

MEMORIALS
of
THE SIDNEYS & THE WOOLLETTS



Les Sullivan
March 2008

This book was kindly lent to me by Violette Greene. Inside the front cover is the hand written note:

***“With love & best wishes
to Violette
From Colette.***

Feb 7th 1933”

(Colette is Colette Little - formerly Woollett)

I have carefully scanned the book to produce a Microsoft Word document which may be printed onto A5 size paper in landscape format to re-create an accurate facsimile preserving the paragraphs, line breaks and layout exactly as published in 1911.

MEMORIALS

OF

THE SIDNEYS THE WOOLLETT'S

BY

B. S. DURRANT

EDITED BY

CAPTAIN M. S. J. WOOLLETT

LATE DEPUTY COMMISSARY

"The yearning cry of man has ever been
to recall that which has gone."

LIVERPOOL:

CARTWRIGHT BROS, 18, COOK STREET.

1911



PREFACE.

THIS little brochure is mainly a tribute to the memory of my mother, who was a Miss Woollett prior to her marriage, and was left a widow at a comparatively early age. A sincere Catholic, pious without ostentation, her actions were ever governed by the dictates of reason, justice and truth. She died on the 6th July, 1908, after a long and painful illness, in the 77th year of her age, and a keen sense of her loss prompted me to collect these memorials for private circulation among those to whom they might be of interest. At the same time I wish to disclaim any literary merit for this work, being fully sensible of its many deficiencies, due to faults of manner and style, as well as the somewhat trivial and fragmentary nature of much that is recorded, though snatched, as it were, from the "maw of time," with difficulty, owing to the lapse of years, deaths, etc.

Preface

A good deal of the information contained in the following pages, relative to the Sidney family (who became united with the Woolletts by marriage), has been carefully collated and abridged from the late Mrs. H. M. Barnewell's little family book, published in 1877, entitled " A Hundred Years Ago," which deals fully with the conversion to the Catholic faith of my mother's great grand-parents on the maternal side, Mr. and Mrs. Marlow Sidney, of Cowpen Hall, Northumberland.

The pedigree of the Sidneys has only been set out by me sufficiently to show the descent of the family from Lawrence Seddon, who was Rector of Worthen, Salop, in 1632, down to the purchase of the Cowpen Hall estate, in 1729, and the subsequent devolution of the property. For fuller particulars the reader is referred to " Burke's Landed Gentry," or Volume IX. of the truly monumental History of Northumberland, published under the auspices of the Northumberland County History Committee, which may be consulted at the leading public libraries.

B. S. DURRANT,

LISCARD,

CHESHIRE, 1911.

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MEMORIALS OF
THE SIDNEYS AND THE WOOLLETTS.

THE SIDNEYS.

The history of the Sidney family of Cowpen Hall, Morpeth, in Northumberland, though of considerable local interest, appeals in a wider sense to Catholics, since the conversion to Catholicism in 1771 of Marlow Sidney, the then expectant heir to the estate and his youthful bride "leading into the bosom of the Catholic Church whole generations yet unborn."

The name of Sidney, or as it seems to have been originally spelt Sydney, is said to be a corruption of St. Denis. The progenitor of the Sidney family in England, from whom sprang Sir Philip Sidney, the hero of Zutphen, was William Sydney, Chamberlain to Henry II. , who came

*"Vide page 37 of "A. Hundred Years Ago."
Lower's " Patronymica Britannica."*

from Anjou with that Monarch, and was interred at Lewes Priory, in 1188.

It is an old family tradition, the origin of which is difficult, if not impossible, to trace, that the Sidneys of Cowpen are descended from the Chamberlain, but the most exhaustive researches by eminent genealogists and others for several generations past have failed to establish the connection, or to trace the pedigree of the family further back than the year 1632, when *Lawrence Seddon, D.D.*, a native of Lancaster, was rector of Worthen, Salop.

His son, Thomas Seddon, D.D., *assumed the name of Sidney*, as appears from a list of the Precentors of the Cathedral Church of Hereford in Le Neves' "Fasti Ecclesie Anglicanæ," the following being a copy of the entry relating to Thomas:

"Thos. Seddon, *alias* Sidney, installed 16th March, 1684-5, *vice* William Brabourne. He died 12th February, 1685-6."

Whilst desirous of dealing tenderly with a long cherished tradition, it nevertheless seems impossible, in view of the above facts, to regard it otherwise than as a venerable fiction, the *foes et origo* of which may have been the change of name in question, and the possession of certain seals, pictures, and documents, connected with Sir Philip Sidney, which have been handed down in the family from generation to generation. Amongst these relics is a plain seal engraved with the hero's head

and set in a gold ring which is slightly indented as if from a blow or cut.*

Lawrence Seddon matriculated at Balliol College, Oxford, on the 15th March, 1615-6, aged 18. He took his degree of B.A. from Brasenose College, 1619 ; M. A., 1622 ; B. D., 1633 ; and D.D., Lambeth, 1672. On the 26th August, 1660, he became Prebendary of Hereford, and Prebendary of Putston Major, 18th June, 1661.

This Seddon was one of many incumbents whose open loyalty to Charles I. aroused the fierce resentment of Cromwell's followers. Thus we learn from "*Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy during the Great Rebellion*" (Ed. 1714, part II., page 368), that Seddon:

"had been twenty years a member of Brazen-Nose College in Oxford, whence his great learning and piety recommended him to the very valuable rectory of Worthen in the County of Salop. There for several years he exerted those endowments with which he was enriched, and his constant application to his studies, assiduous preaching and regular performance of all other duties of his function made him very much esteemed amongst all that knew him. There he continued in great quiet till the breaking

* "I am informed by the present owner of the Estate that this Seal is still in his possession, but not the seal referred to in "A Hundred Years Ago," as being engraved with an heraldic shield and arms full emblazoned with the Sidney crest and motto "Quo fata Vocant."

out of the Civil Wars, but then the honesty of his principles made him obnoxious to the prevailing faction, by whom he was dragged out of the pulpit and sent a prisoner to Shrewsbury, where he continued till the Royal party made a reprisal of one of the faction's preachers for whom he was, exchanged. In the meantime they robbed him of all his personal estate and ejected him from his ecclesiastical, when he was forced to fly to London to avoid further persecution. . . . his wife then big with child (a gentlewoman of a good family), being with her children most in[hu]manly dragged out and rudely affronted. The doctor in the meantime takes sanctuary in a poor printer's house in London, where he corrected his press to purchase a coverture for his head,. and though the rightful owner of a very considerable estate, ecclesiastical and secular, yet was forced to walk on his feet every Lord's Day about seven miles to officiate in an obscure place for a mean subsistence. Here the meanness and obscurity of the place gave him some years' shelter, but at last, being discovered, lie is forced to retire. into unknown places to seek his bread ! "*

Lawrence Seddon died at Worthen, where he was buried on the 21st September, 1675, as appears from the following entry in the Register relating to his burial:

*Anne, daughter of Richard Blandon, Esq., of Bishop's Castle, Shropshire.

“Rector^c Lawrentio Seddon, S.S. S.S., us Rector
The^{ac} Doctore, de Worthin et
Cannon, di Heriford Sepultus fuit
Vicenimo primo die Septembris
Anno Dom. 1675.”

Thomas Seddon, D.D., of Brasenose College, Oxford, matriculated on the 27th May, 1661, aged 16; became B.A., 1665; Fellow of All Souls and M.A., 1668; B.D., 1676; D.D., 1682; Rector of Worthen, 1675; Prebendary of Hereford, 8th April, 1675; and Precentor of Hereford, 16th March, 1684-5, died 12th February 1685-6, and was buried at Worthen as appears from the following entry in the Register of Burials :

"Sept. Thom. Seddon, Rector of Worthin, Doctor in Divinity, and one of the Canons of Heriford, died upon ffryday the XII. day of ffebr 1685, and was buried the ffteenth day of the same moneth."

Thomas Seddon was Chaplain in Ordinary to King Charles II., and married Elizabeth, the only daughter of George Dutton Colt, Esq., of Colt Hall, Suffolk. She was sister of the first Baronet of that name, and grandniece to Jane Colt, the wife of Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, who suffered death rather than acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of Henry VIII.

Thomas Sidney had three sons, Lawrence, Thomas, and Henry. Lawrence held a commission in the Army and resided at

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Danbury, Essex, and afterwards at Bishop's. Castle, Salop, where he was buried in 1736. He married Mary, the only daughter of John Marlow, a London banker, whose patronymic became a favourite Christian name in the family. Thomas died in 1677, *sans* issue. Henry, of the Middle Temple, London, Barrister-at-Law, purchased Cowpen Hall from Stephen Mitford in 1729. A fine oil painting of him that adorned the dining room of the Hall bears a striking resemblance to the present owner of the property.

Henry died unmarried, leaving the estate to his elder brother Lawrence's second son Marlow, who was born on the 15th March, 1708 and likewise died unmarried in 1804.

Lawrence Sidney's eldest son, Lawrence, described in 1756, as of Little Ormond Street, Holborn, was born on the 17th March, 1707, and married on the 1st November, 1739, Ann, daughter of John Rochfort, Esq., of London, who came of a noble French Huguenot stock. They had issue two children, *viz* :- Mary, who was born on the 26th May, 1746, and married George Morris, Esq., of Springfield Essex, and Marlow, the great-grandfather of the writer's mother. He was born on the 9th January, 1752, and married Mary, daughter of Colonel John Mangaar, a Danish gentleman resident in London, who was a son of a King of

'She survived her husband and died at Witham. Essex, in 1818.

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Denmark by a morganatic marriage, and Martha Sidney, his wife, the third daughter of Captain Marlow Sidney, 2nd Royal Dragoon Guards.

The Sidneys were identified with the Church of England until 1771, when an incident occurred while Marlow Sidney, son of Lawrence Sidney, of Little Ormond Street, was in residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, which resulted in the family becoming Catholics. Whilst following the University curriculum, young Marlow fell in love with his pretty cousin Mary, or, as she was generally called, Polly Mangaar, who was only 17 years of age, and a marriage quickly ensued. His marriage being contrary to the rules, and as he was anxious to continue his studies, he kept it a secret and took a cottage close to the University for his young wife. Mr. Sidney one day made her a present of a guitar which became an unexpected instrument of Divine Providence in bringing about their conversion. The guitar having got out of order, a college friend suggested bringing in a gentleman he knew who was an excellent performer on that instrument as well as on others, and who was, in fact, an accomplished musician. It was explained, however, that the friend in question was a Roman Catholic Priest, who in view of the severity of the penal laws against Catholics had considered it prudent to accept the hospitality of Lord Stourton, who then

occupied Sawston Hall (the seat of the Huddlestone), near Cambridge. The proscribed clergyman was the Revd. Lewis John Barnes, O.S.B., who concealed his identity as a Catholic Priest under the incognito of " Mr. Barnes, a guest of Lord Stourton's." At first Mrs. Sidney strongly objected to the proposed visit of the " Popish Priest," but an introduction was shortly afterwards brought about by the college friend above referred to.

In Mr. Barnes' skilful hands, the guitar was quickly set to rights, and as he also proved to be a gentleman of superior culture and attainments, Mr. Sidney requested the pleasure of making his further acquaintance. Some time prior to this, Mr. Sidney had expressed to his wife strong doubts as to the truth of the doctrine of the State Church regarding the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. These doubts he ventured to broach to Mr. Barnes on his next visit and solicited his opinion. The priest would not, however, enter into any controversy, as he had made a promise to that effect on entering the domicile of Lord Stourton, but instead, sent some books, the perusal of which resulted in Mr. Sidney and his wife embracing the Catholic Religion.

Old Marlow of Cowpen Hall was noted for his strong anti-Catholic proclivities and as soon as his nephew had changed his creed, some friend immediately informed his uncle of the fact. Anonymous letters also

followed to the same effect. On one occasion when young Marlow paid a visit to Cowpen Hall his uncle said to him:

"Marlow my boy, they want to persuade me that you have joined those d.....d Papists, but I don't believe one word of it. I know their tricks, but they won't succeed, my boy." Another time he said---"It's no use asking you, for of course you would not be fool enough to own it if you had turned Papist."

" But are you sure I am not one?" was the quibbling reply of the sagacious Marlow, who laughed as he put the question.

"Quite sure, my boy," said the old gentleman. " I know why they say so," and so it passed off. Mr. Sidney was with his uncle at his death. Shortly before it took place he said, turning to his nephew

"Had you become a Papist, Marlow, you should never have had an acre or a shilling of mine, but I won't gratify those who have been trying to make me think so."

Marlow Sidney on completing his last term at Cambridge, refused honours that he had well earned, to the surprise of his fellow collegians, for fear that his acceptance might in some way interfere with his adopted faith. Young Sidney and his bride then left the cottage and went to live with his mother, who idolised her son, at Witham House, Essex, near Lord and Lady Stourton's seat, Witham Place,* where they frequently met

*The Stourton family have long since parted with this property.

their friend Mr. Barnes and the best Catholic Society.

Marlow, when a young man, was an accomplished horseman, and freely indulged in his favourite pastimes of hunting and coursing. In those days it was not considered undignified for gentlemen who met at the convivial dinners that usually followed to drink to excess, but Marlow, who had a great horror of such inebriety, contrived to keep sober by pouring, when unobserved, most of the wine that came his way into his high hunting boots such as were then, worn.

