammer and trousers covered with clay, parading the *Esplanade!* John H.'s mind opens very much, his *taste* is for poetry, but I think he feels the importance of looking upon it only as an indulgence. I cannot see very decided marks of grace in him, but I do think him greatly improved and particularly in that point in which *you* witnessed the outbreak of natural temper. He is a most interesting companion, and I hope free from conceit, though I long to see in him the humbling, self-abasing effects of the gospel. Anna Maria has left school, we removed her rather unwillingly, but for Edward's sake we feel obliged to try a governess at home, as we could not afford both. After repeated disappointments we have, I hope, met with a governess who will suit us for both, and in order to meet the expense (for she is an expensive affair) and to give stimulus to A. M., a lady near us most gladly sends in her two little girls every day. This new plan is only a week old, so I cannot speak very confidently, and have some doubt whether the influence is sufficiently powerful with a girl of A.M.'s disposition, for she wants a good deal of control, and cannot understand why she is to be treated still as a child. I am *truly* glad to get her once more into regular habits and hours, for I was *utterly* unable to do anything with her during the holidays, and she had run almost wild. Eddie is charmed with his governess, and you may be sure I do not *press* his little intellect. He delights in standing by the piano when practising is going on, and I think will soon learn. You ask if Priscilla is still with us. Oh no ! she left the

week before Xmas and as we then hoped to have a governess immediately we did not request her to return, which she would have been willing to do in order to help me, tho' I think she feels it her duty to be at home. She was most kind in helping me with Edward during her visit. You cannot think how very little intercourse I have been able to have with Stoke. And now, dearest S., after this large domestic dish what have I left for what is indeed most interesting to us? Your own history. We long to hear *more* news than you have told us, tho' you do favour us with your dear baby's name. How I *should* like to see him, and, indeed, all of them. I am so glad you are likely to have such nice neighbours in Mr. and Mrs. Travers. I hear sometimes of Mary Anne, from our friends at Blackheath, by whom she seems much valued. My husband is gone to Portland to-day to see a very dear nice friend, the chaplain of the Convict Prison there. I should like to tell you about Portland, it is a most extraordinary place, but I have not time. Give much love to your dear husband and with a very large share for your dear self, believe me,

"Your very affect.
"H. BRIDGES.

"Love and kisses to the dear chicks.

"A pouring day and an absent husband has enabled me to write all this at one sitting, quite unexampled ! !"

TO SUSAN MOSLEY.

"Weymouth,
"*Oct.* 12*th*, 1850.

"MY DEAREST SUSAN,

"I find myself most unexpectedly in a room *alone*, warm too, and comfortable, and everything to induce my (I must not say *lazy*) pen to acknowledge your most kind letter. Generous creature! I looked so cast down on receiving it that Pris was quite puzzled and said 'Don't you like to hear from Cousin Mosley?' I replied '*Yes*, if I had not one unanswered letter from her already in my desk and I fear this is to reproach me for my unkindness.' So you may judge how my heart was relieved, and how I made an instant determination not to let

a day more pass without at least endeavouring to write and tell you how truly kind I feel it is of you to write again, and not to wait for payment of old debts. I think you do know my dearest Susan how *truly* and affectionately I love you, and that from many peculiar circumstances there are few to whom I can communicate my feelings and thoughts about many things so freely as to yourself, so that it has been a real sorrow to me not to be able to write. And, indeed, this double banishment (want of time and *distance*) from my friends is no small part of the trial of separation. But I see not how to avoid the evil, though perhaps now that the 'season' is getting over and we are becoming more settled in our house, matters may improve. I daresay I am a very bad manager, and on that account find it more difficult than other people to change my established habits, and certainly nothing can be more complete than the change from our dear quiet home and village, with its heavy carts and waggons, muddy roads, grey cloaks and fustians, and hob-nailed shoes, to this busy place with its gay esplanade and scores of well-dressed people and dozens of idlers. However, since the removal into our own house, now the Rectory, we have been much less infested with gaiety, a *great* compensation for the loss of the sea view, though it is certainly a very lovely one.

"Well, dear S., after I had enjoyed my solitude for about ¼ of an hour, in came one visitor after another, then dinner, then a walk, etc., and now I shall scarcely have time to fill my sheet before tea, and thus my days pass and seem to be sadly wasted, at least I cannot give the same account of them as I have been accustomed to do, and often several days go by without my being able to visit the poor or the schools, or seeming to do anything directly for the *souls* of others. I long to see more light upon my path. I feel like a plant torn out of the soil where it had long vegetated, and transplanted into another garden, where it had not yet felt out its nourishment. Meantime *time* is passing rapidly, and I often think how little may yet remain even if I should live to old age, which is available for *active* usefulness. I cannot doubt our call here, or the tokens which the Lord has already given of my dear husband's acceptableness, and of *His* acceptance of him. The congregations are very large and attentive. The Wednesday

service is nicely attended, they say about 200, and on Friday mornings we have a Bible class for an hour, attended by about 30 to 35 young ladies. This *I* also make a point of being present at, as I find it one of the most profitable hours in the week. We keep closely to Scripture under my husband's direction, and have all but finished the 1st Epistle of St. John. The *gay* young ladies keep aloof entirely. If I knew how to be crafty and to catch them with guile, without making any advances upon their ground, I would gladly do it. But perhaps their hearts may be reached and pierced by the arrow of the Word when we least expect it. You ask about our children. Yesterday was an eventful day in our family annals, the entrance of dear C. upon his new career at Wadham and J. H.'s 18th birthday. Charles has been a guest for the last few weeks at his old home, dear Mr. B. and Sarah having most kindly invited him there, we are longing to hear of his arrival in Oxford, and first start there. O you don't know the anxious thoughts one is filled with about one's boys as they are growing into manhood. I do feel we have *much* to be thankful for in the high moral tone of both our boys. Of course, this does not give us rest concerning them, but I think it ought to be acknowledged thankfully to the Lord, while we plead for the manifestations of His grace in their hearts and lives. C. has some nice friends ready for him at Wadham. J. H. has a very interesting mind, full of enquiry, and though rather too desultory, always increasing his stock of knowledge. C.'s passion is for geology and such a room full of bones and shells, etc., as you never saw. Dear Nannie is at Hampstead, with a Miss Leatherdale, she has been till lately her only pupil, now she has companions, and is, I think, much more settled and happy than she was at first. This place would have *completely* spoilt her till she is a little older and wiser. People petted and treated her as an equal, and this to a girl of 14, rather beyond her years, was ruination. She is very amiable and kindly *intentioned*, but wants steadiness of purpose. However, it is a difficult age and she has much, that under Divine teaching will make a valuable character. Eddie is decidedly improved under dear Pris's kind and persevering care. His *manners* are much against him with strangers, so shy and blunt. What is to be done? I cannot

make him *polite*, and he himself has a very low estimation of the politeness of life. I fear he quite displeased his Uncle John and Aunt Anne who have been here lately. We have a little son of Lord Cavan's with us, till Xmas. It is a good thing for them both, tho' the child is very backward in everything but his Bible, in which he has been most diligently instructed. He is a very unaristocratic little person in every respect, but his parents are both truly devoted Xtns.

"So you have our history. You have been to Stoke and Ipswich, and have seen old friends and old faces. Happy thing! When shall I do the like? We are likely to see dear Maria soon, but shall not go into Suffolk this year. Dear Pris is a great comfort to me. She has not been well lately, but is better. I hope she is happy here, tho', of course, she wants to be at home. Dear Cath. has just had the comfort of hearing from Chas. Harriet Carr seemed so *particularly* to enjoy her visit to you, and was so much struck by your dear husband's devoted holy life and conversation. I am so thankful to hear your account of dear M. A. I wrote to her on the loss of the dear child and had a very sweet letter from her. I must finish. It is eleven o'clock and Saturday night, you will hardly be able to read this scrawl. Much love to you both from C. and myself, Pris, etc., and also to your dear children.

"Your very affect.
"H. B."

To Susan Mosley.

"Weymouth,
"*June 26th*, 1851.

"My Dearest Susan,

"Circumstances quite unique in our history find me alone in the drawing room and, save the scrubbing and cooking which may be proceeding above and below, alone in the house It is the first time since the first three weeks of our coming to Weymouth that we supped and breakfasted alone, and though we have a truly nice and dear friend with us, who has been our inmate for the last five weeks (Miss Greville, of Edinburgh), yet I must own this *tête-a-tête* has been a huge treat to me. Chas.

is, however, now gone down to the steamer to escort this said Miss G. here. She went to Portland yesterday, and returns this morning and remains till Monday, when she departs, to give way to our own dear home party. Part of them are coming to-morrow, *i.e.*, Anna Maria, who is to be accompanied, I hope, by Louisa, if she is well enough. However, I hope she may come on several accounts. I think she will enjoy Weymouth for a *visit*. I want to see more of and get more at her. I hope she may do dear Nannie good in setting her to work and exciting her to be industrious. My *fears* (for I have my fears, about her visit) are lest her predilections for High Churchism should fall in with those of the dear boys! I was quite prepared for what you say of Charles, his admiration for Coleridge, etc. The truth is that his dear and interesting cousin, Charles Bull, though we believe *sound* at heart and most conscientious and upright in his religious profession, has, we fear, influenced him strongly and inoculated him, as he himself is inoculated, with *Stanleyism*. You will understand this, it is, perhaps, the most plausible and most captivating school of the day, but not the less delusive on that account. *Largeness of charity*, in their opinion, seems to have broken down, tho' not destroyed, the barrier of truth, which ought to admit of no invasion, and in consequence, the *Record* and the *Evangelicals* and the Low School, etc., are branded with *Partyism* and narrowness and illiberality, etc. Dear C.'s is not, as you know, a powerful mind, and though I really have watched some most pleasing indications of reverence for the Word of God, and for his father's ministry, he is easily influenced by those to whom he attaches himself, and thus Charles Bull has gained great ascendancy over his mind. I cannot say how grateful we both feel for your affectionate interest about him, and for having seen so much of him during your hurried visit at Oxford. But this only the more emboldens us to ask still more of you, and that is to know whether you could continue any excuse (grounded, perhaps, on your conversation together) for writing to him, and setting the same principles before him in writing which you enforced then. And another thing, is it possible that you could use any influence with Mr. Stokes on his behalf? Of course, he could not expect personal attentions, but *would* it be in his

power to introduce him and, indeed, I ought to add, dear John Henry (who will be in residence, *D.V.*, in October) to any thoroughly right-minded and talented young man. C. does not seem to have any friend with whom he is thoroughly unreserved except Charles Bull, who is now leaving Oxford, and I am so afraid of their taking up with what is unsound or at least unsatisfactory. If Johnnie *should* succeed in getting the Wadham Scholarship, for which he is, I suppose, at this moment in for his examination, he will, of course, remain in that College; if not, he will probably remove to some other, which he can easily do, though he is entered at Wadham. But I should think his brains have hardly recovered the *tension* of the examination for the Rugby Exhibition, in which he has heen one of the successful candidates. He wrote us this news by last evening's post, neither having time for beginning or ending of his scrap, only saying that the *most glorious* part was that the 3 Exhibitioners were *Cottonites*, and it was so delightful to make Cotton so happy by the success of his House. It will be a material assistance to his College expenses, being worth £60 per annum for 5 years. I am thankful for his success, dear boy, and I think he will take it modestly. But how differently one feels about these distinctions when compared with the unmixed joy we should feel in believing that he was *indeed* a candidate for the Heavenly prize. I do not mean to write discouragingly, for there is much that is promising and pleasing, and he has much noble feeling. But O the blight that has come over so many beautiful buds. The sorrow that has wrung the heart of so many Christian parents in seeing their children exchange light for darkness, and truth for error, makes one tremble for those for whom there is not full assurance that they are rooted and grounded in the truth. The neighbourhood has many attractions, for Charley especially, and J. H. enjoys of all things sitting in a boat and dawdling about alone in the Bay. The Bay is certainly very beautiful here, tho' I seldom have time to enjoy it, and presents a never ending variety of colouring in the rocks, water, etc., and then there is Portland with its wildness, etc.

"But the wear and tear of this place is trying at times, and the people are so unaccustomed to a searching ministry that a

good deal of opposition is stirred up, among all classes. cannot doubt that fruit *will* be found, though, perhaps, after many days. At present things seem rather at a standstill. You may be pretty sure that my husband's preaching does not leave people quiet . . ."

To Susan Mosley.

"Weymouth,
"*Oct.* 30*th*, 1851.

