



BRISTOL
AND ITS FAMOUS ASSOCIATIONS.



BITS OF OLD AND NEW BRISTOL.

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and its
Famous Associations

BY
STANLEY HUTTON

FIFTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS



BRISTOL
J. W. ARROWSMITH, 11 QUAY STREET
LONDON
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co. LIMITED
1907

IN GRATITUDE

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W. H. DOWDING AND G. FALCONER KING.

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PREFACE.

IN connection with a city whose foundation dates before the Conquest, there must of necessity be many and famous personal associations which have gathered round its centuries of growth and progress.

Impelled by a love of his native city, it has been the task—a fascinating one—of the writer to gather together, from every available source, biographical material, which he has organised under definite headings, and which he trusts will have a real and living interest for his fellow-citizens, if not for that wider audience, the general public.

If those of his critics who scan the following pages will be good enough to bear in mind the enormous field these researches cover, they will perhaps pardon any omissions in these biographical cameos, many of which are omitted by intention. Kings and queens and others who have had merely an accidental or purely historical association have been ignored; the ordinary histories will supply their omission. By consulting, too, the best authorities, the writer has endeavoured to be accurate as well as interesting.

In conclusion, the author desires most gratefully to acknowledge his indebtedness to that biographical treasury, *The Dictionary of National Biography*; the encyclopædic *Annals* of Bristol's Froissart, John Latimer; the incitement, as well as material, derived from the works of the late John Taylor; and lastly to the generous and unfailing encouragement—without which this work would never have been written—of the proprietors of *The Western Daily Press*, Messrs. Walter and W. Nichol Reid.

STANLEY HUTTON.

May, 1907.

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THE thanks of the Publisher are due to the BRISTOL MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY COMMITTEE for permission to reproduce various sketches and engravings in their possession; to the Proprietors of *The Illustrated London News*, to Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. LTD., to Messrs. SMITH, ELDER & Co., and to Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL LTD., for certain of the portraits appearing in the book; and to the CHURCHWARDENS of ST. MARY REDCLIFF CHURCH for courteously allowing him to photograph the register containing the marriage certificates of S. T. Coleridge and Robert Southey.

Maritime and Commercial
Associations.

“The good ships freighted in the South
Come up to us from Avonmouth,
Come steaming past famed Clevedon's shore,
Haunt of the deathless ones of yore.
From lands where Empire's sturdy root
Is set, they bring us corn and fruit;
They take, to children of our blood,
The cheery word of brotherhood.

“O fare ye by the sounding docks,
Or clamber high as Clifton's rocks,
Where salt winds from the channel blow,
And make your English pulses glow;
The accent of those far-off lands,
Where uncouth force and law clasp hands
To circumscribe unfetter'd space,
Shall thrill you with the pride of race.

“The good ships freighted from the South
Come up to us at Avonmouth;
Come up with the rejoicing tide
That makes the Severn still more wide;
And with their spice and cattle bring
A fair, unpurchasable thing —
The breath and glamour of the sea
That made us great, that keeps us free.”

Slightly altered from the original.

CHAPTER I.

MARITIME AND COMMERCIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Bristol's commerce in the earliest times—William Canynges : Magnitude of his transactions ; monopoly of Danish trade—Voyage of the Cabots : Discovery of America ; credit due to John Cabot ; erection of Cabot Tower—Expedition sent by Robert Thorne in search of North-West Passage—Trade of Nicholas Thorne with the West Indies—Dangers attending commercial enterprises—Voyage of Martin Pring—Sir Ferdinando Gorges : Colonisation schemes ; owner of "Great House"—Voyage of Captain James in search of North-West Passage : Daring character of the expedition—Bristol's manufacturers and wealth—Dudley North—John Cary—St. James's Fair and its importance in the seventeenth century—Bristol privateering enterprises : The "Angel Gabriel"—Discovery of Alexander Selkirk by Captain Woodes Rogers : Great financial success of this expedition ; Selkirk's adventures form basis of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe"—Bristol's merchandise and commerce : Defoe's observations thereon—Great Western Railway—Building of "Great Western" steamship : First voyage across Atlantic a triumphant success—Launch and first voyage of the "Great Britain"—Bristol's lost opportunity—Conrad Finzel—Samuel Plimsoll.

IT is by no adventitious aid that Bristol has become what she is to-day, for her greatness was founded on commerce ; she exists by commerce, and on commerce alone must her future depend as one of the foremost maritime ports of the empire.

De'toe has rightly said: "Seeing that trade is the fund of wealth and power, we cannot wonder that we see the wisest princes and states anxious and concerned for the increase of the commerce and trade of their subjects and of the growth of the country."

In no city of England were these wise words more fully realised than in the ancient city of Bristol. One of the earliest references, if not the earliest, to Bristol's status as a port is that of William of Malmesbury, who lived in the first half of the twelfth century. When writing of the Vale of Gloucester, he says: "In this same valley is a *very celebrated town*, by name Bristowe, in which is a port, a resort of ships coming from Ireland, Norway, and other countries beyond sea: lest a region so fortunate in native riches should be destitute of the commerce of foreign wealth."

At the time of Edward III. so extensive and important was its commerce that it directed the whole foreign trade and the import of foreign merchandise, and even then did business on a very considerable scale, for in 1375 Bristol ships laden with salt were captured and burnt in the channel, and the losses were set down at no less than £17,739, a huge sum of money in those days. Fifty years later Bristol's trading vessels were known in every sea from Syria to Iceland.

One of the earliest tributes to the maritime importance of Bristol was paid by Henry IV. about 1400 in a charter which says: "Considering the many notable services which very many merchants and burgesses of our town of Bristol have done for us and our famous progenitors with their ships and voyages at their own great charges and expense, we have granted that the said town shall be for ever free from the jurisdiction of our Admiralty."



WILLIAM CANNING.

(From an old Print.)

Mrs. J. R. Green, in *Town Life in the Fifteenth Century*, has truly remarked: "There were none who surpassed the merchants of Bristol—men who had made their town the chief depôt for the wine trade of Southern France, a staple for leather, lead, tin, and the great mart for fish of the channel and for the salt trade of Brittany, whose cloth and leather were carried to Denmark to be exchanged for stock-fish, and to France and Spain for wine; who as early as 1420 made their way by compass to Iceland, and whose vessels were the first to enter the Levant."

Great indeed were Bristol's merchant princes in those early days of her history. The case of Robert Sturmy, Mayor of Bristol in 1453-4, is but one typical of the time. This great merchant had one of his ships plundered by the Genoese, who had bitterly resented his intrusion on their trading territory, and laid his complaint before the king, who forthwith had all the Genoese merchants then in London thrown into prison until they should give bonds for the £6,000 at which Sturmy had estimated his losses. Sturmy dwelt at this period in Spycer's Hall on the Welsh Back. Here flourished in the fifteenth century the greatest of all Bristol's merchant princes, William Canynges, son and grandson of eminent merchants of our city, and the benefactor of Redcliff Church. At this period he had in his hands the chief trade with Northern Europe. Not only were his factors established in the Baltic ports, but his transactions with Iceland and with Finland were on so great a scale that when in 1450 all English trade with those countries was forbidden, in virtue of a treaty with the King of Denmark, Canynges was specially exempted for his services to the Danes, and had therefore for some time the monopoly of

their trade. Moreover, the ships he owned were the largest hitherto known in England. During the eight years prior to 1460 he, employed on an average eight hundred seamen to navigate his fleet of ten vessels.

How the greatest of Bristol's merchant princes rebuilt Redcliff Church, erected the great house in Redcliff Street, the chapel of which still exists; was five times Mayor of Bristol and twice represented it in Parliament; and finally in his old age retired to the college of Westbury-on-Trym, became its Dean, and there died, are events in his life familiar to all who dip into our local histories.

The great importance of the clothing trade of Bristol, still one of its staple industries, is illustrated by the fact that as early as 1292 the St. James's Fair was famous throughout the kingdom as a cloth mart. For in that year the Archbishop of Canterbury in his rules governing his household particularly mentions that "robes were to be bought at St. James's tide," viz. at St. James's Fair. It was early in the following century that the family of Blanket, whose name has been erroneously made famous as the inventors of that article of domestic comfort, first settled here. The name blanket is really a term of French derivation, meaning white cloth, and Becket is said to have been dressed in a "curtil of whit blankit" one hundred and fifty years before the Blanket family appeared in Bristol.

Their advent, however, with their fellow Flemish weavers, gave a powerful impetus to the trade, not only of Bristol, but all England. This development became so rapid that ere long English merchants were competing successfully in foreign markets, and amongst those who

competed none were more active and adventurous than men of Bristol.

The century of Canynges, to whom we have just alluded, marks the greatest and most glorious achievement of our civic annals. The closing years of that fifteenth century greeted the arrival in our city of John Cabot, peer of the great Columbus himself, for was it not this world-famous navigator who "called in a new world to redress the balance of the old"? Here he resided with his family, and, encouraged by the merchants of our city, he applied for and obtained, on March 5th, 1496, a patent from King Henry VII. empowering him and his three sons—Lewis, Sebastian, and Sanctus—to set sail and discover and possess the new isles beyond the seas. Accordingly, in the May of the following year (1497), they embarked in the little ship the *Matthee*, probably less than a hundred tons burden, equipped by Bristol merchants and manned by eighteen seamen, nearly all Bristolians, on that memorable voyage that had such momentous and far-reaching consequences to the English race. In the early summer they made their historic landing on the coast of Newfoundland. The actual spot, though conjectured, is still an unsolved geographical riddle. This great event preceded Columbus's discovery of South America by at least a year.

It is curious to speculate what might have happened had the possession of the southern continent fallen to England instead of Spain. It was not the fault of Bristol men that England was anticipated by her southern rival.

Undoubtedly the part played by the Cabots, equipped and sent forth by Bristol merchants, has rightly become one of our national glories. All competent authorities

are now agreed that the voyage of the Cabots marks one of the greatest epochs of English history, and that John Cabot, father of Sebastian, was the real founder of British maritime supremacy. Lindsay, in his great work on the *History of Merchant Shipping*, says: "To the discoveries and wise policy of Cabot England was far more indebted than to the so-called celebrated 'Navigation Laws' of Oliver Cromwell." Campbell, too, in his *Lives of the Admirals*, refers to Cabot as "the author of our maritime strength, who had opened the way to those improvements which have rendered us so great, so eminent, so flourishing a people."

It was not unfitting that on the four hundredth anniversary of that glorious achievement Bristol's citizens built the noble Cabot Tower on Brandon's green and lofty hill, from whose summit the silver bar of Severn can easily be seen on a clear day. The magnificent view obtained of Bristol and its lovely surroundings from the tower is a sight to linger long in the memory. It was built at a cost of £3,300, and the ceremonies of laying the foundation stone and the opening were performed by the late Marquess of Dufferin.

That Bristol was in the van of early colonisation is proved by the fact that seventeen years before the voyage of Cabot, viz. in 1480, two ships of eighty tons burden, belonging to John Jay, merchant of Bristol, who had filled the office of sheriff, and whose monument is in the church of St. Mary Redcliff, set sail to the west of Ireland to find the Islands of Brazil. A disinterested testimony to the spirit of adventure on the part of Bristol is that of Pedro de Ayala, a member of the Spanish Embassy, who in writing to the Spanish authorities in 1498 said: "The people of Bristol have for the last seven years every year



Sebastien Cabot

sent out two, three, and four light ships in search of the Island of Brazil and the seven cities."

In regard to the Cabot voyage of 1497, Lorenzo Pasqualigo, writing on October 11th to his brother, says:—

"The Venetian, our countryman, who went with a ship from Bristol (the *Matthew*) in quest of new islands, is returned, and says that seven hundred leagues hence he discovered land, the territory of the Great Cham. He coasted for three hundred leagues and landed, saw no human being, but he has brought hither to the king certain snares which had been set to catch game, and a needle for making nets; he also found some felled trees, wherefore he supposed there were inhabitants, and returned to his ship in alarm.

"He was three months on the voyage, and on his return he saw two islands to the starboard but would not land, time being precious, as he was short of provisions. He says that the tides are slack and do not flow as they do here. The King of England is much pleased with this intelligence.

"The king has promised that in the spring our countryman shall have ten ships, armed to his order, and at his request has conceded him all the prisoners, except such as are confined for high treason, to man the fleet. The king has also given him money wherewith to amuse himself till then, and he is now at Bristol with his wife, who is also a Venetian, and with his son. His name is Zucan Cabot, and he is styled the 'Great Admiral.' Vast honour is paid him, he dresses in silk, and these English run after him like mad people, so that he can enlist as many of them as he pleases, and a number of our own rogues besides."

Considering how world-famous Bristol was as a port of maritime adventure, it is not at all improbable that Columbus came here, and that the two great captains of their age met. Cunningham, in his *Growth of English Industry*, definitely states that Columbus came to Bristol and stayed some time.

Sebastian, the famous son of John Cabot, was born some say in Venice and others in Bristol. There is considerable confliction of evidence on the point, because he seems to have lied unblushingly when it suited his purpose. For instance, he has stated first that he was born at Venice, and again later, when an old man, he distinctly told his friend, Richard Eden, that "he was borne in Brystowe, and that at iiii yeare ould he was carried with his father to Venice, and so returned agayne into England with his father after certayne years, whereby he was thought to have been born in Venice."

There is little doubt that through the mendacity of Sebastian the honour rightly belonging to his father, John Cabot, has for centuries been withheld. Henceforth all the eulogies applied to Sebastian by successive writers on maritime history must be transferred to the real discoverer, his father, John Cabot. Undoubtedly modern research into the history of the Cabots, especially the great work of Mr. HARRISSE, have all been destructive of the fame hitherto awarded him, and to-day he is dethroned in favour of his father as the "greatest navigator and cosmographer that ever lived."

Fired by the example of the Cabots, we find Robert Thorne, an eminent Bristol merchant, urging on Henry VIII. the desirability of making an attempt to find the north-west passage of the Moluccas. Said he: "With a small number of ships there might be discovered

divers new lands and kingdoms in the which without doubt your Grace shall win perpetual glory and your subjects infinite profit. To which places there is left one way to discover, which is into the north."

This representation to the king was promptly acted upon, but unfortunately with barren results, for on May 20th, 1527, he sent—Hakluyt tells us—"two fair ships well manned and victualled, having in them divers cunning men, to seek strange regions." These ships, the *Mary of Guildford* and the *Samson*, set sail from Bristol on June 10th, and proceeded due north as Thorne had directed; but on July 1st a violent storm arose, which wrecked the *Samson* with the loss of all her crew. The sister ship sailed a little farther, but not speedily finding the wealth of Cathay, the captain lost heart on finding many great islands of ice and returned.

Thus ended the first and only voyage of discovery in the reign of Henry VIII. Thorne thereupon turned his attention to commerce in other directions, and amassed great wealth, which he as freely spent in doing good. He was a merchant of great repute engaged in cloth and soap manufacture. That he was a man of distinction in our city is proved by his being mayor in 1515, and his being appointed by the Crown with others to hold in commission the office of Admiral of England in Bristol. In 1523 he represented Bristol in Parliament, and, dying soon after, left two sons. Robert Thorne and his brother Nicholas were jointly the founders of the Bristol Grammar School. Hakluyt alludes to Nicholas as "a principal merchant of Bristol."

Nicholas Thorne, as early as the year 1526, was sending commodities to the West Indies, thus anticipating by nearly three centuries the great trade Bristol

ultimately did with those islands. He formed one of a deputation to Henry VIII. in August, 1535, when the king and his consort, Anne Boleyn, were staying at Thornbury Castle, the seat of the ill-fated Buckingham, to present them with costly gifts.

In regard to the benevolence of Robert Thorne, quaint old Fuller remarks : " I see it matters not, what the name be, so the nature be good. I confess thorns came in by man's curse, and our Saviour sayeth, ' Do men gather grapes of thorns ? ' But this our Thorn (God send us many coppices of them) was a blessing to our Nation and wine and oil may be said to freely flow from him." And again he says : " I have observed some at the church door cast in a sixpence with such ostentation that it rebounded from the bottom and rang against both sides of the basin, so that the same piece of silver was alms and the giver's trumpet, whilst others have dropped down five shillings, without noise. Our Thorn was of the second sort, doing his charity effectually, but with privacy."

Ever seeking new outlets for her trade, in the year 1552 three Bristol ships, freighted with cargoes of linen and woollen cloth, amber, and jet, sailed from Kingroad for Morocco. Though they incurred the anger of the Portuguese and were attacked by the Spaniards they returned safely. This voyage was the first instance of trade between Bristol and the African continent : in subsequent years Bristol's connection with the West Coast of Africa formed a large portion of her commerce.

Many were the risks and dangers incurred by merchants who sought a wider market for their merchandise, as, for instance, in the case of Andrew Barker, a Bristol

merchant, who in 1576 traded with the Canaries by taking out cloth and bringing back wine. Hearing that his goods had been seized by the Inquisition at Teneriffe to the value of £1,700, and his factor there imprisoned, he, with the help of friends, fitted out two barques, the *Ragged Staff* and the *Bear*, and set sail with a view to reprisals.

Reaching Trinidad, they proceeded along the northern coast of South America, doing all the damage they could to the Spanish ships they encountered. Their efforts were crowned with success, for they captured a frigate containing gold and silver to the value of £500 and other spoil. Unfortunately the crews subsequently mutinied, and Barker and those who sided with him were defeated after fighting two duels; they were then forcibly landed on an island, where they were set upon by Spaniards and killed.

We find, too, that in the year 1577 that fine old sea-dog, Martin Frobisher, came with his ship into Kingroad after a vain attempt to discover the North-West Passage.

In the beginning of the following century we learn from that justly-celebrated work, Purchas's *Pilgrims*, the following account of the early colonial enterprise of Bristol: "A voyage set out from the city of Bristol, at the charge of the chiefest inhabitants, with a small ship and barque for the discovery of the north part of Virginia, under the command of Martin Pring."

This gallant Bristol seaman, then only 23 years of age, states that the voyage was undertaken through the "reasonable inducement of Richard Hakluyt, prebendary of the cathedral," "the chief furtherers" of the undertaking being those public-spirited merchants of the city.

Aldermen Aldworth and Whitson, and altogether £1,000 was adventured on the enterprise. The vessels, from a modern maritime point of view, were absurdly small, and ill-fitted to battle with the storms of the Atlantic. The *Speedwell* was but fifty tons burden, with a crew of thirty-five men, whilst her companion, the *Discoverer*, was only twenty tons.

Pring, however, fearlessly set sail on March 20th, 1603, and reached the coast of North Virginia, the New England of later days, early in June. He remained there nearly two months, lying for some time in the harbour, to which he gave the name of Whitson, but which was afterwards to become memorable as "Plymouth," at which the Pilgrim Fathers landed seventeen years later. Having closely surveyed the coast, discovered several rivers and harbours, and loaded his ships with sassafras, then a valuable medicinal plant, he set sail for England, and reached Bristol on October 2nd, when he reported the land to be "full of God's good blessings."

Associated, too, with our city was "the Father of English Colonisation in North America," Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who came of an honourable family long connected with Wraxall, near Bristol, and was moved through information supplied him by one of the early explorers to form a company for the colonisation of America. Through his efforts a Virginia Company was established in 1606, and was granted a charter by Charles I. "This document," says Bancroft, the American historian, "was the first colonial charter under which the English were planted in America." By the influence of Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Lord Chief Justice Popham, who had at an earlier period represented Bristol in Parliament, a subscription was opened at the Council House, Bristol,

for "the plantation and inhabiting of Virginia," the contributions to extend over five years.

Among those who responded to the invitation were the mayor, John Guy, and Robert Aldworth. A vessel was forthwith equipped and sent out from Bristol, sailing in September or October, 1606, Hannam being appointed commander and Martin Pring master. Little is recorded, however, of its adventures save a brief note by Gorges containing the important statement that Pring had returned with "the most exact discovery of that coast that ever came into my hands." A similar expedition had at the same time started from Plymouth.

Though the voyages of Pring were apparently barren of practical results, yet they bore fruit in keeping the spirit of colonising alive in our city, for in the early part of 1609 permission was sought from the Privy Council to found a plantation in Newfoundland, the petitioners being composed of London and Bristol merchants, among whom were Humphrey Hooke, Thomas Aldworth, and Philip and John Guy; their official title being the "Company of Adventurers and Planters of London and Bristol for the colony or plantation of Newfoundland." John Guy, who was a merchant of great repute, was appointed the first governor of the company.

Early in May, Guy, with his brother Philip and William Colston, with a number of emigrants of both sexes, to say nothing of cattle, poultry, etc., were embarked in three ships that had been equipped for the purpose *en route* for the new colony. They arrived in Newfoundland in twenty-three days, and erected dwellings, store-houses, wharves and a fort, whilst Guy built himself a mansion called Sea Forest House. Returning to Bristol in 1611, he, in the following year, took out

another party of emigrants. By his will in February, 1626, he left his share of the settlement to his sons, then under age.

Unfortunately, the experiment in colonisation was not successful, for there appears no record of the colony's existence after the year 1628. In spite of this, however, Newfoundland proved an excellent outlet for Bristol's trade, for in December, 1667, the merchants and ship-owners of our city petitioned the Privy Council, praying for the better protection of Newfoundland against the French and Dutch cruisers, who threatened to destroy their trade, in the course of which they asserted that the Customs duties paid at Bristol on wine, oil, and fruit brought in from Spain, Portugal, and Italy, in exchange for the fish they carried to those countries, amounted to £40,000 yearly.

Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who seems to have been an enthusiastic pioneer of colonisation, applied to James I. in 1620 and obtained a patent for a new company styled "The Council for New England," to which the king made the extraordinary grant of the whole of North America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, lying between the fortieth and forty-eighth degrees of latitude. Gorges endeavoured to induce the Mayor of Bristol and other merchants to join in the enterprise, but they refused to have anything to do with a scheme they regarded as impracticable and altogether unworkable, and the Merchant Venturers' Society, writing to the Members of Parliament for the city, said that they "in no wise liked" Gorges' scheme. As far as Bristol was concerned, therefore, it became a dead letter. This famous man ultimately married in 1627 the widow of Sir Hugh Smyth of Ashton, and became in right of her

jointure the owner of the "Great House" on Saint Augustine's Back, which house early in the following century became Colston's School.

The final allusion to this extraordinary pioneer of the "expansion of England" occurs in a charter granted to him in 1639, when he was 70 years of age, by which Charles I. conceded to him and his heirs the entire province of Maine, New England, minus certain reservations to the Crown.

Notwithstanding that our Bristol merchants refused to join in the above scheme of Gorges, their indomitable spirit of adventuring was unquenched, and broke out in a fresh place in the year 1631, when a bold attempt was once more made to find the elusive North-West Passage. Charles I.,¹ who was interesting himself in the matter, equipped a royal ship for that purpose, hearing of which our Bristol merchants asked to be allowed to take part by themselves, fitting out a ship to be under the command of Captain Thomas James, a Bristol mariner of tried skill. This request was graciously acceded to, and James waited on His Majesty to pay his respects.

The chief Bristol merchants who took part were Humphrey Hooke, Andrew Charlton, Miles Jackson and Thomas Cole. The little ship equipped for this expedition was named, in honour of the Queen, *Henrietta Maria*, and was of eighty tons burden. "The number thought convenient to mannage such a buisnesse was twentie two, whereof nineteene were choice able men, two yonkers and my unworthy selfe their Commander all which the Bristowe merchants did most Judiciously and bountifully accomodate, and had in readinesse the first of May, 1631."

Sailing from Bristol on May 3rd, they steered their

course by way of Greenland to Hudson's Strait, the weather throughout the voyage being extremely bad, and at length entered a bay which, in honour of their leader, was named James's Bay. Some weeks later they reached a place they called Charlton, after one of the above-mentioned merchants, and there the state of the weather compelled them to remain. Owing to their being unable to get nearer than three miles to the shore, they deemed it advisable to sink the ship to prevent damage to her by "bumping," the crew taking refuge on land. Here they wintered and had an awful time of cold and privation, but in the following May they dug out their ship and got her once more afloat and sailed for England, arriving after a tempestuous voyage on October 22nd, 1632. By this time the vessel was in so unseaworthy a condition that it was considered a miracle that she arrived home.

The intrepid conduct of Captain James became the theme of general admiration throughout the country, and on his presenting himself at Whitehall with a chart of his voyage, the king gave him a warm welcome and conversed with him respecting his voyage for a couple of hours, being so interested that he desired James on leaving his presence to attend again to give him further details.

The nobility of the Court, taking the cue from their royal master, paid him the most flattering attentions, and James became the lion of the season. His reputation as a skilful and scientific mariner was still further enhanced by his spirited account of his arctic adventures, published in 1633. His portrait in that work, in the corner of the map of Hudson's and Baffin's Bay, has been in such demand by the disciples of Granger—the founder of grangerising—that several guineas have been given for it,

and many copies of that rare volume have been mutilated for the sake of its possession.

Among the staple manufactures for which Bristol has for centuries been famous is that of soap, alluding to which old Fuller exclaims: "As to gray sope I behold Bristol as the staple place thereof, where alone it was anciently made. . . . Yea it is not above an hundred and fifty years" (viz. the beginning of the sixteenth century) "since the first sope was boyled in London. Before which time the land was generally supplied with Castile from Spain, and gray sope from Bristol."

In 1631, however, its manufacture in Bristol received a severe blow, for in December of that year a patent was granted by the Crown to a number of courtiers and Londoners, conferring on them the sole right of manufacturing soap from home materials. A royal charter also empowered them to destroy the plant and buildings of persons invading their privilege. This practically ruined the local industry.

A striking evidence of Bristol's wealth and status in the seventeenth century is afforded by the fact that a sum of £2,000 for the equipment of a royal ship with two hundred and sixty men to man her was provided by Bristol, whilst Liverpool's contribution on the same occasion was but a beggarly £15.

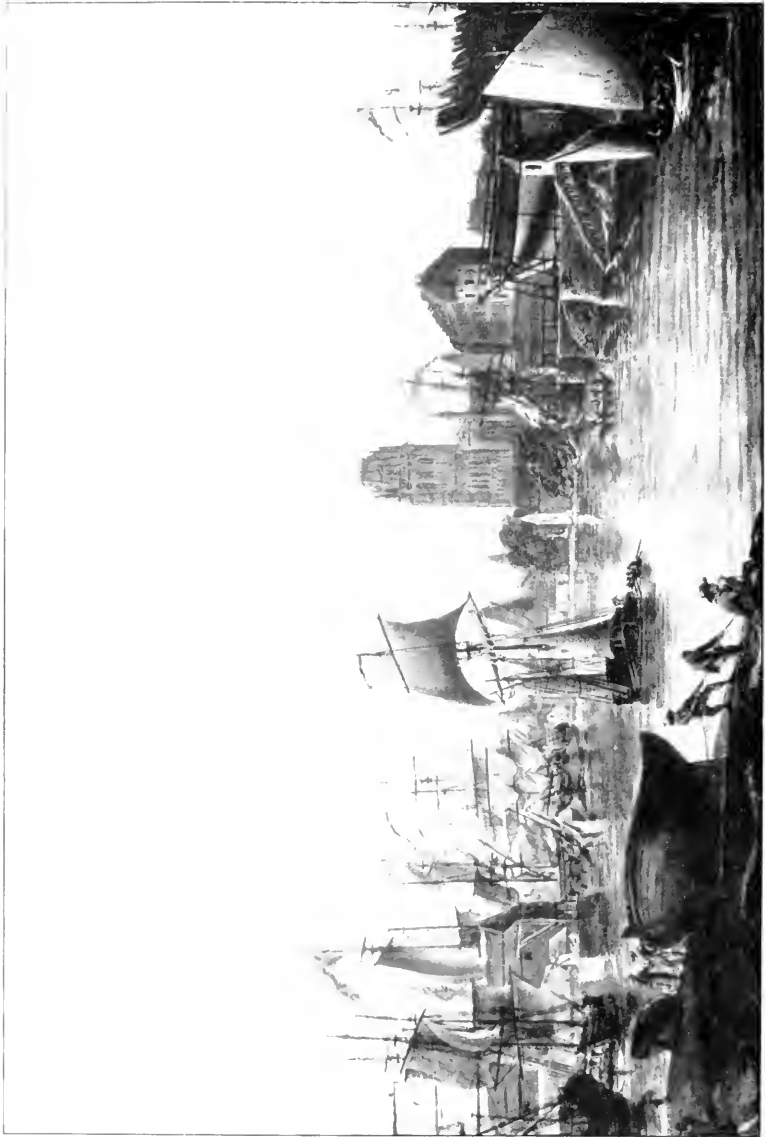
It has been stated that the founder of the great tinplate industry, Andrew Yarranton, set up his works in Bristol. He is one of England's forgotten benefactors, who lived in the seventeenth century, having in disguise discovered its secrets of manufacture from the Germans and brought them to England. In the same century, too, the famous founder of the Bank of England—William Paterson—lived for some time in Bristol with

a relative of his mother's, from whom he is said to have derived a legacy.

A complaint by Bristol merchants to the Privy Council in the year 1667 illustrates the extent of the tobacco trade, for the applicants stated that during the late war with the Dutch the enemy had captured six of their ships laden with 3,300 hogsheads of tobacco in 1665-6, while in 1667 nine ships with 6,000 hogsheads had been taken and burnt. In November, 1670, Sir John Knight stated in the House of Commons that of the 6,000 tons of shipping possessed by Bristol one half was employed in the importation of tobacco. Great therefore as Bristol's tobacco trade is to-day, the above proves it to be no modern industry.

A famous personality of this period connected with Bristol was Dudley North, one of the greatest financiers and economists of his time. Just before the king nominated him Sheriff of London, he had fallen in love with Lady Gunning, a widow very beautiful and rich, the daughter of Sir Robert Cann, a morose and irascible merchant of Bristol in the latter end of the seventeenth century. The match was very nearly falling through, for when the consent of the old knight was asked, he required that North should purchase and secure to the lady an estate worth £3,000 or £4,000 per annum. North replied that he could not spare so much capital from his business, but that he would make a settlement of £20,000. To that offer he received the laconic reply: "Sir,—My answer to your letter is an answer to your second. Your humble servant, R.C." The rejoinder was equally brief: "Sir,—I perceive you like neither me nor my business. Your humble servant, D.N."

North thereupon addressed himself to the beautiful



VIEW OF THE HARBOUR, SHOWING REDCLIFF CHURCH.

(After a Water Colour by NICHOLAS POCOCK, 1787.)

widow, and with such success that she coaxed her father, who at last grudgingly consented to their marriage, North previously settling his property upon her: the deed of settlement, however, she generously destroyed ere the ceremony took place. Ultimately her father became reconciled and proud of his son-in-law, and when the latter came to Bristol, would say to him, "Come, son, let us go out and shine," viz. promenade the streets attended by a retinue of servants in rich liveries.

So able a man was North, that even Macaulay, much as he disliked the Norths, could not withhold his tribute of admiration, for he pronounces him "one of the ablest men of his time." North's tract on currency anticipated the views of Locke and Adam Smith, and he was one of the earliest economists to advocate Free Trade.

His brother, Roger North, Recorder of Bristol, alludes to the trading enterprise of Bristol at this period, for he observes, "Petty local shopkeepers, selling candles and the like, would venture a bale of stockings or piece of stuff in a cargo bound for Nevis or Virginia."

Another striking individuality belonging to the end of this same century deserves mention—John Cary, a merchant of our city, the author of a remarkable *Essay on the State of England, in Relation to its Trade, its Poor, and its Taxes*, one of the earliest specimens of printing from a Bristol press, published by William Bonny in 1695. The work is now extremely rare.

John Cary was the son of Thomas Cary, Vicar of St. Philip and Jacob, and a man of great intelligence, his views expressed in his famous essay being far in advance of those of his age. He strongly advocated the encouragement of domestic manufactures by freeing raw materials

from Customs duties, and deprecated the granting of monopolies, and even urged the free admission of produce from Ireland, a policy utterly opposed to the narrow view of the landed interest.

John Locke was so delighted with the author's ideas on trade that he said they were "the best I ever read on the subject."

Cary held sound views on the Poor Law question, and it was due entirely to his initiative set forth in his broadside—"Proposals for the better maintaining and imploying of the Poor of the city of Bristol, humbly offered to the consideration of the Mayor"—that Bristol had the honour of being the first in the kingdom to establish the "Poor Law Union."

Earlier we have alluded to the importance of St. James's Fair as a mart for cloth, and in the seventeenth century its fame, though centuries had elapsed, was still as great as ever, so that ships bound thereto were the object of special attention by Turkish corsairs. As many as eleven sail of these flying English colours were on one occasion reported to be on the sea waiting to seize passengers bound for Bristol. The Mayor of Penzance (July 4th, 1636) gave notice of this to the Secretary of State, complaining that His Majesty's fleet had not been seen off Cornwall for fourteen days, and that the Turkish corsairs intended to be about the Lizard Point and Land's End against St. James's Fair.

St. James's Fair has long since fallen from its ancient importance as the market-place of Europe; within comparatively recent years it became the rendezvous of acrobats and others of a like nature who used their skill for the amusement of the public. Since the property

has fallen into the civic possession it has been made into one of the many open spaces of our city, and no shows or exhibitions are now permitted to be held there. Among those who in the eighteenth century performed at St. James's Fair was one Maddox, who excited great admiration by his skill as an acrobat upon the wire.

The late C. J. Harford tells the following curious anecdote of the subsequent history of Maddox:—

“In the year 1786,” he says, “I was in Moscow, and met in a large company there a Mr. Maddox, who, having six horses to his carriage, I knew must have the rank of a brigadier-general. Being introduced as coming from Bristol he seemed much delighted. ‘Pray, sir,’ said he, ‘can you inform me is St. James’s Fair still kept up? And is old Seward the trumpeter alive?’ Much surprised at this question, I assured him that St. James’s Fair would take place the next Friday (as it was the last week in August this took place), and I had seen old Seward trumpeting before the sheriffs the March preceding. ‘And now, Mr. Maddox, allow me to inquire how you could know anything about St. James’s Fair, or be interested about old Seward?’

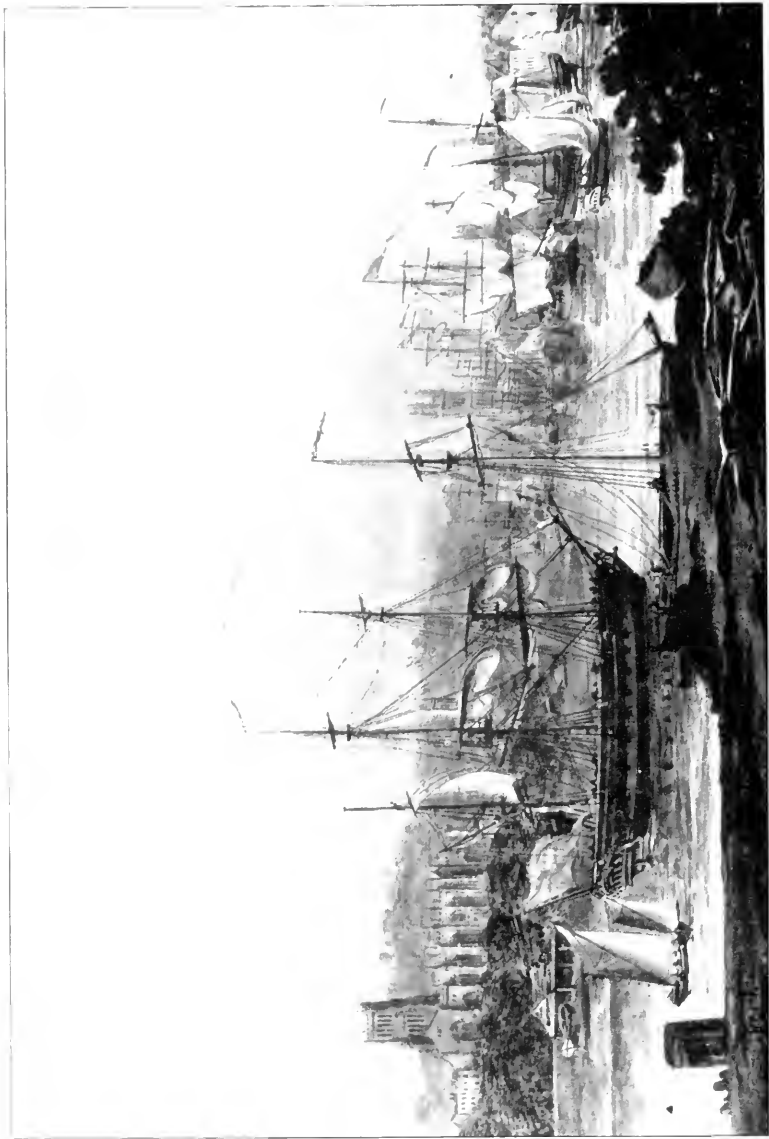
“‘Sir,’ replied Mr. Maddox, ‘I am exceedingly pleased at what you tell me. Many a time have I acted Punch, and played on the salt box in the gallery, at the corner of Silver Street, I think you call it; and Seward is my uncle, he brought me up from a child.’ ‘By your name, Mr. Maddox,’ I replied, ‘I suppose you are some relation of the famous Tom Maddox, the rope dancer, who with all his family and troupe, except one infant that floated ashore in a cradle, were lost about 1757 in a packet off Holyhead?’ ‘Mr. Harford, I am that child, my Uncle Seward bred me up, and here you find me director

of the opera or theatre, and keeping a Vauxhall at Moscow.' I frequently dined with this extraordinary character, who always spoke with pleasure of St. James's Fair."

At this fair, too, might have been seen at one time Belzoni, afterwards the celebrated explorer of Egypt, who was accustomed at St. James's Fair and other similar resorts to exhibit those herculean feats which his great physical strength enabled him to do.

Before passing on to the eighteenth century, a brief allusion must be made to the remarkable activity of privateering carried on by Bristol merchants with very lucrative results to those concerned.

In the years 1626-27-28 no less than sixty Bristol privateers, many of which were the property of the well-known Merchant Venturers' Society, were fitted out and empowered by Government letters of marque to harass and capture French and Spanish merchantmen. The tonnage of these little vessels ranged from thirty to three hundred tons. Among those who engaged in this lucrative and successful adventuring were William Colston, father of the great philanthropist, Giles Elbridge, and Humphrey Hooke, who of all those that took part reaped the greatest financial harvest, for one of his ships, the *Eagle*, brought home prizes in 1630 to the value of £40,000. By means of this success and other windfalls, Hooke, who came to Bristol as a boy from Chichester, became extremely wealthy, and was enabled to purchase great estates in the locality, including that of Kingsweston. The success of these expeditions may be gauged from the fact that the Duke of Buckingham, who as Lord of the Admiralty claimed a tenth part of their prizes, received £20,000



VIEW OF THE HARBOUR, SHOWING THE CATHEDRAL AND ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.

(After a Water Colour by NICHOLAS POCOCK, 1787.)

as his share of the spoil. This wealth was not, however, obtained without great boldness and daring, and many a stirring fight occurred in its gain.

One of these fights, showing the intrepid character of our Bristol seamen, is immortalised in the ballad entitled, *The Honour of Bristol*, which is not unworthy to rank with the best of our maritime ballads, and which Latimer justly observes is “as heartstirring as ‘Chevy Chase.’” It tells how about the year 1625, when we were at war with Spain, the *Angel Gabriel* of Bristol, sailed by her captain the famous Netheway with forty fighting men, put to flight three Spanish ships of war, with the alleged loss to them of five hundred men. The following verses are a type of the whole ballad:—

“The lusty ship of Bristol
Sailed out adventurously
Against the foes of England
Their strength with them to try:
Well victuall’d, rigged and mann’d,
And good provision still,
Which made them cry—To sea
With the *Angel Gabriel*!

“The captain, famous Netheway,
So was he called by name;
The master’s name John Mines,
A man of noted fame;
The gunner, Thomas Watson,
A man of perfect skill,
With other valiant hearts
In the *Angel Gabriel*.”

The terrible nature of the fight when they encountered the Spaniards is indicated in the following verse:—

“With that their three ships boarded us
Again with might and main,
But still our noble Englishmen
Cried out—A fig for Spain!
Though seven times they boarded us
At last we showed our skill,
And made them feel the force
Of our *Angel Gabriel*.”

The ballad concludes with—

“At Bristol we were landed,
And let us praise God still,
That thus hath blessed our men
And the *Angel Gabriel*.”

The closing years of the seventeenth century were made notorious in our annals by the commencement of the disgraceful traffic in negro slaves to the West Indies from Africa. Its lucrativeness to those concerned may be judged from the fact that Bristol had sixty vessels engaged in it. Liverpool, too, was equally interested, and it has been estimated that in the first nine years there were shipped from Africa by these two ports no less than 160,950 negroes to the English plantations.

Passing on to the eighteenth century, we find the spirit of privateering in no way abated, and one of the many expeditions has become a classic. In the year 1708 Captain Woodes Rogers was placed in command of two vessels equipped by some of Bristol's leading merchants—the *Duke* and the *Duchess*, both less than three hundred and fifty tons, having for their pilot no less a person than the intrepid and famous voyager William Dampier, a native of Somerset. In such little vessels, which would be deemed mere cockle-shells in these days of leviathans of the deep, they sailed from Bristol on August 2nd, 1708. Their crews were a mixed collection of humanity, amongst them being “tinkers, tailors, peddlars, and fiddlers,” etc., a portion of whom ran away at Cork. In spite of this, however, 333 were left to man the ships. At first they met with little luck in the way of prizes, for nothing was captured save a small Spanish barque in June, 1709. Sighting soon after the Island of Juan Fernandez they were astonished at the sight of a fire, as it was generally supposed that

the island was uninhabited. However, on landing they discovered it had been lit by Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman well known to Dampier, who had been living there alone for nearly four years and a half. His adventures formed the basis of Defoe's immortal romance—*Robinson Crusoe*. Finding that he was an excellent seaman, Captain Rogers gave him a post as mate, which he filled with entire success. After this interesting event their quest for prizes proved more successful, for they secured six vessels, and emboldened by this they attacked the city of Guayaquil and with complete success, for after burning and plundering the town they wound up by extorting the handsome ransom of 30,000 "pieces of eight." Soon after they also attacked and took possession of four more vessels, some of which were ransomed, and one converted into a sister privateer and named the *Marquis*.

In the course of fitting out this latter vessel there were found in her hold "five hundred bales of Pope's Bulls" (indulgences), "sixteen reams in each bale," which totals out to nearly four millions of those documents, which the Spanish colonists were in the habit of purchasing, at dear rates, from the Catholic clergy. With utter disregard of their sacred purpose, Rogers cynically observed that he found them useful for burning the pitch off the ships' bottoms when they were careened, the rest being thrown overboard. After this they cruised about in search of other prizes with varying success, in the course of which they fought and captured a Spanish vessel of twenty guns, Rogers being severely wounded, but losing none of his crew. The captured vessel was placed under the command of Dr. Dover (of Dover Powders fame), Selkirk being appointed master. Finally, the ships returned by way of Good

Hope, under the convoy of some Dutch men-of-war, and arrived in Holland in July, 1711, and on October 14th the three privateers anchored in the Thames, their booty being estimated at the enormous sum of £170,000. On Rogers's return he wrote an able and most interesting account of his *Voyage round the World*, published in 1712, containing some details of the singular career of Alexander Selkirk. The latter received £800 as his share of the plunder of this memorable expedition.

Rogers's residence when at Bristol was in his own house, No. 19 Queen Square, which he had built. This residence formed one of three taken down to be replaced by the present Dock Offices.

In the year 1717 we find him employed by the Government by being placed in command of an expedition sent out to the Bahama Islands for the purpose of destroying a nest of pirates who made them their haunt, whence they committed great ravages on the passing vessels. In this object he was entirely successful, and two hundred of the pirates were forced to surrender. Later, in 1728, he was appointed governor of those islands, and occupied that post till his death in 1732. Selkirk resided in Bristol for a considerable time, and in 1713 he was living in St. Stephen's parish.

Fascinating as this privateering chapter of Bristol history is, we must close with the following. Two remarkable captures were brought into Kingroad on September 8th, 1745, by the *Prince Frederick* and the *Duke of London*, being treasure ships which these two vessels had fought and captured off the American coast and towed across the Atlantic. Their cargoes consisted of 1,093 chests of silver bullion, weighing 2,644,922 oz., besides a quantity of gold and silver plate and other valuables.

Their arrival created enormous excitement, which was intensified by the fact that the treasure was conveyed to London in twenty-two wagons, each guarded by armed sailors on horseback. This event naturally kindled anew the passion for privateering.

A very gallant fight took place in 1760 between a Bristol privateer named the *Constantine* and a French privateer called the *Victoire*. Taken somewhat unawares, as he had believed the French vessel to be an English man-of-war, Captain Forsyth of the Bristol ship and his men "behaved themselves like English lions, and twice cleared the bowsprit, fore-castle and head, though six to one against us"; even though the French rushed her quarter-deck and came in at the cabin windows. So severe was the fight that the captain of the French ship was killed and a great number of his men—the blood running out of the scuppers; and the foe sheered off and escaped, though his vessel left a blood-dyed track behind him. "Blessed be the Almighty," said Captain Forsyth, "I had but two wounded, who came to their quarters as soon as they were dressed by the surgeon." This was a victory won against great odds, for the Bristol vessel had only eighteen four-pounders and forty-six men, whilst the Frenchman had twenty six-pounders and two hundred and fifty men.

In regard to its commerce, wine, which from earliest times was one of Bristol's justly celebrated industries, still enjoyed an unrivalled reputation, for a writer dealing with the social life of the period states that the most eminent London merchants "brought wine by road from Bristol."

Bristol in the eighteenth century was also doing an enormous trade in sugar with the West Indies, as

a document shows, dated October 24th, 1724, fixing the tares to be allowed purchasers of sugar landed at this port. To this were appended the signatures of no fewer than ninety-nine firms who approved of the arrangement. There were at this period twenty refineries in our city.

Defoe, in his *Tour Through Great Britain*, observes: "The merchants of this city" (Bristol) "have not only the greatest trade, but they trade with a more entire independency upon London than any other town in Britain. Whatsoever expeditions they make to any part of the world, they are able to bring the full returns back to their own port, and to dispose of them there, which is not the case in any other port in England. But the Bristol merchants, as they have a very great trade abroad, so they have always buyers at home for their returns, and such buyers that no cargo is too big for them. To this purpose the shopkeepers in B——, who in general were wholesale men, have so great an inland trade among all the western counties that they maintain carriers, just as the London tradesmen do. Add to this that sails by sea, as by the navigation of two great rivers, the Severn and the Wye, they have the whole trade of South Wales as it were to themselves, and the greater part of North Wales, and as to their trade with Ireland it has prodigiously increased since the Revolution."

He noted, too, that there were no less than fifteen glass houses, which are more than are in London, and in passing says that "vast numbers of bottles are now used for sending the water of St. Vincent's Rock" (Hotwell water) "not only all over England, but all over the world." "They say above three thousand sail of ships belong to Bristol." Further words are needless to emphasise the vast extent of Bristol's commerce at this period.

Early in the same century was introduced a new industry, not only to Bristol but England also, viz. the casting of ironware—pots, etc., for cooking purposes—by Abraham Darby, a Quaker, who with friends had set up works at Baptist Mills as brass and iron founders. Until this time these pots were imported from abroad. Darby, who had in vain endeavoured to perfect their manufacture here, at length went over to Holland, and after a searching inquiry found that the whole secret of their making consisted in casting them in fine dry sand. Returning to Bristol, he brought with him some skilful Dutch workmen, and successfully inaugurated their manufacture.

Darby, however, proved too go-ahead and enterprising for his partners; he therefore severed his connection and removed to Coalbrookdale, Shropshire, where he started for himself and laid the foundation of the great foundry which attained a European reputation. The famous Bristol philanthropist, Richard Reynolds, born in Corn Street, who married Darby's granddaughter, succeeded to the management on the death of Darby.

It was during Reynolds' supervision that the art of puddling iron was discovered by two of his workmen, for which a patent was obtained; it produced enormous profits to the firm.

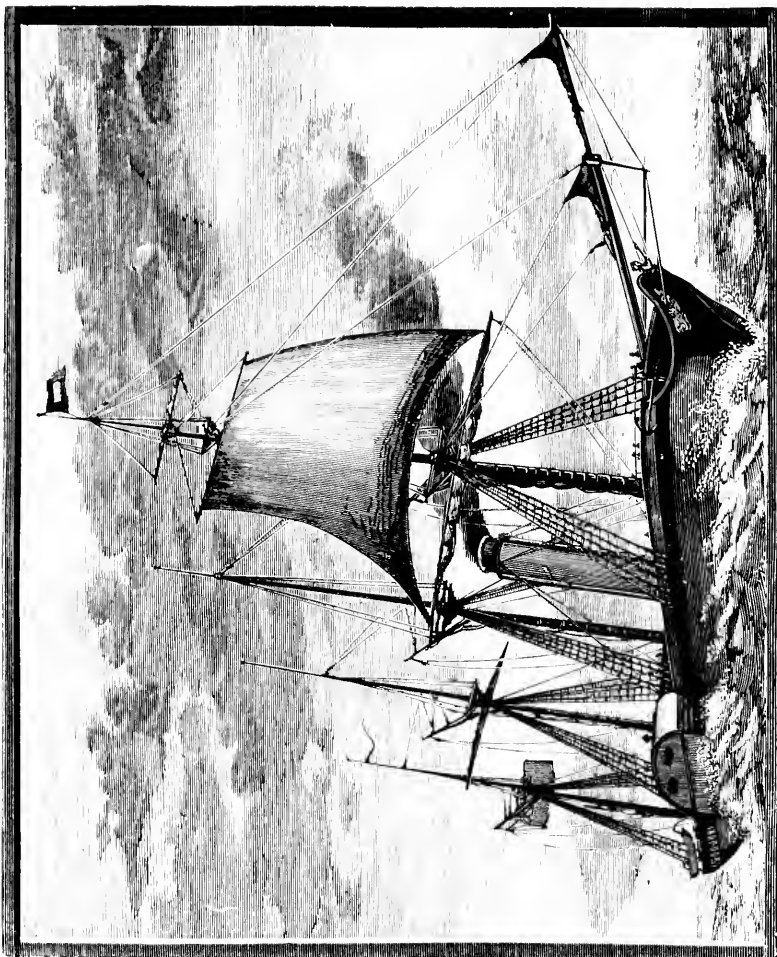
Coming down to the nineteenth century, the three great events which mark this period of Bristol's history are, first, the birth of the Great Western Railway; secondly, the building of the pioneer steamship the *Great Western*; and, thirdly, the building of the great docks at Avonmouth, now nearly finished, to enable Bristol to deal with the great and increasing volume of trade that is continually flowing to our ancient city from America.

Like other colossal concerns, the largest railway in the British Isles had a modest beginning; tradition says that the Great Western Railway Company was projected in a small office on Temple Backs. Be that as it may, its birth took place in the year 1833. In support of it some of the shrewdest of Bristol's leading citizens embarked fortunes in the undertaking. For instance, among local contributions were the following: Robert Bright, £25,900; Peter Maze, £23,000; George Jones, £20,000; C. B. Fripp, £15,500; T. R. Guppy, £14,900; W. S. Jacques, £12,000; John Harford, £11,900, etc.

After a parliamentary campaign costing nearly £100,000, the line was sanctioned by the legislature in August 1835, and in 1838 the first section, between London to Maidenhead, was opened. The line between Bristol to Bath was first used for public traffic on August 31st, 1840, and in the following year the through line to London was established. The leading engineer engaged on its construction was the world-famous Isambard Kingdom Brunel, whose name and work is imperishably associated with Bristol, for did he not design the Clifton Suspension Bridge and the *Great Western* steamship, the first real pioneer of Atlantic Ocean steam traffic, which sailed from Bristol?

The immediate effect of the Great Western line was to displace that most picturesque form of road locomotion, the stage coach, of which over fifty were running to and from our city. What the Great Western has grown to in 1906 is best evidenced by its latest figures, which prove it to be ahead of all the railway systems of the British Isles in the magnitude of its operations.

Next in importance to the world-famous achievement of the Cabots must rank the building of the first steam-



THE "GREAT WESTERN"

(The first Ocean-going Steamship built)

ship expressly designed for the Atlantic trade *to cross without recoaling*. This honour unquestionably belongs to Bristol. The famous Brunel designed this pioneer steamship, and she was called the *Great Western*, built by William Patterson of Wapping, of 1,340 tons, and costing her owners £63,000. Much expedition was shown in her building, and on July 19th, 1837, she was launched.

It was but two brief years before that the celebrated Dr. Lardner, in the course of a lecture at Liverpool, rashly assumed the rôle of a prophet by predicting: "As to the project, however, which was announced in the newspapers, of making the voyage directly from New York to Liverpool, it was, he had no hesitation in saying, perfectly chimerical, *and they might as well talk of making a voyage from New York to the moon.*" The result triumphantly confuted the learned doctor.

On April 8th, 1838, the *Great Western* sailed from Bristol, seven passengers alone risking their lives in her, so many experts doubting whether she would ever reach New York. However, fifteen days later she steamed into that port. Her best day's run was 243 knots, and her average 208, and her gross consumption of coal during the voyage was only 655 tons, instead of the 1,480 that the scientific calculators had fixed as the minimum.

The great problem was indeed solved, and on her return voyage on May 7th, so unbounded was the enthusiasm over the event that no less than 100,000 spectators assembled at New York to see her start on the homeward voyage, her passengers numbering sixty-six, and carrying mails to the extent of 20,000 letters. The run home was accomplished in the unprecedented time of twelve days, fourteen hours. Thus a ship built in Bristol demonstrated

beyond doubt that the bridging of the Atlantic by steam was an accomplished fact.

Alas! after such a magnificent beginning the fruits which should have naturally been Bristol's, in securing practically the monopoly of transatlantic traffic, were wrested from her by the canny Scotchman Cunard, founder of the noble line that bears his name, who, with the assistance of his friends at Liverpool, seizing Bristol's neglected opportunity, created a line by building four sister ships of the *Great Western* type, and by their means secured the mails, with the result that the tide of Atlantic traffic has flowed from Liverpool ever since. Thus the golden opportunity was lost, and over a year was allowed to elapse before any attempt was made to build another vessel. When at length Bristol recommenced, it was to build a huge ship of quite a different type, and so entirely novel that it was aptly described as a "museum of inventions"; in a word, a vessel without precedent in the art of shipbuilding. There were many obstacles in the way of her construction, it being with the utmost difficulty that her engines of 1,500 indicated horse-power could be built, as no engineering firm could be found willing to supply them, and also there was not a forge hammer in the British Isles powerful enough to forge her paddle-shaft. Application to Nasmyth, the famous inventor, for advice, set him thinking, with the remarkable result that within an hour he had worked out the whole details of his wonderful steam hammer, which is so beautifully constructed that it is capable of forging the sheet anchor of an ironclad, and so delicately adjusted that it will crack a nut without bruising the kernel. However, it was not required for the special purpose that inspired its invention, because

in the course of the construction of the *Great Britain* Brunel adopted the newly-discovered principle of the screw, with entirely satisfactory results, and gave the lead for ocean-going steamers that has ever since been followed.

Built by William Patterson, the builder of her predecessor, the *Great Western*, she was at length, after great difficulties, launched in 1843, Prince Albert coming down specially from Windsor to perform that duty. Her success as a steamship was simply perfect, and although through the culpable negligence of her captain she ran aground on her first trip in Dundrum Bay, Ireland, and there remained all the winter, yet so superbly was she constructed that on being refloated she was found to have sustained no real injury, and indeed ran for twenty-one years afterwards between England and Australia. In 1882 she was converted into a sailing-ship, and was then as sound and strong as when she left the hands of her builder.

It is with cities as with men, one city's failure is another city's opportunity. Even that terrible disaster might have been largely retrieved had Bristol been fully alive to her magnificent geographical position, and built at once docks at the mouth of the Avon, as she is now doing after fruitless years of endless discussion and schemes for better dock accommodation.

Notwithstanding, however, Bristol's failure in the past to take occasion by the hand, so magnificent is her roadstead, her nearness to America, and the volume of her ever-increasing trade, that it is not beyond the bounds of possibility she may yet take the place she has so long vacated, and be once more, as Burke proudly intimated in 1774, "the second city of the kingdom."

Among men associated with the maritime and commercial interests of our city in the nineteenth century the names of Conrad Finzel and Samuel Plimsoll are easily first. Finzel, the great sugar refiner, came from Germany to England, and learning the business of refining in London, obtained an engagement with a Bristol house as principal refiner, and ultimately set up here for himself. So successful was he that he built the colossal refinery that formerly stood on the site of the present electric power station of the tramways. Owing to his improvements and inventions in sugar refining he built up the largest business of its kind in the kingdom, employing over five hundred persons and requiring a small fleet of vessels to keep it in full work. Some idea of the magnitude of its business operations may be judged by the *Bristol Times* of September 28th, 1872, stating that "last week sales by Messrs. Finzel and Sons reached 1,800 tons, the value of which would probably be £70,000." The founder of this great concern was as generous as he was successful, and it is said on good authority that he gave to the support of the orphan houses on Ashley Down, founded by his fellow-countryman George Müller, from £5,000 to £10,000 a year. Many years after his death, owing primarily to the Sugar Bounty system and, secondly, to bad management, this colossal business declined and ultimately ceased to exist.

Few of the older generation of Bristolians can have forgotten the name of Samuel Plimsoll, "the sailor's friend," whose fame was great in his lifetime. He was the son of a Bristolian, and on leaving school became a solicitor's clerk. Later he managed a brewery, and in 1851 was connected with the Great Exhibition as honorary secretary. In the year 1853 he established

himself in London as a coal merchant, and eventually he entered Parliament in the Radical interest for Derby in 1868, and at once threw himself into the question of maritime shipping. He commenced his campaign in 1870 by proposing a resolution condemning the unnecessary loss of life and property at sea by sending out "coffin ships," and insisting on a compulsory "load-line." After strenuous and sustained agitation he nearly succeeded in getting a Bill passed in 1874, the majority against being only three. In the year following he so vehemently attacked the ship-owning interest in the Commons that he caused a scene, for which he apologised. This so excited public opinion on the measure he advocated that in deference to it a measure was hurried through the House, known to-day as the Merchant Shipping Act of 1876. In 1880, having accomplished what he had so long fought for, Plimsoll resigned his seat to the late Sir William Harcourt, and never again entered the House. His interest in the British sailor, however, remained as keen as ever, and he expended large sums of money and a large portion of his time in promoting further reforms, and seeing that the existing legislation was fully carried into effect. In 1890 he was made President of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union. He wrote many articles in the *Nineteenth Century* and published many pamphlets on the cause he had so much at heart. Countless generations of those "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters" will have occasion to revere with gratitude the name of Samuel Plimsoll, the "sailor's friend." He died in 1898.

Literary Associations.

CHAPTER II.

PART I.

LANGLAND TO CHATTERTON.

William Langland—John Lydgate: Earliest mention of Bristol in literature—William Wyrcestre—Robert Ricart—William Norton—John Fowler—Sir John Stradling—Visit of John Evelyn in search of Bristol diamonds—Visit of Samuel Pepys: Record of it in his Diary—Thomas Norton—Connection of Addison with Bristol—David Hume—Visit of Alexander Pope; His description of the Hotwells—Thomas Cadell—Richard Savage—Charles Wesley—Rev. William Mason.

AMONG the few great cities of England imperishably associated with literature Bristol justly claims a foremost place. Many and famous are those who have trod her ancient streets and been dwellers in her midst from the age of Chaucer to our own.

The first recorded association is with the famous author of *Piers Plowman*—William Langland, who whilst residing here wrote his poem of *Richard the Redeless*.

Probably the first early writer to enshrine Bristol in a literary work was John Lydgate, a poet who flourished at the close of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century—one of the immediate successors of the father of English poetry, Chaucer. This work was *The Child of Bristow*, and has been deemed of sufficient importance to be included in the well-known Camden Society's publications.

In Bristol was born on St. James's Back (now Silver Street), in the year 1415, the celebrated itinerant, William Wyrcestre (whose family name was Botoner). No student who has studied his writings can fail to be impressed with the loving care with which he paced Bristol's streets and churches and recorded so minutely their dimensions. By his descriptions we are enabled to picture Bristol as it appeared in the fifteenth century. He was also a man of science, who practised medicine and cultivated his garden of herbs, as well as a man of letters who at forty-three "hath goon to scole to a Lumbard, called Karoll Giles, to lern and to be red in Poetre or els in Frensh: for he hath byn with the same Karoll every day ii times or iii, and hath bought divers boks of hym, for the which (as I suppose) he hath put himself in daunger" (*i.e.* in debt) "to the same Karoll. . . . And he said that he wold be as glad and as feyn of a gode boke of Frensh or of Poetre (as some would be) to purchase a fair manior."

Who does not recall on reading this that famous scholar of Chaucer's—"The Clerke of Oxenford"?

"For him was lever have at his beddes head
Twenty bokes clothed in blak and red
Of Aristotil and his philosophie
Than robes riche, or fiddle or psaltery."

Wyrcestre was at one period of his life in the service of the prototype of Shakespeare's immortal character, Sir John Falstaff. In the declining years of his life he established himself in a house and garden which were his own property, near St. Philip's Churchyard gate. At this time he appears to have been lending his books to some of the civic worthies, for he mentions: "I rode to Westbury College and spoke to John Gryffiths, a merchant of



SWEARING IN THE MAYOR, 1470.

(From RICART'S Calendar.)

Bristol, dwelling there; likewise I rode as far as Shirehampton, and spoke to Thomas Young about recovering two books of mine, one a great book of ethics, and another called 'The Myrroure of Dames,' covered with red leather, and I breakfasted with him. He gave me a cheerful countenance for the love his father bore me, and his wife welcomed me." One of the works of this old-world scholar was printed by Caxton in 1481, and is now in the British Museum.

Here too was living Wyrcestre's friend and contemporary, Robert Ricart, Town Clerk of Bristol, whose fame rests upon his having compiled the remarkable book known as the *Mayor's Kalendar*, an extremely interesting work recording the ancient usages and customs of our city. This work also finds a place amongst the Camden Society's publications.

That learning was well represented in our city is shown by the fact that Grocyn, the famous scholar and friend of the still more famous Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, was brought up and educated here. Bristol at this early period appears on good authority to have been a centre of intellectual life, and its society adorned by men of wide knowledge and culture. Grocyn, it will be remembered, was the first to teach Greek at Oxford.

Passing on to the sixteenth century, we find that the celebrated printer and publisher, William Norton, was born here in 1527. He was one of the original freemen of the Stationers' Company named in the charter granted by Mary and Philip in 1555. He became master of the company in the years 1580, 1586, and 1593. Among other books he published were two editions of Horace, 1574 and 1585, and an edition of the Bishop's Bible in 1575.

John Fowler, a famous Catholic scholar, was also born here in 1537. Wood, of *Athenæ Oxoniensis* fame, says of him "that he was well skilled in the Greek and Latin tongues, a tolerable poet and author, and a theologian not to be contemned. So learned he was also in criticisms, and other polite learning that he might have passed for another Robert or Henry Stephens." Owing to Elizabeth's accession he retired to Louvain, where he published several works.

One of the most celebrated men of his age, Sir John Stradling, was born at St. George in the year 1563. He was educated under one of the canons of Bristol Cathedral, and his attainments were such that when at Oxford he was considered "a miracle for his forwardness in learning and of parts." He represented St. Germans, Cornwall, in Parliament. So great was his reputation for learning, that Camden eagerly cultivated his friendship, and quotes him in his celebrated *Britannia* (ed. 1607, p. 498). Stradling was the author of several works, and his poems enjoyed the patronage of James I. and Charles I.

In the following century we find that the celebrated diarist, John Evelyn, came here on a brief visit in June, 1654. He was struck with the city, and compared it to London "in its manner of building," but thought little of the castle, being of "no great concernment." He was much interested in the way sugar was refined, for he says: "I first saw the manner of refining sugar, and casting it into loaves, where we had a collation of eggs fried in the sugar furnace, together with excellent Spanish wine; but what was most stupendous to me was the rock of St. Vincent, the precipice whereof is equal to anything of that nature I have seen in the most con-

fragous cataracts of the Alps. Here we went searching for Bristol diamonds and to the Hotwells at its foot. There is also on the side of this horrid Alp a very remarkable seat" (probably the Giant's Cave).

A more interesting visit was paid to Bristol fourteen years later, when Pepys, the quaint diarist, accompanied by his wife and maid, hired a coach at Bath to spare his own horses, and came over on June 13th, 1668, where they were set down at the "Horse Shoe," and there being "trimmed by a very handsome fellow, 2/-; walked with my wife and people through the city, which is in every respect another London, that one can hardly know it stands in the country. No carts, it standing generally on vaults, only dog-carts." From the "Horse Shoe" he went to the "Sun" "and there Deb." (his maid) "going to see her Uncle Butts, and leaving my wife with the mistress of the house, I to see the Key, which is a large and noble place: and to see the new ship building by Bally" (Baylie). "It will be a fine ship, and walked back to the Sun, where I find Deb. come back, and with her, her uncle, a sober merchant, very good company, and so like one of our sober wealthy London merchants, as pleased me mightily. Here we dined, and much good talk with me, 7/6. Then walked with Butts and my wife and company round the Key, and he showed me the Custom House, and made me understand many things of the place, and led me through Marsh Street where our girl" (Deb.) "was born. But Lord! the joy that was among the old poor people of the place, to see Mrs. Willet's daughter, it seems her mother being a brave woman and mightily beloved! And so brought us back by surprise to his house, where a substantial good house, and well furnished: and did give us good entertainment of strawberries, a whole venison pasty, and

plenty of brave wine, and above all Bristol Milk : where comes in another poor woman, who, hearing that Deb. was here, did come running hither, and with her eyes so full of tears, and her heart so full of joy, that she could not speak when she came in, that it made me weep too : I protest that I was not able to speak to her, which I would have done, to have diverted her tears. Butts' wife a good woman, and so sober and substantial as I was never more pleased anywhere. So thence took leave, and he with us through the City. He showed us the place where the merchants meet here, and a fine cross yet standing like Cheapside " (it stood at the junction of the four principal streets, Wine Street, Corn Street, etc.) "And so to the Horse Shoe . . . And by moonshine to Bath again, about ten o'clock."