After many years' residence at Witham, Mr. Sidney, conceiving that the change would be to the advantage of his children, removed with his mother and family to a house in Clarendon Square, Somers Town, a suburb of London, the communication with which was by cart, paying occasional visits to Cowpen, a journey which then occupied six or seven days. It was whilst on one of these journeys that a perfect stranger and fellow-traveller gave to Mr. Sidney the remarkable illustrations of the occult gift of second sight related in "A Hundred Years Ago."

After settling in London, Marlow's mother became a Catholic. She lived with him until her death at an advanced age in 1802, retaining to the last her strong affection for her son, and never did a son love and respect a mother more than he

did." Mrs. Sidney, who was a beauty in her youth, lost her husband in 1766, when Marlow was only fourteen years old. After he inherited the Cowpen Hall Estate, upon the death of his uncle in 1804, he continued to reside with his family in London, where they were distinguished for their benevolence to the poor and destitute. Mr. Sidney was an omnivorous reader and student to the end, his mornings always being passed in his study. In 1818, conjointly with the Rev. Richard Horrabin, he published an edition of the New Testament, and his zeal as a Catholic was further displayed by his acting as Treasurer of the Catholic Schools in St. Giles.

Marlow Sidney died on the 12th July, 1839, only a few months short of a century from the marriage of his parents in 1739, and was buried in old St. Pancras Churchyard. All trace of his grave has long since disappeared. This burial ground is a spot of considerable historical interest as the last resting place of many distinguished foreigners who fled from the horrors of the great French Revolution, when Mr. Sidney proved such a generous benefactor to the destitute nuns from Cambrai. In more recent times the churchyard was sadly

*She and her husband were both interred at Old Street Church, London.

This and other incidents in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Marlow Sidney referred to in this book are fully described in "A Hundred Years Ago."

desecrated by a Railway Company and what was left of it converted into a public garden.

Marlow's wife, the pretty Polly Mangaar of youthful days, died in 1844, at the age of 91, retaining nearly to the last much of her vivacity of manner modified by age. She lies buried in the crypt on the west side of the nave of the Catholic Church at Cowpen.

On the decease of Marlow Sidney he was succeeded by his eldest son, Marlow John Francis Sidney, who was born on the 3rd December, 1774, and prior to his inheriting the estate, carried on business in partnership with his brother William, under the style of "M. and W. Sidney," in Star and Garter Yard, Ratcliff Highway (now St. George's Street), "once notorious for robbery and murder."

When Mr. M. J. F. Sidney came into possession of the property it was in a very neglected condition, and he immediately set about renovating and partially rebuilding the Hall, relaying out the grounds, and planting those fine avenues of trees which now ornament them, and also the neighbouring village. He was a Justice of the Peace, and during the great miners' strike in 1844 he took a prominent part in maintaining order amongst the miners. The grounds and gardens possess a varied collection of rare and valuable shrubs, fruit and other trees, which were planted and fostered under his care. There are also some very fine collections of shells preserved, which were the result

of his conchological pursuits. In 1840 he founded the present Catholic Church at Cowpen, and three years later added the schools, the foundation stone of which was laid by the Editor of these pages when about eight years old. Both church and schools were endowed and presented by the founder to the Benedictines, no doubt in grateful remembrance of the family's conversion by a member of the Order. At the period mentioned there was no Catholic place of worship nearer than Morpeth, which is a distance of some nine miles. Previous to the foundation of the present mission, religious services were conducted in an eastern garret of what is now the Sidney Arms Hotel, which was built in 1777, and at another period in the Grove House, which belongs to the Sidneys. The Church is dedicated to St. Cuthbert, and is a neat structure in the early English style of architecture. The original cost was £4,000, but two aisles have since been added and other improvements made. The interior presents an ornate and charming appearance. There is a beautiful carved pulpit in the flamboyant style, near to which is a finely carved screen. Some of the old oak carving which still adorns the altar rails and pulpit was purchased by Mr. Sidney from a Church in Holland, which was being demolished during one of his visits to that country. With reference to this pulpit, a story was *long* told in the village how "the Squire" (Mr. M. J. F. Sidney),

on receiving notice of the arrival of the pulpit at Blyth (the seaport town), ordered his Irish man-servant, "Larry," " to put on the large cart harness, and to go down to Blyth to " fetch it up." "Larry," whose blunders were locally famous, gravely put the harness on *his own shoulders* and toiled away to the wharf for the pulpit. He received a chip !

On another occasion Larry was seen to rush through the village with a broken fishing rod in his hand, and fear and horror depicted on his face. He vowed that "a fish had come out of the river, and had chased him over the fields." It was possibly an otter, but the Squire never liked to be questioned about Larry's blunders.

Mr. M. J. F. Sidney died on the 25th February, 1859, and his widow, Christina Sidney (well known for her benevolence and religious zeal) on the 15th January, 1874, aged 91 years. The former was succeeded by his brother, William Henry Marlow Sidney, sometime of Azay-le-Viscompt, France, and afterwards of Stockton-on-Tees, who was born on the 3rd April, 1776, and died on the 25th November, 1870. As a young man he was the means of rescuing from their sorry plight the nuns from Cambrai, when they were landed at the London Docks homeless and penniless. His father not only provided for their wants, but found them the means of supporting themselves until they returned to

France in 1802, as related in "A Hundred Years Ago."

Mr. W. H. M. Sidney was the father of the late Squire Henry Sidney, who was born on the 9th March, 1808, and spent the early part of his life in France. He died on the 15th August, 1891, and his eldest son, Henry, who was born on the 21st April, 1879, is the present owner of the estate.

To celebrate the birth of his son and heir, a handsome reredos was erected over the altar in the Catholic Church at Cowpen, by Mr. Henry Sidney. His widow, Mrs. Frances Elizabeth Sidney, presented the Church with a magnificent organ a few years afterwards.

The late squire gave much attention to the improvement of the Hall, and the estate generally. He also took an active interest in agriculture. Like his predecessor he was a Justice of the Peace for his County. An elaborately carved marble and granite monument was erected to his memory by his widow in the little cemetery attached to the Catholic Church at Cowpen, where its founder and his wife are laid at rest. In the Churchyard are also a number of tablets and tombstones, which mark the resting places of the Sidneys that have held the estate.

The Sidney arms are: Or, a pheon azure; Crest, a porcupine, p p 2, with chain reflexed over the back, or. Motto "Ouo fata vocant."



THE WOOLLETTS.

THE FAMILY ORIGIN.

The pedigree of the English Woolletts has been traced to the year 1439, when they came over from France, during the reign of Henry VI., of Windsor. The origin of the name Woollett is said to have been "William," the parent of so many surnames in England and France."

The Woolletts or Ouilletes, as the name is usually spelt in France, are numerous in Poitou. Colonel Woollette, a former Aide-de-Camp of Marshal Bazaine, who surrendered Metz to the Germans in 1870, is interred in the "Invalides" at Paris. The English Woolletts originally settled in Kent ;

*Lower's 'Patronymica Britannica,' where "Woollett" is stated to be probably the same as "Willott," "Willats," the parent of which is also said to be "William." The name in French signifies a Shepherd's Crook.

their descendants are now scattered, but an important branch is resident in Monmouthshire.

Marlow Sidney, the convert, left three daughters, two of whom, Elizabeth and Margaret, died nuns at Bruges ; the third, named Anastasia Mary Mannock Sidney, married, in 1809, Mr. John Mitchell Woollett who resided at Woolwich Common, and carried on the business of a coal merchant in Ordnance Walk, Pedlars Acre. The name "Mannock" was given to his wife in honour of her godfather, Sir George Mannock, Bart., of Gifford's Hall in Suffolk, who was a Jesuit Priest, an accomplished scholar and intimate friend of her father. The Baronetcy died with Sir George Mannock, who had been granted a dispensation to marry, but declined to avail himself of this concession.

It is an old family tradition that Mr. J. M. Woollett belonged to the same stock as William Woollett, the celebrated draughtsman and engraver, who was born at Maidstone, Kent, in 1735, but the only information bearing on this point which I have been able to collect, and which I give with all due reservation, is that Mr. J. M. Woollett, who was born in or about the year 1778, was a grandson of Daniel Woollett, from whom were also descended the Engraver and the Monmouthshire Woolletts. Mary Woollett, daughter and heiress of another member of the family named William, and

who, before her marriage, resided at Harbledon, near Canterbury, was wedded to Sir Robert Meade Wilmot, the second Baronet, on the 13th May, 1759.*

The engraving of Richard Wilson's " Niobe " in 1761 established Woollett's reputation as the best landscape engraver in England. In 1776 the sphere on which his fame rests was widened by his engraving of West's " Death of General Wolfe." Subsequently appointed historical engraver to George III., he engraved West's "Battle of La Hogue" (1781), and pictures by Claude, Wright, Carracci, and Vernet. Woollett died in 1785 and was buried in Old St. Pancras Churchyard, a plain tombstone with the following inscription marking his resting place :-

WILLIAM WOOLLETT,
Engraver to His Majesty,
was born at
Maidstone in Kent
upon the 15th of August
MDCCLXXXV.
He died the 23rd and
was interred in this place
on the 25th day of May,
M DCC LXXX V.

On this stone some anonymous versifier wrote the following in pencil :-

" Here Woollett rests, expecting to be saved " He graved well but is not well engraved."

* *Vide* Burke's Peerage.

It is believed that the above distich helped to bring about a subscription for the well-known monument by Banks, in the west cloister of Westminster Abbey, representing fame blowing a trumpet whilst the engraver is eulogised in this strain :-

WILLIAM WOOLLETT.
Born August XXIIInd, MDCCLXXXV.
Died May XXIIIrd, MDCCLXXXV.
The genius of engraving
Handing down to posterity
the works of Painting, Sculpture and
Architecture,
Whilst fame is distributing them over the
four quarters of the Globe.

An old family Bible records eight children of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Woollett, viz :-

(1) Marlow Sidney John, born 6th February, 1810, became a physician and married Sarah Cecilia Richards, by whom he left issue. (2) Sidney James, born 20th September, 1811, and died in infancy. (3) Henrietta Mary, born 10th October, 1812, and married Henry Charles Barnewall, Esq. (4) Aloysia Jane, born 17th May, 1814, married Mr. Phillip Conron, by whom she left issue. (5) Maria Ann Josephine, born 11th June, 1816, .and died in infancy. (6) Joseph Sidney, born 23rd March, 1818, became a Jesuit Priest. (7) John, born 11th August, 1820, became a Barrister and married Amelia Vaughan Jones, by whom he left issue.

(8) Anastasia Constantina, born 5th June, 1823, married Mr. Herbert O'Donnel. All are now deceased.

An interesting reminiscence of Mrs. J. M. Woollett was that she and her mother, Mrs. Marlow Sidney, were instrumental in saving the life of the Bishop of Rheims from a French mob who tried to intercept him from embarking on the English vessel for Dover, at the time of the expulsion of Charles X. and revolution in favour of Louis Philippe.

Mrs. J. M. Woollett predeceased her husband in 1838. He died on the 17th March, 1856, aged 78 years, at 4 Eaton Villas, Acacia Road, St. John's Wood, and was buried in the Catholic Cemetery, Chelsea.

The Woollett coat of arms is : Azure, a chevron between three crosses, crosslet fitchee or Crest, on a round chapeau gules, a cross crosslet fitchee, or between two wings expanded azure. Motto - "Bona fide recte, agens"



M. S. J. WOOLLETT, M.D.

Marlow Sidney John Woollett, the writer's maternal grandfather, who died in early manhood, was the favourite grandson and god-child of Marlow Sidney, the convert, who brought him up at Cowpen Hall and also had him educated at the famous Jesuit College at Stonyhurst.

Woollett gained the Silver Medal of the College for proficiency in studies the year he left Stonyhurst. In 1829 he followed the Medical Session of the newly founded University of London. During the last twelve months of his medical course he attended the Middlesex Hospital. His career through his examinations was meteoric and brilliant and he obtained certificates of honour in every subject. Woollett's views on medical subjects were advanced and ahead of the times. His M.D. thesis was the Caesarean operation, and he was granted the University Diploma as Master of Medicine and Surgery on the 13th October, 1832.

The conspicuous talents he evinced in taking his degrees were such that his examiners predicted his name would be recorded in the century's annals of medical progress. His fellow students credited him with the authorship of the famous poem "Lines to a Skeleton" commencing:-

*"Behold this ruin I 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full."*

An old newspaper cutting preserved by the writer's mother states : "About fifty years ago the "London Morning Chronicle" published a poem entitled "Lines to a Skeleton" which excited much attention; every effort, even to the offering of a reward of fifty guineas, was vainly made to discover the author. All that was ever known was that the MSS. of the poem was found near a skeleton of remarkable beauty of form and colour in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, and that the Curator of the Museum had sent them to Mr. Parry, editor and proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle." Dr. Woollett was also believed to be the author of verses entitled an "Ode to the Severn " which were published in the "Gentleman's Magazine" over the signature "W" in 1832, and he contributed several articles to that famous periodical on subjects relating to heraldry and genealogy.*

* Vide page 607, May, 1833, Vol. II., Part 1st, where he described the lineage of the Sidneys.