"My Dearest Susan,

"The approach of winter, with its candle and firelight, and expulsion of visitors, etc., seems to give me a gleam of hope, that my long arrears of correspondence may be diminished at least, if not wholly crossed out. I have written *two* long letters yesterday and to-day, and now my pen is seized with a fit of impatience to be employed in your service, and having, as I hope, a good half-hour before me, before we begin our evening reading I shall make some progress. Edward is pricking a bird, my husband reading the *Xtn. Observer*, our visitor, Mr. Phinn, writing downstairs, so all is quiet and orderly. . . . My thoughts are full of Stoke. I cannot tell you the satisfaction I feel in having been able to be with them during this season of deep affliction. You know, dearest S., as I do, the truth of what Geo. Herbert so strikingly expresses in his quaint lines on *Affliction* (I *think*)—'No screw, no pincer can, into a piece of timber work and wind, Like God's affliction into man, when He a torture hath designed.' And that is the sense of the *chastening* which makes the rod so keenly felt, and this, I think, has been felt in this instance. Poor Charles looked *very* brokenhearted, and it was quite touching to witness the pang of agonized feeling that came over him from time to time, as some little circumstance or other reminded him of her who had so suddenly vanished from his sight. I had more open conversation with him than I had ever had before, and if it had no other result it led me to more earnest and special prayer that the voice of God might be deeply and permanently heard, and that this bitter cup of sorrow might be as a wholesome and needed medicine in the Hand of the Great Physician to his

soul. I was much struck with his preaching on Sunday, particularly with his sermon on 'Light is *sown* for the righteous,' etc. The girls say that it was quite affecting to see his agitation the whole time of dearest Louisa's illness. I think he rather felt that he was kept too much out of the sick-room, but I fancy Catherine thought that his presence *agitated* L., because he was so restless. I did all I could to soothe his mind on this point, and to lead him to refer all, even the minutest circumstance attending the trial, to the Hand and appointment of God. The dear girl's deafness rendered any communication difficult, and poor Chas.' voice was so choked and almost inarticulate whenever he tried to speak to her that she could not understand him, which was very painful. However, he seems much comforted by Mr. Holland's presence and tender sympathy. Catherine, who always, as you well know, rises to the occasion, was *wonderfully* calm. When I first went there, her physical powers were much prostrated, but she rallied afterwards, and made great efforts to get out again into the Parish, and seemed determined to take up dearest L.'s work among the poor. Chas. also began his lecture at Mrs. Howard's, and I hope will meet with encouragement and sympathy. The dear girls all seem *most anxious* to do their utmost to supply the vacant place, though aware how unequal they are to do so. Dear P. looks ill, and I am not sorry that they are feeling a little anxious about her, as I think she wants watching and care. I do trust that this dispensation may prove an era in this dear family's spiritual course, a fresh starting point for Eternity. . . .

"And now let me thank your dear husband and yourself for your great kindness to our boy. I will just tell you what he said about his visit to you: 'I spent a most happy time at Rotherham, and thoroughly enjoyed myself,' and *then* he went on to give an amusing description of his walk, and the perils and adventures thereof with Mr. M., and then says, 'What delightful children the little Mosleys are, their education is to my mind perfect, so little apparent restraint, yet such *real* obedience.' We do feel very thankful to you for bearing our wishes in mind, in your conversation with this dear boy. There is so much that is amiable and attractive about him that perhaps his dangers are thereby increased. And really, the more one hears of the

teaching at Oxford, and of the tendencies of the younger tutors, the more one trembles at the poisonous draughts which our sons are receiving into their spiritual constitution, and which only implicit faith in the Word of God, now so dishonoured, and earnest prayer for the Spirit's teaching, *can* counteract. Dear J. H. is quite aware of our anxiety about him, and our sense of his danger, and I think that may naturally account for the greater reserve he maintains on these subjects with us, than with other persons. I wish it were not so, yet it does not make me so very uneasy because I think it is so natural and so easily accounted for. We had a nice letter from Charles last night, and the two brothers appear very happy together. J. H. has got comfortable rooms in College rather unexpectedly, which settles him at once. I feel that there never was such an obligation laid upon us as now to cry mightily unto God in behalf of these dear sons. O may the spirit of supplication on their behalf be vouchsafed to us.

"Much love to your dear husband, and yourself and dear children.

"Believe me, dearest Susan,

"Your very affect.

"H. BRIDGES."

TO SUSAN MOSLEY.

"Weymouth,

Dec. 8th, 1854.

"MY DEAREST SUSAN,

"I have been for the last two or three days seriously ruminating on a letter to you, and it would have been dispatched before, but something has always come in the way. Now though it causes me much vexation to answer the first of your enquiries, I am glad of anything which really sets my pen in motion towards you, and I am just beginning during a few spare moments which I find before morning service (Wed.). The most extraordinary fatality has happened to the little poem of J. H.'s. Anna Maria seized and carried it off for the purpose of copying it, and it has never been seen since. She has hunted *everywhere*, and that again and again, she feels certain of not having destroyed it, and yet it is nowhere to be found.

She is exceedingly vexed, but really knows not how to remedy her fault except by persuading her brother to write another. I *think* I told Susy of it when I saw her at Stoke. . . . You have heard, I daresay, of poor Johnnie's ill success. Instead of a first class, which all his friends made sure of him, he found himself in the 3rd. You can imagine that this ending to his College career, and to long and diligent reading, must have been felt as a severe disappointment, the severest trial he has ever known. He wrote very nicely to tell us of it, and said that since the list has come out (about two hours) he has been ruminating about what he must do as a means of getting his bread, since all hope of getting it by a life at College was extinguished. We have only heard from him once since, when he sent us a most gratifying letter from one of the tutors of another College, of sympathy and comfort, expressing the extreme surprise, as he said, not only of his own College, but of the University generally, at the decision of the Examiners, and urging him not to despond. Walter Shirley also has written most kindly to my husband saying that it is almost an isolated case, and that his College mean to beg him to stand for an Oriel fellowship, tho' at the same time they hope to retain him among themselves. I tell you all this because I know how kindly interested you feel about our dear boy. But while, of course, it is gratifying to us to know of such kind feeling and sympathy on his behalf, I can *truly*, most truly say that I long for a higher end to be accomplished by this trial. All the time when I supposed his examination to be going on, I did pray earnestly for him, but I felt that I could not ask for his success. I desired to leave that in the Lord's hand, and in doing so, I felt I could more freely and confidently ask that, however it might turn out, it might be overruled for his *soul's good*. To say that I did not feel disappointed when I heard the result would not be true, but I was, I hope, able to turn at once to my first petition, and to believe that it has not been without a design of mercy, that it has been appointed for him. O that we could but hear that there was some symptom of spiritual life. I do not expect him to enter into serious subjects in writing, I don't think he can do it, at least not until it shall please God entirely to break down the stone wall of reserve which now hinders him.

"What a long history have I written you, and now I must go and ready myself for our monthly working party, and besides, Chas. says I am not to send this to you until I hear again from J. H.

"Your dear Susy, there was something sweet about her which interested me *particularly*, first her striking likeness to her father, then her independence of mind, and besides this something very indescribable about her which brought her dear mother very much to my remembrance. I was extremely sorry not to find opportunity of a private chat with her. It was really as she said, I was half devoured by one and another of those dear creatures, so that I scarcely had a word with Susan alone. I should think, however, she was very reserved as to her inward feelings. . . . Dear Catherine was unusually cheerful when I was there, and I hope she has been more actively engaged in her old occupations and interests in the parish. Still, her heart is at Rangiora. She expresses herself most thankful though that her sons are there instead of the Crimea, and who can wonder at that?

"We have at last heard from J. H., rather a dull letter, though he says he has sufficiently got over his personal feelings to set vigorously to work again. But his College prospects are certainly not bright by his own account. He has met with abundant sympathy on all hands.

"Believe me, dearest Susan,

"Your very affect.

"H. BRIDGES."

TO SUSAN MOSLEY.

"Hinton Martell,

"*Feb. 12th*, 1863.

"DEAREST SUSAN,

"I was almost ashamed to see your letter this morning, being conscious of my long neglect of you, though my mem. book, of letters received and answered, leaves it uncertain as to which of us wrote last. All I know is that it was the middle of November; and since then we have taken leave of one year and entered on another. The last was one of comparative

quietness both in our own family and among our relations. What this may be who can tell? . . . . My walking powers have lately been so crippled by tender feet that I have been most thankful for help. And my dear husband is not quite so brisk on his legs as in former years, not wonderful in his 70th year; I shall be 67 to-morrow. I have much to be thankful for in unbroken health. Indeed, all last year we had not one visit from the doctor, and few families can say that. But I meant to have begun my letter by telling you that it will give us all real pleasure to see your dear Mary at the time you mention, if all be well. We have no engagement away from home, and even if we should have friends staying with us there is plenty of room. It is not impossible that Anna will be away, as if John should again settle at Bradford and want her help, we shall feel bound to let her go to him. In that case, you must tell Mary she must put up with her poor old aunt, who will be delighted to have her company. John is, I imagine, on his way back to England. He and his young friend or friends (I know not which) spent some weeks in Rome, they were then to go to Naples, and overland to England. But he wrote a few hurried lines last week to say that they had suddenly determined to go to Alexandria, for the sake of the sea voyage to England, which I rather expect they will reach early in March.

"For his own health's sake I wish he could have stayed away till the cold Spring had passed. He speaks well of his health when he mentions it. His letters have been very interesting, chiefly descriptive, a little mixture, of course, of politics, which *must* be uppermost with everyone living in countries where so much excitement prevails. Edward is going on well, I hope, and more interested in his profession, though, perhaps, a little more so in music, painting, etc. There are a nice set of clerks in the office, and one or two with whom he is rather intimate and likely to be useful to him. . . . .

"I had a few lines from Catherine this morning, Chas. thought he had at last caught a curate (by the way, I am *so* glad to hear you are suited in this line), when he finds that his health is too delicate for such a post. He really does seem anxious to get one now, but they seem most difficult to be met with, I mean such as are satisfactory. You ask what we have read

lately ; Dr. Goulbourne's book we have long had, my impression of it is much like yours ; I have, however, found it very stirring and searching in many points, much more so than the general tone of religious books. When John was with us he read a great deal of Kingslake to us, *very* entertaining, but don't you think he exaggerates both the vices and virtues of his heroes, or rather of his characters very unduly? Poor Louis Napoleon is really painted black. We have now got Froude's new vol. on Elizabeth, but it does not look so inviting as his last. And 2 *huge* vols., the life of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. I shall never get through these, and shall not attempt it. . . . .

"Your very affect.,

"H. BRIDGES."

TO SUSAN MOSLEY (when on a visit to Weymouth).

"Weymouth,

"*March 20th*, 1868.

"MY DEAREST SUSAN,

"I have longed to write to you. Even before your dear note to me came, *many* are the letters I wrote to you and dear Cathr., in my waking hours, during my illness (the first *real* illness I ever had), and much could I have told you of the loving kindness of the Lord, and of the enjoyment I had in His words especially when in communion with my beloved husband. Also how wonderfully I have been restored to health just to minister to him in the hour of need. Perhaps *some day* I may be able to tell you what I cannot now do. I know not what may be before me, but I feel sure I shall have needful support, and it is such a satisfaction to be able to be with one so near Heaven, as I believe he is. O, I cannot describe what his state of mind has been lately, and which, of course, no one but one constantly with him could have any idea of. But I must not run on. Your dear Mary, she has been such a help, such an element of cheerfulness and quiet order in the house, tho' I have seen but little of her, and she was like a *grandchild* to my husband during my illness, and he took to her wonderfully. She has just taken an extract, at my request, from a MS. of 4 vols., compiled at my dear C.'s urgent request by his eldest

sister, Anne Bridges, from a heap of letters, etc., extending over more than a century ; family records of his grandmother, mother, etc., and to *us most interesting*. It was a work of great trouble and labour to make the selection and thread all together, but Chas. would not let her rest till it was done. I thought the mention of dear Uncle N. so long ago (7 years before our marriage) would so interest you—with 'I, Deborah,' etc., so characteristic. . . . ."

FROM ANNA HORNIDGE TO SUSAN MOSLEY on the death of CATHERINE G. TORLESSE.

"21, Gordon Street,

"*May 2nd*, 1873.

"DEAREST SUSAN,

"We can hardly help thinking of one another now in the sorrow of our common loss ; next to the dear Stoke party you are the one most on my heart, for I know how you loved and trusted her, and what a comfort and blessing *you* have been to *her*. We see our dearest and best gathered into the garner of God, taken away, as we know, from all present sorrow, and spared any care for the future, but we have lost their ready sympathy, and the earth does feel very empty and dreary. Don't you find it very hard to realise that dearest Catherine is gone? There was such a marvellous amount of vitality even of body, but specially of mind and heart, one hardly thought of decay much less of death. God was very good to her in giving her the power of caring for her dear ones to the end, she could *never* have felt herself useless. Then, too, she was so cared for by her children, and though not actually belonging to our family, she had so identified herself with us that she was a common bond and centre, and had, I am sure, much enjoyment in our love. What a loss it is to dearest Harriet. I remember well the way in which she expressed her love for Catherine, perhaps five-and-forty years ago. In her warmest manner she one day said, 'My soul is knit to dear Catherine.' But she has had the comfort of being with her in her closing days, and what a tender merciful provision it was for both of them. I am so very glad that you were with them

at Hastings, what a comfort it will be to you. Do look at a little bit in one of those 12 Lectures of Dr. Hughes, towards the end, on the state of the departed. I have it not at hand to find out the exact part, but you cannot fail to find it out, and I know you will *take possession* of it. To me this year, 1873, has already been a very sad one, loss after loss has followed in quick succession, and there is great need to be stirred up to seek the things that are above, and not to let one's thoughts rest too much on our light afflictions which *are but for a moment.* In our 'patience we are to possess our souls,' but patience is a *chastened* not a *hardened* feeling, and it must be after the example of His patience, who in all our afflictions was *afflicted.*

"I hope I am not wearying you, but being alone (as to any expressions of sorrow) it is a comfort to let out a little bit of my heart to you.

"Ever dearest Susan,

"Your very loving,

"A. M. HORNIDGE."

FROM EDWARD WAKEFIELD, SENIOR,

TO MISS TORLESSE, HER BROTHER AND SISTERS, AND MISS EMILY WAKEFIELD.

"Dresden,

"*January* 14, 1841.

"TO ALL MY DEAR GRANDCHILDREN AT STOKE.