John Locke, the famous philosopher, was evidently well acquainted with Bristol, for, writing to a friend abroad who was about to visit England, he says: "At Bristol see the Hotwells, St. George's Cave [*sic*] where the Bristol Diamonds are found. Ratcliffe Church, and at Kingswood, the Coalpits. Taste there Milford oysters, Marrow Puddings, Cockale, Metheglin, White and Red Muggets, Elvers, Sherry Sack (which with sugar is called 'Bristol Milk')."

Here too was born in 1699 the founder of Messrs. Longmans, the publishers, Thomas Norton. His ancestors were successful Bristol soapmakers. At the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to Osborne, bookseller of Lombard Street, London, whose daughter he ultimately wooed and married. At the close of his apprenticeship he bought the business of John Taylor, the original publisher of Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, and subsequently his father-in-law joined him. Longman was one of the half-dozen book-

sellers who commissioned Johnson to write his famous Dictionary. It was the son of his nephew, who succeeded to the business, and purchased about 1800 the business of Joseph Cottle, which included *The Lyrical Ballads*. Longman ultimately presented Cottle with the copyright of those remarkable poems, and he in turn presented it to Wordsworth.

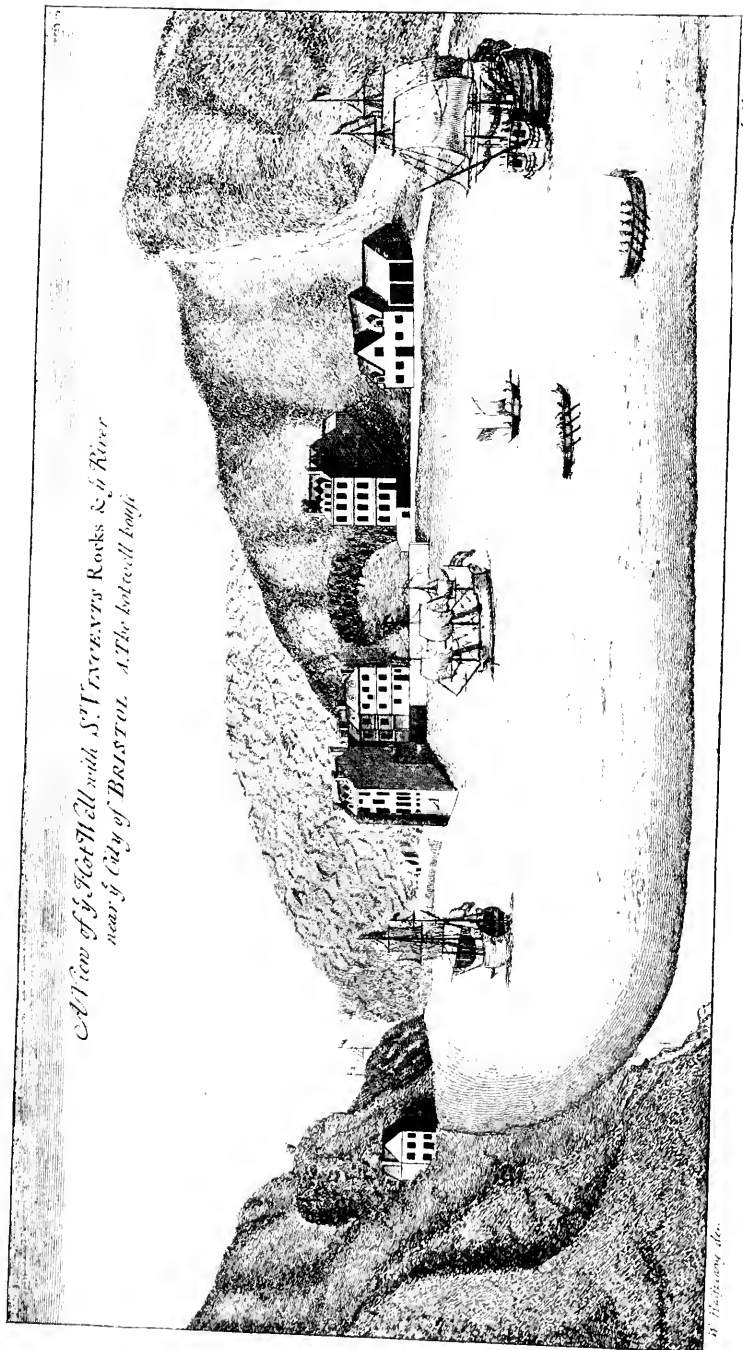
Connected by ties of blood and friendship Addison, the prince of English essayists, was especially linked to our city. His mother was the sister of Dr. Goulston, Bishop of Bristol; and according to Seyer, whilst on a visit here he offered to promote the interests of two youths, sons of a near relation named Addison, a merchant in the city. In a summer-house, it is said, on the St. Anne's estate, New Brislington, he wrote some of his famous *Spectator* papers. Be that as it may, we find that he was taking the Hotwell waters in 1718, and writing to his friend Swift, he says: "The greatest pleasure I have met with for months is the conversation of my old friend Dr. Smalridge, who is to me the most candid and agreeable of bishops."

The celebrated historian and philosopher, David Hume, was in the year 1734 for a short time a clerk in the employ of Michael Miller, a merchant residing at 16 Queen Square (the house is still standing). The employment, however, proved uncongenial, and his stay speedily terminated, due for one reason to the fact that he had presumed to correct his employer's English. "I tell you what, Mr. Hume," said the irate and successful merchant, "I have made £20,000 by my English, and I won't have it mended."

A few years later in November 1739 the famous poet, Alexander Pope, paid a visit to the Hotwells. To his friend and correspondent, Martha Blount, he gives a

graphic description of Bristol. The first thing that struck him on entering the city from Bath was the view of "twenty odd pyramids smoking over the town" (the glasshouses). "Then you come first to the old walls" (Temple Gate), "and over a bridge built on both sides like London Bridge, and as much crowded, with a strange mixture of seamen, women, children, loaded horses, asses, and sledges with goods, dragging along all together without posts to separate them. From thence you come to a key along the old wall, with houses on both sides, and in the middle of the street, as far as you can see, hundreds of ships, their masts as thick as they can stand by one another, which is the oddest and most surprising sight imaginable. This street is fuller of them than the Thames from London Bridge to Deptford." There being no docks, on the receding of the tide the ships were grounded on the mud, and the appearance then was of "a long street full of ships in the middle, with houses on each side, looks like a dream." Pope then proceeds to describe the Hotwells: "Passing still along by the river, you come to a rocky way on one side, overlooking green hills on the other; on that rocky way rise several white houses, and over them red rocks, and as you go further more rocks above rocks mixed with green bushes and of different coloured stone. This at a mile's end terminates in the house of the Well. . . . When you have seen the hills, which seem to shut in upon you, and to stop any further way, you go into the house (p—p-room) and look out at the back door. A vast rock of an hundred feet of red, white, green, blue, and yellowish marble, all blotched and variegated, strikes you quite in the face, and turning on the left there opens the river at a vast depth below, winding in and out, and

*A View of the Hotwell with the Five very Rocks & the River
near the City of BRISTOL. A. The hotwell house.*



A VIEW OF THE HOTWELL.

Circa 1733.

J. Wynne sculp.

W. Hillman del.

accompanied on both sides with a continued range of rocks up into the clouds of a hundred colours, one behind another. . . . Upon the top of those high rocks there runs a large down of fine turf for about three miles. It looks too frightful to approach the brink, and look down upon the river. . . . There is a little village upon this down called Clifton, where are very pretty lodging houses, and steep cliffs and very green valleys. . . . I am told that one may ride ten miles farther on an even turf, on a ridge that on one side views the river Severn." Reverting once more to Bristol, he remarks: "The streets are as crowded as London; but the best image I can give you of it is, 'tis as if Wapping and Southwark were ten times as big, or all their people ran into London." Curious to say, in a city famous for its splendid churches, he found "nothing fine in it but the square" [Queen Square], "which is larger than Grosvenor Square, and well builded . . . and the key, which is full of ships, and goes half way round the square. The College Green is pretty, and (like the square) is set with trees, with a very fine old cross of Gothic curious work in the middle, but spoiled with the folly of new gilding it, that takes away all the venerable antiquity." At a later period, in 1743, he again paid Bristol a visit.

One of the greatest of eighteenth-century publishers, Thomas Cadell, was born in Wine Street in 1742. He served his apprenticeship to the famous bookseller and publisher, Andrew Millar, of the Strand; and so able did he prove himself that in the course of time Millar took him into partnership. Following Millar's example, he treated authors generously, and fully maintained the reputation of the house. Among great writers whose works he published were Gibbon and Blackstone. Having amassed a fortune, he retired in 1793, and became succes-

sively Sheriff of London and Master of the Stationers' Company. His portrait hangs in the court-room of that body.

In the churchyard of St. Peter's Church, a few feet from the entrance to the south porch, lies buried, at the expense of his humane and kindly gaoler, Abel Dage of Newgate, the remains of Richard Savage, the poet, whose name will be for ever linked with his great friend Dr. Johnson, by whom his Life was written. (Within the last few years an inscribed stone to his memory has been inserted in the south wall of the church.) Mr. Latimer has well said that Johnson has secured for Savage undeserved rank in English literature. The sordid and wretched details of his life afford complete evidence that he was worthless, shiftless, and ungrateful, and disgusted every one of his friends by his insolent importunities for money. In spite of the fact that he was honoured by special marks of favour by the leading merchants of Bristol, and invited to their houses and public feasts, that he was treated with every kindness and regard on his coming here in 1739, and that on his second visit £30 were collected for him, he continued to make further demands. All the kindness showered upon him was recklessly abused, and finding his insulting demands for help, which were made as though they were legitimately his due, unsuccessful, he revenged himself by writing during his imprisonment a satire that is best described by the adjective his name expresses. The following lines are a type of the whole:—

“ In a dark bottom sunk, O Bristol now
With native malice lift thy low'ring brow! . . .
Boast swarming vessels, whose plebeian state
Owms not to merchants but mechanics freight.

Boast nought but pedlars' fleets . . .
Boast thy base Tolsey, and thy turnspit dogs,
Thy halliers' horses, and thy human hogs,
Upstarts and mushrooms, proud, relentless hearts,
Thou blank of sciences, thou dearth of arts.
Such foes as learning once was doomed to see,
Huns, Goths, and Vandals, were but types of thee."

Such were the lines he wrote on a city that had succoured and befriended him.

The sympathetic biography by Dr. Johnson long protected and induced pity for his memory, but recent researches have revealed his true character in all its greediness, dissipation and ferocity, and there is practically no question now that his own account of his noble birth and subsequent persecution by a heartless mother is one long tissue of lies from beginning to end, as great an imposition in its way as the notorious Tichborne case.

Connected most closely with our city in the eighteenth century was the world-famous hymn-writer and divine, Charles Wesley. For over twenty years he made Bristol his home, living at Charles Street, St. James's Barton. Several of his children lie buried in St. James's Churchyard. As a writer of hymns Charles Wesley stands pre-eminent. Even Dr. Watts did not hesitate to say that his "Wrestling Jacob" was worth all the verses he himself had written. Wesley was a most prolific composer, for he is reputed to have written some thousands of hymns, five hundred of which are still in common use.

A pathetic literary and personal link with Mason the poet, and biographer of Gray of "Elegy" fame, is to be found in our cathedral, where on a marble slab on the north wall appears the following inscription to the memory

of his wife, who died at the Hotwells, where she had gone to drink the waters, on March 27th, 1767:—

“ Take Holy earth all that my soul holds dear,
 Take that best gift which Heav'n so lately gave ;
 To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
 Her faded form : she bowed to taste the wave
 And died. Does youth, does beauty, read the line ?
 Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm ?
 Speak dead Maria ! breathe a strain divine ;
 Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
 Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee,
 Bid them in duties' sphere as meekly move :
 And if so fair, from vanity as free ;
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Tell them, tho' tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas ev'n to thee) yet, the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high
And bids ' the pure in heart behold their God.'”

The final lines (here printed in italics) of this famous epitaph were written by Gray, who was dissatisfied with his friend Mason's lame ending.

CHAPTER II. (*continued*)

PART II.

CHATTERTON.

Chatterton's place in literature—Johnson's criticism of him—His poetic genius—Influence on him of St. Mary Redcliff Church—His birth and early years—Sudden awakening of his mental powers—Early ambition—Pupil of Colston's School—Thirst for reading—Apprenticeship to Lambert—Publication of his first fabrication—Production of Rowley Poems—Imposture on Catcott, Burgum and Barrett—Connection and correspondence with Walpole—Extracts from his poems—Chatterton's resentment and bitterness towards the world—His Will—Goes to London—Early hopes disappointed—Reduced to desperation—Suicide—Concluding observations.

AMONG the supremely gifted poets of the English language whose tragic fate lends a keener interest to his all too brief and sordid life, "the sleepless soul that perished in his pride" must ever have immortal place. When we consider his poetic achievements during an existence that ended in its eighteenth year, we stand amazed both at the quantity and quality of his work. Well might the great arbiter* of eighteenth-century literature marvel at his powers, and exclaim on visiting Bristol in 1776: "This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge; it is wonderful how the whelp has written such things."

* Dr. Johnson.

Though scorned and neglected during his life, Chatterton has bequeathed a legacy of imperishable song, some of which might not be unworthy of Shakespeare's very self. If we look for the dominant characteristic that saturated the whole mental life of Chatterton, it is that in a very real and true sense he was a dreamer of dreams. There is a great deal of mental kinship between him and that other remarkable dreamer, William Blake ; both lived in a world of their own creation.

There was, too, the other side of his wondrous personality, the "damned native, unconquerable pride," that intellectual arrogance which found a too favourable soil to thrive in amid the atmosphere of dull pedantry and excessive credulity of the dunderheads with whom his circumstances unhappily brought him in contact. Ever hankering after the fame that, alas ! eluded his ardent, longing soul, tied down to the deadening routine and monotony of a lawyer's office, is it any wonder that the allurements of London's intellectual vortex cast a spell over him by its irresistible fascination.

One of his most discerning and sympathetic of critics* says truly : "We do not predict that, as the public get more and more acquainted with Chatterton through his finest works, they will gradually get to think him a poet standing in the same rank with Byron and Shelley, Wordsworth and Coleridge (all of whom he so strongly impressed), or even some other poets of less than Shakespearean rank ; but we are bold to affirm,—and this we believe will be the final verdict of the public,—that, in a large proportion of the Rowley Poems, there is a closer and more genuine love of and adherence to nature than is to be found in the works of the greatest poet among those

* H. Buxton Forman.

who served Chatterton as models in his eighteenth century work. That Pope's exquisitely finished and often very powerful poems will always take in bulk a higher position than Chatterton's will cannot be doubted; but that Chatterton's affinities with nature were closer and more loving than Pope's, or those of anyone between the era of Pope and that commencing with Burns, we firmly believe; while we discern in page after page of the Rowley Poems, and notably in the lyrical portions, fiery flashes of high poetic genius, more uplifted into that spiritual atmosphere that is above and beyond reach of all things sordid and mean, than any passages to be found in Pope or any other of those poets upon whose heels Chatterton followed, and some of whom outlived him. There is a genuine lyric fire, an energetic intensity, an absolute power of soaring, that go to make up the highest poetic faculty, whether manifested in short poems or in long ones."

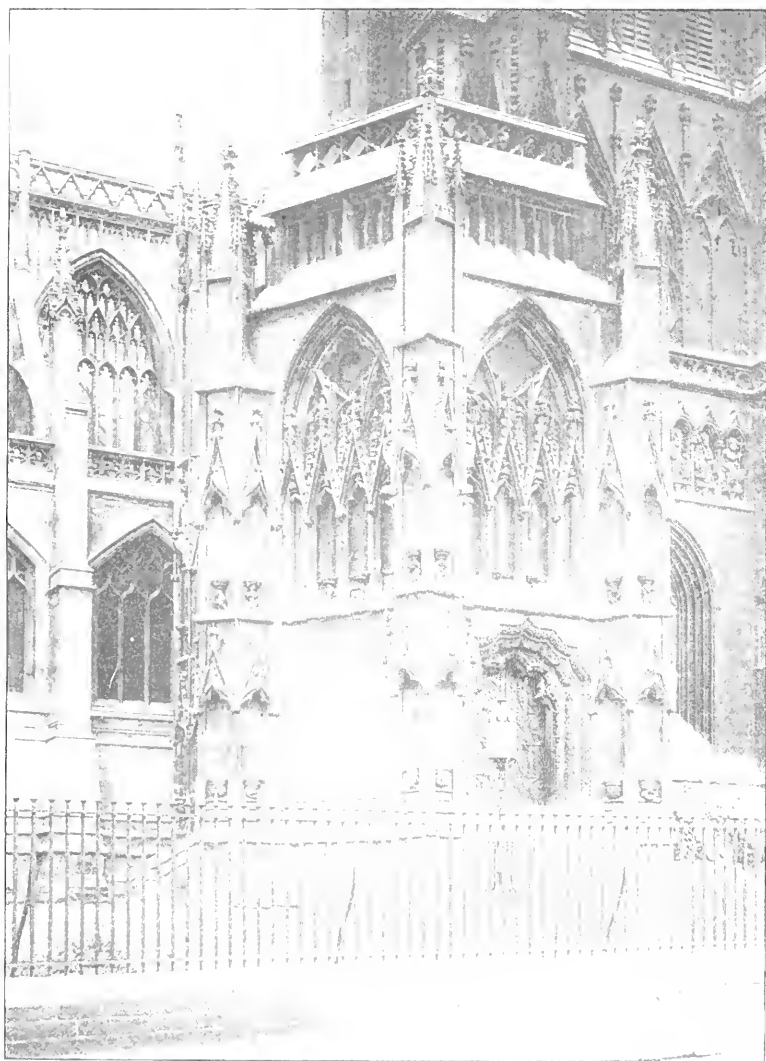
Chatterton, indeed, is fully entitled to divide with Burns and Cowper the honour of heralding in a nobler and truer era of English poetry. It was the era that produced the epoch-making work of the *Lyrical Ballads*, which marked the breaking of the shackles of artificiality that had for so long fettered the liberty of poetry and of song; a glorious reaction that introduced a galaxy of immortals, of whom Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth were not the least.

The pivot round which the life of Chatterton revolved was Redcliff Church. No Bristolian with a love for his native city should fail to visit that architectural dream, "the pride of Bristowe and the western londe," consecrated for all time to his memory. The whole of his best poetry is permeated with the mediæval atmosphere emanating from that exquisite and stately home of prayer—a veritable poem in stone. Well might Elizabeth say, when visiting

Bristol in 1574, that it was the fairest church in all her realm.

From the entrance gate the beautiful fabric stands before the eye in all the bold relief of Gothic grandeur of arch, tower, and turret, whilst over the last rises a circle of spire-like pinnacles. From its great upper windows arched spandrels of chiselled masonry link the lower to the upper portion of the building. Over the famous north porch stands the muniment room, where the coffers are still in existence that held the deeds which fired that youthful brain of imagination, all compact with the idea of fabricating the Rowley Poems. Enter it and take your stand at the antique wrought-iron gates which fitly terminate the nave. On each side rise columns to support a roof which rivals in loveliness, loftiness, and lightness of design all other churches in England, and, it is generally believed, many out of it. The carving of the roof is full of elaborate detail; but as it stretches over the head to the north porch, it seems a sheet in perspective of the richest embroidery. The clerestory windows admit a soft twilight, which falls on the groined arches sufficiently to bring out the light and shade of their masonry; while concealing half their beauty, the twilight lends them the majesty and mystery of shadow. Opening to the eye of the delighted beholder is a bewildering wealth of beauty in the minute fluting, the foliated tracery, the bosses—of which there are nearly two thousand—ribs and capitals that enrich its glorious interior.

Full and suggestive of a mighty past are its monumental effigies. Below the window of the north transept the full-length figure of a mailed knight reclines. Mayhap he has listened to the voice of Peter the Hermit, or followed Godfrey of Bouillon to do battle for the Cross upon the plains of Palestine. Perhaps the most interesting effigy



NORTH PORCH, ST. MARY REDCLIFF

here, however, is that of its great benefactor and rebuilder, William Canynges, the greatest of all England's merchant princes at that period. So great was his seaborne commerce, that it might be said of him as with Shakespeare's Antonio that he had "argosies on every ocean."

Beneath the shadow of this magnificent pile was born in the School-house, Pile Street, on November 20th, 1752, Thomas Chatterton, the son of a schoolmaster and sub-chanter in Bristol Cathedral, his posthumous birth occurring little more than three months after his father's death. His ill-starred life has been fitly epitomised in the following sentence: "From the first hour to his last, poverty was his lacquey and pride his patron." During his earliest years his singularity, which is oft-times, but not necessarily, the mark of genius, led him to seclude himself from his companions at school and at play. But the church of St. Mary Redcliff exerted over him a singular fascination. Indeed, he was never happier than when within its walls or precincts. The one place above all others that drew him like a charm was the muniment room. Long before he became a scholar at Colston's School on St. Augustine's Back (Colston's Hall stands on its site), he had read and re-read the ancient MSS. which were stored in the chests of that room. Here with their assistance he wrote the famous Rowley Poems, which he passed off on a credulous world as the work of a fifteenth-century monk. For many years after his death a mighty controversy raged as to whether Rowley or Chatterton wrote them.

At the age of five Chatterton was sent by his widowed mother to the Pile Street School under her husband's successor, but the latter could make nothing of him, and at length, his patience being exhausted by the boy's dullness,

he sent him home as being too stupid to be taught. (Many distinguished men were in early youth afflicted with this same dullness, Goldsmith and Sheridan for example.) His mother was much grieved at this circumstance, and tried in vain to teach him herself. Indeed, so wanting in intelligence did he seem, that she despaired of teaching him his letters, and at length began to think him an absolute fool, nor hesitated to tell him so.

During his seventh year, however, she chanced to show him an old musical MS. in French with illuminated capitals. So fascinated was he that, to use her own words, he "fell in love" with it. From this MS. he acquired the alphabet, and was soon able to read from an old black-letter Testament. The torpidity of his mental powers now vanished, and henceforth his progress was as rapid as it had previously been slow. At seven, to his mother's surprise and joy, distinct improvement had taken place, and at eight he was so eager for books that he read nearly every moment of his waking hours, and devoured all the books which those with whom he was acquainted could lend him.

His desire for fame had manifested itself at quite an early age, for ere he was five we are told he was master of his playmates and they his hired servants. On one occasion he gave a remarkable illustration of this trait of character. A friend of the family wishing to present him with a piece of china asked him what he desired should be painted upon it. He replied: "Paint me an angel with wings and a trumpet to trumpet my name over the world."

On August 3rd, 1760, at the age of seven years and nine months, Chatterton was admitted into Colston's School through the influence of the then vicar of Henbury, John Gardiner. Chatterton was proud of his election, "Here," said he exultantly, "I shall get all the learning I

want." The dull monotony of the studies suited to those intended for commercial pursuits soon, however, proved distasteful, and he became wearied and disgusted.

His thirst, however, for reading still continued, and after he had been at school for two years he began to hire books with the small amount of pocket money his widowed mother could afford him. At a later period, in his twelfth year, he compiled a catalogue of books he had read to the number of seventy. The assistant master of Colston's School at this period was one Thomas Phillips, who, having a taste for history and poetry, became by reason of kindred tastes Chatterton's closest friend. Chatterton remained at school for seven years, and on leaving in July, 1767, he was apprenticed as a scrivener to Mr. John Lambert, attorney, 37 Corn Street, opposite the Exchange. His apprenticeship Indentures with other rare MSS., including the unique and remarkable Will, are among the literary treasures of our civic Art Gallery.

Lambert's office hours compelled Chatterton to be there from 8 a.m. until 8 p.m. all the year round. From the first the proud spirited boy was treated as a mere office drudge, and had to take his meals in the kitchen. Living with his master, one hour only was his own, from 8 till 9 in the evening. He was known but once to exceed that brief period—upon the Christmas Eve, when he stayed away till 10. His most intimate friends were Thomas Palmer, an apprentice to a jeweller in the same house; Thomas Cary, a pipe-maker, called his "second self;" and William Smith, sailor and actor.

The work of the office was not heavy and did not employ more than two hours a day of his time; during the rest of the time he devoted himself strenuously to self-improving studies and poetical composition. His researches

at this period covered a wide range, embracing heraldry, metaphysics, astronomy, music, antiquities, medicine, and mathematics.

It was during the second year of this apprenticeship that Chatterton published his first fabrication of the antique, relating to Bristol Bridge—an account of the mayor's first passing over the old bridge in 1248, which appeared in *Felix Farley's Journal* on October 1st, 1768, and created quite a stir in the city. About this time, too, Chatterton made the acquaintance of George Catcott and Henry Burgum, who were partners in a pewtering business at No. 2 Bristol Bridge.

Catcott, who was a fussy, self-important, and eccentric man, sadly lacking common sense, but possessed of extraordinary credulity, greedily swallowed all that Chatterton told him respecting the alleged Rowley Poems. His pompous and vain partner, Henry Burgum, was equally credulous; to him, therefore, Chatterton imparted the information that among the Rowleian MSS. he had discovered at Redcliff Church was a document having the armorial bearings of the De Berghams, with proof of their descent from the time of the Conqueror. The native vanity of Burgum was aroused, and, highly pleased with the news, he rewarded his informant with the sum of five shillings. Later Chatterton supplied him from the same source with his pedigree down to the year 1685, and with a poem alleged to have been written by one of his ancestors, John de Bergham, in 1320. These were rewarded by another crown.

Encouraged by his successful imposture, and having in the meantime been introduced to Catcott's brother, the Rev. Alexander Catcott, vicar of Temple Church, and to William Barrett, then projecting his well-known



GEORGE SYLVESTER WOODARD
Chairman, Federal Reserve

History of Bristol, he began bringing the latter various documents bearing on that subject, which were eagerly received without the slightest attempt by the historian to test their genuineness. Their inclusion in his history have done much to discredit that work.

Yearning too for that recognition of his undoubted poetic merits, and yielding to the prevalent idea of the age, that a patron was the surest aid to fame and fortune, Chatterton addressed himself to Horace Walpole, the Strawberry Hill dilettante, as the possible Mæcenas of his muse. The latter had just published his well-known work, *Anecdotes of Painting*, and to him Chatterton sent the following letter, enclosing Rowley's "Ryse of Peyncteynge in Englande," and some verses about Richard I.:—

"Bristol, March 25, Corn St.

"Sir,—Being versed a little in antiquitys I have met with several curious manuscripts, among which the following may be of Service to you in any future edition of your truly entertaining *Anecdotes of Painting*. In correcting the mistakes (if any) in the Notes you will greatly oblige your most humble servant

"THOMAS CHATTERTON."

These were most courteously acknowledged by Walpole. Thus encouraged, Chatterton sent off another batch of MS., including the "*Historie of Peyncters yn Englande*," with the pointed intimation that their sender, though a lover of literature, was in humble circumstances. These latter, having been submitted to the poets Gray and Mason, were pronounced by them to be forgeries. Naturally irritated at being duped, Walpole wrote a letter that

stung the proud and sensitive nature of Chatterton to the quick, and in so doing he neglected to enclose Chatterton's MSS.

After repeated applications for them, Chatterton, on July 24th, wrote Walpole the following proudly reproachful letter:—

“SIR,—I cannot reconcile your behaviour with the notions I once entertained of you. I think myself injured, Sir, and did you not know my circumstances, you would not dare to treat me thus.

“I have sent twice for a copy of the manuscripts—no answer from you. An explanation or excuse for your silence would oblige

“THOMAS CHATTERTON.”

This note produced the immediate return of his MSS., and effectually prevented further correspondence between them. Bitter indeed was the disappointment of Chatterton's sanguine hopes, and lost for ever Walpole's opportunity of eternal honour. For the poems of Chatterton constrained even him to admit that he did not “believe there ever existed so masterly a genius”; and again, “As for Chatterton, he was a gigantic genius, and might have soared I know not whither.”

A pen portrait of Chatterton at this period describes him as being “well grown and manly, having a proud air and a stately bearing. When he so desired to be, he was extremely prepossessing, though usually he bore himself as one who knew his superiority. His eyes were gray and exceedingly brilliant, and were evidently his most remarkable feature.” George Catcott describes the expression of his eyes as “a kind of hawk's eye,” adding

that "one could see his soul through it." Barrett, who of course knew him well, said "he never saw such eyes—fire rolling at the bottom of them." He acknowledged to Sir Herbert Croft that he had often differed with him for the express purpose of seeing how wonderfully his eyes would strike fire, kindle and blaze up!

At this point it may not be out of place to state most emphatically, in spite of statements to the contrary even by such an authority as the writer of the article on Chatterton in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, that there is no authentic portrait of him in existence. This, though deeply to be regretted by all interested in his life, is not surprising when we take into consideration his humble circumstances.

It was during his school-days that the creation of the famous Rowley Poems first had birth in his brain, for his friend Thistlethwaite, writing to Dean Milles (the champion of the Rowleian fiction, whose conduct Coleridge gibbeted in that immortal sentence: "An owl mangling a dead nightingale") at a later period, says: "One day, during the summer of 1764, going down Host Street, I accidentally met Chatterton; entering into conversation with him he informed me he was in possession of certain old MSS. which had been deposited in Redcliff Church and that he had lent some to Phillips. A day or two after this I saw Phillips and repeated to him the information I had received from C——. Phillips produced a MS. on parchment or vellum, which I am confident was *Elinoure and Juga*, afterwards published in the *Town and Country Magazine*."

Here it will not be inappropriate to submit illustrative specimens of these famous Rowley Poems. The martial swing of the magnificent fragment of a chorus on Liberty

with which the *Tragedy of Goddwyn* ends has few equals of its kind in the language :—

“ When Freedom, drest in blood-stained vest,
 To every knight her war-song sung,
 Upon her head wild weeds were spread,
 A gory anlace by her hung.
 She dancèd on the heath,
 She heard the voice of death.
 Pale-eyed Affright, his heart of silver hue,
 In vain assailed her bosom to acale.¹
 She heard unflemed² the shrieking voice of woe,
 And sadness in the owlet shake the dale.
 She shook her burled³ spear ;
 On high she jeste⁴ her shield ;
 Her foemen all appear
 And flie along the field.
 Power with his heafod straught⁵ into the skies,
 His spear a sunbeam and his shield a star ;
 Alike twae brendyng gronfyres⁶ rolls his eyes ;
 Chafts with his iron feet and sounds to war.
 She sits upon a rock ;
 She bends before his spear ;
 She rises from the shock,
 Wielding her own in air.
 Hard as the thunder doth she drive it on,
 Wit skilly wimpled⁷ guides it to his crown ;
 His long sharp spear, his spreading shield is gone ;
 He falls, and falling, rolleth thousands down.
 War, gore-faced War, by Envy burl'd arist,
 His fiery helm ynodding to the air,
 Ten bloody arrows in his straining fist.”

None but a poet who anticipated Wordsworth in his love of nature could have written the lines in *Ælla* :—

“ The budding floweret blushes at the light,
 The meads are sprinkled with the yellow hue ;
 In daisied mantles is the mountain dight,
 The nesh young cowslip bendeth with the dew ;
 The trees enleafèd, unto heaven straught,
 When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din are brought.”

¹ Freeze. ² Undismayed. ³ Pointed. ⁴ Raised. ⁵ Head stretched.
 ⁶ Flaming meteors. ⁷ Covered.

And surely the exquisite dirge from his masterpiece *Ælla* is not unworthy of Shakespeare himself;—

“ Oh sing unto my roundelay ;
Oh drop the briny tear with me ;
Dance no more on holiday ;
Like a running river be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow tree !

“ Black his hair as the winter night,
White his skin as the summer snow,
Red his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow tree !

“ Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be,
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout ;
Oh, he lies by the willow tree.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow tree !

“ Hark ! the raven flaps his wing .
In the briery dell below ;
Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the night-mares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow tree ! ”

These few excerpts from his Rowleian Poems will not have been given in vain if readers are induced to read in their entirety those wonderful creations of his genius, not forgetting his noble *Balade of Charitie*.

Although his minor poems lack the lyrical imaginative intensity which characterises these, yet they too, in individual cases, reach a high level of excellence. Take for instance his *Hymn for Christmas Day*, written when he was only eleven years of age, commencing:—

"Almighty Framers of the skies!
 O let our pure devotion rise,
 Like incense in Thy sight!
 Wrapt in impenetrable shade
 The texture of our souls were made,
 Till Thy command gave light."

The Resignation is also instinct with all that is best in the highest flights of devotional poetry, as the opening stanzas will prove:—

"O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
 Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
 To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
 Thy mercy in Thy justice praise.
 "The mystic mazes of Thy will,
 The shadows of celestial light,
 Are past the power of human skill,—
 But what th' Eternal acts is right.
 "O teach me in the trying hour,
 When anguish swells the dewy tear,
 To still my sorrows, own Thy power,
 Thy goodness love, thy justice fear."

In regard to the Rowley Poems, it has often been asserted that they are forgeries, which term implies the counterfeiting of work already in existence. But Chatterton did no such thing, he simply hid his own genius behind a fictitious personality. When we view all the circumstances of his brief and sordid life, and take into consideration the sterile age in which he lived, with its pseudo love of the antique, it is not surprising that he masked the rich outpourings of his wondrous imagination in hoar antiquity, as the one and only way to obtain that recognition for which he longed. It is not without interest to note that an actual Thomas Rowley did exist in Bristol in the fifteenth century, in the person of a merchant of that name, who died January 23rd, 1478; his tomb is in St. John's Church.

It seems well-nigh incredible that for so many years there raged a controversy as to whether Chatterton or Rowley wrote those remarkable poems, considering how flimsy was the antique dress in which they were disguised.

Meanwhile, burning with resentment towards Walpole and with bitterness to the world in general, Chatterton used his power of satire as a weapon against all of his Bristol associates, with one solitary exception. Even the inoffensive Rev. Alexander Catcott did not escape the general castigation, for to him was addressed his "Epistle to the Rev. Alexander Catcott," written December 6th, 1769, and the "Postscript to the Epistle" of the same month, which effectually ended their hitherto friendly relations. This was the more to be regretted as the vicar of Temple Church was the only one of all Chatterton's circle who truly gauged his remarkable powers; for his credulous brother, in answer to a query of Dean Milles, president of the Antiquarian Society and previously alluded to, says: "The information you received concerning my late brother's sentiments was strictly true. I have frequently heard him say he" (Chatterton) "was capable of writing anything attributed to Rowley, and that he was upon the whole the most extraordinary genius he ever met with." The solitary exception that escaped Chatterton's satiric pen was Michael Clayfield, distiller of Castle Street, to whom he had been introduced in the closing months of 1769. To this worthy man he was indebted for the loan of many books, and from these acquired the scientific knowledge that enabled him to write his fine poem, *The Copernican System*, which appeared in the *Town and Country Magazine*, 1769, in which many of his contributions had appeared. In this magazine was inserted his *Elegy*

on *Thomas Phillips*, the assistant master at Colston's School.

Filled with desperation, brought about by uncongenial employment, the petty persecution of his master, who never failed to burn any of what he called Chatterton's "stuff" that came in his way, and sick with disappointed hopes, Chatterton wrote to Clayfield that he intended to put an end to his life. This letter in course of transit was seen by Lambert, who at once brought it to the notice of Barrett. The latter interviewed Chatterton, and so earnestly pointed out the folly and wickedness of such a course of conduct that Chatterton was moved to tears.

Subsequently he wrote Barrett a most remarkable letter, the keynote of which was that pride, "damned native unconquerable," formed the chief part of his nature.

Not long after Lambert found to his intense astonishment the unique "Last Will and Testament of Thomas Chatterton" conspicuously placed on the boy's desk, which commenced with the words:—

"All this wrote between eleven and two o'clock on Saturday, in the utmost distress of mind, 14 April, 1770."

This curious document deserves more than a passing mention. Among other things it apostrophises Catcott, the pewterer, thus:—

"Thy friendship never could be dear to me,
 Since all I am is opposite to thee.
 If ever obligated to thy purse,
 Rowley discharges all—my first, chief curse!
 For had I never known the antique lore,
 I ne'er had ventured from my peaceful shore
 To be the wreck of promises and hopes,
 A Boy of Learning, and a Bard of Tropes;
 But happy in my humble sphere had moved,
 Untroubled, unrespected, unbeloved."



HENRY BURGUM

(From an old Engraving.)

After which follows:—

“ This is the last Will and Testament of me, Thomas Chatterton, of the City of Bristol: being sound in Body, or it is the Fault of my last Surgeon. The Soundness of my Mind the Coroner and Jury are to be Judges of; desiring them to take notice, that the most perfect Masters of Human Nature in Bristol distinguish me by the Title of the Mad Genius. Therefore if I do a mad action, it is conformable to every action of my life, which all savored of Insanity.

“ *Item.* If after my Death, which will happen to-morrow night before 8 o'clock, being the feast of the resurrection, the Coroners and Jurors bring it in Lunacy, I will and direct, that Paul Farr, Esqr. and Mr. Jno. Flower, do at their joint Expence, Cause my Body to be interred in the Tomb of my Fathers, and raise the Monument over my Body to the Height of 4 foot 5 Inches, placing the present Flat stone on the Top and adding six Tablets. . . .”

Among the inscriptions he directed should be inscribed on them was the following on the fourth:—

“ To the Memory of Thomas Chatterton. Reader, judge not; if thou art a Christian, believe that he shall be judged by a Superior Power. To that Power only is he now answerable. . . .”

* * * * *

“ And I will and direct, that if the Coroners Inquest bring it in Felo de se, the sd. Monument shall be, notwithstanding, erected. And if the sd. Paul Farr and Jno. Flower have Souls so Bristollish as to refuse this my Bequest, they will transmit a Copy of my Will to the Society for supporting the Bill of Rights, whom I hereby empower to build the said Monument according to the aforesaid Directions. And if they, the said Paul Farr and Jno. Flower, should build the said Monum[ent], I will

and direct that the Second Edition of my Kew Gardens shall be dedicated to them in the following Dedication:— To Paul Farr and John Flower Esqrs. this Book is most humbly dedicated by the Author's Ghost.

Item. I give and bequeath all my Vigor and Fire of Youth to Mr. George Catcott, being sensible he is in most want of it.

Item. From the same charitable motive I give and bequeath unto the Revd. Mr. Camplin, Senr., all my Humility. To Mr. Burgum all my Prosody and Grammar, likewise one Moiety of my Modesty; the other moiety to any young Lady who can prove without blushing that she wants that valuable Commodity. To Bristol all my Spirit and Disinterestedness: parcells of Goods unknown on her Key since the days of Canynge and Rowley! 'Tis true a Charitable Gentleman, one Mr. Colston, smuggled a Considerable quantity of it, but it being prov'd that he was a Papist the worshipful Society of Aldermen endeavor to throttle him with the Oath of Allegiance. I leave also my Religion to Dr. Cutts Barton, Dean of Bristol, hereby impowering the Sub-sacrist to strike him on the head when he goes to Sleep in Church. My Powers of Utterance I give to the Reverend Mr. Broughton hoping he will employ them to a better Purpose than reading Lectures on the immortality of the Soul. I leave the Revd. Mr. Catcott some little of My free thinking, that he may put on the Spectacles of reason, and see how vilely he is duped in believing the Scripture literally. I wish he and his Brother would know how far I am their real Enemy; but I have an unlucky way of railing, and when the strong fit of Satyre is on me, Spare neither Friend nor Foe. This is my Excuse for what I have said of them elsewhere. I leave Mr. Clayfield the sincerest thanks my Gratitude can give; and I will and direct that whatsoever any Person may think the Pleasure of reading my Works worth, they immediately pay their own valuation to him, since it is then become a lawful Debt to me, and to him as my Executor in this Case.

“ I leave my Moderation to the Politicians on both Sides the Question. I leave my Generosity to our present Right Worshipful Mayor, Thomas Harris Esqr. I give my Abstinence to the Company at the Sheriff's annual feast in General, more particularly to the Aldermen.

“ *Item.* I give and bequeath unto Mr. Mat. Mease a Mourning Ring with this Motto, ‘ Alas! poor Chatterton ’ Provided he pays for it himself.

“ *Item.* I leave the young Ladys all the Letters they have had from me, assuring them they need be under no Apprehensions from the Appearance of my Ghost, for I dye for none of them.

“ *Item.* I leave all my Debts, in the whole not five Pounds, to the Payment of the Charitable and generous Chamber of Bristol, on Penalty, if refused, to hinder every Member from ever eating a good Dinner, by appearing in the form of a Bailiff. If, in defiance of this terrible Spectre, they obstinately persist in refusing to discharge my Debts, let my two Creditors apply to the Supporters of the Bill of Rights.

“ *Item.* I leave my Mother and Sister to the Protection of my Friends, if I have any.

“ Executed in the presence of Omniscience, this 14th day of April, 1770.

“ T. CHATTERTON.”

“ *Codicil.* It is my pleasure that Mr. Cocking and Miss Farley print this my Will the first Saturday after my death.

“ T. C.”

Such are the contents of what must assuredly rank for all time as one of the most singular documents ever penned, and in view of its pathetic and tragic sequel it will ever have for the student of Chatterton's life a peculiar and fascinating interest.

Facsimile of Chatterton's Will in Bristol Art Gallery.

This is the last Will and Testament of
 me Thomas Chatterton of the City of Bristol being found
 in Body or it is the Fault of my last Surgeon. The bindings
 of my Mind the Coronor and Jury are to be judges of
 deciding them to take notice that the most perfect Masters of
 Human Nature in Bristol distinguish me by the Title of the
 Mad Genius therefore if I do a mad action it is conformable
 to every Action of my Life which all savors of Insanity —
 I fear. If after my Death such will happen tomorrow night
 before 8 o'clock being the hour of the resurrection, the Coronor &
 Jury being it in testimony I will and direct that Paul
 & John Light Mr. Jones & Thomas do at their joint Expence cause
 my Body to be interred in the Tomb of my Father and cousin
 the Monument over my Body to the Height of A foot 6
 Inches placing the present Stone upon the top of

adding six Tablets on the first to his inscription in
old English Characters -

Voie que par ici passet

Par l'ame Quateroine Chatterton priet

Le cors de oi ici giet

Le Ame receye Thu Christ. **MDCXX**

On the second Tablet in old English Characters

Oratio pro animabus Alani Chatterton et Alina

maris ejus qui quidem Alani obiit X die mensis

Novemb. MDCXX. 22. Quorum animabus prope dicitur

On the third Tablet in Roman Characters

Sacred to the Memory of Thomas Chatterton Clerk

of the Cathedral of this City whose Buriall was

remov'd of St. Mary Westgate about the Year 1730

He layd the 7th of August 1732

On the fourth Table in Roman Characters

To the Memory of Thomas Colchester

Judge and of the City of London

to be judged by a Superior Power, to that he is only to be

now unaccountable

On the 5th p. 6th Tables which shall first be the other, it is to be

supported by a Spear Javelin headed by the other by a Staff

and a staff of straight Timber

and a staff of straight Timber

And will and that if the Governor request being it is

to be the 3^d Monument shall be notwithstanding erected - And if

the 3^d Paul Van & the other have sent no Dissolution as to refuse

the my Request they will transmit a copy of my Will to the Society

for supporting the Bill of Rights when if hereby empowered to build the

and Monument according to the aforesaid Directions - And if they

the said Paul Barre & J^{rs} Flower should build the said Monument
 & will and desire that the second Edition of my New Gardens
 shall be dedicated to them in the following Dedication To
 Paul Barre & John Flower Esq^r this Book is most humbly
 dedicated by the Authors spirit -

Item I give and bequeath all my Verses and Poems of Verse
 to Mr. George Colvett being unable he is in most want of
 it -

Item From the same charitable intention I give and bequeath
 unto the Rev^d Mr. Complin Sen^r all my Humility - To
 Mr. Budge as my Prosody & Grammar likewise are Misch
 of my modesty the other misch is any young Lady who can
 praise without blushing that she wants that valuable Commodity To
 bequeath all my Spirit and Discretionary parcels of God's
 blessing on her they shall be the last of my Legacy

Truly, I have found few Gentlemen, one Mr. Fisher amongst
 a considerable number of them, who being free that it was
 but the worshipful Society of Aldermen, endeavor to trouble
 him with the death of Religion. I have also my Religion
 to Mr. John Clarke, Dean of Bristol, lately impugning the Submissive
 to strike out on the last week of your to keep in Church -
 My Person of Meritance I go to the Reverend Mr. Burroughs
 having been with employment a short purpose that reading lectures on
 the immortality of the soul - I have the Rev. Mr. Collett come
 with me by publishing that by a just on the spiritless of reason
 and a new study to be super in believing the Scriptures literally
 with his and his Bishop, in which he has for years their real duty
 but I have an unhappy way of writing and when the strength
 of Logic is no more than a few words more or less. This is
 my excuse for what I have said of those who believe

I leave Mr. Clayfield the sincerest thanks my Gratitude
 can give and I will and direct that whatsoever any
 Person may think the Pleasure of reading my Works worth
 they immediately pay their own valuation to him & it is
 then become a lawful Debt to me & to him as my Executor.
 In this case - I leave my Moderation to the Politicians on
 both sides the Question - I leave my Generosity to our present
 Right Worshipful Mayor Thomas Harris Esq. - I give
 my Abstinence to their Company at the Sheriffs annual feast
 in General more particularly to the Aldermen -
 Next I give and bequeath unto Mr. Math Mease a
 Mourning Ring with this Motto: Plac. pax Chatterton.
 Provided he pays for it himself -
 Next I leave the young Lady all the Letters they

12.

have had from me assuring them that they need be under no
Apprehensions from the Appearance of my Ghost for I say
for none of them

Now I leave all my Debts in the whole not less than
to the Payment of the ^{Quarterly} and generous Chamber
of Bristol on Penalty if ~~any~~ ^{any} to hinder every Member
from ever eating a good Dinner by appearing in the form
of a Bailiff - If in Defiance of this terrible Notice they
obstinately persist in refusing to discharge my Debts let
my two Creditors apply to the Supporters of the Bill of Rights

Now I leave my Mother & Sister to the protection of
my Friends if I have any

Executed in the presence of Commissioners
this 14th Day of April 1770

J. Charlton

After reading this, Lambert at once cancelled Chatterton's indentures. Among his few friends a subscription was raised which fell short of £5, and with this slender capital he started by coach a few days later to take the great world of London by storm. On reaching there, in his first letter to his mother he gives a graphic description of his journey. His first lodgings were at Shoreditch, with a plasterer of the name of Walmsley. There he spent his first seven weeks, sharing his bed with his landlord's nephew. We are told by the latter that Chatterton scarcely slept whilst there, passing the hours of each night in the feverish haste of penning his thoughts red hot from his too fertile and active brain.

In the daytime he was going the round of the various journals seeking literary work and recognition, to one or two of which he had contributed when at Bristol. Flushed with new-born hopes and fresh from being emancipated from the galling and wearisome employ of Lambert the attorney, the future seemed to him rosy indeed.

During the following four months he wrote for eleven of the various journals there. His industry and application at this period were simply astounding. So remarkable was his facility of composition, that his poem *The Exhibition*, which he wrote whilst in London, and which contains no less than 444 lines, was started on the 1st of May and ended on the 3rd. Squibs, tales, songs, letters—in some of which to the *Middlesex Journal* he tried to rival Junius—flowed like water from his untiring pen. His bodily nourishment at this time, for he was very abstemious, was chiefly cakes and water.

Among his correspondents was Lord Mayor Beckford,

whom he interviewed. Just when he was exhilarated with high hopes of what Beckford might do for him in advancing his interests, all expectations were dashed to the ground by the Lord Mayor's death. It has been recorded that he was perfectly frantic on hearing the news. In a spirit of pure sardonic humour, as we may believe, he made out the famous account that has injured his memory. It is as follows:—

“Accepted by Bingley, set for and thrown out of the *North Briton* 21st of June, on account of the Lord Mayor's death:—

Lost by his death on this essay	£1	11	6
Gained in Elegies...	...	2	2 0
„ „ Essays	3	3 0
Am glad he is dead by	...	3	13 0”

This unfortunate and untimely piece of sardonic jesting has been a text for the utterance of many hard things with regard to Chatterton's callousness.

It was about this time that he changed his lodgings and went to 39 Brook Street, Holborn; there he lodged with a Mrs. Angel, a sacque maker, and had a room to himself. Here too, alas! he began to lose hope. Was it any wonder, when we consider the princely payment he received, even when his work was accepted? From the *Town and Country Magazine*, for sixteen songs, he received 10s. 6d; for two hundred and fifty lines of *The Consuliad* contributed to the *Freeholder's Magazine* the like sum: for the exquisite poem *The Excellente Balade of Charitie*—the last of the Rowley cycle—the doom of rejection.

A momentary gleam of success came to him through his *The Revenge: a Burletta*, a musical trifle, which was acted after his death. For this he received five guineas, on the strength of which he sent a box of presents to his

family at Bristol. They consisted of a china tea service, French snuff box, fans for his mother and sister, and some herb tobacco for his grandmother, etc.

This affords ample proof that though pride and ambition were the governing forces of his fiery nature, yet when absolutely on the verge of starvation, and with a self-sacrifice little short of heroic, the first-fruits of success were willingly and gladly yielded to those near and dear to him.

This success was but a transient gleam, to be followed by the still deeper blackness of agony and despair, as disappointment succeeded disappointment.

The last letter he is known to have written to anyone was to Catcott. In it he mentions, "I intend going abroad as a surgeon. Mr. Barrett has it in his power to assist me greatly by his giving me a physical character. I hope he will." He speaks of a proposal for building a new spire for St. Mary Redcliff, and concludes: "Heaven send you the comforts of christianity! I request them not, for I am no christian."

Eating his heart out with the longing for recognition, starving day by day, too proud to beg and too honest to steal, how infinitely full of pathos is the picture that poor Chatterton presents to us in that period of the eighteenth century aptly described as "the valley of dry bones." Though he had won the affection of all who knew him, he was deaf to their invites to dine or sup. On one occasion only was his pride overborne, and he partook of a barrel of oysters, which he was observed to eat ravenously. Three days later Mrs. Angel, his landlady, feeling fully assured that the unhappy boy was literally starving, begged him on August 24th to take some dinner with her, but pride conquered his natural craving for food, and he assured her

he was not hungry. That very same night, driven to desperation, the pathetic tragedy was enacted.

The cold, grey dawn of a London morning broke murkily in through the casement of his garret. Through it in the misty distance could dimly be discerned the dome of St. Paul's and the tops of the distant and surrounding houses. Within on the pallet lay the form of him whose eagle soul had bravely fought, but fought in vain, against the pitiless forces of circumstance in mighty modern Babylon. His outstretched, but lifeless, hand hung limply down, whilst on the floor beneath lay the phial that held the fatal draught of arsenic. Scattered o'er the room lay in countless fragments the remains of his latest compositions. The candle had expired in its socket, and he who perished in his pride after life's fitful fever now slept well. Yet due to him at his death from his publishers was a sum of over ten guineas.

Not for him the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, but the interment of the common pauper. His remains were laid in the burial-ground of Shoe Lane Workhouse, which in after years became the site of Farringdon Market. It is related, such is the irony of fate, that shortly after his untimely end Dr. Fry, head of St. John's College, Oxford, proceeded to Bristol to investigate the particulars of the history of the Rowley Poems and to befriend and assist their creator if found worthy.

Though scorned, neglected, and starved in his life, Time, that brings its revenges, has achieved for his works tributes of immortal praise. Malone declared him to be "the greatest genius England has produced since Shakespeare"; Warton too looked upon him as a "prodigy of genius"; Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Scott, Moore, and Campbell have been equally

unanimous in their praise of his marvellous powers. To him Coleridge dedicated his *Monody*, Keats his maiden poem *Endymion*, whilst Rossetti, in addition to inditing to his honour one of his noblest sonnets, wrote of him as "the absolutely miraculous Chatterton," Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton says: "It seems impossible to refuse to Chatterton the place of the father of the new romantic school. As to the romantic spirit, it would be difficult to name anyone of his successors in whom the high temper of romance has shown so intense a life." And another living authority, Dr. Garnett, says: "All recognise in him the most extraordinary literary phenomenon that the world ever saw."

We trust that the day is not far distant when Bristol will adequately recognise the memory of the most illustrious of her sons. The present monument at the north-east corner of Redcliff Church, near the north porch, erected to his memory in 1840, is in no sense worthy of his imperishable genius.

"O, Chatterton! that thou wert yet alive!
 Sure thou would'st spread the canvas to the gale,
 And love, with us, the tinkling team to drive
 O'er peaceful freedom's undivided dale;
 And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng,
 Hanging, enraptured, on thy stately song!
 And greet with smiles the young-eyed poesy
 All deftly mask'd as hoar antiquity."

COLERIDGE.

NOTE.—*The writer of this brief life of Chatterton desires gratefully to acknowledge his indebtedness to the labours of the late William George, who did so much in his lifetime to foster an interest in the unfortunate genius and his works.*

In 1881 the late John Taylor, historian of the city, discovered in the possession of a dealer in Bristol an imperfect copy of Clarke's "History of the Bible," 1739-10,

which contained valuable MS. entries relating to Chatterton's family. This work Mr. George promptly purchased for ten guineas, and on his death in 1900, it was generously presented to the Bristol Museum by his family, and is now in the Art Gallery.

From the entries in that work we find that Chatterton's mother's name was Sarah Young, and that she married his father at Chipping Sodbury Church on April 25th, 1748; also that Chatterton had a brother whose name was Giles Malpas, born December 12th, 1750, but who died ere he was five months old.

As Thomas Malpas (Master of the Wire Drawers' and Pin Workers' Company) built at his own expense the house attached to the school, it shows Chatterton's father was not quite destitute of the feelings of gratitude when he linked the name of Malpas to that of his son.

Through the munificence also of Sir George White and Alfred C. Pass, the unique collection of Chatterton MSS. in the possession of the City has been still further enriched by the acquisition of "Kew Gardens," the Bergham Pedigree, the Bergham Arms, "The Death of Sir Charles Barwin" in 98 verses, besides other MSS., to say nothing of that priceless gem, the actual pocket-book in Chatterton's possession at the time of his death, containing entries recording his financial transactions with the various journals to which he contributed, by which we find there was actually due to him the sum of £10 17s. 6d., a title of which would have averted his tragic fate.

It is noteworthy that every vestige of his original MSS. tend year by year to rise in value. As an instance of this, on December 6th, 1905, twelve pages of the first draft of "Ælia" fetched in a London auction room no less a sum than £255, notwithstanding there was a doubt about its authenticity.



HANNAH MOLL.

B. W. L. 1880.

CHAPTER II. (*continued*).

PART III.

HANNAH MORE AND HER CIRCLE.

Hannah More's birth—Early bent towards literature—Goes to London—Introduction to Dr. Johnson and other literary celebrities—Friendship with the Garricks—Production of "Percy"—Retires to Barley Wood, Wrington, after Garrick's death, and devotes herself to religious writings—Publication of "Cheap Repository Tracts"—Her connection with the Macaulays—Visited by Freeman, Coleridge, Southey and others—Patroness of Ann Yearsley—Dies in Clifton.



ON February 2nd, 1745, Hannah More, philanthropist, authoress, and dramatist, was born at Fishponds, then in the parish of Stapleton. The house, which is still standing, adjoins Fishponds church. None held a more distinguished place amongst women of that period, and certainly none have left a more noble, useful, and blameless record of a well-spent life.

Her father, Jacob More, was a schoolmaster, and she was one of five sisters. Her association with Bristol is the association of a lifetime. Following their father's profession, her elder sisters and herself opened a school at No. 6 Trinity Street, College Green, in 1758, which was announced in the local journals as follows: "On Monday after Easter will be opened a School for Young Ladies by Mary More and Sisters, where will be carefully

taught French, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and Needlework. . . . A Dancing Master will attend."

The school from its start was highly successful; so much so, that when Park Street was laid out for building, one of the first houses erected there was built to the order of the Misses More, and they removed to it in 1762. One of their pupils was the unfortunate, beautiful, and gifted Mary Robinson, "Perdita," to whom allusion will be made more fully later on.

The bent of Hannah's mind towards literature early showed itself, one of her first compositions, at the age of sixteen, being an ode on some lectures on eloquence, delivered in Bristol by the famous author of *The School for Scandal*, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Later the art of the drama intensely interested her, and as a result she produced at seventeen a play for the pupils of the school to act, entitled *The Search After Happiness*. Miss Mitford, author of *Our Village*, in a delightful sketch, describes the getting up of this comedy at the school she attended at Reading.

Hannah More's appearance at this time is described as being "pretty, with delicate, refined features, rather sharply cut, and beautiful, keen, dark eyes, which were enhanced in brilliancy by the whiteness of her powdered hair." Even at this early period her conversation is said to have been charming. It is also recorded that being ill, she so delighted her doctor with her conversation that he entirely forgot she was his patient, and after taking leave returned with, "And how are you, my poor child?"

United with solid knowledge, was a wit and vivacity of mind rare in women of that period. At the age of twenty-two the inevitable lover appeared in the shape of an elderly admirer of wealth and position, named Turner, whose

cousins, to whom he was guardian, were pupils at the school. At their desire, Hannah and her sister Patty were invited to his seat at Belmont, Wraxall, near Bristol.

Whilst on this visit Hannah wrote inscriptions for favourite spots in his grounds, which curiously enough he had painted on boards and affixed to trees. Greatly admiring her, he made proposals of marriage, which she accepted, though he was twenty years her senior: he proved, however, but a procrastinating lover, and finally, indignant at his treatment, her family insisted on the match being broken off. Anxious to make some sort of reparation, through the intervention of a mutual friend he offered to settle a handsome annuity on her (£200), which, after considerable hesitation, she accepted. This enabled her to free herself from the uncongenial work of the school and to devote herself to literature. Shortly after, armed with good introductions, she set out for London, in whose intellectual society she soon proved herself a bright particular star.

Settled in lodgings, she witnessed Sheridan's *Rivals*, and quickly became acquainted with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, and the Garricks. Her introduction to that brilliant circle was largely due to a letter she wrote on Garrick's acting of "King Lear." They (the Garricks) were anxious to see its author, and having met her, a mutual liking began, which ripened into a lifelong friendship. At their house she met Mrs. Montagu, the queen of the blue stockings of the period. Among those with whom she came into contact was the famous Fanny Burney, and commenting on her, she said: "This Evelina is an extraordinary girl: she is not more than twenty, and of a very retired disposition."

When Hannah met Johnson at the Reynolds' he

astonished her by coming forward with Reynolds's macaw on his arm and repeating the first verse of a morning hymn which she had written. Later, when taking tea, she was placed next to him, and they entirely monopolised the conversation. "They were both in high spirits, and you would have imagined we had been at some comedy had you heard the peals of laughter." On their visiting Johnson, Sally More relates how Hannah seated herself in his great armchair hoping to catch a little of his genius, at which, when he heard, he laughed heartily, and told her it was a chair on which he never sat.

On her return at the close of the season to Bristol, she said to her sisters: "I have been so fed with flattering attentions that I think I will venture to try what is my real value by writing a slight poem and offering it to Caddell." Thereupon she wrote the ballad of *Sir Eldred of the Bower*, modelled on the style of those collected by Bishop Percy, and, accompanied by her sister Sally, returned to London and submitted it to Caddell, who offered her more than she had dared to expect. Johnson admired it sufficiently to add a stanza of his own, and Miss Reynolds told her friends that "*Sir Eldred* was the theme in all polite circles, and that the beauteous Bertha had kindled a flame in the cold bosom of Johnson." Garrick was equally delighted, and read the ballad to select audiences, and on one occasion in the presence of Hannah More herself; such was the effect of his marvellous elocution that, as she describes in a letter to a friend, "I think I never was so ashamed in my life, but he read it so superlatively that I cried like a child."

Years but cemented her friendship with the Garricks. It was to her that David Garrick presented a casket made

from Shakespeare's mulberry tree (now in the Art Gallery), and bearing this inscription on a silver plate:—

“ I kissed the shrine where Shakespeare's ashes lay,
And bore this relic of the Bard away.”

To her he also gave the shoe buckles he wore at his last appearance on the stage, of which Mrs. Barbauld wrote:—

“ Thy buckles, O Garrick, thy friend may now use,
But no one shall venture to tread in thy shoes.”

Even the cold-hearted dilettante, Horace Walpole, was charmed with her, and in writing called her Saint Hannah. It was to her that Johnson made his famous remark respecting Milton's sonnets: “ Milton, Madam, was a genius that could cut a colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry stones.”

On the publication of her *Sacred Dramas* the work became so popular that it went through nineteen editions. A copy of this work she presented to the late W. E. Gladstone when as a youth he was taken by his mother to see her at Barley Wood, Wrington. One of her most successful works was *Celebs in Search of a Wife*, which was published in 1809, and ran through no less than twelve editions in as many months in England, whilst in America thirty editions appeared during its author's lifetime.

Her *Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society*, though published anonymously, was a work that created a profound sensation. The following epigram respecting it was sent her:—

“ Of sense and religion in this little book
All agree there's a wonderful store,
But while everywhere for an author they look
I only am wishing for More.”

Though she wrote a great deal of verse during her long life, probably her *Carpet Turned* will be most

likely to live. The tangled web of human life, its good and evil, is finely epitomised in it:—

“ This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out ;
As when we view these threads and ends
We know not what the whole intends. . . .”

Under the direct guidance and help of Garrick she brought out her greatest dramatic effort—her play of *Percy*—for which he wrote both the prologue and the epilogue. Its success was immediate and triumphant; four thousand copies of it were sold in a fortnight, and, remarkable to say, in the lifetime of those dramatic giants who wrote *The School for Scandal* and *She Stoops to Conquer*, she was exalted by popular opinion to their level. Writing to her sisters, she says of the reception of *Percy*: “ One tear is worth a thousand hands, and I have the satisfaction to see men shed them in abundance. . . . As I am a living Christian woman, I will only say as Garrick does, that I have had so much flattery that I might, if I would, choke myself in my own pap.”

Soon after its production, to her deep regret, Garrick died, on June 20th, 1779. This event profoundly affected the whole current of her life, for from this time forward she devoted her energies to writing religious and moral works, the monetary returns from which being spent on her varied schemes of social philanthropy. At Barley Wood, Wrington, to which she retired, she laboured ceaselessly with her sisters for the uplifting of the benighted agricultural communities in the Mendip and Cheddar valleys in a way that commands the admiration and gratitude of posterity. To those interested in that remarkable social work of hers reference may be made to Roberts's *Mendip Annals*.

To allay the intense excitement caused by the French Revolution she wrote a tract called *Village Politics*, which did much in England to counteract its pernicious effects. Many thousands of copies were sold, even the Government scattering them broadcast throughout the country, and many patriotic people went so far in practical approval as to print large editions at their own expense for distribution. Later she published a series entitled *Cheap Repository Tracts*. These attained an enormous circulation, running into millions. William Cobbett was so delighted with them that he used his influence to have them largely circulated in America. To them we owe the foundation of the Religious Tract Society, so well known to-day.

Well and truly has it been said: "By her writings and her own personal example she drew the sympathy of England to the poverty and crime of the agricultural labourer, and she took no inconsiderable part in paving the way for the uncanonised saints of the eighteenth century—Wilberforce, Clarkson, and John Howard."

It was during her residence at Barley Wood that two great historians made her acquaintance—Macaulay and Freeman. It is not generally known that Selina Macaulay, the mother of the historian, was a Bristolian, being the daughter of a Bristol bookseller named Mills. She was the lifelong friend of the sisters More, and before her marriage to Zachary Macaulay, which event took place in Bristol on August 26th, 1799, assisted them in their school in Park Street, and on their retirement took over its management, which was advertised as follows in the *Bristol Journal* of January 2nd, 1790:—

"Selina Mills, many years teacher at the Misses More's boarding school, begs leave to inform her friends and the

public that she has taken the large and commodious house in Park Street, now occupied by the Misses More (who retire from business), where she and her sisters propose carrying on the boarding and day school for young ladies on exactly the same plan and with the same masters. The school will be opened on Monday, the 14th inst. The terms for boarding are reduced to twenty guineas. S. Mills returns her sincere thanks to the Misses More's friends and her own for the great encouragement she has received from them."

Her management of the school, however, did not last long, and even while she was its nominal head, her time was mostly spent up to the year 1795 between the house of the Misses More and Bath. From the time of her engagement to Zachary Macaulay she gave up the school to her sisters, and spent most of the intervening time until her marriage in 1799 with her future husband's sister, Mrs. Babington (whence was derived Macaulay's second Christian name), at Rothley Temple.

A pen portrait of her at this period is as follows: "In Miss Selina Mills there is something so insinuating and soft that I do not wonder at the encomiums I have heard given to her. Her voice is extremely harmonious, and should you ever be low-spirited, I think it would have upon you the effect which David's harp had upon Saul. . . . She had a bonnet on the first night, but to-night was so good as to put on a cap, which gave me a good view of her face. I thought it more lovely than ever. I have never seen a more amiable, engaging behaviour than that of Miss Selina. There is so much sweetness in all her actions that the heart of a miser might be warmed to acts of generosity by the spark of goodness which he would catch from her charms."

On Zachary Macaulay falling in love with her and desiring her hand, he had to encounter considerable opposition from her family, who were intent on making a better match for her. Hannah More, however, stood a staunch friend to them, and through her influence and advocacy their marriage eventually took place.

Hannah More's friendship for the parents was shared from his earliest childhood by Lord Macaulay himself, for when she lived at Barley Wood he was a most welcome visitor, staying there for weeks together. His early literary efforts—hymns chiefly—were regarded as marvellous by his kind hostess. He became deeply attached to her, and that attachment lasted throughout his life. To her, indeed, was due the foundation of his library. When he was six years old she wrote him as follows: "Though you are a little boy now, you will one day, if it please God, be a man; but long before you are a man I hope you will be a scholar. I therefore wish you to purchase such books as will be useful and agreeable to you then, and that you will employ this very small sum in laying a tiny corner for your future library."