Whilst going through his medical course Dr. Woollett privately married at St. Pancras' Church, London, on the 13th April, 1831, Sarah Cecilia Richards, whose father was Estate Agent to Lord Forester*, of Willey Park, Broseley, a sleepy, old-fashioned market town in Shropshire, beautifully situated on the banks of the Severn, by which it is divided from Ironbridge.

After Dr. Woollett had passed his examinations, Marlow Sidney sent him to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell Woollett, who were then temporarily residing in Ghent. Dr. Woollett took the opportunity, although he had obtained the highest English qualifications, of further graduating as M.D. of the University of Ghent, on the 21st November, 1833.

Shortly after his return home to his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Marlow Sidney, in Somers Town, London, his secret marriage became known to them and entailed their separation. Mr. Sidney was so much displeased that he might have even cut his grandson off with the proverbial shilling, but that the fascinations of the writer's mother, then a pretty infant of three, won him over. She was, in fact, the innocent means, as children often are in such cases, of bringing about a reconciliation.

* John Forester, of Watling Street, County Salop, was attached to the Court of Henry VIII., from which King he had a grant of the privilege of appearing covered in the Royal presence.

In the end, grandfather, Sidney, was so far appeased that he allocated to his grandson the interest of a considerable sum as a yearly allowance, and left the capital to him as a legacy at his own death. Mr. Sidney, when he died in 1839, was a wealthy man, his personal estate alone exceeding £70,000.

Delicate health, however, prevented Dr. Woollett from climbing the ladder of fame prophesied for him, and after suffering for two years from diabetes, he died suddenly on the 13th October, 1839 (the anniversary of the day when seven years before he obtained his diploma at the University of London), while on a visit to his wife's relatives, near Madeley, in Shropshire, and was there buried. His will was proved by "his respected uncle" (so written in the will), Marlow John Francis Sidney, then Squire of Cowpen, who was the sole executor.

Dr. Woollett left three infant children (1) Mary Anne Sidney (the writer's mother); (2) Anastasia Sidney, who died unmarried; and (3) Marlow Sidney John, who alone survives and is a widower with one daughter. He early obtained an appointment in the War Office, and was Deputy Commissary in the Abyssinian Expedition (1867-1868). Captain Woollett contributed from the seat of war graphic accounts to the daily journals of a soldier's life during the campaign.

Since his retirement he has acquired some renown as an entertaining lecturer.

"Savages and Savage Life," and "The Unexplored World" are amongst his best known lectures. He has been a regular contributor for many years to the "Ample-forth Journal." He has also held the position of President and Examiner of Pitman's Association of Shorthand Writers, and Assistant Secretary to the Royal Patriotic Fund.



MR. AND MRS. BARNEWALL.

Henrietta Mary Barnewall, who (as before stated) was born on the 22th October, 1812, in her early years saw much of her maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Marlow Sidney, from whom she obtained the materials upon which "A Hundred Years Ago" is founded. That book was her first and only literary effort, and though the work of a zealous Catholic, it is as free from narrow-mindedness or bigotry as its style is simple and unaffected. It is a book which has been read with interest by persons of the most opposite creeds.

Mrs. Barnewall, who was also a goddaughter of Mrs. Marlow Sidney, married Mr. Henry Charles Barnewall, a gentleman of Irish extraction and a son of John Barnewall, Esq., brother of the 8th baronet, of Crickstown Castle, County Meath. The family, whose name was originally De Barneval, is mentioned in very ancient chronicles. Sir Michael Barneval, who landed on the

coast of Cork in 1172, was the first of the family who settled in Ireland. In the reign of Edward IV. (1461), Sir Robert Barnewall, a younger son of Sir Christopher Barnewall, of Crickstown, Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland, was raised to the Peerage as Lord Trimlestown, a descendant of whom met Dr. Samuel Johnson at Mrs. Thrale's party at Streatham, on Monday, March 30th, 1778, the meeting being thus described in Boswell's life of Johnson : "When we were at tea and coffee there came in Lord Trimlestown, in whose family is an ancient Irish Peerage, but it suffered by taking the generous side in the troubles of the last century." The second Baronet also suffered severely during the Cromwellian regime.

Mr. Barnewall, who was formerly in the Bullion Office, afterwards became a Member of the London Stock Exchange, but retired from active business many years before his death.

The writer's earliest recollection of the Barnewalls dates back to 1870, when they resided at 24, Priory Road, Kilburn, which, in those days, was situated on the very outskirts of the great Metropolis. Fields stretched all the way to Hampstead Heath, which was a favourite walk of Mr. Barnewall, who frequently went to enjoy a game of billiards at that well-known ancient hostelry, "The Bull and Bush," where Addison, Dryden, Steele and the rest of the famous galaxy of wits loved to gather.

Mr. Barnewall, in 1870, was a tall, active, well preserved man of about fifty. He dressed in a somewhat youthful style and presented a striking contrast to his invalid wife, who was very stout, and so crippled by rheumatism as to be unable to move without aid. On account of her chronic illness and condition, which remained unchanged to her death, the Barnewalls led a life which was retired for persons of their social rank and means.

It may be mentioned as a trivial but not wholly uninteresting incident in the Barnewall's lives that they had a servant who was one of the survivors of the memorable wreck of the East Indiaman, " Kent," which was burnt in the Bay of Biscay, on the 1st March, 1825.

"Then rose from sea to sky the last farewell, Then shrieked the timid and stood still the brave, Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell, As eager to anticipate their grave."

Mrs. Barnewell was gifted by nature with a great intellect, which had been further developed by wide reading, and despite her bodily infirmities she generally preserved a cheerful disposition. Her conversation was bright and instructive, whilst her sympathetic character made her a useful mentor to the young; she was devout without affectation and God-fearing without being sanctimonious. Mrs. Barnewall died on the 16th April, 1896.

Mr. Barnewall, socially, was the antithesis of his wife. Reserved in manner, and of very decided views, he lacked the sense of humour, which has been aptly described as "The Light of the Social World." At the same time, he was actuated by the highest principles, and his help (often sought), was seldom withheld, even where it was little if at all deserved. After his retirement from the Stock Exchange he led a somewhat prosaic life varied only by occasional visits to the seaside, the country or the continent, but he could never resist altogether the fascination of speculation in stocks and shares.

Mr. Barnewall's generosity to the church of the Sacred Heart, Quex Road, West Hampstead, has since transpired, though his gifts during his life towards its erection were always anonymous. He died in his eightieth year on the 6th June, 1900, and was interred in the same grave as his wife at St. Mary's Cemetery, Kensal Green.

the Sisters of Mercy, who were serving in the hospitals at Scutari, and afterwards at Balaclava. With two other Jesuits, Father Strickland and Father Duffy, he volunteered for service in the French hospitals, where virulent typhus was raging. He took the infection, but recovered. Father Strickland succumbed to it and was buried with the highest military honours. Father Strickland's memory long remained green in the hearts of the 4th division of the Crimea. At the end of the campaign Father Woollett brought the Sisters back to England, and after his Tertianship, which he made in France in 1857, and a short time on the mission at Alnwick and Pontefract, he was in 1859 sent to Georgetown, Demerara., as Vicar General. For the next two years he was stationed at Berbice, and in 1862 went to

Jamaica as missionary and chaplain to the troops. He remained there thirty-one years, labouring chiefly in the very poor missions, in the "West End" and in Cornwall and Middlesex. During the years 1872-77 he was Pro-Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, and held that office on two other occasions afterwards, for shorter periods.

The thanks of the British Government were tendered to him during his residence in Jamaica for the good influence he exerted in suppressing a native rising. A Protestant doctor gave my mother's cousin (Mary Frances de Sales Woollett), the Lady Abbess of St. Mary's Abbey,



THE REVD. J. S. WOOLLETT, S.J.

Father Joseph Sidney Woollett, S.J., died on the 6th February, 1898, at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, where he had been living since he returned invalided from Jamaica in 1893. Father Woollett who was born on the 23rd March, 1818, was sent for a short period to Stonyhurst, whence he proceeded to St. Edmund's, Ware, and afterwards studied medicine in London, passing- his examination with distinction. He then practised for some years at Leamington, where he had the reputation of being an exceptionally able doctor. He entered the Jesuit novitiate at Hodder in 1847, under Father Tracy Clarke, was ordained in 1853, and worked for two years on the mission at Alnwick. In 1856 he was sent as military chaplain to the Crimea, where *inter alia*, he took charge of

O.S.B., East Bergholt, this pleasing account of his character, that " he could say, after a close intimacy in Jamaica, if anything would have made him a Catholic, it was what he witnessed of the conduct of Father Woollett, who, when all fled from the hospitals during the cholera epidemic, stuck staunchly to the bedsides of the stricken and dying through the whole of that trying period."



JOHN WOOLLETT,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

John Woollett was a god-son of Marlow Sidney, the convert, and the youngest brother of Mrs. Henrietta Mary Barnewall. He married Amelia Vaughan, the only surviving daughter of Mr. James Jones, of the Admiralty office, who came of a good old Gloucestershire family. An amateur connoisseur and collector of curios, Mr. Jones made a speciality of those in amber, which were ultimately acquired by the Trustees of the British Museum.

A remarkable story is told concerning Woollett's courtship, for it appears that when he sought from Mr. Jones the favour of his fiancée's hand, the old gentleman, who was a strict Protestant and objected to the union of his daughter with a Catholic, lost his temper, and by way of reply hurled a footstool at Woollett, which fortunately missed its mark. Woollett notwithstanding

this disconcerting and unexpected rebuff, persisted in his suit as became a gallant lover, with the result that shortly afterwards Mr. Jones relented and not only consented to the match but presented the happy couple, on their going away, with a cheque for £1000 each.

Mr. and Mrs. Woollett, whose marriage, took place in 1844, were both born on the 11th August, 1820, and by a still more curious coincidence their first child, Sidney, came into the world on the 11th August 1845. It was whilst in his garden reaching for a rose to give to little Sidney, that Mr. Jones fell dead, a pathetic incident which might serve to inspire the genius of a painter.

Mrs. Woollett was a staunch Protestant like her father when she married John Woollett, whom she sought to convert to her belief. It was only after the birth of her second son and mainly through the instrumentality of her brother-in-law, the Revd. J. S. Woollett, that she became a Catholic. Mrs. Woollett was received into the Church, by the late Dr. Hearne, at the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, Great Ormond Street, of which he was Chaplain, the baptismal ceremony being performed with the aid of a toilet basin.

Some years afterwards Mrs. Woollett inherited considerable property, including the Manor House, Old Kent Road, Peckham, which has long since been acquired for railway purposes. It was a large roomy

place, and as Mr. and Mrs. Woollett's house in Kensington was becoming too small for the needs of their rapidly increasing family, they decided to remove to Peckham. Manor House was one of those mysterious old houses around which authors love to weave the web of romance ; one room in particular possessed a very large open fireplace with a secret trap door a short way up the chimney. On pressing a certain part of this door with both hands it opened, disclosing a hole by which a person could drop down into a subterranean passage that connected the cellars of the house with the farm buildings some distance away. This passage, as also a secret room containing an iron box, in which was found a very ancient piece of bread, was traditionally associated with the fearsome days when the penal laws against Catholics were strictly enforced.

A well of excellent water in the back kitchen was also traditionally connected with the drowning of a horse that belonged to the notorious highwayman, Dick Turpin, some members of whose family were believed to have been living there at the time.

Mrs. Woollett, who was a very pious woman, became a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, and President of the Congregation of the Sisters of that Order at Stratford, from the time of its inauguration there in 1875 until her death, which occurred on the Feast of St. Dominic, August 4th, 1882.

Mrs. Woollett's son, George James, joined the Passionist Congregation, and, taking the name in religion of "Gerard," became a distinguished preacher and missionary, of whom more anon.

John Woollett was admitted to the Bar on the 22nd November, 1844, and attended the South Eastern Circuit, Hertford and Essex Sessions. His practice from the first lay in the Criminal Courts. Indeed, the late Sir Henry Hawkins (Lord Brampton), in his well-known "Reminiscences," which contain several friendly references to Woollett, in one place expressly refers to him as "a Sessions man."

The writer's first recollections of Woollett date from the early sixties, when the latter occupied an old-fashioned house in the Kennington Road, South London, one of a somewhat ghostly-looking row that stood well back from the road. I remember it had a garden in the rear that inspired about as much cheerfulness as a certain "melancholy little plot of ground" upon which that stern unbending usurer, Ralph Nickleby, looked from the window of his private office in Golden Square.

Later in the sixties the writer saw rather more of Woollett, who became a neighbour' of my father's when he removed to Doughty Street, so intimately associated with the illustrious novelist, Charles Dickens, who, went to live at No. 48, in March, 1837, and from there gave to the press three of his

famous works, "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," and "Nicholas Nickleby."

Woollett was an eloquent and versatile advocate and appeared in many notable criminal cases. His naturally impulsive sanguine temperament early found expression in a murder trial, in which he was associated with Sir Henry Hawkins, then a rising junior, who in his "Reminiscences" writes : "On one occasion, before Maule, I had to defend a man for murder. It was a terribly difficult case, because there was no defence except the usual one of insanity. The court adjourned for lunch, and Woollett (who was my junior) and I went to consultation. I was oppressed with the difficulty of my task, and asked Woollett what he thought I could do.

"Oh," said he in his sanguine way, "make a h-- of a speech. You'll pull him through all right. Let 'em have it."