"I write to you the last thing, we are all packed up, and I hope to be on the railroad for Leipsic in the course of two hours. You would have all been highly diverted here, to have seen all the world upon sledges. We yesterday saw a party of 60 or 70 with the King at their head, the horses decked out with all manner of fine trappings. Grooms in scarlet, their caps and cuffs with fur. There was in most of the sledges a lady and gentleman and a driver behind, who held long reins and a long whip. When they returned at night, for they went

somewhere in the country to an early dinner and a Ball afterwards, each of the men behind held a lighted torch as well as each of the grooms on horseback. A very large sledge, drawn by four horses, was fitted with musicians, thus they were accompanied by a band all their journey. The river, of which you have the picture, is entirely frozen over, but it is so covered with snow that all skating has ceased. I expect that you have had a very merry Christmas party, and that you have been very happy at Charles' return and the visit of your cousin Emily and all which you have heard from your uncle Arthur. I should have been pleased to have been amongst you all, and altho' I was so far from you, still you were the constant object of my thoughts. Notwithstanding the severity of the season here the market is well supplied with Spring flowers, which must all be produced in a greenhouse. On one side the large market-place I was yesterday looking at many stands of them, on which the sun shone; there were also many tame birds on sale, particularly canary birds which sang with great glee, and I thought it a curious contrast to the streets all under deep snow, and everybody and thing moving on sledges. I lately visited the hospital for blind people, in which there are 73 inmates, their proficiency in music is very striking, they appear to enjoy life as much as others, many of them born blind and consequently insensible of their misfortune, others from long habit have forgotten their former situation. They make baskets as quick as if they had sight, and an invention has lately been adopted of raised letters, and by feeling they know them and read, altho' slowly, and with large wooden type they put words together; their numbers make a large society amongst themselves. We have 61 English miles to go to Leipsic on the Iron Road, and then two days' journey to Weimar, near which, at Jena, Napoleon beat the Prussians in a great battle in the year 1813, and there are, I believe, Universities, but at any rate large libraries at both Weimar and Jena which I expect to examine. From Weimar we shall go to Gotha, the capital of the Electorate of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, where the father of Prince Albert, who married Queen Victoria, reigns. At that city there is again a great library, and from Gotha we shall go to Frankfurt-sur-Maine, but where we cannot be, until the fourth

week in February, and I expect to find letters there from your mother, which will be a great pleasure to me, and afterwards we shall have a long journey of at least 350 miles to Paris. But I calculate that to-day we are really set off for the west, and yet we mean to visit everything worth seeing in the course of our journey, and the days will lengthen upon us. I always rejoice at the turn of the year, for during the long days I have so much more time than when I cannot see without artificial light. I suppose the little Catherine, who was a baby when I was last in England, is grown a fine fat girl, I should be very glad to see her. We have bought a great many prints, for there is here a vast gallery of pictures, one of the finest of the world, upwards of 2,000 pictures, and of the best of them, such as Corregio's and Raphael's, lithographic prints have been made which are sold at a cheap rate. The Royal library contains 300,000 volumes, and books are lent out to respectable persons even in other countries, as at Berlin and Prague, and on the register of books lent there are upwards of 2,000 names. But the more curious to my mind of all the collections is that of the porcelain, being an immense one from the more ancient times and of all countries, some as rough as clay can make and many of the most beautiful specimens of pictures made in china; there is a celebrated manufacture of this sort at Vienna. The flowers on the china made there are of the most superb colors, one can hardly imagine it possible that so fine a picture could be painted on clay, but it is all done before it is baked. There are 14 collections of museums here, and there is not one of them which is not worthy of minute attention, and many so striking that altho' I have given a preference to the porcelain, perhaps I am mistaken.

"I wish this letter may entertain you. My blessing attends you all and each of you, not forgetting Emily, if she is with you, and with dear love to your parents,

"Believe me, my dearly loved children,

"Your ever affectionate grandfather,
"EDWARD WAKEFIELD."

LETTERS FROM CHARLES OBINS TORLESSE

TO P. C. T.

"Rhine,
"*Mon.*, *July* 31, 1837.

"MY DEAR PRISCILLA,

"I have got three Purple Emperors, and have seen several more, they are not very rare in Germany, and not very shy, they come into our carriage and even into the steam-boat. . . . . I have sent you a smelling bottle for your use on Sunday. . . . . I should like you to write to me when I am at school when you can. I will describe to you our route. From London to Antwerp, Brussels, Namur, Liège, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Coblenz, Mayence, Wiesbaden, Schwalbach; return Coblenz, Cologne, Rotterdam, London . . . . I think the butterflies here are the same as in England, but some flies which are Spanish flies I do not know whether they are to be caught in England. I shall not be sorry when I get into a bedroom at England, for I have generally slept on the sofa, with mamma's dressing gown and cloak for my covering.

"Believe me your affectionate brother,
"C. O. T."

TO C. M. T.

"Stanmore,
"*Aug.*, 1837.
"(aged 12).

" . . . I have taken the medicine but it does not do me any good, I do not care about feeling sick, but perhaps it will go off soon. I hope you are better and how is mamma? We have had very wet days for some time. We have begun to read Keith with Mr. Barron on Sunday. I get on pretty well in Greek, and I think that I am getting on better in Calculation; we very often have our questions taken out of Mr. Mosely's Arithmetic. I shall be very glad of the opportunity of sending a parcel to you. Shall I send the book, which you bought in Germany, of six languages? I have got the book for mamma; I have got the book which we left behind at Wiesbaden.

"Sept. 9. Last Wednesday I went to Miss Martin's and I rode in the carriage to Highwood Hill, Totteridge, East Barnet, Barnet and Elstree, and I am to go again soon. We have begun the verbs in M. and I think that they are very easy. I am getting on better in Latin and Calculation. I am very happy in the work-shop, and spend most of my play hours there. Give my kind love to all my sisters and Henry and Naomi, I hope you have recovered from your illness. If you have a Keith on Prophecy, will you please send it because we have not all got one, and some have to look together. Mrs. Barron is very kind to us, especially our class; she gives us some fruit almost every Sunday. We have begun to wear Winter clothes. I went on the rail-road last Saturday, which was a whole holiday, and the big boys went to Hampstead. I went from Harrow to Watford station, the third class is less expensive, it is, I believe, 2/6 from London to Harrow. How does Priscilla like going to school, I do not think she will mind it much as it is near cousin's and home. What became of the caterpillars which George kept for me, and his great caterpillars? I have made some boards for sticking them on. I wish I could see dear little Catherine gleaning. . . .

"Your affectionate son,
"C. O. T."

To C. G. T.

"Stanmore,
"1838.

"My Dearest Mamma,

"I am very sorry indeed to hear that dear Anna is so dangerously ill, I shall be very glad to hear every day how she is. I should have written directly that I heard of her illness, but I thought it was not of much consequence. I am invited to go to Miss Martin's tomorrow, but I do not know whether I shall go because I want to hear the news. If God pleases to take her away, I shall be very sorry, yet He always works everything out for the best. If I was at home I would make every possible exertion for her recovery. I suppose that Priscy is at home to wait upon her, if not, I know that Louisa will, most willingly.

"Your affectionate son,
"C. O. T."

To C. G. T.

"Stanmore,
"*May*, 1839.

"My Dearest Mamma,

"I am very much obliged to you for the nice parcel you sent me and in return I think I am fully indebted to you to fag well, and behave myself towards my masters. I thought it extremely kind of both you and Mrs. Barron to send it, I am extremely obliged both to you and papa and my dear sisters. Be sure to give my best love to Miss Archer and to all at home. May I have a cricket jacket made as it is so hot?

"Your affectionate son,
"C. O. T."

To E. Wakefield.

"*Dec. 30th*, 1847.

"My Dear Grandfather,

"I have read attentively the Parliamentary paper which you mentioned, and I have from the perusal of it and from the other recent intelligence, come to the opinion that G. Grey's day is over.

"He seems to have established as a basis for all his proceedings in the administration of New Zealand affairs, the doctrine that the Aborigines of that country are at once to be admitted into all the rights and privileges of civilized nations, as if indeed they had the qualification for those rights which the inhabitants of civilized countries possess. On the mistaken, because abused, principle of universal brotherhood, he admits the N.Z. natives, mere children in the knowledge of the affairs of the civilized world, into the position of the colonists, members of that civilized world.

"I am very much afraid that his acts of (false) humanity in letting Rauperaka go and in sparing the 700 natives at Wanganui will cost a deal of blood and money.

"Could we have had a stronger instance than the late one of the mischief of governing New Zealand from Downing Street—made more mischievous by a pretence of giving large powers to G. Grey?

"I am very anxious to hear what your plans are to be. I hope you will not cease to use your valuable exertions in the cause of New Zealand. Such exertions make the country in spite of (as they seem at this present) inextricable difficulties.

"Do you adhere to your intention to go to Scotland? Your whaling scheme has some encouragement in the facts that already a colonial whaler of 150 tons (the size you propose) has been launched at Wellington, and that the harbour of Otago afforded shelter to 7 or 8 whalers at one time not many months ago.

"Knowing your extreme punctuality, I am led to suppose that you did not receive a note from me wherein I stated that I had already commenced looking out for the furnishing of a colonial bookshelf, and asking if you would let me have the spare volume of the *Emigrant's Handbook*.

"My thoughts are now entirely upon the colony, or colonial subjects, as I think that in order to become a useful colonist, the subject of colonization, both in theory and detail, ought to be really studied. What a lesson to us on this side the line, is the failure of those on the other. And the (but too true) proverb comes in, 'crossing the line changes a man.' . . .

"Ever your affectionate grandson,

"CHARLES O. TORLESSE.

"Kindest love to Aunt."

FROM PRISCILLA TORLESSE TO HENRY TORLESSE.

"Hinton Martell,

"*Dec.* 31*st*, 1863 (?).

"DEAREST HENRY,

"You will see by the address of this that I am spending my Xmas away from home. I should not have done so, but that I was able to leave home comfortably, as Aunt Chapman has taken up her abode at Stoke for the winter, and it is more than two years since I have been here, a very great contrast to our own bustling home, and almost as retired as your own Okains Bay; nevertheless, I have enjoyed the rest and quiet for a time, and it has given me leisure for several things I

wanted to do. If you have by this time seen Charles, which I trust has been the case, he will have told you about uncle and aunt and Anna. She is the active person here, and has really done a great work in the parish, her influence over the young people is remarkable, and to begin with outward things, tho' the people are very poor, the wages ranging from 7*s*. to 9*s*. per week and no resident squire, they almost all dress well, many of them lay by a little money, and almost all have something to spare for charity. The population of the village is a little over 300, and out of these she has between 80 and 90 subscribers to a library, which she furnishes with excellent books. She is occupied nearly every evening in the week, twice with school from 20 to 24 pupils, among them several married men; one evening singing class, Sunday evening young men Scripture reading and singing, and on other evenings miscellaneous. All this, as you may suppose, has done much to raise the character and mind of these people, and it has also very much weaned them from the public-house and low pleasures, without directly advocating temperance, or rather teetotal principles, which she does not do. It is a great encouragement for you to go on with your work for and with others, to see what has been done here. I shall not soon forget the first Sunday I spent here and the behaviour of the people, especially the singers, it was really profane. All the Nebuchadnezzar's band is now discarded, the performers remaining and taking part in sober, quiet congregational singing. Anna has certainly worked hard and brought the powers of a clever and powerful mind to bear upon the people, and it has all been done gradually—no forcing, no scolding or preaching at the people, but only gentle leading and persuading. She is going to give a tea-party next week, for which I have promised to stay and assist.

"Dec. 26th.—I do not remember ever having passed Xmas away from home except when I was in New Zealand; this has been a very quiet one, but I hope some holy and heavenly affections have been awakened which are too apt to be stifled by the cares and anxieties of life. My thoughts are always peculiarly directed to the absent ones at this season of universal rejoicing. What a blessed thought it is that Xtians of all nations, sects and countries, should be united and rejoicing at

this blessed time. I wish we could feel more of the Communion of Saints, which is such a precious article of our creed, and if my own heart was warmer and more devoted, I know that distance would not make the difference it now does; it is so difficult to realise heavenly things, at least I find it so, and every day feel the need of more spiritual and intimate communion with God by prayer and meditation. A life of considerable outward activity seems to unfit one for the inner life which alone will bring success to our labours in the cause of Christ. I trust you have had a happy Xmas; I know it is always an anxious and busy time for you and dear Eliza, but on these occasions the great thing seems to be, to put away our own personal gratifications and feelings and endeavour to devote ourselves to others. We cannot tell when or how the seed sown in the spirit of true self-denial and self-sacrifice may spring up, and it is a great thing to endeavour to make it a joyous time to those around us, especially the young. Edward is at home for the Xmas vacation, he is in the office of his uncle, Mr. J. Bridges. I can hardly fancy his turning into a lawyer, but he seems determined to try; he is the very image of his brother Charles, and is as nice simple-minded a young fellow as you often meet with. You will have heard from others that the mail has not yet arrived. I do hope if there was anything important in your last letters in September that you will recapitulate what you have said. I have not had very good accounts from home the last few days. Uncle Felix has had an alarming attack of spasms, which, however, has passed off. Both he and my mother have taken to this teetotalism, which is very lowering and by no means necessary for them; how much better it is to be moderate in all things than to run into such extremes. I daresay you have seen a good deal about Bishop Colenso's book; I have not seen it, but have been reading some very interesting sermons bearing on the subject by Dr. Vaughan, late Master of Harrow School. I hope some day to send them to you; all these things do not shake my faith at all I hope, but it is very important that those who teach others should themselves be armed for the conflict, and able to give an answer to those who would impugn the truth of God's Word. In a few days I hope to be at Petworth. I have not yet seen the last baby, now

some nine months old I believe, so Charles will be a later informant on that matter than I can be. I hope my godchild flourishes. I should indeed like to see your children, though it is very painful to know the little creatures enough to love them, and then to part with them. I can hardly bear to think of Charles' dear little girls, for Katey was a great favourite, as well as Priscy; she was a sweet, affectionate, good little thing, and Priscy was everyone's darling. I think I ought to sometimes write to Eliza, but as I know your letters are common property, I do not know that I should say anything of special interest to her. With kindest love and best wishes to you all ever dear Henry and Lizzie,

"Your loving sister,

"PRISCILLA C. TORLESSE."