That his happy childhood's days spent in her company at Barley Wood were to him an unforgettable memory is proved by the fact that when ordered to Clifton in 1852 for the benefit of his health he took an early opportunity of revisiting the place so endearing in its associations. He took up his residence at 16 Caledonia Place, where a tablet to his memory was unveiled by Lord Avebury in 1903.

In his diary he notes: "August 21st. A fine day. At eleven the Harfords, of Blaise Castle, called in their barouche to take Margaret" [his sister] "and me to Barley Wood. The valley of Wrington was as rich and lovely

as ever. The Mendip ridge, the church tower, the islands in the distance " [referring to the Steep and Flat Holms] " were what they were forty years ago and more. . . ."

That the Mendip country made an ineffaceable impression on his mind is proved by the lines in his famous ballad, *The Spanish Armada*, where he says:—

"The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves."

Under date September 14th he again describes a second visit. On reaching Barley Wood he says: "We saw Hannah More's room. . . . I could point out the very spot where the *Don Quixote*, in four volumes, stood, and the very place from which I took down at ten years of age the *Lyrical Ballads*. With what delight and horror I read the 'Ancient Mariner'!"

Two days after he is greatly pleased at a call from Bishop Monk (Bishop of Bristol), his old Trinity tutor. "I was really glad to see him and shake hands with him, for he was very kind to me when I was young, and I was ungrateful and impertinent to him."

Whilst staying here in Clifton he was busy writing his famous History. On one of the Sundays during this visit he went to Christ Church, Clifton. "I got a place among the free seats, and heard not a bad sermon on the word 'Therefore.' The preacher disclaimed all intention of startling us by oddity, after the fashion of the seventeenth century; but I doubt whether he did not find in St. Paul's 'Therefore' much more than St. Paul thought of. There was a collection for church building, and I slipped my sovereign into the plate the more willingly because the preacher asked for our money on sensible grounds and in a manly manner."

It was during his stay here that he walked over to

Leigh Court to see the famous collection of pictures (now alas! dispersed), and found that report had not done them justice; in connection with this visit he relates the following charming anecdote: "On the road between Leigh Court and the Ferry" [the Suspension Bridge was not then built], "however, I saw a more delightful picture than any in the collection. In a deep, shady lane was a donkey-cart, driven by a lad; and in it were four very pretty girls, from eleven to six, evidently sisters. They were quite mad with spirits at having so rare a treat as a ride, and they were laughing and singing in a way that almost made me cry with mere sense of the beautiful. They saw that I was pleased, and answered me very prettily when I made some inquiry about my route. I gave them all the silver that I had about me to buy dolls; and they all four began carolling in perfect concert and in tones as joyous as a lark's. I should like to have a picture of the cart and the cargo. Gainsborough would have been the man."

His letters written from Clifton bear witness to his keen pleasure in the place and its surroundings, for he speaks in them of its beauty, the delicious air, and the fine churches in the locality.

Bristol's interest in his works derives particular point from the fact of his famous description of Bristol at the close of the seventeenth century and his allusion to our city in his soul-stirring ballad of *The Spanish Armada*, where he says:—

"Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol
town,

And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down."

Four years after Hannah More's death, writing to a friend, he says: "Her notice first called out my literary

tastes. She was what Ninon was to Voltaire—begging her pardon for comparing her to a bad woman, and yours for comparing myself to a great man. She really was a second mother to me. I have a real affection for her memory.”

Edward A. Freeman, the historian of the Norman Conquest, loved to relate how his grandmother, who resided at Weston-super-Mare (then a mere village) and was a personal friend of Hannah More, took him to see her. Hannah More was delighted with the little yellow-haired lad, who was full of questions and quaint remarks, and at parting gave him her blessing.

Whilst she resided at Barley Wood, Joseph Cottle took down Coleridge and Southey to see her, and she was charmed with the former's conversation. Indeed, her abode became a shrine to which distinguished people made a pilgrimage from all parts of England, the Continent, and America. In the latter there was hardly a city in which she had not a correspondent on matters of religion, morals, or literature. De Quincey has told us how he met the famous Mrs. Siddons at Barley Wood, and of her exhibiting there her marvellous declamatory power.

To Hannah More was due the meteor-like fame of Ann Yearsley, the Bristol milkwoman, as a poetess. In the year 1784 Hannah More became interested in her through one of her poems being brought to her notice. She (Ann Yearsley) was at this time the mother of six children and 28 years of age. So precarious was their position when Hannah More discovered her that they were on the brink of starvation. Struck with the simplicity of her manners, ability, and good taste, Hannah More exerted herself to so much purpose among



ANN YEARSLEY

her distinguished acquaintances, even to the labour of writing hundreds of letters on her behalf, that a collection of Ann Yearsley's poems was published, with the eminently satisfactory result that £500 was obtained with which to assist her. The money was forthwith invested in the Funds, but the deed of trust excluded the authoress from the control of the money. This arrangement was so distasteful to Ann Yearsley's wishes that she bitterly resented it, and so far forgot herself as to go to the unfortunate length of accusing her benefactress of appropriating the money to her own use. Disgusted at her ingratitude, Hannah More paid the money over to her, and her progress towards oblivion was as rapid as it appears to have been deserved. With the money she vainly sought to gain a comfortable living by setting up a circulating library at the Hotwells; but the ban of an ingrate dogged her, and failing in that business she removed to Melksham, Wilts, where she died insane in 1806, and was buried in Clifton Churchyard. Southey, who seems to have gauged her talents, allowed her some feeling and capability, but adds: "Though gifted with voice, she had no strain of her own whereby to be remembered." Cottle, however, thought her an extraordinary woman. A letter of hers written to a clergyman in 1797 about her poems gives, however, little evidence of education beyond the ordinary.

The closing years of Hannah More's life were spent at 4 Windsor Terrace, Clifton, to which she removed in 1828, owing to the ingratitude of her servants at Barley Wood. At her death, which occurred in 1833 at the great age of 88, she left a fortune of £30,000, of which Bristol derived a large share in benefactions, and a name for good deeds, which will only pass away with the city

itself. Beneath the shadow of the most famous of the Somerset towers—Wrington, in the parish of which Barley Wood was situate—she lies with her four sisters in one grave. A chaste and beautiful tablet, designed by Bristol's famous sculptor, Edward Hodges Baily, affixed in the church, records her life's work and benefactions.

Truly it might be said of her, the labourer dieth, but the work lives eternal.

CHAPTER II. (*continued*).

PART IV.

A GREAT COTERIE.

Joseph Cottle—His introduction to Coleridge and Southey—Pantisocratism—Generosity of Cottle to Coleridge and Southey—Marriage of the two latter to the sisters Fricker—Production of “The Watchman”—Publication of Coleridge’s first book of poems—Southey settles at Westbury-on-Trym—Acquaintance formed by him with the Wedgwoods and Davy—Production of “The Annual Anthology”—Sojourn of Coleridge and the Wordsworths among the Quantocks—Sir Humphry Davy—The Beddoes—Mrs. Barbauld and Dr. Estlin—Coleridge receives an annuity from the Wedgwoods—Begins the habit of taking opium—Wordsworth and his sister in Bristol; Go with Coleridge to Germany—Lamb’s connection with Bristol—De Quincey—Meeting of Southey and Landor, and formation of friendship between them—Southey’s character.

THE position of Joseph Cottle, bookseller, of Bristol, as the intimate friend of three of the greatest writers of English literature is probably without a parallel in its glorious annals. Such a peculiar combination of circumstances which brought about that friendship will, it is safe to assume, never happen again.

Remarkable indeed is the fact that a bookseller in a provincial city had the honour of introducing to the world

the first printed productions in volume form of such modern classics as Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb and Southey.

In spite of Cottle's detractors, who are lavish in their censure but niggardly in their praise, when we examine his life and his treatment of those famous men with whom he was in daily contact, in common justice we are forced to the conclusion that, take him for all in all, he was a truly kind and generous man, and worthy, despite his unfortunate habit of garbling, of their lifelong esteem and gratitude.

To the eccentric John Henderson, who was considered by those who knew him best to be a prodigy of learning, but who nevertheless left no mark on the intellectual progress of his age, Cottle's interest in books and reading was due. Before Cottle was twenty-one he had read more than a thousand of the best works of English literature. In the year 1791 he started business in Bristol as a bookseller, at the top corner of High Street, opposite the old Dutch House, not in the present shop, as is so often erroneously asserted, but in the one which was burnt down in December, 1819, and which stood on the site.

His first introduction to that brilliant circle whose fame is linked with his name for all time took place at the close of the year 1794, when the young Quaker poet, Robert Lovell (who had married a Miss Fricker) revealed to him the great Pantisocratic scheme, the apostles of which were four in number, viz. S. T. Coleridge (with whom the idea first originated), Robert Southey, George Burnet, and Lovell himself, and desired Cottle's co-operation.

The scheme was briefly summarised as follows:—



ROBERT SOUTHEY
Portrait drawn by Robert Henson

Twelve gentlemen of good education and liberal principles were to embark with twelve ladies in April next, fixing themselves in some delightful part of the new back settlements of America. The labour of each man, for two or three hours a day, it was imagined, would suffice to support the colony. The produce was to be common property. There was to be a good library, and the ample leisure was to be devoted to study, discussion, and the education of the children on a settled system.

The women were to be employed in taking care of the infant children and in other suitable occupations, not neglecting the cultivation of their minds. Among other matters not yet determined, was whether the marriage contract should be dissolved, if agreeable to one or both parties. Everyone was to enjoy his own religion and political opinions, provided they did not encroach on the rules previously made. They calculated that every gentleman providing £125 would be sufficient to carry the scheme into execution.

This Utopian scheme was hatched at Oxford and matured in Bristol.

It was at Oxford, to which Coleridge went on a visit to their mutual friend Allen, of Balliol, that Southey's acquaintance with him began. Writing from the University town to his friend, Grosvenor Bedford, on June 12th, 1794, Southey said: "Allen is with us daily, and his friend from Cambridge, Coleridge, whose poems you will oblige me by subscribing to. . . . He is of most uncommon merit,—of the strongest genius, the clearest judgment, the best heart. My friend he already is, and must hereafter be yours."

One of the recreations of these Pantisocrats in Bristol was the joint production of the drama *The Fall of*

Robespierre, two-thirds of which Southey wrote; but it was with great difficulty that any publisher was prevailed upon to publish it.

When later introduced by Lovell to Southey, Cottle was deeply impressed with the latter, and said: "Never will the impression be effaced, produced on me by this young man. Tall, dignified, possessing great suavity of manners: an eye piercing, with a countenance full of genius, kindness and intelligence, I gave him at once the right hand of fellowship, and to the moment of his decease, that cordiality was never withdrawn." Even his great antagonist Byron admitted that Southey was handsome. Robert Southey, who was born under the shadow of Christ Church, Bristol, spent his boyhood at No. 9 Wine Street—a tablet marks the house.

Cottle was also struck with Coleridge's appearance when they were introduced: "I instantly descried his intellectual character; exhibiting as he did, an eye, a brow, and a forehead, indicative of commanding genius."

Both the poets submitted their productions to the worthy Cottle, who read and admired them and gave a practical proof of his admiration by offering them generous terms for the copyright of their respective poems. Coleridge, who in London had been offered six guineas for his poems, was surprised at the liberality of Cottle, who offered him thirty guineas; and a like sum to Southey, and also promised the latter to give him fifty guineas for his projected *Joan of Arc*. As both were on the eve of their marriage to two of the sisters Fricker (Lovell being already married to a third), daughters of a sugar-mould maker of Westbury-on-Trym, but afterwards residing with their widowed mother at Redcliff Hill,

the offer was doubly acceptable. To facilitate Coleridge's marriage, Cottle promised him a guinea and a half for every hundred lines he should write. Cottle essayed to be a poet himself—though his *Alfred* or *The Fall of Cambria* or the *Malvern Hills* are poor passports to fame—and this probably accounted in some degree for Cottle's partiality for the young poets. Amos Cottle also wrote verse, and both have been lashed by the whip of satire. Byron, it will be remembered, in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, said:—

“ Oh, Amos Cottle!—Phœbus! what a name
To fill the speaking trump of fame.”

Whilst Joseph figured in the lines ascribed to George Canning:—

“ Cottle, not he by *Alfred* made famous,
But Joseph, of Bristol, the brother of Amos.”*

While preparing their poems for publication and vainly awaiting converts to their great Pantisocratic scheme, Coleridge and Southey took lodgings in College Street—a tablet on the house now commemorates the fact that Coleridge lived there—and gave themselves up to dreams of philosophy and poetry. Alas! the realities of life soon disturbed them, for funds ran low, and the aid of Cottle was invoked, with the result that he lent them £5 to defray their lodging bill. Turning about for means of income, they resolved on giving courses of lectures—Southey on history and Coleridge on politics and morals. Coleridge delivered his first two at the Plume of Feathers Inn, Wine Street, and several at the Assembly Rooms, Prince Street. Southey's were given at the latter place, and both courses

* The writer has mixed up the identities of the brothers Cottle in the latter couplet.

were well attended, despite the unpopular opinions of the two orators. On a certain occasion some hostile critics attended one of Coleridge's political lectures and testified their disapproval of his sentiments by hissing. He at once, without the slightest hesitation, remarked: "I am not at all surprised, when the red-hot prejudices of aristocrats are suddenly plunged into the cold water of reason, that they should go off with a hiss!" The effect was electrical, and the lecturer was immensely applauded.

On October 4th, 1795, Coleridge was married at St. Mary Redcliff Church, and he and his bride departed to spend their honeymoon at Clevedon (famous for its associations with the Hallams, Tennyson, Thackeray, and others). The newly-wedded pair had been there but a few days when the indispensable Cottle's help was desired to supply them with the following quaint assortment of household requisites:—"A riddle slice; a candle box; two ventilators; two glasses for the wash-hand stand; one tin dust-pan; one small tin tea-kettle; one pair of candlesticks; one carpet brush; one flour dredge; three tin extinguishers; two mats; a pair of slippers; a cheese toaster; two large tin spoons; a Bible; a keg of porter; coffee; raisins; currants; catsup; nutmegs; allspice; cinnamon; rice; ginger; and mace"—to which the thoughtful Cottle added a piece of carpet.

Robert Southey led Edith Fricker, to whom he had long been engaged, to the altar at the same church on November 14th, 1795. Before doing so, however, Cottle's generosity supplied the money for the wedding-ring and licence, an act that Southey remembered to the day of his death, and nobly acknowledged when at the zenith of his fame in a letter to Cottle that deserves, for its

manliness, a place by the side of Johnson's famous letter to the Earl of Chesterfield.

Southey's marriage was hastened by the fact that his uncle at Lisbon had come to England, and was desirous that the young poet should return to Portugal with him. Southey consented; but before doing so he resolved to make Edith his wife, so that she could honourably accept whatever he could send for her support, the arrangement being that she should, in his absence, live with Cottle's sister and pass under her maiden name. So at the church door, after clasping hands with mingled feelings of sadness and joy, husband and wife parted.

In the meantime Coleridge had found out the inconvenience of living away from the intellectual companionship of his friends at Bristol and the deprivation of the books he was wont to browse upon at the Bristol Library in King Street. Consequently he and his wife returned to Bristol, and lived in rooms on Redcliff Hill. His regret at leaving Clevedon, natural to one of such keen poetic sensibility, is expressed in the following lines:—

“ Ah! quiet dell! dear cot, and mount sublime!
I was constrained to quit you. Was it right,
While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,
That I should dream away the entrusted hours
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use? ”

Soon after his return, with the enthusiasm of inexperience, Coleridge induced his equally enthusiastic friends to embark on his memorable undertaking, the publication of the short-lived but famous magazine, *The Watchman*.

[The Year 1795]

(Page 7)

No 1709 } Samuel Taylor ~~Went~~ of the Parish of ~~St. Andrew~~
of Christ Church ~~at the corner of Holy Trinity & Good Friday~~ were
Married in this Church by ~~George~~ Quince

this Tenth Day of October in the Year One Thousand Seven Hundred
and Went Third By me Wm. P. Gray Minist

This Marriage was solemnized between Us [Samuel Taylor Went
and Martha Quince]

In the Presence of [Wm. P. Gray Minist
Quince]

No. ~~1244~~ } ¹²⁷³ Robert Southey of the Parish of St Paul
 & Edith Tricker of this Parish } were
 Married in this Church by Licence
 this fourteenth Day of November in the Year One Thousand seven Hundred
 and ninety five By me Thos Thomas Curate
 This Marriage was solemnized between Us } Robert Southey
 In the Presence of } Edith Tricker
Joseph Colthe
Richard Colthe

At the Rummer Tavern, near All Saints' Church, one evening in December, 1795, it was definitely decided to bring out the magazine. Early in the following January Coleridge started off in quest of subscribers. The magic of his persuasive powers induced a thousand to give him their support. A vivid account of this tour will be found in his *Biographia*.

It was after his return to Redcliff Hill, on February 22nd, 1796, that, in reply to a note from Cottle, he addressed to him the following remarkable letter:—

“MY DEAR SIR,—It is my duty and business to thank God for all his dispensations, and to believe them the best possible; but, indeed, I think I should have been more thankful, if he had made me a journeyman shoemaker, instead of an author by trade. I have left my friends: I have left plenty; I have left that ease which would have secured a literary immortality, and have enabled me to give the public works conceived in moments of inspiration, and polished with leisurely solicitude; and alas! for what have I left them? for—who deserted me in the hour of distress, and for a scheme of virtue impracticable and romantic!

“So I am forced to write for bread; write the flights of poetic enthusiasm, when every minute I am hearing a groan from my wife. Groans, and complaints, and sickness! The present hour I am in a quickset hedge of embarrassment, and whichever way I turn a thorn runs into me! The future is cloud and thick darkness! Poverty, perhaps, and the thin faces of them that want bread looking up to me! . . . Oh, wayward and desultory spirit of genius! Ill canst thou brook a taskmaster! The



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

(After Daguerre by Philip Vassallo.)

tenderest touch from the hand of obligation wounds thee like a scourge of scorpions. . . ."

Some such mood of bitterness as this must have inspired his *Monody on Chatterton*, of which the following are among the concluding lines:—

" Poor Chatterton! farewell! of darkest hues
This chaplet cast I on thy unshaped tomb;
But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom!"

On March 1st, 1796, *The Watchman* appeared; but, alas! its chief characteristic, from the waiting subscribers' point of view, was its deadly dulness (the unforgivable literary sin). It lingered on, offending numbers of its subscribers by its heretical opinions, until No. 10 was reached, when its career came to a close, an event fully anticipated by Coleridge's shrewd and trusted friend, Thomas Poole, of Nether Stowey.

The despondency induced by the non-success of *The Watchman* was greatly alleviated by the timely and delicate generosity of the worthy Poole, who sent Coleridge a sum of money, at the same time inviting him to recruit himself by spending a few days at Nether Stowey: this was accepted, and a restful fortnight spent there.

On his return to Bristol early in April Coleridge's first book of poems was published under the title of "*Poems on Various Subjects*, by S. T. Coleridge, late of Jesus College, Cambridge, 1796." This volume derives additional interest from the fact that contained in it are four sonnets by Charles Lamb. The celebrated volume, now very rare, is contained in the Bristol Collection of the city libraries, having been presented by the author.

In June of the same year Coleridge received an offer

—which, had it been accepted, might have placed him in the proud position of independence for the rest of his life—through the influence of the celebrated Dr. Beddoes, of Clifton. It was that of the assistant editorship of the *Morning Chronicle*. But fate decreed it otherwise. That infirmity of indecision, which was his leading moral characteristic through life, and marred the full flowering forth of his great and complex genius, prevented his taking occasion by the hand, and made him, too, the victim of ceaseless financial embarrassment.

It was from Redcliff Hill in this same month of June that he wrote on the 22nd to his republican friend, John Thelwall: “I wish very much to see you. Have you given up the idea of spending a few weeks or month at Bristol? . . . We have a large and every way excellent library, to which I could make you a temporary subscriber. . . . We have a hundred lovely scenes about Bristol which would make you exclaim, ‘O admirable *Nature!*’ and me, ‘O gracious *God!*’”

Later in the year the Coleridges removed to Oxford Street, Kingsdown, and whilst the poet was absent at Birmingham on a visit to Charles Lloyd, the son of a banker philanthropist of that city (whose acquaintance he had made on his *Watchman* tour), he received the pleasing intelligence of the birth of his first-born, Hartley.

This interesting event took place on September 19th, 1796. Three sonnets proclaimed Coleridge’s gladness to the world. The first of these ended with that exquisite “touch of nature that makes the whole world kin”—

“So for the Mother’s sake the Child was dear,
And dearer was the Mother for the Child.”

Fascinated by the converse of Coleridge, and with poetic instincts of his own, Lloyd greatly desired to sit at his feet and drink daily of the copious spring of poetry and wisdom. Consequently he begged Coleridge to allow him to "domesticate" with him as a paying guest. Coleridge yielded to his desire, and hastened back to Bristol accompanied by Lloyd. Writing to Poole at a later date, he alluded to Lloyd as follows: "Charles Lloyd wins upon me hourly; his heart is uncommonly pure, his affection delicate, and his benevolence enlivened but not sicklied by sensibility. . . . His joy and gratitude to Heaven for the circumstance of his domestication with me I can scarcely describe to you; and I believe that his fixed plans are of being always with me. . . ."

Shortly after this was written Coleridge, his family, and Lloyd were at Nether Stowey visiting Poole, and whilst there the poet conceived a passion for rural life which crystallised into a plan for living there, to be near Poole, in spite of the dissuasion of the latter, who pointed out the apparent folly of burying himself in an obscure village like Stowey, far from libraries and the society of his intellectual friends.

The letter containing Poole's advice on this project moved Coleridge profoundly, and another remarkable letter was written in reply, exhibiting the bitter travail of his soul.

During the summer of this year Southey had returned from his visit to his uncle in Portugal. After a vain attempt to study for the law in London, and visits to friends at Norwich and Christchurch, Southey once more returned to his beloved Bristol, and settled at Westbury, where he enjoyed "twelve happy months" in devoting

himself to the passion of his life—literary composition. “I never before or since,” he said, “produced so much poetry in the same space of time.” At Westbury, too, he enjoyed the companionship of Davy, and the Southey and Coleridges were welcome guests at Cote House, the residence of John Wedgwood, whose brothers, Josiah and Thomas, were frequent visitors there. Speaking of Davy, Southey observed: “He is not twenty-one, nor has he applied to chemistry more than eighteen months, but he has advanced with such seven-leagued strides as to overtake everybody.” It was whilst residing at Westbury that Southey projected *The Annual Anthology* for the year 1799-1800; it contained poems by Coleridge, Lamb, Lloyd, Hucks, Dyer, the Cottles, Mrs. Robinson (Perdita), and Mrs. Opie.

This delightful time had but a brief duration, for the owner of the house in which the Southey's lived desired re-possession, and they had reluctantly to seek another home. Southey's health, too, being at this time (1799) impaired, he and his wife decided to go into Hampshire. Their stay there, however, was cut short, for Southey was taken ill with fever, and on recovering they once more turned their steps to Bristol. Total change was deemed necessary to re-establish entirely the poet's health, and his memory became haunted by the scent of the lemon groves of Portugal. Early, therefore, in April, 1800, he and his wife took ship to that country, and spent there a delightful time with his uncle, for in a week the poet was so fully restored to health that he was enabled to finish his poem *Thalaba*. On his return to England in 1801 he found a letter awaiting him at Bristol from Coleridge, entreating him to come to Greta Hall, Keswick, and eulogising the beauty of the situation. The letter closed

with the words: "I know no place in which you and Edith would find yourselves so well suited."

The persuasive arguments of Coleridge prevailed, and the Southey's went to Keswick for a short stay. Thence they proceeded to Wales, but this visit was suddenly terminated by the offer of the post of private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, attached to which was a salary of four hundred pounds per annum. Southey accepted the offer and posted off to Dublin, and thence went to London, where his mother, who joined them, breathed her last. This sad event, and the uncongenial nature of the work, induced Southey to resign the post, and he and his wife returned once more to Bristol. Here he laboured daily at his *History of Portugal* and the *Amadis of Gaul*. Here too, in September, 1802, his first child was born. All too brief was her little life, and, saddened by the loss, the bereaved parents turned their steps yet again to the Coleridges at Greta Hall, Keswick, which proved to be thenceforth their future home.

Reverting once more to Coleridge, his sojourn among the ferny and beautiful combs of the Quantocks is the most fascinatingly interesting period of his life. It was a singularly productive time, and the poems originating from that stay in the "Oberland of Somerset" were by him never surpassed. His masterpiece, *The Ancient Mariner*, was written there; and there,* too, it will be

* A very interesting and much debated point, viz. where these two great poets first met, has quite recently been cleared up by Professor Knight, who proves that it was in Bristol, at 7 Great George Street, then the residence of John Pinney, father of Charles Pinney, Mayor of Bristol at the time of the Riots in 1831. It was the elder Pinney who lent Wordsworth the farmhouse at Racedown, Dorset. Professor Knight considers that the meeting of Coleridge and Wordsworth was one of the most remarkable conjunctions of genius in the literary history of England.

remembered, he was joined by Wordsworth and his sister, who were drawn thither by the wonderful converse of Coleridge, which delighted and enchanted all with whom he came into contact. The spell of that delightful locality has been immortalised by both these poetic giants. Wordsworth, in his *Prelude* says, alluding to the rambles and communings over the Quantocks:—

“ Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved
 Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan combs,
 Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,
 Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient Man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
 Didst utter of the Lady Christabel. . . .”

Whilst Coleridge, with his magical descriptive power, speaks of—

“ The many-steeped tract magnificent,
 Of hilly fields, and meadows and the sea,
 With some fair bark, perhaps, whose sails light up
 The slips of smooth clear blue betwixt two isles
 Of purple shadow.”

But the great work imperishably linked with the Quantocks, was the production of the famous volume, the *Lyrical Ballads*, a work that undoubtedly revolutionised the artificiality of English poetry, which had lapsed into the dull, mechanic exercise, and made it once more become transfigured with “the light that never was on sea or land.” Hazlitt, De Quincey, Lamb, and Cottle visited the Coleridges there. Hazlitt has eloquently recorded his impressions of Nether Stowey and Alfoxden. Well indeed have the Quantocks been described as “The Cradle of the Lake Poets.”

It was whilst there that Coleridge wrote that singularly charming note to Cottle respecting Dorothy Wordsworth, which runs as follows:—

“MY DEAR COTTLE,—W—— and his exquisite sister are with me. She is a woman indeed! in mind I mean, and heart; for her person is such, that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her rather ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty! but her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her most innocent soul outbeams so brightly that who saw would say, ‘Guilt was a thing impossible in her.’ . . .—S. T. C.”

Dorothy Wordsworth, too, was impressed with Coleridge, for she wrote: “He is a wonderful man. His conversation teems with soul, mind and spirit.” Speaking of his eye, she remarked: “It has more of the poet’s eye in a wild frenzy rolling than I ever witnessed.”

Earlier we have alluded to Coleridge’s habit of reading and borrowing books from the Bristol Library. The registers are still preserved which record the works taken out by Coleridge, Southey, Landor and Davy, as young men then on the threshold of their future fame. It is a record unique and absorbing in its interest to all literary students.* To the present City Librarian, Mr. E. R. Norris Mathews, the credit is due of having rescued these memorials from the garret to which they had been ignominiously consigned. The peculiarly interesting feature of the entries is that in the majority of cases the books were signed for in the autograph of those famous men in the actual registers.

The following pungent and characteristic letter was written from Nether Stowey concerning the detention by Coleridge of a work in quarto from the library:—

* In the February number of *Chambers’ Journal* for 1890 is an interesting account of the books they read.

“Stowey, May, 1797.

“MR. CATCOTT,—I beg your acceptance of the enclosed letters. You must not think lightly of the present as they cost me, who am a very poor man, *one shilling and three-pence*. For the future all letters to me from the Library must be thus directed :

“S. T. COLERIDGE,

“Mr. Cottle’s, bookseller, High Street, Bristol.

With respect to the Bruckers, altho’ by accident they were registered on the 23rd of March, yet they were not removed from the Library for a fortnight after, and when I received your first letter on this subject I had had the two volumes *just three weeks*. Our learned and ingenious committee may read thro’ two quartos, *i.e. two thousand and four hundred pages of close printed Greek and Latin* in three weeks, for aught I know to the contrary. I pretend to no such intensesness of application or rapidity of genius. I must beg you to inform me by Mr. Cottle (what) length of time is allowed by the rules and customs of our institution for each book. Whether the contents as well as their size are consulted in apportioning the times, or whether, customarily, any time at all is *apportioned* except when the committee, in *individual* cases, chuse to deem it proper.

“I subscribe to your Library, Mr. Catcott, not to read novels, or books of quick reading and easy digestion, but to get books which I cannot get elsewhere, books of massy knowledge, and as I have few books of my own, I read with a commonplace book, so that if I be not allowed a larger period of time for the perusal of such books, I must contrive to get rid of my subscription, which



JOSEPH COTTE.
Engr. Portrait by BEASWORTH.

would be a thing perfectly useless, except as far as it gives me an opportunity of reading your little notes and letters.

“Yours in Christian fellowship,

“S. T. COLERIDGE.

“Mr. G. Catcott, Sub. Libra:.”

Through the instrumentality of Poole, Coleridge was made acquainted with the Wedgwoods, who subsequently proved his generous friends. One of the first letters the poet wrote after reaching Stowey was the following:—

“MY DEAR COTTLE,—We arrived safe. Our house is set to rights. We are all—wife, bratling and self, remarkably well. Mrs. Coleridge likes Stowey, and loves Thomas Poole and his mother, who love her. A communication has been made from our orchard into T. Poole’s garden, and from there to Cruickshank’s, a friend of mine, and a young married man, whose wife is very amiable, and she and Sara are already on the most cordial terms; from all you will conclude we are happy. By-the-bye, what a delightful poem, is Southey’s ‘Musings on a Landscape of Gaspar Poussin.’ I love it almost better than his ‘Hymn to the Penates.’ . . .”

Indeed, during Coleridge’s stay there he was in constant correspondence with Cottle, and arranged for the publication of a second edition of his poems. The volume contains several contributions added by his friends Lamb and Lloyd. Some of the pieces in the first edition were discarded and new ones inserted.

To use Coleridge's own words to Cottle, he intended to admit nothing to the new volume but the "choicest fish."

During the year 1797 Coleridge published in a Bristol journal a poem on the death of Burns. This effort resulted in a handsome local contribution towards the fund for the support of the Scottish poet's family.

On October 2nd, 1798, Mr. Davy (afterwards the famous Sir Humphry) of whom mention has already been made came up from Cornwall to take charge of the Pneumatic Institute in Dowry Square, Bristol, started by the well-known Dr. Beddoes, with whom Coleridge and Southey were on terms of close friendship. The institute was opened in 1799. The physicians in attendance were Beddoes and Roget, the latter achieving distinction later in life by his celebrated and indispensable work to literary men, the *Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases*.

Though the Dowry Square venture failed to achieve the object for which it was founded, it will ever be memorable for fostering the genius of the greatest chemist of his age. It was during his superintendence of the institute that Davy discovered the properties of nitrous oxide, to the exuberant delight of Southey. Dr. Beddoes, who won the esteem of all who came into contact with him, died in 1808. Among tributes to his worth, Davy said: "He had talents which would have raised him to the highest pinnacle of philosophical eminence if they had been applied with discretion."

In their anxiety to be near Dr. Beddoes, the brothers Thomas and Josiah Wedgwood came to Bristol, the former settling down at Cornwallis House, Clifton, and the latter joining his brother John at Cote House, Westbury-

on-Trym. Thomas Wedgwood generously contributed £1,000 to assist in the establishment of the Pneumatic Institute. Apart from the fact that he was the son of Josiah Wedgwood, potter, of Etruria, Thomas Wedgwood's connection with so many famous men, and the circumstance that he was the earliest discoverer of the art of photography, will keep his memory green.

Dr. Beddoes's fame is somewhat overshadowed by the achievements of his eccentric but highly-gifted son the poet Thomas Lovell Beddoes. Though not a poet to be compared with Chatterton, yet no history of literature would be complete without the inclusion of the younger Beddoes's name and work. He was born at 3 Rodney Place, Clifton, on July 20th, 1803. As the poet of death, revealed in his *Bride's Tragedy* and *Death's Jest-Book*, morbidity of a unique kind is the keynote of his poetry. Yet scintillating from his verse are flashes of the fitful splendour of the northern lights, strangely beautiful and arresting and of great power.

There is, too, in his poems lyrical faculty of a very high order. These characteristics account for the chorus of praise which greeted their arrival. In addition to all this, the younger Beddoes was a consummate literary craftsman. No less an authority than Mr. Edmund Gosse has said that some of his poems are "marvellously clever *tours de force*." Mr. George Saintsbury also adds his tribute when he says that these poems "contain passages of most exquisite fancy and music, such as since the seventeenth century none but Blake and Coleridge had given." Beddoes was one of the earliest to recognise the genius of Shelley.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes bore a striking resemblance in appearance to Keats. Browning once said with

reference to his poetry: "If I were Professor of Poetry, my first lecture at the University should be on 'Beddoes, a forgotten Oxford poet'"; while Mr. Swinburne has said, too, that "he had a noble instinct for poetry."

In the course of a visit to Dr. John Prior Estlin, Unitarian Minister and father of John Bishop Estlin, the great ophthalmic specialist of his day, in 1797 Mrs. Barbauld, the famous writer of the poem *Life*, which has won her an immortal place in English literature, mentioned, with reference to the elder Beddoes, in writing to a friend: "I have seen Dr. Beddoes. He is a very pleasant man. His favourite prescription to ladies is the inhaling of the breath of cows; and he does not, like the German doctors, send the ladies to the cow-house. The cows are to be brought into the ladies' chamber, where they are to stand all night with their heads within the curtains." It was during this visit that Coleridge, who admired Mrs. Barbauld's writing, walked up from Nether Stowey for no other purpose than that of meeting her. Continuing, Mrs. Barbauld wrote: "We are here very comfortable with our friend, Mr. Estlin, who, like some other persons that I know, has the happy art of making his friends feel entirely at home with him."

Dr. Estlin, who kept one of Bristol's famous schools on St. Michael's Hill, was for years a helpful and true friend to Coleridge. An extremely interesting collection of his (Coleridge's) letters to Dr. Estlin has quite recently been bequeathed to the city by the late Miss Estlin, daughter of the famous surgeon, John Bishop Estlin, and friend of the more famous Dr. James Martineau. These letters formed the series edited by Mr. Henry Bright, and were contributed to the privately-printed

volume of the Philobiblon Society. With them, too, was bequeathed a lock of Coleridge's hair.

At the close of 1797 Coleridge received an invitation to preach at Shrewsbury as a candidate for the pastorate of the local Unitarian Chapel. He was tempted to accept by reason of the salary of £150 per annum attached to it. On the second Sunday of 1798, therefore, he preached, "with much acceptance," to the congregation there. Among his listeners on that day was the famous and brilliant essayist, William Hazlitt, then but a youth. Living some ten miles from the chapel, he rose at daybreak to hear the new candidate preach, and his eloquent description of Coleridge is imperishable. Its opening lines are as follows: "When I got there the organ was playing the rooth Psalm; and when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text, 'And he went up into the mountain to pray, *Himself, alone.*' As he gave out this text his voice 'rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes'; and when he came to the last two words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. . . ."

To that youthful listener Coleridge's oratory was indeed the "music of the spheres."

Hazlitt proceeded to describe Coleridge's personal appearance: "His complexion was at that time clear, and even bright—'As are the children of yon azure sheen.' His forehead was broad and high, light as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them, like a sea with darkened lustre. 'A certain tender bloom his face o'erspread,' a purple tinge as we see it in

the pale thoughtful complexions of the Spanish portrait-painters Murillo and Velasquez. His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; his chin good-humoured and round; but his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing—like what he has done. . . . His hair (now, alas! grey) was then black and glossy as the raven's, and fell in smooth masses over his forehead. . . .”

It was with the knowledge of this visit to Shrewsbury that the brothers T. and J. Wedgwood made Coleridge the offer of an annuity of £150 to enable him to devote his glorious gifts to the study of poetry and philosophy. This nobly generous offer the poet accepted and posted off to Cote House to thank his benefactors. His note to his friend Thelwall, written on the January 30th, 1798, telling him of his good fortune (the Wedgwood annuity) was written in Cottle's shop.

About this time Coleridge was, at the invitation of the proprietor of the *Morning Post*, contributing to its columns at the munificent salary of a guinea a week. Among those contributions was the splendid *Ode to France*. During the year 1798, whilst Coleridge was still at Nether Stowey with Wordsworth, came the rupture with Lloyd and the former's recourse to opium consequent on the pain to his feelings which that event produced. The exhilaration of his mental powers from the drug enabled Coleridge to produce, during that historic retirement at the lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Lynton, his magical and unsurpassable poetic fragment *Kubla Khan*. Lloyd's unfortunate habit of tittle-tattle at this time caused for a brief period a rupture between Coleridge and Lamb, an event which inspired Lamb to write his beautiful and pathetic lines, *The Old Familiar Faces*.

It is not without interest that Lloyd's novel, *Edmund Oliver*, the principal cause of the estrangement between Coleridge and himself, was published by Cottle in 1798. In May, too, of this notable year of 1798 Cottle spent a week with Coleridge and the Wordsworths at Alfoxden, and arrangements were definitely made for the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads*. On Cottle's return to Bristol he carried with him the MS. of *The Ancient Mariner*, the price of the copyright of the epoch-making ballad being fixed at thirty guineas. The *Lyrical Ballads* being ready by midsummer, Wordsworth, accompanied by his sister, set out for Bristol to place them in the hands of Cottle, the travellers visiting on their devious way the Wye Valley, which inspired the justly-celebrated poem, *Lines written above Tintern Abbey*. Wordsworth himself has told the world how he wrote it: "No poem of mine was composed under circumstances more pleasant for me to remember than this. I began it on leaving Tintern, after crossing the Wye, and concluded it just as I was entering Bristol in the evening after a ramble of four or five days with my sister. Not a line of it was altered, and not any part of it written down till I reached Bristol." This poem was committed to paper in Cottle's parlour. Tennyson, who greatly admired Wordsworth's poetry, said: "I have a profound admiration for 'Tintern Abbey,'" and instanced in that poem the beautiful line—

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,"

as being of exceptional merit. In this parlour of Cottle's, too, Coleridge wrote part of his *Religious Musings*.

In Bristol Wordsworth and his sister stayed for some weeks, from July to September, for Wordsworth was desirous of being near the printer whilst his *Lyrical*

Ballads were passing through the press. It was during this visit that James Tobin, brother of the dramatist, to whom Cottle had shown the MS. of *We are Seven*, in the opening lines of which Wordsworth had "hitched" him in as "dear brother Jim," came and implored Wordsworth to leave it out.

"You must cancel it," he said, "for if published it will make you everlastingly ridiculous."

"Nay," was Wordsworth's calm reply; "that shall take its chance."

Though the edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* consisted of only 500 copies, such was the severity of the reviews and so few the sales that the largest proportion of the volumes passed into the hands of a London bookseller named Arch. The edition has since become extremely rare and valuable.

Coleridge joined the Wordsworths in Bristol, and arranged for their German tour. A few days afterwards the party was at Yarmouth *en route* for Germany.

On the eve of their departure the *Lyrical Ballads* were published. Regarding this event, the travellers received in their absence the report from Mrs. Coleridge that "the *Lyrical Ballads* are not liked at all by any one." There were, however, two who differed greatly in opinion with the "any," for De Quincey said of them: "I found in these poems 'the ray of a new morning,' an absolute revelation of untrodden worlds teeming with power and beauty as yet unsuspected amongst men." This opinion was shared by Christopher North, of *Blackwood*. Needless to say, subsequent writers have confirmed the discernment and judgment of De Quincey and North.

In July of 1799 the literary tourists returned to England—Coleridge to Stowey and the Wordsworths to



WM. WORDSWORTH.
(From a Drawing by HANCOCK, 1789.)

friends at Sockburn. Whilst the former was at Stowey Southey, who had been visiting in Devon, came up with his wife, and spent two or three weeks with him there. After a brief visit to his old home at Ottery St. Mary, Coleridge joined Wordsworth, and together they went on to the Lakes. By Christmas Wordsworth had decided to settle at Grasmere, and had taken up his abode with his sister at the now famous "Dove Cottage." Thence in the early part of 1800 he was busy arranging with Biggs and Cottle to publish a second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* in two volumes, with respect to which he wrote the following letter to Davy, at the Pneumatic Institution, Dowry Square, Bristol:—

"Grasmere, near Ambleside,

"Tuesday, 28th July (1800).

"DEAR SIR,—So I venture to address you though I have not the happiness of being personally known to you. You would greatly oblige me by looking over the enclosed poems and correcting anything you find amiss in the punctuation a business in which I am ashamed to say I am no adept. I was unwilling to print from the MSS. which Coleridge left in your hands, because as I had not looked them over I was afraid that some lines might be omitted or mistranscribed. I write to request that you would have the goodness to look over the proof sheets of the second volume before they are finally struck off. In future I mean to send the MSS. to Biggs and Cottle with a request that along with the proof sheets they may be sent to you. . . . In order that no time may be lost I have sent off this letter which shall be followed by others every post-day, viz: three times a week till the whole is completed. You will be so good as to put the

enclosed poems into Mr. Biggs hands as soon as you have looked them over in order that the printing may be commenced immediately. The preface for the first vol: shall be sent in a few days. Remember me most affectionately to Tobin [‘dear brother Jim’ of ‘We are Seven’]. I need not say how happy I should be to see you both in my little cabin. I remain with great respect and kind feelings

“Yours sincerely

“W. WORDSWORTH.”

Writing later to Biggs on September 15th, 1800, he says:—

“DEAR SIR,—It is my particular request that, if no part of the poem of *Christabel* is already printed off, the poems which I now send should be inserted before *Christabel*. This I wish to be done even if the press for *Christabel* be composed. I had no notion that the printing of *Christabel* would be begun till you received further intelligence from Mr. Coleridge or I should have sent these poems before. The preface shall certainly be sent off in four days at furthest.

“I am, dear Sir

“Your most obed^t serv^t!

“W. WORDSWORTH.”

At the time of sending the above letters Coleridge was constantly with the Wordsworths, and his assistance and advice were rendered to Wordsworth in every possible way in the preparation of this second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*. Dorothy notes in her “Journal”: “Sept. 14th, 1800—Coleridge came in. Oct. 4th—

Exceedingly delighted with second part of 'Christabel.' Oct. 5th—Coleridge read 'Christabel' a second time; we had increasing pleasure." His own poems in this second edition Coleridge most carefully revised, for no fewer than seventy-one alterations of the *Ancient Mariner*, were made, in addition to which several stanzas were omitted; moreover, a new one was added, and it distinctly improved that wonderful poem.

In a letter written on October 9th, 1800, to Coleridge, Charles Lamb described a solemn call of condolence he had paid, accompanied by George Dyer, to Joseph Cottle on the death of his brother Amos: "For some time after our entrance, nobody spake till George modestly put in a question, whether 'Alfred' was likely to sell. This was Lethe to Cottle, and his poor face, wet with tears, and his kind eye brightened up in a moment. Now I felt it was my cue to speak. I had to thank him for a present of a magnificent copy, and had promised to send him my remarks,—the least thing I could do; so I ventured to suggest, that I perceived a considerable improvement he had made in his first book since the state in which he first read it to me. Joseph, who till now had sat with his knees cowering in by the fireplace, wheeled about, and, with great difficulty of body shifted the same round to the corner of a table where I was sitting, and first stationing one thigh over the other, which is his sedentary mood, and placidly fixing his benevolent face right against mine, waited my observations. . . . I could not say an unkind thing of 'Alfred.' . . . At that moment I could perceive that Cottle had forgot his brother was so lately become a blessed spirit. In the language of mathematicians, the author was as 9, the brother as 1."

Not the least interesting link of our city with Lamb was J. M. Gutch, a Bristol journalist who achieved a great provincial reputation. His letters over the signature of "Cosmos" earned for him the title of "The Bristol Junius." In the early years of the last century he was proprietor of *Felix Farley's Journal*. At Christ's Hospital Lamb and Coleridge were his school-fellows.

Writing to Coleridge at the close of 1800, Lamb says: "Soon after I wrote to you last, an offer was made me by Gutch (you must remember him, at Christ's; you saw him, slightly, one day with Thomson at our house), to come and lodge with him, at his house in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. This was a very comfortable offer to me, the rooms being at a reasonable rent, and including the use of an old servant, besides being infinitely preferable to ordinary lodgings *in our case*, as you must perceive. As Gutch knew all our story and the perpetual liability to a recurrence in my sister's disorder, probably to the end of her life, I certainly think the offer very generous and very friendly. I have got three rooms (including servant) under £34 a year. Here I soon found myself at home; and here, in six weeks after, Mary was well enough to join me. So we are once more settled. . . ."

For the next two or three years Coleridge lived in the vicinity of the Wordsworths, with occasional excursions to London and the West. During one of these to Stowey in 1803, on the forward journey he looked in on Wedgwood and Southey at Bristol, and spent a few days with the latter; and after a prolonged sojourn in Malta he again revisited Bristol in 1807, where his wife and family had preceded him. From Bristol they all proceeded in June to Poole's house at Nether

Stowey. It was during this visit that De Quincey, who had long paid intellectual homage to Coleridge, on arriving at the Hotwells, learned that Coleridge was at Poole's, and posted off to find him, bearing a letter of introduction from Cottle. The particulars of his search and meeting with Coleridge are graphically related by De Quincey, and will be found in his works. How profoundly he was impressed with Coleridge's genius can be measured somewhat by the noble and delicate generosity which, through Cottle, he offered to the idol of his admiration on learning that he was in financial straits. This was no less than the anonymous gift of £500, which Cottle prudently persuaded him to reduce to £300. Coleridge's receipt for that amount was as follows:—

“November 12th, 1807.—Received from Mr. Joseph Cottle, the sum of three hundred pounds, presented to me, through him, by an unknown friend.

“S. T. COLERIDGE.

“Bristol.”

The record of De Quincey's brief stay in Bristol is contained in a letter to his sister, written on September 15th of that year. In the course of this epistle he mentioned that Hartley Coleridge dined with him a few days before—“And I gained his special favour, I believe, by taking him—at the risk of our respective necks—through every dell and tangled path of Leigh Wood.”

Whilst in Bristol, to relieve the mind of Coleridge (who was due in London to deliver a course of lectures at the Royal Institution at Davy's earnest request), De Quincey kindly took upon himself the duty of accompanying Coleridge's family to the Lakes to pay

a visit to Wordsworth and Southey—a visit that he (De Quincey) had also contemplated.

This was not the only occasion on which De Quincey was in Bristol, for a few years later, in 1814, he came again to the city, on the occasion of his visit to Hannah More at Wrington. De Quincey's mother so greatly admired Hannah More that she removed to the neighbourhood of Barley Wood to be near her. In his *Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts* De Quincey has made classic the Ruscombe murders committed in Bristol in 1764.

From 1807 to 1813 Coleridge divided his time between the Lakes and London, and some of his most brilliant lectures were given to select audiences (which included Byron and Rogers) in the metropolis. But in October, 1813, he once more returned Bristol-wards by the coach, having arranged to lecture at the "White Lion" (now the Grand Hotel, Broad Street). Whilst travelling down he discovered that a fellow-passenger was the sister of a particular friend, and was on her way to North Wales. Moved by one of his too frequent impulsive fits, nothing would do but that he must escort the lady to her destination, with the result that he arrived at Bristol two or three days behind time. On this occasion he was the guest of an old friend, Josiah Wade, at 2 Queen Square.

Coleridge's non-arrival necessarily postponed the first of his lectures, which was not delivered until October 28th, when, after some difficulty, his attendance was secured and he was deposited on the platform just one hour (Cottle tells us) "after all the company had impatiently awaited him." In spite of their inauspicious commencement, the lectures gave great satisfaction. The famous painter, C. R. Leslie, then an Academy student,

and visiting some Bristol friends, heard three of them. He was much struck, and wrote that the discourses gave him "a much more distinct and satisfactory view of the nature and ends of poetry and of painting than I ever had before." It was during this, his last visit, that Coleridge's friends in Bristol began to notice something unusual and strange about his looks and deportment, due to the excessive use of opium, which was the bane of his existence. Incredible as it may seem, his consumption of that destructive drug was from "two quarts a week to a pint a day!"

Whilst in Bristol Southey wrote to Cottle, deprecating monetary assistance to Coleridge, which indicated too clearly the terrible hold the drug habit had gained over the latter. In the course of his letter Southey said: "This too I ought to say, that all the medical men to whom Coleridge has made his confession, have uniformly ascribed the evil, not to bodily disease, but to indulgence. . . . He has sources of direct emolument open to him in the *Courier* and in the *Eclectic Review*. . . . His great object should be, to get out a play, and appropriate the whole produce to the support of his son Hartley, at College. Three months' pleasurable exertion would affect this. Of such fit of industry I by no means despair; of anything more than fits, I am afraid I do."

Coleridge was at this time so completely the victim to the habit of opium taking, which paralysed his marvellous intellectual power and enervated his body, that for months he was utterly incapable of mental exertion. His friend Wade, with whom he resided, endeavoured to wean him from the habit; how successfully the following anecdote will show. Wade had engaged a decayed tradesman to attend Coleridge in his walks with a view to prevent his

giving way to opium. But how easily did Coleridge circumvent this plan! On one occasion as he and his attendant were passing along the Quay Coleridge noticed a druggist's shop (probably well known to him). At the same moment, directing his companion's attention to a ship moored at some distance, he said, "I think that's an American." "Oh, no, I'm sure it's not," replied the man. "I think it is," replied Coleridge. "I wish you would step over and bring me particulars." The man did so. As soon as his back was turned Coleridge stepped into the shop, and had his portly bottle (which he always carried in his pocket) filled with opium. He quickly regained the spot where his attendant had left him. The man, having returned, began, "I told you, sir, it was not an American; but I have learned all about her." "As I am mistaken, never mind the rest," said Coleridge, and walked on. His departure in September, 1814, on a visit to his friends the Morgans in Wilts, with occasional letters of appeal to Cottle for pecuniary assistance, marked the close of this remarkable man's connection with Bristol.

To return once more to Southey. In the year 1808, being on a visit to Bristol, he met the man of all others he most desired to meet, Walter Savage Landor. As Southey says in writing to a friend: "The only man living of whose praise I was ambitious, or whose censure would have humbled me. You will be curious to know who this can be. Savage Landor, the author of 'Gebir,' a poem which, unless you have heard me speak of it, you have probably never heard of at all. I never saw anyone more unlike myself in every prominent part of human character, nor any one who so cordially and instinctively agreed with me on so many of the most important subjects. I have often said before we met, that I would walk forty miles to



WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

see him, and having seen him, I would gladly walk four-score to see him again. He talked of *Thalaba*, and I told him of the series of mythological poems which I had planned, . . . and also told him for what reason they had been laid aside; in plain English, that I could not afford to write them. Landor's reply was, 'Go on with them, and I will pay for printing them, as many as you will write, and as many copies as you please.'" (Surely an unparalleled princely act of generosity from one literary man to another).

Is it to be wondered at that henceforth Southey took Landor to his heart of hearts? That this feeling was reciprocated Landor has given ample proof. Each admired the inherent nobility of character in the other. Landor wrote of Southey:—

“ No firmer breast than thine hath Heaven
 To poet, sage, or hero given;
 No heart more tender, none more just
 To that He largely placed in trust;
 Therefore shalt thou, whatever date
 Of years be thine, with soul elate
 Rise up before the Eternal throne,
 And hear, in God's own voice, 'Well done.' ”

In another poem on the death of Southey he says:—

“ ‘ I do not ask,
 Said I, ‘ about your happiness: I see
 The same serenity as when we walk'd
 Along the downs of Clifton.’ ”

Years but cemented their friendship. Writing of their first meeting, Landor in a poem to the Rev. Cuthbert Southey says:—

“ Twelve years had past, when upon Avon's cliff,
 Hard by his birthplace, first our hands were join'd;
 After three more he visited my home.
 Along Llanthony's ruin'd aisles we walk'd. . . . ”

Rejoicing at Southey's appointment to the Laureateship in 1813 he wrote:—

“ In happy hour doth he receive
 The laurel, meed of famous bards of yore,
 Which Dryden and diviner Spenser wore—
 In happy hour; and well may he rejoice,
 Whose earliest task must be
 To raise the exultant hymn for victory.”

In the year 1813 was published Southey's immortal *Life of Nelson*. It was Southey's congenial task to superintend the publishing of Landor's famous *Imaginary Conversations*, and it was in Landor's company that for the last time, in the year 1836, he revisited his beloved native city, its glorious Downs, and all the old familiar scenes of his boyhood. His early publisher, the worthy Cottle, gladly welcomed and entertained him. It was when at the flood-tide of his career, at the time when he was Poet Laureate and writing articles for *The Quarterly* at £100 each, and when he had been more than once offered and had refused the blue ribbon of English journalism, no less than the editorship of *The Times* with a salary of £2,000 a year, and when foreign societies were showering distinctions upon him—such was the time he chose, when it would have been but too human to forget, to write that memorable letter acknowledging his deep sense of indebtedness to Cottle, his early and lifelong friend, for having supplied him with the money to buy his wedding ring and licence. The letter runs as follows: “Do you suppose, Cottle, that I have forgotten those true and most essential acts of friendship which you showed me when I stood most in need of them? Your house was my home when I had no other. The very money with which I bought my wedding-ring

and paid my marriage-fees, was supplied by you. It was with your sisters I left Edith during my six months' absence, and for the six months after my return it was from you that I received, week by week, the little on which we lived, till I was enabled to live by other means. . . . You are in the habit of preserving your letters, and if you were not, I would entreat you to preserve *this* that it might be seen hereafter. Sure I am, that there never was a more generous, tender heart than yours, and you will believe me when I add, that there does not live that man upon earth whom I remember with more gratitude and more affection. My head throbs and my eyes burn with these recollections. Good-night! my dear old friend and benefactor. . . .” Surely such a letter tells us more than volumes what manner of man Southey was. Apart from Scott, modern letters have given us few nobler men than the manly, loyal and tender-hearted Southey. Allan Cunningham said of him, “Southey is one of the very noblest and purest characters in the world.”

It may be that in some minds he suffers a total eclipse from the literary standpoint compared to his great contemporary Coleridge, yet on the other hand Coleridge is as truly eclipsed by Southey; for Coleridge, though a giant in intellect, had morally the backbone of a jelly-fish. To visit the house at Bedminster where his grandmother lived, the church which with his mother and her he attended fifty years before, his aunt's house in College Green, not forgetting in their pilgrimage the house where he was born in Wine Street, was an unspeakable delight to Southey. Nothing was overlooked that was endeared to his memory by happy bygone years. As he darted down an alley, or showed them a short cut or byway, he would tell his companions he had not trod

them since his schooldays. "Ah!" said Landor, turning to him as they stumbled over some workmen in passing College Green, "workmen some day may be busy on this very spot putting up your statue, but it will be twenty years hence." "Well," replied Southey, "if ever I have one I would wish it to be here." (This wish has yet to be fulfilled.)

Landor, whose *Imaginary Conversations* is one of the choicest of English classics, predicted his own niche in the temple of fame in the following words: "I shall dine late, but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select." Dickens has presented the world with a picture of this erratic, choleric, but withal lovable and great personality, in his "Mr. Boythorn" in *Bleak House*.

The nobility of Landor's friendship with Southey is evidenced in the last letter he wrote to him: "If any man living is ardent for your welfare, I am; whose few and almost worthless merits your generous heart has always over-valued, and whose infinite and great faults it has been too ready to overlook. I will write to you often now that I learn I may do it inoffensively; well remembering that among the names you have exalted is Walter Landor." To the bust of Southey executed by his distinguished fellow-citizen, E. H. Baily, to commemorate his memory, and placed in Bristol Cathedral, Landor contributed the sum of £20.

Few men have pursued the career of letters with such devotion as Southey, and fewer still have so generously recognised the talent of their contemporaries as he. The practical interest he took in Kirke White is well known, and his self-sacrificing efforts on behalf of Chatterton's sister, Mrs. Newton, in bringing out (by the aid of Cottle) an edition of Chatterton's works in 1803,



CHRIST CHURCH FROM HIGH STREET

which resulted in a clear profit of £300, also deserves honourable mention. Being of such a disposition, is it to be wondered at that the little Yorkshire governess, Charlotte Brontë, whose genius has placed her securely among the half-dozen of great English novelists, being in sore need of a word of encouragement at the outset of her career, dropped, full of hopes and fears, her packet of MS. into the little post office at Haworth, addressed to Robert Southey, asking him the favour of his judgment on it. For weeks she vainly waited for a reply. At length it came, and the reason of the delay was that he had been absent from home. It was a letter that raised no false hopes, but was full of temperate and kind criticism and admirable advice. Its recipient years afterwards acknowledged its justice. "Mr. Southey's letter," said Charlotte Brontë, "was kind and admirable, a little stringent, but it did me good." She wrote again: "I had not ventured to hope for such a reply; so considerate in its tone, so noble in its spirit." To which Southey replied, expressing the hope that she would visit him at the Lakes. "You would then think of me afterwards with the more goodwill, because you would perceive that there is neither severity nor moroseness in the state of mind to which years and observation have brought me. . . . And now, madam, God bless you. Farewell, and believe me to be your sincere friend, ROBERT SOUTHEY."

Thus through Southey, Bristol is associated with the author of *Jane Eyre*, one of the supreme novels of the world. During his long and honourable career as a man of letters, few were those of distinction who were unknown to him. At the Lakes he met and visited the unfortunate Shelley. Carlyle too he knew, and won his

esteem. Amongst his truest friends he numbered Sir Walter Scott, who rejected the offer of the Laureateship in Southey's favour. Truly, as John Addington Symonds remarked to Robert Louis Stevenson, there must have been something essentially good about Southey to have won the admiration of two such opposite personalities as Landor and Carlyle.

Thackeray too, in his *Four Georges*, after referring to Sir Walter Scott, says: "I will take another man of letters, whose life I admire even more,—an English worthy, doing his duty for fifty noble years of labour, day by day storing up learning, day by day working for scant wages, most charitable out of his small means, bravely faithful to the calling which he had chosen, refusing to turn from his path, for popular praise or prince's favour:—I mean *Robert Southey*. . . . I hope his life will not be forgotten, for it is sublime in its simplicity, its energy, its honour, its affection."

Yet, in spite of his long and honourable servitude to letters, it is but a slender store, especially of verse, which will carry Southey down the stream of time as one of the immortals. Much as he might have otherwise desired, it is not by his *Joan of Arc*, his *Madoc*, or *Thalaba* that he will be remembered, but by his prose. His best passport to fame he won by his peerless biography of Nelson, which is, and will continue to be, an English classic—a work which his friend Sir Humphry Davy described as "an immortal monument raised by genius to valour." Speaking of his *Life of Wesley*, Coleridge said: "My favourite of my library, among many favourites, the book I can read for the twentieth time, when I can read nothing else at all."

Professor Edward Dowden, one of our foremost

critics, has said of Southey's prose: "He is never dull, he affects neither the trick of stateliness nor that of careless ease; he does not seek out curiosities of refinement, nor caress delicate affectations. Because his style is natural it is inimitable, and the only way to write like Southey is to write well."

Few probably of the present generation have read *The Doctor*, a book teeming with mirth, learning, and wisdom. "The wit and humour of *The Doctor*," says Edgar Allan Poe, "have seldom been equalled. We cannot think Southey wrote it."

In addition to these works he has given the world a nursery classic, *The Three Bears*, which will charm countless children yet unborn.

The lifelong friendship of Southey with Landor has already been adverted to. In those sad and pathetic closing years of his life, when the light of reason had fled, with almost his latest breath he was heard to repeat fondly to himself the name of "Landor, ay Landor."

What Landor himself felt at the death of Southey is best epitomised in the following couplet:—

"Southey, my friend of forty years, is gone,
And, shattered by the fall, I stand alone."

Cottle, the humble link with these world-famous men, retired from business a year or two after the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads*, and died eventually at his residence, Firfield House, Upper Knowle, Bristol, in the year 1853.

CHAPTER II. (*continued*).

PART V.

CLOSING ASSOCIATIONS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall—Maria Edgeworth; Description of her life in Clifton—Lady Hesketh—Mrs. Draper.

A WRITER who attained considerable celebrity in the closing years of the eighteenth century as the Greville of his day was Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall, the son of a Bristol merchant, born in 1751 on the south side of Queen Square.

His *Historical Memoirs of My Own Time from 1772 to 1784* is steeped in the very atmosphere of that period. It created a storm of hostile criticism, and the first edition of it was sold out in a month. Among its critics have been Croker, Mackintosh, and Macaulay, who vigorously attacked the truth of its statements. The *Edinburgh Review* of the time contained the following caustic epigram, said to have been written by George Coleman:—

“Men, measures, scenes, and facts all,
Misquoting, misstating,
Misplacing, misdating,
Here ‘lies’ Sir Nathaniel Wraxall.”

Notwithstanding this powerful onslaught, Wraxall replied with considerable success to his critics' charges. Indeed, Sir George Osborn, for fifty years equerry to George III. and a disinterested onlooker, declared: "I pledge my name that I personally know nine parts out of ten of your anecdotes to be perfectly correct"; whilst Sir Archibald Alison, the historian, writing in *Blackwood*, said nothing but truth could produce so portentous an alliance as that between the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh*. In brief, time has signally falsified the prediction of his critics that the work would be rapidly forgotten. In addition to this celebrated work he wrote others. He died at Dover in his 81st year.

Maria Edgeworth came to Clifton in the year 1793. She was charmed with the place, her residence being at Prince's Buildings. Writing to her uncle, she says: "We live just the same life that we used to do at Edgeworthstown. . . . All the *Phantasmas* I had conjured up to frighten myself, vanished after I had been here a week. . . . We live very near the Downs, where we have almost every day charming walks, and all the children go bounding about over hill and dale along with us. . . . My father has got a transfer of a ticket for the Bristol Library, which is an extremely fine one, and what makes it appear ten times finer is that it is very difficult for strangers to get into. From thence he can get almost any book for us when he pleases, except a few of the most scarce, which are, by the laws of the library, immovable. No ladies go to the library; but Mr. Johnes, the librarian, is very civil, and my mother went to his rooms and saw the beautiful prints in *Boydell's Shakespeare*."

Again, in a letter written to her cousin on March 9th,

1792, she writes: "We went the other day to see the collection of natural curiosities at a Mr. Broderip's (the Bristol naturalist), which entertained us very much. My father observed he had but very few butterflies, and he said: 'No, sir; a circumstance which happened to me some time ago determined me never to collect any more butterflies. I caught a most beautiful butterfly, thought I had killed it, and ran a pin through its body to fasten it to a cork. A fortnight afterwards I happened to look in the box where I had left it, and saw it writhing in agony. Since that time I have never destroyed another.' Mrs. Yearsley, the milkwoman, whose poems I daresay my aunt has seen, lives near us at Clifton. We have never seen her, and probably never shall; for my father is so indignant against her for her ingratitude to her benefactress, Miss Hannah More, that he thinks she deserves to be treated with neglect."

Writing later to another correspondent, she says: "My uncle has just been with us for three weeks, and in that time filled five quires of paper with dried plants from the neighbouring rocks. He says there is at Clifton the richest harvest for botanists. How I wish you were here to reap it. There is a species of cistus which grows at St. Vincent's Rock which is not, I am told, to be found in any other part of England." Her association with Clifton was later rendered still more close from the interesting fact that her sister, Anna, became the wife of the famous Dr. Beddoes, the patron and friend of Sir Humphry Davy. In the year 1799 a return visit was made to Clifton by the Edgeworths. The life of this charming woman, who numbered Sir Walter Scott amongst her friends, has been added to the famous *English Men of Letters* Series.

In the year 1799 was living at Clifton Cowper's charming friend, the beautiful Lady Hesketh, one of the most fascinating women of her time. Writing in September to a friend, she says: "I left Bath last Thursday, and came to this most charming place, Clifton Hill, where I design to pass some time, and which is just now in great beauty, the woods which crown these charming rocks being as green as in June, and the verdure of the whole country intense! I think you would be greatly charmed and delighted could you see the sweet, sublime, yet peaceful views which I enjoy. Nature has been so profuse in her bounties in the disposition of the ground and the happy combination of wood, water, rocks, etc., that it is always preferable to any other place." From Clifton she indited many charming letters to Cowper, and her vivacity of disposition did much to enliven his habitual melancholy. "A thousand times," Cowper writes to her on October 12th, 1785, "have I recollected a thousand scenes in which our two selves have formed the whole of the drama with the greatest pleasure. . . . I have laughed with you at the *Arabian Nights*, which afforded us, as you well know, a fund of merriment that deserves never to be forgot." She died in 1807, and was buried in Bristol Cathedral.

Within this same edifice lies beneath a plain stone all that was mortal of her who inspired Sterne's *Letters to Eliza*—Mrs. Draper. She died at Clifton August 3rd, 1778, aged 35.

CHAPTER II. (*continued*).

PART VI.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY ASSOCIATIONS.

John Kenyon and the Brownings—Shelley—Lady Nairne—Crabbe—Longfellow and Dickens—Mary Carpenter and Lady Byron—Tennyson—T. E. Brown—Sir Charles Elton and C. I. Elton—Mrs. Thrale—John Sterling and Carlyle—Ruskin—The Symonds—Poem by J. A. Symonds the younger—Dean Church—Walter Bagehot—F. D. Maurice—Rev. R. H. Barham—Joseph Sortain and Thackeray—Henry Hallam—Dr. James Martineau: his personality—Mary Mitford—Crabb Robinson—William Chatterton Dix—Sir John Bowring—The Sisters Winkworth—Francis Fry—Vincent Stuckey Lean—J. S. Harford—Judge O'Connor Morris—Alfred Ainger.