'I'll give them as much burning eloquence as I can manage,' I said, in my youthful ardour ; but what's the use of words against facts? We must really stand by the defence of insanity ; it is all that's left.'

" Call the clergyman,' said Woollett,

he'll help us all he can.'

" With that resolution we returned to court. I made my speech for the defence, following Woollett's advice as nearly as practicable, and really blazed away. I think the jury believed there was a good deal in what I said, for they seemed a very discerning body and a good deal inclined to logic

especially as there was a mixture of passion in it." The clergyman was duly called, and as the jury found a verdict for the defendant, the result completely justified Woollett's advice.

The high personal regard which Lord Brampton entertained for Woollett is shown in a subsequent part of his "Reminiscences," where, referring to his prospects as a Junior at the Bar, he writes : " Nevertheless I was not cast down by the mere apprehension or rather the mere possibility of failure, for when I looked around on my competitors I was encouraged by the thought that *dear old Woollett* knew more about a rate appeal than Littledale himself."

Rudyard Kipling would not have erred. if he had described Woollett as an "absent minded fella." Preoccupation sometimes rendered him oblivious to his immediate surroundings, and he would quite unconsciously express his opinion of the personal appearance of those near him. His enthusiasm and loquacity in company were extraordinary when he warmed to a congenial subject. Many ludicrous anecdotes are told of him and his habit of thinking aloud. On, the top of a crowded omnibus, his mind being completely absorbed by a case in which he was counsel for the defence, he suddenly exclaimed to his junior, who sat by his side: We murdered the man and shall

get hanged," to the consternation of the other passengers.

On another occasion, when he was living at Maryland, Point Stratford, opposite the Franciscan Monastery, seeing one of the Brothers passing the window, he opened it and called out : I have some soup ; if the pigs don't like it, you can have it yourself." Woollett, of course, meant to put it the other way.

Not the least amusing anecdote of Woollett is of his attending the Requiem Mass at St. Mary's, Moorfields, on the occasion of Cardinal Wiseman's funeral, admission being only by ticket. When asked to show this at the door, he upset the gravity of the Verger and those present by looking up suddenly and exclaiming in a loud voice, " Season ticket."

Woollett, who was of a poetical turn of mind, sometimes recorded in verse his thoughts on subjects in which he took more than a passing interest. The poems he composed on such occasions were printed on cards and distributed by him amongst his friends. The following example was written by Woollett when living at Enfield, near London.



THE REVD. FATHER GERARD
WOOLLETT, C.P.

Founded on an article in "The Lamp," for
the 24th February, 1894.

"Nothing in this life
Became him like the leaving it, he died
As one who had been studied in his death, To throw away the
dearest thing he owned As 'twere a careless trifle."
Shakespeare.

The exclamation of the poet, who declared that "nothing died but something mourned," was, perhaps, never more strikingly brought home to us than in the sad event which recently shocked Catholic London. The sudden, almost tragic death of Father Gerard Woollett, the distinguished Passionist preacher, was indeed startling. It was common knowledge that he suffered from valvular disease of the heart, which he had been forewarned might terminate his life suddenly. When, however, the end

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foretold arrived, it was hard to realize that this young, earnest, zealous priest, this true friend to so many a penitent, and bright genial companion, would never more be seen or heard again in this life.

Father Gerard was always conscious of the ill effects to his health which followed any severe exertion, mental or physical, but the apprehensions he felt on this account never for a moment caused him to relinquish his soul's desire to carry on by all the means in his power the glorious work in which he was engaged both as a priest and preacher. Whenever he rested it was only in obedience to his ecclesiastical superiors. He lived for others and neglected himself at the cost of a shortened life. No one appealed to him in vain for help, and he always left one the better for having come in contact with him. His store of sympathy and good spirits was inexhaustible.

After his return from Paris, where he was Rector, he was kept at Herne Bay, and there he remained until the present mission at Highgate in the midst of which he was so suddenly called away.

Gerard Woollett came of an ancient lineage. His aged father was a member of the English Bar at which he practised assiduously for many years. We can only say that his son's eloquence as a preacher was the best recommendation of his forensic abilities, if there is any truth in hereditary

talents. Gerard Woollett's character also largely partook of his mother's gentleness and piety. Born in 1853, in the Manor House, Old Kent Road, he remained there with the rest of the family until they removed among other places to Hornsey Lane, which they did mainly on account of the child's health. His high spirits and mercurial temperament in early youth caused his father some temporary anxiety for the future steadiness of his

character. These idiosyncrasies did not, however, seriously retard his education, and at an early age he was sent to a school at Highgate, which he subsequently left to study under the direction of private tutors.

While Gerard was pursuing his youthful studies the late Father Sebastian one day visited the Woollett family. The boy was reading aloud when he entered, deeply intent Upon the declamation of a passage in Shakespeare. Before entering the room in which Gerard was occupied, Father Sebastian, who was at the time Rector of Highgate, stood awhile at the door listening to the youngster's voice as he pronounced the grand text of the immortal bard. What passed through the mind of Father Sebastian we are of course unable to say, but we should be surprised if he did not think that the voice he heard would be best occupied with preaching the truths of Christianity and Catholicity. At all events, before leaving the house that day, he said to Gerard's father : "He must belong to us," and "From that

hour to the day of his death," says his father, "he never ceased to belong to the Passionists."

Gerard was sent to spent the term of his novitiate at Broadway in Worcestershire, from whence he was transferred to Mount Argus, Harold's Cross, Dublin. Having passed through the course prescribed by the Church and the Order, to which he now belonged, he received the habit on the 23rd December, 1870, and on the Christmas Eve of the following year was professed.

After his ordination he soon became one of the most distinguished preachers of his day. Dublin witnessed his first successes. As a pulpit orator he possessed, in an unusual degree, the power of at once engrossing the attention of a congregation. His voice was his greatest charm. He knew it, and, knowing its power, cultivated it to its fullest extent. In the words of Goldsmith, after his sermons, " Fools who came to scoff remained to pray." He had a pale, wan and singularly expressive and agreeable face, the striking effect of which was heightened by the black habit of his Order. When he smiled his whole soul appeared to be reflected in his face, which usually bore the traces of suffering and anxiety.

In the service of his Order, Father Gerard preached in all parts of England and Ireland, and shortly before his death, with Fathers Wilfred and Anthony, he gave a very successful Mission in the United States.

When in 1888, Father Gerard became Rector of St. Joseph's, which was attached to the Passionist Monastery at Highgate, known as the Retreat, he began the building of the new Church, which was the great struggle of his life. The edifice, which is such a notable feature of Highgate Hill, was opened with impressive ceremonial on the 24th November, 1889. The same year, Father Gerard left Highgate to become Rector of the Passionists' house in Paris, and there he remained for three years until the last Chapter, when owing to the state of his health, it was thought advisable to release him from further work.

The attack of illness which proved so fatal to Father Gerard was not the first one he had experienced. An attack of diphtheria in 1891 undermined his constitution, but he preached the anniversary sermon that year at Highgate when convalescent. Some three months previously again to his death, while giving a Mission in Belfast, he evinced signs of cardiac weakness.

Father Gerard's last moments were ones of great suffering. He prayed for release and doubtlessly exclaimed with St. Paul in his agony : "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death."

His remains were interred in the Mausoleum attached to the Monastery with all the solemn ritual pertaining to such occasions, midst the grief of the assembled throngs of mourners who had loved him in life.



THE WRITER'S PARENTS.

Mary Anne Sidney Durrant, the writer's mother, was the eldest child of Dr. Marlow Sidney John Woollett, and was born at Broseley, on the 26th February, 1832. Her brother and sister, Marlow Sidney John and Anastasia Sidney, first saw the light of day at the pleasant old-world village of Sturry, near Canterbury, which was Dr. Woollett's home at the time of his decease.

My mother's recollections of her father, on account of her youth when he died, were very slight, but I remember her relating that once when she was travelling with her parents in Wales, they stayed for a night at a roadside Inn where they all occupied the same bedroom, the door of which was securely locked inside. During the night my mother awoke, and saw a beautiful lady standing by her bedside. She was not in the slightest degree alarmed, but when she spoke about it to her parents the next morning, they were of course greatly astonished, and still more so when

enquiries elicited from the landlady the fact that a lady similar to the one described by my mother had actually died in their bedroom, and that what she had seen could only be explained as an apparition.

After Dr. Woollett's death his widow resided for a while at Cowpen Grove House with her three children, but the necessities of their education later on caused her to move to the South.

My mother completed her education at Ixelles, a suburb of Brussels, where besides learning to speak French with equal fluency as English, she acquired a good reading knowledge of Italian. Her intimacy with the Sidneys was maintained for many years, and only late in life did the tie become weakened by distance and deaths.

On the 25th October, 1851 (the great Exhibition year) my mother married George John Durrant. The marriage ceremony took place at the Church of the Spanish Embassy, Manchester Square, London, a relic of the old intolerant days when the only places of Catholic worship permitted were the Churches of the Foreign Embassies. This edifice has long since been swept away in the rush of modern improvement and the site covered with houses, whilst the building itself has been replaced by a magnificent Gothic structure in the immediate vicinity. At the time of my mother's marriage my father was a young solicitor with a rising-legal practice at Chelmsford, an important

market as well as industrial town in Essex, 29 miles from London. He was the eldest son of George Durrant and Catherine Cuddon, his wife, daughter of John Cuddon, of Bungay, Suffolk. George Durrant was born at Thelsale, Norfolk, on the 11th February, 1796, and was the youngest son of Simon Durrant and Rachel Morling, of Ipswich, his wife.

The old English name of Durrant, though by no means common, is frequently met with in the Eastern Shires, particularly Norfolk, where it may be said to be almost indigenous. It is undoubtedly of great antiquity and would seem to be a corruption of the French name, Durand. Thus the learned antiquary Camden, in "Remains concerning Britain," informs us "that many surnames are derived from those Christian names which were in use about the time of the Conquest, and are found in the record called Doomsday Book and elsewhere, as Durand." That this name as well as other forms of the same, *e.g.* Durandeu, Durante, since anglicised into Durandu, Durant, originated in Latin countries from some feudal custom or tenure, as "*durante bene placito*," "regno," bello," "vita," or "viduitate," etc., seems not unlikely. An early Norman proprietor, named Durand, founded Duranville (called in Charters Durandi Villa) near Bernay (anc. Bernacum), a town in the Department of Eure, France, in or before the eleventh century. The name of the immortal author of

the "Inferno" was, by baptism, Durante, which his familiar friends shortened into Dante.* Another Italian poet named Durante appears to have flourished at the end of the thirteenth century, and wrote a highly interesting adaptation of the French "Roman de la Rose," a poetico satirical allegory, which for three hundred years coloured all literary work from lyric to drama, and from sermon to prose tale.

William Durrant migrated to Norfolk in the early part of the seventeenth century, and there founded the family from which the present Baronet traces his descent. There is also a branch of the Durrants in Ireland. The arms of the Norfolk and Irish branches are described and illustrated in Fairbairn's "Book of Crests."

Admiral Francis Durrant was Naval Tutor to His Majesty King George V. when Duke of York, and his brother, the late Duke of Clarence. He was also at one time in command of the late Queen Victoria's yacht, "Osborne," and was greatly respected by the Royal Family. He was a martinet for etiquette, and insisted upon the correct pronunciation of his name, which he once impressed upon a witness at a naval court-martial by a little lesson on the similarity

*Lower's "Patronymica Britannica,"

The best edition is that of G. Mazzatinti, in Vol. III. of *Inventario dei MSS. Italiani delle Biblioteche di Francia* (1888).

I am unable to say to what branch of the Durrants he belonged.

between the pronunciation of "currant " and "Durrant."* George John Durrant was born in 1821 at Aylsham, Norfolk, ten miles from Cromer. In 1833 he was sent to be educated at the Benedictine Priory (now Abbey), of St. Gregory's, Downside, near Bath. There he acquired a sound knowledge of the dead languages and French. In an old College address to the College Prefect in February, 1834, his name appears immediately below that of Jerrard Strickland, on the presentation to the master (*sic mores*) of a silver snuff box. Jerrard Strickland afterwards became a Jesuit, and was by a curious coincidence associated with Father Sidney Woollett in the Crimea.

The well-known beautiful coloured lithograph of the original chapel and monastery, designed by the elder Pugin, was my father's creation, as his name in the corner testified. This now scarce picture is highly valued by all lovers of their Alma Mater as a representation of the famous abbey in its infancy.

My father was also the chief promoter of the Gregorian Club for old boys, which is flourishing to this day. His energy and ability as Secretary for the first Gregorian Dinner insured the complete success of that happy memorable meeting at Pagliano's Hotel, when Bishop Morris presided, and Prior Wilson, with Sir Edward Smythe and

*Durrant is one of the peculiarly pronounced names a list of which was published in "Who's Who."

a goodly company of young and old festively commemorated their Alma Mater.

In after years my father presented to the Abbey a fine statue of St. Gregory, which was placed in a niche on the south front of the present college buildings, and which was gratefully recorded as a gift of a true son of St. Gregory, the late George John Durrant.

On quitting college he was articled, and in, 18₄₀ his knowledge of French led to his being deputed to conduct important legal business in France, and at Paris he was present at the translation of the remains of Napoleon the Great to the Hotel des Invalides. In 1843 he was admitted a solicitor, and soon acquired a considerable practice. This was greatly enhanced through his successful defence of a poacher, by exposing a legal flaw in an Act of Parliament, which aroused the attention of the local landed proprietors, several of whom thenceforth retained him as their solicitor.