FROM LOUISA TORLESSE TO C. O. T.

"Stoke-by-Nayland,

"*Sept.* 14, 1839.

"MY DEAR CHARLES,

"We have indeed got a nice little sister, she is very fat, with dark eyes, like Susan's; she is very good, but when she does cry it is real screaming. Papa and Tatty have the scarlatina; we have not seen Tatty for a week, she has been in the schoolroom with Jemima, who is very kind to her indeed; we hope to see her soon now. Poor Packy is dead, he died because he could live no longer, as all his liver was gone. Mamma went into the drawing-room yesterday for the first time. We have taken some very nice walks lately. Cousin Hornidge is staying with us. Emily is gone to Newton with aunt Bridges. I am obliged to you for your letter, and hope you will write to me again before the holidays. Cousin Hornidge, Susan and Henry desire their love to you, Miss Archer also desires her love.

"Believe me, dear Charles, your affectionate sister,

"LOUISA TORLESSE."

From Catherine (Kate) Torlesse to P. C. T.

"Stoke,
"*Sept.* 4th, 1851.

" . . . Yesterday afternoon as we were working in the schoolroom someone rushed in exclaiming that there was a fire by the Malt Inn. We all went up to the Mound immediately and saw the poor old barn, in which Merton held his concert on Whit-Monday, all ablaze which soon burnt up. But the fire caught a shed and all hands were required to bring water. We all worked, and a thorofare was made from our well to the place but it was soon dry, and all the near wells in the place were in requisition. Nearly the whole of the new shed containing malt was burnt, and as King's workshop was thatched they had to keep it constantly wetted and indeed some of his premises caught fire three times and one of the new houses opposite was set on fire, but by continually throwing water on it they prevented it from spreading, the whole road was steam and it had a curious effect. They had to go on throwing water till 6 o'clock, it began at 3 o'clock. Most providentially the wind blew the flames into the street, for if not the malting would most likely have been caught and the whole of the street even to our house would most probably have been burnt, as there is such a difficulty in getting water.

"Your affectionate sister,
"C. T."

From Susan Torlesse to F. H. T.

"My Dear Fanny,

"Poor mamma cannot write much to you this afternoon because her poor arm is so bad, however she is better than she was yesterday, which is a comfort and I hope in a few days she will be all right. And how are you, my little quintessence of a darling, getting on I hope, and at all events you are in the right way to do so because you feel how much you have to learn. Oh, Fan! I wish I were a little girl like you just going to school. A. M. and I have been reading Milton's 'Paradise Lost' lately. It is very glorious, we were reading

this morning the 7th Book, the description of the Creation of the Earth. I am still a prisoner to the house which I am getting tired of but I must be patient. Tassie came home from London yesterday. She brought Pris. and I most splendid dressing boxes, such beauties. Now it is getting dark, I'm not a bat, so believe me to remain, sweetest, nicest, affectionest

"Sister, Susan."

From Dr. Edw. Liveing to C. M. T.

"Bourne,
"Farnham, Surrey,
"*May* 29, 1881.

"My Dear Mr. Torlesse,

"We have been talking and thinking much of you today, this being as we think, your eighty-sixth birthday, and we all, that is Tassie, Margaret, Willy and myself, desire to join in sending you our kind love and best of wishes for your 87th year. When we last heard of you you were thinking of getting into your garden again. I hope you may have been able to do so during some of the sunshiny days we have had, or if not yet that you will shortly be able. Here we have had some heavy storm showers since Friday, which the country needed very much, especially in this neighbourhood where the soil is exceedingly sandy and light and the hops just coming on. Perhaps you remember this part of the world in former years? We are here about four or five miles of the chalk ridge of the Hog's Back, on what a few years ago was completely open heath country extending some 7 or 8 miles Eastward towards Godalming and southward to Hindhead where the Portsmouth road crosses the highest part of the sandhills overlooking Haslemere, before descending towards Petersfield. It must have been a grand country for highwaymen in days gone by, and indeed the site of the gallows on Hindhead is now marked by a granite cross where "the gentlemen of the road" used to swing, I believe almost within your memory. The country is still very wild and there are many miles of still open heath making glorious sheets of purple when the heather is blooming, but an extraordinary change has been effected in a much larger portion

of late years, not so much by enclosure and cultivation as by planting with firs which seem to thrive in the sand where nothing else will, so that the country seen now from some of the higher points around looks like a piece of the Black Forest. I was talking to an old man the other day who was mowing the grass in Seale Churchyard (the next Parish west of Walter Holland's) and he told me he quite well remembered the first plantations made about 20 years ago, and the effect had been in that short time to make land worth nothing very valuable property.

"Another charm of the country here is the winding course of the River Wey through it, forming a most picturesque contrast of scenery when you come upon it, with now a narrow belt of green meadows and now steep wooded banks, and running as fast as a northern trout stream. About a mile from this house is one of the prettiest points, the site of Waverley Abbey, of which some picturesque ruins remain.

"The old man I spoke of just now told me, among other things, of the high prices he remembered in his young days during the old war, especially of bread and salt. He said they used to have to sell the whole inside of a pig to buy the salt wherewith to cure the rest, and that the price was a guinea a bushel. He went on to tell me a curious circumstance he remembered about salting a pig at that time, and he could fix the date he said, because he went to see two notorious malefactors hung at Godalming that year; the circumstance was this: The pork was salted as usual but in a new tub, but when they came to take it out the salt was there as dry as when it was put in, nevertheless the pork was very fairly salted.

"Have you seen the life of Dr. Whewell, just edited by his niece Mrs. Douglas? I should think it might interest you.

"It is strange and suggestive in these days of cramming and competitive examinations to find Julius Hare writing to Whewell of these as two great evils in 1843: 'I wished your Vice-chancellorship should have been distinguished by measures of greater difficulty and of higher importance to the University; by an attempt at least to do something towards lessening those two terrible evils of our system, the practice of private tuition and the use of emulation as the one great spur to the acquirement

of knowledge. You know how deeply I feel the mischief of these two evils. I believe it is very much owing to them that our position relatively to Oxford has altered so much in the last 20 years. Oxford has risen and we have sunk; and we shall continue to sink unless we get rid of our system of drilling for parade and of our morbid stimulants, and adopt a system which will call forth a living power and train our students to walk without leading strings.'

"Have you seen the Revised New Testament? I have not, but from what I hear of it it must be very disappointing. Alteration of old familiar words and expressions where not really necessary, and where changes were really required the attempt to translate into the quaint old language of the authorised version. I had looked for a new version in Modern English, not to replace the old one but to be used with it by any who wished. This I think would have been worth the labour, though a very difficult task.

"I hope we may see you some time in the course of the Summer or Autumn, and find you well. Looking forward to so doing I remain

"As always affect. yours,

"EDW. LIVEING."

FROM DR. EDWARD FENN TO F. H. T.

"Richmond,

"Surrey.

"*July 14th*, 1881.

"MY DEAR FANNY,

"We hear through our nurse that your dear father has at length been called to his rest; altho', naturally, the moment of separation is very painful, yet in his case it would be untrue to speak in terms of regret of that which is to him the happy consummation of a long life of most useful work, kindly, lovingly, and zealously performed. Think of the state of Stoke and Leaven-heath when your dear parents began their labours there sixty years ago, and see how your father leaves it. I rejoice to think that they were both spared so long that they not only sowed the seed but watched the ear grow up to a noble

fulfilment in return for their labours. I and others of my family owe them a special debt of gratitude for the great kindness they showed my father when as a young man, and on that account regarded with some distrust, he was suddenly called upon to succeed in practice a man of Mr. Liveing's weight and ability. They often said that nothing helped my father so much to gain the confidence of the neighbourhood as did the kind and generous support extended to him on all occasions by Mr. and Mrs. Torlesse.

"Your father has completed his work and the labour of sixty years is brought to a happy end, and loving hands will lay him in the churchyard he loved so well, and his memory will be a rich treasure for all who were privileged to know him, and there is not a man, woman, or child in Stoke but feels they have lost the best friend they ever had, for he was the father of his people.

"Yours affectly.,

"ED. L. FENN."

APPENDIX.

A.

WILL OF JOHN TORLESSE. *Ob.* 1810.

IN THE NAME OF GOD—AMEN being of sound Mind and perfect Memory, after having duly reflected, seriously weighed, considered and reconsidered, on all my wordly Concerns and Matters in all and every point of view, I have come to the full determination and Resolution for many just Reasons, which I, in my Consience, am fully and internally satisfied with Namely First to revoke and annull all and every former Will and Testament, that I may have heretofore made, previous to this my now last Will and Testament and I do hereby revoke and annull all such Wills and Testaments, wheresoever and whensoever made, found or produced. Secondly after having duly reflected on and religiously considered of the most material Point in View, I have come to the full determination and Resolution of endeavouring to make my Family happy, and for which purpose I have fully resolved, without Revocation to invest, give and bequeath, unto my dearly and justly esteemed and beloved wife Anna Maria Torlesse to be the sole Heiress of all my Property, both real and personal wheresoever it may be found, and I do accordingly hereby make her, the above named Anna Maria Torlesse the only sole and whole Proprietor of all my Monies, Effects, or Estate both real and personal to be hers for ever, from the moment of my decease. This Resolution I have entered into after some years serious Reflection, and think I have Reason to be more and more satisfied with my determination and more convinced hourly, that she will better distribute and provide for our four children than I could, in any way do, both for their and her satisfaction, which has thus been the Cause of throwing the whole Burthen upon her, as I know she will do them all impartial Justice—but here —I must break a little into the above arrangement in favour of my poor Daughter Mary Bond. I hereby direct that my Wife

make good to her, what deficiency may arise in her Income, so as to make it full One hundred and thirty Pounds sterling per Annum, which she has now for this present time for herself and an infant daughter, but this Incumbrance is not to remain longer, if her Husband Captain Bond of the Bombay Artillery Service, allows her a Sufficiency, or gives her a proper protection as a Husband ought to do.

As my brother John Henry Torlesse is just now arrived from Spain and as I find he has been left entirely destitute, without Employ and without Resources of any kind, and without a place to shelter or put his head into, and is in very distressed circumstances, I have determined as I ought to do, to give him due countenance and protection, and therefore for the present sent him to live at my expence with Mrs. Rachel Jackson, who now lives at no. 7, Park Street, Kennington Cross, but in case of my death, which cannot be far distant—I hereby order and direct, that the sum of One thousand five hundred pounds be paid him by Mrs. Anna Maria Torlesse as a legacy from my Estate, to which he has not any other legal Claim. AND as my Sister Mrs. Rachel Jackson will also, by my death be left destitute and divested of what Allowance I now make her, I give and bequeath to her the sum of One thousand Pounds sterling to be paid her by my wife, Anna Maria Torlesse. I hereby order and direct that my Body be decently interred without Pomp or unnecessary Expences, into such place as may be chosen by my beloved Wife—Anna Maria Torlesse—also that no Achievement or Hatchment may be put up on my house or elsewhere, and that none, but by Wife and Children may go into Mourning for me, but that none of my servants go, or be put into Mourning for me.

LASTLY I hereby appoint my abovesaid dearly beloved Wife, Anna Maria Torlesse to be the whole Executrix of this my last Will and Testament, dated in Stanmore Magna this 13 November by my own hand and Family Seal affixed thereto SIGNED AND SEALED in the Presence

OF US

JOHN TORLESSE

ARTHUR ROBINSON CHAUVEL
Rector of Great Stanmore, Middlesex
SAM MARTIN
of Great Stanmore.

B.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE REV. CHARLES MARTIN TORLESSE, M.A., SOMETIME VICAR OF STOKE-BY-NAYLAND, SUFFOLK, BY G. D. LIVEING, *President of S. John's, and late Professor of Chemistry in the University of Cambridge.*

What strikes me as most characteristic of him was his universal sympathy and ready companionship. He was fond of quoting Pope's dictum, "The proper study of mankind is man," and diligently practised it, so that he was at home in any society and generally made his company acceptable. His views were remarkably sane; he was not carried away by his emotions, or by any hasty generalizations. He acknowledged that every man's claim to consideration was his personal character, whatever his position in society, and that the rights of all sections of the community were mutual. A Christian Socialist in the true sense, he sympathised with Charles Kingsley's hatred of the social and economic conditions which squeezed all joy out of the life of the helpless, and of the insolence of wealth which claimed a right to all that could be bought, and made laws in its own interest without any acknowledgment of its obligations to dependants. There was little in these views in common with the socialism or syndicalism of the present day. They regarded the good of society as a whole and of all individuals in it high or low alike. I feel sure that he justly discriminated between his own ideal and a socialism having for its object the maintenance of the interest of each occupation against the rest of the world, a scramble for money by people really well to do though living on weekly wages, regardless of the sufferings of the class below them.

His intellectual gifts were far above the average, and so was the variety of his interests and the extent of his knowledge.

He was a good scholar. With him I read my first Greek play, and he introduced me to the charm of Horace's lyrics. It was a revelation to me, because hitherto I had been taught Greek and Latin in a merely mechanical way which made the study as uninteresting as it could be. Those of his former pupils whom I have come across seem to have felt much as I did about the inspiration of his teaching. He was not at all one sided. Though

he had an enthusiasm for Greek literature, he had a just appreciation of English authors and was well read in them. The like holds true in respect to other forms of art besides poetry and the drama, and was conspicuous in his love of good music. To him music was a mode of giving expression to emotion as subtle and refined as poetry or rhetoric, in language more easily understood by many and therefore appealing strongly to the feelings of an assembly. His judgment of the merits of painting and architecture seemed to me rarely at fault, but good music always gave him the greatest pleasure. His success in reforming the music in his church, in spite of determined opposition by many of his parishioners was very characteristic. Even the bell ringers struck work in sympathy with the displaced musicians who were stung to the quick by seeing their prominent place in church taken by "them mawthers in the gallery." His energy and patience in personally training his singers knew no bounds. I have been present now and then at his practices and admired his zeal in insisting on good time, which as he said, was essential to a good effect and could always be attained by taking pains.