NOT the least noted of the many literary men and women who have linked their names with Bristol and added lustre to its civic annals are those who forgathered here during the eventful years of the nineteenth century.

One of the earliest of these was John Kenyon, whose name will go down to posterity, like Cottle's, by reason of his disinterested friendship with distinguished contemporaries, rather than on account of his own claims to immortality. He was one of a gifted band of schoolboys who were at Seyer's School on St. Michael's Hill, known

as "The Fort." Among his companions was Robert Browning's father. Kenyon was described by one who was with him there as "the richest and most generous boy amongst us." As the boy was so became the man, and his whole life through was associated with friendships of the most famous people of his day. From the various eulogies of those friends we clearly perceive the kind of man he was. Crabb Robinson, of *Diary* fame, who knew him well, said that he made "the happy happier," and that the pleasantest days of his life were connected with Kenyon. Landor was always at his best in Kenyon's company. Kenyon's cousin, Elizabeth Barrett, married Browning, and the devotion of the two poets to each other is told to a curious world in *The Browning Letters*. Kenyon was keenly interested on first meeting Browning to find that he was the son of his old schoolfellow at Seyer's. He and the elder Browning, when there, were passionately fond of the classics, and were fired with ambition to realise Homeric combats, and having obtained swords and shields, hacked away at each other right valiantly, spurring themselves to battle by insulting speeches culled from the original. Kenyon, after this meeting with Robert Browning, was ceaseless in showering kindnesses on the son of his old schoolfellow. At his death, too, he bequeathed the Brownings a sum of £10,000, and to Southey nearly the like amount.

In the years 1815 and 1816 Shelley was visiting Bristol; whilst in 1829 resided at Clifton the world-famous Scotch singer, Lady Nairne, the writer of *The Land o' the Leal*, *Caller Herrin'*, *The Lass o' Gowrie*, and scores of other well-known songs. It is thought that here she wrote her vigorous and touching ballad, *Farewell to Edinburgh*, and it was whilst at Clifton that she lost her favourite

niece, Caroline Oliphant, who lies buried in Clifton Churchyard.

To Clifton in 1831, a memorable year in Bristol's annals, came "nature's sternest painter, yet her best," the poet Crabbe, on a visit to his friends the Hoares. Writing from there he says: "I have to thank my friends for one of the most beautiful as well as comfortable rooms you could desire. I look from my window upon the Avon and its wooded and rocky bounds—the trees yet green. A vessel is sailing down, and here comes a steamer (Irish, I suppose). I have in view the end of the Cliff to the right, and on my left a wide and varied prospect over Bristol, as far as the eye can reach, and at present the novelty makes it very interesting. Clifton was always a favourite place with me. I have more strength and more spirits since my arrival at this place, and do not despair of giving a good account of my excursion on my return."

It was during his stay here that the great Riots took place, writing of which he remarks: "Bristol, I suppose, never in the most turbulent times of old witnessed such outrage. Queen Square is but half standing, half is a smoking ruin."

A not uninteresting link with Longfellow lies in the fact that at the close of his visit to England in 1842, when he stayed with Dickens, the latter accompanied him to Bristol, from which he embarked on the *Great Western* steamship. Apropos of Longfellow's departure, Dickens writes him:—

"London, December 29th, 1842.

"MY DEAR LONGFELLOW,—I was but poorly received when I came home from Bristol that night, in consequence



MARY CARPENTER.

of my inability to report that I left you actually on board the *Great Western*, and that I had seen the chimney smoking. But I have got over this gradually, and I am again respected."

When Southey and Cottle brought out in 1803 their edition of Chatterton's works for the benefit of his surviving sister Mrs. Newton, Longfellow, then a lad, was one of its first buyers, for he tells us that he acquired Chatterton's works with the very first earnings of his pen at a cost of fourteen dollars. Writing to his mother he expresses great pleasure at having secured them, and wishes he could send her copies of the poems.

Through Mary Carpenter Bristol is linked with Lord Byron, for his wife was deeply interested in her social work, so much so that Lady Byron purchased the Red Lodge and transferred it to her to be used as a reformatory. Mary Carpenter grew much attached to Lady Byron, and was in a sense made her literary executor; but having investigated the contents of the trunks committed to her care, full of all manner of documents, some of which were of a most compromising kind, poems and tradesmen's bills all jumbled together, she gave up the task in despair. Among the multifarious documents she discovered Byron's famous verses commencing—

"Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well."

which were written on the back of *an unpaid butcher's bill*.

Tennyson came to Clifton in the memorable year of the publication of his great poem *In Memoriam*, whilst on his honeymoon in the West. His brother Frederick was a frequent visitor here. Sydney Dobell

also wintered in Clifton for many years at the close of his life.

In the year 1875 the Rossetti family were evidently on a visit to Clifton, for writing to his mother on the 31st of August of that year Dante Gabriel says: "I got your dear letter from Clifton. . . ."

The Manx poet—T. E. Brown, author of *Po'c'sle Yarns*—was long associated with our city, having been for over thirty years a master at Clifton College. There he was "wholly lovable and idolised by the boys." He died whilst on a visit to the school in the year 1897. The late W. E. Henley, the poet, wrote a fine sonnet to his memory.

A humbler singer in the person of Sir Charles Elton deserves mention. Born at Bristol, he was the only son of Sir Abraham Elton, of Clevedon Court. His *Monody* on the deplorable death of his two sons by drowning at Weston-super-Mare in 1819 evinces keen poetic sensibility. Landor could never read the touching couplet—

"That night the little chamber where they lay
Fast by our own, was silent and was still"—

contained in it, without being moved to tears. Mrs. Brookfield, whose fascinating volume of memories was published in the autumn of 1905, was Sir Charles Elton's youngest daughter, and was born at Clifton. She says: "I was one day bowling my hoop down the Royal (York) Crescent, when Mr. Landor appeared walking with his friend Southey. Southey was in an old-fashioned spencer, his hair tied behind in queue style with a black ribbon. I remember quite well the eagle eye and aquiline nose, and the excitement to me of meeting the author of *Kehana* in

real life." Landor was a constant visitor at her father's house. Sir Charles Elton was an admirer of Charles Lamb, and his *Epistle to Elia* will be found in *Lamb's Commonplace Book*, published in 1904.

Another member of this interesting family, born here in 1839—Charles Isaac Elton—achieved distinction both in literature and law. In a long review of his posthumous work, *William Shakespeare, his Family and Friends*, the *Times* said: "It will probably rank along with the *Diary of Master William Silence* as one of the most original contributions made in recent years to the biography of Shakespeare." In regard to his knowledge of the law, he was considered the most erudite lawyer of his generation, and was indeed a mine of information on all subjects connected not only with the law but other matters as well. His mother was the sister of Sir Charles Elton, and his death occurred in 1900.

In regard to prose writers, Bristol is associated with many distinguished men of letters, who have bequeathed no small share to England's noblest possession—her literature. For example, Bristol has an interesting personal link with the famous Doctor Johnson, for during the years 1820-1 Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale), to whom we are indebted for so many sidelights on the great doctor's character, lived at Clifton, chiefly at 36 Royal York Crescent. Writing from here, she says: "Dear Mrs. Willoughby will be glad to hear I am where I shall be on the sweet Downs." At the above address she died in the year 1821.

In the Old Manor House, Clifton, resided in 1839 and 1840 John Sterling, the early champion of Carlyle. In that first year of his stay at Clifton he contributed to Mill's *Westminster Review* his article on Carlyle. The

subject of it was moved intensely by the generous recognition of his work, and wrote as follows:—

“What its effect on the public was I knew not, and know not; but remember well, and may here be permitted to acknowledge, the deep silent joy, not of a weak or ignoble nature, which it gave to myself in my then mood and situation; as it well might. The first generous human recognition, expressed with heroic emphasis, and clear conviction visible amid its fiery exaggeration, that one’s poor battle in the world is not quite a mad and futile, that it is perhaps a worthy and manful one, which will come to something yet: this fact is a memorable one in every history; and for me Sterling, often enough the stiff gainsayer in our private communings, was the doer of this. The thought burnt in me like a lamp, for several days; lighting-up into a kind of heroic splendour the sad volcanic wrecks, abysses, and convulsions of said poor battle, and secretly I was very grateful to my daring friend, and am still, and ought to be.” A year or two after, in 1843, Carlyle spent a day or two in Clifton, and says in a letter to his wife: “The rocks of the Avon at Clifton excel all the things I have seen. Even I, the most determined anti-view hunter, find them worthy of a word.”

His friend Ruskin spent some weeks at Clifton with his parents, and writing in May, 1841, from Venice to a friend, he remarks: “I don’t wonder at your admiring Clifton. It is certainly the finest piece of limestone scenery in the kingdom, except Cheddar, and Cheddar has no wood. Did you ever find out the Dingle running up through the cliffs on the south side of the river, opposite St. Vincent’s?” [Nightingale Valley.] “When the leaves are on, there are pieces of Ruysdael study of

rock there, with the noble cliff through the breaks of the foliage, quite intoxicating."

To revert to Sterling, we find him writing to his father from Portishead, whither he had gone from Clifton for an excursion, under date September, 1840: "Milnes" [Lord Houghton] "spent last Sunday with me at Clifton; and was very amusing and cordial. It is impossible for those who know him well not to like him." Whilst residing in Clifton Sterling published his little book of poems, which unfortunately failed to interest the reading public. Among those with whom he became acquainted during his stay were Drs. Symonds and Prichard. He alludes to the latter in writing to a friend as "the author of a well-known book on the *Races of Mankind*, to which it stands in the same relation among English books as the Racing Calendar does to those of Horsekind. He is a very intelligent, accomplished person."

The allusion to Dr. Symonds naturally calls to mind the fact that his famous son, John Addington Symonds, has splendidly maintained the literary traditions of Bristol. His scholarly and brilliant works on the Italian Renaissance, to say nothing of his other productions, have earned for him the gratitude of all students of Italian history. He was born at 7 Berkeley Square on October 5th, 1840, the gifted son of a gifted father, and became a pupil under Kingsley's old master, the Rev. William Knight, at Buckingham Villas, Pembroke Road. His memories of his birthplace are full of haunting tenderness; save Southey, no Bristolian ever evinced greater love for it than Symonds. There are exquisite descriptive touches in his *Clifton and a Lad's Love* contained in *In the Key of Blue* which convince us of his love of Bristol. Many of his recorded memories of our city relate to the fine old Georgian

mansion, originally built in 1747 by Paul Fisher on Clifton Hill, to which the Symonds family removed from Berkeley Square, and the Downs over which he loved to roam. The former is best described in his own words: "It is a ponderous square mansion, built for perpetuity with walls three feet in thickness, faced with smooth Bath stone. But, passing to the southern side, one still enjoys the wonderful prospect which I have described. Time has done much to spoil the landscape. Mean dwellings have clustered round the base of Brandon Hill, and crept along the slopes of Clifton. The city has extended on the further side towards Bedminster. Factory chimneys with their filth and smoke have saddened the simple beauty of the town and dulled the brightness of its air. But the grand features of nature remain. The rolling line of hills from Lansdown over Bath, through Dundry with its solitary church tower to Ashton guarding the gorge of Avon, presents a free and noble space for cloud shadows, a splendid scene for the display of sunrise. The water from the Severn still daily floods the river-beds of Frome and Avon; and the ships still come to roost, like ocean birds beside the ancient churches." Lovingly he dwells on the details of his home at Clifton Hill: of the stables, where his father kept eight horses; of the lead roof, which formed a capital playground, from the height of which the eye swept spaces of the starry heavens at night—by day town, tower, and hill, wood and field and river, lay bathed in light.

When at Harrow School he speaks of the unpleasing nature of its landscape compared with the rocks, woods and downy turf of Clifton, which rendered his holidays at home doubly delightful by contrast.

An ever-welcome guest at Symonds's home was

the great Master of Balliol College, Benjamin Jowett, who had more than a passing interest in Clifton. His cousins resided here, and he was, moreover, one of the founders and benefactors of University College, contributing more than £1,500 towards its funds, and up to the time of his death being a member of the Council. Writing to the late Albert Fry, another of its benefactors, on May 12th, 1893, he says: "There are few things in life that I look back upon with greater pleasure than the share which I was able to take in the foundation of University College, Bristol."

Symonds among his many friends numbered Robert Louis Stevenson, and the latter after meeting him at Davos, writes as follows to a friend: "Beyond a splendid climate, it" [Davos] "has to my eyes but one advantage—the neighbourhood of J. A. Symonds—I daresay you know his work, but the man is far more interesting." Stevenson celebrated Symonds in the character of Opalstein in his *Memories and Portraits*.

A distinguished living writer and critic* nobly eulogises Symonds's work. He says: "I have always enjoyed the *Sketches in Italy and Greece* and the *Sketches and Studies in Italy* as delightful reminiscences of some of the loveliest scenes on earth. They record the thoughts of one who was at once scholar, historian, poet, and painter. The combination is very rare." Alluding to Symonds's pictures of Italian cities, he remarks: "The history is never sacrificed to the landscape, nor the landscape to the poetry, nor the scholarship to the sunlight, the air, and the scents of flower or sounds of the waves and the torrents. All is there; and in this way they surpass those pictures

* Mr. Frederick Harrison.

of Italian scenes that we read in Ruskin, George Eliot, or Freeman. Freeman has not the poetry and colour of Symonds; George Eliot has not his ease and grace, his fluidity of improvisation; and Ruskin, with all his genius for form and colour, has no such immense and catholic grasp of history as a whole. . . . It will, I think, be recognised by all that no English writer of our time has equalled Symonds in knowledge of the entire range of Italian literature. . . . In all he has written on Italian Art he has shown ripe knowledge and consummate judgment." Symonds died at Rome on April 19th, 1893.

The following poem, which has hitherto been published only in *Thirteen at Dinner* (the first Bristol Annual issued), is printed here in full in order that Bristolians may have an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the vigorous work of a fellow-citizen.

THE STORY OF GINEVRA DEGLI ALMIERI,

Who was Buried Alive in Florence.

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

Five hundred years ago, in that fair town
 Of Tuscany where Giotto built his tower,
 A marble lily heavenward mid the crown
 Of hills ascendant; where blue lilies flower
 On the grey city walls; and Arno brown
 From Vallombrosa between laurel bower
 And olive garden seeks the Pisan shore;
 And Florence is a joy for evermore;

Two lovers dwelt.—Their legend strange yet true
 Grave in its issues, in its ending gay,
 I will in antique rhyme rehearse to you,
 Even as a poet one past summer day
 Told me the tale. But first I must renew
 The by-gone griefs which on that people lay,
 When plague was in their homes and mortal dread
 O'er the doomed city like a pall was spread.

The Black Death with his dark Lethæan rod
 Stalked through the streets, and maniac terror went
 Before him where unseen, unheard, he trod :
 Husband from wife, father from child was rent,
 And human kindness 'neath the curse of God
 Dried up like dew, leaving bewilderment
 And blank dismay and selfish fear of hell :—
 The sick were straightway buried where each fell.

Now it so happened that the flower of grace
 Among the maids of Florence in that time
 Was young Ginevra, with an angel's face
 And soft voice musical as murmured rhyme ;
 She was the scion of an ancient race,
 And blooming in her girlhood's golden prime,
 By words and deeds befitting noble blood
 Gave promise of a glorious womanhood.

Among her many lovers there was one,
 Antonio, who with service leal and long
 Had wooed and waited till her heart he won :
 Her secret heart he held ; for love so strong,
 Lodged in a form fair as the rising sun,
 May win a maiden's homage without wrong :
 Yet from her sire, Bernardo, he in vain,
 Being poor but noble, sought her hand to gain.

Bernardo to a youth of gentle birth,
 Francesco Agolanti, stout and proud,
 Rich, powerful, and withal of manly worth,
 His daughter's troth in open court had vowed.
 The match was equal, and their marriage mirth
 Scattered for some brief hours the brooding cloud
 That dwelt on Florence. But true love aloof,
 Love strong as Death, flew from that noisy roof.

And so it chanced that just at eventide,
 When first Ginevra crossed her bridegroom's door,
 A pallor overspread her cheeks, and dyed
 Her fair white brows with hues of violet o'er ;
 Then clasping both hands to her aching side,
 Upon the step she fell and moved no more :
 The marriage songs into shrill shrieks of dread
 Changed, as those merry-makers turned and fled.

“The plague! the plague!” they cried. Then, swift as doom,
 Came body-buriers down the street, a crew
 Black-stoled with torches in the gathering gloom,
 Who on their bier the swooning maiden threw,
 And bore her to her bride-bed in the tomb :
 Alone she went, for all those friends untrue,
 Yea and the husband sworn to shield and save,
 Had shrunk with nameless horror from her grave.

Not so Antonio, not her lover leal ;
 For when he heard the din of marriage flutes
 Break into dismal shriek and funeral wail,
 Alone amid those mercenary mutes
 He walked, and watched the sexton’s hand unseal,
 With brutal haste which the calm grave pollutes,
 The marble sepulchre wherein were laid
 Ginevra’s forefathers among the dead.

It was a monument ’twixt door and door
 Of Santa Reparata, lifted high
 Above the busy crowds who pace that floor
 Foot-polished, reared beneath the open sky ;
 And here, as was their wont in days of yore,
 Each Almiri in his turn must lie,
 Awaiting sepulture within the grand
 Cathedral aisles of gloom Arnolfo planned.

From the huge chest the lid they wrenched in haste,
 In haste consigned her to its marble maw,
 And hastily the covering stone replaced :
 Then, as those wardens of the dead withdraw,
 Antonio for some little while embraced
 The frigid coffin which, by death’s fell law,
 His dearest lady, so he dreamed, must hold,
 Slumbering for ever in eternal cold.

There too he prayed : but when the pallid moon
 Peered o’er the house-roofs, lingering, loth to part,
 He left his dear love’s body lapped in stone,
 Bearing her pure pale image in his heart
 Back to his cold fire-side, and wept alone :
 “Alas,” he cries, “that prayers are dumb, and art
 All powerless to restore my lady’s grace !
 Would God that I were buried in her place !”



JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

Now she who slept, and was not dead at all,
But only frozen in a death-like trance,
What time the dews of night began to fall
And the white moon upon her eyes to glance,
Glinting through chinks and crannies in the wall
Ill-soldered where they laid her by mischance,
Lifted her head, and in the twilight gloom
Felt with frail fingers round about her tomb.

As one who from a dream by slow degrees
Grows into consciousness, and first is ware
Of somewhat far away he cannot seize,
And knows not where he lies, and doth not dare
To stir the floods of fear that round him freeze,
Then suddenly starts up to quick despair;
So in a moment like a scorching flame
The truth of her mishap upon her came.

“Alive, alive, laid in the dreadful grave!
Mary Madonna, have I then no hope?
Help me, thou blessèd Virgin! Hear and save!”
Then like a caged bird beating on the cope
Of marble and that stubborn architrave,
The narrow room she searched. Her weak hands grope
Along the crevices where moonbeams rain;
And the lid stirs a little to her strain.

The stone lid stirs; and bending all her might
Into one utmost effort, bit by bit,
Led by the kindly silver streaming light,
With slow persistent urge she conquers it:
Then, sheeted in her grave-clothes, to the bright
Star-spangled heavens and sweet air infinite
Emerges; as on Resurrection morn
The striving dead shall be from earth re-born.

On her left hand with marbles overlaid
Soars Giotto's tower, familiar, pure and fair;
And broad before her between light and shade
Spreads the deserted silent city square.
Lost for awhile 'twixt dread and joy she stayed,
Nor dared to trust her soft feet to the bare
Pavement, and breathed the night, and felt the wind
Float in her hair and soothe her fevered mind.

Then shivering 'neath the blast October blew
 From Mount Morello down the unpeopled street,
 Across her breast that long white sheet she drew,
 And toward her husband's home with noiseless feet
 And streaming hair, pale as a phantom, flew,
 In dread lest some night-wanderer she should meet,
 And stood before the door, and knocked, and cried:
 "Francesco, let me in!"—By the hearth-side

Francesco sat, nursing a numb dull woe,
 Reckoning the days that should have been so dear.
 "Who calls?" he cried. But she: "Dost thou not know
 Thine own Ginevra?" Through his veins ran fear:
 Crossing himself, he shuddered: "Prithee go
 Back to thy grave, poor ghost! Have better cheer!
 To-morrow for thy rest shall bells be rung,

And masses o'er thy buried body sung!"
 In vain she wept; in vain she beat the door;
 Wailing: "And is it doomed that I must die,
 Twice die this night? Help, husband, I implore!"
 But he was dumb, nor answered to her cry.
 Then to her father's house, lashed by the frore
 Whip of the wind, beneath that wintry sky,
 Sickening with fear and stumbling in her shroud,
 She came and called her mother's name aloud:

"O mother, mother, open! It is me!
 Thine own Ginevra calls!" But the old dame,
 Wrapped up in grief's insensibility,
 Watched the red embers leap into a flame
 Upon the hearth before her tremblingly,
 And crossed herself hearing her daughter's name,
 And cried: "Go hence in peace, soul pure and blest!
 Fair daughter, sweet and dear, go hence and rest!"

And when Ginevra leaning on the sill
 Tapped with her finger at the window-pane,
 She only turned, and smit with deadly chill
 Called to the sheeted ghost: "Come not again!
 Some shape art thou of unimagined ill!
 My daughter rests among the dead, and fain
 Am I to sleep beside her." Then her head
 Sank on her breast, and nothing more she said.

Repulsed, abandoned, outcast, left to roam
 With death and darkness through the frosty night,
 Driven from her husband's and her father's home,
 What shall Ginevra do in this sore plight?
 Like a ship rudderless that rides the foam,
 And drifts before the storm's relentless might,
 She hurries through her kinsfolk, door by door,
 Taking the same cold comfort as before:

“Go hence in peace, fair soul! Sweet ghost, repose!
 Masses to-morrow for thy sake we say!”
 At last unto Antonio, at the close
 Of this dread night, in the first glint of day,
 Fainting and dizzy with despair she goes,
 To prove if lover's love be cold as they,
 And knocks, and on the door-step falls full length,
 Face downward, at the end of all her strength.

Antonio rose and to his window went:
 “Who knocks so late?” The voice, as half-awake,
 Came feebly, for life's force was well-nigh spent:
 “It is Ginevra! for Christ's mercy sake
 Help poor Ginevra!”—Like an arrow sent
 Straight at the aim unerring archers take,
 He hearing his dear lady seized a light,
 Nor stayed to fear lest he should meet a sprite:

But brake the doors, and down beside her knelt;
 And gazing in her face beheld how frost
 Had turned her limbs to stone; then chafed and fel
 Her stiffening hands, fearing that life was lost
 Then hoped that warmth once more her veins might melt,
 And raised her in his arms, and shouting crossed
 The threshold of his house, and in a bed
 Laid her with coverlids and blankets spread;

And called his serving-maidens, by whose care,
 With kindly heat and such restoratives
 As women cunning in their art prepare,
 Death's ice was thawed. Once more Ginevra lives,
 And from her heart back to her forehead fair
 And finger-tips those startled fugitives,
 The vital spirits, tingling with a flush
 Like breaking dawn, in sweet confusion rush.

Her faint eyes and her ears, yet half asleep,
 As in a dream, the kind warm room survey;
 She sees the flame upon the hearth-stone leap,
 And hears the whispering maids, while pale and grey
 Steals morning through the curtains folded deep
 Around a bed where yet she never lay;
 And at the last "Where am I?" from her lips,
 Still as in murmurous dreams, soft-breathing slips.

Antonio at that low and tremulous cry
 Knelt forward to the pillow where her head
 Moved in unrest, and put the curtains by,
 And said: "Dear love, take courage! fear hath fled
 With the dark night of infelicity.
 I am at hand to shield thee from all dread.
 Ask and command. I wait on thy behest.
 Light of my life, fear not! Sweet heart, have rest!"

And she, still timid, with a tender shame,
 Said: "My Antonio, take me; I am thine.
 Think of mine honour and thine own fair fame."
 Then told him all her story, line by line
 And bade him seek the coffin whence she came,
 And fix the lid firm on that marble shrine,
 That men might think she still lay sleeping there
 Secluded in death's dream from light and air.

When this was done, Antonio's mother brought
 Such meat as might her failing strength restore,
 And clothed her in fair silken raiment wrought
 With needlework from her own bridal store,
 And said: "My daughter, thou must now take thought
 Whether to seek thy plighted husband, or—"
 Speech failed her here; but soft Ginevra spake:
 "Not so: what love hath won, let true love take!"

"I will not turn unto his home again
 Who sent me to the inhospitable tomb:
 Death endeth all, troth, fealty, joy and pain:
 I am Antonio's treasure-trove, with whom,
 If he be willing, I shall aye remain.
 Death hath released me from the dreadful doom
 Of life-long bondage to that man whose troth
 Was but lip-service and a lying oath."

No sooner said than done. Their vows were spoken,
Their bridal rings exchanged and kisses given,
And faith confirmed by many a tender token,
Love, strong as death, at odds with Death had striven :
Death, self-defeating, Love's false bonds had broken :
Love, loosed by Death, had found his heart's true heaven.—
Thus, when their case was tried, the verdict carried :
"Antonio and Ginevra duly married."

In the early years of the nineteenth century Dean Church, of St. Paul's, spent five years of his school life at Redland under Dr. Swete. Like Kingsley, he was here at the time of the Riots, which left an unfading impression on his young mind. Speaking of this period, Church says: "We were going to church one Sunday, when we heard shots fired in the direction of Bristol. . . . In the evening I went out of the schoolroom into the playground, and there was half the horizon lighted up with vast conflagrations. Of course the excitement was tremendous. To us boys it seemed as if an attack of the school was imminent. It was a question whether any of us had a pistol among his contraband treasures." One of Church's favourite recreations during his stay was to haunt the second-hand bookshops of the city. Had he chosen he might have been Archbishop of Canterbury, so highly was he esteemed by Gladstone.

That powerful and original writer, Walter Bagehot, was early associated with our city. He was born at Langport, and was a member of the great Somerset Banking Company of Stuckeys. In this country he was justly regarded as the foremost authority on banking and currency questions, and was a man to whom Chancellors of the Exchequer gladly turned for advice in times of financial stress. For many years he was editor of *The Economist* and joint editor of *The National Review*. Among his

many intellectual activities, he won himself a great literary reputation by his brilliant essays, biographical, etc. Here he went to school, his aunt being the wife of the famous Bristol surgeon, John Bishop Estlin, and he became a frequent visitor during his holidays at the home of her brother-in-law, the world-famous ethnologist, James Cowles Prichard, at Red Lodge, Park Row. Mr. Augustine Birrell, speaking of Bagehot's literary originality, says: "Bagehot crops up all over the country. His mind is lent out; his thoughts toss on all waters; his brew, mixed with a humbler element, may be tapped everywhere; he has made a hundred small reputations. . . . He wrote about *Lombard Street* like a lover, about the *British Constitution* like a polished Member of Parliament, about the gaiety of *Sir John Falstaff* like a humorist. . . . To know Walter Bagehot through his books is one of the good things of life."

Another writer of distinction and great influence, who spent a good portion of his early years in Clifton and Frenchay, was Frederick Denison Maurice. Writing to a friend, he says: "The woods and rocks at Clifton are connected with my earliest thoughts and associations." At Clifton Church he was married on October 7th, 1837, the officiating clergyman being none other than John Sterling. Writing on May 5th, 1849, to Miss Hare, of the well-known Hare family, who became his second wife, he remarks: "I have not one feeling which would interfere with your going to Clifton. On the contrary, I should like you to go there. It has a very sacred place in my mind, connected with so many of my early associations as well as with so many after I became bound to Annie. No place is so pregnant with meaning to me, and seems to link the different

parts of my history so strangely together. . . . The Clifton rocks gave me the first impressions I ever had of inland beauty, and Ashton and Leigh are charmed names in my infantine dreams, the first, no doubt, derived from strawberries and cream, which were always the object there in summer; but one had to cross the Ferry to get to them, and the course of that muddy beautiful Avon comes before me every time I think of that time. If you should go to either the Crescent, to Prince's Buildings, to The Mall, or indeed to almost any place there, you will be in the midst of places that are more familiar to me than any part of London, so I shall be very glad—if you should go there."

Few men have been more highly esteemed by their contemporaries than Maurice. Kingsley sat at his feet, as at the feet of a master, and termed him "the most beautiful human soul he had known," whilst Gladstone tells us that Arthur Hallam, the inspirer of *In Memoriam*, had the most unbounded admiration for him. Maurice and his friend Sterling were two of the earliest editors of *The Athenæum*. Though below the middle height, his (Maurice's) noble and expressive countenance gave dignity to his appearance.

Fennyson has placed on record for all time his friendship for Maurice in the following lines:—

- Come, when no graver cares employ,
 Godfather, come and see your boy:
 Your presence will be sun in winter,
 Making the little one leap for joy.
- * * *
- Should all our churchmen foam in spite
 At you, so careful of the right,
 Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome
 (Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight.
- * * *

“Come, Maurice, come: the lawn as yet
Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet;
But when the wreath of March has blossomed
Crocus, anemone, violet.

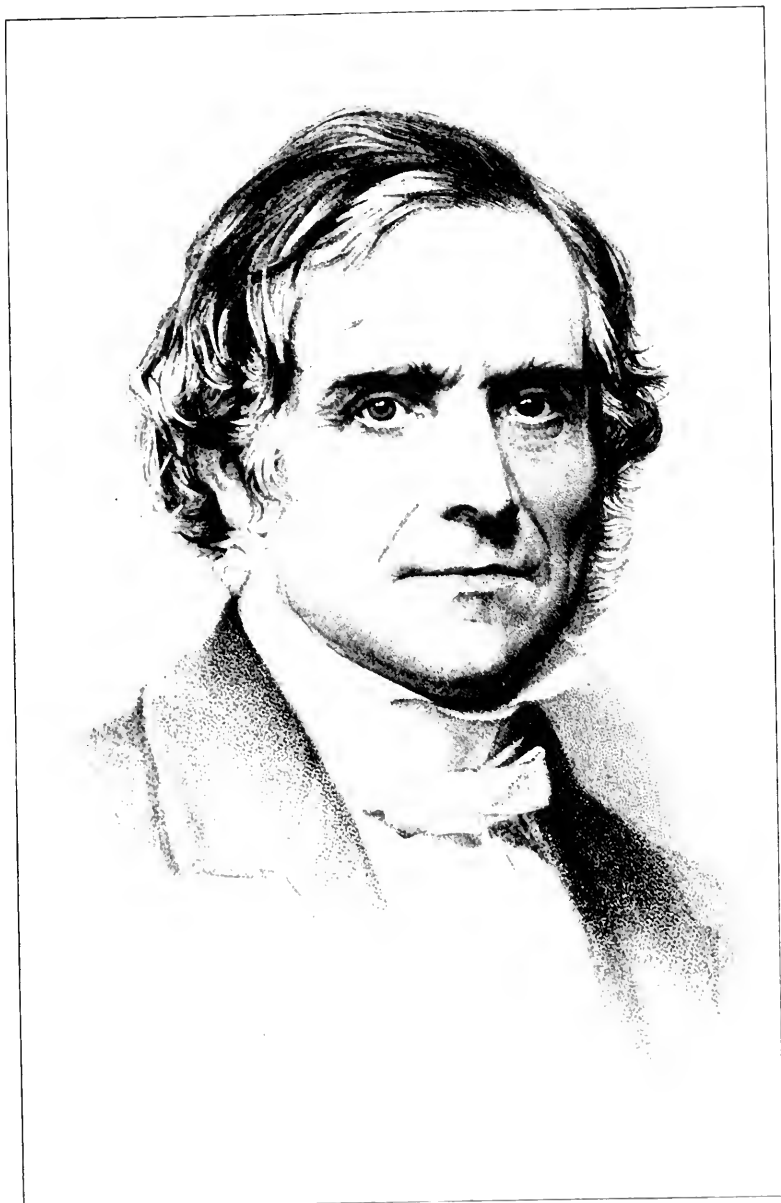
“Or later pay one visit here,
For those are few we hold as dear;
Nor pay but one, but come for many,
Many and many a happy year.”

In the month of May, 1845, the author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, Rev. R. H. Barham, was living at 9 Dowry Square, in a vain effort to regain his shattered health. He gives a humorous sketch of his medical attendants during his stay. “If,” says he, “in the multitude of counsellors there be wisdom, in that of apothecaries there is jaw, and with such a one as my adviser possesses, Samson might have laid waste all Mesopotamia, let alone Philistia. He has the art of saying nothing in a cascade of language comparable only to that ‘almighty water privilege’—Niagara.” In the bulletin written whilst here Barham cleverly hits off his medical attendants—

“Hark! the doctors come again,
Knock—and enter doctors twain—
Dr. Keeler, Dr. Blane:—
‘Well, sir, how
Go matters now?
Please put out your tongue again!’
Meanwhile t’other side the bed,
Dr. Keeler
Is a feeler
Of my wrist, and shakes his head:—
‘Rather low, we are rather low!’

* * *

“‘Now, what sort of night, sir, eh?
Did you take the mixture, pray?
Iodine and anodyne,
Ipecacuanha wine,
And the draught and pills at nine?’



FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

Patient (loquitur).

“ ‘ Coughing, doctor. coughing, sneezing,
 Wheezing, teasing, most unpleasing,
 Till at length I, by degrees. in-
 Duced “ Tired nature’s sweet restorer,”
 Sleep, to cast her mantle o’er her
 Poor unfortunate adorer,
 And became at last a snorer.’ ”

The last piece this genial humorist ever wrote—*As I Lay a Thynkyng*—was written at the Hotwells. Finding himself no better for his stay, he returned home, and on the 17th of June, 1845, he passed away.

At No. 20 Lower Berkeley Place, Clifton, was born in 1809 a forgotten Bristol celebrity, Joseph Sortain, a writer of considerable merit and a most eloquent preacher. He contributed many articles to *The Edinburgh Review* and *The British Critic*. On publishing a volume of his sermons he forwarded a copy to Thackeray, who was an admirer of his eloquence. The latter’s acknowledgment shows how deeply the great satirist and novelist felt on religious matters:—

“ May 15th, 1850.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I shall value your book very much, not only as the work of the most accomplished orator I have ever heard in my life, but if you will let me so take it, as a token of good will and interest on your part in my own literary pursuits. I want, too, to say in my way, that love and truth are the greatest of Heaven’s commandments and blessings to us; that the best of us, the many especially who pride themselves on their virtue most, are wretchedly weak, vain, and selfish, and to preach such a charity at least as a common sense of our shame and unworthiness might inspire to us poor people. I hope men of my profession do no harm who talk this doctrine out of doors to people in drawing-rooms and in

the world. Your duty in church takes them a step higher, that awful step beyond Ethics, which leads you up to God's revealed truth. What a tremendous responsibility his is who has that mystery to explain! What a boon the faith that makes it clear to him! I am glad to have kind thoughts from you and to have this opportunity of offering you my sincere respect and regard.

“Believe me, most truly yours, my dear sir,

“W. M. THACKERAY.

“P.S.—Your book finds me at my desk writing, and I leave off to begin on a sermon.”

A not uninteresting link of the great novelist with our old city is that in 1850, on his way to Clevedon, he stayed at the “White Lion” (now the Grand Hotel), Broad Street, and at a later date he gave at the Victoria Rooms his lectures on the “Four Georges.”

One of the greatest writers connected with Bristol during the nineteenth century was Henry Hallam, the historian, who was born here, being the son of the Dean of Bristol. Few visit that literary Mecca of the West country—Clevedon—who have not read his touching epitaph in the old church on the hill to his son Arthur. Tennyson beautifully alludes to it in the following lines:—

“When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls:

“Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.”

Hallam was a frequent visitor to Clifton in later life.

That noble and inspiring personality Dr. James Martineau, one of the greatest ethical and philosophic writers of the century, was closely associated with Bristol. He was a scholar at the famous school of Lant Carpenter, at 2 Great George Street, and later returned for a brief period as its head. Both he and Sir John Bowring have placed on record their unqualified admiration of their beloved master and friend. Martineau's tribute is indeed a remarkable one, for it occupies no less than ten closely-printed pages in the *Memoir* of that excellent pastor of Lewin's Mead Chapel.

A portion of Martineau's schooldays were spent at Norwich, and there he had for a school-fellow George Borrow, the celebrated author of *The Bible in Spain*. "Borrow on one occasion," Martineau told Frances Power Cobbe, "persuaded several of his companions to rob their fathers' tills, and then they set off to join some smugglers on the coast. But by degrees they one by one grew tired and hungry as they marched on, and were finally overtaken and brought back to the school, where fitting chastisement awaited them. George Borrow received his well-deserved punishment *horsed* on Martineau's back!—a disagreeable fact that Borrow never forgot."

Amid the strenuous and ceaseless war that Martineau made throughout his long life on the dogmas and shibboleths of his time, in the dust and turmoil of polemic discourse, he fought and sought for truth, and that alone. All the resources of his splendid scholarship and his intimate acquaintance with the complexities of science were ever arrayed with matchless skill against Agnosticism and Materialism; so much so, that he was accounted by their champions "the most dangerous opponent they

had to reckon with." He himself has tersely summed up his long life, verging on a century, in a noble saying: "What I planned, I did; what I desired to be, I was; what was in me I taught." On his 83rd birthday he received an extraordinary tribute in the shape of an address expressive of reverence and affection, followed by a list of signatures which is probably unique. This address came, too, from the most opposite quarters in the literary, scientific, political, and religious world. Among those who signed it were Tennyson, Browning, Jowett, Max Müller, Lowell, Seeley, Lecky, and others to the number of 650.

That Martineau never forgot his early association with Bristol is evidenced in the following letter to the late Miss Estlin, written when he was 90, on May 11th, 1895:—

"DEAR MISS ESTLIN,—No letter occasioned by my recent Birthday touches upon tenderer memories than yours, and from my inmost heart I thank you for so vividly recalling to memory a figure most dear while visible, and sacred ever since" [her father, John Bishop Estlin, the surgeon]. "Three years only, out of my ninety, were spent in Bristol and in Great George Street—as pupil from 1819-1821, as responsible head from 1827-1828—but they contained a more fruitful experience in its bearing on the course of future years than any similar section of my life.

"They fell within the period of quickest susceptibility and most rapid growth, and all who ministered, either intentionally or by the mere presence of a winning and impressive personality, to the expanding life still look down upon me with unfaded colours and expression from the picture-gallery of my affection. . . .

“The links, once so numerous, connecting me with Bristol have become sadly few, or nearly worn away. Yet I do not complain of the loneliness of old age, which only calls on us to wait awhile and it will cease. Besides, it is the privilege of a life spent mainly in teaching to fall in love with a continuous series of young people, each entering on a life full of interesting possibilities and openings of noble hope, so there is no excuse for shutting oneself up in the past and trying to sleep through the stir of the ever-moving present. . . .

“Accept my warmest thanks, and believe me to the end,

“Yours affectionately,

“JAMES MARTINEAU.”

One who knew him said: “In personal converse there was a gracious sweetness about his manner, and a lofty sincerity which entranced the listener, a sweetness that arose from conscious strength and wide sympathies. . . . Although his wonderful eyes are now closed in their last sleep and the quiet, penetrating voice hushed for ever, yet Dr. Martineau has left behind him imperishable legacies of thought which will enrich succeeding generations with their luminous suggestiveness and stimulating power. There are passages scattered throughout his works which for sheer beauty of diction and sublimity of thought will endure with the imperishable classics of English literature.”

In Bristol also his famous sister, Harriet Martineau, spent a portion of her schooldays, and during her stay was charmed with the scenery of Bristol, and spoke in rapturous admiration of her walks in Leigh Woods and on the Downs.

Here too in the early forties, stayed for a time Mary Mitford, the author of *Our Village*. She was greatly impressed with the city, and remarked: "What a glorious old city is Bristol! Bath leaves few and faint impressions. Bristol, on the other hand, is warm, glowing, and picturesque." During her stay she visited Cottle, who was then living at Firfield House, Knowle. "Twice," she says, "I went to Redcliffe Church, twice over the Mayor's Chapel, the Cathedral, and the great iron ship *Great Britain*." At the beauty of Clifton she exclaimed, "It is lovely!"

In 1841 Crabb Robinson was staying at Clifton with his nephew, who was in consumption, and under the care of John Bishop Estlin.

Among those associated with Bristol in later days was Chatterton Dix (son of John Dix, the biographer of Chatterton), the well-known hymn-writer, whose reputation is not confined to this country, but whose "best-known hymns," as Julian says, "are in common use in America and other English-speaking countries." His well-known hymn, *As with gladness men of old*, was highly eulogised by Lord Selborne, no mean judge, and is included in his *Book of Praise*. The closing period of Dix's life was spent at Cheddar, where he died in 1898, and in the churchyard of which he lies buried.

Sir John Bowring, the great linguist, diplomatist, and poet, went to Lant Carpenter's school; his famous hymn—

" In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of Time"—

will keep his name green when his other works are forgotten. In 1860 he renewed his association with Bristol by marrying the daughter of Thomas Castle, of

Clifton. He lies buried at Exeter, and the foregoing couplet is inscribed on his tomb.

Mention must be made of Catherine and Susannah Winkworth, friends of the Gaskells, Bunsen, and Martineau, who resided at 31 Cornwallis Crescent for many years. Catherine's claim to fame rests upon her *Lyra Germanica*. Her translation of the German hymn in this work has given it great popularity. Apart from her literary labours, she threw herself heart and soul into the movement for the higher education of women, and became secretary of the local committee. She became a governor of the Red Maids' School, and a promoter of Clifton High School for Girls. She died suddenly abroad in 1878, and a monument has been erected to her memory in the cathedral. The esteem in which she was held was shown by the foundation of two scholarships at University College to perpetuate her memory.

Her elder sister, Susannah, also possessed no ordinary literary ability; she translated from the German the *Life of Nebuhr*, during which work she formed the acquaintance of Baron Bunsen, and translated for him some of his works, including his celebrated book *God in History*. Like her sister, she was deeply interested in the social life of her time, and worked personally among the poor of Bristol. She was one of the first in Bristol to grapple practically with the problem of housing the poor. Indeed, she rented several houses, put them in proper repair, and let them out to suitable tenants. The Jacob's Wells Industrial Dwellings were built on her initiative, and she managed them herself till her death. She succeeded her sister as a governor of the Red Maids' School, her death taking place in 1884 at 21 Victoria Square, Clifton.

Closely connected with Bristol was Francis Fry, of Tower House, Cotham Park, one of the famous Fry family, who have for nearly two centuries been identified with Bristol's commercial history. He was born at Westbury-on-Trym and educated at Fishponds. As an authority on editions of the Bible, he achieved a great bibliographical reputation, his collection of Bibles being remarkable, and his knowledge of the subject in all its bearings unrivalled. A choice selection of his Bibles were purchased by private subscription and presented to the Bible Society. He reproduced in facsimile the unique first translation of the New Testament by Tyndale, a work which is absolutely priceless, and proved beyond question that it came from Schoeffer's press.

Coming to those who have but recently departed from amongst us, the name must not be omitted of Vincent Stuckey Lean, who will long be remembered for his generous encouragement of the cause of literature, no less than for his literary work itself. He was born in Clifton in 1820, and died at Clevedon in 1899. The great work of his life, a large portion of which he spent in travel, was his wonderful collection of Proverbs and Folk-lore of all nations, parts of which were published in 1904, under the title of *Lean's Collectanea*. His munificent bequest of £50,000 to his native city rendered possible the erection of the new Central Library in Deanery Road.

Not unknown to fame was J. S. Harford, born in Bristol in 1785, and son of the well-known banker, J. S. Harford, of Blaise Castle. He possessed great taste in the arts, and collected on the Continent a number of valuable pictures, which adorn the walls of that charming residence, which William Wilberforce pronounced to be the "sweetest residence of a private gentleman save one,

to be found in England." Many works, chiefly biographies, emanated from his cultured pen, amongst which was a life of Michael Angelo, with translations of his poems and letters. Harford was a liberal benefactor to the cause of religious education, and helped to found St. David's College, and contributed generously to the restoration of the cathedrals of Llandaff and Saint David's. Hannah More made him the hero of her *Catechs in Search of a Wife*.

The late Judge O'Connor Morris, the author of many works on military subjects, who died in 1904, was intimately connected with Clifton, his father having taken refuge there during the famous rising in 1798, when he lived in Prince's Buildings. In 1867 the judge resided for a considerable time in Clifton for the sake of his wife's health. Referring to this time, he says: "During these long months of care I saw a good deal of the high life of Clifton, and thoroughly explored Bristol and its picturesque scenes. . . . Clifton, which in my boyhood was hardly more than a small suburb of Bristol perched above the Avon, had expanded into a fine populous town, its long lines of villas running out for miles, its churches shooting up their spires to heaven, its admirable college already taking a foremost place among our great Public Schools." He noted too that "rows of new warehouses and of busy marts and extending circles of modern dwellings had gathered round the skirts of the ancient city; and while Bristol, with its magnificent churches, its land-locked river and forest of masts, and its hills crowned with their world of houses, retained its mediæval aspect, it was evidently increasing in size and population." Among the friends he made were William Budd, one of the great pioneers

of the germ theory and sanitation, and "Francis Newman, the brother of the renowned John Henry, a man of remarkable parts and culture scarcely inferior in intellect to the great cardinal. To Budd's skill and care my wife perhaps owed her life. He was one of the kindest friends I have ever made. I greatly enjoyed his conversation—joyous, animated, and full of fun and intelligence."

Last, but not least, among these nineteenth-century associations comes that delightful and cultured personality, Alfred Ainger, Master of the Temple and for so many years canon of the cathedral, whose memory is still fresh to many Bristolians: his death occurred on February 8th, 1904. He was the son of a London architect, and was born in 1837. As the Master of the Temple, his silvery eloquence excited great admiration amongst Londoners. Few men have read so exquisitely as Ainger; to hear him was a lesson in elocution of the finest kind. As a man of wide and deep culture, he appealed by his *Life and Letters of Charles Lamb* to a larger audience than his voice could reach. There was a good deal of mental kinship between him and Lamb, for he possessed humour in the highest degree informed with the kindest humanity. Early in his life he came under the influence of F. D. Maurice, whose close association with Bristol is related earlier in this section. His death was not only a local loss, but a national one; few have been so good, and at the same time so learned as Alfred Ainger.

CHAPTER II. (*continued*).

PART VII.

DISTINGUISHED JOURNALISTS AND HISTORIANS.

William Combe: his extravagance—Samuel Lucas—T. H. Cook—Philip Harwood—G. W. Thornbury—Whitwell Elwin—J. B. Kington—Charles Pebody—John Leech—William Barrett—Rev. Samuel Seyer—John Evans—George Pryce—J. F. Nicholls and John Taylor—John Latimer.

JOURNALISM is indebted to Bristol for many brilliant recruits to its ranks. One of the earliest to be associated with the city was the celebrated William Combe, author of *The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*, a work which has recently been republished, with reproductions of the original plates of Rowlandson in colour, forming the latest of many editions. Few writers have attained greater popularity by a single work. William Combe was born in Bristol in 1741, and educated at Eton and Oxford. Possessed both of personal attractions and fascinating manners, he was received in the best society, but his extravagant tastes and utter thriftlessness soon reduced him to poverty, and he became by turns waiter, cook, and soldier. Having been left a legacy, in 1772 he visited the Hotwells, where he lived in princely

style, having a chariot and retinue of servants at his command, and being commonly known as "Count Combe." Here one of his first books was published, *The Philosopher in Bristol*—a work now rare. A comedy written by him, *The Flattering Milliner*, was played at the Bristol Theatre, King Street, on September 11th, 1775.

Afterwards, finding his resources exhausted, owing to his own folly, Combe seriously turned to literature to recoup himself, and produced a large number of works, all of which, however, were published anonymously. By his political writings he secured the friendship of Pitt, who ultimately obtained for him a pension of £200 a year. This he enjoyed until the death of his patron. Later he became connected with *The Times*, in reference to which Crabb Robinson says in 1809: "There is another person belonging to this period who is a character certainly worth writing about. Indeed, I have known few to be compared with him. It was on my first acquaintance with Walter that I used to notice in his parlour a remarkably fine old gentleman. He was tall, with a stately figure and handsome face. He did not appear to work much with his pen, but was chiefly a consulting man." The same authority relates a funny anecdote in his *Diary* on Combe's powers of romancing in conversation. Being at a dinner in the company of Dr. Parr, he gave a very pleasant and interesting account of his building a well-known house on Keswick Lake. He went, however, so much into details that the patience of at least one member of the party was exhausted, and he cried out, "Why, what an impudent fellow you are! You have given a very true and capital account of the house, and I wonder how you learnt it; but that house was built by my father. It was never out of the family, and it is in

my own possession at this moment." Our author was not in the least abashed, but answered with great coolness, "I am obliged to you for doing justice to the fidelity of my description. I have no doubt it is your property, and I hope you will live long to enjoy it." Owing to his inveterate extravagance, however, Combe was compelled to live within the "rules" of King's Bench Prison for the last forty years of his life. He died in London on June 19th, 1823, in his 82nd year.

Few journalists have wielded a more cultured, able, or incisive pen than Samuel Lucas, the son of Thomas Lucas, a Bristol merchant. Equipped with a University education, winning whilst at Oxford the Newdigate prize for English verse and the Chancellor's prize for the English essay, he opened his career by becoming a barrister, and won much popularity on the Western Circuit. Having, however, a strong bent towards literature, he connected himself with the London press, and soon became a frequent contributor and reviewer for *The Times*. Many of his articles have been collected and published, notably *Mornings of the Recess*, a series of biographical and literary studies. Later on we shall see how he made famous Mrs. Henry Wood's novel, *East Lynne*. Lucas wrote for *The Times* the review of Lord Macaulay's famous History, which so pleased its author that he wrote in his diary, December 17th, 1853: "An article on my book in *The Times* in tone what I wished—that is to say, laudatory without any appearance of puffing." He also contributed many articles to the local press, which were subsequently published as *Illustrations of the History of Bristol and its Neighbourhood*.

Bristol was also the birthplace of T. H. Cook, who

likewise became a barrister and a constant contributor to *The Times*. As its special correspondent he was sent to China on the outbreak of the war in 1856. His articles were afterwards republished in book form, and met with great success, a fifth edition being called for in 1861. He also wrote another successful series, which was similarly dealt with, entitled *Conquest and Colonisation in North Africa*. He was a facile writer, rarely correcting or retouching what he had written. Endowed with many gifts, he possessed tireless energy. After endeavouring unsuccessfully to get into Parliament, he was appointed Commissioner in one of the Government departments, in which position he proved an unqualified success.

A journalist who achieved considerable distinction was Philip Harwood, who was born in Bristol in 1809. He first applied himself to the law, but retired from it in favour of the ministry. Ultimately he drifted into journalism, and became sub-editor of *The Examiner*; later he received an appointment on the staff of *The Spectator*. After a brief stay he joined J. D. Cook as sub-editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. The paper, however, failing from the commercial side, he went to assist in conducting the newly-started *Saturday Review*, and upon the death of his chief he took his place as editor. He was a splendid type of journalist, and had the reputation of being one of the best of sub-editors.

The writer of the standard biography of Turner, the great artist, G. W. Thornbury, was intimately associated with Bristol at the beginning of his journalistic career, for he was at the age of 17 contributing topographical and antiquarian articles to *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*. Here too he published a volume of

poems. Proceeding to London about 1851, he joined the staff of *The Athenæum*, and filled the position of art critic with conspicuous ability. Subsequently he assisted Charles Dickens as a contributor to *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, and became one of the most valued of his staff. His *Life of Turner* was written under the direct supervision of Ruskin, an ordeal which Thornbury said was "very much like working bareheaded under a tropical sun!" His share in *Old and New London* is still highly esteemed. He died in 1876 of overwork.

One of the greatest journalistic forces of the nineteenth century—Whitwell Elwin—editor of *The Quarterly*, became acquainted with his future wife whilst staying with friends at Clifton. It was a case of love at first sight. He was much mortified, however, to learn that the object of his passion was already engaged, and on taking his leave of her he told her that he would have proposed if she had been free. With silent eloquence she gave an emphatic denial to the report of her engagement by kissing him. In spite of her mother's declaration, "It won't last," the attachment proved a lifelong one. In after years as man and wife they revisited Clifton once more. Elwin is said to have been descended from the celebrated Indian Princess Pocahontas.

Among journalists connected with Bristol, the author of *The Battle of Nibley Green*, J. B. Kington, deserves mention. He was originally a local journalist. Later he started a newspaper for himself, and though the venture was unsuccessful, it brought him the valuable friendship of Lord Macaulay, to whom he dedicated the above work. Finally he became editor of the *Weekly Chronicle*, and was called to the Bar.

One of the ablest editors of the many who have

controlled the destinies of the *Bristol Times and Mirror* was Charles Pebody, who afterwards attained distinction when holding a similar position on the *Yorkshire Post*, for at the time of his death he had placed that paper in the front rank of provincial journals.

No record of those connected with Bristol journalism would be complete without the inclusion of John Leech, the shrewd, observant and genial writer and part proprietor of the *Bristol Times and Mirror*, whose chief legacy to posterity has been *The Church Goer*, a series of gossipy papers on the churches in and around our ancient city, and his *Brief Romances from Bristol History*.

To-day Bristol's connection with journalism is unbroken, for some of the most distinguished members of the profession now with us own this ancient city as their birthplace.

There have been seven prominent local historians whose names may be here mentioned.

The first of these, William Barrett, was born in Wiltshire in 1733, and on arriving at manhood he settled in Bristol as a surgeon. He had not been here long before he conceived the project of writing the history of our city. Though most industrious in quest of materials, which took him thirty years to collect, he was credulous to a degree; the consequence being that he fell an easy prey to Chatterton's MS. "finds" in the muniment room of Redcliff Church, and incorporated them in his *History of Bristol* without the slightest attempt to investigate their origin. This unfortunate act has discredited the entire work, and on its publication in 1789 it covered its author with ridicule, and it is said hastened his death, which occurred the same year.

The Rev. Samuel Seyer, the next to essay the task



WILLIAM BARRETT, F.S.A.
1733-1789.



REV. SAMUEL SEYER, M.A.
1737-1831

TWO LOCAL HISTORIANS.

of writing a *History of Bristol*, was encouraged by a substantial grant of money from the Corporation. A schoolmaster, and the son of a schoolmaster, he was born in Bristol in 1757, his father having been the head master of the Grammar School. Seyer's school, The Fort, St. Michael's Hill, was famous for the many distinguished men educated there, among whom were Robert Browning's father; John Kenyon, cousin of Elizabeth Barrett Browning; John Broderip, the naturalist; John Eagles, "The Sketcher"; and Andrew Crosse, the Somerset electrician. Seyer was a stern disciplinarian, for Crosse relates: "I was caned, upon an average, three times a day for seven years." (School-boys of to-day have much to be thankful for.) Continuing, he says: "He" (Seyer) "was an admirable classic, a good grammarian; he had some nobility of feeling, was perfectly honest, but was a narrow-minded man, and without any sense of justice. I remember one day I was had up as usual to read Virgil; I had nearly completed the fifth book, when I made a mistake in a word. 'Let me look,' said Seyer, and, taking the volume from me, he found that the whole of the fifth book had been torn out. I had repeated it from memory. I then explained to him that, without any fault of my own, one of my school-fellows, in a fit of mischief, had torn it out some months since. My master's only reply was a good caning; and what was worse, whenever he was out of temper with me, he would call me up, and asking to look at my Virgil, repeat the caning every time." Seyer's *History*, however, though marred by a good deal of irrelevant matter, is beyond question one of the best of our local histories.

A useful work, based largely on Seyer's, entitled *A Chronological Outline of the History of Bristol*, was

compiled by John Evans, a native of the city, born in 1774, and editor of the *Bristol Observer*. He was killed by the falling of the Brunswick Theatre, London, February 28th, 1828.

The next writer who devoted himself to the work was the city librarian, George Pryce, a man of considerable ability and industry, though somewhat pugnacious. The chief fault of his History lies in his lack of historical perspective; unnecessary details crowd his pages to the exclusion of other and more important matter. His best claim to our gratitude lies in the fact that through his unaided efforts was laid the foundation of the valuable collection of Bristol books and pamphlets the city now possesses.

A much more comprehensive work was that of J. F. Nicholls and John Taylor, entitled *Bristol: Past and Present*, issued in 1881 in three volumes. It was divided into two parts, civil and ecclesiastical, Nicholls being responsible for the former and Taylor for the latter. Competent authorities have long since decided that Taylor's share is much the more accurate and valuable of the two. He is deservedly looked upon as the authority on Bristol's church history, in addition to which he was a fine antiquarian, a scholar, and a writer of considerable charm. Many of his articles enriched the columns of *The Saturday Review*.

The last and greatest of all Bristol's historians was John Latimer, whose death occurred on January 4th, 1904, and whose Annals of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries are indeed the best monument to his memory. Though a Newcastle man by birth, he became a Bristolian in the noblest sense of the term, living in our midst for over forty years, twenty-five of



GEORGE PRYCE, F.S.A.
1799—1868.



J. F. NICHOLLS, F.S.A.
1818—1883.



(Photo, Vallis & Quirk.)

JOHN TAYLOR
1829—1893.



(Photo, Dal Lewis & Son.)

JOHN LATIMER.
1824—1904.

FOUR LOCAL HISTORIANS.

which he spent in the editorial chair of the *Bristol Mercury*. All future writers on our history will be deeply indebted to him for the great harvest of accurate facts stored up in his Annals. Others have eclipsed him in their style, but none in their matter. With perfect truth and justice can it be said of him that none have so well “drawn back the ever-thickening curtain of the past” * that hides the events of Bristol’s history. A tablet recording his association with our city has been placed in the cathedral.

* The Rev. A. N. Blatchford at the graveside.

CHAPTER II. (*continued*).

PART VIII.

BRISTOL'S CONNECTION WITH FICTION.

*Defoe and "Robinson Crusoe"—"Gulliver's Travels"—
"Humphry Clinker"—Fanny Burney's "Evelina"—
Sir Walter Scott—Jane Porter—Harriett Lee—Charles
Kingsley: his recollections of the Riots—Frances Trollope
—"The Journal of Llewellyn Penrose"—Bristol in
"The Pickwick Papers"—"The Caxtons"—Bristol in
"Treasure Island"—Description of Bristol in "Campion
Court"—"East Lynne" reviewed by Samuel Lucas—
Amelia B. Edwards—A. T. Quiller-Couch—Description
of the Downs in "The Strange Adventures of a
House-boat"—"Hugh Conway"—Mrs. Emma Marshall
—Miscellaneous.*

NO English city save London has been more closely identified with the art of fiction than Bristol. For nearly two hundred years—from Daniel Defoe to Israel Zangwill—its connection has been an unbroken one. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that fiction pales before the glowing record that adds lustre and fame to a city whose founding dates before the Conquest. To name but one deed emblazoned high up on the scroll of fame, Cabot's discovery of the northern continent of America was an epic romance in itself.

The justly-celebrated author of our boyhood's classic,



DANIEL DEFOE.

Robinson Crusoe—a work that will be as enduring as the English language itself, and of which Landor said, "Achilles and Homer will be forgotten before Crusoe and Defoe"—was a frequent visitor to Bristol, his favourite haunt being the "Star Inn," Cock and Bottle Lane, Castle Street. His biographer states that a friend of his, resident in Bristol, relates that one of his ancestors remembered Defoe, and sometimes saw him walking in the streets of Bristol accoutred in the fashion of the times with "a fine flowing wig, lace ruffles, and a sword by his side." The same authority adds that one Mark Watkins, who kept the "Red Lion" in Castle Street, which Defoe used also occasionally to visit, was wont to entertain his company in after times with an account of a singular personage who made his appearance in Bristol clothed in goat-skins, in which dress he was in the habit of walking the streets, and went by the name of Alexander Selkirk, or Robinson Crusoe. It will be remembered that Alexander Selkirk was taken off the island of Juan Fernandez by Captain Woodes Rogers, of privateering fame, and brought home to Bristol.

In that other equally famous classic of fiction, *Gulliver's Travels*, does not the hero start out on his memorable voyage to Lilliput from the port of Bristol?

Readers of *Humphry Clinker*, Smollett's very humorous novel, will no doubt recall to mind that some of the opening letters in it are written from the Hotwells, the fashionable and celebrated spa of the period. The heroine, Miss Lydia Melford, writing from there to a friend, says: "We set out for Bath to-morrow, and I am almost sorry for it; as I begin to be in love with solitude, and this is a charming romantic place. The air is so pure; the Downs so agreeable: the furze in full blossom; the ground

enamelled with daisies, and primroses, and cowslips . . . the groves resound with the notes of the blackbird, thrush, and linnet, and all night long sweet Philomel pours forth her ravishingly delightful song."

The recent republication of Fanny Burney's famous novel, *Evelina*, should remind Bristolians that full references to the Hotwells are therein given. Burke and Reynolds had a great opinion of this novel, and were so absorbed in its perusal that they sat up all night to finish it, whilst the great doctor got it nearly off by heart, and mimicked the characters with roars of laughter. One of Macaulay's famous essays is devoted to Fanny Burney. That essay is indeed a memorable tribute. Rogers, the banker poet, sitting with her just before her death, said to her, "Do you remember those lines of Mrs. Barbauld's *Life* which I once repeated to you?" "Remember them," she replied, "I repeat them to myself every night before I go to sleep."

Sir Walter Scott in his novel, *The Pirate*, has immortalised our city in that passage where the captain of the *Good Hope* says to Mordaunt Mertoun: "My name is Clement Cleveland, captain, and part owner. as I said before—I am a Bristol man born—my father was well known on the Tollsell—old Clem Cleveland of the College green."

Jane Porter, the gifted authoress of *The Scottish Chiefs* and *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, resided for many years in Bristol, and died at 29 Portland Square on May 24th, 1850. Indirectly, tradition says, the world owes to her the creation of the *Waverley Novels*, for Sir Walter Scott, being one day in the company of George IV., frankly admitted in the course of conversation that *The Scottish Chiefs* was the parent of that world-famous series. The

late Sir Leslie Stephen said that he would rather have written the Waverley novels than have won the Battle of Waterloo or even Trafalgar.

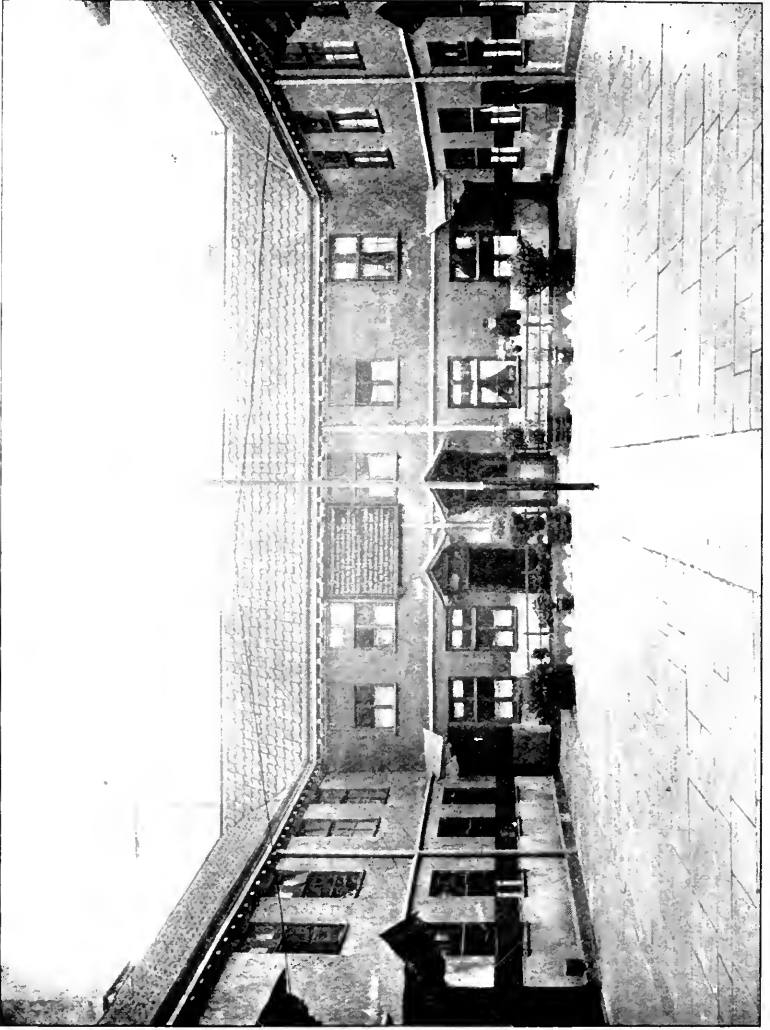
Harriett Lee's *Canterbury Tales* were much in vogue at that period. Byron read them in his youth and was greatly influenced by them, and in his preface to *Werner* he acknowledged his indebtedness to their author. The famous William Godwin, whose daughter married the poet Shelley, was an unsuccessful suitor for her hand. A tablet to her memory and that of her sister is in Clifton Church.

At Bristol the famous novelist and poet, Charles Kingsley, went to school. His master was the Rev. William Knight, Rector of St. Michael's, by whom he was described as "affectionate, gentle, and fond of quiet." At that period he was a passionate lover of nature, and nothing more quickly roused him to anger than to have the treasures he had collected in his walks over the Downs swept away as rubbish by the housemaid. Visiting Bristol in after life, he graphically related his experience of the Riots of 1831, which took place during his schooldays here. "I was a school-boy in Clifton up above. I had been hearing of political disturbances, even of riots, of which I understood nothing, and for which I cared nothing. But on one memorable Sunday afternoon I saw an object which was distinctly not political. It was an afternoon of sullen, autumn rain. The fog hung thick over the docks and lowlands. Glaring through the fog I saw a bright mass of flame, almost like a half-risen sun. That, I was told, was the gate of the new gaol on fire—that the prisoners had been set free. . . . The fog rolled slowly upward. Dark figures, even at that great distance, were flitting to and fro across what seemed the mouth of

the pit. The flame increased—multiplied—at one point after another; till, by ten o'clock that night, one seemed to be looking down upon Dante's Inferno, and to hear the multitudinous moan and wail of lost spirits surging to and fro amid that sea of fire. Right behind Brandon Hill—how can I ever forget it?—rose the central mass of fire, till the little mound seemed converted into a volcano. . . . Higher and higher the fog was scorched and shrivelled upward by the fierce heat below, glowing through and through with reflected glare till it arched itself into one vast dome of red-hot iron, fit roof for all the madness down below—and beneath it, miles away, I could see the lovely tower of Dundry shining red—the symbol of the old faith, looking down in stately wonder and sorrow upon the fearful birth-throes of a new age."