Whilst practising at Chelmsford, my father made the professional acquaintance of my mother's uncle, John Woollett, who, as before stated, was a barrister-at-law, and attended the Essex Sessions. A mutual friendship ensuing, he introduced his niece, then an accomplished young girl of eighteen, to my father. Woollett was present at the wedding which followed a very short courtship and he saw the young couple off by train to Brighton, where they stayed at "The Old Ship," then the leading hotel,

and afterwards went to Germany, where they visited the principal places on the Rhine. I have often heard my mother speak of that tour as a very costly affair. A foreign tour in those days was a much greater luxury than now, and English people were the special prey of rapacious inn keepers and others. Sixty years ago the English milord, with his pockets full of gold, was the traditional figure in every continental resort. It was a period which has been well described as one, "when the universal prosperity and progress of England, far beyond that of any other country of the world, made people believe that she had discovered the philosopher's stone, that all Englishmen were Lords with long yellow whiskers and check trousers, whose liveried lackeys carried bags of sovereigns to throw about."

A courier, preceded the youthful couple as they travelled post-chaise from one town to another. The hotel proprietors seemed to be everywhere convinced that they were dealing with illustrious persons travelling incognito. Obvious special preparations for their reception were made, and they were received by landlords and servants drawn up in ranks to welcome them. Such was the reputation to be acquired by a liberal purse and a good appearance in those days.

In September, 1852, my eldest brother, Reginald, was born at Chelmsford. Sad thoughts arise in gazing at the handwriting

of my then youthful mother, as it lies before me, written at a time when full of life's. highest hopes, she recorded doubtless with maternal pride her eldest son's growth in fond little purchases of children's toys, a rattle, box of bells and tambourine. The scene changes in my mind, and I see her in her last days, her mental faculties unimpaired, but helpless from infirmities, and aged, lying upon a bed of suffering until she passed away.

Early in the fifties the writer's parents removed to London, where they took up their residence at 23 Campden Grove, Kensington, the old Court suburb. It was here that they made the acquaintance of Sir David Brewster (1781-1868), the great Scottish natural philosopher, who frequently visited them at Campden Grove.

In 1854 my father, conjointly with the late James Cuddon, barrister-at-law, who was first cousin to my father's mother, founded the Law Union Fire and Life Insurance Company, at 45 Pall Mall, London, where also he had his office as Solicitor to the Company, until they removed to larger and more convenient premises in Chancery Lane. Mr. Cuddon, between whom and my father there subsisted a life-long friendship dating from boyhood, was a tall portly man of great natural dignity. He was an expert in the law of copyhold property, upon which he wrote a treatise and united in his own person, down to his death in 1896, the dual

office of Counsel and Chairman of the Company, over whose Board Meetings he presided with unquestioned authority. His late Majesty, King Edward VII., in June, 1872, when he had become convalescent after his dangerous illness in 1871, occupied for some time Mr. Cuddon's handsome seaside residence, " Shadding field Lodge," Great Yarmouth, which breezy watering place recalls visions of my own youth from having stayed there when a child.

The business of the Company rapidly developing, my father's position as their legal adviser became a very lucrative as well as responsible one. He also acquired much repute as a Parliamentary Law Agent, whilst his unerring instinct as a lawyer inspired such confidence that he was entrusted in his private capacity with the adjustment of affairs concerning the peace of families of high standing in society.

The Right Honourable E. Pleydell Bouverie, brother of the Earl of Radnor, who was so prominent a politician of his day, referred even twenty years after my father's death, to his remarkably brilliant abilities and the legal services he had rendered his family.

In the later fifties my parents removed to 23, Guilford Street, Russell Square, the centre of a district consisting for the most part of sombre-looking streets and squares dating from Queen Anne and Georgian times, hence

the names Queen Square, Great Ormond Street, Caroline Place, Brunswick, Regent and Mecklenburgh Squares.

At the period Queen Square and Great Ormond Street were built, they were the limit of London in a northerly direction, as well as the haunt of rank and wealth, but when Guilford Street and the vast network of squares and streets extending to Euston Road was commenced the tide of fashion flowed westward never to return. Long afterwards this locality became the classic abode of a society so ably depicted in John Leech's inimitable sketches in "Punch."

Our house faced the Foundling Hospital which was founded by Captain Thomas Coram, for the reception of "exposed and deserted children," and incorporated by Royal Charter in 1739. It was here that Handel conducted the performance of his great oratorio the "Messiah," before the *elite* of London Society. The musical traditions of the Hospital, thus inaugurated, have been carried on by an instrumental band of about thirty boys, many of whom afterwards take a high place in naval and military bands. Dickens, when he resided in Doughty Street, was a regular attendant on Sundays at this Hospital, which he, in conjunction with Wilkie Collins, rendered famous in "No Thoroughfare."

As a boy I often passed through Little Ormond Street, where a house was pointed out to me, as a former residence of the Sidneys.

Dreary and forsaken looked the old Queen Anne Mansion, with its memories of a dead past. But oh, Guilford Street, what visions do you recall of youthful days, and of family and social gatherings long since broken up, to meet no more, yet how that region of dull brick houses oppressed my youthful soul. Not even the green oasis of Brunswick Square, in the shadow of whose lofty plane trees I often played the then immensely popular new game of croquet, could reconcile me to my surroundings which had been selected by my father's mother as an ideal spot for his residence. Certainly it was a very centrally and conveniently situated house, near the haunts of law and easy of access to the theatres and West End. In front, the house overlooked the extensive grounds of the Foundling Hospital, which was flanked on either side by the leafy expanses of Brunswick and Mecklenburgh Squares, in which many noble plane trees flourished despite the smoky atmosphere of London, but the noise became intolerable to my mother, who always preferred the peace and freshness of the country, and after her health gave way she practically ceased to reside in town.

My father's social gifts as a brilliant conversationalist and raconteur contributed to the gaiety and interest of every party, whilst his artistic tastes led him much into the company of Royal Academicians and famous artists of his day. Vigorous mentally and physically, he thoroughly knew the *joie de vivre* and at the same time expanded his

mind by wide reading and experiences gained in the course of his travels in the British Isles and on the Continent. When in Scotland he was elected a fellow of several learned Antiquarian and Geographical Societies.

Amongst my father's numerous artist friends were John Phillip, R.A. (1817-67), the celebrated Scottish painter who painted the portraits of my father and mother which were exhibited at the South Kensington Museum; William Charles Thomas Dobson, R.A. (1817-98), at one time head master of the Government School of Design in Birmingham ; Frederick Baron Leighton (1830-96), English historical painter and sculptor; Simeon Solomon, Alexander Johnston (1815-91), James Holland (1800-70), and Charles George Lewis (1808-80).

Simeon Solomon, whose life was at one time so full of wonderful promise, acquired some reputation as a pre-Raphaelite and pastellist, whilst his crayon drawings of idealised heads obtained much popularity. He gave the final touches to an oil painting of my mother by his sister Rebecca.

Dobson, I only knew slightly from having dined once with my mother at his artistically decorated house in Haverstock Hill.

Johnston, Holland and Lewis were intimate personal friends of my father, and I often met them both in their own houses and at my father's house in Guilford Street.

Johnston stood high in his profession ; one of his best known works is "Prince Charles introduced to Flora Macdonald after the battle of Culloden," which was purchased by his late Majesty King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales. Johnston painted the portraits of my father's mother, the writer and his sister Rose. She was considered to be a very pretty child and is represented in her portrait clasping a robin to her breast. At the time of which I am writing Johnston lived in Fitzroy Street, which led out from the once fashionable square of the same name to " the dowager barrenness and frigidity" of which Dickens alludes in " Nicholas Nickleby." In after years, when Johnston left Fitzroy Street and his fine old house was turned into a business place, I never passed that way without a feeling of sadness, for the Johnston's were very kind to me as a child. Johnston died at 21 Carlingford Road, Hampstead on the 2nd February, 1891. Holland was an old bachelor of venerable mien and the soul of politeness to the gentler sex. After the failure of my mother's health he wrote to her concerning the social gatherings at my father's house, of persons of artistic tastes : "Let us hope the happy old evenings of No. 23 may be again soon renewed." But it was not to be. Holland's studio was situate in Osnaurgh Street, Regents Park. Though generally classed as a water-colour painter, he was equally skilful in oils. He was one of the finest

colourists of the English School. His pictures, especially those of Venice, though neglected in his lifetime, were afterwards eagerly sought for. My father possessed two small but exquisite oval water-colour drawings by Holland of "The Dogana," and a "View beneath the Rialto, Venice," executed in his inimitable style. Holland died on the 12th December, 1870.

Lewis, a good, kind, cheery old soul, lived at No. 53 Charlotte Street, Portland Place, where I often visited in the seventies. He was another old bachelor, but in advanced age fell a victim to Cupid's dart. He engraved many of Landseer's famous works and also the portraits of *my* parents by Phillip. His friendship for my father was testified by not a few presents of valuable proof engravings signed by his own hand. Lewis's hospitality and kindness attracted to him many of the struggling lights of the artistic circles in which he moved. He was a votary to the Bohemianism which was then a cult with artists and literary men, who frequently met in old-fashioned hotels and taverns now of the past, where much homely comfort and *good* cheer was provided. My father sometimes attended these friendly gatherings. Lewis retired from the practice of his art about 1877, and died suddenly from apoplexy at his residence at Felpham near Bognor on the 16th June, 1880.

* *Vide* the Dictionary of National Biography for the lives of the above mentioned artists.

The deep interest which my father took in art was not merely confined to the cultivation of the society of eminent artists, for he was a virtuoso and indefatigable collector of old china, pictures, books, curiosities and antiquities, the accumulation of which was with him an engrossing hobby. In the quest of such treasures he visited the continent and searched the old curiosity and second-hand book shops peculiar to certain parts of London, which have long since disappeared from the map, and the very names of which are now almost forgotten. His collection of china included examples of Oriental, German, Flemish, French and other foreign pottery and porcelain. The Oriental section comprised Persian ware from the Island of Rhodes which my father lent to the National Exhibition of Works of Art, Leeds, in 1868, and many rare specimens from the Dresden Museum of Chinese porcelain of various periods, dating back to the Tching-Hoa period, 1445. He also possessed a beautiful collection of English pottery and porcelain, Limoges, enamels, etc.

His pictures included works by Daniell, Prout, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir David Wilkie, T. S. Cooper, J. Holland, Scarlett Davis, J. Phillip, Copley Fielding, Mark Anthony, W. C. T. Dobson, Ford Madox Brown (the pioneer of the pre-Raphaelite movement), Stothard, &c., also a Landscape with trees and cattle near a pool of water by Lamoriniere, which my father exhibited at

Leeds in 1868. His engravings, besides numerous artists' proofs signed by Cousins, Barlow and Lewis, comprised many choice examples of Woollett's work, notably the Niobe, battle of La Hogue and death of Wolfe. Among the curios he valued was a sword that once belonged to Lord Nelson, with his initials in the open work of the guard ; a gold seal with cornelian intaglio engraved : "Horatio Nelson, 1785" and a cocoon cup on a silver foot with the rim inscribed "O'Hara Kene to Dr. Samuel Johnson with many thanks."

My father's library, which was extensive and well chosen, contained numerous interesting books in English and French, grangerised books, works on the fine arts, illustrated books, rare editions of Dickens' novels, etc.

Sir John Lambert, K.C. B., Privy Councillor and first permanent Secretary to the Local Government Board, Whitehall, was an intimate and life-long friend of my father, to whom he articulated one of his sons, Osmund Lambert, who subsequently published an exhaustive work well known to disciples of Isaack Walton entitled "Angling Literature in English and a description of Fishing by the Ancients, with a Notice on some books on Piscatorial Subjects." My mother was a frequent guest at the various residences which the political exigencies of those days caused Sir John to occupy in Salisbury, Peterborough and London.

A remarkable but less intimate friend of my father was Captain Sir R. F. Burton, (1821-90), the great English traveller, linguist and author, who made the pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah, at the risk of his life. In his well-known work describing that dangerous adventure, Captain Burton hints at his having been watched, but he told my mother an incident which is unrecorded in his book, that to prevent his being denounced as a Giaour, he strangled with his own hands a native who had discovered him performing some European custom. Captain Burton was introduced to my father by his brother, the late William Durrant, M.D., and was a guest at a time when he was the lion of London society and the privilege of entertaining him was eagerly sought.

Dr. William Durrant took his medical degrees at Aberdeen where he was considered to be the cleverest man in the University. He was the Medical Officer of one of the exploration parties to the Niger District, and also once accompanied a Polar expedition in the same capacity. A fine Greenland eagle in the British Museum, with his name inscribed as a donor beneath, it is a memento of one of these Arctic expeditions. Subsequently he held an important Government medical appointment in India. Sir W. J. Erasmus Wilson (1809-1884), was another notable visitor to Guilford Street. He was the celebrated skin specialist who defrayed the cost of bringing Cleopatra's Needle from

Alexandria to London, where it is such a conspicuous feature of the Thames Embankment.

As I recall those merry parties of the Sixties, the success of which was so largely due to my mother, the thought of life's brevity and the transitoriness of its joys impresses me, for all then present are dead.