His love of nature was not less than his love of good art and good literature. Always observant, he often called my attention to unusual occurrences in regard both to plants and to animals. Occasionally he has accompanied me in fossil hunting with a zest quite equal to my own. Once we drove to Ipswich on such an expedition and slept there, intending to go on by coach the next day to Woodbridge, which was near our hunting ground. We were ready some time before the coach started, so we left word at the coach office that we were to be picked up on the way, and started on foot, and walked till past the time when the coach should have overtaken us, and then learnt at a turnpike that the coach did not run unless sufficient passengers presented themselves. There was no help but to continue our way on foot, which we did without going through Woodbridge, and spent the whole afternoon digging in the crag, and then returned, as we came, with the spoils. The drawback was that we missed the lunch that we had hoped to get at Woodbridge, and had nothing to eat but a bag of gooseberries, bought out of a market cart. This did not

trouble him a whit; we got back to a late dinner, and he enjoyed the outing all the more because of this little trial of endurance. His interest in new discoveries never flagged, and he frequently stimulated my interest in them. He enjoyed, too, making experiments in illustration of any branch of natural philosophy. We ransacked the Stoke grocer's store for saltpetre for crystals which we cut, so as to show their properties in polarised light; and with the help of a lathe made a successful gyroscope, when those things were a new invention. Clever, scientific toys always charmed him, and if he went to London for a day, almost always brought back one which he had seen exhibited in the street. I have been with him to London occasionally, and when business was done, there was always some exhibition, or a new building, or something else which he wanted to see, and his spirits and the number of things he contrived to see in a short time were surprising, and his remarks on them always to the point. He took a pleasure in solving a riddle, whether verbal or more concrete, and though he had never studied the higher mathematics, enjoyed puzzling out algebraic equations, which were regularly supplied by a former pupil, out of an examination paper which was annually set to the freshmen at St. John's College, Cambridge, and was known there as the "seven devils."

He had a wholesome love of doing things for himself. I have more than once sat up half the night with him taking transits of stars with a portable transit circle and our watches beating only quarter seconds, for the pleasure of trying how difficult it was and how well we could do it, though we had no expectation of ever needing to get correct time that way. He seemed to be attracted by people who were resourceful in helping themselves. I remember one such acquaintance, a tobacconist at Ipswich, a lover of natural philosophy, clever in constructing very effective apparatus out of cardboard and glue, spectacle lenses, glass plates, and such like. Mr. Torlesse was not much of a mechanic himself, but he could show those who had skill of hand how to do what was wanted. I have no doubt that meeting a man whose intellect was not cramped by the prosaic daily occupation of distributing tobacco, but loved nature and pursued the study of it in an original and

practical way, was the real attraction of this acquaintance. There were others of a similar character. One was old Mr. Landseer, the father of the artists Edwin and Charles, an engraver and as deaf as a post, who used to stay with Mr. Tyrell at Polstead Hall. As a good line engraving often took years to finish, the monotony of his profession must have far surpassed that of dealing in tobacco. He relieved it by trying to settle ancient chronology by calculating the dates of the recorded eclipses, and was always cheerful, going about humming tunes to himself in a low voice.

Mr. Torlesse had many happy recollections of his younger days at Harrow and Cambridge, but I do not remember any enthusiasm for games or athletics, except bathing at Perivale under difficulties. He was fond of recalling his memories of contemporaries who afterwards distinguished themselves. One of these was W. H. Fox-Talbot, the pioneer of photography, who became renowned all the world over for his discoveries and inventions in that art. He was three years Mr. Torlesse's junior at Harrow and Cambridge, and not a particularly diligent student, but nevertheless carried off the highest honours in Classics at Cambridge, and at the same time took a high place in Mathematics, of which he knew next to nothing before going to Cambridge. Fox-Talbot used to say that he went to his tutor to be crammed with formulæ, but really his wonderful genius was shown by his grasp of the principles involved, and ability to apply the formulæ successfully to the problems proposed in the examination.

Mr. Torlesse's keen sense of humour made him often recount what was whimsical in the characters of his old acquaintances : how Mansel, Bishop of Bristol and Master of Trinity, a well-known wit, could not bear to see an undergraduate in gaiters—trousers were only seen on sailors in those days—and how the undergraduates out walking used to whip off their gaiters when they saw the Bishop coming, for fear of his sharp tongue. Professor Farish, a popular preacher, and a popular lecturer too, tickled him much by the things he said in an absent-minded way. His lectures were always experimental, and on one occasion when he was illustrating the mechanical action of wheels on an uneven road, he called to his serving man,

"John, bring me an obstacle," which puzzled poor John as much as it amused the audience. One of Farish's clever contrivances in the house he built for himself, was a movable partition which worked up and down like a sash window, and divided his study from the drawing room, on the ground floor, when it was down, and divided two bedrooms above when it was up. One day when he had his house full of visitors, and the two ground floor rooms thrown into one, he thought after his visitors had retired for the night, he would make himself cosy in his study to finish a piece of work, and proceeded to draw down the partition, forgetting the consequences upstairs, much to the confusion of the two couples whose rooms were unceremoniously made common. I think he had a special pleasure in telling stories of other people's absence of mind, because it was occasionally a failing of his own. He had stories of undergraduates too. One which he was fond of recounting related to his own exercise for the B.A. degree. Every candidate for that degree at that time (1817) had to keep what is called an "Act." The proceeding was as follows :—The candidate, who was called respondent, gave public notice some time beforehand of three propositions (generally of natural or mental philosophy), which he was prepared to maintain in argument publicly before the University, and when the day appointed for his Act arrived he marched in state preceded by an esquire bedell with a mace, and accompanied by his tutor and a posse of friends, graduate and undergraduate, to the public schools. The proceedings there were opened by his reading an essay in Latin on one of his subjects. In bygone times this essay had been an important test of the candidate's fitness for a degree, but in 1817 it had ceased to be so, and the audience rarely attended to the reading. The real trial followed when three undergraduates in succession were put up to pose the respondents with arguments which they had prepared beforehand, controverting his propositions. He had no notice of the arguments which were going to be advanced against him, and it behoved him to be very fully master of his questions in order to answer his opponents then and there, as well as to answer the Moderator, who interposed when he thought the opponents weak. Mr. Torlesse was very busy in his last term preparing for the Mathematical Examination in which he

was competing for honours, and left the writing of his essay till the last, and finally hoped to be altogether relieved of writing it, because a friend who had taken his degree the year before had offered to let him have the essay which he had used for his own Act. On the day before that appointed for his Act, Mr. Torlesse sent to his friend for the promised essay. The friend came and said he was extremely sorry, but he could nowhere find the essay, at the same time saying Mr. Torlesse need not trouble about it, for he would write a new one, and if necessary would sit up all night to finish it in time for the Act at 8 o'clock next morning. On his breakfast table next morning Mr. Torlesse saw a roll of paper, which he supposed to be the essay. Breakfast over, he thought that he would look to see if it was all right before starting for the schools. He found that it was a Latin essay, but headed, "Inebritatis Laus"—(Praise of Drunkenness). He felt in a dreadful dilemma. If he put off his Act there was little hope that he would get another day assigned to him in the current term, and in consequence he would have to defer it to another term, which would delay his degree and put him to needless expense. The only alternative was to read the essay and run the chance of the Moderator not noticing it. He chose the latter, put a bold face on it and read the essay as fast as he could. The Moderator said nothing and he got his degree. It was a cruel trick, for if the Moderator had found out what the essay was about the consequence might have been serious. Mr. Torlesse kept the essay and I have seen it more than once.

(E. Mosley adds to this story: "One sentence Mr. Torlesse said he should never forget: 'Id quod mathematicis argumentis vix probatum est, orbem terrarum magna velocitate circumagi, cuivis ebrio satis manifestum est,' *i.e.*, 'What has scarcely been proved by mathematical arguments, that the world turns round at a great pace, is perfectly evident to every drunken man.'")

In talking on questions which stirred the religious community he preserved his wonted sanity, never took a partizan view or allowed himself to be carried away by ambiguous phrases. I remember one occasion when we were conversing about a common friend who was called a high churchman, and held that prayers for the dead were legitimate, he pointed out that

the legitimacy depended entirely on what sort of prayers they were; that the prayer in the burial service where we pray "that we with all those that have departed this life," etc., was very different from the superstitious prayers sanctioned by the Church of Rome. In the days when it was the universal practice in the South of England (though not in the North) for the parson to preach in a black gown, he used to preach in a surplice on Christmas Day. He saw no good reason for changing the practice which he had found to prevail at Stoke, although a curious misapprehension was rife during the excitement of the Oxford Tractarian movement that preaching in a surplice was a Romish revival. No one could affix on him a charge of romanising, and I have never heard anyone at Stoke complain of the surplice on Christmas Day, probably because it was no innovation at that church. His sermons were above the average, honestly outspoken and to the point. For several years after I came to Cambridge I used to spend Christmas and Easter at my mother's, and heard the same sermons preached again and again on those festivals. I don't know whether on Sundays in general the cycle came round quite so frequently, probably not. I recollect one acquaintance being taxed with preaching the same sermon twice, who replied that it was the best he had ever written, and he thought it would bear repetition. I do not suppose that Mr. Torlesse would have said that exactly, but no one that I know of complained, and I did not complain of the sermons I heard. To my thinking there is no better test of the quality of a tale, or of a piece of music, or may be of a sermon than whether it bears listening to more than once or twice. I know that on some special occasions Mr. Torlesse was asked to preach, because it was known that he would handle the subject well. Of all our common friends there was no one whose opinion was more trustworthy than Mr. Hughes, Rector of Layham. He had been fellow and tutor of my College, distinguished for honesty and sound judgment. I used to call on him from time to time when I was staying at my mother's, and have heard him praise Mr. Torlesse's tact and moderation. This had no particular reference to his sermons, but I understood it of his discharge of his duties as a clergyman in general.

He knew his parishioners great and small, well, but they did not all know him so well. In a country village, seven miles from any town, in the days before railways, the outlook was very narrow. The life of society, and the workings of the laws seemed to go on the supposition that self interest was the principal, if not the only motive power. At that time coals were very dear at Stoke. They were brought by sea-going ships to Mistley and Colchester, but the cost of distribution thence fell heavily on the poor, who could only purchase small quantities at a time. With his usual thoughtfulness for the poor, Mr. Torlesse started a co-operative club, of which the members by putting their contributions together, could buy a considerable quantity of coal at wholesale price, and afterwards distribute it for themselves. The organization of this club involved no little labour which Mr. Torlesse took on his own shoulders. So little at that time could people understand his disinterestedness, that one woman who did not join the club, thought it necessary to apologise to him "for not taking his coal."

Keenly alive to everything which could improve the condition of the poorer classes he could not fail to be attracted by his brother-in-law's (Mr. E. G. Wakefield) schemes of colonization. Their aim was to make it easier by careful organization, for people, hampered by competition and trammelled by customs derived from bygone states of society, to start free in a new country without thereby losing the advantages of an established community. Through his advocacy quite a good few (as they say in the North) of Stoke people emigrated to New Zealand, enough to introduce an East Anglican strain which may leaven the character of the future population of the colony.

G. D. LIVEING.

Cambridge,
25 *Sept.* 1913.

BY MARY A. BRIDGES.

85, Cambridge Gardens, W.,
Sept. 28th, 1913.

I shall never forget the delight with which we younger people, together with our father and mother, hailed that annual visit of

your father to our Yorkshire home. He was the soul of bonhomie and fun, and his fund of stories told with such humour were an endless source of delight to old and young alike. He possessed the rare gift of accuracy, and those who heard him tell the same story many times, on different occasions said that they never varied in that respect. I remember on one occasion when the dear man arrived to find my father depressed and gloomy about business, his greeting was: "Well, Mr. Hadwen, gone to the dogs yet, a capital place to be at it seems." He was quite boyish in his love of games, and croquet became as scientific as billiards under his directions, his excitement was such that one evening, after playing till the dressing bell rang for dinner, he insisted on lamps being brought out on to the lawn so that we could finish the game after dinner. Music was an intense delight to him, and he would listen for hours to my sister Louie's playing of Beethoven's Sonatas, beating time behind her chair.

One Sunday he was invited to preach in the village church, and somehow he managed to introduce the story of Circe into his sermon to our delight, and no doubt to the bewilderment of some of his hearers. As you know, he and my father went many expeditions together, and they did it in a very original way. They would drive down to the station, and take the first train that was going anywhere. On one occasion they finally landed in Ireland, on another in Wales, and they made several journeys to Switzerland and Italy, and came back with amusing accounts of their experiences, which I wish I could remember now. Another impression is very vivid in my mind. Once when my husband and I were staying at Stoke, we had our big dog, Pompey, with us, and one morning I met the Vicar going to the village school, so he invited me to accompany him. On arriving at the school Pompey insisted on coming in with us, no doubt to the delight of the children. I ordered him to lie down, which he did immediately, whereupon your father gave us all a most delightful and impressive lesson on obedience, making the dog the object lesson. Those were the days when there was time for impromptu lessons. The picnics on the Yorkshire moors are another recollection. Large parties of us used to drive up in carriage, dog-cart, and pony carriage for lunch and

tea on the heather, and our custom was to choose some little burn with a stream running through it for our encampment. After lunch Pater used to offer sixpence to anyone who could break a bottle placed in mid-stream. We all armed ourselves with pebbles, and I can picture your father now, as keen as any of us to win the prize, which he often did.