At Stapleton was born Frances Trollope, the famous mother of a famous son—Anthony Trollope. Her *Widow Barnaby* was a highly successful novel, and her racy descriptions of our Yankee cousins in her *Domestic Manners of the Americans* gave sore offence to the people of that great country. In 1843 she resided at 7 Caledonia Place, Clifton, for a short time. The remarkable thing about her career is that she did not publish her first work until she was over fifty years of age.

Numberless readers have been thrilled by the weird and wonderful tales of Edgar Allan Poe; but few Bristol readers are aware that the extraordinary story of the *Gold Beetle*—being an account of the discovery of pirates' concealed treasure by the deciphering of a mystically written manuscript—is taken in its leading incidents from the remarkable *Journal of Llewellyn Penrose, a Scaman*. The origin of this Journal is well worth relating. Towards the close of the eighteenth century Mr. Thomas Eagles, the



MERCHANT SEAMEN'S ALMSHOUSE, KING STREET.

father of John Eagles, “The Sketcher” of *Blackwood*, was one day accosted in the street by a poor old man, whose bearing and speech betrayed the fact that he had seen better days. He begged for a pass to St. Peter’s Hospital, saying that his family were all dead, and that he had no wish to live, but only sought a shelter where he might die. Mr. Eagles, senior, took the trouble to inquire into the circumstances of the stranger, and finally procured for him a place in the Merchant Seamen’s Almshouse, King Street, where he found himself in comparative comfort. His health improved, and, in fact, he lived on for some years. Mr. Eagles, who had been warmly interested in this lonely old man from the first, found on further acquaintance that he was a person of education and had had a very varied experience of life. He had lost his sons in the Battle of Bunker Hill, and all his family were dead and gone. Of his origin he never spoke, but he gave the impression that his birth had given him some claim to charity in the city of Bristol. John Eagles remembered him well, as his father asked him occasionally to dine, when he proved himself a well-bred man, and his talk about art, literature, and travel was most entertaining. When the mysterious old man died, he bequeathed all he possessed to his benefactor.

The legacy seemed at first of little importance, consisting merely of a few books and two manuscripts. One was the *Lives of the Painters*, the other *The Journal of Llewellyn Penrose, a Seaman*. When the latter came to be read aloud, as it was in the family circle, it was found to be most exciting, so exciting indeed that John Eagles, then a schoolboy, confessed that he managed to miss the coach that was to have taken him to school, that he might remain at home another evening to hear the end of these wonderful adventures. Mr. Eagles had the whole manu-

script copied out, and induced his artist friends, Nicholas Pocock and Edward Bird, to illustrate it. Having submitted it to John Murray, that publisher gave £200 for it.

Byron read it with the greatest interest, and said: "I never read so much of a book at one sitting in my life. He" [Penrose] "kept me up half the night, and made me dream of him the other half. It has all the air of truth, and is most entertaining and interesting in every point of view."

On the site of Lloyds Bank, Corn Street, there formerly stood the Bush Inn, famed for its entertainment, and in the old coaching days one of the chief inns of the city. Here it was that Mr. Winkle, in Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*, took up his quarters in his lovelorn quest for the missing Arabella Allen, who was surmised to be hidden somewhere in Bristol or its neighbourhood. It will doubtless be recalled how Winkle walked forth to view the city, its quays, ships, cathedral, etc., and how, having lost his way, he stepped into "something between a shop and a private house," over the door of which a red lamp was suspended declaring the residence of a doctor, and how, on inquiring within, to his great astonishment he was suddenly embraced by his old friend Bob Sawyer, who had here set up as a doctor. Subsequently, on the arrival of Sam Weller and the immortal Pickwick, they sallied out to discover Winkle's lost love. It was during this quest that Sam Weller had his altercation with the surly groom on the Downs. "I'd knock your head off for half-a-crown," said he. "Couldn't afford to have it done on those terms," rejoined Sam. "It 'ud be vorth a life's board wages, at least, to you, and 'ud be cheap at that. Make my compliments in-doors. Tell 'em not to wait

dinner for me, and say they needn't mind puttin' any by, for it will be cold afore I come in." Muttering a fervent desire to damage somebody's head, the groom disappeared, wholly unheeding Sam's affectionate request "to leave him a lock of his hair, before he went."

In Lord Lytton's *The Caxtons*, Mr. Caxton, in his discourse on the "hygienic chemistry of books," speaks of biography as being the medicine of life's distresses and sorrows, and advises his son to read the *Life of Robert Hall* (the famous Bristol preacher and orator), which he handed him. "After breakfast the next morning, I took my hat to go out, when my father, looking at me, and seeing by my countenance that I had not slept, said gently, 'My dear Pisistratus, you have not tried my medicine yet.' 'What medicine, sir?' 'Robert Hall.' 'No, indeed, not yet,' said I, smiling. 'Do so, my son, before you go out; depend on it, you will enjoy your walk more.' I confess that it was with some reluctance I obeyed. I went back to my own room and sat resolutely down to my task. Are there any of you, my readers, who have not read the *Life of Robert Hall*? If so, in the words of the great Captain Cuttle, 'when found, make a note of it'. Never mind what your theological opinion is—Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Pæbaptist, Independent, Quaker, Unitarian, Philosopher, Free Thinker—send for *Robert Hall*! . . . Whatever, then, thou art, orthodox or heterodox, send for the *Life of Robert Hall*. It is the life of a man that does good to manhood itself to contemplate. . . ."

In that thrilling masterpiece of fiction, Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, Bristol figures prominently, for was it not in Bristol, at the sign of the "Spy-Glass," the little tavern near the docks, with a large brass

telescope hung over the door, that the hero became first acquainted with that matchless scoundrel, John Silver, whose favourite song, commencing "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest," haunts the reader's memory? From here, too, they set sail in the *Hispaniola* on their adventurous quest of the "Treasure Island."

Emma Jane Worboise, in her historic novel, *Campion Court*, speaks of Bristol as "a port of such renown that it could dispute the palm, for trade and commerce, even with London itself . . . and her merchants were men of dignity, and of almost measureless wealth." She gives a fine picture of the city in the following passage: "The sun lighted up the ancient streets, and sparkled on the Float . . . The cool shadows yet lay broad and deep across the College Green, and the cathedral tower, though of no very fair proportions, rose massively against the intense blue of the cloudless sky. Coming down the path under the walls of St. Augustine's Church, the knight remarked that the scene reminded him very much of Venice, for there was the broad water, and the tall ships, and the little boats floating idly at the foot of the ferry steps; and over the water lay the mass of the ancient city, with its lofty spires and towers, and above all the magnificent tower of the church dedicated to St. Stephen the Martyr."

The success of Mrs. Henry Wood's *East Lynne* was entirely due to a Bristolian. When that famous novel had been published over a year, and was not in any sense taking the fiction-reading public by storm, by a lucky chance it fell into the hands of Samuel Lucas, already referred to, who reviewed for *The Times*. It came about in this way. Meeting Tinsley, the publisher, one day, he said: "Well, Tinsley, which is the most popular

novel at the present time?" Tinsley replied that he thought *East Lynne* was the most interesting he had met with. This casual opinion induced Lucas to obtain a copy, which he took home and read, and not only read, but what is more, wrote an extremely long review on it, extending to nearly two columns, for *The Times*, which appeared on January 25th, 1862. This review gave an extraordinary stimulus to the sale of the novel, and for weeks afterwards the printers were kept busy day and night to cope with the demand for copies. From that time its success was assured.

The famous Egyptologist and novelist, Amelia B. Edwards, lived at The Larches, Westbury-on-Trym, for nearly thirty years. She wrote eight novels, several of which were very successful, her last and most popular one, *Lord Brackenbury*, passing through no fewer than fifteen editions. Her career, however, as a novelist came to an abrupt close when she paid her first visit to Egypt, which changed the whole course of her intellectual life. She conceived an intense enthusiasm for the study of Egyptology, and to her and the late Reginald Stewart Poole the world owes the founding of the Egypt Exploration Fund. She founded, too, the first chair of Egyptology in this country, and designated the well-known authority on Egypt, Professor Flinders Petrie, its first occupant. She died in 1892, and lies buried in Henbury Churchyard.

Readers of Sir Walter Besant's fine historical novel, *For Faith and Freedom*, will remember that the arch-hypocrite, Peel, took the heroine, Alice Eykin, on their arrival in Bristol, to a house in Broad Street, near St. John's Arch, to lodge, preparatory to her being shipped—as, alas! too many of the unfortunate victims of the Monmouth Rebellion were—to Barbadoes as a slave.

There is, too, a great deal of local colouring in Clark Russell's *Jack's Courtship*, for in speaking of Redcliff Church, he says: "It is an architectural dream, most lovely and most tender. Why are not all churches equally lovely? Ladies, St. Mary Redcliff is a church to get married in."

A. T. Quiller-Couch (an Old Cliftonian), in one of his finest historical novels, *The Splendid Spur*, tells how his hero, John Marvel, escapes from Bristol Castle (being a king's man), and by the timely aid of the quaint and deaf skipper of the *Godsend*, gets beyond the reach of his enemies.

In William Black's novel, *The Strange Adventures of a House-boat*, occurs a graphic description of our Downs, which runs as follows:—"After luncheon we got a carriage and drove away out to the famous Downs of which Bristol is very naturally proud. It was a beautiful afternoon—a light westerly wind tempering the hot glare of the sun; and there was everywhere a summer-like profusion of foliage and blossom—of red and white hawthorn, of purple lilac and golden laburnum—in the pretty gardens that front the long-ascending Whiteladies-Road. Arrived at the downs, we of course proceeded on foot, across the undulating pasture land bestarred with squat hawthorn-bushes, that were now all powdered over with pink-white or cream-white bloom. The view from these heights was magnificent: beyond the luxuriant woods in the neighbourhood of the Avon, which were all golden-green in the warm afternoon light, the wide landscape retreated fold upon fold and ridge upon ridge to the high horizon line, becoming bluer and bluer till lost in the pale southern sky. It was only here or there that some far hill or hamlet, some church spire, or

wood-crowned knoll, caught that golden glow, and shone faint and dim; mere distance subdued all local colour; and the successive landscape waves that rolled out to the horizon were but so many different shades of atmospheric azure, lightening or deepening according to the nature of the country. Of topographical knowledge we had none; we only knew that this was a bit of England; and a very fair and pleasant sight it seemed to be.

"And then, again, from these lofty heights, we made our way down the steep slopes that overhang the river, by pathways flecked with sunlight and shade, and through umbrageous woods that offered a welcome shelter on this hot afternoon. Truly Bristol is a fortunate city to have such picturesque and pleasant open spaces in her immediate neighbourhood; and she has done wisely in not employing too much of the art of the landscape-gardener. There is sufficient of the wilderness about these hanging woods—though there are also smooth winding ways for those who object to scrambling and climbing. . . .

"Then we climbed up again to the summit of Clifton Down . . . and found another spacious landscape all round us—the deep chasm of the river right beneath; high in the air, but still far below us, the Suspension Bridge; over to the west the beautiful woods of Leigh; and beyond these the stretch of fertile country that lies between the Avon and the Severn."

Chief among modern fiction writers who are connected with Bristol is "Hugh Conway," the famous author of *Called Back*. F. J. Fergus, to give his real name, was born at Bristol, December 26th, 1847. His first literary efforts were in the direction of plays and songs. At the age of seventeen he sent a burlesque which he had written

to William Robertson (father of Mrs. Kendal), at the Bristol Theatre Royal. He was, however, more successful with his songs, and one of them, *Some Day*, was extremely popular. But it was when he turned his attention to fiction that he really made headway, and in the year 1883 he took the reading public by storm with his celebrated novel, *Called Back*, which was followed by *Dark Days*. From that time till his lamented death at Nice, on May 15th, 1885, he was in the front rank of popular novelists.

To use a journalistic phrase, *Called Back* "caught on" in a wonderful way. It was altogether in a new style, brilliantly written, and was published at a moderate price, and it is no exaggeration to say that its publication sounded the death-knell of the three volume novel.

It may not be inappropriate to introduce here the remarks which appeared in *Truth* with reference to this epoch-making novel:—"Who Arrowsmith is and who Hugh Conway is I do not know, nor had I ever heard of the Christmas Annual of the former, or of the latter as a writer of fiction; but a week or two ago a friend of mine said to me: 'Buy Arrowsmith's Xmas Annual if you want to read one of the best stories that have appeared for many a year.' A few days ago I happened to be at the Waterloo Station waiting for a train. I remembered the advice, and asked the clerk at the book-stall for the Annual. He handed it to me, and remarked, 'They say the story is very good, but this is only the third copy I have sold.' It was so foggy that I could not read it in the train, as I had intended, so I put the book in my pocket. About two that night it occurred to me that it was nearing the hour when decent, quiet people go to bed. I saw the Annual staring me in the face, and took it up.



Hugh Conway

"HUGH CONWAY."
FREDERICK JOHN FARGUS.

Well, not until 4.30 did I get to bed. By that time I had finished the story. Had I not I should have gone on reading. I agree with my friend—nay, I go further than him, and say that Wilkie Collins never penned a more enthralling story. . . . I can only hope that Mr. Hugh Conway will soon be good enough to write another story—a better one of its kind than *Called Back*, however, neither he nor anyone else can write. I only ask that it should be one half as good.”

The novel was first published as the Christmas Annual for 1883 in connection with the Bristol Library Series. Its success was phenomenal, nearly half a million copies having been sold; it has also been translated into many languages.

“Hugh Conway’s” death was deeply regretted by those who saw that, had he been spared, he would have produced far better work than that which secured his success. He lies buried at Nice, and the late Lord Houghton wrote his epitaph, which described him as “A British writer of fiction of great renown and greater promise, who died prematurely.” In Bristol cathedral is a memorial tablet to his memory.

As a writer of pure and wholesome stories for the young, the name of Emma Marshall must not be forgotten. For many years she was resident in Clifton. Between 1861 and 1899, the year of her death, she wrote over two hundred stories. The late Master of the Temple, Alfred Ainger, in advocating the memorial to her memory in the cathedral, spoke of “the high and pure quality of her literary work,” and declared that her stories “have been a means of awakening and cultivating a taste for history and literature throughout the English-speaking world.” Several of her works, viz. *In Colston’s Days*,

The Tower on the Cliff, and *Bristol Diamonds*, are distinctly local in their scenes and incidents.

Among distinguished writers of our day connected with Bristol are Israel Zangwill, who was educated at Redcross Street School; Robert Hichens, novelist and playwright, who lived for many years in Clifton, and was educated at its college; and Charles Marriott, who was born here. Many too are the novels of living writers which have scenes and references to Bristol. Among these may be noted A. E. W. Mason's *Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, Cope Cornford's *Buccaneers*, Conan Doyle's *Rodney Stone*, and Dora Chesney's *Rupert, By the Grace of God*. Enough, however, has been said to show that Bristol in fiction, as in other directions, plays a very important part.

Art Associations.



W. J. MÜLLER

After Painting by NATHAN BRANWHITE.

CHAPTER III.

PART I.

DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS,

W. J. Müller; his great sketching powers; early death—Sir Thomas Lawrence—Edward Hodges Baily—Turner's connection with Bristol—John Simmons and Hogarth—Edward Bird—Paul Falconer Poole—Francis Danby and his sons, T. and J. F. Danby—James Baker Pyne—H. Brittan Willis—Nicholas Pocock and his son, Isaac Pocock—G. A. Fripp and A. D. Fripp—Samuel Jackson and S. P. Jackson—William Evans—John King—Samuel Collins—Nathan and Charles Branchite—John Skinner Prout—John Eagles, friend of the "Bristol School" of Artists—Peter Vandyke—Robert Hancock, engraver—William Pether, mezzotint engraver—Sir Robert Ker Porter and his association with Bristol—William Blake and George Cumberland—Edward Blore—John Syer—C. W. Furse—E. W. Godwin; his friendship with James McNeill Whistler.

AMONG associations which have justly made Bristol famous are those connected with Art. The pride of place among these must be given to W. J. Müller, born in 1812, at 13 Hillsbridge Parade, near Bath Bridge, the son of a former curator of the civic museum. His first lessons in painting were derived from his fellow-townsmen, James Baker Pyne, and at

the age of fourteen a picture painted by him was accepted and hung at the Bristol Art Exhibition.

It is somewhat remarkable that, at the very beginning of his career as an artist, he boldly struck out a new line for himself, and went direct to Nature and painting in the open air. At the age of twenty-one he began to exhibit at the Royal Academy. Müller soon proved himself one of the most original and powerful of painters from Nature. He seized with instinctive ease the characteristics of a scene with wonderful fidelity and clearness. His selection and generalisation were nearly always masterly, his colour pure and strong, and he could probably suggest more with a few touches of his brush than any of his contemporaries. He was, too, one of the first English artists to visit and paint the gorgeous East, and his sketches in Egypt and Asia Minor are still as unequalled in force and brilliance of record and in the purity of their Eastern character as they are in sheer sketching strength. It is only necessary to view the fine collection in the Birmingham Art Gallery to be convinced of this.

Apart from the East, which he loved so well, no scenery appealed to him more strongly than that which surrounded the place of his birth. The localities of Stapleton, Hambrook, Hanham, Whitchurch, and Pensford yielded a rich harvest of subjects for his gifted and untiring brush; but his favourite haunt was Brislington Valley (Saint Anne's). His first sketch was made in the grounds of Blaise Castle at Henbury.

One of Müller's greatest admirers was his young contemporary, the afterwards famous David Cox, who thought him a man of extraordinary ability. Soon after Müller's return from the East, Cox obtained an

introduction to him, and was privileged to see him at work in his studio. One of the pictures he painted in Cox's presence was the famous "Ammunition Wagon," which he completed—such was the rapidity of his execution—in two sittings. Müller's dexterity in using the brush was nothing short of the marvellous. His "Chess Players" is an illustration of this rapidity of execution, for he only took two days to paint it. This celebrated work was originally sold by Müller for £25; in 1874 it fetched £4,052. Cox was profoundly impressed with Müller's methods, and, basing his own on them, rapidly won for himself a position in the very front rank of artists. A proof of Cox's admiration for Müller's work lies in the fact that he purchased several of his pictures for his own pleasure and study—surely the finest tribute of praise from one artist to another!

An amusing story of Müller's sketching powers is the following:—On one occasion he was on a sketching tour in North Wales, and whilst at his inn got into conversation with a stranger, who was also an artist. Müller, whose dress betokened anything but the professional artist, misled the stranger, who took him for an amateur painter—probably a small tradesman or clerk in some city establishment taking his holiday and doing a little sketching by way of amusement. However, they both went out sketching together. Finding some good cottage subjects in the neighbourhood, they selected one and started painting. The stranger artist sketched most carefully the subject upon the canvas, laid out his colours, and put in a few tints here and there just to feel his way, and after working for about an hour he thought he would have a peep and see how

the "amateur" was getting on. He fully expected to see a mere daub, out of perspective and vile in colour and drawing. What was his astonishment on discovering that his companion had nearly finished his picture, whilst his own was little more than commenced! And such a picture! so masterly in its colouring and handling, every detail being simply perfect, that he was speechless in contemplating it. At length he burst out, "Well, you have astonished me! I did not think you could paint anything fit to be seen! May I inquire your name?" "Müller," was the quiet reply. "Oh," replied the other with a groan of contrition, "why didn't you tell me that before? I took you for a *tailor*!"

Ere, however, Müller's splendid talents had won him well-deserved recognition in the art world, he succumbed to a fatal disease contracted by exposure on his sketching tours in the East, which cut short his career in 1845 at the early age of thirty-three. He died at his brother's house at the corner of Park Row and Park Street Avenue (corner nearest the Prince's Theatre). Well and truly has it been said, such were the evidences of his skill which he left behind him, that it was impossible to say to what heights he would not have soared had death spared him for a longer span of life. There could be little doubt, however, that he would have taken high rank as one of the greatest and noblest of landscape painters. Few men have laid their art on such a firm and sound basis; and with long life, closer communings with Nature, his great brush power and fine sense of colour, his art would have broadened still further and his triumphs have been many. Certain it is that with the bare record of life ending at thirty-three, William James Müller must ever hold a foremost place amongst



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.
(After the Painting by himself.)

the greatest of English painters. His works have risen enormously in the public estimation since his death.

At No. 6 Redcross Street was born on May 4th, 1769, one of the most distinguished of the presidents of the Royal Academy, Sir Thomas Lawrence. His early education was derived from Mr. Jones, the predecessor of Samuel Seyer, on St. Michael's Hill. For a short time his father kept the "White Lion," Broad Street, better known to-day as the "Grand Hotel." The bent of his genius early showed itself, for when in his teens his proficiency was such as to leave all his competitors in the antique school far behind him. His personal attractions, too, were as remarkable as his talents, and to his admiring fellow-students he seemed to be endowed with the gifts of a young Titian. Strikingly handsome, with lovely chestnut locks flowing down his shoulders, his appearance was romantic in the extreme. From early youth to the close of his brilliant and successful career he was an indefatigable worker. He became the great rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who most generously showed him much kindness, and adjured him to "Study Nature! Study Nature!"

Becoming by his courtly and fascinating manners the favourite painter of George III., through whose influence he ultimately became President of the Royal Academy, his studio was inundated with the rank and beauty of the age, who literally clamoured for sittings. Among those who sat to him were the illustrious Sarah Siddons, Lady Hamilton, the object of Nelson's attachment, and Cowper the poet.

In the painting of the human eye Lawrence was considered unrivalled. A bust of this great artist from

the chisel of his distinguished fellow-citizen, Baily, adorns the civic Art Gallery.

Edward Hodges Baily, the sculptor, was the son of a ship-carver of this city, and to this fact must be attributed his early bent towards art. Soon after the age of sixteen he became a pupil of the famous Flaxman, under whom his progress was rapid. Ere he attained his twentieth year he had carried off a prize given by the Society of Arts, and but little more than a year later he was awarded the first silver medal of the Royal Academy, and at twenty-three he secured the coveted gold medal and fifty guineas, which were then the "blue ribbon" of that Institution. At the very threshold of his career, when he was but twenty-four, he produced his famous and exquisite statue of "Eve at the Fountain," which is one of the city's most prized possessions, and which won for its creator the prize of one hundred guineas from the British Institution as the best specimen of British sculpture. The loveliness of this great work placed him at a bound in the front rank, and casts of it were at once in demand from the continental art schools. This work was purchased from the artist for £550; the marble alone cost the sculptor £400.

In 1821 he became Academician, and was the only sculptor who succeeded to that honour during the presidency of Sir Thomas Lawrence. The beautiful frieze over the portico of the Freemasons' Hall, at the bottom of Park Street (formerly the Bristol Institution), is from his chisel, and was presented as a token of affection to his native city. Though begrimed almost beyond recognition, close inspection will convince one that it bears the impress of a master hand.

Among the various statues he executed during his



E. H. Baily

E. H. BAILY, R.A.

career were those of Sir Robert Peel at Manchester and Earl Grey at Newcastle, whilst the commanding figure of Nelson that surmounts the column in Trafalgar Square, London, was also his work. He died in 1867.

Turner, the greatest name in English landscape art, had more than a passing acquaintance with Bristol. In his early life he met in Devonshire, where he was sketching, Mr. Narraway, a fellmonger of Broadmead (his dwelling stood on the site of Nos. 50—53), who invited Turner to visit him. This the painter did, and his acquaintance with the Narraways ripened after his visit. A drawing of Cote House, Westbury, was done whilst here in the year 1791 or 1792, when Turner was about eighteen, in which he introduced the figures of Sir Henry Lippincott and others. This drawing was originally bought by Mrs. Herbert Thomas (sister of Mary Carpenter) from Miss Dart, niece of Mr. Narraway, for the sum of £20. It measures 16 in. by 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. Another drawing he did at this time was "St. Mary Redcliff—the Chapel, south-west," a drawing of considerable power and beautiful in tone. This was originally in the possession of a Bristolian named Short.

Miss Dart has stated that during his stay in Bristol he borrowed a pony and saddle from her uncle when he departed on a sketching tour in Wales. These, she says, were never returned, but collateral evidence proves that Turner more than repaid with drawings and money any kindness that the Narraway family had shown him whilst here. For instance, on Miss Dart at Turner's death writing to his executors asking for time to pay a sum of £35 she owed him, they found no note of the debt among his papers. It is, therefore, justly supposed that he had destroyed evidence of the debt.

That Turner was in Bristol in the closing years of the eighteenth century is still further proved by the fact that a drawing of his, "The Old Hotwell House in 1791," is in the possession of the Fine Arts Academy, and that in 1793 he exhibited at the Royal Academy a view on the River Avon entitled, "Rising Squall, Hotwells." He also sketched a view of the Avon from the Sea Walls, "View of Cook's Folly, looking up the Avon."

A long-forgotten art worthy of Bristol, John Simmons, deserves honourable mention in the roll of Bristol artists. He was born in 1714, and acquired in his day a great local reputation as a signboard painter. Many famous artists, among others David Cox, have been signboard painters. When Hogarth was in Bristol putting up his celebrated pictures in Redcliff Church, which were purchased by the vestry for five hundred guineas, and afterwards presented to the Fine Arts Academy, tradition says that passing along Redcliff Street the sign of "The Angel" attracted his attention, and being informed that it was painted by Simmons, he said, "Then they need not have sent for me; that is the artist who should have executed the altar-piece in Redcliff Church."

Hogarth became acquainted with Simmons, and when walking one day through the city with him stood some time looking at a signboard in one of the streets. On Simmons asking him why he noticed it, he replied, "I am sure you painted it, for there is no one else here that could."

Apropos of this, Thackeray gives in his *English Humourists* a very amusing account of Hogarth's contempt for the great masters by putting into his mouth

the following: "Historical painters be hanged! Here's the man that will paint against any of them for a hundred pounds. Correggio's 'Sigismunda'! Look at Bill Hogarth's 'Sigismunda'; look at my altar-piece at St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol; look at my 'Paul before Felix,' and see whether I'm not as good as the best of them!"

In the year 1797, Edward Bird, who had migrated here from Birmingham, announced in the local press of June 24th that as historical and landscape painter he had opened an evening school for young gentlemen—the first of its kind to be opened in the city. This art school was opened in the last neighbourhood which an artist of to-day would dream of selecting for the purpose—Temple Back. Mr. Bird's terms were as modest as his surroundings were humble, his fee being for each pupil one guinea a quarter for three lessons per week from five to seven o'clock. To his honour, and with little encouragement from the city of his adoption, he rose by his talents to the coveted position of Royal Academician.

His most celebrated painting, "Chevy Chase," was purchased by the Marquis of Stafford for three hundred guineas, the original sketch being acquired by Sir Walter Scott. The remarkable power shown in its composition is best evidenced by the eloquent fact that on seeing it Allan Cunningham was so profoundly impressed that he burst into tears. This picture procured for Bird the honour of being appointed court painter to Princess Charlotte.

In regard to another of his works, "The Death of Eli," it is related that owing to his procrastination in finishing it he narrowly escaped being too late for the

Exhibition. However, by means of great exertion he finished it, and ere it was dry packed and hurried it to the "Bush" coach office for transit to London; but the book-keeper being already full up with luggage, peremptorily refused so large a package. Matters looked desperate, but fortunately at this juncture Mr. Weeks, the popular host of the "Bush," arrived on the scene, and speedily changed the aspect of affairs by declaring, on hearing it was Bird's picture refused, "that he would have the whole coach unpacked but what it should go." Thanks therefore to him, the picture reached the exhibition in time. This work was awarded a premium of three hundred guineas by the British Institution.

Bird died at King's Parade, Redland (lately demolished) in 1819, and lies buried in Bristol Cathedral. So great was the respect in which he was held, that no fewer than two hundred of the leading citizens followed his remains. A subscription was afterwards raised for his family, Prince Leopold, to whom Bird had been appointed historical painter, sending £100. His last great work, "The Embarkation of Louis XVIII.," was purchased for £650 by the Earl of Bridgwater. John Eagles, well known in his day as "The Sketcher" of *Blackwood*, was one of his closest friends.

At 43 College Street, was born, in 1807, Paul Falconer Poole, the son of a small tradesman. Though entirely self-taught, by sheer force of native ability he won an eminent place in the art world. Going to London early in his career, the first picture he exhibited at the Royal Academy was entitled "The Well," a scene at Naples. After passing through a period of privation, he left London and went back to the provinces, but returned again to London in 1836, and succeeded in getting

his pictures hung at the Royal Academy. He is described about this time by Mr. Bell Scott, who, when speaking of a group of young artists, said: "The best is Poole, who is possessed of a strong individuality, a man of peculiar powers of mind, vivid perceptions, entering into everything with as much interest as into his own affairs." Poole's greatest work, "Solomon Eagle," the enthusiast of Ainsworth's romance, when hung, attracted immediate and general attention, and won the eulogistic praise of *The Athenæum* and *Blackwood*, and also brought the artist a £300 prize from Liverpool. After becoming an Associate, his "Edward the Third and the Burglers of Calais," exhibited in Westminster Hall competition, also gained him a prize of £300, and made his position as an artist assured. One of Poole's most impressive pictures was that of "Job," and one of his most poetical "The Song of the Troubadour." The purchaser of the latter picture, a worthy Manchester merchant, was so pleased with his bargain, that of his own accord he changed the £600 to six hundred guineas. Unhappily, in so doing he wounded the feelings of the artist, who refused to accept the addition to the price. Perhaps Poole's greatest success was his picture exhibited in 1860, founded on Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii*, entitled "Glaucus, Ione, and Nydia." The following year he was elected to the coveted distinction of Royal Academician. Those who were privileged to know this poet-painter, described him as brilliant in conversation and well read, for he charmed all by his genial and courteous manners. He was exceedingly kind and generous to young artists. Turner he admired intensely and boldly declared he was the greatest artist of all time. Poole,

like the object of his eulogistic praise, was a superb colourist, the dominant note of his work being a tawny gold. The position he attained in the world of art may be gauged from the fact that he occupies a place with W. J. Müller in the 9th edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Closely associated with Bristol was the distinguished and original painter Francis Danby. Born in Ireland in 1793, the son of a small landed proprietor, he took lessons in that country, but in the year 1813, accompanied by friends, migrated to England, reaching Bristol in so destitute a condition that he was obliged to sell two of his sketches for the ridiculous sum of 8s. 6d. to a stationer in College Green to relieve his immediate wants. However, in spite of this inauspicious beginning, he took up his abode in Bristol and met with a liberal patron in one of her citizens named Fry. In 1817 he contributed his first picture to the Royal Academy.

Becoming conscious of his powers, he successfully exhibited three important pictures at the British Institution and Academy in 1820-1. One of these, "Disappointed Love," now in the Sheepshanks Collection at South Kensington, was considered a remarkable instance of the triumph of imaginative genius over technical defects. His magnificent painting, "Sunset at Sea after a Storm," received the great compliment of being purchased by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and his "Enchanted Island" was celebrated by "L.E.L." in verse. In 1825 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. The path to the highest honours in his profession were now opened to him, but domestic difficulties, chiefly of his own making, intervened. Had it not been for this,

it is no idle statement to say he would have ranked with the greatest exponents of his art.

His works have been eulogised by Thackeray, who says: "We have scarcely ever seen a work by him in regarding which the spectator does not feel impressed by something of that solemn contemplation and reverent worship of Nature which seem to pervade the artist's mind and pencil. One may say of Mr. Danby that he paints morning and evening odes." Disraeli alludes in his novel *Coningsby* to the "magic pencil of Danby." The mind of a true poet inspired all that he did.

His sons, Thomas and J. F. Danby, followed their father's profession, but the former alone attained eminence. He was born in Bristol in 1817, and early showed artistic promise. During a sojourn with his father on the Continent at the youthful age of thirteen, he was able to draw so well that he earned his living by copying pictures at the Louvre. Whilst so engaged, he became deeply impressed with the work of Claude. Later, he visited Switzerland, and in 1866, at the Dudley Gallery, his drawings attracted much attention, and were well hung. His landscapes, like his father's, are impressed with poetic feeling. He just missed, by one vote, being elected Associate of the Royal Academy, but the Water-Colour Society received him with open arms. His favourite sketching ground was Wales. "He was always trying," said *The Times* at his death, "to render his inner heart's feeling of a beautiful view rather than the local facts received on the retina."

Among Bristol artists of eminence was James Baker Pyne, born in the city in 1800, and educated with the idea of following the law. Art, however, had stronger attractions for him, and though entirely self-taught, he

soon gained a considerable reputation. In the year 1835 he went to London and exhibited at the Royal Academy. Afterwards he contributed chiefly to the Society of British Artists. He emulated the later style of Turner, was a good colourist, showed marked proficiency in technique, and was in every way a meritorious artist.

Contemporary with him at the beginning of the last century was H. Brittan Willis. This distinguished artist was born in Bristol in 1810, his father being a painter of considerable local reputation. By the aid of his father's instruction, combined with unremitting study of Nature, Willis achieved great success as an animal and landscape painter. Although very prolific, all his paintings are characterised by much careful work, are attractive in the highest degree, and were often hung at the Royal Academy and other well-known exhibitions. His sketching haunts were chiefly Scotland and Wales. In 1862 he was elected a member of the Old Water-Colour Society, and became a constant contributor to its exhibitions. One of his finest pictures, "Highland Cattle," painted in 1866, was honoured by being bought by Queen Victoria. His "Ben Cruachan Cattle coming South" was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

The eminent depicter of some of England's greatest naval battles, Nicholas Pocock, had his birth in Bristol. He was the eldest son of a merchant; early in life he took to the sea, and afterwards was for some time in the employ of the famous Bristol potter, Richard Champion. In 1767 he left Bristol as commander of one of Champion's ships, *The Lloyd*, for South Carolina. Later he commanded *The Minerva*, belonging to the same owner. His bent, however, towards art showed

itself even whilst on his voyages, for his journals were charmingly illustrated by sketches in indian ink. In the year 1780 Pocock sent his first attempt in oils, a seascape, to the Royal Academy. It arrived too late for exhibition, but Sir Joshua Reynolds was so struck with its merits as to write him an encouraging letter of advice. In 1782 he was more successful, and exhibited at the Royal Academy "A View of Redcliff Church from the Sea Banks." Henceforward he became a constant exhibitor. In 1789 he removed to London, where he rapidly rose to eminence as a painter of naval engagements. He was one of the original founders of the Old Water-Colour Society, and refused its presidency. Whilst living in Bristol he resided in Prince Street. Several of his works are among the art treasures at Hampton Court and Greenwich Hospital. A fine canvas of his is in the Merchant Venturers' Hall, King Street, Bristol, "Earl Rodney's Victory over De Grasse in the West Indies." This picture was engraved in 1784, and the Merchant Venturers subscribed ten guineas towards the expense. He died in 1821.

Isaac Pocock, his son, born in Bristol in 1782, inherited much of his father's skill, and about 1798 became a pupil of the famous George Romney, after whose death he studied under Sir William Beechey. He absorbed to some extent the style of both. Between the years 1800 and 1805 he constantly exhibited at the Royal Academy, and in 1807 his "Murder of St. Thomas à Becket" was awarded the prize of £100 given by the British Institution. His death took place in 1835.

One of the most distinguished members of the Old Water-Colour Society, and one of its founders, G. A.

Fripp, was born in Bristol, and received his art education here. His work is representative of a type of landscape art refining in itself and essentially English in its character. He was the contemporary in Bristol of Müller and Pyne. With the former he had the great privilege of spending some months on a sketching tour in Italy. In the year 1838 he was exhibiting at the Royal Academy, and in 1841 he was elected an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, on the strength of some drawings he had sent up. His success was now assured as a water-colourist, though he painted too in oils, some of which were exhibited at the Royal Academy in the years 1843 to 1848, notably "The Pass of Splügen, Switzerland," and "Mont Blanc from near Cornayeur, Val d'Aosta." This last was a very large picture, and was bought by a leading citizen of Liverpool, who presented it to the city. The picture evoked high praise from the great Turner, also from David Cox, who in writing to a friend says: "G. Fripp has some very carefully-finished landscapes, which are very good, and are liked." Having in the course of his sketching tours devoted much time to the mountain and moorland scenery of Scotland, he was naturally gratified when in 1860 Queen Victoria "commanded" him to visit Balmoral for the purpose of sketching the royal residence and the neighbourhood. His work was characterised by refined delicacy and tenderness in his sky effects, by truth of colouring and by balance of composition. His son, Charles E. Fripp, is the distinguished war artist for the *Graphic*.

A. D. Fripp, his younger brother, was also born in Bristol, in 1822, and was indebted for his art instruction to W. J. Müller. He soon became successful and

removed to London, where he was elected Associate of the Old Water-Colour Society. Among his intimate acquaintances were Lord Leighton, Sir E. J. Poynter, and other leading artists of distinction. In 1853 he exhibited his "Pompeii, or the City of the Dead." This picture had the honour of being exhibited at the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition of 1887. Having spent many years in Italy, he painted several subjects dealing with that sunny land. So esteemed was he by the Old Water-Colour Society that its members elected him their secretary, a post he filled with credit to himself and advantage to the Society.

Not unknown to fame was Samuel Jackson, an artist of considerable merit. He was the son of a Bristol merchant, and was born in 1794. Disliking the routine of a merchant's office, he abandoned business and devoted himself to landscape art, and became a pupil of Francis Danby. His success was such that in 1823 he was elected Associate of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and for many years contributed to its exhibitions. Wales, Devon, Somerset, and the locality of Bristol and Clifton, were his chief sketching haunts. Late in life he visited Switzerland, and his pictures of its scenery are counted amongst his most successful works. He died in 1869.

His son, S. P. Jackson, who died so recently as the beginning of 1904, followed with distinction in his father's footsteps. He was born in 1830, studying figure drawing at the life school of the Bristol Academy. His first exhibited work in London was painted when he was twenty. It was a large picture, four feet long, entitled "An Indiaman ashore on the Welsh coast," and was hung on the Line at the British Institute in 1850.

He followed up this with other successes, many of his works being hung at the Royal Academy. For many years he was a member of the Old Water-Colour Society. Within the confines of the British Isles he found ample subjects for his brush. His drawings are remarkable for clean handling and sober harmonies of colour, in which the moist vapours of our west country are suggested by the use of well-blended greys, which secured the approval of such a master as Copley Fielding. In his treatment of landscape he showed the power of poetic insight and feeling of a rare order. His was not the work to appeal to the multitude, but the solemn beauty of his Cornish twilight coast scenes were most impressive. He was one of the youngest artists ever elected Associate of the Old Water-Colour Society.

Among Bristol painters of his period William Evans, popularly known as "Evans of Bristol," well deserves a place. He was the son of John Evans, author of the *Chronological Outline of the History of Bristol*. Evans's rendering of the scenery of North Wales stamped him as a painter of no ordinary kind and secured him fame. So enthusiastic was he in the study of Nature that, in order to watch the snow effects on the mountains, he lived at a wretched hovel of a farm near Bettws-y-Coed, and the room in which he slept, we are told, was full of holes swarming with rats, which ran over his bed during the night.

An artist who attained considerable local fame was John King, born at Dartmouth in 1788. He first exhibited at the British Institution in 1814, and at the Royal Academy in 1817. His paintings were chiefly historical subjects and portraits. He painted many

pictures in Bristol, notably "The Incredulity of St. Thomas" for St. Thomas's Church in 1828, and "The Dead Christ Surrounded by His Disciples" for the church of St. Mark's (the Lord Mayor's Chapel). He excelled in portraiture, and executed many portraits of the leading citizens of Bristol. His death occurred in 1847.

In Bristol also was born in 1750 the celebrated miniature painter, Samuel Collins. Originally intended for the law, the bent of his inclination was to art. Proceeding to Bath, he soon acquired a large practice, and attained a great reputation as one of the most perfect miniature painters of the time. He painted both on enamel and ivory. Some of his portraits were exhibited at the special exhibition of portrait miniatures held in 1865. He died in 1780.

Another miniature painter of repute, Thomas Redmond, born at Brecon in 1745, was originally apprenticed to a house-painter in Bristol. After a course of study in London, he also settled in Bath, where he met with considerable success. He exhibited many portraits at the London exhibitions.

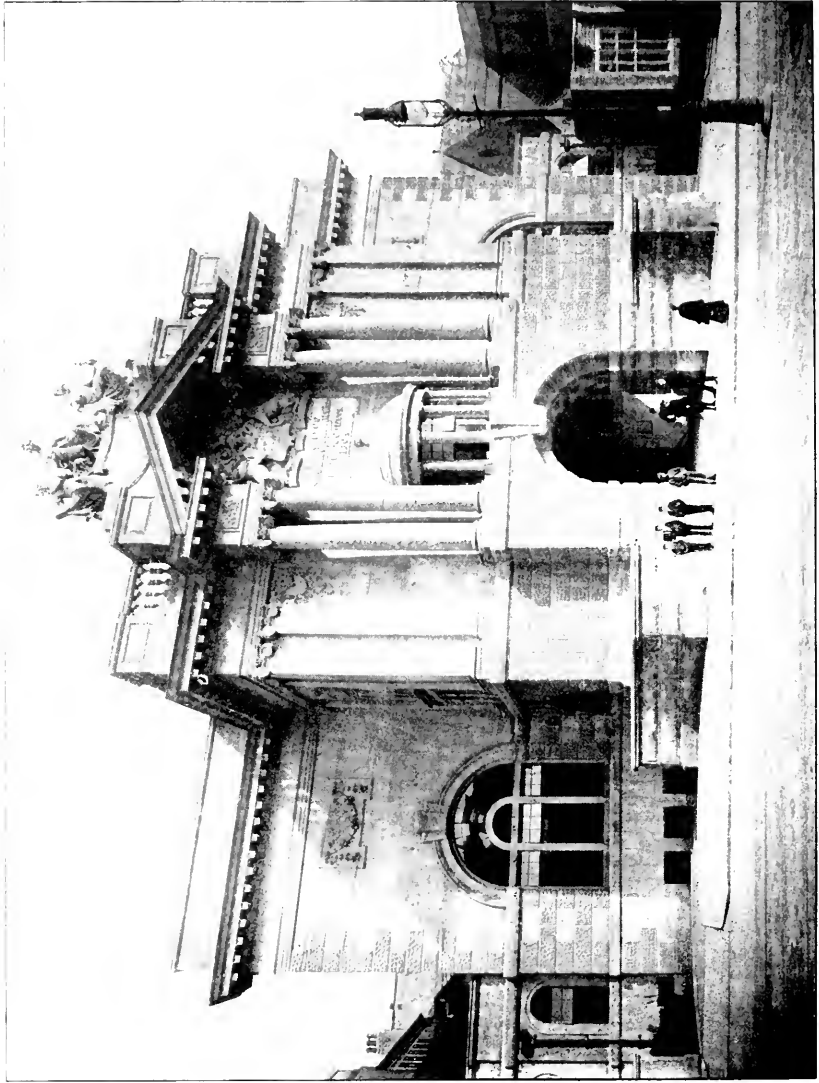
Among celebrated miniature painters connected with Bristol the name of Nathan Branwhite must not be ignored. Though born in Suffolk, he early settled down in this city, at No. 1 College Green, and met with considerable success. He exhibited many miniatures at the Royal Academy between 1802 and 1825. He was also a very good stipple engraver.

His son, Charles Branwhite, was born in Bristol in 1817. He too became an artist, and devoted himself first to sculpture, and when about twenty secured silver medals from the Society of Arts for figures in bas-relief.

Finally he turned to oil painting. Between the years 1845 and 1859 he contributed numerous works to the great exhibitions and also to provincial galleries. For thirty years he was a constant contributor to the Old Water-Colour Society. His characteristic paintings were winter scenes with sunset effects. He rarely painted out of the British Isles; North Devon, Somerset, the Thames, and Wales kept him supplied with subjects for his brush. He died in 1880. Branwhite was a friend of Müller, and with him he spent much time sketching in Leigh Woods. As a sculptor he executed busts of Robert Hall, Dr. Symonds, and other Bristol worthies.

Contemporary with Branwhite, John Skinner Prout, nephew of the great Samuel, the subject of Ruskin's eloquent praise, must not be passed over. Born at Plymouth in 1806, he early migrated to Bristol, and became one of that famous coterie, or school, who have left no ignoble name in the annals of British art, viz. W. J. Müller, Samuel Jackson, J. B. Pyne, H. B. Willis, the Fripps, and Evans. A local work of Prout's, *Picturesque Antiquities of Bristol*, published in 1835, was republished as late as 1893. He died in London in 1876.

A famous contemporary and friend of the above "Bristol School" of artists was John Eagles. He was born in the parish of St. Augustine's in 1783, and was educated at Seyer's school. He early devoted himself to art, as he wished to become a landscape painter; but his gift lay rather in art criticism than in its production. William Müller thought highly of his critical powers, and valued his friendship. Besides Eagles's numerous contributions on art to *Blackwood*, he wrote a number of essays full of shrewd, genial humour, amusing anecdote



(Harvey, Barton & Son.)

BRISTOL ART GALLERY.

and apt quotation. He also wrote verse, including *Felix Farley's Rhymes*, published in 1826. He was happily described by Sydney Smith, to whom he was at one time curate, as a "happy mixture of Dean Swift and Parson Adams." His quickness of repartee was proverbial.

Among artists who have settled in Bristol was Peter Vandyke, an alleged relation of the great Vandyke. He came to England at the invitation of Sir Joshua Reynolds from Holland in 1729 to assist in painting draperies and similar work. Removing soon afterwards to Bristol, he set up as a portrait painter, and whilst there painted for Joseph Cottle the well-known portraits of S. T. Coleridge and Robert Southey, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

In Bristol lived during the latter part of his life Robert Hancock, the celebrated engraver, who was at one time part proprietor of the Worcester Porcelain Works. It was during his residence here that he drew portraits in crayon of Lamb, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey. These too are in the National Portrait Gallery. Born in 1730, he lived till he was eighty-seven. The famous Valentine Green, whose engravings have fetched such remarkable prices within the last few years, was his pupil.

His great contemporary, William Pether, one of the most eminent mezzotint engravers of his time, lived in Bristol for many years. Some of his engravings, after the English, Dutch, and Italian masters, especially Rembrandt, whose strong effects he rendered with admirable taste, are considered masterpieces of engraved art. For instance, his plates of "The Jewish Bride," "Officer of State," "Lord of the Vineyard," "The

Hermit," and "The Alchymist." are magnificent specimens of mezzotinting. One of his engravings fetched ninety-five guineas in 1903. Whilst living in Bristol Pether engraved the portraits of Colston and Seyer. He died in 1821 in Montagu Street, and is buried in Horfield Churchyard. Not only was he a great engraver, but he was a man of considerable taste and culture. Being one day in company with the then City Librarian, he mentioned that whilst present one evening at a London tavern, a gentleman amongst the company drew forth from his pocket a manuscript and requested permission to read it. This was granted. The reader was none other than Oliver Goldsmith, and the poem he read was *The Traveller*. Happy listener!

In dealing with artists connected with Bristol, place must be given to that remarkable man Sir Robert Ker Porter, brother of Jane Porter, the author of *Scottish Chiefs*. Born in 1777, he early became interested in art, and in 1790 his mother took him to Sir Benjamin West, who was so much struck by the vigour and spirit of some of his sketches that he procured his admission as an academy student at Somerset House. His progress was rapid, and in 1792 he received a silver palette from the Society of Arts for a historical drawing, "The Witch of Endor." In the following year he was commissioned to paint an altar-piece for Shoreditch Church, and in 1794 he painted "Christ Allaying the Storm" for the Roman Catholic Chapel at Portsea, and in 1798 "St. John Preaching" for St. John's College, Cambridge. His artistic precocity was fully recognised by the fraternity of young artists with whom he mixed at this period, and Bob Porter was noted for his skill in wielding the "Big Brush." In

the year 1800 he astonished the public by his "Storming of Seringapatam," a huge panoramic picture 120 feet long which, on the statement of his sister Jane Porter, he painted in six weeks. Among others of a similar character were his "Agincourt," "Battle of Alexandria," the "Siege of Acre," and the "Death of Sir Ralph Abercrombie," all of which were executed about this period. Between 1792 and 1832 he exhibited thirty-eight pictures. In 1804 he secured the appointment of historical painter to the Czar of Russia. There he executed some vast historical paintings, and during his residence in the capital won the affections of a Russian princess. The difficulties this created induced him to leave Russia, and he subsequently accompanied Sir John Moore (the hero of Wolfe's famous lines) to Spain, where he was present throughout the campaign. In 1811 he revisited Russia and triumphantly married his Russian princess.

He soon returned to England, and was knighted by the Prince Regent. Shortly after he proceeded through the Caucasus, and ultimately to the site of the ancient Persepolis, where he made valuable drawings, and transcribed a number of the cuneiform inscriptions. After visiting many other places, he published the results in his *Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia and Ancient Babylonia*, a work full of interest. Whilst at Teheran he had an interview with the Shah, whose portrait he painted, and who conferred upon him the order of the "Lion and the Sun." Returning once more to England, he was appointed British Consul in Venezuela. In 1841 he was again in England, and came to Bristol on a visit to his brother, Dr. W. O. Porter, at 29 Portland Square. In the following year

he died suddenly in Russia as he was returning in his drosky from a visit to the Czar. He was a man of wonderful versatility, and has justly been described as "distinguished alike in arts, in diplomacy, in war and in literature." He was, too, exceedingly popular with people in every condition of life, and also the idol of his own fireside.

Bristol has also an interesting link with that great original, imaginative artist and poet, William Blake, in the person of George Cumberland. This excellent man was a personal friend of Blake's, and was the means of rendering a great service to him by introducing him in 1813 to John Linnell, who became a valued and helpful friend to Blake. Cumberland was one of the few who appreciated Blake's work. Among things the artist did for him was a card-plate. In Cumberland's work, *Thoughts on Outline, Sculpture, and the System that guided Ancient Artists in composing their Figures and Groups*, there are several plates engraved by Blake.

One of Cumberland's numerous friends in Bristol was John Eagles, who loved to roam with him in Leigh Woods. Cumberland took a deep interest in our city, and delighted to support every good work; he was a frequent correspondent to the local press of his day. His death occurred at the great age of ninety-five.

The famous architect and artist, Edward Blore, in his youth did a good deal of sketching in Bristol, and some of the most beautiful illustrations to Seyer's *Memoirs of Bristol* were drawn and engraved by him. Blore is well known for his fine work on the *Monumental Remains of Noble and Eminent Persons*. He had a most distinguished career, being the designer of many public and private

buildings, including works connected with Windsor Castle, Hampton Court and Buckingham Palace. He also became intimate with Sir Walter Scott, and designed in his presence and carried out the building of Abbotsford. For many years he was architect of Westminster Abbey. His powers of sketching were simply remarkable.

That fine artist, John Syer, was closely associated with Bristol during the whole of his life. Though there is a certain mannerism in his work, many of his canvases show a breadth of treatment and a mastery over landscape and sea effects that evidences close communion with Nature. His death took place in 1885.

Among modern artists connected with Bristol was Charles Wellington Furse, who as a great and brilliant portrait painter soared like a meteor into fame in 1903, and, alas! vanished from human ken the following year at the early age of thirty-six. His wife was the daughter of the celebrated art writer and Bristolian, John Addington Symonds.

That very clever and versatile artist, E. W. Godwin, must not be forgotten. He was born in Old Market Street in 1833, and his father being in business as a decorator, he early in life developed a taste for architectural and archæological studies, so that before leaving school he had already mastered Bloxham's *Gothic Architecture*. He received his training as architect in Bristol, and followed it here for many years. Ultimately he removed to London, where he did a great deal of work and enjoyed the friendship of the most eminent members of his profession, including Scott, Street, and Burgess. He was a good draughtsman, an antiquarian, a clear

writer, a Shakespearian scholar, and an excellent lecturer. Towards the close of his life he devoted himself to designing theatrical costumes with considerable success. His death occurred in 1866.

Through him Bristol is linked with one of the most remarkable artists of modern times—Whistler. In 1879 Godwin designed for that world-famous impressionist the house in London celebrated as “The White House.” There is in existence a water-colour (now at Boston, U.S.A.) bearing Whistler’s signature, on the back of which is Godwin’s endorsement: “From my window. This was his” [Whistler’s] “first attempt at water-colour. E. W. Godwin.” A year after Godwin’s death Whistler married his widow; she proved in every way an artistic helpmate, and he valued her critical opinion of his art highly. When she came into his studio he would eagerly ask her opinion of the work he had in hand, and her suggestions were always followed. When she died in 1897 he regarded her loss as irreparable, and never regained his light-heartedness. She was an artist of no mean ability herself, and in his will he gave expression to his admiration of her art and his own devotion to her memory. Whistler’s *Gentle Art of Making Enemies* proved that had he not been a great artist he might have been a great writer. Few men have wielded so caustic and witty a pen.

CHAPTER III. (*continued*).

PART II.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Richard Champion and William Cookworthy, and their manufacture of Bristol porcelain—Henry Bone—Mungo Ponton—Bristol Art Gallery—Leigh Court picture gallery—Redcliff Church gates—Chimney-piece in Central Library—Mrs. Ellen Sharples and the Fine Arts Academy.

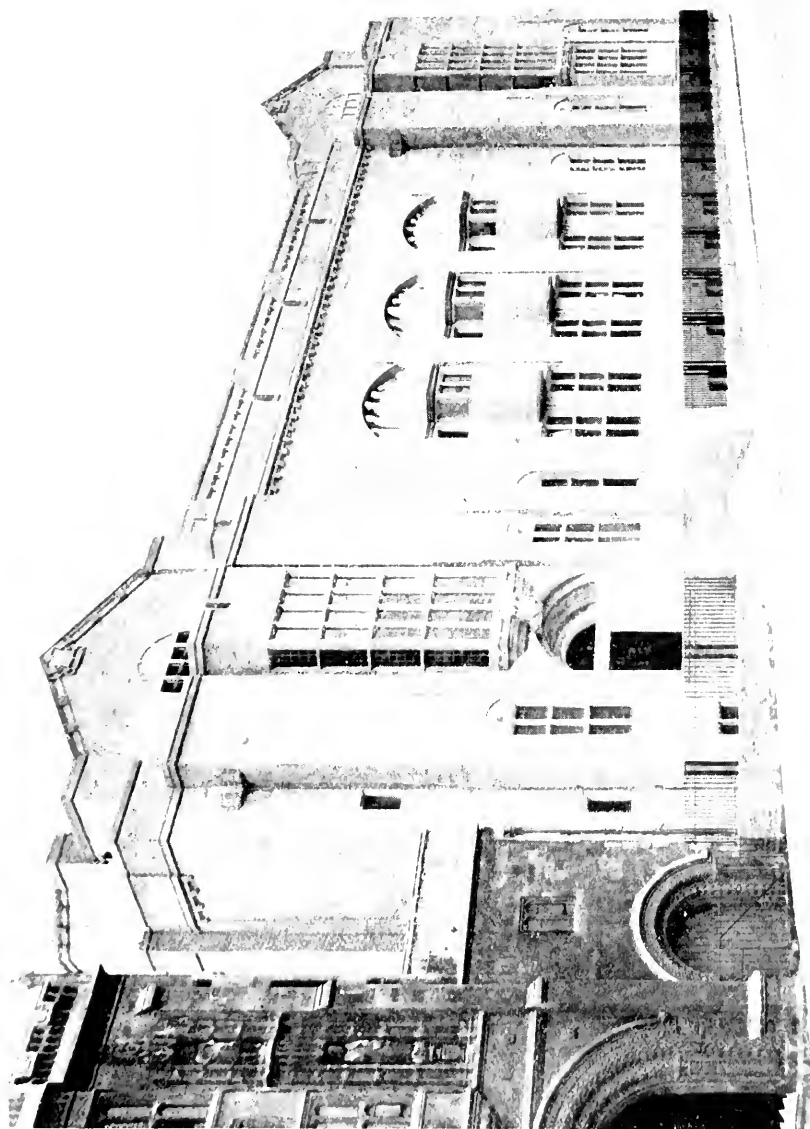
NOT the least of Bristol's Art Associations is its connection with the manufacture of china. For this it has acquired world-wide fame. According to the *Bristol Intelligencer*, the earliest date of its manufacture was in the year 1750. This is corroborated in Doctor Pocock's *Travels through England*, published by the Camden Society; Pocock being in Cornwall in that year, notes that he "visited the Lizard Point to see the Soapy rock. There are white patches of it, which is mostly valued for the manufacture of porcelaine, now carrying on at Bristol."

In 1768 Richard Champion, whose name is imperishably associated with Bristol china manufacture, assisted by some of our leading merchants, and in partnership with the celebrated William Cookworthy, who had a porcelain factory at Plymouth, set up his works in Castle Green. Soon after Cookworthy, having

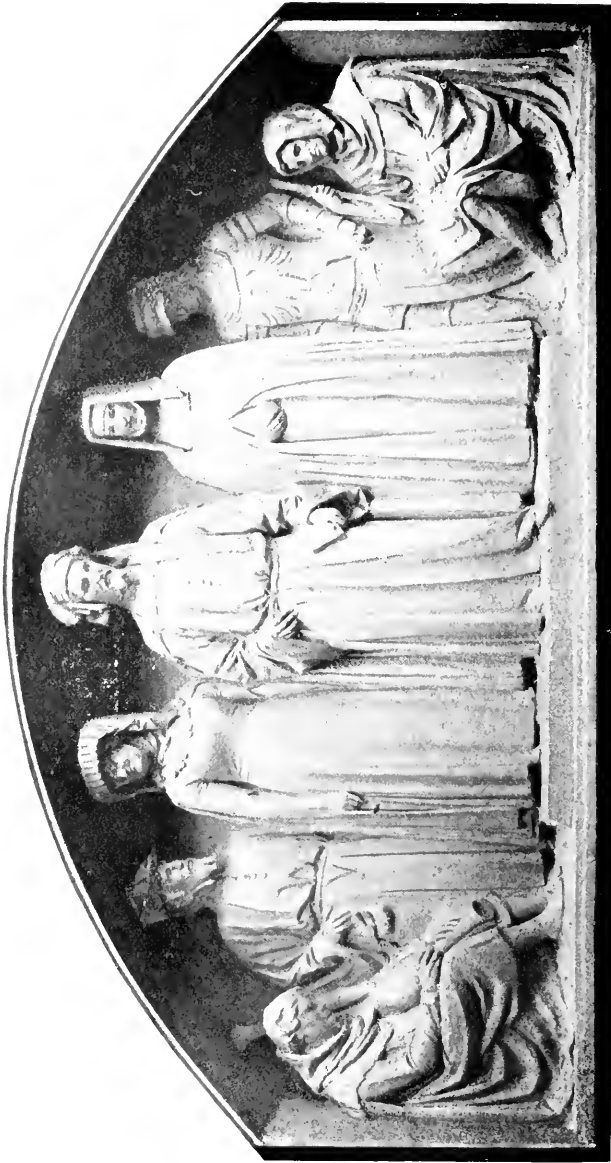
relinquished the pottery at Plymouth, joined Champion, and the firm then assumed the name of William Cookworthy and Co.

In the year 1773 they were advertising in the Bristol newspapers as follows: "Complete Tea-sets in the Dresden taste, highly ornamented, £7 7s. to £12 12s. and upwards." After a year or two the entire concern, on the retirement of Cookworthy, devolved on Champion, and then attained its highest artistic development and excellence. So admirable were the specimens of ceramic art he produced, that even the most skilful of connoisseurs were deceived by his wonderful imitations of real Dresden china. In the production of flowers and vases he displayed remarkable skill, for they were characterised by the utmost artistic delicacy and beauty.

In the year 1775, however, Champion applied to Parliament for an extension of Cookworthy's patent, but largely through the unscrupulous opposition of his great rival, Wedgwood, who had powerful friends to aid him, the Act, though obtained, was rendered practically valueless. Owing to this, notwithstanding, as he said, that his manufactory was "the greatest ever known in England," and from lack of sufficient capital and the severe commercial depression which followed on the outbreak of the war with America, in which country he had hoped for a large market for his productions, he had ultimately to close his works in 1782. Wedgwood, to his disgrace, openly rejoiced in Champion's discomfiture. However, through the noble friendship of Burke, Champion obtained the office for a year or two of Deputy-Paymaster of the Forces. Finally, in 1784, he emigrated to South Carolina, where he died on October 7th, 1791, at the comparatively early age of forty-eight.



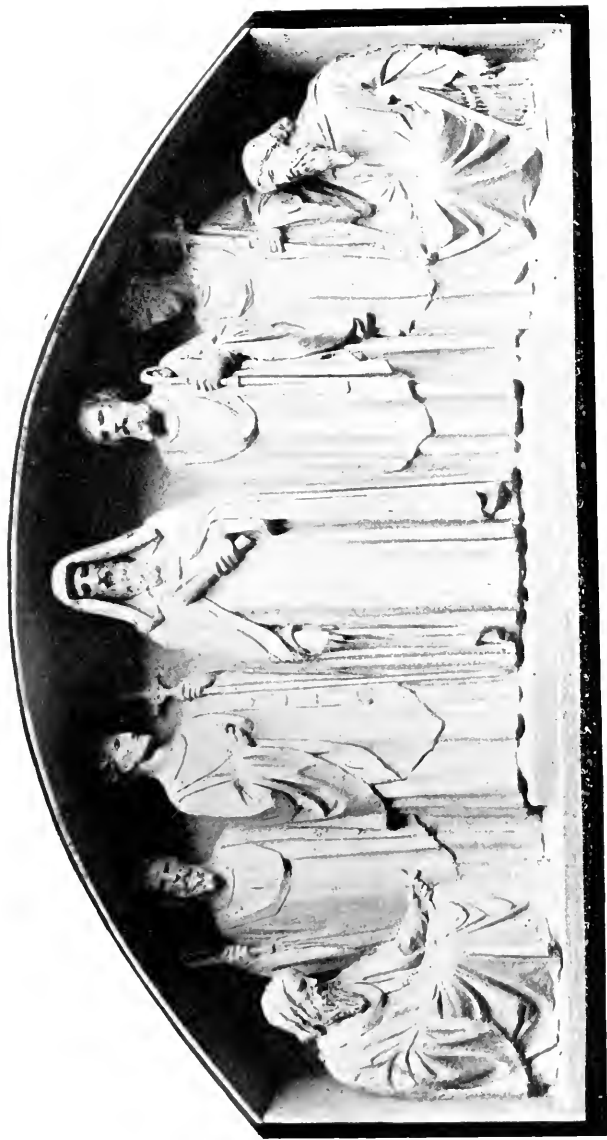
NEW CENTRAL MUNICIPAL PUBLIC LIBRARY.



The Miller. The Merchant. The Wife of Bath. Chaucer. The Prioress. The Knight. The Man of law.

(Chaucer's Paraphrase.)

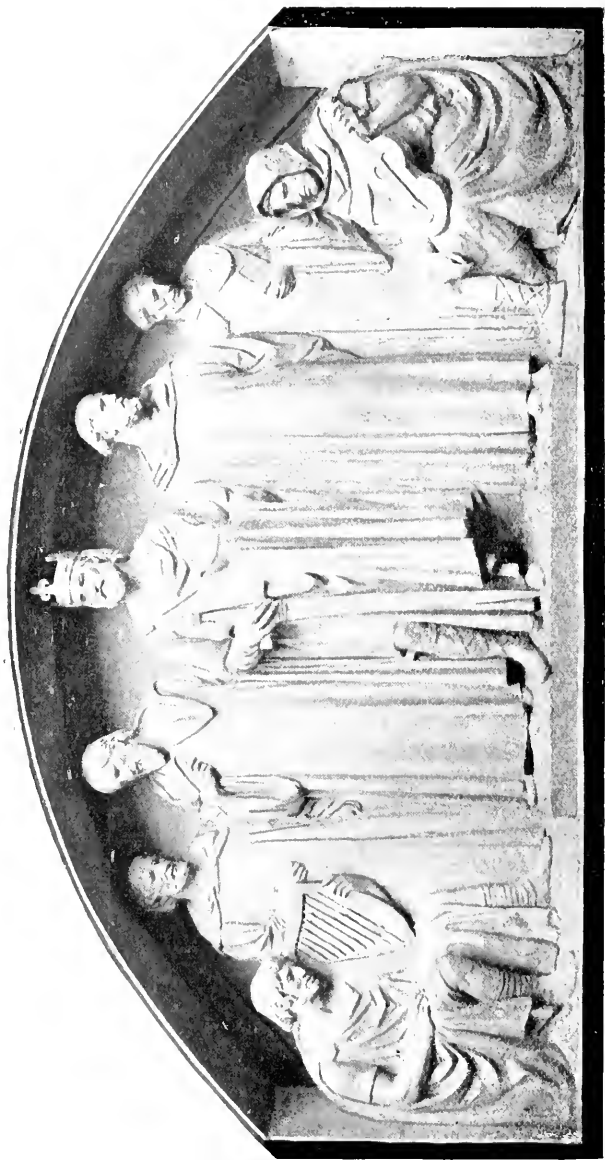
SCULPTURED PANEL, CENTRAL MUNICIPAL PUBLIC LIBRARY.



(Church Pethoroth.)

St. Aidan. St. Chad. St. Augustine. The Venerable Bede. St. Cuthbert. St. Paulinus. Cuthnon.

SCULPTED PANEL, CENTRAL MUNICIPAL PUBLIC LIBRARY.



(Charles Plancherth.)