In 1862 my mother's health began to fail and a change of scene and air became imperative. My father therefore took a house at Bexley Heath, Kent, then quite a country place, which had the advantage of being near Crayford, where his father and mother resided.

In February, 1865, passed away that illustrious prelate, scholar, lecturer, and linguist, Cardinal Wiseman, "the English Mezzofanti," whose name will be *for* ever associated with the re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England. My mother,, escorted by her uncle, the late John Woollett,. was present at the Requiem Mass at St. Mary's, Moorfields, when the funeral sermon was preached by Archbishop Manning, to a distinguished assembly which included the principal Catholic Ambassadors of Europe. So great were the crowds outside the Church that I have heard my mother say the congregation was warned to keep their seats, and she and her uncle were unable to leave the sacred edifice for some time after the ceremony. The interment took place the same evening at St. Mary's Cemetery,

Kensal Green, amid an extraordinary demonstration of public mourning which will never be forgotten by those who saw it.

The year 1865 also witnessed the first of those great domestic bereavements of her maturer years, which my mother was called upon to endure by the death of her beloved mother, which took place on the 8th June, in the Leighton Road, Kentish Town, where she resided with her son, the Editor of these pages, and his unmarried sister. I remember as a boy attending the funeral at St. Mary's, Kensal Green, where a tombstone records my grandmother's age as 53, yet we, her grandchildren, in our youthful imagination, thought her a venerable old lady. Dear good soul, how kind she was to us, and her visits were always red letter days in the nursery from her many presents of toys. Even now I picture her seated on the sofa in the dining room at Guilford Street, speaking tube in hand (for she was sorely afflicted with deafness), surrounded by us children. As I sit musing on the past, I see once more the little "Chapelle ardente" divided by half-opened folding doors from the parlour in which the mourners had assembled, my mother's grief and my father trying to console her. Then the long journey to Kensal Green in a coach with my father, his brother-in-law, Marlow Woollett, and a priest. The satire of Dickens, who described a funeral in his day as a masquerade dipped in ink, it being then

de rigueur for the followers to don heavy mourning cloaks, is recalled by my father's words to the undertaker : "Morris, I think we can do without these cloaks," as he returned to his coach on that hot summer's evening. A few years later he was laid to rest at the feet of her beside whose grave he stood that day in the prime of vigorous manhood.

After Mrs. Woollett's death, my mother's health becoming still more impaired, she went to St. Anne's Hill, Blarney, near Cork, the birthplace of the improved Turkish bath in Western Europe, where she occupied Shannon Cottage. St. Anne's was founded in the year 1843, by the late Dr. Barter, who erected luxurious baths in connection with a magnificent boarding establishment.

"Under his care, and influenced by his particular rules of regimen, patients acquired health and strength with such marvellous celerity that the house became very noted and was resorted to even by foreigners of distinction and wealth. It is most picturesquely situated on rising ground, surrounded by wooded hills and valleys, among which are an infinite variety of delightful walks, while the River Shournagh, tumbling along its rugged bed, affords all the pleasing effect which water produces in a wooded landscape. The pleasure grounds are laid out in the most charming manner, an exquisite mingling of fragrant flowers, delightful groves, and sweet shrubs, conservatories, bowers, grottoes, fountains, streamlets and statuary."

During her stay at Dr. Barter's, my mother met many interesting people and leaders of Irish society. Her most intimate friend was Miss Meade, sister of Admiral Sir Richard Meade, Bart., fourth Earl of Clanwilliam, who maintained with her a life-long correspondence.

The change and treatment proved so beneficial to my mother, and the society and natural attractions of this favoured place were so much to her liking that for several years it became with her "a home from home." The doctor, for whom my mother entertained a great regard, was most attentive, and did all in his power to make her stay as comfortable and agreeable as possible. My mother always recalled those times with pleasure, and a visit which she paid with my father to Killarney, when they were rowed over the glittering waters of the world-famed lakes, surrounded by high mountains and scenery of the most romantic nature, was vividly impressed on her mind.

On the 19th August, 1868, my mother returned home, my father having met with a serious accident through being knocked down by a cab when crossing the street near his house. I met her at Euston Station, at a late hour that night, the train in which she was travelling from Holyhead having been delayed by the accident to the Irish mail train at Abergele, in North Wales.

This dreadful accident, memorable in railway history, was caused by a collision with several trucks, that had broken away during shunting and run down an incline on to the main line. The express was badly wrecked, but the loss of life would have been small but for a devouring fire caused by the ignition of petroleum in wooden barrels, with which the trucks were loaded. The sufferings of the imprisoned or injured travellers were mercifully brief, so suffocating were the fumes and so rapid was the fire. Lord and Lady Farnham, with a companion and three servants, perished. The charred remains of thirty-three victims were all laid together in, Abergele Churchyard.*

My mother's train, which was following the, ill-fated express having been stopped, she with a number of other ladies alighted and sat on the railway embankments for some hours, passive spectators from a distance of the terrible spectacle. By a curious coincidence my eldest brother, Reginald, with other boys from Stonyhurst College who were spending their summer vacation at Rhyl saw the accident, but both my mother and he were unaware of each other's presence.

Towards the end of July, 1868, Parliament was dissolved and the Liberals came into power with Gladstone as Premier. My father acted as Parliamentary law agent in

*The accident produced a revolution in the method of carrying petroleum.

that election for the late Sir Henry Ainslie Hoare, Bart., who was returned as member for Chelsea in the Liberal interest. Sir Henry appears to have been the recipient of the usual sheaves of letters from all sorts of uninvited correspondents, including some poetical effusions from a Mr. Lovekin, which led to the following amusing letter being written by my father to the would-be aspirant to poetical fame.

23, GUILFORD ST.,
RUSSELL SQUARE, W.C. January 14th, 1869.

SIR,

I am instructed by Sir H. A. Hoare to say that he has no recollection of receiving any poetry from you.

If anything of the sort reached him among the shoals of letters sent him, he says he has no doubt he put it unread in the fire. Poetry is never so much out of place as at an *Election*, unless perhaps when suffering from sea-sickness. These are no doubt "hard lines" for a poet, but such is the fact.

There are two classes with whom the world deals hardly - poets and attorneys. You belong to one, I to the other class. Let us fraternize!

I should not write so much but that my sympathies are deeply affected by Poetry, which is a Kin to Love !

You will see this sentiment is suggested by your poetical patronymic.

I have the honour to be,

Your obedient servant

G. J. DURRANT.

HENRY LOVEKIN, Esq.

After the election my father paid a visit to Sir Henry and Lady Hoare at their country seat, Stourhead House, Wilts, a splendid mansion situated in delightful grounds, and adorned with a picture gallery and library. Within the demesne was a lofty tower, erected by an ancestor of Sir H. A. Hoare to the memory of Alfred the Great, who here raised his standard against the Danes.

The sands of my father's life were fast running out, for he died in October, 1869, from cancer, for which he underwent an operation by Sir William Ferguson, the leading surgeon of his day. The operation was apparently a complete success, my father being able for a time to resume his usual avocations until the disease recurred in his throat.

It was soon perceived by his medical advisers that another operation was hopeless. The late Dr. Hancock, of Harley Street, who for years had been my father's medical adviser, was therefore not averse to my mother's wish, which was approved also by Dr. Barter, that he should join her at St. Anne's, whence she had returned after he had recovered from his accident. Providence ordained otherwise, for at the last moment, when all preparations had been completed, and the carriage was in waiting to take my father to Euston Station, his friend and legal colleague, who had arranged to accompany him *en route* was prevented from doing so, and the plan had to be abandoned.

In the fall of 1869, my father, with his mother and sister, Mrs. Lambe, went to a hydropathic establishment at Malvern. The journey, which my father was ill able to bear, was merely a forlorn hope, a last desperate effort to delay the approach of the grim destroyer, death. The change of air and treatment, as had been anticipated, proved powerless to arrest the progress of the disease, and after a few weeks' stay my father insisted upon returning home, fully resigned to the inevitable, and even wishing for death to end his sufferings.

The return from Malvern was a sad home-coming. As the train neared Paddington my father passed Kensal Green Cemetery, which was for him so soon to be, as he knew, the last journey of all. My mother, who, as before stated, had after my father's recovery from his accident, returned to Ireland, was sent for. She left on Monday, the 4th October, 1869, arriving in London the following evening. My father died after great suffering, on Sunday, October 10th, at 21 minutes past 2 a.m. Nobody could have been more patient, gentle and unselfish, all through his long, weary illness. I shall never forget that night so fateful to our family. My brother Reginald (who died in Morristown, New Jersey, in 1905), and I were suddenly aroused from our slumbers by loud knocks on our bedroom door, and cries which proceeded from my father's old housekeeper, Mrs. Begley, calling excitedly upon

us, "Get up and see your father die." As I write I seem to feel the shock of that unceremonious awakening. Vividly also do I recall the death-bed scene, the first I had witnessed, and the strong impression it made on my youthful mind, my mother kneeling down with her head resting on the bed my father's aged mother, who had nursed him most assiduously, looking sad and worn ; Father Melia, of the Italian Church; Mrs. Begley and the nurse, all of whom are now dead with the exception of the writer. My father was perfectly conscious to the last, but unable to speak; he listened attentively to the ministrations of Father Melia, and when he once stopped, motioned him to go on ; he also wrote several directions in pencil, and enquired in writing if he could be changed to my mother's special room, and whether the doctor had been sent for. Neither medical science nor a naturally robust constitution availed in the struggle with this terrible disease. Death claimed him in the prime of life - "Remorseless falls the hand of fate, the strongest fall." The same morning, Mr. John Blakeney Maskell and Amelia, daughter of John Woollett, then a young married couple, called and took their last look of the deceased. They too have passed to "the silent land," and their mortal remains repose at Great Crosby, Lancashire.

My father's funeral took place on the following Friday, at St. Mary's, Kensal

Green, which adjoins the general cemetery, where so many celebrities are buried, the echo of whose lives will reverberate through time. Among the now sadly diminished band of mourners, who stood around my father's grave, in the fading light of that chill autumnal day, were Mrs. John Lambe and her husband, who still survives, the editor of these pages, the writer and his brother Reginald, James Cuddon, Esq., Mark Waters, Esq., Osmund Lambert, Esq., Frank McGedy, Esq., and others, who were more or less intimately associated with my father in his professional career.

My father's coat of arms was : Shield argent on a chief azure, three roundels d'or, chevron gules, crescent below; Crest a dexter arm in armour embowed hand, grasping string and shaft of a cross bow, arrow directed upwards. Ribbon above inscribed with motto "Moderata Durant."

In February, 1870, my father's collection of English and foreign pottery, which was formed to illustrate the world's progress in ceramic art, together with his books, paintings, engravings, etc., were dispersed by auction at Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods' rooms in King Street, St. James's Square, the sale lasting several days.

The house in Guilford Street having been given up, my mother on the invitation of Dr. Barter returned to St. Anne's where she stayed for a short time as his private guest. It was a welcome rest and change after the

strain of her recent bereavement, but they met to meet no more, for the kindly old doctor died soon after my mother's departure from St. Anne's, which thenceforth was to be for her a memory only of pleasant days and a bright society, which has long since vanished in the remorseless flow of time that effaces all things.

My mother at this date was a comparatively young woman, for whom nearly forty years were yet to roll before she entered into the "higher life," years of little interest perhaps to all save those who knew her intimately, but years of earnest, just, and truthful living and devotion to her children's welfare.

On the 5th March, 1870, she removed with my sisters to Crayford, Kent, and from there to 17 St. Mary's Square, Paddington Green, where they were subsequently joined by my mother's sister. Here they all stayed until early in 1871, when, as the smallpox was rife in London, they left for Erith.

My mother's choice of this place as a *flied a terse* was mainly influenced by its proximity to Crayford, about two miles distant, where my father's aged parents were quietly passing the evening of their lives. In those days my mother and sisters used to walk every Sunday to Crayford to hear High Mass at the little Catholic Church, of which her friend and spiritual adviser, the late Father Joseph Alberry, was the Rector. My grandparents lived for many years in a house near the Church where

my grandfather died on the 7th February, 1872, within a week of his 76th birthday. My mother, together with his only daughter, the late Mrs. Lambe, and her husband, attended the funeral, which took place in the churchyard surrounding the ancient Parish Church. My grandfather was a remarkably handsome man. His wife fell in love with him when they were boy and girl attending school. He possessed a trophy in the shape of a sword stick once owned by Marshal Soult, and remembered the stirring days of Trafalgar and Waterloo, and the war songs sung in Nelson's honour. When my mother married my father, his parents lived at Chelmsford, but ultimately settled down at Crayford. In old age my grandfather became a martyr to gout, but his wife, who had always been very active, retained her health until his death, when the shock brought on a paralytic stroke, and she went to live with her daughter and son-in-law at Hereford, where she died a few years afterwards.

During my mother's stay at Erith she was visited by the late Mr. Henry Sidney, who entreated her to take up her home once more in the north, but my mother's plans were already arranged and he was obliged to content himself with the conventional bon voyage.

In October, 1872, my mother and sisters went to St. Jean de Luz, a place which revives memories of the Peninsular War, from its

having been for some time the headquarters of Lord Wellington, in 1813. It was then a flourishing town of 10,000 or 12,000 inhabitants, though in 1901 the population had shrunk to less than one third of those figures.