I think he must have been an unusually good teacher, as he could make such an unscientific and unmathematical mind as mine understand some of his puzzles. These good old days are over, and we are left lamenting for a time when age was reverenced, and the old and young could play and learn together and so be of infinite help to one another. I hope they may revive in the future.

C.

Testimonial.

"Leavenheath,

"*June 20th*, 1854.

"My Dear Sir,

"I have the pleasure of sending you a list of the subscriptions to the Testimonial to be presented to you to-morrow by the members of the Stoke and Melford Club, amounting to £78 – 10 – 6. The cost of the tea and coffee service was £55 – 15 – 0 which leaves a balance in my hands of £22 – 15 – 6 for which, with some additional subscriptions which I am expecting from Melford, I shall have the pleasure of giving you a cheque to-morrow. Most sincerely wishing the balance was more worthy of your acceptance,

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Yours sincerely,

"H. T. Curry."

Testimonial Subscription List.

J. W. Gurdon, Esq.
Lord Howe.
Sir Joshua Rowley.
Rev. . . . Rowley.
Charles Tyrell, Esq.
Charles Dawson, Esq.
Captain Kelso.
Colonel Oliver.
Rev. I. Coyte.
Tho. H. Fenn, Esq.
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Rev. I. C. B. Warren.
Rev. D. R. Fearon.
Rev. C. Smith.
Rev. A. Hanbury.
Rev. C. Birch.
Mrs. J. Garrad.
Rev. C. Roberts.
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G. Mumford, Esq.
Rev. J Henslow.
Mrs. Cresswell.
Rev. H. K. Faulkner.
Rev. H. Kirby.

D.

Testimonial.

From *The Bury and Norwich Post*, January 6th, 1874.
Presentation to the Vicar of Stoke-by-Nayland.

"On New Year's Day the village of Stoke-by-Nayland was en fête and a general holiday was observed on the happy occasion of the celebration by the respected and venerable Vicar, the Rev. C. M. Torlesse, of his jubilee as Incumbent of the Parish.

"On Thursday the bells pealed forth merrily from the fine lofty tower, the school and chief hostel were decorated and there was feasting for high and low. Lady Rowley, with her usual thoughtful liberality, invited about fifty of her aged poor neighbours, whose ages were about seventy years, to a bountiful dinner in the schoolroom, and on Friday about a score of others, whose infirmities prevented them from joining in the public

parochial festivities, received each a good dinner at their own homes. The schoolroom was very prettily decorated with evergreens and artificial flowers, arranged with great taste in festoons, wreaths, etc., and there were several suitable inscriptions nicely worked by the ladies, conspicuously displayed, 'Health and happiness to our Vicar,' etc. There were two rows of tables well spread with the usual Christmas viands, and Messrs. E. S. Parsons and Worters (churchwardens), C. Tricker, G. Barnes and the Rev. J. W. D. Brown (curate) carved for the aged guests and were assisted by Miss Rowley and other ladies, Mrs. Mackey, Mrs. Winney, etc. After dinner one of the oldest inhabitants proposed in suitable terms the health of the Vicar, wishing him health and happiness for many years to come. This impromptu address was received with great applause by the company and was acknowledged in a very feeling speech by the venerable Vicar, who evidently was labouring under deep emotion. Mr. Brown proposed the health of Lady Rowley, and in the name of the guests thanked her ladyship for the kindness on that and all other occasions. Miss Rowley acknowledged the compliment and assured the company that her mother and herself with the other members of the family were only too happy in trying to promote the happiness of their neighbours. The Rev. C. Holland (a son-in-law of the Vicar) also spoke and said he had come a hundred miles to be present at these festivities, although it being his wedding day perhaps he ought not to have run away from his wife; still he had only come to her old home and dear friends. Other toasts were proposed and healths drunk and a pleasant afternoon was spent. Among the company present were Miss Rowley, Mrs. and Miss Benham, Mrs. and the Misses Goldsmith, Miss Mudd, Mrs. Royse, Mrs. Chopping, Mrs. Green and others.

"In the evening about 50 gentlemen sat down to an excellent cold collation, provided at the 'Angel Inn' by Mr. Tomkins. The chair was occupied by Sir Charles Rowley, who had on his right the guest of the evening, the Rev. C. M. Torlesse, and the curate, the Rev. J. W. D. Brown, on his left. There were present, Rev. C. Holland, of Petworth, and Messrs. J. Benham (vice-chairman), E. Parsons and Chas. Worters (churchwardens), J. Stannard, W. Mudd, W. Frost, J. Crooks, Chas. C.

Gower, T. Goldsmith, Jas. King, Wm. King (Polstead), I. J. Goldsmith, Jas. Everard, W. Winney, G. Barnes, Wm. Scowen, A. Mackey, M. S. Scholes, C. Tricker, Chas. Mortimer, Edw. Cousins, J. Deaves, Thos. Crooks, and others. After tea the usual loyal toasts having been given from the chair, and also 'The Army and Navy' and 'Bishop and clergy of the Diocese,' the Rev. J. W. D. Brown responded for the last named toast, and in doing so said that, although one of the inferior clergy, he had very much pleasure as well as responsibility in responding to that toast. Mr. Holland, a senior clergyman, of riper years and more experience than himself, was (as they knew) present, but he was not a clergyman of the Diocese and could not acknowledge the present toast. But he (Mr. Brown) well knew he was speaking to a sympathetic audience, and that made his duties lighter. It was a formidable task in these days to have to return thanks for the Church of England, and required frequently some considerable amount of courage, but he was sure none present were going in for disestablishment when they had met for the purpose of honouring one who had been established among them for so many years (hear), and of congratulating him at his being so long able to fill his post. It was equally certain they were not going in for disendowment, because they had chosen the present opportunity to express their confidence in their clergyman and appreciation of his services in a substantial way. He was not going into the question of disestablishment and disendowment, but he could say he did believe the Church of England was stronger in the affections of the people of that country than she ever was, and therefore he hoped the time was long distant when the present toast would not be acceptable. He said this because he was a patriot and a philanthropist, and believed it was for the good of the country that the Church of England should maintain its present position. (Cheers.) When she became unfaithful to her trust let her be done away with; but when they looked around they saw everywhere proofs of her energy and work. There was no stagnation, and he therefore believed she would stand as long as she did her duty in this way, and as long as her ministers were faithful to the trust committed to them, for whatever her failings might be, she was

doing a great work, and was established on a firm foundation. He lately was present at a large meeting called in favour of disestablishment, but certainly he could see no points of resemblance between the distorted features of the Church painted by the speakers and the Church herself, for all her imperfections were highly magnified and all the good suppressed. It was not fair or right thus to misrepresent things: let them have both sides of the picture placed before them if it was to be a true and faithful representation. In speaking in acknowledgment of that part of the toast which referred to the Bishop, Mr. Brown said they all knew the worth of him who had recently been removed from their midst to another sphere of labour; their new chief pastor had not yet come among them, but he hoped they would have the same respect for him as for his predecessor. (Applause.)

"The Vice-Chairman said that before the next toast was given there were several ladies who would wish to be present. The gentlemen here left their places, giving up their seats to a number of ladies connected with the church and schools, who were accompanied by the principal members of the choir. The Chairman then rose and said that he had now a very pleasant duty imposed upon him, viz., to present a testimonial to their worthy and excellent pastor, the Rev. C. M. Torlesse. (Great applause.) He had known him for very many years intimately, and with the parishioners generally had received nothing but kindness from him. (Hear.) They had all worked together hand in hand and there had been no disagreement under Mr. Torlesse. It was now fifty years since that gentleman had had the care of the parish, and they had considered that the present would be a very good opportunity to show their respect and regard by giving him some little token in the shape of a testimonial. (Cheers.) After some consultation it was decided to get up a purse, and present it on a silver salver in this public manner. It was very seldom that a country parish had an opportunity of making a little display, as they had done that evening. Fifty years was a long time in a man's life, and very few clergymen had been in a parish for so extended a period, and they were therefore especially happy in having this opportunity of showing their regard and affection and in doing what

they had done. They all hoped that Mr. Torlesse would still be long with them, and that if it pleased God, he would retain the same good health which he seemed now to enjoy. In the name of the parishioners of Stoke-by-Nayland he would offer him that purse and salver, hoping he would long continue amongst them. He would call upon Mr. Parsons, the senior churchwarden, to read the address (which was very nicely written on a large sheet, followed by a long array of names of subscribers). Mr. Parsons read as follows:—'To the Rev. C. M. Torlesse, M.A., Vicar of Stoke-by-Nayland, Suffolk. Rev. and dear Sir, We your parishioners and friends, are desirous of commemorating the completion of the fiftieth year of your ministry in this parish, by presenting you with a substantial proof of our esteem and regard; at the same time we desire to take this opportunity of expressing with all respect our appreciation of the manner in which you have discharged the duties of your office. That you have lived for so long a period in the affectionate regard and esteem of your parishioners, is of itself an excellent proof of this, but it is our pleasing duty to record our testimony to your faithfulness as a preacher of the Word, your loyalty to the doctrines and formularies of the Church of England; your diligence as a visitor of the Sick your kindness and liberality to the aged and necessitous poor; and your care and interest in the moral and religious training of the young. And here we cannot forbear recalling the ready and earnest help of her so recently taken from you, of whom it may be truly said "She rests from her labours and her works do follow her." It has pleased God in His providence to remove her from us, and she cannot now share in this commemoration, but we feel it will not be the less grateful to you to know that her memory is reverently cherished and her "work and labour of love" held by us in high esteem. Neither are we unmindful of the other members of your family who have, one and all, interested themselves so much in the welfare of the parish. With these expressions of heartfelt respect and esteem we beg your acceptance of the accompanying testimonial. That the blessing of Almighty God may continue to rest upon yourself and your family, is the earnest prayer of your parishioners and friends.' (The address was followed by a list

of the subscribers, signed by the Churchwardens, and dated Christmas, 1873.)

"The reader displayed some little emotion in reading the address, which was shared by many present. Mr. Parsons explained that though the sum of 200 guineas was mentioned on the plate, the purse really contained £244. The committee had been very active in their labours, and the people had most willingly come forward. (Cheers.) The inscription on the salver was as under :—

> 'Presented to the Rev. Charles Martin Torlesse, M.A., Vicar of Stoke-by-Nayland, together with a purse of 200 guineas, by parishioners and friends connected with the parish, to commemorate the 50th year of his ministry amongst them, and as a mark of their sincere esteem and regard. Christmas, 1873.'

"Mr. Parsons also stated that the list contained subscriptions from £50 (given by Sir Charles Rowley) down to shillings and pence from the poor. The handsome purse which contained the money was made by the ladies of the Hall. The choir, consisting of Mrs. Barnes, the Misses Moss (2), Miss K. Goldsmith, Miss Mackey, Mr. Barnes, and Mr. Winney, then sang the glee, 'Now pray we for our country,' in very good style. Mr. Brown begged leave to interpose and explain that if the poor had been canvassed a little more he did not believe there would have been one who would not have given a mite, but they were somewhat shy in coming forward and volunteering subscriptions. The committee had worked hard, but had not had sufficient time to wait personally on all.

"Mr. Torlesse then rose to reply, and was received with great enthusiasm. He said it was only once in the life of the incumbent of any parish that the celebration of his having been with his parishioners for 50 years could possibly take place, and therefore if he commenced, as many speakers did, with, 'unaccustomed as I am to address you on such an occasion,' it would be strictly correct, and no affectation of humility. The testimonial and the amount subscribed quite took him by surprise, for he had not the slightest idea of anything of the kind.

"The address called for remarks of two kinds, one relating to matters of fact, and the other to matters of opinion. Now it was a matter of fact that he had attained his 79th year, and that he had spent the greater part of his life in the parish. He came into residence in September, 1823, and since that time he had had nearly the whole management of the parish, as vicar, till within the last few years, when he had had the assistance of curates. It was a matter of fact that he had been able to go through the duties of his office, and had had health and strength to do so, and officiated in their large church. It was a fact also that he had filled the Incumbency a longer period by far than any vicar during the last 573 years. He had in his possession a list of all the vicars from 1301 to the present time ; the number was 40, and the average length of the Incumbency of each was 14 years ; the oldest resided there 41 years, but a great portion of them a much shorter time. He might also speak of some of his labours since he had been with them. He had baptized nearly 2,000 children, he had buried 1,300 people, and there had been 400 marriages.

"He had been favoured with health and strength, and could say, that having obtained help from God he continued so to that day. There were one or two remarkable circumstances connected with his lengthened residence among them which he should like to refer to. Their church had not been closed for one single Sunday for the last 50 years (cheers), notwithstanding the annual cleanings and the recent extensive restorations. On one occasion the service was interrupted by a very severe thunderstorm, which caused such confusion and panic among the congregation that the service was obliged to be discontinued. He attributed the uninterrupted continuance of the services to the excellent arrangements the churchwardens had made the whole time. During his Incumbency an excellent school had been built, and the church had been completely repaired, restored, strengthened and beautified. As they knew, the schools had been built by the late Sir Joshua Rowley : he need not say by whom the church had been restored (cheers). They now came to what were really matters of opinion. From the company which was gathered there that evening, from the address which had just been presented, and from the testimonial

he could hardly help concluding that the verdict of the parishioners was favourable (applause), very much more favourable (he could say without any affectation of humility) than he could ever have supposed it would be. Some things had been done that they could be congratulated upon: the schools had been conducted well ever since he had been there, but before he came there were none in the neighbourhood: and the coal and clothing clubs had been successfully managed. And here he might ask what should he have done without her whom it had pleased God to take away? Nothing would have gratified her more than to know what was taking place that evening. The parish was greatly indebted to her activity and energy. Even to the very last, when great bodily infirmity and heart disease prevented her from going out, her pen was always exercised in writing to those young persons whom she got out to service, or for the promotion of some object connected with the parish; and this within a fortnight of her death.