A minstrel. Cynwulf, the wandering bard. St. Gildas. King Alfred. William of Malmesbury. Florence of Worcester. Wace, the Norman minstrel.

SCULPTURED PANEL, CENTRAL MUNICIPAL PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Edmund Burke, in recognition of the hospitality and kindness extended to him during his election in 1774 by his friend and supporter, Mr. Joseph Smith, commissioned Champion to use his utmost skill in the production of a tea service for presentation to that gentleman. Some of the most exquisite examples of his art Champion made and presented to Mrs. Burke. The result was a triumph of ceramic art which for purity of material and splendour of ornamentation have never been surpassed. As late as 1876 a teapot of the Burke service fetched at public auction £215 5s., and Disraeli, when the guest of Mr. Callender at Manchester, drank out of a cup and saucer which cost their owner at the same sale £91, more than thrice the value of their weight in gold. A beautiful oval plaque, with the arms of Burke and Nugent, was bought by the late Mr. Francis Fry, of Cotham Tower House, for ninety-nine guineas. This exquisite example of Champion's art is now in the British Museum.

Short as was the period in which Champion was engaged in the production of Bristol china, to so great a degree of perfection did he arrive in the specimens of ceramic art created, that, as Owen justly remarks in his *Two Centuries of Ceramic Art in Bristol*, they afford indisputable evidence that had the works been adequately supported, they might have successfully rivalled the famous royal factories of Sèvres and Dresden.

Champion's claim to being the manufacturer of real china was strikingly sustained in the fire at the Alexandra Palace, London, in 1873, when several thousand specimens of English ceramics, made at the famous factories of Bow, Worcester, and Chelsea, were reduced to a

molten mass, but the Bristol china issued almost unscathed from the fiery ordeal.

Connected with the Bristol china works was the celebrated Henry Bone, whose remarkable achievements in enamel painting have secured for him the proud appellation of "the Prince of Enamellers," for it is considered doubtful whether he has ever been surpassed in that important branch of pictorial art. He was born in Truro, and was apprenticed to William Cookworthy at Plymouth. In 1772 he removed with his master to Bristol, where he remained for six years, working from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., and at night studying drawing. On the closing of the works he went to London, and soon found constant employment in enamelling watches, fans, etc. In 1780 he exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy, a portrait of his wife. Later, in 1789, he exhibited there the largest enamel painting ever executed, "A Muse of Cupid." Success followed on success, and in 1800 he was appointed enamel painter to the Prince of Wales, and later to George III.; he held the same position in the two subsequent reigns. In 1811 he was elected Royal Academician, and he immediately produced the magnificent enamel, 18 in. by 16 in., after Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne": it created a sensation in the art world, and several thousand people came to his house to inspect it; he sold it for 2,200 guineas, which sum consisted partly of a cheque on Fauntleroy's Bank, which he cashed luckily the very day before that bank stopped payment. At his death he left a collection of enamels valued at £10,000, which were dispersed at Christie's. So high is the quality of his works that they are in great demand by collectors. Chantrey carved a fine bust of Bone,

who was a man of unaffected modesty and generosity. He died in 1834.

Mungo Ponton, to whom the art of photography is for ever indebted, lived for many years till his death at No. 4 The Paragon, Clifton. His fame rests upon the vital and important discovery "that the action of sunlight renders bichromate of potassium insoluble," which has had more to do with the production of permanent photographs than any other. It forms the basis of nearly all the photo mechanical processes now in use.

Though Bristol as a city possesses but few great works of art, considering her wealth of art associations, the opening of the magnificent Art Gallery in the year 1905, the noble gift of one of Bristol's wealthy and public-spirited sons—Lord Winterstoke—will undoubtedly stimulate others to foster a greater love of art among her citizens, so that in the near future the Metropolis of the West may rival the splendid art collections of the Midland and Northern cities. The "few great works" already possessed by the city are chiefly housed with other rare civic treasures at the Council House. Among these is the magnificent portrait of the Earl of Pembroke by Vandyke. In the civic accounts dated 1627 is the following note: "Paid the picture-maker for drawing the Earl of Pembroke, £3 13s. 4d." Tradition, no doubt with some real foundation of truth, avers that the family offered to purchase the portrait by giving as many sovereigns as would cover its surface. Whereupon the then City Chamberlain replied, on behalf of the Corporation, that if the family would stand the sovereigns *edgeways* they would be prepared to consider the offer—surely a remarkable illustration of the saying that Bristol sleeps

with one eye open. There is also a portrait of Lord Clare, by Gainsborough; the Duke of Portland, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; and Edmund Burke, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

At one period, and that well within living memory, Bristol was an art Mecca of European reputation. For at Leigh Court, the seat of the Miles family, was housed a truly magnificent collection of old masters, which would have graced the palace of an emperor. Dr. Waagen, in his *Art Treasures in Great Britain*, eulogises this noble collection of Italian, Flemish, Spanish, and French masters. They were brought together by Mr. Richard Hart Davis, who represented Bristol in Parliament from 1812 to 1830. This unrivalled private collection was sold at Christie's in July, 1884. One picture alone, a magnificent Claude—"The Sacrifice of Apollo"—which the auctioneer declared they had never before had an opportunity of competing for in that room, was finally knocked down to Agnew for 5,800 guineas. Agnew himself purchased £20,000 worth of pictures at the sale.

In the famous Baptist College, the home of so many remarkable treasures—literary, numismatic, and otherwise—is the celebrated miniature of Oliver Cromwell, painted by Samuel Cooper, for which the Empress of Russia vainly offered its owner, Dr. Andrew Gifford, five hundred guineas.

Lovers of art metal-work should not fail to inspect the magnificent wrought-iron gates in Redcliff Church. For these the authorities of South Kensington have offered the sum of £2,000. They were constructed by Edney in 1710, and cost the vestry one hundred guineas.

Those interested in ancient sculpture of the East have the opportunity in the Municipal Art Gallery of

inspecting three magnificent examples of Nineveh marbles, the gift of the great Assyriologist, Sir Henry Rawlinson, whose connection with our city, as related elsewhere, was a close one. These marbles were originally housed in the Fine Arts Academy, and were found in the ruins of the palace which Ashur-Nasir-Pal, King of Assyria, about B.C. 885, built at Calah, situated on the banks of the Tigris, about thirty miles south of Nineveh. They bear inscriptions relating the titles, genealogy, and conquests of the king, detailing too the countries which he "swept bare like the Storm God."

Admirers of beautiful wood-carving should not lose the opportunity of inspecting the exquisitely-carved chimney-piece in the Central Library, said to have been presented by Alderman Michael Becher. The wealth of intertwining foliage, flowers—mark the roses—and the representation of a *real* woodcock, and pheasants, etc., form a combination in carved woodwork rarely to be met with, especially as the objects in some instances stand out six inches from the flat.


Before closing this account of the Art Associations of our city, a few words of recognition are due to Mrs. Ellen Sharples, the generous foundress of the Bristol Fine Arts Academy. She was born at Bath, and married there an artist named James Sharples. With him, in the year 1794, she went to America, where they remained eight years, during which period Mr. Sharples's skill as a miniature painter was in great request. Amongst many distinguished Americans whose portraits he executed were Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Hamilton. After coming to England for a brief period, they again returned to America, where Mr. Sharples died in 1811. After his death the family once more returned to England for

good, and settled ultimately in Clifton, at 3 St. Vincent's Parade. Mrs. Sharples had during her husband's lifetime taken lessons in portrait painting from him, and as her son and daughter followed their father's profession also, they all practised at the above residence. Here they resided from 1832 to 1849, the year of Mrs. Sharples's death. Prior, however, to this event Mrs. Sharples gave a sum of £2,000 for the purpose of founding the present Fine Arts Academy. Her beneficence did not end there, for she bequeathed the interesting and valuable series of miniatures and pastels, which include the portraits of some of the most distinguished men of the time, viz. Sir Humphry Davy, Robert Southey, Doctor Beddoes—names imperishably associated with our city—and Darwin, Priestley, Herschel, etc. In addition to which the Academy benefited to the extent of £3,465, making with the previous amount the handsome sum of £5,465.

Musical Associations.

CHAPTER IV.

William Child—The Wesley family—Rev. Thos. Broughton and his friendship with Handel—Robert Lucas Pearsall—Henry Phillips—W. L. Phillips—Thomas German Reed, founder of the “musical sketch”—Rene Harris—Paganini—Sir G. J. Elvey.

 ONE of the earliest musicians to be associated with Bristol was William Child, born in 1606. From earliest youth he devoted himself to the study of music, and in 1631 took the degree of Mus. Bac. at Oxford, soon after which he was appointed one of the organists at the Chapel Royal. On the death of his colleague he became organist-in-chief. Whilst there his original compositions won him the patronage of King Charles I. At the Restoration he was appointed composer to the king. Pepys relates that he called on Child when at Windsor. It was Child's fortune to live in five reigns, and at the Coronation of James II. he walked in the procession in his academical robes as father of the Chapel Royal. There is little doubt as to his being a fine musician, and his compositions are remarkable both for their simplicity and melody. Ridiculed as to the style of his works, he wrote in defence his celebrated Service in D, to prove that the simplicity of his music arose from design, and not from lack of ability. Child's compositions are still rendered in the city of his birth, notably at the cathedral.

The famous Wesley family are linked for all time with our city. Here John Wesley founded Methodism, assisted by his gifted brother Charles, the hymn-writer, who lived for many years in Charles Street, St. James's Barton. Two of the latter's sons were musicians of uncommon power. Samuel Wesley, the elder, was born in Bristol in 1766, and from his earliest childhood gave evidence of his remarkable gifts. His father placed on record that when he (Samuel) was between four and five years old he taught himself to read music by the oratorio of *Samson*. When he was six he composed the airs of his oratorio *Ruth*, and kept them treasured in his memory until he was eight, when he wrote them down. A distinguished friend of his father's once remarked to him, "Sir, you have an English Mozart in your house." In 1771, Charles Wesley having removed to London, his sons, Samuel and Charles, gave subscription concerts, which were attended by the nobility. In 1784 Samuel Wesley joined the Roman Catholic Church, to the amazement and grief both of his father and of his uncle, John Wesley; shortly after which he composed a Mass, which he dedicated to the Pope. Subsequently he separated from the Romish church, saying, "The crackers of the Vatican are no longer taken for the thunderbolts of Heaven: for excommunication I care not three straws." The great work of Samuel Wesley's life is considered to be his vigorous championship of the works of Sebastian Bach, into which he entered with extraordinary enthusiasm. He frequently lectured at the Royal Institution and elsewhere, and in 1811 he conducted the Birmingham Musical Festival. He was not only a distinguished musician, but a fine scholar also. He had, too, remarkable conversational powers, and was a man

of keen and brilliant wit. As an organist, he was the foremost man of his age, and absolutely unrivalled as an extemporaneous performer on the king of instruments.

His brother Charles, born in 1757, as a child was possessed of extraordinary precocity as a musician, and was justly regarded as a prodigy. Before he was three years of age he could play a tune on the harpsichord readily and in correct time. At the age of four he was taken to London, and made a marked impression on several of the leading musicians there by his skill. Unfortunately time did not justify the brilliant promise of his youth, and as a man he failed to rival his more gifted brother Samuel.

Bristol is linked, too, with the mighty Handel in the person of the Rev. Thomas Broughton, who was Vicar of Bedminster in Chatterton's time, when St. Mary Redcliff and St. Thomas' and Abbot's Leigh churches were annexed to that living. Broughton was on terms of friendship with that great composer of the *Messiah*, and supplied him with the words for some of his compositions, including his drama of *Hercules*. A stained glass window in St. Mary Redcliff Church commemorates his friendship with Handel.

At Clifton was born in 1795 the famous madrigal composer, Robert Lucas Pearsall, who was one of the original members of the Bristol Madrigal Society, and took the deepest interest in its welfare. It is considered that the attention he devoted to madrigal writing was largely due to the encouragement he received from that Society, to whom he presented some of his finest madrigals. His having been born at Clifton gives a distinct local significance to his fine madrigal, *Oh*,

who will o'er the Downs so free? Among the choicest specimens of his work are *Great God of Love* and *Lay a Garland*, both for eight voices; they are considered to be amongst the most melodious and pure specimens of eight-part writing ever penned by an Englishman. He died abroad in 1856.

The celebrated bass singer, Henry Phillips, was born in Bristol, and was the son of an actor. At the age of eight he was singing boy at Harrogate Theatre, and later was engaged to sing soprano parts at the Haymarket and Drury Lane Theatres. At the very outset of his career as a singer, when engaged to sing at Covent Garden in Arne's *Artaxerxes*, the newspapers of the time condemned him as a total failure. Notwithstanding this adverse verdict, by patient study his voice, though never powerful, attained great sweetness, and he soon soared into the front rank as the first of English bass singers. Two characteristics of his singing made him highly acceptable to the public—first, the correctness of his intonation, and, secondly, the use of appropriate declamation and dramatic fire. In this respect he is said to have resembled the great Braham more than any of his contemporaries. His style was simple, but perfectly natural, without any pomposity, combined with an ingenuous modesty that went straight to the hearts of his audience. He was thus in demand at all the great musical festivals. In Barnet's *Mountain Sylph* his rendering of the ballad, "Farewell to the Mountain," achieved success for the opera. In 1844 he visited America. As a tribute to his vocal powers, it may incidentally be mentioned that Mendelssohn composed a "Scena" for him, and he sang it at the Philharmonic Concert, March 15th, 1847. He was a

fine exponent of the art of ballad singing. Like Sims Reeves, however, he unhappily outlived his reputation, his death occurring in 1876.

Another singer of the same name, W. L. Phillips, was born in Bristol in 1816. At one time he was in the cathedral choir, and subsequently proceeded to London, where his beautiful voice attracted the attention of Miss Stephens, afterwards Countess of Essex. He was class-fellow with Sir William Sterndale Bennett at the Royal Academy of Music, and became professor of composition at that institution. He was also a composer of merit.

The founder of the "musical sketch" form of entertainment was Thomas German Reed, son of Thomas Reed, musician. His mother was a Bristolian, daughter of Captain German. As early as eighteen years of age he appeared in public as a musical performer, soon after which he was engaged at the Haymarket Theatre, London, where his father was musical conductor. In the year 1832 he acted as deputy for his father as leader of the band at the Garrick Theatre. After studying harmony and counterpoint, he "adapted" new operas, and ultimately succeeded Cooke as chapel-master of the Royal Bavarian Chapel, and became the musical director of the Haymarket Theatre, where he greatly improved the music. In 1855 he commenced with his wife the form of entertainment which has made his name so well known in musical and dramatic circles, and which brought him a very wide reputation. Their first performance was entitled *Miss P. Horton's Illustrative Gatherings*. This was the beginning of a series of great successes. In 1868 they enlisted a very powerful recruit in the person of Corney

Grain. Many will remember their *Box and Cox*, a most mirth-provoking entertainment. Reed's wife, whose maiden name was Horton, was an exceedingly capable actress, and materially added to the success of her husband's efforts. Her rendering of "Ophelia" in *Hamlet* in 1840 was especially marked out for praise by the *Athenæum*. Her varied impersonations were considered admirable. Alfred Reed, the son of the foregoing, continued after his parents' retirement, in conjunction with the brilliant Corney Grain, the form of entertainment so successfully inaugurated by them. Curiously enough, he, his mother and Corney Grain all died in 1895 within a few days of each other.

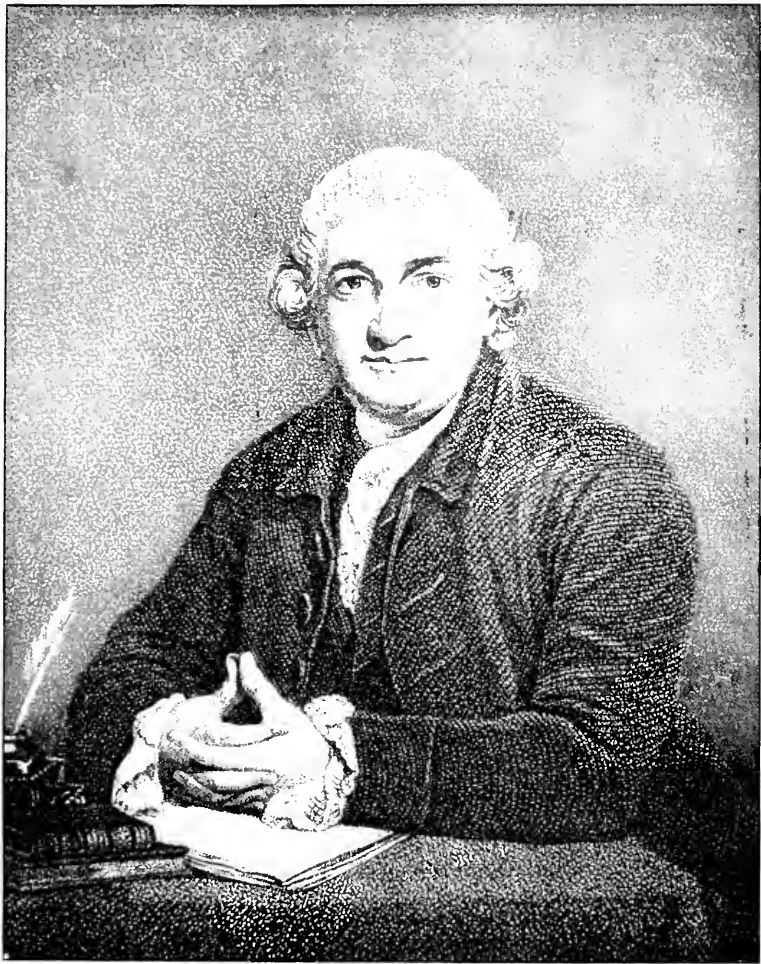
To Bristol retired Rene Harris, the great organ builder of the seventeenth century, and resided here till his death. His sons, who followed the same profession, built organs for St. Mary Redcliff, St. Thomas', and St. James' churches.

From a musical point of view the year 1831 was memorable from the fact that the world-famous violinist Paganini gave a recital at the Royal Theatre.

In recent years the late Sir G. J. Elvey was a frequent visitor to Bristol. In 1892 he attended the Orpheus Glee Society's concert, and was especially delighted with the exquisite rendering of his part-song, *From Yonder Rustling Mountain*. He took the deepest interest, too, in the famous Madrigal Society, and for years regularly attended on "Ladies' Nights."

Had the living come within the scope of these associations they would have added lustre to an already distinguished roll, one of the most glorious songstresses of modern times being included in the number.

Dramatic Associations.



DAVID GARRICK,

(After the *Painting* by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.)

CHAPTER V.

Bristol's close connection with the stage—David Garrick; his friendship with Hannah More—Sarah Siddons's appearances at Theatre Royal; connection of her family with Sir Thomas Lawrence—Charles Macklin; his performance of "Shylock"—John Gay and the "Beggars Opera"—William Powell; his great popularity in Bristol; death and burial—John Hippisley; the Jacob's Wells Theatre; his daughter Jane Hippisley—Miss Hallam—Mary Robinson, "Perdita"; her association with the Prince Regent; her beauty—Elizabeth Canning, mother of George Canning—Elizabeth Inchbald—John Quick and W. J. Dodd—John Tobin, playwright—Sophia Lee—Isaac Poccock's success as a playwright—Richard Brinsley Sheridan's connection with Bristol—James Macready; his farewell to Bristol; Tennyson's ode to him—Barry Sullivan—Walter Lacy—Amy Sedgwick—William Fosbrooke—Sir Henry Irving; the complimentary banquet to him at Bristol—Closing notes.

FROM Shakespeare's time, and earlier, down to the present day Bristol has been closely connected with the drama, and many of the brightest stars who have illumined the dramatic firmament, including the illustrious Sarah Siddons, have appeared in sock and buskin at one or other of Bristol's theatres.

For generations Bristol, with her sister city of Bath, was the nursery of some of the greatest actors and actresses of modern times. Though it is to be regretted that we have no actual proof that Shakespeare

himself came to Bristol, yet there is presumptive evidence that he probably did so, seeing that his company visited the city in the year 1597, a fact vouched for by that eminent Shakespearean scholar the late Halliwell Phillips.

Again, no record exists of the great Garrick having appeared here professionally, yet there is ample evidence of his connection with the city. For instance, whilst the old theatre in King Street was in course of erection, in 1764, he surveyed the building, and was so pleased with its construction that he pronounced it to be "the most complete of its dimensions in Europe." Not only did he inspect and approve of the theatre, but, what is more, he wrote the prologue to the first play ever produced there, viz. *The Conscious Lovers*, with which it opened on May 30th, 1766. We quote the following lines from the prologue:—

“‘That all the world’s a stage,’ you can’t deny
 And what’s our stage? a shop—I’ll tell you why—
 You are the customers, the tradesmen we;
 And well for us, you pay before you see;
 We give no trust, a ready money trade;
 Should you stop payment, we are bankrupts made.
 To feast your minds and soothe each worldly care,
 We’ll largely traffic in dramatic ware.
 Then swells our shop, a warehouse to your eyes,
 And we, from small retailers, *merchants* rise!

“From Shakespeare’s golden mines we’ll fetch the ore,
 And land his riches on this happy shore!
 For we, theatric merchants, never quit
 This boundless store of universal wit.
 And we in vain shall richly laden come
 Unless deep water brings us safely home;
 Unless your favour in full tides will flow,
 Ship, crew, and cargo, to the bottom go!”

Few lines with their commercial and maritime allusiveness could have been more appositely conceived

for rendering to a Bristol audience. Elsewhere in this work allusion has been made to Garrick's close friendship with Hannah More, which is eloquently indicated in the following letter written to her respecting her play *Percy* :—

“Hampton (London),

“August 20th, *circa* 1776.

“We sincerely hope and believe, dear Nine” (this being his favourite appellation in writing her in allusion to her personifying all the Muses), “that you were woefully disappointed at our not peeping in at you at Bristol—you would be a very hard-hearted creature if you were not—so say no more Madam Hannah upon that subject. We felt it as well as your ladyship and pathetic sisters. May I take the liberty to say that I don't think you were in your most acute and best feeling when you wrote your third act” (referring to her play of *Percy*, for which he wrote both the prologue and epilogue). “I am not at all satisfied with it; it is the weakest of the four, and raises much expectation from the circumstances, that a great deal more must be done to content your spectators and readers. I am rather vexed that nothing more is produced by that meeting which is the groundwork of the tragedy, and from which so much will be required, because such an alarm is given to the heart and mind.

“I have been in so much company, and have so little time to study your matter, that I can say no more at present. I'll at my return from Brighthelmstone” (Brighton) “pore upon it, and give my thoughts more fully upon the business. Till then rest you quiet, and be assured that I am your sincere friend, though at times more bold than welcome. My wife sends her

love with mine to you all. She has not yet seen your third and fourth, nor do I yet know whether she may be trusted with it.

“ I am, dear Nine,

“ Ever and sincerely yours,

“ D. GARRICK.

“ You have not sent us what you reprinted about me in your Bristol paper.”

When this unequalled actor passed away, his friend Johnson said that his death “eclipsed the gaiety of nations.”

In the closing years of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth the illustrious Sarah Siddons was constantly acting here at the King Street Theatre. Her salary, it has been stated, was no more than £3 per week! What would the stars of to-day say to such a salary.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was intimately acquainted with her, and painted her portrait more than once. A remarkable love episode in his life is that he paid his attentions to Mrs. Siddons's two daughters in succession. First he was enamoured with the elder, but on his ardour cooling he calmly transferred his affection to the younger; that too having waned, he then, to the painful embarrassment of all concerned, shamelessly again paid his court to the elder. However, fate ruled that he should have neither.

In spite of Lawrence's waywardness of affection, to use no stronger term, towards her daughters, Mrs. Siddons felt unabated friendship towards him, for on one occasion she said to her brother, Charles Kemble, “ Charles, when I die I wish to be carried to the grave



SARAH SIDDONS.

After the Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

by you and Lawrence." When Lawrence heard this he threw down his pencil, clasped his hands, and with eyes full of tears exclaimed, "Good God! did she say that?"

In Mrs. Siddons's niece, Fanny Kemble, Lawrence took the deepest interest, never omitting one of her performances, and always on the following morning sending her a detailed criticism of her efforts, combined with enthusiastic admiration.

The celebrated actor, Charles Macklin, who was at one time the intimate friend of Garrick, appeared in Bristol for the first time in 1717, and his connection with the Bristol stage continued for fifteen years. So finely did he act the part of "Shylock" in the zenith of his fame that it is related that Pope on one occasion was so struck with his impersonation of that character that he said—

"This *is* the Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

In 1741 he first acted the great character of "Shylock," with which his name is imperishably associated. On the eventful evening the house was crowded from floor to ceiling, the two front rows of the pit being filled by the most dreaded dramatic critics of the period. Unseen and calm, Macklin surveyed the critical audience, and with unshaken confidence remarked as he turned away, "Good! I shall be tried to-night by special jury."

That his confidence in his own powers was fully justified was proved as the play proceeded by the ejaculations of his critics. "Good!" "Very good!" etc., greeted his acting, until, as the play advanced in dramatic intensity, he touched the hearts of his

audience. In a word, those who came to censure remained to praise. And when in the final scene, calmly and confidently, but with indescribable malignity, he whetted his knife and demanded his pound of flesh, the irrepressible shudder that ran through his hearers told more eloquently than any words that he held his audience by the heart-strings.

Macklin was in early life a scout at Trinity College, Dublin. The custom at that time was for the servants to wait in the courts of the college in attendance on the class of students. To every shout of "Boy!" the scout first in turn replied, "What number?" and on its being told him, went to the room indicated for orders. On one occasion when Macklin was acting in the Dublin theatre a number of unruly persons caused a disturbance, when Macklin promptly rebuked them for their behaviour. The audience applauded, but one of them, thinking to cover him with confusion by a reference to his early humble condition, with contemptuous bitterness shouted out, "Boy!" Poor Macklin for a moment lost his presence of mind, but recollecting himself, modestly stepped forward, and with manly dignity responded, "What number?" The plaudits of the house avenged him on his brutal insulter.

Macklin's features were the reverse of prepossessing, and on someone remarking to his brother actor, Quin, on the lines of Macklin's face, he was cut short with, "Lines of his face, sir? You mean cordage." As an actor not even Garrick surpassed him in his own special character, and Macready looked upon him as a model of excellence. Macklin was also a skilful play-writer, his *Man of the World* being considered one of the best plays of the eighteenth century.

In the year 1728 the celebrated dramatist, John Gay, was in Bristol superintending the performance of his famous play, *The Beggar's Opera*. So popular was this play in Bristol, that it was performed here no less than fifty times. The character of "Polly Peachum," the heroine, has been the means of leading three of its impersonators to the peerage, *i.e.* Miss Fenton (Duchess of Bolton), Miss Stephens (Countess of Essex), and Miss Bolton (Lady Thurlow).

A famous actor closely associated with Bristol at this period was William Powell. Chatterton has immortalised him in his lines:—

"What language, Powell! can thy merits tell,
By Nature formed in every path t' excel,
To strike the feeling soul with magic skill,
When every passion bends beneath thy will?

* * * *

Though great thy praises for thy scenic art,
We love thee for the virtues of thy heart."

Powell was in the cast of the first play ever put on the boards of the old theatre, *The Conscious Lovers*. For three years he played there with great success, and became ultimately one of the finest actors of his time, due in the first place to his own extraordinary talents, and secondly to the generous assistance of Garrick, writing to whom he says: "You, sir, have put within my view the prospect of future happiness for me, my wife, and little infants, who are daily taught to bless your name as the best of friends."

So popular did Powell become in Bristol, that he was the chief subject of conversation at the coffee houses and taverns; in fact, the rage. Anyone who had missed seeing Powell was considered wanting in taste. Crowds were turned away at his benefits. At Bristol he was

seized with his fatal illness, and as evidencing the respect with which the citizens regarded him, the magistrates of the city ordered chains to be thrown across King Street whilst he was dying, to prevent carriages disturbing him. An affecting anecdote is told of this sad event. On the night of his decease his great friend, Holland, was playing the part of "Richard III.," and had repeated the line, "All of us all have cause to wail the dimming of our shining star!" when a gentleman suddenly entered the house and exclaimed, "Mr. Powell is dead!" On hearing which Holland reeled to the wings as though shot, stammered, and came forward, and in a vain attempt to apologise, burst into uncontrollable tears.

When on his death-bed, Mrs. Powell having temporarily left him, Hannah More, who sat by his bedside, was alarmed by observing his cheek suddenly assume a lively colour. At the same instant he threw himself into the proper attitude and exclaimed, "Is this a dagger which I see before me?" and expired. He was but thirty-three when he died, July 3rd, 1769, and so great were his dramatic powers that he was looked upon as the legitimate successor to Garrick. His interment took place in the cathedral, the Dean, Dr. Barton, performing the last sad rites in the presence of a large gathering of representative citizens. On a marble tablet there is inscribed an epitaph, written by George Colman to his memory.

An eloquent testimony to the status of the old theatre (then known as the "New") is afforded by the fact that Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* was performed there for the first time in Bristol on July 19th, 1773, barely four months after its first appearance at Covent Garden.

The famous comedian, John Hippisley, was extremely well known in Bristol, where in 1729 at Jacob's Wells he built a theatre, in which some of the greatest actors and actresses of the period appeared. It opened with the play, *Love for Love*, June 23rd, 1729. In the year 1736 he occupied a dwelling adjoining the theatre, and ultimately died there in 1748. Though he acted many parts on the stage, his finest was that of "Peachum" in the *Beggar's Opera*, which he originated, acting it for sixty-three successive nights. Like J. L. Toole, his very appearance created roars of laughter. This was somewhat due to a burn on his face which he received in youth. He himself admitted that his "ugly face was a farce." When he told the famous Quin that he thought of bringing up his son to the stage, Quin replied, "If that is the case, it's high time to burn him." Hippisley's "Corbaccio" in *Volpone* was considered a superb picture of covetousness and deafness.

A correspondent writing to *Felix Farley's Journal*, August 12th, 1768, says: "I remember him a young man, and can tell many a pleasing anecdote respecting him: let it suffice, however, at present, that he was a most cheerful companion, that he was wont to set the table in a roar."

In addition to being a fine comedian, he wrote a farce, called *A Journey to Bristol*, which was often given here. At his death the following lines were contained in an epitaph written on him:—

"Here lies John Hip'sley dead in truth
 Who oft' *in jest* dy'd in his youth;
 If acting well a soul will save
 His sure a place in Heaven shall have:
 And yet to speak the truth I ween
 As *great* a scrub as e'er was seen."

His daughter, Jane Hippisley, who subsequently became Mrs. Green, was a pupil of Garrick, and attained a distinguished place among the actresses of the eighteenth century. Among her many successful impersonations were "Anne Page," "Ophelia," and "Perdita." She was the great rival of Mrs. Clive, and was the original "Mrs. Malaprop." Her death took place at her residence adjoining the Jacob's Wells Theatre, in 1791, and she was interred at Clifton. A monument to her memory is in Clifton Church.

Among those acting at this theatre in 1749 were the celebrated Thomas King and Mrs. Pritchard. William Whitehead, the Poet Laureate of the period, being at that time on a visit to Bristol, attended some of the performances and was highly pleased.

Miss Hallam, niece of William Hallam, manager of the theatre in Goodman's Fields, London, who afterwards achieved fame as "Mrs. Mattocks," and became the favourite actress at Covent Garden, made her *début* at this theatre. It is said that George III. and his Consort delighted so much in her acting, that they settled on her an annuity of £200 on her retirement from the stage in 1808, after a professional life of nearly sixty years.

In Bristol was born, on November 27th, 1758, at the Minster House (long since demolished), the unfortunate and gifted Mary Robinson, termed by her admirers the "English Sappho." Her father was a local merchant named Darby, who ruined himself in a few years by misguided speculation. She was educated at the school kept by the sisters More. Possessed of great personal attractions, and having been abandoned by the scoundrel who had married her in her sixteenth

year, she adopted the stage as a profession, and soon became one of the most favourite actresses of her time.

Whilst playing the part of "Perdita" in 1780, her fatal gift of beauty captivated the too susceptible heart of the "first gentleman of Europe"—"Florizel," then in his eighteenth year. Yielding at last to his persistent siege, she was forthwith provided with a splendid establishment by her royal lover. But brief was her reign over that inconstant heart, for in August, 1781, George III. employed an agent to obtain the compromising love-letters his son had written her, which he obtained for £5,000. Later he discovered that the Prince had given her a bond for £20,000 on her consenting to quit the stage and become his mistress. This she surrendered to Mr. Fox for an annuity of £500.

Having married later one Colonel Tarleton, she lost the use of her limbs through travelling one winter's night to rescue him from a debtor's prison. Finally, in 1788 she applied herself to literature, and wrote and published about twenty novels and books of poems. Among those who were the admirers of this beautiful woman were Coleridge, Dr. Walcot, and Sir R. Ker Porter.

Writing May 21st, 1800, from Nether Stowey to William Godwin, Coleridge asks: "Have you seen Mrs. Robinson lately? How is she? Remember me in the kindest and most respectful phrases to her. I wish I knew the particulars of her complaint, for Davy" (Sir Humphry) "has discovered a perfectly new acid, by which he has restored the use of their limbs to persons who had lost them for years in cases of supposed rheumatism. At all events, Davy says it can do no harm in Mrs. Robinson's case, and if she will try it

he will make up a little parcel and write her a letter of instructions." Her death occurred a few months after, on December 26th, 1800. "Rainy day" Smith counts as one of the seven great events of his life of which he was most proud, the incident of his receiving a kiss as a boy from the beautiful "Perdita."

Contemporary with her was Elizabeth Canning, the mother of the famous Prime Minister, George Canning. Her husband, having married her against his father's wishes, was cut off with a pittance of £150 a year. In less than two years he left her a widow, having died on his son's birthday. She was very beautiful and possessed of friends who had the ear of royalty, and Garrick was induced to give her leading parts. These by nature and ability he soon found she was incapable of sustaining, in consequence of which she had to take secondary parts, which she acted chiefly in the provinces. At Bristol, in 1775, her beauty attracted the attentions of an actor of repute named Reddish, who was then manager of the old theatre, and she finally accepted him. Four years later he became insane, and at length, in 1785, died in York lunatic asylum.

Through the kindheartedness of Moody, a fellow actor, who was keenly interested in her son George, and who instinctively foresaw signs of his future brilliant career, appeals were made to the boy's uncle, Stratford Canning. After some hesitation the latter agreed to adopt him, but on the condition that his intercourse with his mother's family was to be of a limited nature. By his uncle he was successively sent to Winchester and Eton, where he rapidly attained distinction in his studies, more especially for his skill in Latin and



Photo, W. T. Mason, Ill. W. C. C.

PERDITA (MARY ROBINSON)

GAINES, 1850

(From Wallace Collection)

English verse, and the vivacity and generosity of his character.

Be it said to his honour that in spite of his adoption by his uncle, and the different sphere of life in which he moved, he never forgot his mother. Whether at Eton, or later in life as Foreign Minister, and even when he attained the rank of Premier, nothing ever prevented his weekly letter to her, in which he poured out all the ardent hopes and aspirations of his life. No false pride prevented him visiting her, for when time and opportunity afforded he eagerly did so. When, too, on his retirement from the office of Secretary of State he became entitled to a pension, he at once gladly had it settled on her.

At the King Street theatre, on September 4th, 1772, appeared for the first time Elizabeth Inchbald, who had not then reached her nineteenth year, in the character of "Cordelia." A playbill of the period states that it was her first appearance on any stage. She subsequently acquired a lasting reputation and a handsome competence by her dramas and novels.

Among great actors of the eighteenth century appearing at this theatre, John Quick and W. J. Dodd were ever welcome. No comedian of his time excelled Quick, who played here many times. He was the favourite actor of George III., who continually insisted on his appearance, and is said more than once to have addressed him personally. So droll was he, that he must have been "born to relax the muscles and set mankind a tittering." He had a close personal association with Bristol in the fact that he was married here to the daughter of a clergyman named Parker. Dodd, considered the finest coxcomb ever seen on the stage, and the

original "Sir Benjamin Backbite" in *The School for Scandal*, acted for several years at the Theatre Royal, and was at one time manager. As a genteel fop he has never been beaten. Lamb gave him high praise and said, "In expressing slowness of apprehension this actor surpassed all others. You could see the first dawn of an idea steal slowly over his countenance."

At the same theatre a play by Richard Savage, whose close connection with Bristol is dealt with on page 50, was performed on June 26th, 1777.

A Londoner, writing in 1792 of the Theatre Royal, remarked that "it was no uncommon thing to see one hundred carriages at the doors of the house," so great was its reputation as a temple of Thespis.

Among playwrights of distinction at this period associated with Bristol was John Tobin, the author of the famous play, *The Honeymoon*. Here he resided in his youth, and went to the Grammar School under Dr. Lee. Though he wrote several plays, including the *Faro Table* and *The Curfew*, only one of them was acted on the stage till his *Honeymoon* was accepted. He was in Cornwall at the time recruiting his health, and when he heard the news of that play's acceptance he was almost delirious with joy. Just as the ball of fortune was at his feet consumption manifested itself, and he was ordered to the West Indies, but he had scarcely left the shores of England when he died—the first day out. The ship at once put back, and he was buried in the little churchyard of Cove, near Cork, the resting-place of the immortal author of *The Burial of Sir John Moore*. Tobin's *Honeymoon* proved a great success, and held the English stage for twenty years. Quite in accordance with precedent, his rejected plays

were after this success greatly in request among stage managers.

At Clifton for many years lived Sophia Lee, born in 1750, with her more famous sister, Harriett Lee. She wrote an operatic play, entitled *A Chapter of Accidents*, which achieved great success, and held the stage for many years. It was produced at the Haymarket by Colman the elder, and was translated into French and German. In 1785 she essayed novel writing, and published *The Recess, or a Tale of Other Times*, one of the earliest of English historical novels. From the profits derived from her play she set up a school in Bath, and ultimately retired to Clifton. She died in 1824, and lies buried with her sister Harriett in Clifton Church (see page 187).

Isaac Pocock, who first achieved success as a painter, was born in Bristol in 1782; but on succeeding to some property his attention was directed to the drama, in which he was successful, many of his plays running for weeks. His first piece was a musical farce in two acts, *Yes or No*, produced at the Haymarket in 1808, but it did not keep the boards long. His *Hit or Miss* was a great advance, running for thirty-three nights, whilst his *Zembacca*, first given at Covent Garden as a holiday piece, was equally successful. He was a prolific writer, and nearly all his plays enjoyed a large measure of public favour. Among his most successful efforts were his dramatic rendering of Scott's novels, notably *Rob Roy*, with Macready in the chief rôle, which proved exceedingly popular. He died in 1835.

To the Hotwells at the close of the eighteenth century came the beautiful and accomplished wife of the great dramatist, orator, and wit, Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Falling into a rapid consumption, she was brought here in the vain hope that the Hotwell waters would restore her to health. Here she passed away in her husband's arms on June 28th, 1792, and lies interred in the cloisters of Wells Cathedral. There is a story told, which, it is to be hoped, is untrue, that whilst taking an airing on the Downs her carriage and horses were seized by her husband's creditors, this painful event materially hastening her end.

Among the roll-call of great actors who have illumined the annals of dramatic art in the nineteenth century, the name of the famous Macready is imperishably associated with Bristol. His father became the lessee of the old theatre in the year 1819, and consequently he was often here, where crowded houses invariably awaited him. In Bristol he first made the acquaintance of Miss Atkins, who later became his wife, and here, too, he married his second wife at St. John's Church, Redland, on April 3rd, 1860.

His last professional appearance in Bristol took place on January 18th, 1850, when the play selected was *Henry IV*. The following extract from *Macready's Reminiscences* will be of interest:—

“As the curtain was falling I stepped forward: the audience, unprepared, gave most fervent greeting. On silence I addressed them, quite overcome by recollections and my own feelings to good old Bristol.

““Ladies and Gentlemen, I have not waited to-night for the summons with which you have usually honoured me. As this is the last time I shall ever appear on this stage before you, I would beg leave to offer a few parting words, and would wish them to be beyond question the spontaneous tribute of my respect. . . .



WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY



For a long course of years—indeed, from the period of my early youth—I have been welcomed by you in my professional capacity with demonstrations of favour so fervent and so constant, that they have in some measure appeared in this nature to partake almost of a personal interest. Under the influence of such an impression, sentiments of deep and strong regard have taken firm root in my mind, and it is therefore little else than a natural impulse for me at such a moment to wish to leave with you the assurance that, as I have never been insensible to your kindness, so I never shall be forgetful of it. Let me, therefore, at once and for all, tender to you my warmest thanks joined with my regretful adieux, as in my profession of an actor I most gratefully and respectfully bid you a last farewell.”

In tendering these words to his Bristol friends Macready was quite overcome, and was unable to check the tears that silently rolled down his cheeks. “And so,” said he, “farewell to my dear old Bristol audiences; most warmly and affectionately do I remember them.”

A magnificent farewell banquet was given in London in his honour, organised by Charles Dickens and presided over by the author of *The Last Days of Pompeii*, Lord Lytton, who had written for Macready his great plays, *Richelieu* and *The Lady of Lyons*. The guests numbered several hundred, including the representatives of literature, science, and art. Dickens, in proposing the toast of the evening, alluded to Macready as “his dear and valued friend.” Tennyson, too, honoured the occasion by writing the following lines:—

“Farewell, Macready, since to-night we part;
Full-handed thunders often have confessed
Thy power, well-used to move the public breast.
We thank thee with one voice, and from the heart.

Farewell, Macready, since this night we part,
 Go, take thine honours home; rank with the best,
 Garrick and statelier Kemble, and the rest
 Who made a nation purer through their art.
 Thine is it that our drama did not die,
 Nor flicker down to brainless pantomime,
 And those gilt gauds men—children swarm to see.
 Farewell, Macready; moral, grave, sublime;
 Our Shakespeare's bland and universal eye
 Dwells pleased, through twice a hundred years, on thee."

That always welcome actor to Bristol playgoers, Barry Sullivan, was closely connected with our city in early life. As a boy he went to the Catholic School in Trenchard Street, which was presided over by one Martin Bayne, one of the nearly extinct types of schoolmasters who firmly believed in the scriptural injunction, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Under him Sullivan made a diligent pupil, and years after freely admitted that he owed much of his success in his art to the stern discipline of his old master, at the same time paying a tribute to Bayne's accomplishments, amongst which was his splendid elocutionary power. Naturally gifted, Sullivan under such a master made rapid progress, and was soon held up as a model for elocution to the rest of the scholars. Among his schoolfellows was one named Harvey, whose firm friend he soon became, and to him Sullivan used to recite passages from Shakespeare in their rambles across the Downs. A lasting friendship resulted from that intimacy, and Sullivan never visited Bristol in after years without enjoying the hospitality of "Dear old Harvey."

At the age of fourteen Sullivan was apprenticed to Daniel Burges, solicitor, whose office was in the Council House. It was during his employment there that he first conceived his ambition for histrionic honours: for,

visiting the Royal Theatre one evening, he saw the great Macready act, and at once became "stage-struck." Forthwith he conceived a passionate admiration for Macready that soon reached the pitch of adoration. In conjunction with several of his fellow-clerks, Sullivan formed a dramatic club in Host Street. Their stage was of primitive modesty, twelve bottles holding as many candles doing duty as footlights. To those who, like the writer, witnessed his rendering of "Richard III." the memory is an unforgettable one. Crowded houses were the invariable rule on his appearances.

An actor of conspicuous ability in light comedy was Walter Lacy, whose real name was Williams. He was born in Bristol in 1809, the son of a coachbuilder. In his twentieth year he appeared at Edinburgh in *The Honeymoon*, and his first appearance in London was at the Haymarket Theatre in the character of "Charles Surface." He was the original "Rouble" in Boucicault's *Prima Donna*, and he was extremely successful as "Renaud" in the *Corsican Brothers*. He ultimately became associated with the famous Kean in several plays. Among the many characters he appeared in were "Sir Brilliant Fashion," "Tony Lumpkin," "Bob Acres" and "Jeremy Diddler." On one occasion when acting in *The Ojibbeway Indians*, a party of the real tribe happened to be present, and suddenly became so excited at the realism of his scalping the "ring-tailed roarer of the backwoods," that, uttering a terrific war-whoop, they prepared to rush the stage, but on seeing that he took off his fellow-actor's wig only, they relaxed into peals of laughter. In the closing years of Lacy's life he became professor of elocution at the Royal Academy of Music.

In the year 1830 that extremely capable actress, Amy Sedgwick, was born in Bristol. She created the character in many plays, among those she impersonated being "Mrs. Bloomby" in Wigan's *Charming Woman*, "Orelia" in Filmore's *Winning Suit*, and "Phœbe Topper" in *One Good Turn Deserves Another*, etc. She also excelled in dramatic recitals, being "commanded" more than once to appear before Queen Victoria. Her death occurred in 1897.

That mirth-provoking comedian of the old school, William Fosbrooke, must not be passed over, if only from the fact that the name of "Old Fozzie" is a cherished recollection to Bristolians of a decade ago. From the year 1852 onwards he was a member of the famous stock company of James Henry Chute (father of the present James Macready Chute), both at the old theatre and later at the new theatre, Park Row, better known to-day as the Prince's. One of "Fozzie's" greatest successes was that of "James Dalton" in the *Ticket of Leave Man*. He also played with marked ability the part of "Justice Hare" in Mrs. Wood's *East Lynne*. This character he is said to have acted no fewer than 2,500 times. Surely a record! Year after year in the eighties no pantomime here was considered complete without "Old Fozzie." He died in 1898, and a monument to his memory has been erected in Westbury-on-Trym Churchyard.

An actor of considerable merit died in 1904 in the person of William Rignold, who with his brother was early associated with Bristol's school of actors, some of whom, as is well known, have achieved world-wide fame.

Whilst these Associations were passing through the press, the dominant personality of modern drama made

his last appearance on the stage of life—Sir Henry Irving, whose real name was Brodribb. Born in the little Somerset village of Keinton Mandeville, his earliest associations were connected with Bristol, where he lived with his parents at No. 1 Wellington Place, at the corner of Picton Street and Ashley Road. He himself has told us that he well remembered being taken at five years of age to see the launch of the *Great Britain* by the Prince Consort. Here he went to school, after leaving which he was for a time junior clerk in the firm of Messrs. Budgett, the wholesale grocers of Nelson Street. From Bristol, too, he started on his great dramatic career.

As late as June 10th, 1904, a complimentary banquet was given him whilst paying Bristol a professional visit. The following graceful lines from the pen of the well-known song-writer, F. E. Weatherly, adorned the toast list:—

TO SIR HENRY IRVING.

Let other hands the laurel bring
 To crown thee on the stage;
 Let other lips thy homage sing,
 First actor of our age!
 We bring a flower that will outlast
 The summer and the snow,
 Rosemary—for Remembrance
 That will not let thee go!

In the course of his speech on that occasion, alluding to the part played by the drama in the national life, he said: "Without opening a book, or listening to music, or sitting at the play, or meditating at a picture gallery, you can lead a blameless, prosperous, and even energetic life. But it will be a very dry, narrow and barren life, cut off from some of the

world's greatest treasures. It will be a life of defective growth on the imaginative side. I hold that the drama is an expression of our nature on that side which cannot be wisely neglected, and that it behoves all of you who have influence for the social welfare to keep the dramatic taste of the people as high as you can. . . . This is a memorable gathering for me—a gathering which adds another link to the chain of affectionate remembrances binding me to Bristol, your ancient and historic city; and I want to thank you very simply, but very gratefully, for the proof of a regard which I have prized most highly for many a year.”

Irving's appearance was singularly striking, and it has been said that he was one of three men in England that people would turn round to look at in the street, the other two being Cardinal Manning and W. E. Gladstone. Be that as it may, his portrait by Whistler, which cost him £100, fetched after his death no less a sum than 4,800 guineas.

In closing these Dramatic Associations allusion must be made to the remarkable band of amateur actors who honoured Bristol with a visit in 1851. On November 12th of that year Charles Dickens (manager), assisted by Douglas Jerrold, John Forster, Mark Lemon, Wilkie Collins, Peter Cunningham, R. H. Horne, Dudley Costello, and A. Egg, produced at the Victoria Rooms *Not So Bad As We Seem* and *Mr. Nightingale's Diary*. So great was the demand for seats that long before the eventful evening every seat was booked, and so earnest were the appeals for another performance that two days later it was again given.

Scientific Associations.



SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

CHAPTER VI.

PART I.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sir Humphry Davy; superintendent of Dr. Beddoes' Pneumatic Institute; experiments with "laughing gas"; his relations with Cottle, Coleridge, Southey and others; appointment to Royal Institution—Southey's appreciation of Dr. Beddoes' character—Henry Kater; his pendulum experiments—Augustus De Morgan—Andrew Crosse—Sir George Stokes—J. W. Brett—G. H. K. Thwaites; his botanical research—C. T. Hudson—William Lonsdale—Robert Etheridge—William Sanders—John Samuel Müller, curator of Bristol Museum—W. J. Broderip—Mrs. Sarah Lee—Sir Joseph Banks—Alexander Catcott, friend of Chatterton—W. B. Carpenter and P. P. Carpenter, sons of Lant Carpenter.

THE greatest name in science associated with Bristol is that of Sir Humphry Davy, the chemist and natural philosopher, who gave the miner his safety lamp. His presence in Bristol was due to Dr. Beddoes, who had come from Oxford with a high reputation for his studies in chemistry, and settled in Clifton in the year 1793 with a view to establishing his Pneumatic Institute. The method of treatment vigorously advocated by this original thinker was that of the inhalation of the new gas, nitrous oxide, just discovered by the

famous Joseph Priestley. Among those whose sympathy and help he enlisted were Mr. Lambton, father of the first Earl of Durham, and Thomas Wedgwood (son of the great Wedgwood), who had removed to Clifton to place himself under Dr. Beddoes' care, and was living at Cornwallis House, to be in the same neighbourhood as his brother John, who was residing at Cote House, Westbury. These two generously contributed £1,000 and £1,500 respectively towards the undertaking.

In the year 1798, Gregory Watt, the son of the famous James Watt of Birmingham, who had been wintering at Penzance, where he had lodged with Davy's mother, induced Beddoes by the favourable account he gave him of Davy to engage the latter as superintendent of the Pneumatic Institution, then on the eve of inauguration. Accordingly Davy came to Bristol in October of 1798 and joined Beddoes. His journey thither was rendered agreeable and memorable inasmuch that he "came into Exeter in a most joyful time, the celebration of Nelson's victory. The town was beautifully illuminated, and the inhabitants loyal and happy."

He was domesticated with the Beddoes family at No. 3 Rodney Place, Clifton. Writing to his mother a few days after his arrival, on October 11th, 1798, he says:—

"I must now give you a more particular account of Clifton, the place of my residence, and of my new friends Dr. and Mrs. Beddoes and their family.

"Clifton is situated on the top of a hill, commanding a view of Bristol and its neighbourhood, conveniently elevated above the dirt and noise of the city. Here are houses, rocks, woods, town and country in one small

spot; and beneath us the sweetly-flowing Avon, so celebrated by the poets. Indeed, there can hardly be a more beautiful spot; it almost rivals Penzance and the beauties of Mount's Bay.

“Our house is capacious and handsome; my rooms are very large, nice, and convenient; and, above all, I have an excellent laboratory. Now for the inhabitants, and, first, Dr. Beddoes, who, between you and me, is one of the most original men I ever saw—uncommonly short and fat, with little elegance of manners, and nothing characteristic *externally* of genius or science; extremely silent, and in a few words, a very bad companion. His behaviour to me, however, has been particularly handsome. He has paid me the highest compliments on my discoveries, and has, in fact, become a convert to my theory, which I little expected. He has given up to me the whole of the business of the Pneumatic Hospital, and has sent to the editor of the *Monthly Magazine* a letter, to be published in November, in which I have the honour to be mentioned in the highest terms. Mrs. Beddoes” (Maria Edgeworth's sister) “is the reverse of Dr. Beddoes—extremely cheerful, gay and witty; she is one of the most pleasing women I have ever met with. With a cultivated understanding and an excellent heart, she combines an uncommon simplicity of manners. We are already very great friends. She has taken me to see all the fine scenery about Clifton; for the Doctor, from his occupations and his bulk, is unable to walk much. In the house are two sons and a daughter of Mr. Lambton, very fine children, from five to thirteen years of age. . . . I am now very much engaged in considering of the erection of the Pneumatic Hospital. . . .”

Through Beddoes, whose home was a centre of the intellectual and literary life of Clifton, Davy was brought closely into contact with Coleridge, Southey, and Tobin the dramatist, and other notable people of the time.

Writing to his friend and patron, Mr. Davies Gilbert, on November 12th, 1798, Davy says:—

“DEAR SIR,—I have purposely delayed writing until I could communicate to you some intelligence of importance concerning the Pneumatic Institution. The speedy execution of the plan will, I think, interest you both as a subscriber and a friend to science and mankind. . . . We are negotiating for a house in Dowrie Square, the proximity of which to Bristol, and its general situation and advantages, render it very suitable to the purpose. . . . We shall try the gases in every possible way. . . .

“I suppose you have not heard of the discovery of the native *sulphate of strontian* in England. I shall perhaps surprise you by stating that we have it in large quantities here. . . . We opened a fine vein of it about a fortnight ago at the Old Passage near the mouth of the Severn. . . .

“We are printing in Bristol the first volume of the ‘West Country Collection,’ which will, I suppose, be out in the beginning of January.

“Mrs. Beddoes . . . is as good, amiable, and elegant as when you saw her.

“Believe me, dear sir, with affection and respect,
truly yours,

“HUMPHRY DAVY.”

The Pneumatic Institute, to which Davy alludes was opened in March, 1799, at No. 6 (present numbering) Dowry Square, Hotwells, and in the course

of the announcement of the event, which appeared in the *Bristol Gazette and Public Advertiser* of the 21st of that month, it stated, "It is intended, among other purposes, for treating diseases hitherto found incurable upon a new plan. . . . The application of persons in confirmed consumption is principally wished at present, and though the disease has heretofore been deemed hopeless, it is confidently expected that a considerable portion of such cases will be permanently cured." A sanguine hope that was doomed to be unrealised, and to-day—a hundred years later—the world is anxiously watching for the deliverer who shall rid it of this deadly disease.

In regard to the application of nitrous oxide gas, the world has unfairly given all the credit to Davy; but in justice to Dr. Beddoes it must be stated that years before Davy joined him he had been experimenting with the pneumatic treatment, and it was solely at his instance that it was used. Truly has it been said that, "fortunate in having voiced the views of Beddoes and his fellow-workers on the anæsthetic properties of nitrous oxide, Davy has received to-day the credit of having discovered them, and to the general public the name of Thomas Beddoes, the real discoverer, is practically unknown." It is indeed to the latter that the world owes the birth of modern anæsthetics. What, however, is to the credit of Davy is the daring with which he experimented at this period.

Writing again to Davies Gilbert on April 10th from Dowry Square, where he had fitted up a laboratory, he says:—

"I made a discovery yesterday which proves how necessary it is to repeat experiments. The gaseous

oxide of azote is perfectly respirable when pure. It is never deleterious but when it contains nitrous gas. I have found a mode of obtaining it pure, and I breathed to-day, in the presence of Dr. Beddoes and some others, sixteen quarts of it for near seven minutes. It appears to support life longer than even oxygen gas, and absolutely intoxicated me. . . . We have upwards of eighty out-patients in the Pneumatic Institution, and are going on wonderfully well."

Dozens of people were induced to inhale the nitrous oxide (or "laughing gas"), among whom were Coleridge, Southey, Tobin, Joseph Priestley (son of the discoverer of it), and the Wedgwoods. Maria Edgeworth, who was at this time on a visit to Clifton, writes:—

"A young man, a Mr. Davy, at Dr. Beddoes's, who has applied himself much to chemistry, has made some discoveries of importance, and enthusiastically expects wonders will be performed by the use of certain gases, which inebriate in the most delightful manner, having the oblivious effects of Lethe, and at the same time giving the rapturous sensations of the Nectar of the Gods!"

Southey, too, writing to his brother, July 12th. 1799, says:—

"Oh, Tom! Such gas has Davy discovered, the gaseous oxyde! Oh, Tom! I have had some; it made me laugh and tingle in every toe and finger tip. Davy has actually invented a new pleasure, for which language has no name. Oh, Tom! I am going for more this evening; it makes one strong and so happy! so gloriously happy! . . . Oh, excellent air bag! Tom,

I am sure the air in heaven must be this wonder-working air of delight.”

An amusing anecdote is related by Coleridge, that as soon as the powers of nitrous oxide were discovered, Dr. Beddoes at once concluded that it must necessarily be a specific for paralysis. A patient was selected for trial, and the management of it entrusted to Davy. Previous to the demonstration of the gas, he inserted a pocket thermometer under the tongue of the patient, as he was accustomed to do on such occasions, to ascertain the degree of temperature with a view to future comparison. The paralytic man, wholly ignorant of the nature of the process to which he was submitting, but deeply impressed, from the representations of Dr. Beddoes, with the certainty of its success, no sooner felt the thermometer between his teeth than he concluded that the *talisman* was in full operation, and in a burst of enthusiasm declared that he already experienced the effects of its benign influence throughout his whole body. The opportunity was too tempting to be lost. Davy cast an intelligent glance at Coleridge, and desired the patient to renew his visit on the following day, when the same ceremony was performed and repeated every day for a fortnight. The patient gradually improved during that period, when he was dismissed as cured, no other application having been used than that of the thermometer.

That Davy's work was attracting great attention in the scientific circles of his day is proved from the eulogistic letter of appreciation written to him from Priestley at the period, which opens with the following:—

“SIR,—I have read with admiration your excellent publications, and have received much instruction from them. It gives me peculiar satisfaction that, as I am far advanced in life, and cannot expect to do much more, I shall leave so able a fellow-labourer of my own country in the great fields of experimental philosophy. . . .”

The companionship and friendship of Coleridge and Southey at this period were an intellectual stimulus to him, keeping his enthusiasm in pursuit of knowledge at a white heat.

Cottle gives us, in his *Reminiscences*, a word picture of him:—

“I was,” says he, “much struck with the intellectual character of his face. His eye was piercing, and when not engaged in converse was remarkably introverted, amounting to absence, as though his mind had been pursuing some severe trains of thought, scarcely to be interrupted by external objects; and from the first interview also, his ingenuousness impressed me as much as his mental superiority.”

After Coleridge left for the Lakes his attachment to Davy was unabated, and shows, too, that Davy was fully in touch with his and Wordsworth’s literary work:—

“Keswick,

“July 25th, 1800.

“MY DEAR DAVY,—Work hard, and if success do not dance up like the bubbles in the salt (with the spirit lamp under it)—alluding to the decomposition of ammonium nitrate which he had seen Davy effect—“may the Devil and his dam take success. . . .”



THOMAS BEDDOES, M.D.

“W. Wordsworth is such a lazy fellow, that I bemire myself by making promises for him: the moment I received your letter I wrote him. He will, I hope, write immediately to Biggs and Cottle. At all events, these poems must not as yet be delivered up to them, because that beautiful poem, “The Brothers,” which I read to you in Paul Street” (Kingsdown), “I neglected to deliver to you, and that must begin the volume. . . . May God and all His sons love you as I do.

“S. T. COLERIDGE.

“Sara desires her kind remembrances. Hartley is a spirit that dances on an aspen leaf: the air that yonder sallow-faced and yawning tourist is breathing, is to my babe a perpetual nitrous oxide. . . .”

Writing later in October of the same year, he says:—

“MY DEAR DAVY,—I was right glad, glad with a *stagger* of the heart, to see your writing again. Many a moment have I had all my France and England curiosity suspended and lost, looking in the advertisement front column of the “Morning Post Gazetteer” for *Mr. Davy’s Galvanic habitudes of charcoal*—Upon my soul, I believe there is not a letter in those words round which a world of imagery does not circumsolve; your room, the garden, the cold bath, the moonlight rocks. . . .”

Later in the letter he refers to his and Wordsworth’s poetic works, in the course of which he says:—

“I assure you I think very differently of “Christabel.” I would rather have written “Ruth” and “Nature’s Lady” than a million such poems.”

Surely another proof that an author is not always the best judge of his work. Wordsworth, his friend, was the

last to belittle his own work, for in his eyes *Peter Bell* was equally as good as *Lucy*.

“When you write—and do write soon—tell me how I can get your essay on the nitrous oxide. . . .”

“God bless you!”

“Your most affectionate

“S. T. COLERIDGE.”

Early in the following year (1801) Davy's brief but fruitful period of his connection with Bristol terminated, for he had received and accepted the appointment of Assistant-Lecturer at the Royal Institution. In the minute book there is the following resolution: “Resolved—That Mr. Humphry Davy be engaged in the service of the Royal Institution in the capacities of Assistant-Lecturer in Chemistry, Director of the Laboratory, and Assistant-Editor of the Journals of the Institution. . . .”

Davy accepted the post with the full approbation of Dr. Beddoes, who generously released him from all engagements with the Pneumatic Institution; and his after distinguished career fully bore out, as all the world knows, the promise with which it opened in our city.

Alluding to this, Cottle on one occasion said to Coleridge: “During your stay in London you doubtless saw a great many of what are called ‘the cleverest men.’ How do you estimate Davy, in comparison with these?”

Coleridge's reply was strong but expressive: “Why, Davy could eat them all! There is an energy, an elasticity in his mind, which enables him to seize on, and analyse, all questions, pushing them to their legitimate

consequences. Every subject in Davy's mind has the principle of vitality. Living thoughts spring up like the turf under his feet."

The departure of Davy for a larger sphere of labour, if not the death-blow to the Pneumatic Institution, did not tend to prolong its existence, for ere many months had elapsed its doors were closed. Thus ended all the sanguine hopes that Dr. Beddoes had so ardently cherished concerning its establishment.

The character of this excellent man is best indicated in the following letter of Southey to his friend, John May:—

" August, 1799.

"Of Beddoes you seem to entertain an erroneous opinion. Beddoes is an experimentalist in cases where the ordinary remedies are notoriously, and fatally, inefficacious. . . . The faculty dislike Beddoes, because he is more able, and more successful, and more celebrated, than themselves, and because he labours to reconcile the art of healing with common sense, instead of all the parade of mystery with which it is usually enveloped. Beddoes is a candid man, trusting more to facts than reasonings: I understand him when he talks to me, and, in case of illness, should rather trust myself to his experiments than be killed off *secundum artem*, and in the ordinary course of practice."

At Beddoes's death, which occurred a few years after the closing of the Pneumatic Institution, he said, "From Beddoes I hoped for more good to the human race than any other individual."

Alas! as he bitterly wrote to Davy on his death-bed, it was his to "scatter abroad the *avena fatua* of knowledge, from which neither branch nor blossom nor fruit

has resulted." Nevertheless his name will always be honoured in the history of chemistry, for through him the Pneumatic Institution became the cradle of the genius of the first chemist of his age—Sir Humphry Davy.

In Bristol was born in the year 1777 the distinguished scientific investigator, Henry Kater, the son of Henry Kater, a sugar baker, of Tucker Street. He first entered a lawyer's office, but after his father's death he devoted himself to his favourite pursuit of mathematics. In 1799 he joined the army by becoming ensign of the 12th Foot, which proceeded to India. When promoted to a lieutenancy he was employed in the survey of the country between the Malabar and Coromandel coasts. Returning home on account of ill-health, he was, on his recovery, after passing a distinguished examination at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, promoted to a company. Later he was ordered on recruiting service, and was for several years brigade-major at Ipswich. In 1814 he retired from the army on half-pay. In 1815 he was elected F.R.S., and became for a long period treasurer of the Royal Society. Among honours conferred upon him was the Order of Saint Anne in recognition of his services with respect to the standard measures of the Russian Government.

In connection with pendulum experiments, he became associated with the famous Arago and other scientists in the observation for determining the difference of longitude between the Observatories of Greenwich and Paris. Kater at this time was a member of all the leading scientific societies at home and abroad. He devised the important method of dividing the astronomical circles on the principle of the beam compass,

and succeeded in measuring one ten-thousandth of an inch. For years he laboured upon an exact determination of a pendulum vibrating seconds, and at length solved the problem, by which means he was enabled to produce seconds of extraordinary delicacy. In 1820 he delivered the Bakerian Lecture on the best kind of steel for compass needles. His astronomical contributions to science were many and valuable, the most important of which was the invention of the floating collimator, for determining the line of collimation of a telescope attached to an astronomical circle in any position of the instrument. His death occurred in 1835.

To the well-known school of Mr. Parsons, Redland, went, in the early years of the nineteenth century, the famous mathematician, Augustus De Morgan. He suffered from the infirmity of having lost one of his eyes, which made him the victim of a savage trick by one of his schoolfellows. This particular boy would stealthily creep up to De Morgan's blind side, and holding a sharp-pointed penknife to his cheek would suddenly utter his name, when on turning round De Morgan would receive the point of the knife in his face. This brutal trick occurred more than once, and at length, complaining to a school chum, De Morgan expressed his determination to thrash his tormentor if he could only catch him. This was the difficulty, for owing to De Morgan's defective sight he was gone before his victim could lay hands on him. However, a plan was arranged. One day, therefore, De Morgan was seated at his desk with a book before him, when his cowardly tormentor stole in as usual, pointed his knife at his cheek, and said, "De Morgan!" but his intended victim failed to turn round, and before he

could fly he was seized by De Morgan's friend, who held him whilst De Morgan gave him the thrashing he so richly deserved. Needless to say, he was ever after left in peace. Whilst at this school De Morgan attended St. Michael's Church with the rest of the scholars, and there until quite recent years the first and second proposition of Euclid pricked out by means of a shoe buckle with his initials on the oak wainscoting of the school pew could be seen.

At Seyer's school, top of St. Michael's Hill, went Andrew Crosse, one of the earliest pioneers of electricity, having for his schoolfellows John Kenyon and Browning's father. On his estate in Somerset he erected a mile and a quarter of insulated copper wire, and made valuable observations of the electrical phenomena exhibited, and earned from the ignorant peasantry of his neighbourhood the title of "Devil Crosse." In 1837, whilst pursuing his investigations, he observed the appearance of insect life in metallic solutions previously considered to be destructive of animal life, a discovery, curious to say, which occasioned much unreasoning hostility.