Shortly after arriving there, my eldest sister Ellen went to the Convent of the Dames de St. Maur, Orthez, where she received a part of her education, which was subsequently completed at the Dames Anglaises, Bruges. My mother and sisters resided also for some time at Ascain, and from that place they all made the pilgrimage to the famous Grotto of Lourdes. During their stay in the south of France they attracted considerable attention, my mother being generally referred to as "La jolie veuve avec les beaux enfants," and a clever French artist delighted in sketching my sisters. One of these drawings hung in my mother's bedroom to the last.

Whilst at St. Jean de Luz, my mother and sisters, together with a large party from Paris, witnessed from the slopes of the Pyrenees the attempted capture by the Carlists of the frontier town of Irun. The late Major William Nash Leader, who afterwards married my sister Ellen, took part in the attack. A French military force was present to preserve the neutrality of the border territory.

The following account is taken from a letter, written in 1874 by my sister (afterwards Mrs. Leader), at St. Jean de Luz :

"We went to Hendaye, which is only separated from Irun by the bridge over the Bidassoa, and which was guarded on one side by Spanish soldiers, and on the other by French. We sat down on the rising ground above the river, where we were so close to Irun that we could see the windows of the houses and the smallest details. The Republicans had a battery on the heights on one side of Irun and the Carlists on the other. Both of them played all day ; when the smoke cleared off we saw the two batteries and their flags, and soldiers near them. The cannon roared with little interruption all day. We heard afterwards that the two batteries were both in ruins. The real fighting has begun to-day, all St. Jean de Luz has gone to see it. If the Carlists take Irun they will have Fontarabia, a picturesque town at the mouth of the Bidassoa, which they require as a port to land supplies."

All the defiles of the Pyrenees have been rendered famous from the legends of romance writers. Scott's powerful lines are recalled by the mention of "Fontarabia" :

"Oh for a blast of that dread horn
 On Fontarabian echoes borne,
 That to King Charles did come When Rowland brave and
 Olivier And every paladin and peer
 On Roncesvalles died."

My mother preserved to the last, as trifling yet touching mementoes of those bygone days, some pretty stones that my sisters, two of whom are now dead, had collected when children on the sunny shore at St. Jean de Luz.

A child's toy, a lock of hair, the merest unconsidered trifle will sometimes fire a train of dormant recollection in the human breast, bringing back every minutest circumstance of well nigh forgotten incidents with the distinctness of a scene of yesterday, and who shall say but what in after years, when my sister Rose had sunk into "a breathless sleep," ere her spring was passed, and my mother had grown old and grey, those pretty stones recalled anew her daughters' childhood and the happy days that they should know no more.

In November, 1875, my mother and sisters returned from the South of France to their old quarters at Erith, where they saw much of the late Major Leader, with whom my sister Ellen entered into the bonds of matrimony in June, 1876 - alas I so soon to be dissolved by the inexorable hand of death.

Young Leader, who was connected with many of the leading county families in Cork, had an adventurous career. After leaving Sandhurst, he held a subaltern's commission in a British Line Regiment, but sold out shortly after the commencement of the Franco-German War to take active service with the losing side. For his distinguished

valour in Bourbaki's Army he received the Scarlet Ribbon of the Legion of Honour. Later on he allied himself with the Carlists, and for his fidelity and courage got more wounds than pay, the unremunerative title of Major and a position on the staff of Don Carlos.

Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, claimed the throne of Spain as the rightful heir in the male line. Ferdinand VII. died without male heirs, but previously induced the National Legislature to repeal the Salic Law to enable his daughters to inherit the crown.

Leader did not leave Spain until Don Carlos gave up all hope of success. He accompanied him to London, where he was present at all his receptions and visits of ceremony, and had conferred upon him the crosses of Charles III. and St. Ferdinand of Spain for his heroic devotion. Leader was a fine young man, bright and handsome, with all the dash characteristic of the south of Ireland, whence he came, but he was soon to fill an early grave far from wife and friends, for he died on the 16th October, 1877, aged 28, at Philipopolis, of fever contracted in the Shipka Pass, whilst acting as Special Correspondent for the "London Daily Telegraph" on the Turkish side. When a French priest, who was with difficulty procured, asked him if he made the sacrifice of his life to God, his last words in reply were: "My God, I am entirely Thine."

After Major Leader's death, his father invited my sister to consider his residence, Clonmoyle, near Dripsey Castle, her future home. The Leaders were one of the representative families of that part of County Cork, Major Leader's uncle being its member of Parliament for many years. A close intimacy existed between my sister and Mr. Henry Leader's younger daughter, and their presence together graced every hunt within a wide area. The attachment thus begun continued until my sister's death at Zakopane in Austria, to which place she retired after the death of Mr. Leader and the abandonment of Clonmoyle by the family in consequence of the agrarian agitation.

In December, 1877, my mother took up her residence in North London, where my sister Rose, who had only returned from school at Bruges the previous month, died in her 18th year on the 23rd June, 1878. She was of a gentle, devout nature, and had evinced great talent in drawing. Her unexpected demise was a sad blow to my mother, by whom she had been devotedly nursed. Her uncle, the late Mr. Barnewall met the funeral at Kensal Green, where my sister was interred near my father's grave. It was a glorious summer's day of which I can now recall trivial details, whilst events of moment in the past have faded. There clings to my memory like a picture present before me Mr. Barnewall standing at the carriage door offering consolation to my mother after the obsequies. Both

were then active and full of life. That day the 27th June, thirty years later, was the last time I saw her before her death, which took place a week afterwards.

After the death of poor Rose my mother and youngest sister resided for a while at Maryland Point, Stratford, Essex, near the late Mr. and Mrs. John Woollett, who were most kind and sympathetic towards them in their bereavement. By this time my brother Norbert and Capt. Woollett had settled in Dublin, to which city accompanied by the latter and my youngest sister, my mother went on the 29th August, 1878. Dublin was thenceforth to be her home for many years.

My mother's health continued indifferent whilst in Ireland in spite of the best medical skill, afforded both by Sir William Smyly, afterwards President of the Royal College of Physicians, and Sir Kendal Franks, C.B., in later years the famous surgeon of Johannesburg, for both of whom she always retained a lively sense of gratitude for their attention.

A few years after going to Ireland my brother Norbert qualified at the Irish Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians as a member of the medical profession. At this time he and my mother lived at No. 1 Warwick Cottages, Brighton Avenue, Rathgar, at which place they were often visited by the late Father Gerard Woollett, who had already attained considerable celebrity as a preacher, posters

proclaiming everywhere, even upon the tramcars, the Church where the next Sunday sermon could be heard.

After a short visit to Bruges, where my mother stayed at to Quai du Miroir, she sailed on the 22nd March, 1889, from Southampton in the R.M.S. "Orinoco" for Carriacou in the British West Indies, to join my brother, who held an appointment in the Colonial Medical Service. This expatriation of herself in her fifty-eighth year to a lonely island to begin an unfamiliar life far from the comforts of Europe, showed both the strength of her affection for her children and her character. Here she undertook the management of my brother's house, and her society and assistance were invaluable to him.

In May, 1894, my mother accompanied my brother, who had been transferred to the main Island of Grenada, and subsequently resided with him in various parishes until May, 1899, when they sailed for Liverpool via New York, and stayed ten days at the Hotel St. Denis, Broadway. Here they met, for the last time, my brother Reginald, who had long since transferred himself and family to the United States, and had become qualified at the American bar.

My mother and brother sailed from New York in the Cunard liner, the "Umbria," which formerly held the blue ribbon of the Atlantic for speed. After a brief sojourn in Liverpool upon their arrival, they stayed with the editor of these pages, who was then

living at Southport. Thence they went to London, where my brother a few months later married Mary Etheldreda Corney, the eldest daughter of John Corney, Esq., of Brondesbury Road.

Although it was a heart wrench to separate, my mother nevertheless decided not to return with them to the West Indies, out of consideration for their domestic independence. There can, however, be little doubt that at her advanced age she was unable to re-adapt herself to the variable and damp climate of England after so long a sojourn in the tropics. In spite of her good constitution rheumatic arthritis gradually supervened and slowly crippled her until she was confined permanently to her couch.

After the departure of my brother and his wife my mother stayed for over two years at No. 20, Mazenod Avenue, opposite to the Church of the Sacred Heart, Quex Road, West Hampstead, where she made a Retreat. Whilst living in this neighbourhood she saw much of the late Mr. Rayner and his wife, from whom she ever received a cordial welcome. During the same period she also saw the last of her uncle, Mr. Barnewall.

Later on my mother induced by the circumstance that the writer, her brother and sister resided at Liverpool, Southport and Ormskirk respectively, returned to the north to spend there her declining days. The last named place, which witnessed the closing

scene of both my mother's and her sister's lives, is an old fashioned market town some twelve miles from Liverpool. The surrounding country has no special charm. The Earl of Lathom (who married one of the Ladies Pleydell Bouverie, a daughter of the fifth Earl of Radnor) owns, however, a well wooded Park at Skelmersdale, a few miles distant. All historical or architectural interest the town possesses is centred in the ancient parish church, which was for generations the burial place of the Earls of Derby. It is simply a market for an agricultural district, which has acquired a local celebrity for its ale and gingerbread.

Without wishing to disparage Ormskirk, it is no exaggeration to say that it is a most unsuitable place for anyone who has lived long in the tropics or who is predisposed to rheumatism. The position is exposed, and the soil a stiff clay, and in part reclaimed marsh land. That any member of my mother's family came to reside in this small out-of-the-way place, which at one time could never have been conceived as possible, was due to a curious chain of circumstances. My eldest brother, who had been a Papal Zouave, settled in Liverpool, where he was sent by the Italian Government after the fall of Rome in 1870. This led my mother's sister, and through her to other members of the family, going to reside there. In April, 1891, a distant connection by marriage led to my aunt a cottage

belonging to him at Rose Hill, Aughton, near St. Anne's Catholic Church, Ormskirk, from which she removed later on to "Glen Garth," Halsall Lane. It was to this house my mother came on her arrival from London on the 31st October, 1901.

Three days afterwards I received a letter from her in reply to one of mine. She wrote expressing her great desire to see me once more, and her solicitude about my wrapping myself up well to protect myself from the fog which she declared was very thick, though not as black as that in London. Already she spoke of rheumatic pains and the difficulty she found in walking, and stated the day following her arrival (All Saints) she could only traverse the short distance to the Church in a carriage. My mother also said she needed my assistance to look out for a suitable house.

Needless to say I went that evening to Ormskirk. A severe, cold and impenetrable white mist prevailed. I now remember how much my mind was impressed on my way from the station with the contrast in climate to that to which my mother had been accustomed, and the consequent unfitness of the locality for her.

My mother's intention was to have lived with her sister and share expenses, and she told me that at her age she felt the inconvenience of not having a fixed residence. Miss Woollett, who had led almost the life of a recluse, after she went to Ormskirk,

however, preferred to reside alone rather than encounter the restrictions which the consideration for a second person (even though a sister) might occasion. This decision turned out fortunately, as she died rather suddenly in her 65th year, on the 29th December, 1901, after having made Ormskirk her home for ten years. My mother and her brother were present at their sister's death-bed. The late Father Rigby, who administered the last Sacraments, pronounced her to be "a living saint," for if ever a woman lived a holy life of self-abnegation, zealous work in the service of the Church and seclusion from the world, it was Anastasia Woollett. This secluded mode of life was no doubt mainly influenced by an accident at school which resulted in a permanent injury that was always a source of great trouble to her.

After my mother's departure for St. Jean de Luz, her sister lived abroad, first at Boulogne, then in 1875 at Turin and in 1876 at Genoa. In 1879 she joined her brother in Ireland and later on took a house in Liverpool from which she removed to Walton Vale, a suburb of that city, and finally to Ormskirk. A diary of hers which I possess bears silent but striking testimony to the many good and charitable deeds which she performed without hope of earthly reward. Her sterling character was known to many, but by none was it more appreciated than by the late Mr. and Mrs. Barnewall, with whom she often

stayed in earlier days. Miss Woollett possessed literary tastes and published several interesting stories for juveniles. Her last work in 1884, published by Burns and Oates and mentioned in their popular selection from their general catalogue, was entitled "Young and Fair," and written under the *nom de plume* of "Vossian." She was buried in the churchyard attached to St. Anne's Catholic Church. My mother then resided in the Prescott Road, Aughton, near by, with an elderly couple of the name of McGrath, a curious repetition of a name which figures conspicuously in the story of the distressed Dutchwoman told in Mrs. Barnewall's hook. Its proximity to the Church suited my mother, as it enabled her to attend the daily services until age and infirmity rendered this impossible. The McGrath's house, which belongs to the Church, is outside Ormskirk, facing the open country, which here stretches away to the Irish Sea, a few miles distant, and across which the winter gales blow with uninterrupted force. One great storm in December, 1901, blew down the chimney stack, to the alarm of my mother, who might have been killed in her bedroom had it not fallen outwards. Her immense self-resource did not allow her surroundings to oppress her and here, until illness prevented her managing her own affairs. she was "very happy," enjoying the society of a few lady members of the congregation, and the visits

of the clergy, who could not have been more attentive had she promised to endow the mission. My mother had a sincere regard for Father Rigby, who died in 1902, and Abbot O'Neill (the brother of the Bishop of Mauritius), who succeeded him as Superior at St. Anne's. They were both men of cultivated minds and their welcome visits and sympathetic manner afforded my mother much consolation in her declining years. Abbot O'Neill died on the 6th June, 1910, whilst in charge of the mission at Ormskirk, where he was highly and deservedly esteemed by people of all creeds and classes.