"With reference to what he had done himself, he must say, when he remembered how much he ought to have done and had not done at all, and that those things which were done had been done very imperfectly, he felt very much astonished at the kind and liberal manner in which they had acknowledged his services. When he looked back he saw the road strewed with good intentions and plans imperfectly carried out, if carried out at all. How, then, could he express his feelings of gratitude? Some time ago his churchwardens told him that his friends wished to take some little notice of what had been going on in the parish for the last fifty years, but his gratification was as great as his astonishment at the amount of the donations and the number of the donors. He had no conception that he had so many kind friends, and must confess that words were wanting to him to say how gratified and thankful he was at this. It was not likely that some of them now present would live to see many more years, but would have to quit their places and make room for others. His prayer and desire was that every temporal blessing would be theirs, health and strength and the opportunity of doing good, and as clergyman of that parish he trusted that when they left this world those ties which had linked them together for 50 years might not be broken by death, as they were

so often broken in this world of changes: and as they got nearer to the grave they might be more fitted for the next world, so that their last day might be their best day and the evening of their lives the brightest and the best.

"The Rev. gentleman here sat down, but rose in a few seconds and added that he had spoken of the assistance he had received in parish and other work from his dear wife who was taken away the early part of last year: and he had been further assisted, not only by the ladies of the Hall, who on all occasions and under all circumstances assisted in every good work, but also by a great many of the parishioners generally: it would be invidious to point them out, but the charities and schools could not have been managed without their constant superintendence (applause)."

E.

Tables.

I have compiled these Tables with the hope that they may be useful. As far as I have been able to ascertain they are accurate. I am aware that several branches of the Robinson family are not represented at all, as I could not find out anything correct about them.

TABLE I (A).—TORLESSE.

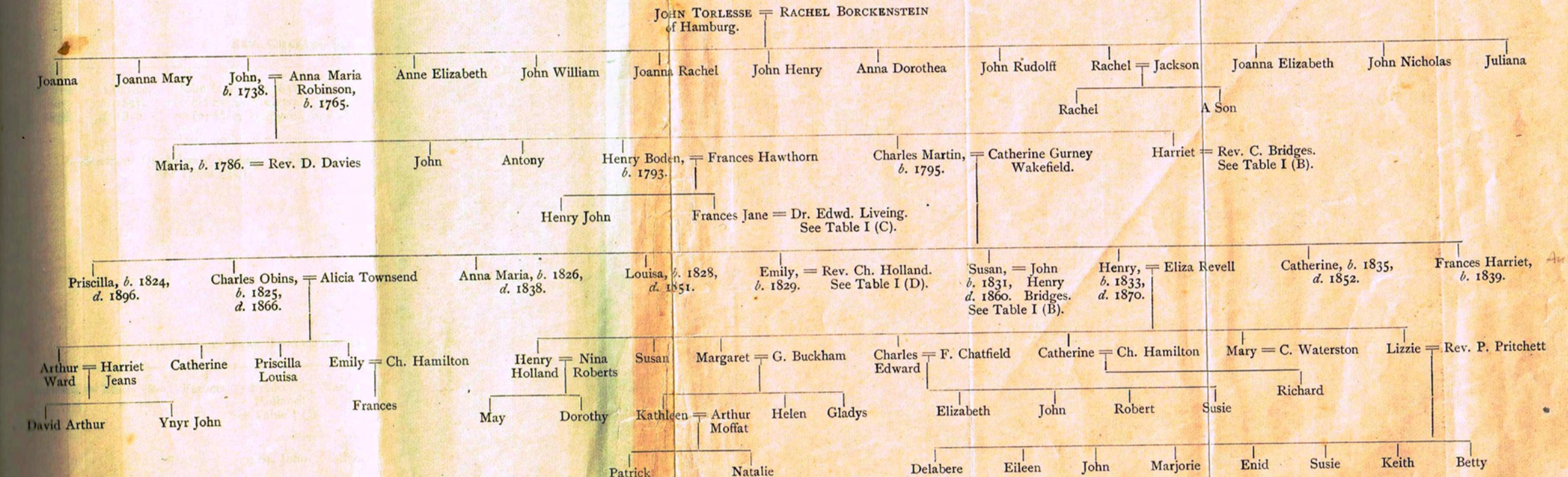


TABLE I (B).—BRIDGES.

REV. CHARLES BRIDGES = HARRIET TORLESSE

- Harriet, *b.* 1827, *d.* 1838.
- Charles, *b.* 1831, *d.* 1852.
- John Henry, *b.* 1832, *d.* 1906.
  - = (1) Susan Torlesse. See Table I (A).
  - = (2) Mary Hadwen. See Table III (A).
- Anna Maria, *b.* 1836, *d.* 1893. = Rev. J. Wilson Brown
- Edward Torlesse, *b.* 1843, *d.* 1877.

Susan = Dr. Edward Liveing. See Table I (C).

Edith

Mary

Charles, *d.*

Margaret

Reginald, *d.*

Hilda

TABLE I (C).—LIVEING.

(1) FRANCES JANE TORLESSE = DR. EDWARD LIVEING = (2) SUSAN BROWN

- Edward = Emily Bosworth
- Frances = Frederick Holland. See Table I (D).
- Margaret = G. Rands
  - St. John
  - Oliver
  - Violet
- Henry = Margt. Rands
  - Marjorie
  - Catherine
  - Edward
  - Frances
- William = M. Flick
  - Robert

TABLE I (D).—HOLLAND.

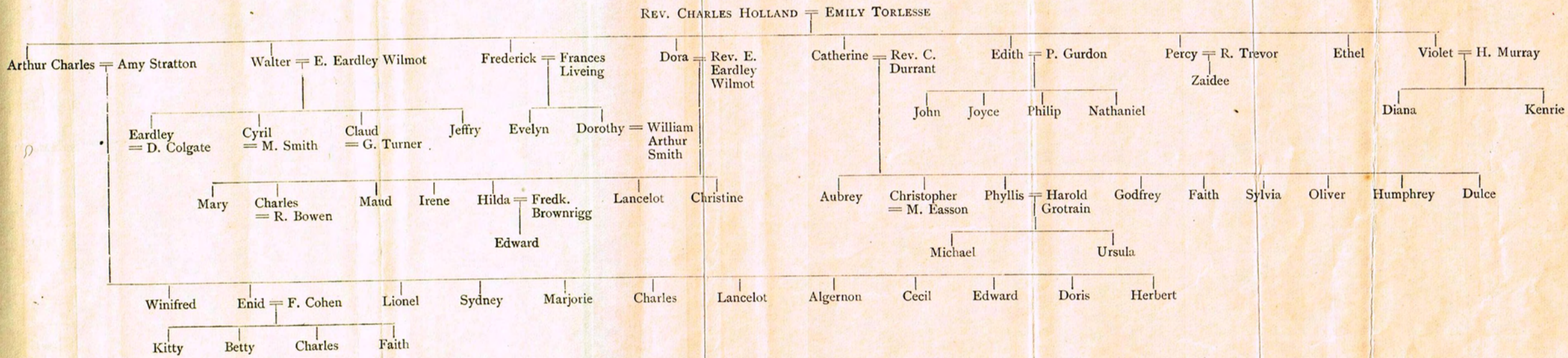


TABLE II (A).—WAKEFIELD.

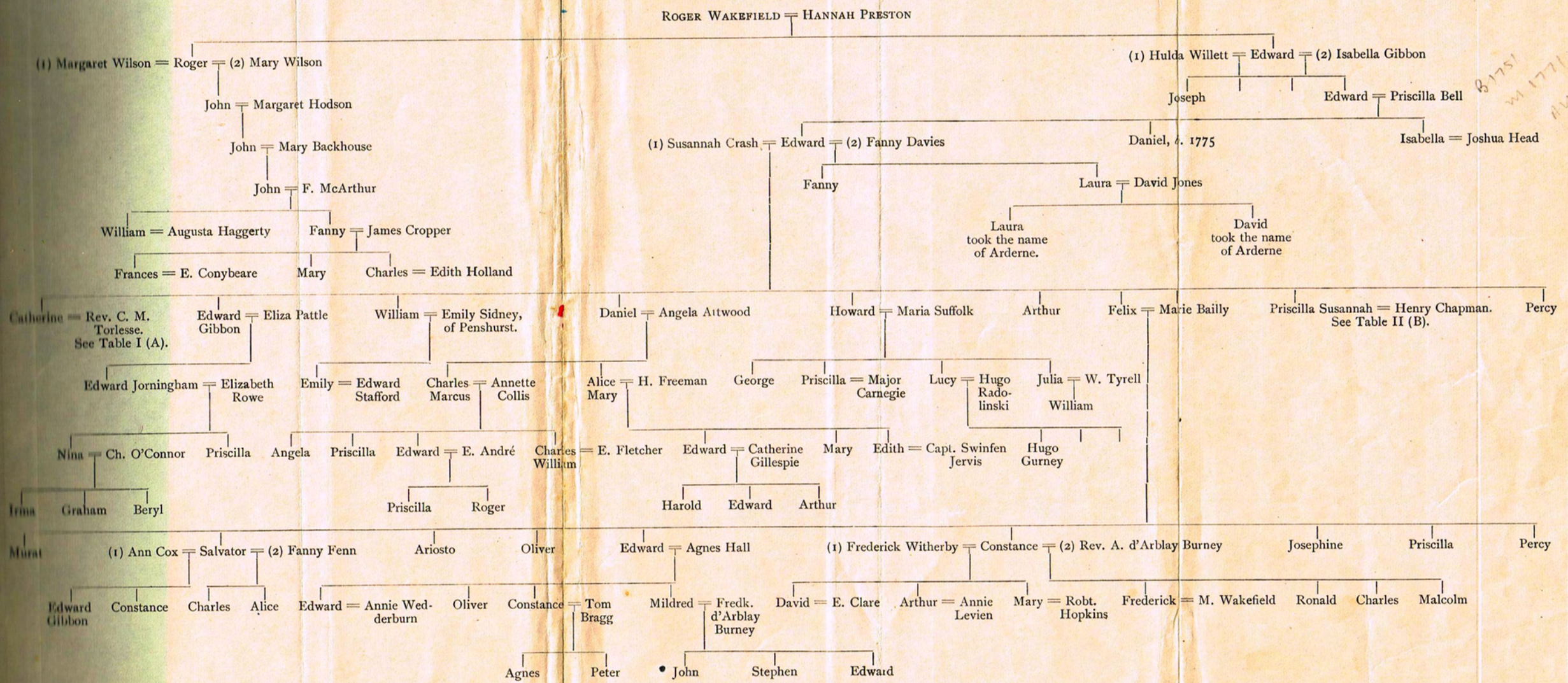


TABLE II (B).—CHAPMAN.

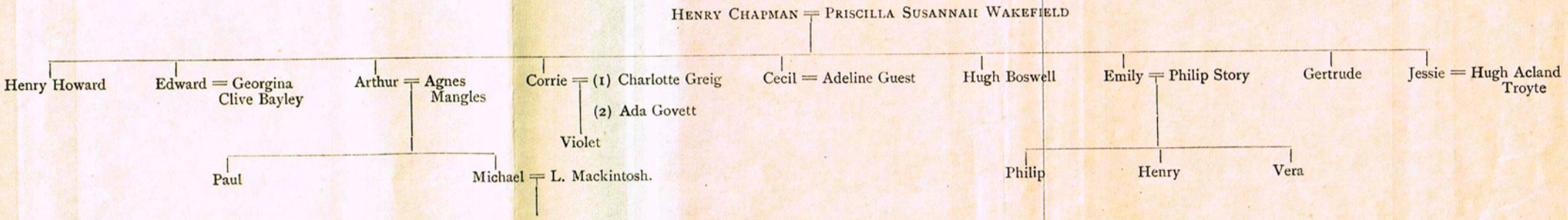


TABLE III (A).—ROBINSON.

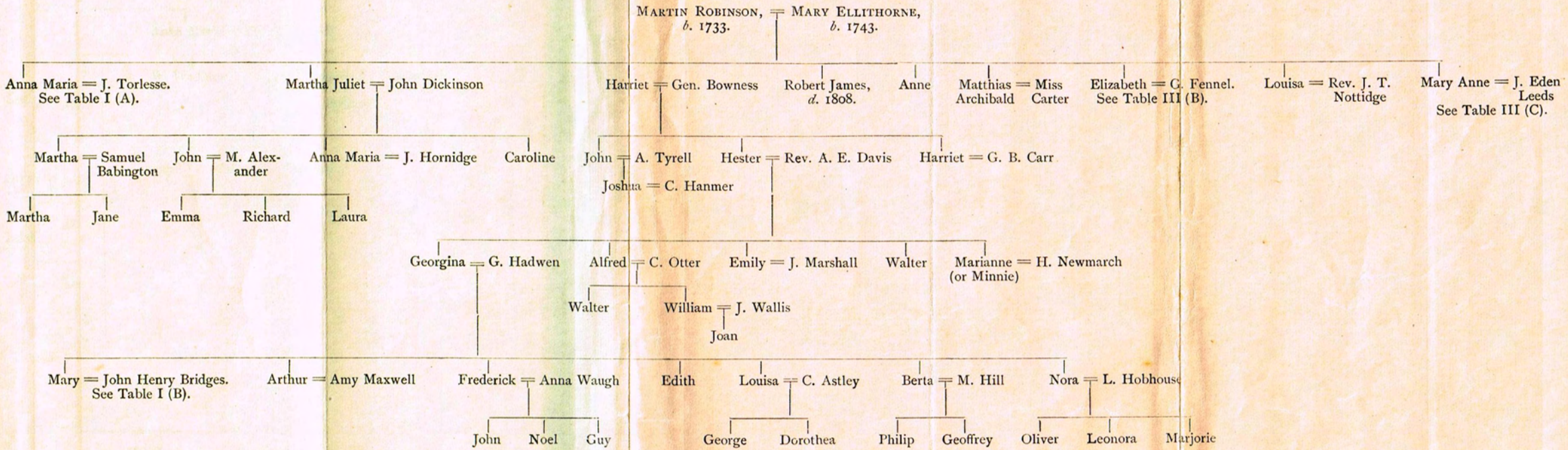


TABLE III (B).—FENNELL.