At Bristol College was educated Sir George Stokes, "the last resident survivor of the golden age in Cambridge mathematics." He considered that he owed much to the teaching of Francis Newman, brother of the Cardinal, then mathematical master, a man of great charm as well as of unusual attainments. A tablet to Sir George Stokes' memory is in Westminster Abbey.

Few Bristolians are aware that in Bristol was born in 1805 J. W. Brett, who must justly be regarded with honour as the founder of submarine telegraphy, which

has revolutionised the communications of the world. He was the son of a Bristol cabinet maker. The first cable linking England with France was due to him, and although he never lived to see it, he always expressed himself confident of the linking together by cable of England and America. Brett was a man filled with that happy union of enthusiasm and knowledge without which nothing great can be accomplished, combined with unshaken confidence in the ultimate triumph of his ideas. His death occurred in 1863, and he lies buried in Westbury-on-Trym Churchyard.

In the domain of natural science, Bristol is represented by names high up on the roll of fame in addition to Davy, for in Bristol, in the year 1811, was born G. H. K. Thwaites, one of the most distinguished botanists and entomologists of the nineteenth century. From being originally an accountant, he devoted himself to the study of microscopical botany. In 1839, as local secretary of the Botanical Society of London, he became so well known as a biologist, that Dr. W. B. Carpenter engaged him to revise his work on *General Physiology*, then entering its second edition. Thwaites was a remarkably keen observer and skilful microscopist. His discoveries, owing to the lack of attention given to cryptogams in England, were so much unrecognised, that the credit of his pioneer work was given to later continental students in the same field of investigation. However, in 1845 J. F. C. Montagne honoured him by dedicating to him the algal genus *Thwaitesia*.

Thwaites did not confine his studies to flowerless plants, for he compiled a list of the flower plants within a ten-mile radius of Bristol. These he communicated to Hewett Watson for his *Topographical*

Botany. In 1846 he was lecturing on Botany in the Bristol Medical School. Finally the chance of his life came when in 1849 he secured the appointment of Superintendent of the Botanical Gardens of Ceylon. There he did most valuable work, contributing twenty-five new genera to Hooker's *Journal of Botany*. In 1857 he was made Director, and in the year following he began printing his *Enumeratio Plantarum Zeylanica*. In 1878 he was made a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. His death occurred in 1882.

The distinguished authority on the "Rotifera," Charles Thomas Hudson, LL.D., F.R.S., was closely connected with our city. For five years he was head master of Bristol Grammar School (1855—1860), and for the twenty years succeeding he kept a large private school at Manilla Hall, Clifton. He was twice President of the Royal Microscopical Society. His death took place in 1903.

William Lonsdale, a geologist of European reputation, resided at Bristol in the closing period of his brilliant life. Starting his career by becoming a soldier, he served with marked distinction both in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo. Retiring from the army, he settled in Bath, and devoted himself to the study of geology with great success, for in 1829 he became Curator of the Bath Museum, and was elected F.G.S. Later he was elected to the onerous post of Curator to the London Geological Society, and during his term of office did much valuable work by his skilful condensation of its *Transactions*. In 1846 he received both the Wollaston Fund and Medal for his research work on the corals. So important were some of his investigations,

that he is entitled to a place beside Murchison and Sedgwick as co-origiator of the theory of the interdependence of the Devonian system. He was the first to suggest the independent origin of the Old Red Sandstone. He lies buried in Arno's Vale Cemetery.

Not the least of the distinguished geologists connected with Bristol is Robert Etheridge, F.R.S. Born at Ross in 1819, he came in early youth to our city, where his grandfather was harbour master. Owing to the latter's collection of natural objects formed on his various voyages Etheridge's interest was excited, and he soon began a collection of his own, using his mother's linen press for keeping his specimens. Whilst thus engaged he attended a course of lectures at the Bristol Institution, and was thus brought into contact with many men of culture and eminence. His talents soon attracted attention, and ultimately on the retirement of Samuel Stuchbury, Etheridge succeeded him as curator of the institution. His ability at this period may be gauged from the fact that for five years he was Lecturer on Vegetable Physiology and Botany at the Bristol Medical School.

In the fifties, through the medium of the Cotteswold Field Club, he became acquainted with Sir Roderick Murchison, who had just succeeded De la Beche as Director-General of the Geological Survey. This proved the turning-point of his life, for Murchison was so impressed with the knowledge and energy displayed by Etheridge, that he soon after obtained for him a post under Government as Assistant-Naturalist to the Geological Survey. In this position he came into close touch with the world-famous Huxley. Ultimately he was appointed Palæontologist at the British Museum in 1863, in addition

to which he aided Huxley by giving demonstrations in palæontology before the students at the Royal School of Mines. Among honours that came to Etheridge during his long life were the Wollaston Donation Fund in 1871, and the Murchison Medal in 1880, and in the following year he was made President of the Geological Society. Beloved by all who knew him, he lived till his eighty-fifth year.

That very able Bristol geologist, William Sanders, must not be ignored. He was born in 1799, and was by profession a corn merchant, but retired from business to devote himself to scientific pursuits, to so much purpose that he was successively elected F.G.S. and F.R.S. Although he wrote little, few were better acquainted with the geology of the Bristol district. The great work of his life identified with his name is his Geological Map of the Bristol Coalfield on a scale of four inches to the mile, which took him over twenty years to complete. It covers an area of 720 square miles. The civic museum is indebted to him for much of its early success and development, for he was for years its honorary curator. His death took place in 1875.

A word, too, must be said of John Samuel Müller, the father of the famous painter, W. J. Müller. He was by birth a Prussian of scientific attainments, who settled here in the early years of the last century, married a Bristol lady, and became the first Curator of the Museum of the Bristol Institution. The remarkable collection of Encrinites in our civic museum, probably one of the best in the kingdom, was formed by him. Few museums out of London have a richer geological collection—note the inferior oolite of Dundry and the green sand from Blackdown, the latter

considered extremely rich. Many eminent scientists have worked through it, including De la Beche, Sir Richard Owen, Thomas Huxley, and Louis Agassiz, who was specially delighted when he visited the museum.

The celebrated Dr. Buckland, when attending the Bristol Meeting of the British Association in 1836, remarked that it was in this neighbourhood he had learned much of his geological alphabet. The rocks of our city were his geological school, "they stared you in the face, wooed you, and said, 'Pray be a geologist.'"

The well-known author of *Zoological Recreations*, W. J. Broderip, F.R.S., was born at Bristol, and went to Seyer's school. His articles in *Knight's Cyclopædia* are considered models of scientific exactness and popular attraction, and whilst they have instructed and delighted thousands of readers, have won, too, the appreciation of the most fastidious, who are slow to believe that the solid and amusing have no necessary antagonism. In conjunction with Sir Stamford Raffles, he helped to found the Zoological Society of London. Few men have more graphically described the habits of animals.

Mrs. Sarah Lee, a popular writer on natural history subjects in her day, was closely connected with our city, for her first husband was the famous traveller, T. E. Bowdich, of Bristol. Accompanying him on his second visit to Africa, she became acquainted with the world-famous Cuvier, the naturalist, who received them with the greatest kindness at Paris. In the early days of her widowhood she revisited Paris, and saw much of Cuvier, who gave her many tokens of his regard. Ultimately she married Robert Lee.

She was a prolific writer, and among her numerous

works some were really important, particularly her *Freshwater Fishes of Great Britain*, illustrated by herself and published in 1828. The value of the illustrations was enhanced from the fact that the fishes represented in it were actually caught for the purpose, and Mrs. Lee painted them on the spot before death had tarnished their colours. The work is now very rare, and a copy in 1887 fetched £41.

Among early pioneers of natural science was the famous Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society. In 1767 he paid Bristol a visit via Westbury, whose natural beauty particularly impressed him. Whilst here he visited St. Vincent's Rocks and searched for botanical specimens, and was charmed with the views of the river, "winding between steep rocks, sometimes wooded and sometimes bare, and most beautiful; they would have well repaid our walk had we had less success in our botanical amusements."

Among those he visited whilst here was the Rev. Alexander Catcott to see his collection of fossils—"spent two hours with him looking them over, but perfectly agreeable. His collection, though small, is certainly the most amusing, possibly the best, as it is also the most instructive, I have seen."

Catcott was the son of A. S. Catcott, master of the Grammar School, and was born here in 1725. By his friendship with Chatterton, and as one of the fathers of geology, he is chiefly remembered to-day. He wrote a *Treatise on the Deluge*, a portion of which Lyell considered "a very valuable contribution."

A distinguished scientist associated with our city was Dr. W. B. Carpenter, physiologist and zoologist. He was the eldest son of Lant Carpenter and the brother

of Mary Carpenter. Born in 1813, he was educated at his father's celebrated school, and there acquired the foundation of classical and scientific knowledge.

Entering the Medical School, Bristol, for a short period, he passed to the London University College, finally entering the Medical School at Edinburgh. There he commenced those researches in physiology which afterwards lifted him into well-won distinction. His papers at this early period show that he took a broad and catholic grasp of natural science. One of them attracted the attention of Johannes Müller, the first physiologist of his time, who paid it the honour of inserting a translation of it in his *Archives* for 1840. But it was the publication of his celebrated work, *Principles of General and Comparative Physiology*, the first English book which adequately dealt with the science of biology, that drew the attention of the scientific world to its author, W. B. Carpenter.

For some time he lectured on medical jurisprudence and physiology at the Bristol Medical School. Removing to London in 1844, he obtained the Fullerian Professorship of Physiology at the Royal Institution. This was followed by many other valuable appointments, including the Swiney Lectureship on Geology at the British Museum, and Examiner in Physiology at the London University. Ultimately in 1856 he obtained the post of Registrar of that College, and threw himself heart and soul into the work of its development. Resigning in 1879, he had conferred on him the distinction of C.B.

Among Carpenter's multifarious scientific labours was his work on the Foraminifera. Marine zoology too was a subject in which he was deeply interested, and in conjunction with Professor Wyville Thomson he studied

the crinoids near Belfast in 1868, and together they explored the fauna and other phenomena of the sea-bottom between the North of Ireland and the Faroe Islands. This was followed up by other explorations, and in the preparations for the *Challenger* expedition he took a very active part. As a microscopist, Carpenter takes high rank for his work. *The Microscope and its Revelations* has gone through many editions; this is equally true of his other works, which have become standard authorities. In the course of his study of mental physiology, he invented the phrase "unconscious cerebration of the brain." The industry, research, and many-sidedness of this son of science were truly remarkable.

Among honours bestowed upon him were the Royal Medal of the Royal Society (1861), the Lyell Medal of the Geological Society (1883), the LL.D. of Edinburgh (1871), and last but not least the Presidency of the British Association in 1872. His death occurred in 1885 as the result of an accident.

In Bristol was born, in 1819, his youngest brother, Philip Pearsall Carpenter, who also received his education here, first at his father's school and after at Bristol College. He too attained distinction in natural science as a conchologist. Graduating in London University, he became a Presbyterian minister, and developed an interest in various schemes of philanthropy. Having learnt swimming, he taught numbers of poor lads the art. Carpenter was a clever man, but eccentric, for on one occasion, having had his home robbed, he published a handbill describing his candlesticks, silver spoons, etc., informing the thieves that he had forgiven them, and that if they liked to call he would converse with them,

and if they did not call they would have to meet him at the Day of Judgment. The work of his life, however, came to him in a curious way, for walking one day in the year 1855 down a street in Liverpool, Carpenter caught sight of some strange shells in a dealer's window. On inquiry, he found they were part of a vast collection made by a Belgian naturalist in California, who had died and left them unsorted and unnamed. Carpenter bought them up for £50. Their number may be gauged from the fact that they weighed *fourteen tons*. To examine, name, and classify this huge collection was from that time the work of Carpenter's life. Through them he was able to add 222 new species to the order of Mollusca. A report on them occupies 209 pages of the *British Association Report* for 1856. In 1865 Carpenter went with his family to Canada and there lived for the remainder of his life, dying in 1877.

· CHAPTER VI. (*continued*).

PART II.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL.

James Cowles Prichard—John Addington Symonds—William Budd : Tyndall's tribute to him—Richard Bright—Henry Southey—John Bishop Estlin—Thomas Turner—William Thornhill—William Herapath—John Nott—Thomas Dover—Richard Smith : his generous gifts to the city—W. T. Smith—James Greig Smith.



ONE of a brilliant and remarkable band of men who have shed lustre upon the medical annals of Bristol was James Cowles Prichard, born at Ross but connected nearly all his life with this city. Here he first pursued his medical studies under Dr. Pole. History and languages were his favourites, and in acquiring the latter he showed remarkable aptitude, for nothing delighted him more than to converse in their own language with the various foreigners who visited Bristol. On one occasion it is related he accosted a Greek sailor in Romaic, and the man was so overcome with delight that he caught the lad in his arms and kissed him. Leaving Bristol, he studied for some time at St. Thomas's Hospital, London, and thence proceeded to Edinburgh, where he spent some years in hard study, which terminated by a short course at Oxford. Returning again to Bristol, he married a daughter of John



Graffer. Futher
J. Prichard

JAMES COWLES PRICHARD, M.D.

Prior Estlin, and became in 1812 physician to St. Peter's Hospital, and the experience he gained there had a remarkable influence on his study of pathology. The year following he published the first edition of his great work, *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind*. He was one of the founders of the Bristol Institution. In 1845 the Government appointed him Commissioner in Lunacy. Intellectual honours now fell thick upon him, among others that of being elected F.R.S. Prior to his entry into that field of study which he made peculiarly his own, it had been almost entirely neglected.

In addition to the great work to which all his remarkable powers were applied, he published in 1819 a treatise on Egyptian Mythology, a remarkable part of which was his analysis of the remains of Egyptian chronology. Bunsen, in his great work on Egypt, eulogises Dr. Prichard as "one of the most acute and learned investigators of his time." For many years he lived at the Red Lodge, Park Row.

In writing of Prichard, the name of his lifelong friend, Dr. John Addington Symonds, is inevitably suggested. Born at Oxford, and, judging by results, steeped in the underlying spirit of culture that pervades that great seat of learning, he was for forty years a great intellectual force in our city. At Edinburgh, where his training was received, he was distinguished for his unflinching devotion to the studies of his profession. A lover of literature and art, combined with soundness of judgment, logical precision, and great industry of research, made him not only a distinguished physician, but a man of large and liberal culture. His urbanity of manner and his originality as a thinker, allied to the beauty of his diction with which he adorned the discus-

sions that occurred both at his own hospitable table and those of his friends, made him a personal influence of great weight in the city of his adoption. For seventeen years he was physician to the General Hospital. As a writer he was not voluminous, but his essays contained in the *Miscellanies* edited by his gifted son evince much deep and original thinking. At the comparatively early age of sixty-two this distinguished man died, leaving behind him the memory of a singularly cultured and rare order of mind, allied to a geniality which had made him a universal favourite.

One of the greatest men, however, not only in local but in national medical annals, was William Budd, who for many years was closely associated with Bristol. He came here in 1842, and subsequently was appointed physician to St. Peter's Hospital and the Infirmary. He attained European distinction by his life work, devoted to the study of typhoid fever. When Asiatic cholera broke out in Bristol in 1866, it was through acting on the measures advocated and carried out by Budd that its ravages were checked and stamped out. How successful those measures were is proved by the eloquent fact that in 1849 the same disease carried off nearly 450 victims, whilst in 1866 only 29 succumbed. His studies of contagious diseases had convinced him that in certain forms prompt destruction of those affected was the only real remedy; consequently, when the terrible rinderpest broke out in England in 1866, Budd strenuously advocated a pole-axe and a pit of quicklime as the only means of cure. So daring a method was at first ridiculed, but time was on the side of Budd, and eventually his advice was successfully adopted.

Tyndall, the distinguished scientist, pays an eloquent

tribute to him, where he says: "Dr. Budd I hold to have been a man of the highest genius. There was no physician in England who, during his lifetime, showed anything like the penetration in the interpretation of zymotic disease. For a great number of years he conducted an uphill fight against the whole of his medical colleagues, the only sympathy which he could count upon during this depressing time being that of the venerable Sir Thomas Watson. Over and over again Sir Thomas Watson has spoken to me of William Budd's priceless contributions to medical literature. His doctrines are now everywhere victorious, each succeeding discovery furnishing an illustration of his marvellous prescience."

As a great sanitarian, Budd took the deepest interest in the water supply of the city, deeming pure water one of the surest means of preserving the public health, and he considered Bristol's supply second to none in the kingdom. He was not only one of the foremost physicians of his time, but an accomplished and cultured man, being an excellent draughtsman and photographer, and well versed in modern languages, which enabled him to keep abreast of continental as well as English medical literature. One who frequently dined at his table—Judge O'Connor Morris—regarded him as one of the kindest friends he had ever met, and greatly enjoyed his conversation, which he describes as "joyous, animated, and full of fun and intelligence." Having retired to Clevedon owing to a breakdown from overwork, he died there in 1880.

Richard Bright, the world-famous discoverer of Bright's disease, was born in Bristol in 1780, his father being a merchant and a member of the banking

company of Ames, Bright and Cave; his eldest brother represented Bristol in three Parliaments. His early education he received under Doctors Estlin and Carpenter, both famous names in Bristol history. After studying at Edinburgh University, he accompanied Sir Henry Holland and Sir George Mackenzie in their journey through Iceland. Returning to England, he commenced clinical hospital work at Guy's Hospital, where he lived in the house of the resident physician for two years. Ultimately he was elected assistant-physician there, and rapidly gave proof of his remarkable powers of observation and his tireless skill in the investigation of disease, which led to his remarkable discovery relating to the kidneys which has immortalised his labours in the field of original research. It has been well said of him that there has been no English physician—perhaps it may be said none of any country—since the time of the great Harvey, who has effected not only so great an advance in the knowledge of particular diseases, but also so great a revolution in medical habits of thought and methods of investigating morbid phenomena and tracing the etiology of disease, as Dr. Richard Bright.

In a record of some of the distinguished physicians associated with our city the name of Henry H. Southey deserves mention. He was the younger brother of the poet, and was born in Bristol in 1783. After studying surgery under the uncle of Harriet Martineau, he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he acquired remarkable facility in speaking the Latin tongue, frequently conversing in it with his friends. He graduated M.D. in 1806, and later on settled in London, where he was appointed Licentiate of the College of Physicians;

in 1812 he was elected Fellow, and finally in 1825 he became an F.R.S. In 1815 he was made physician of the Middlesex Hospital, and later he was honoured by the appointment of physician to George IV. and physician extraordinary to Queen Adelaide. In addition to this he was Gresham professor of medicine from 1834 to 1865, was the recipient of the D.C.L. in 1847, and delivered the Harveian oration for that year. His death occurred in 1865.

Few surgeons of Bristol have won for themselves a nobler reputation than John Bishop Estlin, born in 1785, the son of Dr. John Prior Estlin, the celebrated schoolmaster of Bristol. Educated at his father's school, he began his professional studies at the Bristol Infirmary in 1804, and after studying both at Guy's Hospital and at Edinburgh, he settled in his native city. Early in his career he devoted himself chiefly to ophthalmic surgery; in the year 1822 he established in Frogmore Street a dispensary for the treatment of diseases of the eye. For the long period of thirty-six years he managed that institution, and himself treated no fewer than 52,000 cases; of these he kept notes, and published many papers in the medical journals concerning them. So great was his reputation, that he was considered the foremost surgeon of his time on diseases of the eye. In 1817 he married Walter Bagehot's aunt. He was one of the earliest to recognise Jenner's great discovery of vaccination as the preventative of small-pox. In fact, Estlin was ever in the van of those who worked for the amelioration of physical and social evils. A bust of this excellent man by his distinguished fellow-citizen Baily is now in the Bristol Art Gallery.

The celebrated surgeon Thomas Turner, born at Truro in 1793, served his apprenticeship to Nehemiah Duck, one of the surgeons to St. Peter's Hospital. The work with which his name is chiefly identified was the founding in Manchester in 1825 of the first real Provincial Medical School, the result of which has amply demonstrated that the great provincial towns are as capable of affording a first-class medical education as London. Through him, too, the Royal School of Medicine, Manchester, was amalgamated with Owens College. A Turner medical prize commemorates his services to that institution. He died in 1873.

A surgeon of considerable distinction in his day, William Thornhill, born at the beginning of the eighteenth century, was educated in Bristol, and became first surgeon to the Bristol Infirmary when opened in 1737. His daughter Anne was the mother of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall. Thornhill was one of the earliest English surgeons to adopt and improve the operation of suprapubic lithotomy. His records show that he was more successful than any of his contemporaries. He was especially skilful in maternity cases. In appearance he was handsome and possessed of polished manners, and habitually wore an entire suit of black velvet, and carried an elegant steel-handled rapier. He died in 1755.

The distinguished toxicologist, William Herapath, was also a native of Bristol, being the son of a maltster of St. Philip's. Succeeding to his father's business, he soon relinquished it, and devoted the whole of his time to the study of chemistry. Ultimately he became Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology to the Bristol Medical School. In the famous local Burdock poisoning

case by arsenic he was examined by the prosecution, and acquired a great reputation by his analysis. As a consequence he was retained as an expert in many other important criminal trials. He was one of the founders of the Chemical Society, London. His eldest son, William Bird Herapath, inherited his father's gifts, and became also a distinguished toxicologist and was made an F.R.S.

A medical man of considerable celebrity in his day was Dr. John Nott, who lived in Bristol and wrote a treatise on the Hotwell water. He was, too, a classical scholar, and is the author of many works, including the editing of Decker's *Gu's Horn Book* and Wither's *Poems*. His notes on the latter were castigated by Lamb, who annotated them in turn with such comments as: "Thou d—— fool!" "Why not, Nott?" "O eloquent in abuse! Niggard where thou should'st praise, most negative Nott."

A still more famous doctor was Thomas Dover, born in the seventeenth century, whose powders have for generations been held in great repute. He was a Bristolian, and, to his honour, was the first medical man to give gratuitous service to the poor of our city. The efficacy of his powders are vouched for by H. M. Stanley, the great African explorer. In his work, *How I Found Livingstone*, the intrepid explorer relates in his account of the great Makata Swamp, a terrible marsh of thirty miles in extent, through which he and his men plunged, how he was attacked by acute dysentery, but ultimately recovered through the judicious use of Dover's powders. Dr. Thomas Dover, it will be remembered, was second in command with Captain Woodes Rogers in his memorable voyage round the world.

A remarkable character, extremely well known in the first half of the nineteenth century, was Richard Smith, nephew of George Symes Catcott of Chatterton notoriety, and for nearly half a century surgeon at the Bristol Infirmary. He was a great lover of literature and the drama, and to him the city is indebted for some of the valuable Chatterton MSS. and the unique collection of Bristol play-bills. Among these latter (now in the Bristol Room of the Central Library) are original autograph letters of David Garrick and his wife, written to Hannah More; also the autograph of the illustrious Sarah Siddons, and the playbill of the first play ever acted on the boards of the old theatre, King Street, *The Conscious Lovers*. He was also an indefatigable collector of gruesome relics. If there was a man hung in the city, Mr. Richard Smith would be always in attendance to secure if possible the body of the unfortunate criminal for anatomical purposes. Among the Bristol books in the Central Library is one, presented by Smith, containing an actual piece of the gibbet and fragments of the irons of a murderer named Mahony, who was implicated in the tragic murder of Sir John D. Goodere and executed April 17th, 1741. And in the remarkable collection of relics which Mr. Richard Smith formed, and now in the museum of the Bristol Royal Infirmary, which he founded, is a book bound in the actual skin of a murderer named Horwood. The bookbinder's account for this runs as follows:—"Bristol, June, 1828. Richard Smith, Esq., Dr. to H. H. Essex. To binding, in the skin of John Horwood, a variety of papers, &c., relating to him, the same being lettered on each side of the book—'Cutis vera Johannis Horwood,' £1 10 0." In addition to his generous gift of Chatterton MSS. &c., to the city,

he gave nearly all the fine specimens of the excessively rare Brislington copper-lustre ware in the "Bristol Room" of the Art Gallery. Sir Henry Rawlinson, the world-famous Assyriologist, was Richard Smith's nephew. This eccentric and able surgeon died suddenly in 1843, deeply regretted, and was buried with Masonic honours in the north-east corner of Temple Churchyard. His portrait in oils has recently been presented to the Art Gallery.

In Bristol was born the well-known obstetrician, W. T. Smith, who was educated at the Bristol Medical School, where he became prosector. Later in life he was on the editorial staff of *The Lancet*. His *Manual of Obstetrics* is the standard work on the subject, and he largely helped to found the London Obstetrical Society.

In 1897 the local profession sustained a great loss in the death of that original investigator, James Greig Smith. The bent of his studies was devoted to the subject of abdominal surgery, which won him a well-nigh European reputation. His published work on this subject is a standard one, and has passed through six editions. From 1876 till his lamented death, at the age of forty-three, he resided in Bristol.

In closing this section, it would be invidious in a work dealing with the past to mention present-day names: suffice it to say that the representatives of the healing art in Bristol well maintain its splendid local traditions.

Military Associations.

CHAPTER VII.

The brothers Lawrence: their early life in Clifton—Sir William Draper: cenotaph and obelisk erected by him—L. W. G. Yea—Sir C. P. B. Walker—Philip Goldney—Lady Sarah Lennox and Colonel Napier: death of the latter in Clifton—Sir Abraham Roberts and his son, Lord Roberts—Sir Samford Whittingham—Sir John Stuart—Visit of Duke of Wellington to Bristol—Richard Elton—Sir William Penn: his naval services under the Commonwealth—George Tobin—W. E. Metford.

IN the long bead-roll of famous heroes who have illumined the glorious annals of the English-speaking race, and who in particular have won deathless fame in the history of our great Indian Empire, none have a nobler or more stainless record than the hero of Lucknow, Sir Henry Lawrence, and his equally great brother, Lord John Lawrence, who became Viceroy of India. Tennyson has enshrined in his soul-stirring ballad, *The Defence of Lucknow*, the splendid heroism of Sir Henry, where he says:—

“Never surrender, I charge you, but every man
die at his post!”

Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence
the best of the brave:

Cold were his brows when we kissed him—we laid
him that night in his grave.”

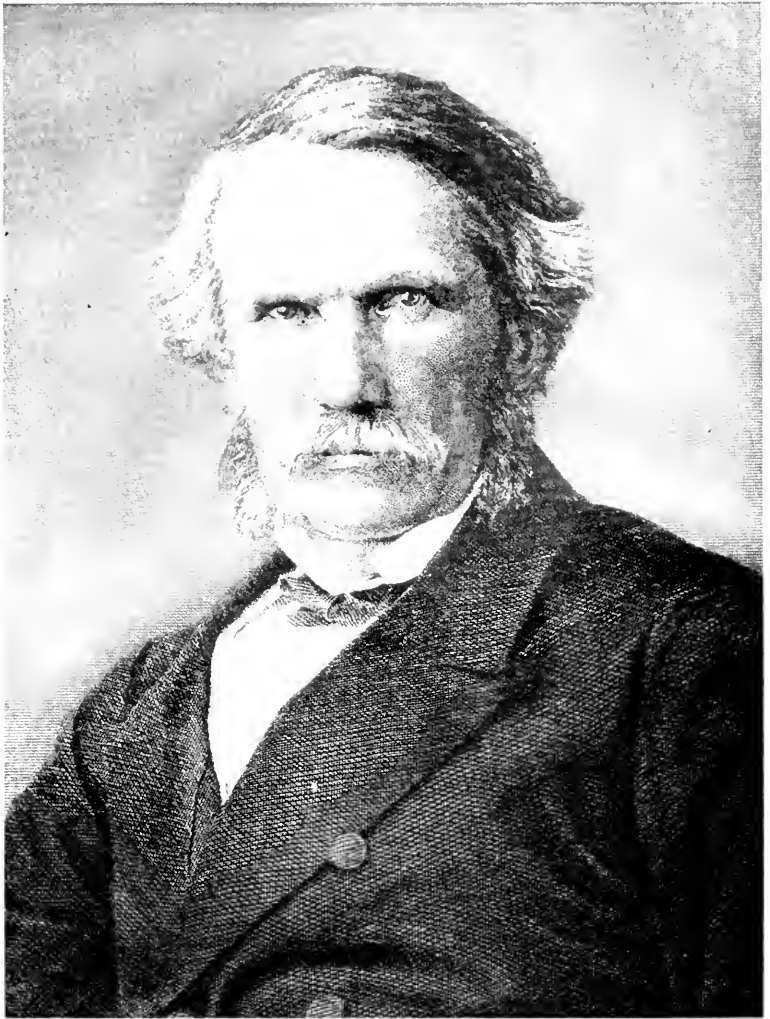
What nobler epitaph could be given him than that which he desired might be written on his tomb:—

“Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty.”

It must not be forgotten, too, that these famous brothers were not only great soldiers, but great administrators. The success of our arms in quelling the terrible Mutiny was largely due to the splendid administrative power exerted over the Punjab, a province in size as large as France, by Lord John Lawrence, which stemmed the blood-red tide of revolt, and earned for him the noble name of "Saviour of India." The mottoes they adopted were indicative of their character: "Be ready," of the hero of the Punjab: "Never give in," that of Sir Henry of Lucknow.

These illustrious men were the sons of Colonel Alexander Lawrence, and spent some of their earliest years at No. 2 Bellevue, Clifton Hill (a tablet marks the house). Whilst living there they attended Gough's Academy, in College Green, their daily walk to school being across Brandon Hill. During their school days here Henry quarrelled with the usual school bully, and challenged him to fight on Brandon Hill. Early one morning, therefore, John was awakened by his brother getting up, and on asking where he was going, the reply was: "To Brandon Hill, to fight Thomas" the bully. Accordingly they both went, but Thomas was too chicken-hearted to appear, and had in consequence to eat humble pie in the school. The rigorous discipline of that school in College Green (common to all schools of the period), is a thing to marvel at in the light of the kindlier and gentler methods of to-day. Lord John Lawrence in after life, on being asked if he had ever been flogged, "Yes," he replied grimly, "every day of my school life except once, and then I was flogged twice."

None understood better the native populations of



LORD JOHN LAWRENCE.

India than they, and it was Lord John Lawrence who made possible the most successful experiment in the art of civilising turbulent millions which history presents, the control of the Punjab. Had the remarkable forecast of Sir Henry of Lucknow, written in 1843, relating to the Delhi catastrophe, been heeded, the unutterable horrors of the Mutiny might have been averted. He lies buried in the land he loved and served so well, and his great brother, the Viceroy, is interred in Westminster Abbey. The latter's funeral sermon, by Dean Stanley, ended with the memorable words: "Farewell, great pro-consul of our English Christian Empire!"

At Manilla Hall, long since demolished, which stood near Christ Church, Clifton, formerly lived a great soldier, born and educated here, who rendered signal service to his country by the capture of Manilla, the capital of the Philippines—Sir William Draper, one of Clive's fighting colonels. He was an officer in the East India Company's service, and whilst in ill-health visited the Philippines, and with the keen eye of a military man saw the importance of their acquisition and their utter defencelessness against a possible enemy. Filled with the value of such a prize to England, he forthwith journeyed here and stated his views to the authorities. The time was propitious, for England was at that period on the verge of war with Spain; consequently his proposals were acceded to, and secret orders were given him to capture Manilla. After organising a sufficient force for his purpose, and getting them to the scene of action—a work of many months he at length appeared before Manilla. At the time a fierce monsoon was blowing, and the Spaniards congratulated

lated themselves that the God of battles was fighting in their favour by threatening to overwhelm Draper's fleet. He, however, succeeded in landing his forces, and after much fierce fighting forced the Spaniards to surrender, the Union Jack was run up, and Spain had lost one of her choicest colonial possessions. In consideration that Draper would prevent his men looting the city, the Archbishop of Manilla arranged to pay four million dollars. Through the weakness of the home Government, however, the victory proved to be a barren one, and on his return his reward was little beyond receiving the thanks of Parliament for his services; for at the Peace of Paris the four million dollars were not exacted, and, moreover, the islands were once more handed back to Spain, an impotent ending to so glorious a victory. It was no doubt in recognition of his gallantry that Bristol conferred on him three years later (1766) the freedom of the city.

In honour of this great event of his life, Draper, when residing at Manilla Hall, which he is thought to have built, raised a cenotaph in its grounds to those who took part in that achievement, at the same time raising an obelisk to his friend Pitt, Earl of Chatham. These remained there till the year 1880, when the property underwent several changes, and the memorials were in danger of being destroyed. Fortunately, however, Dr. John Beddoe, F.R.S., was enabled to arrest their destruction, and was, too, the means of their being re-erected near their original site, viz. on the Clifton Down, opposite Christ Church.

Although Sir William Draper came under the lash of that master of invective, Junius, he must have been as admirable a man as he was a distinguished soldier.



SIR WILLIAM DRAPER.

or Pitt would never, in his speech on American taxation in January, 1766, have described him as "a gentleman whose noble and generous spirit would do credit to the proudest grandee of the country." He died at Bath in 1787.

A splendid type of the British soldier was that distinguished officer L. W. G. Yea. He was born in Park Row in 1808, was the eldest son of Sir Walter Yea, and received his education at Eton. He early showed the metal he was made of by pitting himself, when threatened, against a big boy of sixteen and winning by sheer pluck. In 1825 he was commissioned an ensign in the 37th Foot. Step by step he rose to the position of lieutenant-colonel, and in the year 1854 was in command of the Royal Fusiliers at the Crimea. At the Battle of Alma his regiment showed conspicuous daring, holding their own against more than double their number when the rest of the brigade had fallen back, this result being due to the splendid leadership of Yea. At Inkerman, too, he was mentioned in the despatches, and was made brevet-colonel. During that terrible Crimean campaign his care of his men was all that could be desired. They were the first to have hospital huts, and when other regiments were in need of every comfort and almost of every necessity, he had foreseen and provided for the wants of his own. At the risk, too, of his life he never missed a turn of duty in the trenches.

Later he had command of a brigade of the light division, and in the assault of the Redan on the 18th of June, 1855, he led the column directed against the left face. In leading a storming party, they had a quarter of a mile of open ground to cross under such

a shower of grape as the oldest soldiers had never witnessed. Yea succeeded in getting across with the wreck of his party, but paid the price with his life. Lord Raglan in his despatch said: "Colonel Yea was not only distinguished for his gallantry, but he exercised his control over the Royal Fusiliers in such a manner as to win the affection of the soldiers." It is said Yea bore a strong resemblance to the great Napoleon, and once went to a ball at Bath in that character.

Another distinguished officer who took part in the Crimea was Sir Charles P. B. Walker, who was born at Redland, and was the eldest son of Charles Ludlow Walker, J.P. and D.L. Entering the army as ensign in the 33rd Foot in 1836, he became lieutenant in June, 1839, and captain in December, 1846. After seeing service in various parts of the empire, he exchanged, in 1849, into the 7th Dragoon Guards. He was present at the battles of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, and was mentioned in despatches. He also took part in the naval attack on Sebastopol, when he acted as aide-de-camp to Lord George Paulet on board the *Bellerophon*. He was given the medal for naval services, as well as the Crimean medal with four clasps. Ultimately he was appointed assistant - quartermaster - general in Ireland, and on December 7th, 1858, was made lieutenant-colonel of the 2nd Dragoon Guards. With that regiment he took part in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, and was again mentioned in the despatches. After this he saw service in China, was present in several actions, and was once more mentioned in the despatches; he received the medal with two clasps, and was made a C.B. After his retirement on half pay he filled among other offices that of military attaché to the Embassy at Berlin, which

he held for twelve years. He was also present at the scene of action in the Austro-Prussian War of 1866 and the Franco-German War of 1870-1. Finally he was promoted major-general and lieutenant-general successively, his last appointment being that of Inspector-General of Military Education.

A gallant soldier connected with our city was Philip Goldney, son of Thomas Goldney, of Goldney House, Clifton. He was born in Bristol in 1802, and entering the army, went as a cadet to India in the service of the East India Company. He soon received a commission, and was promoted successively to lieutenant and brevet-captain. For some years he was engaged in subduing the predatory tribes, and in learning the native languages and Persian. He translated various parts of the Bible into the vernaculars. In 1844, as captain of the 4th Native Infantry, he was sent to Scinde, then just annexed. His regiment having mutinied, Goldney pluckily attacked one of the ringleaders and successfully reduced his men to obedience. Later he took part in the expedition to the Truckee Hills. His mastery of Persian resulted in his being ordered to accompany the Ameer Ali Morad, whose fidelity was doubted by Napier. The expedition was entirely successful, and on returning to Scinde, the wild district of Baluchistan was placed under his control. His influence over the ferocious inhabitants of the district was indeed remarkable; he organised a body of police, and employed the population by cutting canals, thereby greatly adding to the area under cultivation. Promotion followed promotion, till at length he was appointed to a brigade, and made one of five commissioners to govern the country of Oudh on its annexation, being placed in charge of Faizabad.

When the Mutiny broke out he was one of the first to apprehend its gravity and far-reaching significance. Failing in his application to Sir Henry Lawrence for a small number of European troops, he removed to another part of his division, which was (to use his own words) "a most important and most dangerous position." In spite, however, of all his exertions in fortifying and provisioning the place, the troops under him at length mutinied; yet he was so much liked, that one of their leaders sent a strong force to protect him and conduct him to a place of safety. Owing to the condition that no one else was to accompany him, he refused the offer, and in trying to promote the escape of his companions he perished.

To Clifton came for her husband's health, at the beginning of July, 1804, the beautiful and fascinating Lady Sarah Lennox, the mother of the illustrious Napiers, who was at one time the object of George III's affections. Dazzling as the position as his consort would have been, there is little doubt that she followed the wiser destiny by marrying the man of her heart, Colonel George Napier, a distinguished soldier, whose faultless figure and magnificent proportions—he stood 6 ft. 2 in. in height—combined with a reputation for being one of the handsomest men in the British army brought about her heart's surrender. Here they stayed for some months, at 14 Prince's Buildings, in the vain hope that the air of Clifton would arrest the consumption which had fastened on Colonel Napier. Prior to this they had visited Clifton in 1792, coming over to Bristol from Dublin by ship. The enormous difference between now and then in regard to travelling is illustrated by the statement that "*they arrived after eight days' sail.*"

The later visit failed to arrest the fell disease, and on October 13th, 1804, Colonel Napier breathed his last at Clifton, and was buried in the "God's acre" of Redland Green Chapel, in the portico of which is a marble memorial tablet recording his services to his country. Adored by her dauntless sons, Lady Sarah survived him till 1826, when she died in London at the age of eighty-eight. Sir Joshua Reynolds has given to later generations the portrait of this beautiful and remarkable woman.

Closely associated, with Bristol is one of England's greatest generals, for in Clifton, at 25 Royal York Crescent, lived for many years Sir Abraham Roberts, father of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, the hero of Kandahar. Sir Abraham Roberts, like his famous son, won his spurs in India. He was born in 1784, and in 1804 joined the East India Company's service, where he served with distinction under Lord Lake and others. In appreciation of his services, in 1828 the then Governor-General, Lord Amherst, presented him with a piece of plate. Serving with marked ability, he rose step by step to the position of brigadier-general in the first Afghan war. He foresaw the disasters of 1841-2, and had his advice been followed they might have been averted. He was in command from 1852 to 1854 in the Peshawar division, where his able abilities obtained recognition from the Indian Government. In the service of his country he spent over fifty years, and was the recipient of many orders and decorations, among others the K.C.B. and the G.C.B. being conferred upon him. He died at the above residence in 1873, and a tablet unveiled by his famous son marks the house.

A great soldier connected with Bristol was Sir

Samford Whittingham, born here in 1772, and educated with a view to following the law. His inclination towards a military career proved too strong, however, and after his father's death in 1801 he entered the army, and became an ensign in January, 1803; a month later he purchased a lieutenancy and was appointed to the 1st Life Guards. Earlier in life he had spent a short time in Spain, and had acquired a knowledge of the language. This accomplishment brought about his introduction to Pitt, who realised the value of it and at once sent him off on a secret commission to the Peninsula. During his absence from England he was promoted captain of the 20th Foot. So satisfactorily did he discharge his commission that on returning to England he was complimented by Pitt, and was transferred to the command of the 13th Light Dragoons. In 1806 he sailed from Portsmouth on foreign service as deputy-quartermaster-general of the forces under Brigadier-General Robert Craufurd, and subsequently became aide-de-camp to General Whitelocke, and took part in the disastrous attack on Buenos Ayres. At the court martial of Whitelocke he was called as witness as having been on the general's staff, and in a position of much delicacy he conducted himself with discretion.

Shortly after he joined, by permission of the home authorities, a force of Spaniards under Castanos against the French. He took part with distinction in the victory of Baylen, and for his services was made a colonel in the Spanish army. Recovering from an attack of fever, he joined in 1809 the Army Corps of the Duke of Albuquerque in La Mancha, under whom he rendered such conspicuous service that he was made brigadier-general. So eminent, indeed, were his services,

that in August of that year he was raised to the rank of major-general, and subsequently was given the entire command of the Spanish cavalry, which he reorganised on British lines. In 1811, at the Battle of Barrosa, he kept in check the French corps of cavalry and infantry which attempted to turn the Barrosa heights on the seaward side. Two years later he was again promoted as inspector-general of both cavalry and infantry troops of his division. Whittingham was one of those forming the escort of King Ferdinand VII. in his progress to Madrid in 1814, and was the recipient of a snuff-box from him.

Wellington thought so highly of his services that he wrote from Madrid to the Duke of York: "He has served most zealously and gallantly from the commencement of the war in the Peninsula, and I have every reason to be satisfied with his conduct in every situation in which he has been placed." In consequence of this eulogy, on Whittingham's return to England he was appointed aide-de-camp to the Prince Regent. Later, in May, 1815, he was made Companion of the Order of the Bath and was knighted. Returning once more to Spain, King Ferdinand bestowed upon him the Grand Cross of the Order of San Fernando, and in 1819 he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Dominica. Subsequently he saw much service in India, and was made Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, and received the thanks of Parliament for his distinguished services. Finally, after filling several posts of distinction with credit, he was given, in 1839, the command of the Madras Army, but had hardly arrived there to take up his duties when he died suddenly in January, 1841. He was buried with military honours at Fort George.

At Clifton lived in the early years of the last century a most distinguished military officer, Sir John Stuart, Count of Maida. So remarkable and brilliant were his services in the wars with the French that the thanks of both Houses of Parliament were awarded him, combined with a pension of £1,000 a year for life. He died in 1815, and lies interred in Bristol Cathedral.

On July 27th, 1816, the Duke of Wellington paid a state visit to Bristol to receive the freedom of the city, and was entertained sumptuously at the Merchant's Hall. While passing through College Green a soldier pressed through the crowd, and at the door of the carriage begged permission to shake hands with Wellington, a privilege he claimed from having been his companion in arms. "A hard day you and me had of it, your honour, this day seven years?" "Where was that, my lad?" "At Talavera, your honour." "Ah! I had quite forgotten it was the 27th of July," said his Grace. "And to what regiment did you belong?" asked the Duke. "To the 3rd," replied the soldier. "And why are you absent from it?" "See what has happened to my arm, your honour." He had lost it at the battle. The Duke thereupon put his hand into his pocket and presented his humble comrade with a pound note.

In Bristol was born a distinguished servant of the Commonwealth, Richard Elton. He attained to the rank of governor-general in the Commonwealth army, and was an authority on military matters, writing a work entitled *A Compleat Body of the Art of Military*.

In this same century, in 1621, was born in Bristol the famous father of a still more famous son, the founder of Pennsylvania (see p. 381). This was none other than Admiral Sir William Penn, son of Giles Penn, a merchant

and sea captain of Bristol trading to the Mediterranean. Penn early followed the profession of his father, and after a short period in the king's service he engaged with the Commonwealth, and was placed in command of a ship of twenty-eight guns. In 1651 in the *Centurion* he was sent on a cruising search to intercept and destroy Prince Rupert and his followers between the Azores and Cadiz. Reports having come to hand that Rupert's ships were lost and his fleet entirely broken up, he sailed once more for England, landing at Falmouth, and putting his foot on shore for the first time for twelve months.

At the outbreak of our war with the Dutch, he was appointed vice-admiral under the great Blake in May, 1652, and in 1653 he held the same post, being at the battle off Portland on February 18th of that year, and in command of the Blue Squadron he was enabled to render splendid assistance to Blake, and, indeed, turned the tide of victory. All through our engagements with the Dutch he conducted himself with intelligence and courage, and contributed no mean share to the victories of June and July, 1653. He was rewarded for his services by the gift of a gold chain of the value of £100, together with the large medal, whilst on December 2nd of that year he was appointed one of the generals of the fleet to act with Blake. Later at the Restoration he got into the good graces of Charles II., and was knighted. Retiring a few years after, he died in 1670, and was buried in the church of St. Mary Redcliff, where portions of his armour and the tattered remains of his flags can still be seen.

A gallant seaman connected with our city in more recent times was George Tobin, brother of the dramatist, who entered the navy in 1780. At one period of his

career he just missed being appointed third lieutenant of the *Agamemnon*, under Captain Nelson (afterwards the immortal hero of Trafalgar), owing to his being away from England at the time. Nelson through his wife was connected with the Tobins. Writing four years later, Nelson said: "The time is past for doing anything for him. Had he been with me, he would long since have been a captain, and I should have liked it, as being most exceedingly pleased with him." Subsequently Tobin was made captain of the *Princess Charlotte*, frigate, and in her off Tobago captured, after a gallant fight, the corvette *Cyane*. The final stage of his professional career terminated in his being appointed rear-admiral.

In closing this chapter, it is not without interest to know that the joint inventor of the famous Lee-Metford rifle, William Ellis Metford, resided at Elm Lane, Redland, for over twenty years. Born at Taunton, he adopted the profession of engineer, and took part in the construction of the old Bristol and Exeter line under the supervision of the world-famous Isambard Kingdom Brunel. In 1857-8 he obtained an important appointment in India on the East India Railway. Arriving at Monghyr, he found that the Mutiny had just broken out, and at once set to work and rendered splendid service in organising the defence of the town. His health through his strenuous exertions collapsed, and he returned to England. From early youth he had been interested in rifle shooting, for his father had established a rifle range near his home at Taunton. Metford's studies of rifle mechanism extended over many years. An explosive bullet invented by him was adopted by the Government in 1863; he was the inventor of the shallow grooving and its increasing spiral twist, and the hardened cylindrical bullet. He pro-

duced his first match rifle in 1865, and his first breech-loading rifle in 1871; this became the principal weapon for long-range shooting at Wimbledon, and was the rifle with which for many years most of the long-range prizes were won. From 1877 onwards the record of the Metford rifle was a series of unbroken triumph. Conjointly with the American inventor, J. P. Lee, Metford subsequently produced the famous small arm, the Lee-Metford rifle, which for many years has been universally used in the British army. Metford died at Redland in 1899.

Political Associations.

CHAPTER VIII.

Edmund Burke : letter to his sister ; friendships in Bristol ; quotations from some of his speeches—Sir John Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton)—Henry Hobhouse—Sir Stephen Cave—F. H. P. Berkeley—Samuel Morley—Benjamin Disraeli's Connection with Bristol—Sir John Bowring—Sir Theophilus Shepstone—Sir Samuel Morton Peto—Handel Cossham—Sir Samuel Romilly—Jean Paul Marat.

AMONG those politically associated with our city the great and noble personality of Edmund Burke is easily first. From 1774 to 1780 he represented Bristol in Parliament,* and it is a blot on our civic annals that we failed to be worthy of the honour of that imperishable association. His election for our city was obtained after an extremely hard-fought fight, as the following letter to his sister, Mrs. French, indicates :—

“ Bristol,

November 2nd, 1774.†

MY DEAR SISTER,— . . . I know it will give you both pleasure to hear that, after having been elected for Malton in Yorkshire, several respectable people of this City invited me to stand a Candidate here, and that I am elected by a Majority of 251, after one of the longest and warmest contests that has been remembered.

* For a detailed account of Burke's election for Bristol, see Mr G. E. Weare's work.

† The original letter is in the Bristol Art Gallery.

The party that has lost the Election threatens a Petition ; but I am satisfied they have no solid ground to proceed upon. The election has lasted a month. . . . This event has given us all great satisfaction, and will give, I trust, a great deal to you. This is the second City in the Kingdom ; and to be invited and chosen for it without any request of mine, at no expense to myself, but with much charge and trouble to many public-spirited Gentlemen, is an honour to which we ought not to be insensible. . . .”

During the election Burke was the guest of Joseph Smith, at 19 Queen Square (on the site of the present Docks Office), a leading merchant, and with Harford and Champion one of Burke's warmest friends and supporters. It was, it will be remembered, to Mrs. Smith that Burke presented the magnificent service of Bristol china executed by Champion, in recognition of their hospitality. Among those who entertained him during his stay were Thomas Farr, of Blaise Castle, Henbury, and Richard Champion, who also had a residence at which Burke occasionally slept in that village. The dining-room window, which commanded a charming view, was Burke's favourite seat, and in honour of his distinguished visitor Champion named it Burke's Window. At John Noble's house, Queen Square, he also spent some of his evenings, and to Hannah More's in Park Street he was a frequent visitor ; she was previously acquainted with him through the Reynolds's. In consequence of his many speeches Burke lost his voice through hoarseness, which induced Hannah More to send him a wreath of flowers, with the following couplet :—

“ Great Edmund's hoarse, they say, the reason's clear,
 Could Attic lungs respire Æcrotian air ?”



EDMUND BURKE.

She rendered Burke valued assistance with her pen during the election by repelling attacks made upon him. When his election was secured, the sisters More sent him a cockade adorned with myrtle, bay, and laurel, enriched with silver tassels, which he wore on being "chaired." At the close of the election Burke was entertained at the famous Bush Inn by his supporters, and on November 12th, 1774, the freedom of the city was conferred upon him.

The late Lord Acton said of Burke's Bristol election speeches that they were "an epoch in constitutional history. Burke there laid down for ever the law of the relations between members and constituencies." Speaking of Burke's intellectual greatness, the same authority states that "systems of scientific thought have been built up by famous scholars on the fragments that fell from his table," whilst a great American statesman has said, in reference to the Bristol election, that "Burke legislated from those hustings." The high-souled principles that animated the whole of his political life were never more clearly indicated than in his connection with our city. Writing to one of his prominent Bristol supporters, in the course of a letter defending his action in Parliament, he nobly said: "I do not desire to sit in Parliament for any other end than that of promoting the common happiness of all those who are in any degree subjected to our legislative authority; and all together in one common tie of civil interest and constitutional freedom, every denomination of men amongst us. . . ."

In reviewing the circumstances that led to the severance of Burke's connection with Bristol, we are forced to the conclusion that they are as honourable to

him as they are dishonourable to Bristol. His was no time-serving spirit, as may be gathered from the following extract: "I did not obey your *instructions*. No, I conformed to the instructions of truth and nature, and maintained your interests against your opinions with a constancy that became me. A representative worthy of you ought to be a person of stability. . . . I know that you chose me, along with others, to be a pillar of the State, and not a weathercock on the top of the edifice, exalted for my levity and versatility, and of no use but to indicate the shiftings of every fashionable gale." With few exceptions, his constituents in Bristol took sordid, narrow and ignoble views of the duties of their parliamentary representative, so that it is not to be wondered at that Burke, legislating not for a day but for all time, was soon at variance with them.

Replying to one of the many trivial charges made against him, that of his infrequent visits to his constituency, he nobly wrote: "I live at an hundred miles distance from Bristol. . . . A visit to Bristol is always a sort of canvass, else it would do more harm than good. . . . My canvass to you was not on the change, nor in the county meetings, nor in the clubs of this city. It was in the House of Commons; it was at the Custom House; it was at the council; it was at the Treasury; it was at the Admiralty. I canvassed you through your affairs, and not your persons."

Perhaps more than anything else his championship of the American colonies, in which he was at one with the great Chatham himself, caused the rupture with Bristol, then sunk in the depths of commercialism. Well might he have been justified in using the bitter words attributed to him by one of his biographers on

his rejection: "Do not talk to me of a Merchant—a Merchant is the same in every part of the world—his gold his God, his invoice his country, his ledger his bible, his desk his altar, the Exchange his church, and he has faith in none but his banker." It was in his memorable farewell speech delivered at the old Guildhall that he uttered the imperishable phrase, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

A famous family long connected with our city is that of Hobhouse, one of the most distinguished of whom was Sir John Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton), author of the *Historical Notes to Byron's Fourth Canto of Childe Harold*, who was born at Redland in 1786. As a boy he attended Dr. Estlin's famous school at the top of St. Michael's Hill. He was afterwards educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge, when he became the close and intimate friend of Lord Byron, with whom he travelled a great deal on the Continent. In 1815 he acted as best man at Byron's wedding, whilst in September, 1822, he met him for the last time at Pisa. Byron on parting touchingly said, "Hobhouse, you should never have come, or you should never go." On Byron's death he acted as one of his executors and proved his will, and it was on his advice that Byron's memoirs, which had been given to Tom Moore, were destroyed. Entering the House of Commons in 1820, Hobhouse threw himself into his parliamentary duties with great energy. Becoming Secretary for War in 1832, he instituted valuable reforms, after which he became Secretary for Ireland. In 1835 he unsuccessfully contested Bristol, but afterwards sat for Nottingham and Harwich. He was President of the Board of Control from 1835 to 1841, and again from 1846 to 1851. He was present at Queen Victoria's first

Council, and has left an interesting account of his first interview with Her Majesty. He was a good classical scholar, and is the author of many works. He died in June, 1869.

Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, the father of Sir J. C. Hobhouse, was born in Bristol in 1757, the son of a merchant, and educated at the Grammar School. After studying at Oxford, he was called to the Bar in 1781. He unsuccessfully contested his native city in 1796, but was in 1797 returned for Bletchingley, Surrey. He subsequently sat for the boroughs of Grampound and Hirdon. In 1801 he took office under Addington as Secretary to the Board of Control, and in 1805 he became Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in the House of Commons. In addition to his political offices, he filled the presidential chair of the Bath and West and Southern Counties' Society from 1805 to 1817, a bust of him by Chantrey being executed for the Society. He was created a baronet in 1812, and died in 1831.

A distinguished member of this family was the Rt. Hon. Henry Hobhouse, a cousin of Sir J. C. Hobhouse, born at Clifton in 1776, who, after being successively at Eton and Oxford, was called to the Bar in 1801, and was appointed solicitor to H.M. Customs in 1806 and solicitor to the Treasury in 1812. In 1819 the responsible office of Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department was given him. Having been created P.C. and D.C.L., he retired, in 1827, on a pension of £1000 a year, but retained the office of Keeper of the State Papers, which had also been bestowed upon him, till his death. In connection with them, he did much valuable work by putting their arrangement on a permanent basis. He became Chairman of Somerset Quarter Sessions, and died at Hadspen House, Somerset, in 1854.



HON. F. H. F. BERKELEY

An eminent member of a well-known Bristol family was Sir Stephen Cave, born in 1820 at Clifton, the son of Daniel Cave, and educated at Harrow and Oxford. In 1846 he was called to the Bar, and commenced his career by going on the Western Circuit. Entering Parliament as a Conservative for Shoreham, he retained his seat till his death. Among offices he filled during his political career were those of Paymaster-General, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and member of the Privy Council. In 1875 he was sent on a special mission to Egypt by Beaconsfield to report on the financial condition of that country. For his services, on his return he was made a G.C.B. Sir Stephen Cave was also a fellow of many learned societies, and was director of both the Bank of England and the London Dock Company. He died in 1880.

Among those who have represented Bristol in Parliament with some distinction the names of the Hon. F. H. F. Berkeley and Samuel Morley cannot be ignored. The former was the son of the fifth Earl of Berkeley, and represented Bristol for thirty-two years, being first elected in 1837. On entering the House he became a great champion of voting by Ballot, for which he strenuously fought during a period of twenty years, though only once in those long years did he secure a majority, viz. in 1862, when the Ayes were eighty-three and the Noes were fifty. Notwithstanding, however, his lack of success, he took his failures with great cheerfulness, and his speeches were always enjoyed by the House, being full of wit and humour. He went to his grave in the firm belief that the Ballot was bound to come, and come it did, only two years after his death, in 1872.

Samuel Morley, the multi-millionaire, represented

Bristol for many years in conjunction with Mr. Lewis Fry, from 1868 till 1885, when he retired. Being from youth deeply religious, he was enabled by his great wealth to take a very helpful part in the religious, social, and philanthropic work of his time. He was a staunch follower of W. E. Gladstone, and was the means of reducing the price of the *Daily News* to a penny. A baronetcy was offered him, which he refused. It has been said that he gave away during his lifetime as much as £20,000 to £30,000 per annum to assist objects in which he was interested. At his death in 1886 nearly a hundred associations were represented at his funeral. A statue of him near Bristol Bridge, executed by the well-known sculptor, Mr. J. Havard Thomas, a Bristolian, commemorates his connection with our city.

An extremely interesting association with the great Disraeli lies in the fact that the Viscountess of Beaconsfield's first marriage took place at Clifton. It appears that whilst living there with her mother (who was the sister of Sir James Viney, and had married an army surgeon), Miss Evans, when about nineteen, met at a ball Mr. Wyndham Lewis, of Green Meadow, near Cardiff, a man of wealth and position, and shortly afterwards married him. The *Bristol Mirror* of December 30th, 1815, records this her first marriage in the following terms: "Friday, at Clifton, Wyndham Lewis, Esq., of Green Meadow, near Cardiff, to Mary Anne, only daughter of the late John Evans, Esq., of Bramford Speke, Devon." On consulting the marriage register at Clifton Church it was found that the actual date of the marriage was December 22nd. How, after the death of her first husband in 1838 she married Disraeli, and was in every

sense the best of wives, consoling him in defeat and cheering him on to victory, is well known to all who have studied the life of one who broke his birth's invidious bar, and from a lawyer's office attained the supreme goal of his ambition—the Premiership. It was an unspeakable delight to him that its possession enabled him to confer upon her a patent of nobility. When she died, he said that his heart was buried in her tomb at Hughsenden. The preface to one of his earliest novels is one of many proofs of his appreciation of her devotion: “I would inscribe this work to one whose noble spirit and gentle nature ever prompt her to sympathise with the suffering; to one whose sweet voice has often encouraged, and whose taste and judgment have ever guided, its pages: the most severe of critics, but—a perfect Wife!”

Linked in association with Bristol are two famous men who achieved distinction in watching the interests of England in the far-off outposts of empire—Sir John Bowring and Sir Theophilus Shepstone. The former, who has already received a short notice in an earlier portion of this book (p. 170), was born at Exeter, and was one of the most versatile men of the last century. He was educated at Lant Carpenter's school, Great George Street, and doubly linked himself to our city when in 1860 he married the daughter of Thomas Castle, of Clifton. Commercial pursuits occupied the first few years of his life, during which he laid the foundation of his skill in acquiring languages of which he later became so great a master. Subsequently he travelled a great deal and devoted himself to literature, becoming joint editor of the *Westminster Review*. In 1830, after repeated invitations, he visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, and he said,

“Nothing could exceed the kindness with which he welcomed me. I found him writing the *Waverley Novels*.” Bowring describes Scott’s house as “a sort of baronial abode, the servants being numerous, the house splendid, and the rooms decorated with rich works of art and remains of antiquity, contributions from every part of the world.” He says, “The variety of his conversation is stupendous, his dress that of a substantial farmer.” Among literary works which Bowring published was his *Specimens of Russian Poets*, in recognition of which the Czar, Alexander I., presented him with a diamond ring. Becoming overwhelmed with financial disaster, he sought and obtained a Government appointment. His first task was to examine and report on the public accounts of France. So satisfactorily was this duty performed that he was commissioned to inspect the accounts of the United Kingdom. His report brought about a complete change in the English Exchequer.

Bowring was one of the earliest to be associated with Cobden in the repeal of the Corn Laws. In 1841 he was elected M.P. for Bolton. To him, in conjunction with the late Prince Consort, we owe the first, and unfortunately the only step, towards a decimal coinage—the issue of the florin. So valuable were his political exertions, that the electors of Blackburn, Kirkcaldy, and Kilmarnock respectively presented him with services of plate. Ultimately he was sent on diplomatic service to China, filling the post successively of Plenipotentiary to China and the united offices of Governor, Commander-in-Chief, and Vice-Admiral of Hong-Kong and its dependencies. As a diplomatist, he scored a great success in concluding a treaty of commerce with Siam, although there had already been many unsuccessful

attempts both by America and England to do so. His attitude in 1856 involved him in hostilities with the Chinese Government, and votes of censure on his conduct were moved in both Houses of Parliament. Lord Palmerston, however, warmly defended him, and though in consequence there was an appeal to the country, the Government was again triumphantly returned, whilst the chief movers against Sir John Bowring lost their seats. So bitter was the feeling of the Chinese mandarins towards England during the hostilities of 1857, that they put a price on his head and nearly poisoned him and his family with arsenicated bread. After a tenure of office attended with great personal danger and difficulties, he resigned in 1859.

Speaking of his old master, Bowring said: "I owe Dr. Carpenter a boundless debt. . . . How lovingly, how untiredly he laboured for the improvement of his pupils." He died at his birthplace in 1872.

Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the eminent South African statesman, was born at Westbury-on-Trym in 1817, his father being the Rev. William Shepstone. Three years after his birth the whole family emigrated to the Cape, where Theophilus was educated. He early acquired great command of the native dialects, and became interpreter of the Kaffir languages at Capetown, serving too on the expedition against the Kaffirs on the Governor's staff. In 1839 he was appointed British resident among the 'Tslambi, Congo, and Fingo tribes. By successive steps he rose to be Secretary for Native Affairs, and a member of the Executive and Legislative Councils. In this position he proved himself a strong man, and deprecated the haste of those who desired to do away with native customs. His policy on the whole was a

successful one. In 1872 he was sent into Zululand to arrange for the peaceful succession of Cetewayo, and on behalf of the English Government crowned him as king, and obtained his fealty to Great Britain. At the conference on South African affairs held in London in 1876, he represented Natal. It was he who in 1877, on April 18th, rode with a small staff into the Transvaal and annexed it to the British Crown, and was appointed its Administrator. Though he had retired from public service, he was induced in 1884 to replace Cetewayo in the administration of Zululand. Shepstone's power over the native populations was simply remarkable, and he used it with great wisdom. They called him their "Father," or from his prowess in hunting, "Somsteu." He was for years a close friend of Bishop Colenso. His death occurred in 1893.

The great railway contractor, Sir Samuel Morton Peto, represented Bristol from 1865 to 1868. During his parliamentary career he did some extremely useful work. Among other things he was the means of getting the Act of 1850 bearing his name passed, which simplified the titles by which religious bodies could hold property. He was a man, too, of great public spirit, generously guaranteeing £50,000 to start the great exhibition of 1851. During the Crimean War he suggested to Lord Palmerston the construction of a railway between Balaclava and the entrenchments, a distance of thirty-nine miles. This his firm carried out at the bare cost of the scheme to the Government, and it proved of great service. In recognition, a baronetcy was conferred on him. In 1866, owing to financial panic, his firm suspended payment, though its assets exceeded its liabilities by a million pounds. This event brought about his resignation as

Bristol's representative. Both Disraeli and Gladstone paid tributes to his character, the latter referring to him as "a man who has attained a high position in this country by the exercise of rare talents, and who has adorned that position by his great virtues."

A word, too, must be said respecting the exceedingly popular representative of East Bristol, the late Handel Cossbam, a Radical of Radicals. He was a man of the people, being the son of a Thornbury carpenter, and was educated in an atmosphere of Liberalism and Nonconformity. His name of Handel was given him by reason of his father's intense appreciation of the author of the *Messiah*. Entering Yate Colliery in 1845 as clerk, Handel worked his way up till at length he became the greatest colliery proprietor in the neighbourhood of Bristol. In 1882 he was chosen Mayor of Bath, the "Queen City of the West," an office he filled twice. After being defeated elsewhere as a parliamentary candidate, he put up for Bristol East in 1885, and was triumphantly returned with a majority of 2,264. One of his maxims conceived early in life was, as he said, to do "all the good I can, to all the people I can, in every place I can, throughout life." It has been said that he was the original of the well-known novel, *John Halifax, Gentleman*. He died suddenly in the House of Commons on April 23rd, 1890, and was buried at Avondale Cemetery on the 28th in the presence of a vast concourse of people who assembled to pay him respect. The procession of mourners took nearly an hour to pass a given point.

In closing this chapter allusion must be made to two other remarkable men who are slightly linked with Bristol. These, the exact opposite of each other, were

Sir Samuel Romilly and Jean Paul Marat, one of the infamous human tigers of the French Revolution. Romilly, in 1812, unsuccessfully contested Bristol, his defeat being largely due to the unblushing corruption and the slave-holding interests of his rivals. His was a personality which, as we have been eloquently told by the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, "stands out in the frieze of our parliamentary history like the figure of Apollo among the herd of satyrs and goats."

In regard to Marat, in December, 1787, the local society for the relief of poor insolvent debtors secured the release from Newgate of a Frenchman calling himself F. C. M. G. Maratt Amiatt, who had practised in several English towns as a teacher and quack doctor, and had finally been imprisoned in Bristol for debt. After he had disappeared it was ascertained he was no less a person than Jean Paul Marat, whose bloodthirsty career was cut short a few years later by the knife of Charlotte Corday.

Assyriologists & Travellers

CHAPTER IX.

Sir Henry Rawlinson—Claudius James Rich—Henry Swinburne—Sir Samuel Baker—T. E. Bowdich.

CONNECTED with Bristol was the great Assyriologist, Sir Henry Rawlinson, whose mother's sister married the eccentric but famous surgeon, Richard Smith. He went to school under Dr. Pocock, during which period he lived with his aunt. This is not the place to dwell upon his cuneiform studies and discoveries, but their importance may be judged when it is said that his decipherment of the Persian cuneiform inscription at Behistun was only paralleled in importance by Young and Champollion's reading of the Rosetta Stone.