To return from this slight digression, many pleasant little dinners and evenings did my mother and I enjoy together, talking of bye-gone days, which was her favourite theme, for she used to say that reflection was the solace of old age. Amongst other things she could recall her great grandfather, Mr. Marlow- Sidney, who was born in 1752, playing with her as a child upon his knee, their joint lives covering the long period of 156 years.

A few years before my mother died, I recollect walking with her through the garden at the back of the McGrath's house into the adjacent churchyard, where she indicated to me the spot in which she desired to be laid, and where she now rests.

In May, 1903, my brother once more returned to England. He arrived in Ormskirk on the 13th of that month, at which

time my mother was living at Station Road, from whence she removed back to Mrs. McGrath's about three weeks prior to his leaving in October for the West Indies, which he did with the conviction, which happily was not verified, that he would never see her again. It was a sad leave-taking for both of them.

My mother's health visibly failed from this time, nevertheless she continued to attend Church. In March, 1905, she took part in the Retreat given by the Very Rev. Father Koos, who afterwards became Superior of the Dominicans and Vicar General in Grenada. On reading the announcement of her death in the "Tablet" of the 18th July, 1908, he wrote a letter of condolence to my brother, stating his recollection of the admirable way she had followed all the exercises of the Retreat and the interest she had manifested, and that she was a most noticeable figure in the Church with her beautiful silver-white hair.

In April, 1905, my mother received the news of her eldest son's death in America. The shock the intelligence occasioned was greater than she at first realised. The news also came upon her when she had already overtaxed her strength by attendance at evening services. A little time after she was confined to her bed. With the painful details of the long and weary illness that followed, and extended over a period of more than three years, during which time she was practically bed-ridden and helpless,

I will not detain the reader. It is sufficient to say that everything was done that skilful medical treatment and unremitting care on the part of my sister (ably seconded by Mrs. McGrath and two nurses) could do. The doctors knew the case was hopeless. Their efforts, therefore, were only directed to husband out life's taper to the close, but my mother's remarkable vitality often surprised them during those years of sickness and suffering.

On the 27th April, 1908, my brother, to the great relief of my mother, who was most anxious to see him before she died, arrived in Ormskirk, from the West Indies. In the ordinary course of the Colonial medical service, he should have returned a year earlier, but at the last moment his departure was prevented by circumstances beyond his control, providentially, as it would seem, for otherwise he would not have been present at his mother's death-bed. Indeed, soon after my brother's arrival, my mother's illness entered on its final stage ; she was only able to partake of nourishment with difficulty, and her little remaining strength failed. For a few days before her death she was in a state of coma and speechless.

On Monday morning, the 6th July, at ten minutes to nine, my beloved mother passed "to where beyond these voices there is peace." Shortly before death mercifully released her from further suffering, my sister and Mrs. McGrath, who were then the

only persons present, noticed a change which presaged the end. My brother, who happened to be out, was sent for, but though he returned in a few minutes, my mother peacefully expired just as he entered the room.

The following Wednesday evening her mortal remains were reverently carried into the Church and laid before the High Altar.

That night I slept at an Hotel in Ormskirk. Before retiring to rest I drew the window blind aside and gazed down upon the main thoroughfare leading to St. Anne's Church, where I remembered shopping with my mother. The lamps had been put out, and a deep silence prevailed in the deserted street. Heavy clouds obscured the heavens, but just then a rift in the sky revealed the distant tower of the Church where death held its silent vigil. Severed, alas, was the last great link with childhood's days, and all its associations of time and place recalling

"Voices that long from earth have fled
And steps and echoes from the dead."

The next morning, after solemn Mass for the deceased, her remains were laid, as she had wished, in a grave within the shadow of the sanctuary of the Church where she had so often worshipped, and the priest's house, there to rest until the day dawns and the shadows flee.

The mourners were my brother and his wife, my sister, Mrs. Leader, who was fated

so soon to follow my mother, Captain Woollett and the writer. Many of the congregation also attended to show their respect.

A handsome roll-top ledger tomb with crucifix in Bolton wood stone now marks the site of my mother's grave. The following epitaphs in raised letters are inscribed on the sides of the tomb.

Of your charity pray for the soul of
Mary Anne Sidney Durrant,
Widow of George John Durrant, Esq.,
who departed this life on the 6th July, 1908,
in the 77th year of her age.
" Give joy to the soul of Thy servant."
R.I.P.Ps. lxxxv. 4.

Also for the soul of
Anastasia Sidney Woollett,
Sister of Mary Anne Sidney Durrant,
who departed this life on the 29th Dec., 1901,
In the 65th year of her age.
R. I. P.

Also for the soul of
Ellen Sidney Leader,
Widow of Major William Nash Leader, and
eldest daughter of Mary Anne Sidney Durrant,
who departed this life at Zakopane, Austria,
on the 21st April, 1909,
In the 51st year of her age.
R.I.P.

My mother was a brunette, as her portrait by Phillip, painted in 1857, indicates, and she retained much of her good looks, dignified by age, despite the flight of time and ill-health and the cares and anxieties inevitable to the maintenance and education of a large family.

A well-known sculptor, a friend of my father, sought permission to model her hands, a plaster copy of which is still preserved by my brother, Dr. Durrant.

My mother possessed intellectual powers of a high order, which, united to a naturally gracious manner, commanded respect in any circle in which she moved. All during her long life she resolutely followed the course marked out for her by a strong sense of duty.

After the death of a revered mother the world never seems quite the same, for "ties that were fibres of the soul are broken when we lose this truest friend and author of our being, leaving a void that nothing can fill.

A modern poet has said that "the baptism of pain and death is, after all, the emblem and the sign by which God singles men for fields divine," and that thought is the only consolation for such a loss.

"The best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provokst yet grossly fear'st
Thy death which is no more."

SHAKESPEARE.

The above record of the writer's parents would hardly be complete without an account of a brief visit which he, with his brother, Dr. Durrant, and the Editor of these pages, recently paid to those long deserted scenes in Kent, which had been so intimately associated with his father and mother's lives.

On arriving at Erith railway station, from whence my mother and sisters had so often travelled in the seventies, we found a woeful change from its rural aspect and surroundings of those days. The once beautiful cricket grounds, the pride of Kent, were now occupied by covered sidings for goods and trucks, whilst the station, which was then gay with geraniums and the season's flowers, marked out with chalk covered flints, was smoke begrimed, and cinder platforms replaced the clean gravel, but we did not investigate further, being anxious to push on to Bexley Heath, now accessible by electric car. Passing through the main street, we located, without difficulty, "Fir Cottage," the country retreat once occupied by my parents. Time had here also wrought a change, for "Fir Cottage," so named by my father on account of a fir tree shading the little front garden, had been converted into provision stores, whilst other shops had been built over the adjoining field, which formerly separated it from the smithy (still in existence), then kept by the father of our under nurse girl,

Emily Cobley. In fine, Bexley Heath, which was now linked up to London by the electric cars, had lost its rural aspect of the early sixties.

Passing to the rear of the stores through an archway at the side, we viewed with melancholy feelings the garden in which my mother had taken so much interest. I then recalled, as in a reverie, my father digging there, and my youthful mother encouraging us little children to pick out the stones from the gravelly soil. Only three of those seven children now survive. My mother had a taste for planting fruit trees wherever she resided. Here she planted some apple trees, which we were assured were still bearing. Later on in life, when abroad in Grenada, selected varieties of orange trees also marked her stay in the different' parishes where she lived.

The vine which covered the sunny back of the house, and yielded such large crops of fine black grapes in my father's day, still bore its yearly load.

Again I picture myself standing one night with my father and mother watching two villas burning near by. I once more view the crowd and the fierce blaze which I had been taken to see as a warning against playing with fire. These and many other memories, trivial yet sad when viewed in the light of the past, did that visit awaken " of those that here we see no more."

" Voice after voice hath died away
 Once in my dwelling heard ;
 Sweet household name by name bath changed To grief's
 forbidden word !
 From dreams of night on each I call,
 Each of the far removed ;
 And waken to my own wild cry
 'Where are ye, my beloved?'

Ye left me! and earth's flowers were dim With records of the
 past;
 And stars poured down another light Than o'er my youth they
 cast.

Birds will not sing as once they sung, When ye were at my side,
 And mournful tones are in the wind,
 Which I heard not till ye died !"

HEMANS.

We next called at an old-fashioned hostelry, "The Lord Hill," which in my childhood still had relics of importance as an old coaching station attached to it, and found that "decay's effacing fingers" had not spared it in the interval of time. This old inn was formerly occupied by a client of my father, but he had long since gone, leaving no trace behind. Resuming our journey by electric car, we arrived at Crayford, which is historically celebrated as the scene of the second great battle between the Saxons and Britons in 457, when Hengist totally defeated Vortimer. Here my father's parents first lived in a

house with a pretty flower garden on rising ground near the present railway station, but on account of advancing age and in order to be nearer the Catholic Church, which was over a mile distant on the summit of a steep hill, they removed to a house facing the main gates leading into the private grounds belonging to the Church, where "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," they lived in retirement until my grandfather's death. My grandmother survived her husband for several years, dying on the 29th March, 1878, at the age of 79, in the house of her son-in-law, Mr. John Lambe, J.P., Hereford. She was buried in the grounds attached to the Benedictine Monastery, St. Michael's, Belmont, where her only daughter, Mrs. Lambe, was also laid to rest in March, 1903. In the beautiful Gothic Church there is a handsome stained glass window which was erected by Mr. Lambe as a memorial of his wife and himself.

On arriving at Crayford we found that progress had halted there, except that the village looked, if possible, even more dull and ancient. In the early sixties, my mother and myself occupied rooms above a pharmacy by the bridge which spanned the little river Cray. The surname of "Sedgwick," the apothecary, had, however, disappeared from the doorplate. That name has remained deeply impressed on my memory, as he once rescued me from the stream into which I had fallen, and was in danger of being drowned,

My grandfather's house also remained, to all appearances, practically the same, even to the trellis work round the front door. I noticed, however, with regret, that the big cherry tree at the end of the garden, under which my sister Rose had played when a child, had disappeared.

Whilst my grandfather lived, his home had been a sort of family Mecca, an occasional visit to which was regarded as a religious duty by my elders, but to which my brothers and sisters looked forward with something more than ordinary pleasure. My own visits were frequent, and I recall a drive from London to Crayford with my father. Rose accompanied us, and in fancy I see her playing, after our arrival, under the now vanished cherry tree. My mother was staying there at the time of the Erith gunpowder works explosion, the concussion of which made the house rock from its foundations and played havoc with the china, and so alarmed her that she thought the end of the world had come.

Wandering in the old parish churchyard, looking for my grandfather's tomb, which my brother and I only discovered after considerable trouble amongst other mouldering heaps and gravestones," the scene forcibly suggested Gray's pathetic lines commencing :

" Beneath these rugged elms, that yew tree's shade."

We found the Catholic Church and schools apparently much as they were in the days of good old Father Alberry, of whom a brass tablet in the Baptistry records that he was for many years the rector and benefactor of the Church, and died on the 4th April, 1878, aged 71. As I knelt before the little altar I could not help thinking of my father and mother and the many relatives and friends I had known, now so widely scattered in death, who had entered here to worship and whose voices would never again be raised in prayer on this earth. Verily "they shall return no more to their habitations, neither shall their places know them any more."

" O time, who know'st a lenient hand to lay Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly thence (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense) The faint pang stealest unperceived away; On thee I rest my only hopes at last

And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear, I may look back on many a sorrow past, And greet life's peaceful evening with a smile - As some lone bird at day's departing hour Sings in the sunshine of the transient shower, Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while: Yet, ah ! what ills must that poor heart endure, Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure !

WILLIAM BOWLES, 1762-1850,

Until my grandfather died Father Alberry was a frequent visitor at his house, where of an evening he would join in a friendly game of whist. He was a kindly, scholarly-looking man, the latter appearance being heightened by the wearing of glasses. Father Alberry's residence was situated within the well-kept private grounds attached to the church, and had been built and furnished by a Mrs. Barnewall, a distant relation of the Mr. Barnewall previously mentioned. She also built the schools. It was fortunate for the Mission that Father Alberry possessed private means, for otherwise it would have been impossible for him to have maintained the position he did as Rector and benefactor for so many years, for the congregation was very poor. In illustration of this, he told my grandmother that on one occasion a bridegroom offered him eighteen pence in payment of the wedding fee, which he remitted on discovering that the bride had walked some miles to the church, and that the above sum represented the whole available resources of husband and wife. When Father Alberry told the man to keep the money he replied : "Thanks, your reverence, I should like to give the poor woman some breakfast." On another occasion the key of the church door did duty in default of a wedding ring. Father Alberry, finding that many poor people in the village had reared families born out of wedlock, performed the marriage ceremony for them without fee.

The just man shall be held in everlasting remembrance ; certainly the memory of Father Alberry's devoted life in Crayford will remain a more enduring one than any monument of bronze.

FINIS.