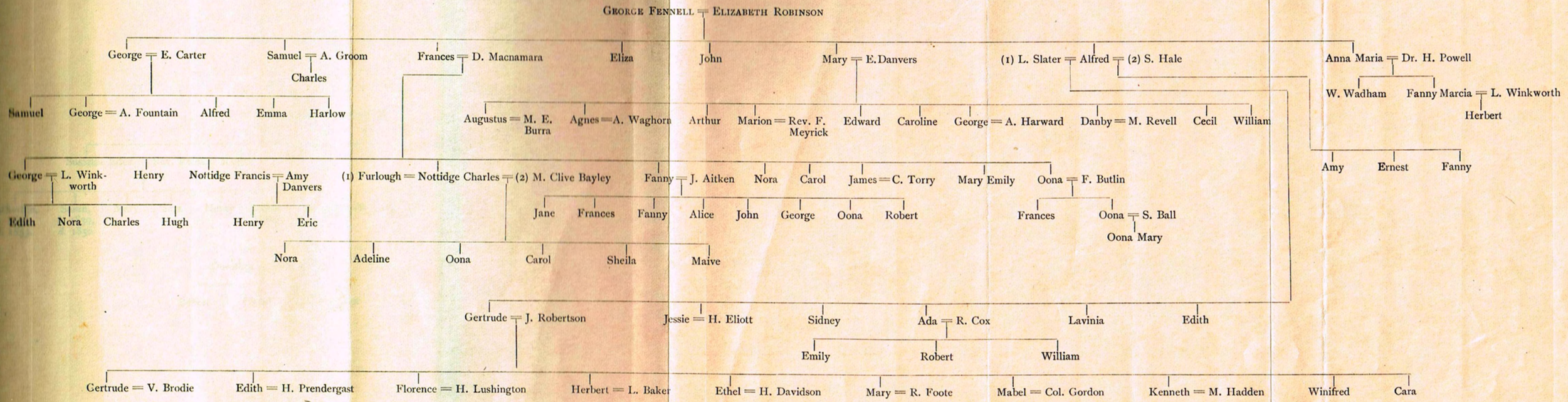
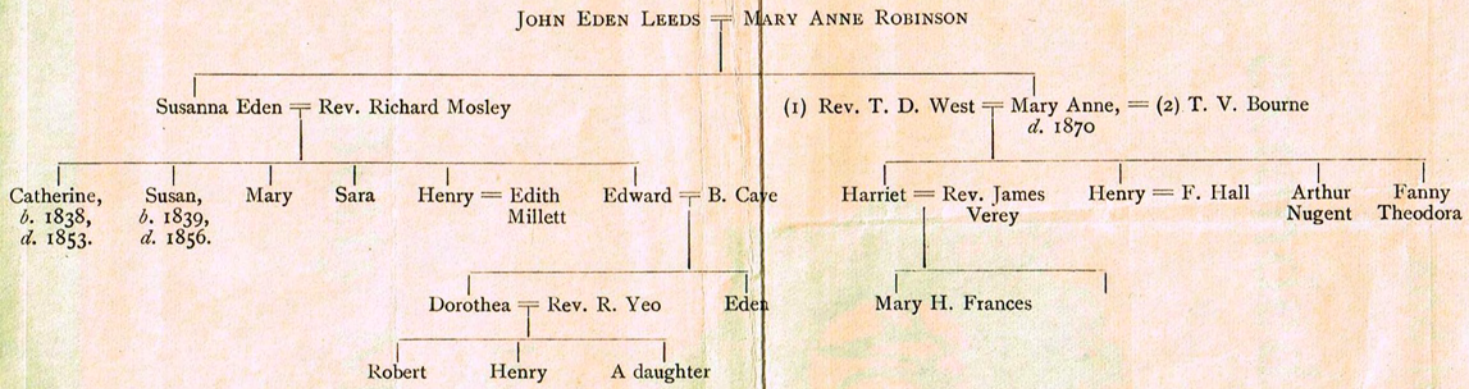


TABLE III (C).—LEEDS (MOSLEY).



Before the Pioneers

Torlesse Visited Here Early in 1849

My introduction to the Canterbury Alps was a climb on Mount Torlesse with the Founder of the Canterbury Mountaineering Club, Gerald Carrington. Perhaps because of his tragic death in the Waimakiriri River, every detail of that climb remains in my memory. I can remember the place where we boiled the billy by the banks of a creek and it was here that Carrington, an expert on Canterbury place-names, told me that the mountain was named after Charles Torlesse, who made the first ascent.

Until this, I had not heard of Charles Torlesse, and from then on I took an interest in his history, but when I began making inquiries about him, I found it difficult to gather up any information about this pioneer explorer. Major P. H. Johnson, of Raincliff, was the owner of Mount Torlesse station, and he knew something of him, and Mr C. E. Torlesse, a bank manager who lived in Timaru for many years, was also able to help me. He told me about a book called "Bygone Days," written by his aunt, Frances Torlesse.

"Bygone Days" gives an interesting account of early Canterbury and I can remember Miss Torlesse telling how she used to receive acorns which had been gathered at the village of her birthplace, Stoke-by-Nayland, by the schoolchildren. Wherever she went, Miss Torlesse planted these acorns and so many of our Canterbury oak trees had their beginnings at Stoke-by-Nayland.

Mount Torlesse

Miss Torlesse also tells of the climbing of Mount Torlesse. She wrote: "I have often heard the story of Charles' ascent of Otarama (Mount Torlesse). When the surveying party mounted the hills above Lyttelton and looked across the plains to the long range of the Alps, he said to Captain Thomas: "I should like to go and see what is on the other side of those mountains."

Captain Thomas gave him leave to make the expedition, and finding a Maori boy from Kowai Bush Pa to act as guide, with a donkey to carry provisions and instruments, and a dog for company, he started up the mountainside. When he reached the saddle, it was only to see that the mountains stretched one beyond the other, and that there was no other side to be seen. He travelled, however, for some days, until all their provisions were spent, and reached a point still known as Starvation Gully. He then felt he must return, and tossed as to whether the donkey or the dog should be killed for food. The toss determined that the dog was to be the victim, but at that moment it caught a weka, and so saved its own life and its companions. On their way down the mountain side they were met by a party of Maoris from the pa who had come out to rescue them."

In his diary of January 1, 1849, Charles Torlesse wrote:— "S.W. Very Fine. The Big Fellow and I started at 6 a.m. from Coldstream Pass and ascended the Otarama mountain. Arrived at summit at 4 p.m. not having rested or fed since starting. Warm on east side, bitterly cold on west, there being a strong wind from the snowy mountains. Drank deliciously cold snow water. Sketched plain and hills to the southward. Saw the Waipera and Rakahouri through a pass between low hills which skirt the north plain and the mountains. Descended by a shorter route and arrived at John Hay's house at Matariki at 9 p.m."

Papers Preserved

The diary and papers of Charles Torlesse were taken to Stoke-by-Nayland when Miss Frances Torlesse returned to live there and they later became the property of Rear-Admiral Arthur D. Torlesse, a grandson of Charles.

"It was one evening in July, 1955 at the home of Mr K. A. Webster, a New Zealander now living in London, that I had the good fortune to see the journals and letters of Charles Torlesse for the first time," wrote Dr Peter B. Maling. Dr Maling was so enthusiastic about these papers that he edited them and has now published them in book form as "The Torlesse Papers."

These papers, which make most interesting reading, are written in terse and vivid style similar to the writings of Lady Barker, Charlotte Godley, and Samuel Butler. They also fill an important gap in the history of Canterbury, in that they deal with the period before the arrival of the First Four Ships. Just as many people think that the history of England begins with William the Conqueror, so some Canterbury folk consider that the history of this province starts with the arrival of the First Four Ships. The Torlesse papers prove that part of Canterbury history was made before that event.

South Canterbury

Charles Torlesse was also in South Canterbury long before the arrival of the Strathallan, the hundredth anniversary of which is taken as the starting date for the South Canterbury Centennial.

Charles Torlesse made a trip to South Canterbury in 1849, and his diary entry of March 7 records: "Crossed the Rangitata, a wide and tolerably rapid stream, somewhat similar to the Rakaia, but between higher banks at the beach. Jim bogged the horse in a creek near it, then walked on beach or sandy dunes to the pa at Horowhenua. Fine rich land, clay subsoil, flax, gras[illegible] and tutu for strong growth."

"March 9 — N.E. Very fine. Up at 5½ a.m. Got breakfast and commenced salting the pig. Salt obtained from Mrs Tarawata. I and Johnny, with Charlie started at noon after salting the pig and went to Tarawata's house. South bank of Opihi, where we stowed away some pork and biscuit and procured some potatoes. Excellent wheat and potatoes grown upon the open plain here."

The party continued their journey southward, and caught 16 paradise ducks in the Pareora River lagoon. They "saw some old fishing stations on the beach and the bay where vessels have anchored when fetching oil off, also where Whalers have anchored."

Three days later they came to the Waihao where they received hospitality from Huruhuru, the noted South Canterbury chief, who welcomed most of the early visitors to these parts and who was well spoken of by all of them.

Almost all the downland stretching from Geraldine to the Waihao was named by Torlesse the "Agilonby Downs" in honour of a Director of the New Zealand Company. He was "delighted with the Agilonby Downs upon which there is an excellent growth of grass and abundance of bush in patches for sheep and cattle stations."

Torlesse walked up the Waihao River bank for 15 miles in search of a coal seam about which Huruhuru had told him. He then "came to that part where the river runs between precipitous cliffs and over a rocky bottom—deep water—and seeing no coal in the riverbed, we returned and arrived at camp at 9 p.m. Very much disgusted, but reconciled to the not having found the coal by finding that it must be in an inaccessible place, if it exists at all, as at 10 miles from the beach, the hills close in to the river and no road could be formed to lead to it. When we returned to the Old man's (Huruhuru) camp, he told us that we had been within a mile or so of it, and described it at being similar to the specimen I picked up in the riverbed."

Huruhuru was speaking truly when he said this.

From the description, my guess is that Torlesse came to the Waihao Gorge, just about where the bridge crosses the river. The coal mine that Huruhuru spoke of was worked for many years, and at one time it was proposed to use this coal for the development of electricity to supply Waimate, similar to the Mercer coal scheme in the North Island.

Tengawai Valley

In fact I found it a most pleasant pastime trying to pinpoint the place about which Torlesse writes. He later went up the Tengawai Valley in his search for coal in company with an aged Maori.

From the Te Wai-ati-ruati pa, near Milford, he and his guide "walked up the river bed for six miles, when my old guide (Getewarri) said that we must camp, so we did so at a small bush west of Horowhenua bush. Supped on quail Johnny's dog, Fiddle, caught."

Next morning at 8 they continued the journey up the riverbed, until 1 p.m. when they came to "the hut of old E. Turu, where we pulled up and were glad to feast on fern root and wild cabbage, fresh and preserved. In the evening E. Turu's wife arrived with potatoes from their garden, and ducks of which I made a considerable feed."

At 10 o'clock next morning they were again on the trail and camped at 4 p.m. On the next day, it rained, but cleared up the following day when "I and Getewarri started up the riverbed where he said the coal used to be. I proceeded a few miles further up the river and climbed a hill to obtain a view. Fine stretch of downs to the foot of the Snowy Mountains. On my return very much disgusted at seeing no coal; and just as I struck up 'What's the use of sighing, when time is on the wing' spied a vein of coal cropping out of the river bank." My guess is that Torlesse climbed a hill at the back of Albury. What is your guess?

Vale of Journals

Torlesse has more to say about his South Canterbury exploration, but I shall leave that for you to read for yourself. The reading is made easier by the pains that the author has taken in amplifying the text with notes, but I found myself reading these footnotes and then losing my place in the context. May I humbly suggest that it would have been easier for the reader if these notes were placed, in brackets, immediately after the particular diary entry. This would have saved him the bother of having to jump from context to footnote then back again. Few people can resist the temptation of reading a footnote and then thinking that it was not worth the trouble.

I am sure Dr Maling will forgive me for this slight criticism, for I feel he must be congratulated for his time, effort, and generosity in making these records available to the public. Both for reference and for reading purposes, I shall always treasure my copy — and may I congratulate the publisher, an ex-Timaruvian, on his excellent workmanship.

In his preface, Dr Maling writes: "The value of these journals and letters lies in the fact that they are primary source material for a period of Canterbury Settlement, which has been greatly neglected—that is, the two years preceding the arrival of the so-called 'First Four Ships'." Jessie Mackay had similar thoughts when she wrote:

"Be laurel to the victor,
And roses to the fair,
And asphodel Elysian,
Let the hero wear;
But lay the maiden lilies
Upon their narrow biers—
The lone grey company,
Before the pioneers."

Reviewed by W. Vance

Timaru Herald NZ