Sir Henry was very fond of animals, and among those he tamed was a leopard called Fahad, which he ultimately brought to England and presented to the Zoological Gardens at Clifton. When in Bristol subsequently on visits he would often go to the gardens for the especial purpose of seeing his old pet. Entering the den, he would call out "Fahad! Fahad!" and immediately the faithful animal would recognise his old master and come forward in its cage with pricked ears and pleased countenance, and then roll on the floor and push his head against the bars. Once when he was patting and rubbing its head the keeper called out in

great alarm, "Sir, sir, what are you doing? Take your hand out of the cage, the animal's very savage, and will bite you!" "Do you think so?" said Rawlinson. "No, I don't think he will bite *me*. Will you, Fahad?" And the beast answered with a loud purr. In 1850 Rawlinson's mother was residing at Westbury-on-Trym.

Another famous Orientalist connected with our city was Claudius James Rich, who was educated in Bristol, and early attracted the attention of Robert Hall, the famous divine, by his extraordinary linguistic attainments. The distinguished Babylonian authority, Sir Austen Layard, whose grandfather was dean of the cathedral, paid a generous tribute to Rich's researches when he said: "The most accurate and careful description of Babylon is that of Mr. Rich, to whom I shall have frequent occasion to refer, and whose valuable Memoirs on the site of the city were my text-book during my investigations at Babylon." The very first cuneiform inscriptions to reach Europe came through Rich. His collections, acquired by the British Museum authorities, consist of about nine hundred volumes of manuscripts in Arabic, Persian, and Turkish, and are highly valued.

In Mr. Rogers's recent work on *Babylon and Assyria* he pays a fine tribute to the value of Rich's work, in the course of which he says: "The impulse which Claudius James Rich gave to Babylonian and Assyrian study has never yet lost its effect. . . . None who had preceded him had excelled him in inspirational power . . . and none had equalled him in the collecting of definite information concerning the ruins of Babylon. His quickening and informing influence worked wonders in his immediate successors."

The following anecdote is related of his early youth. When he was about fifteen years of age he was taking an evening walk on Kingsdown, Bristol, when he met a Turk, and being desirous of ascertaining whether his pronunciation of Arabic was sufficiently correct to be understood by a native, he addressed him in that language. The Turk, after expressing surprise at being so accosted, told him he was a merchant, but having been shipwrecked on the coast of Ireland, he was then in distress. It is needless to add that Mr. Rich contributed to his relief. Some years after, whilst on a voyage to Constantinople, a vessel was observed bearing towards that in which he was, and it was thought to be an Algerine corsair. Resistance was therefore determined upon; however, on her near approach, she proved to be a Turkish merchantman. Mr. Rich and some others having gone on board, one of the Turks, who was richly dressed, excited Mr. Rich's particular attention by looking steadfastly at him for some time. At length he accosted him, saying, "Sir, I know you." "And I," replied Rich, "have seen you before." It was none other than the very Turk he had accosted on Kingsdown, Bristol.

In Bristol was born in 1743 Henry Swinburne, the son of Sir John Swinburne. After studying in France and Italy, he devoted especial attention to literature and art. On the death of his eldest brother he became possessed of means and leisure to travel. Subsequently he went to Spain, and wrote his experiences there, *Travels Through Spain*, which was illustrated with accurate and excellent drawings taken on the spot and published in 1779. It was reprinted in two volumes in 1787. Swinburne was the first to make known in

England the arts and monuments of the ancient inhabitants of Spain. Gibbon has honoured the work by frequently citing it in his famous *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Later he and his family travelled in the two Sicilies for over a year. As Catholics and lovers of art, they were well received by the *litterati*. The result of his travels was embodied in two volumes. During Swinburne's life he made many distinguished friendships, among others the King and Queen of Austria and the beautiful and hapless Marie Antoinette, through whom he obtained "a grant of all the uncultivated lands in the Island of St. Vincent," worth £30,000. This, however, he was glad subsequently to sell for a fourth of that sum. In 1796 he was sent on a political mission to France, and later, in 1801, he obtained a lucrative post in the newly-ceded settlement of Trinidad, and was also appointed commissioner to hand over the Danish West India Islands to a representative of Denmark. So well did he acquit himself of the duty that the British merchants made him a handsome gift, and the King of Denmark presented his widow with £2,000. He died at Trinidad of sunstroke in 1803.

Sir Samuel Baker, the intrepid hunter, traveller, and discoverer of the Albert Nyanza, the source of the Nile, came of an old Bristol family, who had large possessions in the West Indies. His grandfather on the paternal side, Captain Valentine Baker, especially distinguished himself in 1782, for, having taken out Letters of Marque, he equipped the *Cæsar*, a sloop of eighteen guns, with which he engaged in a very gallant fight with a French frigate of thirty-two guns. After a severe engagement, the frigate struck to her plucky little antagonist. Unfortunately, owing to her boats

having been shot away, the *Cæsar* was unable to take possession of her prize, which was thus enabled to escape. However, she was captured on the following day by an English frigate and taken to Portsmouth. To that port Baker had sailed after the engagement to be refitted, and it is said that when the French commander saw at close quarters the small size of the ship to which he had struck, he became so mortified that he committed suicide. The gallantry of Baker was recognised by the merchants of Bristol, who presented him with a silver vase bearing the inscription: "Presented to Captain Valentine Baker by the merchants and insurers of Bristol for gallantly defending the ship *Cæsar* against a French sloop of war greatly superior in force to his own ship, and beating her off, June 27th, 1782." Sir Samuel Baker, whose home was at Highnam Court, Gloucestershire, when he married in 1843, drove to Clifton in a coach and four with his bride to spend the honeymoon.

A native of Bristol was T. E. Bowdich, the celebrated African traveller, born in 1791. His father was a merchant of Bristol, and he received a portion of his education at the Grammar School. After following his father's trade for a brief period he relinquished it through the influence of his uncle, Mr. Hope Smith, Governor-in-Chief of the settlements belonging to the African Company, who obtained for him a writership under it. In 1815 he was appointed by the Company to conduct a mission to Ashantee, but later, being considered too young, he was superseded in the command. However, in the face of great danger and difficulty, the weakness of his chief compelled him, in order to save their lives, again to take the lead. By his diplomatic skill and coolness

in the face of danger, when the fate of all those comprising the mission hung in the balance, he succeeded in a most difficult negotiation, viz. in arranging a treaty with the King of Ashantee, which promised peace to the British settlements on the Gold Coast.

Bowdich was the first to penetrate into the interior of Africa. His valuable work on that mission, published in 1819, considered the best after Bruce's, excited great interest, as recalling the *Arabian Nights*, of a land and people of warlike and barbaric splendour. Little of real reward, however, was his for the great and difficult services he had rendered the African Company. Returning to England, and feeling his deficiency in mathematics, physical science and natural history, he went to Paris to perfect himself in those studies, and his progress was so rapid that he soon after gained the Cambridge prize of £1,000 for a discovery which entirely depended on a knowledge of mathematics. The leading savants of France, including Humbolt and Cuvier, gave him a generous reception, and a public *éloge* was pronounced on him by the Institute. Whilst on the threshold of a great career, Bowdich died abroad of fever at the early age of thirty-three.

Religious Associations.



BISHOP BUTLER

CHAPTER X.

PART I.

DISTINGUISHED CHURCHMEN.

Bishop Wulfstan's good work in Bristol—Bristol and Wycliff—William Tyndale and Hugh Latimer—Paul Buske—Tobias Matthew—Richard Hakluyt—Bishop Thomas—Richard Toxgood—Bishops Trelawney and Lake, two of the famous "seven"—Bishop Robinson—Bishop Smalridge—Thomas Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury—Joseph Butler: his claims to remembrance—Rev. A. S. Catcott—Bishop Warburton—Thomas Newton—Josiah Tucker—W. Lort Mansel—John Kaye—Bishop Ellicott—Archbishop Whateley and Bishop Hinds—Henry Becke—Sydney Smith, Prebendary of Bristol—Samuel Lee—C. P. Eden—Dr. Pusey preaching in Bristol—Henry Moseley—Bishop Monk—Edward Girdlestone—John Pilkington Norris.

IN looking down the dim corridors of time, the personality of that saintly Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester in the eleventh century, attracts attention. The work which is imperishably associated with his name is that of putting down the detestable practice of kidnapping men and women and selling them as slaves to the Irish. For months this good man laboured and ministered to put a stop to this inhuman traffic, and at length with entire success, even though the Conqueror himself had failed.

No city in our land did more to kindle that new era of religious enlightenment, that was, alas! too often punctuated by the persecution of fire and faggot, than Bristol. Though no actual record of the "morning star" of the Reformation having personally visited Bristol can be found, yet, being prebend of Aust, it is highly probable that he did so. His (Wycliff's) disciple and friend, John Purvey, however, came here and ministered after his beloved master's death in 1384. He found Bristol in entire sympathy with his work and aims, and it was no doubt here that he finished his great work, that of revising Wycliff's translation of the Bible—an epoch-making book. At the Bristol Baptist College there are two extremely interesting relics of Wycliff—a portion of his garment and a fragment of his pulpit.

To Bristol came Tyndale, or Tindal, the immortal translator of the New Testament. Of local birth, he was at that time tutor to the children of Sir John Walsh, at Sodbury, Gloucestershire. His duties in that capacity were so light that they left him ample leisure to devote to preaching in the surrounding villages, and at Bristol to the crowds which assembled on College Green. Speaking to one who opposed his teaching in Gloucestershire, he uttered that memorable sentence: "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause the boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than thou dost." The copy of Tyndale's bible in the Bristol Baptist College is referred to further on.

Among Reformation heroes, the name of honest Hugh Latimer must not be forgotten. In our ancient city his voice was often heard lifted against the sin of idolatry. In 1534 he preached in Lent at the Dominican Priory, Rosemary Street (now in the possession of the Society



OLD CITY LIBRARY, KING STREET.

of Friends). He perished at the stake at Oxford, and at that terrible moment his dauntless soul rose high within him as he adjured his fellow-martyr in those deathless words: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." It is interesting to note that on that mournful occasion he was attired in a gown of Bristol frieze, the colour of which was probably red, as Bristol red was a noted local manufacture, rivalling that of Lincoln green.

By the royal favour of Henry VIII., whose chaplain he had been, Paul Bushe became Bristol's first bishop. He was born in Somerset, of "honest and sufficient parents." He studied and took his degree at Oxford, and was one of the celebrated poets of that University. From having been originally a friar of the English Order of Austin Friars, he ultimately became provincial of that Order. Having married, on the accession of Mary in 1553, he incurred her displeasure, and was forced to resign the See and retire to Winterbourne, Gloucestershire, where he died. He was buried in Bristol cathedral.

A distinguished prelate to be ever held in grateful remembrance by Bristolians is Tobias Matthew, Archbishop of York, who was born on old Bristol Bridge. To him and another local worthy, named Robert Redwood, we are indebted for the foundation of the first free library in this city, to which both of them gave a large number of books. Their autographs are still to be seen in many of the works at the Municipal Central Library.

Few historic names are better known than that of Richard Hakluyt. This remarkable man, whose *Voyages* have deservedly won him world-wide fame—a work which a great historic writer has justly termed "the prose epic

of the English nation"—was appointed a prebendary in Bristol cathedral in 1586, and held it for thirty years. His stall in the cathedral was No. 1, the same held by the late Canon Ainger.

In Bristol was born in 1613 William Thomas, Bishop of St. David's and Worcester successively, the son of a Bristol linen draper. He was a staunch Protestant and a lovable and extremely good man, winning the affection of those with whom he came into close contact. So hospitable and benevolent was he, that "the poor of the neighbourhood" [of Worcester] "were daily fed at his door," and he was large-hearted enough to contribute liberally to the support of the Huguenots who had taken refuge in this country. He died in 1689.

Allusion, too, must be made to one who lived and suffered here during the stirring and troublous times of the great Civil War, Richard Towgood. He was originally master of the Cathedral School, and was successively Vicar of All Saints' and St. Nicholas churches. He ultimately became chaplain to Charles I. In 1645 he was sequestered from his living "for his great dissatisfaction to the Parliament." On several occasions he was imprisoned, under unusually severe conditions, and at length was ordered to be shot, but with great difficulty was reprieved. At the Restoration he returned to St. Nicholas, at the earnest request of his old parishioners there, and in 1667 King Charles II. made him Dean of Bristol. After an eventful life, he died in peace in the eighty-ninth year of his age, and lies buried in Bristol cathedral.

Among famous ecclesiastical rulers of Bristol's See, Bishop Trelawney, one of the noble "seven," contemporary of good Bishop Ken of Wells, is not the least. Macaulay

in his history quotes in reference to him the well-known and stirring lines—

“And shall Trelawney die?
 And shall Trelawney die?
 Then thirty thousand Cornish boys
 Will know the reason why.”

Mr. John Latimer, however, than whom no better authority on Bristol's history exists, has given grave reason to doubt the application of the lines to the event in question; rather does his evidence point to an event in the life of an earlier Trelawney. Bishop Trelawney's life is remarkable for two things—first, the uncompromising vigour with which he resented any encroachment on his episcopal authority; secondly, his severity towards his daughter in forcing her into a distasteful and loveless marriage. In the register of St. Augustine's Church there is an entry (March 20th, 1687) of his daughter's baptism, performed by the good Bishop Ken of hymn-composing fame.

Another of the famous “seven” was bishop here in the person of John Lake. His career is best epitomised by himself in saying that “he thanked God he never much knew what fear was when he was once satisfied of the goodness of his cause.” When prebend at York he faced the rabble of apprentices who invaded the sanctity of the cathedral on Shrove Tuesday, saying he “had faced death in the field of battle too often to dread martyrdom.” This was perfectly true, for he served four years with Charles I. as a volunteer. He greatly pleased James II. during the Monmouth Rebellion by leaving London and hastening to Bristol to keep order there during that eventful time. As a reward he was appointed to Chichester.

In 1710 John Robinson was appointed Bishop of

Bristol. His fame rests on political and diplomatic grounds rather than theological. He rendered England good service when, mainly through his instrumentality, the Utrecht Treaty of 1713 was brought about. By it France ceded to England Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and Hudson's Bay.

Smalridge, the esteemed friend of Addison, became bishop here in 1714, his appointment being extremely popular. When Addison took the Hotwell waters in 1718 he stayed with Smalridge, and writing from Bristol to his friend Swift, under date October 1st, 1718, says: "The greatest pleasure I have met with for some months is the conversation of my old friend Dr. Smalridge, who is to me the most candid and agreeable of all bishops. We have often talked of you." That he was highly esteemed by his contemporaries is very evident, for Steele, in *The Tatler*, spoke of him as "abounding in that sort of virtue and knowledge which makes religion beautiful." His sermons, too, were highly esteemed by Johnson.

The famous Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Secker, became Bishop of Bristol in 1735. He was the lifelong friend of the great Butler, and never lost an opportunity to advance the interests of his friend. It was whilst they were schoolmates at Tewkesbury that Secker conveyed to the post office at Gloucester the celebrated anonymous letter of Butler addressed to Doctor Samuel Clark, and which the latter writer appended to his *Attributes*. Secker had the honour of crowning George III. The celebrated Duchess of Marlborough held him in such high esteem for his understanding and integrity that she made him one of her executors, and informed him that she had left him in her will £2,000. Thereupon he rebuked her

for bequeathing her wealth to people who were not her relations, and especially blamed her for leaving anything to himself. Although his freedom of speech annoyed her, and the subject was never again alluded to, he found at her death she was better than her word, for she left him £2,500. He was a man of princely benevolence, and was ever on the side of enlightenment and large-hearted charity.

If there is one who dwells, like some bright, particular star, apart from the long line of bishops who, from Bushe downwards, have swayed the destinies of the See of Bristol, then must be given the name of the illustrious Joseph Butler, author of the greatest theological work of perhaps any age, the *Analogy of Religion*. He was Bishop of Bristol for the space of twelve years. Whilst here he spent large sums in improving the palace. This was the more to his credit, as the Bristol bishopric was the poorest in England in regard to its revenue. In 1739 he had an interview with the famous John Wesley, then at the outset of his remarkable life and labours. Butler requested Wesley not to preach any more in his diocese, but with this the latter refused to comply.

Whilst residing in Bristol, Butler had the singular habit of walking for hours in the garden of the palace at night, and upon one occasion asked his chaplain, Josiah Tucker, afterwards Dean of Gloucester, why public bodies might not go mad as well as individuals, adding that nothing else could account for most of the transactions of history. So benevolent was he, that after his translation to Durham, being on one occasion applied to for a subscription, he asked his steward how much money there was in the house. "Five hundred pounds," was the reply, upon which the Bishop bestowed the

whole upon the applicant, saying that it was a shame for a bishop to have so much. His health failing, he came to take the Hotwell waters in 1752, and from here he journeyed to Bath, where he died. His remains were interred in the cathedral, and a monument is erected there to his memory, on which is written an admirable epitaph by Southey. It may be recalled that W. E. Gladstone devoted the closing years of his life to editing a new edition of Butler's works; also that when forwarding a liberal donation to the Bristol Bishopric Fund, which had his most cordial support, he especially mentioned in his letter to the archdeacon his desire "to render a tribute, however small, of gratitude, as well as admiration, to the illustrious memory of Bishop Butler, whose episcopal career was chiefly passed at Bristol." Butler will be for ever remembered as a patient seeker after truth and the deepest religious moralist of his time.

The Rev. A. S. Catcott, the father of Alexander and George Symes Catcott, was for many years master of the Grammar School and Rector of St. Stephen's. He was considered a fine pulpit orator, and Wesley testifies to his piety. Dr. Thomas Fry, President of St. John's College, Oxford, and Richard Woodward, Bishop of Cloyne, were among his pupils.

Bishop Warburton, the intimate friend of Pope, the author of the *Divine Legation of Moses*, was Dean of Bristol in 1757. His introduction through Pope to Ralph Allen, of Bath, was the turning-point in his career, for he ultimately married Allen's favourite niece. Soon after he was appointed he attended a levée at Court, writing of which to a friend he says: "A buffoon lord-in-waiting (you may guess whom I mean) was very busy marshalling the circle; and he said to me without ceremony, 'Move

forward: you clog up the doorway.' I replied, 'Did nobody clog up the King's doorstep more than I there would be room for all honest men.'"

For over twenty years Thomas Newton was Bishop of Bristol, and is chiefly remembered now by his *Dissertations on the Prophecies* and his edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which ran into many editions. Whilst bishop here he incurred the enmity of the unfortunate genius Chatterton, and was the recipient from him of one of the most scathing letters ever written (the original letter forms one of the many literary treasures at the Bristol Art Gallery).

A clerical figure who wielded considerable influence in local affairs and was in every way a strong personality was Dean Josiah Tucker, who filled at one period the office of chaplain to Bishop Butler. Subsequently he became Rector of St. Stephen's, and in 1750 issued a remarkable *Essay on Trade*, the principles contained in it being far in advance of those of his time. He advocated the throwing open of English ports, the removal of numberless vexatious and oppressive restrictions, and the sweeping away of monopolies, duties, etc., which impeded the trade and commerce of the country—in a word, he anticipated many of the ideas contained in Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* in a remarkable way. In 1758 he was made Dean of Gloucester, but retained his rectorship here.

Bristol has been remarkable for having been connected with the great wits of the church, for in addition to its association with Sydney Smith and Archbishop Whately, the witty bishop, W. Lort Mansel, was appointed here in 1808. His jests and epigrams gained him a great reputation, many of which are

enshrined in *Notes and Queries*. Rogers the poet wished that someone would collect his epigrams, as being remarkably neat and clever.

John Kaye was bishop in 1820. He was a fine scholar who won the rare distinction of Senior Wrangler and Senior Chancellor's Medallist of his year—a distinction only twice won before. He subsequently became master of his college. When translated to Lincoln from Bristol he did splendid work; more than two hundred parsonages were built or rendered habitable. As a writer, many of his works became widely read, notably his *Ecclesiastical History of the Second and Third Centuries*, which reached a fifth edition in 1845. He was a sound Churchman, and no prelate stood higher at his death in the esteem of the English Church.

Not the least of the many ecclesiastical rulers of our city was Charles John Ellicott, who became in 1863 Bishop of the united Sees of Gloucester and Bristol, and in that capacity was connected with our church life for the long period of thirty-four years. During his tenure of office he endeared himself to all classes of the community by the Christian graces of wisdom, charity, moderation, and simplicity of life. As a finished Biblical scholar he has left his mark on the religious history of his time in his Hulsean Lectures and his works on the New Testament, to which latter he was one of the principal Revisers. A permanent memorial to this good bishop's memory is the beautiful reredos in Bristol cathedral, erected by his many friends in affectionate recognition of his labours here. His death occurred in 1905 at the great age of eighty-four.

In Bristol, too, went to school the famous Archbishop of Dublin, Richard Whately, and Bishop Hinds, the father

of the former having been prebendary at the cathedral in 1793.

Among Deans of Bristol, Henry Beeke holds an honoured place. He was chiefly remarkable for being an authority on matters of finance. So wide was his reputation, that the then Chancellor of the Exchequer was guided by his advice. It is even said that Pitt was indebted to him for the original suggestion of the Income Tax. His chief work, *Observations on the Produce of the Income Tax, etc.*, was eulogised by McCulloch as affording "the best example of the successful application of statistical reasoning to finance that had then appeared." An illustration of his care in money matters is related in the life of the famous Bristol artist, Müller. Having to pay him £25 for a picture, he handed him the money in bank-notes, which Müller modestly conveyed to his pocket without counting. Upon this the Dean said: "You are a very young man, Mr. William, and will, I trust, excuse an old friend like me remarking, that when you receive money it is always better to count it and see that it is right before writing a receipt for it." Acting on this advice, Müller found to his surprise that the Dean had given him £30 instead of £25. Imagining the good Dean had made a mistake, he handed back one of the notes; the Dean only smiled, and begged him to retain it, saying that it was intentional, and that the picture was well worth the increased sum.

The witty and famous Sydney Smith was appointed prebendary here in 1828. A story is told that on his arrival he found that the verger, who had just retired from office, was in affluent circumstances, which occasioned the remark of the witty canon that he had "never before so

fully realised the truth of that passage in the Psalms, 'I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.'"

Writing, soon after his arrival, to Lady Holland, he says: "An extremely comfortable prebendal house; seven stall stables and room for four carriages, so that I can hold all your *cortège* when you come; looks to the south, and is perfectly snug and parsonic; masts of West Indiamen seen from the windows." Again, writing to a friend, he says: "At Bristol, on the 5th of November" (1828), "I gave the Mayor and Corporation (the most Protestant Mayor and Corporation in England) such a dose of toleration as shall last them for many a year." This sermon occasioned an immense sensation, and the cathedral, which when he arrived to take up his duties used to be almost deserted, became, whenever he preached, filled to suffocation.

Truly Bristol cathedral is honoured by numbering among its prebendaries the witty canon of St. Paul's, who, it has well been said, "stands before the English world as a figure to be proud of, a man of whose private and public life we can never know too much of: charming at home and brilliant abroad, using his intellectual weapons with all his might in accordance with his conscience and without counting the cost."

This inestimable man, whose wit was as harmless as summer lightning, Tom Moore epitomises in the following:—

"Rare Sydney! thrice honour'd the stall where he sits,
And be his every honour he deigneth to climb at!
Had England a hierarchy form'd of all wits,
Whom, but Sydney, would England proclaim as its
primate?"

Among distinguished canons of the cathedral, the profound linguist, Samuel Lee, appointed in 1831, cannot be passed over. His powers in that direction were devoted to Biblical publications, shown in his scholarly editions of the Old and New Testaments in Syriac, of the Psalter and Gospels in Arabic and Coptic, of Genesis and the New Testament in Persian, and of the latter in Hindustani. His grammar of the Hebrew language went through many editions. His knowledge of languages was very extensive, and he is said to have been a master of no fewer than eighteen.

A famous member of the Tractarians connected with Bristol was C. P. Eden, born at Whitehall, St. George, in 1807. He was a collateral descendant of the great William Waynflete, Chancellor of England, and founder of Magdalen College, Oxford. Eden's father was curate of St. George's Church, and was a man of considerable culture. After attending school in Bristol till the age of fourteen, Eden ultimately at eighteen entered Oxford. He was truly fortunate, for he at once came under the influence of a group of remarkable scholars among whom were Keble, Newman, Froude, Denison, Church, etc. Eden took full advantage of his good fortune, and won his way by becoming successively Fellow and Dean of his college. His sterling worth impressed itself upon all with whom he came in contact. His contribution to the celebrated *Tracts for the Times* is No. 32. But it is as wit and parish priest that he will be best remembered; in the latter capacity he is enshrined in Dean Burgon's *Twelve Good Men* as "The Earnest Parish Priest." It was largely through Eden that the justly-admired inscription to the great Bishop Butler by Southey was left unaltered. Dr. Samuel Lee,

canon in residence, having criticised (*sic*) it severely, would have altered it had it not been for Eden's intervention.

Not the least interesting among these associations is that of the great Tractarian, Dr. Pusey, who preached in Bristol, both at St. James's and Clifton churches. Whilst in Clifton he stayed at 3 Royal York Crescent. At that time Julien's concerts were all the fashion, which gave rise to the following epigram:—

“The world of fashion dances through the night,
And polka reigns the Queen of candle light;
And then the world of fashion dons its pattens,
And clatters through the mud to early matins.
Julien and Pusey each the world amuses:
The night is Julien's, and the morning Pusey's.”

At St. James's Church his sermon created a sensation by its obscurity, though the church was crowded to the doors, there being scarcely standing room. It was a time of bitter antagonism between the “High” and the “Low,” and the walls of the city were placarded with “No Popery” and “No Puseyism.” Pusey himself was warned that his life would be in danger, and a large body of police were requisitioned to guard him from molestation. Pusey's daughters went to school in Clifton, and one of them died there in 1845.

The celebrated mathematician, Henry Moseley, was canon here in 1853. It is on his formulæ that the dynamical stabilities of all ships of war have since been calculated.

Bishop Monk, who was Macaulay's old tutor, was connected episcopally with Bristol for nearly twenty years, but his best claim to distinction is that of having written one of the finest biographies in the language, *The Life of Bentley*.

A canon of our cathedral who deserves mention is Edward Girdlestone, who was Vicar of Saint Nicholas with Saint Leonard's in 1855. His chief claims to remembrance are the public efforts he put forth on behalf of the agricultural labourer, which gained him the title of the "Agricultural Labourer's Friend." In their behalf he was truly indefatigable. He was the means of an extraordinary exodus from the West country of upwards of six hundred families from districts where work was scarce and poorly paid to the prosperous North. He died on December 4th, 1884, and he deserves to be held in gratitude for his disinterested exertions for the betterment of a class who are entitled to more help and sympathy than they usually receive.

In celebration of the completion of labourers' cottages on his estate at Sandringham, King Edward VII. (then Prince of Wales), being impressed with the value of the information given by the Canon as to the condition of the homes of the agricultural labourers before the Royal Commission on the Dwellings of the Poor, invited him to preach a sermon at Sandringham Church. This he did on November 16th, 1884, and this was the last service he ever conducted, for during the journey he contracted an illness to which he soon succumbed.

The honoured name of Archdeacon John Pilkington Norris should not be omitted. He was one of the earliest to initiate steps for forming Bristol into a separate See, and was one of the noblest donors towards the great work of the cathedral's restoration, giving to that object no less a sum than £11,500. By the irony of fate, he died a few days after his appointment to the Deanery of Chichester.

CHAPTER X. (continued).

PART II.

DISTINGUISHED NONCONFORMISTS.

Vitality of Bristol's religious life—Benjamin Beddome—John Collett Ryland, his son John Ryland, and grandson Jonathan E. Ryland—Robert Hall : pastor at Broadmead Chapel ; his great oratorical powers—John Foster—Joshua Marshman—William Knibb—T. S. Baynes—John Howard Hinton—Dr. Andrew Gifford : his bequest to Bristol Baptist College of Tyndale's Bible—Other valuable treasures in Baptist College—George Whitefield : preaching in Bristol and at Kingswood ; founds Penn Street Tabernacle—John Wesley : comes to Bristol at the request of Whitefield ; his marvellous powers ; early labours in Bristol ; open-air services ; narrow escape ; Southey's relations with him ; American Ordinations ; visit to Knowle prison ; death in London—Charles Wesley's residence in Bristol—Dr. Adam Clarke—The Society of Friends—George Fox—William Penn—Robert Vaughan—“Little Parson Harris”—Urijah Rees Thomas.

FEW cities have touched the national life at so many and varied points as Bristol, whether it be in commerce, art, science, literature, or religion. In each and all the city has been in the van of human progress. This vitality of the religious life has been well shown on the Nonconformist side. Long before Methodism was cradled in our midst, the pioneers of

the great Baptist community were rooted here, working and suffering with a single eye to their Master's glory. Eternal honour to those vanguards of Nonconformity! The following is a brief list of some of their distinguished successors.

The first of these, Benjamin Beddome, born in 1717, was trained in Bristol for the Baptist ministry. As a hymn-writer, his fame is universal. For fifty-five years he was the beloved pastor of Bourton-on-the-Water, Gloucestershire. He died in 1795, deeply regretted for his urbane character and charitable generosity to the poor.

The next to be associated with the city was John Collett Ryland. He was the son of a Gloucestershire farmer, and was born in 1723, his mother being a collateral descendant of John Colet, the Dean of St. Paul's, and the friend of the famous Erasmus. He was baptised in 1741 by Benjamin Beddome. As he showed considerable intellectual promise, he was sent to the academy of Bernard Foskett, to prepare for the ministry. After being trained, he was appointed to the Baptist Church at Warwick. There he started a school in St. Mary's parsonage house, rented of the rector, Dr. Tate, who, being remonstrated with for harbouring a Dissenter, pertinently retorted that he had brought the man as near the church as he could, though he could not force him to enter it. Later, Ryland went to Northampton as pastor and schoolmaster. His school there became highly successful, and many of his pupils attained eminence, among these being Samuel Bagster, the famous printer of Bibles. Ryland's chief claim to remembrance lies in the fact that he did more than any man of his time to promote polite learning amongst Dissenters.

On July 2nd, 1784, at sunrise, he delivered the address

over the grave of the great benefactor to Bristol Baptist College, Dr. Andrew Gifford. This oration, though published at the time, has since been twice reprinted. His preaching was able, original, and racy in the extreme. Robert Hall, who was his pupil, says: "In the power of memory, imagination, and expression I have never yet seen any man to be compared with him. I should despair of conveying to the mind of one who had never heard him an adequate idea of the majesty and force of his elocution." Outside his ministerial and scholastic work he had a passionate love of natural history. As illustrating this, one autumn morning he called up the whole of the scholars to see the departure of the swallows that had clustered in surprising numbers on the roof of the school ere they migrated. Among his peculiarities was that of a voice so powerful in its tone that it has been compared to the roaring of the sea. He died in 1792.

His son, John Ryland, born in 1753, became, too, one of the most distinguished of the Baptist ministry. At five years of age he was already acquainted with Hebrew, and at nine knew Greek, whilst at fifteen he was qualified to assist in his father's school. Ultimately, in December, 1793, he became pastor at Broadmead Chapel, combining with this the onerous position of president of the Baptist College, Bristol. These positions he ably filled till the day of his death. He was, too, one of the founders of the Baptist Missionary Society, and acted as its secretary from 1815 till 1825. Ryland was a fine scholar, his reading being most extensive and various. He was also a profound Orientalist. By his great intellectual attainments and uprightness of character, he possessed great influence over his Baptist brethren. He was also popular as a hymn-writer, for in 1862 nearly one hundred



ROBERT HALL.

of his hymns were published. Julian, the authority on hymnology, says there are several of his hymns in constant use to-day. His lamented death occurred in 1825. The great Robert Hall succeeded him at Broadmead, and preached his memorial sermon.

Jonathan Edwards Ryland, son of the above, was born at Bristol, where he spent his earliest years, being educated at the Baptist College, over which his father presided. Later in life he became mathematical and classical tutor at Mill Hill College. Subsequently he again resided in Bristol, but finally went to Northampton, where he spent the remainder of his life. He early devoted himself to literature, some of his earliest compositions being inserted in *The Visitor*, published in Bristol in 1823. He wrote, too, for the *Baptist Magazine*, and edited for a year or two the *Eclectic Review*. Among his literary activities was a memoir of Dr. Kitto, of *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature* fame. He also contributed many articles to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and wrote numerous works, including the editing of John Foster's *Life and Correspondence*. Among his many friends here in Bristol was Professor F. W. Newman (brother of the famous Cardinal, and little inferior to him in intellectual ability), who was at that time a member of Broadmead Chapel, and one of the College Committee.

With Bristol the name of Robert Hall, one of the most eloquent pulpit divines of modern times is imperishably associated. He was born near Leicester in 1764, and at fifteen years of age entered the Bristol Baptist College. After spending three years there, he went to Aberdeen to further his studies, where he was the fellow-student of Sir James Mackintosh. They

became the closest of friends, and were both passionately fond of the classics, being dubbed by their fellow-students Plato and Herodotus. Each admired the gifts and qualities of the other. Mackintosh said "he was fascinated by the brilliancy and acumen of Hall, and awestruck by the transparency of his conduct and the purity of his principles." Whilst Hall was equally eulogistic in regard to Mackintosh: "His memory retains everything: his mind is a spacious repository hung round with beautiful images, and when he desires one he has nothing to do but reach up his hand to a peg and take it down."

On leaving Aberdeen, Hall became co-pastor at Broadmead Chapel, and also assisted as classical tutor at the Baptist College. Even in those early days the chapel was crowded to the doors to hear him. After spending five years here, he received and accepted an invitation to Cambridge. The scenery of Cambridge was his pet aversion, and he was fond of contrasting it with Bristol, to the former's disadvantage. "Were you ever at Bristol, sir?" he once remarked. "There is scenery, sir—scenery worth looking upon, and worth thinking of!" Apropos of Cambridge, he said, "Outside the college precincts there is not a tree for a man to hang himself upon when he is weary of the barrenness of the place." A gentleman thereupon reminded him that there were some trees at Grandchester, whereupon he crushingly retorted, "Yes, sir; I recollect—willows, I believe, sir; Nature hanging out signals of distress!"

Hall's flights of oratory were at times remarkable. For instance, his sermon delivered at Bristol on the proposed invasion of this country by Napoleon was spoken of by Pitt, one of his greatest admirers, as

being the "finest words spoken since the days of Demosthenes." And on another occasion, Pitt alluded to a sermon preached October 19th, 1803, as "fully equal in genuine eloquence to any passage of the same length that can be selected from either ancient or modern orators." Foster said of him, "All he does and says is instinct with power." Some have gone so far in their admiration as to say that Hall's splendid *Apology for the Freedom of the Press and for General Liberty* deserves to rank with the *Areopagitica* of Milton. In 1825 he succeeded Dr. Ryland at Broadmead Chapel, but his pastorate was of short duration, for in 1831 this greatly-gifted man died of an incurable internal disease, to the irreparable loss of his church and friends.

Among Baptists of distinction few are more widely known than the famous essayist, John Foster. He was trained at Bristol Baptist College. After ministering in other parts of England, he returned to the neighbourhood of Bristol, and at Downend he took charge of a small congregation, where he remained four years. In the year 1806 his essays were published, and were immediately crowned with success, so much so that their reception induced him to resign his pastorate. In the following year he became a contributor to the *Eclectic Review*, and soon became one of its chief writers, contributing to it nearly two hundred articles. In the year 1817 he again resumed the pastorate of his old congregation at Downend. There he wrote and published in 1820 his great essay on *Popular Ignorance*. The year after he removed to Stapleton, and in 1822 he delivered a course of lectures at Broadmead Chapel, subsequently published in two volumes. Oratory, however, was not his forte, as he

himself was the first to admit; consequently on the appointment of Robert Hall to Broadmead Chapel, Foster regarded his lecturing there to be "altogether superfluous, and even bordering on impertinent." It was as a writer he shone. He possessed searching discernment of every kind in dealing with moral falsity and weakness, the dark and subtle windings of which he tracks with unerring and dogged sagacity, and exposes either with easy irony or with keen and scathing satire modified by sorrowful contempt. Old and worn thoughts passing through the crucible of his mind acquired a brilliant lustre, as he put them in new and striking lights. He died in 1843, and lies buried in the chapel ground at Downend.

That great missionary and Oriental scholar, Joshua Marshman, was originally a master at Broadmead School. Sent out by the Baptist Missionary Society to their establishment at Serampore, he studied with great success the Bengali, Sanscrit, and Chinese languages. Among his works he wrote a Chinese Grammar, translated and edited the works of Confucius, and was associated with his distinguished brother missionary, Carey, in the production of the Sanscrit Grammar and Bengali-English Dictionary. He became, too, the pioneer of journalism in the East, having, in conjunction with his son, established in 1818 the first newspaper ever printed in an Eastern language. In that year also he started the publication of *The Friend of India*. In addition to this, at the same period, he planned the Missionary College for the instruction of Asiatic Christians and other youth in Eastern literature and European science, which was built at a cost of £15,000. Among the devoted band of great missionaries

to our Indian Empire few have worked more nobly than Joshua Marshman.

Another distinguished Baptist missionary, William Knibb, born in 1803, dwelt in Bristol for many years. He was baptised by Dr. Ryland, and admitted a member of Broadmead Chapel on March 7th, 1822. As a missionary he was highly successful in Jamaica. Returning to England just as the Reform Bill had passed, his first exclamation on hearing the news was, "Now I'll have slavery down," and at once threw himself with intense energy into the work of the Abolitionists. On reaching Jamaica once more, he died at his post in 1845 of a malignant fever that carried him off in four days. He had laboured there for twenty-one years.

At the Bristol Baptist College was trained for the ministry one of the greatest editors of modern times, T. S. Baynes, the editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, ninth edition, and the son of a Baptist minister at Wellington, Somerset, his mother being a Bristolian. However, after leaving Bristol for further training at the University of Aberdeen, he abandoned his intention of entering the ministry, and devoted himself to literature and other studies. To the *Encyclopædia Britannica* he contributed the remarkable and masterly article on Shakespeare, considered by competent authorities matchless. Even the great Shakespearean scholar, Halliwell Phillips, speaks of having "devoured Baynes's splendid essay." Higher praise than this would be superfluous.

Amongst celebrated Baptists, John Howard Hinton cannot be ignored. Born in 1791, he was trained at the Bristol Baptist College. For many years he ably

filled the post of secretary to the Baptist Union which owed in times of weakness its very existence to his strenuous exertions. He gained considerable repute as a writer, one of his best works being the *History of the United States*. His many works evidence a wide and varied intellectual activity. On retiring from the ministry in 1868 he resided in Bristol for the remainder of his life; his death occurred on December 17th, 1873, and he was buried in Arno's Vale Cemetery. His son, James Hinton, acquired great fame for his philosophical and surgical discoveries, and was a remarkable and original thinker.

Had space allowed, some other local Baptist worthies might have been dealt with—Doctors Gotch and Culross, for example, both of whom filled with distinction the position of President of the Bristol Baptist College. Dr. Gotch, it will be remembered, was honoured by a place on the Revision Committee that dealt with the revised version of the Scriptures.

Dr. Andrew Gifford, the son and grandson of a Bristol Baptist, by reason of his noble benefaction to the Bristol Baptist College, will be ever held in grateful remembrance. Some of its choicest treasures were bequeathed by him in 1784, including the unique and priceless octavo New Testament translated directly from the Greek by William Tyndale and published in 1525—the only perfect copy known to exist in the whole world. Originally purchased for Lord Oxford, founder of the Harleian Library, by one of his collectors—John Murrey—it was esteemed so valuable by his lordship that he forthwith settled on him an annuity of £20. Curious to say, on his lordship's library coming into the market at his death, through some extraordinary mistake of the

auctioneer, it was disposed of to a bookseller named Osborne for a trifling sum, and he, equally ignorant, marked it at fifteen shillings, for which price the well-known bibliographer Ames bought it. At the sale of Ames' books it was bought by John White, who in May, 1776, sold it for twenty guineas to Dr. Gifford. This translation of the New Testament was finished in the reign of Henry VIII., and the whole impression, as is supposed (this copy excepted), was purchased by Tunstall, Bishop of London, and burnt at St. Paul's Cross. That it is the veritable first edition is sufficiently proved by Tyndale's own address to the reader, in which he says: "Them that are learned Christenly, I beseche for as moche as I am sure ād my conscience beareth me recorde, that of a pure entent, singilly and faythfully I have interpreted itt" [the Gospel] "as farre forth as God gave me the gyfte of knowledge ād understondynge, so that the rudnes off the worke nowe at the first tyme offende them not: but that they consyder howe that I had no man to counterfet, nether was holpe with englysshe of eny that had interpreted the same, or soche lyke thīge ī the Scripture before tyme."

Among other literary rarities in the Bristol Baptist College are the fine collection of early printed English Bibles, William Caxton's *Mirroure of the World*, first edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and last, but not least, the veritable Concordance used by the immortal dreamer of Bedford, bearing his autograph of ownership—"John Bunyan, his Book."

Imperishably associated with our city are the world-famous revivalists, George Whitefield and the brothers Wesley—John and Charles. Close indeed is Whitefield's association with Bristol, for his father was a wine

merchant here and his mother was a Bristolian. Prior to George's birth they removed to Gloucester and kept the Bell Inn, where he was born. Twenty-two years after that event, in 1737, he came to Bristol to bid farewell to his relatives ere sailing for Georgia. His reputation as a preacher had preceded him, and several of the pulpits of our city's churches were placed at his disposal, among others St. John's, St. Philip and Jacob, the Mayor's Chapel, St. Stephen's, and St. Mary Redcliff. At the latter he "preached to such a congregation as his eyes had never yet seen." Speaking of his farewell sermon, he said: "But when I came to tell them it might be that they would see my face no more, high and low, young and old, burst into such a flood of tears as I have never seen before; drops fell from their eyes like rain, or rather gushed out like water. Multitudes followed me home weeping."

It was after his return from Georgia that he became the evangelist to the brutal and degraded collier population of Kingswood, and on one memorable Saturday in February, 1739, he repaired to a place called Hanham Mount, and addressed a small gathering of about a hundred impelled there by curiosity. On the following day he preached to crowded congregations in St. Werburgh's and St. Mary Redcliff. In the teeth of ecclesiastical hostility he again visited Kingswood a day or two afterwards, where he had two thousand eager listeners, and again two days later, when the audience was double that number. He had eloquent proof of the effect of his ministrations "by seeing the white gutters made by their tears which plentifully fell down their black cheeks as they came out of the coal-pits." At subsequent services so great were the numbers that came



JOHN WESLEY.

to hear him that it was not unusual for him to address twenty thousand.

Like Wesley he was miserably persecuted—sometimes the butt of slanderous tongues, at others mobbed, ducked and stoned. Alluding to which Cowper declared:—

“He loved the world that hated him; the tear
That dropped upon his Bible was sincere.
Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life. . . .”

It was due to Whitefield that the Wesleys commenced their immortal labours in Bristol, for when he left for America he appealed to them to continue the work.

In the year 1753 Whitefield laid the foundation-stone of the Tabernacle in Penn Street, towards which his admirer, the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, contributed twenty guineas. Of this chapel Whitefield remarks: “It was not half large enough; would the place contain them. I believe nearly as many would attend as in London.” In that building ministered Rowland Hill and the father of the celebrated author of *Political Justice*, William Godwin, whose daughter married Shelley the poet. He (the elder Godwin) published a volume of sermons delivered there.

On June 17th, 1703, was born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, and the most remarkable religious force of the eighteenth century.

If one would know the life of the people of that period, few better authorities can be consulted than the *Journal* of this great itinerant preacher, in which is mirrored the “very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.” If we study his labours both of mind and body we are forced to the conclusion that the power displayed was little short of the

marvellous. For forty years, during each one of which he travelled thousands of miles, he preached in Great Britain the cause of Christ. An eminent living man of letters* has said truly: "No man lived nearer the centre than John Wesley, neither Clive, nor Pitt, nor Johnson. You can't cut him out of our national life. No single figure influenced so many minds, no single voice touched so many hearts. No other man did such a life's work for England."

Bristolians glory in the fact that the name and fame of Wesley is imperishably connected with this ancient city. In Bristol he founded the first of his chapels. In his *Journal*, under date May 9th, 1739 (the year of his first appearance in Bristol), he writes: "We took possession of a piece of ground, near St. James' churchyard, in the Horsefair, where it was designed to build a room, large enough to contain both the societies of Nicholas and Baldwin Streets, and such of their acquaintance as might desire to be present with them, at such time as the Scripture was expounded: and on Saturday, 12th, the first stone was laid, with the voice of prayer and thanksgiving." Thus humbly began one of the most powerful religious organisations the world has known, and whose existence to-day is a living and enduring monument to that great and strenuous religious personality. To this small chapel two rooms were ultimately added in which Wesley and his preachers could lodge, described by Wesley as "a little room, where I speak to the persons who come to me, and a garret, in which a bed is placed for me." Having been accused of extravagance in the furnishing of his room, he says: "How? Why, with a piece of green

* The Right Hon. Augustine Birrell.

cloth nailed to the desk; two sconces for eight candles each in the middle: and—nay, I know no more. Now which of these can be spared I know not, neither would I desire for more adornment or less.” Scattered through the four volumes of John Wesley’s *Journal* are countless allusions and entries relating to Bristol.

Wesley’s first appearance in Bristol was on March 31st, 1739, having been urged to come by Whitefield, who was leaving England for America. The absence of “decency and order” in Whitefield’s ministrations struck Wesley very much on coming here, so that he had difficulty in reconciling himself to the “strange way of preaching in the fields.” An illustration of that form of preaching was given him on the following day, when Whitefield held three open-air services and preached a farewell sermon in a private room, the way to which was so packed with people that to gain admittance he had to mount a ladder and climb over the roof of an adjoining house.

Wesley’s first service was held in Nicholas Street, and his first open-air service was held at the beginning of April, when he spoke from a slight eminence near the city to about three thousand people. Among various places he preached at during that first year was Baptist Mills, where he spoke to two thousand persons. About this time, being disturbed in his preaching by mob violence, the rioters, by order of the mayor, were arrested, and, being tried at Quarter Sessions, “they began to excuse themselves by saying many things about me. But the mayor cut them all short, saying, ‘What Mr. Wesley is is nothing to you. I will keep the peace. I will have no rioting in this

city." Calling at the Newgate at this period, he was informed that several of the poor wretches desired to speak to him, but that an express order had just been received from Alderman Becher that they should not. "I cite Alderman Becher to answer for these souls at the judgment seat of Christ," was Wesley's solemn protest.

Under date January 22nd, 1747, he relates an adventure that went very near terminating his career. "About half an hour after twelve I took horse for Wick, where I had appointed to preach at three. I was riding by the wall, through St. Nicholas Gate, (my horse having been brought to the house where I dined) just as a cart turned short from St. Nicholas Street, and came swiftly down the hill; there was just room to pass between the wheel of it and the wall, but that space was taken up by the carman. I called to him to go back, or I must ride over him; but the man, as if deaf, walked straight forward. This obliged me to hold back my horse; in the meantime the shaft of the cart came full against his shoulder, with such a shock as beat him to the ground. He shot me forward over his head, as an arrow out of a bow, where I lay, with my arms and legs, I know not how, stretched out in a line close to the wall; the wheel ran by, close to my side, but only dirted my clothes; I found no flutter of spirit, but the same composure as if I had been sitting in my study. When the cart was gone I rose; abundance of people gathered round, till a gentleman desired me to step into his shop. After cleaning myself a little, I took horse again, and was at Wick by the appointed time."

On one of his many visits to Bristol, in the year

1758, he went to the cathedral to hear Handel's masterpiece, the *Messiah*, and remarks, "I doubt if that congregation was ever so serious at a sermon as they were during this performance." Wesley was well acquainted with Bristol churches, and had preached in several of them, and on two occasions conducted the marriage service at Temple and Bedminster parish churches. On Sunday, October 6th, 1782, he preached at the former church "between our own morning and evening service; and now I found out how to speak here so as to be heard by everyone: direct your voice to the middle of the pillar fronting the pulpit." Referring to his having preached at old Clifton Church, he says: "Seeing many of the rich at Clifton Church, my heart was much pained for them, and was earnestly desirous that some of them might 'enter into the kingdom of heaven.'" His presence there in May, 1739, was due to his supplying the place of the vicar, who was dying. The poet Southey relates a charming incident in regard to Wesley when he (Southey) was a child, which probably occurred at Southey's home in Wine Street. He says: "On running downstairs before him with a beautiful little sister of my own, whose ringlets were floating over her shoulders, he" (Wesley) "overtook us on the landing, when he took my sister in his arms and kissed her. Placing her on her feet again, he then put his hand upon my head and blessed me, and," said Southey with his eyes full of tears and his voice trembling with emotion, "I feel as though I had the blessing of that good man upon me at this present moment."

Wesley often stayed when in Bristol with John Castelman, surgeon, of No. 6 Dighton Street, and here in 1784, with the help of Dr. Coke and James Creighton, he

ordained Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey for service as presbyters in the newly-founded United States of America. By millions of Methodists in America this momentous act is regarded as the establishment of their church. Charles Wesley was strongly opposed to his brother in this matter; for he saw, what John failed to recognise, that this was an act of separation from the Established Church,—that ordinations for America would soon be followed by ordinations at home. Events have proved him to be right, and the independent position of the Wesleyan Methodist Church to-day is a direct consequence of the scene enacted a hundred and twenty-two years ago in that house in Dighton Street.

So numerous and frequent were John Wesley's visits to Bristol, that every part of it was well known to him. He speaks of climbing up to Kingsdown to visit a sick man; Bedminster, where he preached in "the Paddock"; the Lamb Inn, West Street, and Gloucester Lane; Stokes Croft; Hotwells, where he took the waters and lived in one of the houses in the Colonnade; Clifton, where he visited the grounds of Goldney House to see the famous grotto; and at Granby Hill is the Granby House still standing where, at her desire, he visited the widow of Governor Johnstone, formerly Governor of West Florida. Knowle, too, he knew, and St. Philip's Marsh. Of the former, he relates in his *Journal* October 15th, 1759: "I walked up to Knowle, a mile from Bristol, to see the French prisoners. Above eleven hundred of them, we were informed, were confined in that little place, without anything to lie upon but a little dirty straw, or anything to cover them but a few foul thin rags, either by day or night, so that they died like rotten sheep. I was much affected, and preached in the evening on

Exod. xxiii. 9, 'Thou shalt not oppress a stranger; for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.' Eighteen pounds were contributed immediately, which were made up four-and-twenty the next day. With this we bought linen and woollen cloth, which were made up into waistcoats and breeches; some dozen of stockings were added: all which were carefully distributed where there was the greatest want." Speaking of his ministerial labours in Bristol, he says, under date August 4th, 1771: "We had above six hundred and fifty communicants at Bristol. In the afternoon I preached in St. James's Barton, to a huge multitude, and all were still as night." Referring to his work at Kingswood, he says, on the occasion of a visit there in 1784: "I preached at Kingswood under the shade of trees I had planted forty years before." On August 29th, 1790, in King Square, he preached in Bristol for the last time. This great and noble founder of the Wesleyan Church died in London in the 88th year of his age. Among his latest words spoken was the name of Bristol. His friends having prayed for him, he said: "There is no need of more; when at Bristol my words were—

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'

Thus passed away one of the noblest Christian warriors the world has known, whose name and work will be imperishably associated with Bristol history.

Charles Wesley, of hymn-writing fame, was from the first associated with the work of his great brother. Perhaps, taking quantity with quality into consideration, he was the greatest hymn-writer that ever lived. His well-known hymn "Jesu, Lover of my Soul" is said to have been inspired by the charming incident of a little

bird seeking refuge in his bosom during a storm. Dr. James Martineau said "that after the Scriptures the Wesley Hymn-book appears to me the grandest instrument of popular religious culture that Christendom ever produced."

In 1749 he came and settled in Bristol at Charles Street, St. James's Barton. There he resided over twenty years. Many of his children were born there, some of whom died and are interred in St. James's Churchyard. John Wesley invariably lodged with him there on his numerous visits to Bristol, and King Square, near Charles Street (then known as the New Square), was a favourite preaching-place of his.

One of the most distinguished of the Wesley converts was Dr. Adam Clarke, who came to Bristol from Birmingham in 1782, reaching here one evening at 8 p.m., and lodging for the night at the Lamb Inn, West Street. In the morning he walked to the school at Kingswood, which Wesley had founded, and he has graphically related his unhappy reception and experience there—a school that had its counterpart in Dotheboys Hall of Dickens celebrity. Wesley was absent in Cornwall when Clarke arrived, but on his return the latter came into Broadmead to interview him. Wesley saw him in his study over the chapel (still existing) and received him with kindness, and forthwith appointed him as preacher to Bradford. As a preacher Adam Clarke proved remarkably popular, and rose to distinction in the Wesleyan body, for thrice he filled the Presidential Chair. Notwithstanding his ministerial labours, he was a most assiduous scholar, and was made LL.D. of Aberdeen University, besides being a fellow of several learned societies. His great work was his Bible Commentary.



GEORGE FOX.

For nearly three centuries the Society of Friends have been associated with all that is best in the religious and social life of our city; numerically small in size, but in influence very powerful even to-day. As the champions of religious and social freedom, they have ever been in the van of human progress. Their history is gemmed by world-famous names. In science they have produced that remarkable man Thomas Young, the discoverer of the undulatory theory of light; on the social side Elizabeth Fry, Joseph Lancaster and Joseph Sturge; and in politics John Bright; to say nothing of George Fox, their founder, and William Penn, the great coloniser. These are names which would ennoble any religious body.

George Fox first came to Bristol in 1656, and was ultimately married to that remarkable woman Margaret Fell, widow of Judge Fell, on October 18th, 1669, in Broadmead Chapel. No man at that period strove more to rise above the religious intolerance and fanaticism of his age into the pure regions of eternal truth. Fox has been eloquently described as being "a daring spirit, yet of matchless patience; the courage which could brave violence, yet the gentleness which could disarm hostility and win prejudice by mild persuasion."

In 1695 his great co-religionist, William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was married on January 5th, 1696, at the Friend's Meeting House, in the Friary, to Hannah Callowhill, a Bristolian. It was during his residence here in 1697 and 1698 that it is thought he planned the building of the streets adjoining the Meeting House, viz. Philadelphia, Penn, Hollister and Callowhill streets. The mother of Penn's wife was the daughter of Dennis Hollister, on whose ground those streets were

built. Still in possession of the Friends in Bristol is the actual lease for a year of Pennsylvania, granted by William Penn and his son preparatory to the mortgage on which several Friends of Bristol and other places advanced them in 1708 the sum of £6,600. It was also during Penn's residence in Bristol that he secured James Logan as his secretary, who accompanied him to Philadelphia and ultimately became its Chief Justice and Governor. Positive proof that he was in Bristol in 1698 is afforded by the fact that his work, *Defence of a Paper entitled "Gospel Truths,"* &c., is dated "Bristol the 23rd of the 7th month, 1698." A copy of this rare work is in the Bristol collection of the city.

In closing these biographical cameos of great Non-conformists a word or two must be said of three personalities who have given distinction to the Congregational body, so ably and strongly represented in our city's religious life. The most famous of these was Robert Vaughan, D.D., who was born here in 1795 of poor parentage, and in early life worked as a carpenter. Overcoming the obstacles of his lowly birth by sheer force of ability, he ultimately became Professor of History in University College, London, and later Principal of the Lancashire Independent College. He founded and held for many years the position of Editor of the *British Quarterly Review*. So distinguished were his services to Nonconformity, that Mr. Samuel Morley presented him in 1866, on behalf of a large body of prominent Dissenters, with a cheque for £3,000. Vaughan was a man of striking personality and great platform power, which created expectations rarely disappointed. He was the author of many works and articles, and was an authority on the life and works of Wycliff. His

son, R. A. Vaughan, was the distinguished author of that remarkable work *Hours with the Mystics*.

A famous member of the Bristol Itinerant Society was “Little Parson Harris,” whose preaching in the adjacent villages of Bristol was very acceptable, the chapels being invariably crowded to hear him. He was called the Boy Preacher. In 1823 he entered the Independent College at Hoxton, and after completing his studies became the minister of the Congregational Church of Epsom, where he achieved a reputation both for the excellence of his matter and the eloquence of its delivery. He possessed, too, considerable literary gifts, and won in 1835 a hundred guineas for the best essay on covetousness, of which, when published the following year, more than a hundred thousand copies were sold. In 1837 he was appointed to the Theological Chair at Cheshunt College, and in 1852 he filled the Presidential Chair of the Congregational Union. Into his theological teaching he infused a broad and tolerant spirit of humanity. His death occurred in 1856.

Reference may also be made to one recently removed from his loved work in Bristol whose memory will ever be green and who was a fine type of all that is best in Nonconformity, viz. the Rev. Urijah Rees Thomas. As the first pastor of Redland Park Church, the greater portion of his life was spent chiefly in promoting religious and social good. From 1874 he was a member of the old Bristol School Board, and served successively as Vice-Chairman and Chairman of that body, holding the latter office at his death. No greater or kindlier personality ever presided over its deliberations, and the deep interest he took in the child life of our city earned for him the title of “the children’s friend.” Honoured and respected by

all religious denominations of our city he passed away in 1901 to the deep regret of thousands who knew and appreciated his sterling worth. A memorial in the shape of a fountain and clock was erected in 1904 on the Blackboy Hill to commemorate his distinguished services to the city of his adoption.



My cordial and
Affectionate
Greetings

Philanthropic and Social
Associations.



EFFIGY ON TOMB OF EDWARD COLSTON, IN ALL SAINTS' CHURCH.

CHAPTER XI.

PHILANTHROPIC ASSOCIATIONS.

Edward Colston : his various Bristol charities ; foundation of Colston School ; death and burial—Richard Reynolds—John Whitson—John Carr—Thomas White—John Howard : Burke's estimate of him—Thomas Clarkson—Mary Carpenter ; eloquent tributes to her memory : her association with Frances Power Cobbe—Rajah Ram-Mohun Roy—Sir Francis Freeling—John Loudon McAdam's residence in Bristol—George Müller's great work.

IN dealing with those who have justly and nobly made Bristol famous as a city of "splendid charities," it is not intended to survey the whole of these, but rather briefly to draw attention to those individuals whose princely gifts have for all time consecrated their names and memories in the annals of our city.

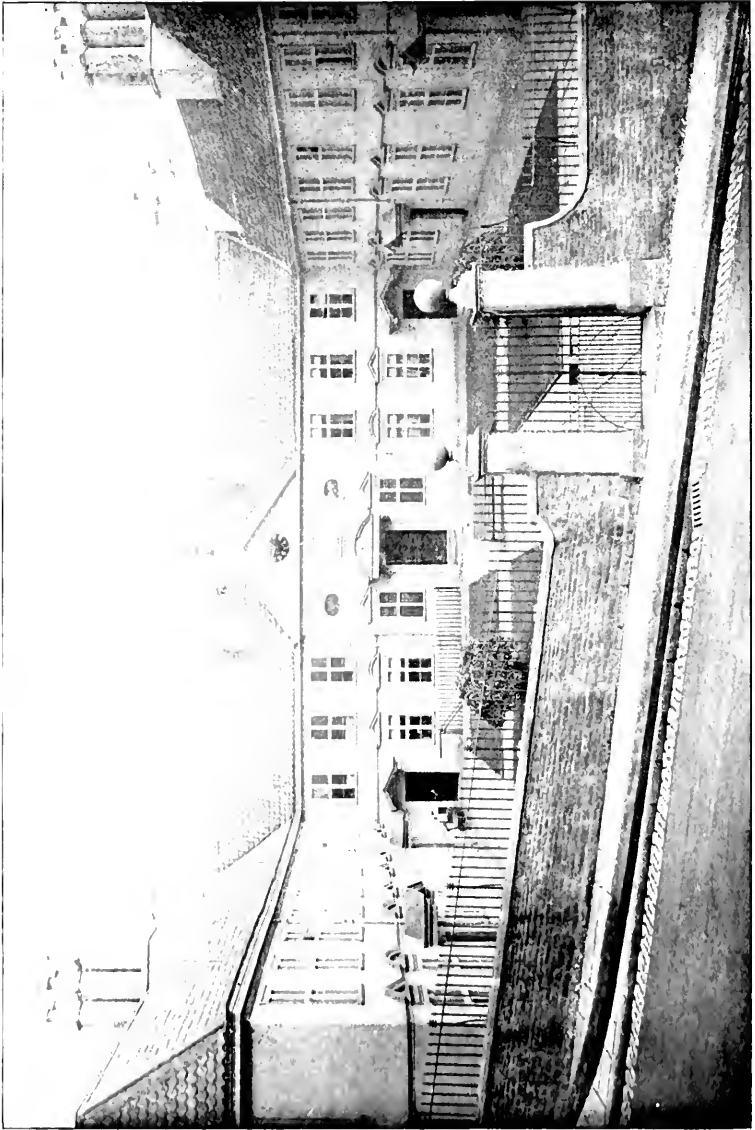
One of the best of Bristol's historians has said, "John Kyrle is not more 'the man of Ross' than Edward Colston is 'the man of Bristol.'" Truly his name and works are an imperishable memory. He was born in Bristol November 2nd,* 1636, in Temple Street, and was the son of an eminent merchant named William Colston. Following in his father's footsteps, he became

* His birthday being kept up on November 13th is due to the alteration made in the calendar.

a merchant, his trading being chiefly with the West Indies. His crest, the dolphin, is attributed to the story told that one of his vessels springing a leak, a dolphin wedged itself in the hole and so saved the ship.

A man of great wealth and princely munificence, he lived chiefly in London, and only occasionally visited Bristol, though for a short time he represented her in Parliament. He was never married, and to those curious on the subject his beautiful reply was: "Every widow is my wife and every orphan is my child." Among his many benefactions to his native city is the splendid almshouse with chapel attached on St. Michael's Hill, founded by him in 1691 for the "abiding-place" of twenty-four aged persons (twelve of each sex). Writing to the Merchant Venturers, in 1695, to whom was entrusted the management of it, he says: "The almshouse on St. Michael's Hill wants some men to fill it; if you or anybody know of any persons that are fit to go into it, I would gladly have them put in. They should be such that have lived in some sort of decency; but that a more especial regard should be had that none be admitted that are drunkards, nor of vicious life." This letter indicates the general prudent oversight with which all his benefactions were administered. He also helped to found and endow the Merchants' Almshouse, King Street, in addition to his many other benefactions.

The most popular institution, however, associated with his name is Colston School, long since removed to Stapleton, which formerly occupied the site of Colston Hall, and was founded by him and opened in July, 1710, when a special service took place at the cathedral to mark the event. It provided accommodation for a hundred boys, and cost its donor £40,000.



COLSTON'S ALMSHOUSES, ST. MICHAEL'S HILL.

Each boy was provided "with a suit of clothes, cap, band, shirt, stockings, shoes, buckles and porringer." The costume they wore was identical with that worn by the boys of Queen Elizabeth's Hospital to-day. A characteristic anecdote is told that a poor widow waited on Colston pleading that her only son might be admitted to the school. Her request being granted, in gratitude she declared she would pray that Heaven's blessings might descend on him, and that when her son grew up she would teach him to thank his benefactor. "No!" was the mild reproof, "we do not thank the clouds for rain, nor the sun for light, but we thank God, who made both the clouds and the sun." Among the scholars who attended that school was Bristol's greatest genius, Chatterton.

Dying in 1721, in his eighty-fifth year, at his seat at Mortlake, Surrey, Colston's body was brought to Bristol by road in a hearse with six horses, attended by eight horsemen and three mourning coaches, with six horses to each, the funeral procession taking nearly ten days to reach Bristol. Here with great state he was interred at midnight in All Saints' Church. The bells of our city tolled for sixteen hours on the eventful day. An effigy to his pious and immortal memory was executed by the famous sculptor Rysbrach and placed in All Saints' Church. A beautiful custom still exists of placing a nosegay of flowers in the bosom of this effigy of Colston every Sunday, an eloquent token that "the ashes of the good and just smell sweet, and blossom in the dust." His recorded benefactions amount to over £70,000, besides the many sums given in secret. A tardy tribute of gratitude to this noble and great benefactor to his native city was paid in 1895, when a statue was erected to him in Colston

Avenue. Of the philanthropic societies which have been founded in his memory, the three principal, the Dolphin, the Anchor, and the Grateful, meet annually on November 13th, when thousands of pounds are collected for charitable purposes, for which Colston in his lifetime did so much.

Next to Colston must come the honoured but largely-forgotten name of the great Quaker philanthropist, Richard Reynolds. Born in Corn Street in 1735, the son of an iron merchant, he adopted his father's profession, and upon his marriage with the daughter of Abram Darby, became partner in that famous firm, whose great iron works were situated in Coalbrookdale, Shropshire. Upon the death of his father-in-law Reynolds took over the entire control of the works, then the most important of their kind in England. By his business energy and sagacity he developed the works in every way, and amassed subsequently a great fortune. In the year 1804 he settled in Bristol and devoted his wealth to deeds of unostentatious charity, giving away at least £10,000 a year. So extensive were his benefactions throughout his residence in Bristol, that he employed four almoners to distribute them to the poor and deserving. During his lifetime he is estimated to have given away quite £200,000, exclusive of gifts not included in his private accounts. He died in 1816 at Cheltenham, and his remains were brought to Bristol for interment in the Friends burial-ground in Quakers' Friars, Rosemary Street. With the exception of Müller's funeral, no more affecting ceremony was ever witnessed in our city. The great concourse who attended from feelings of gratitude, affection and respect represented all sections of the community.

A memorable and princely merchant of Bristol was Alderman John Whitson, founder of the Red Maids' School. Migrating from his birthplace in the Forest of Dean, and after receiving some education here, he was apprenticed in 1570 to Nicholas Cutt, a wine merchant. On the authority of John Aubrey, the Wilts antiquary, we learn that Whitson was a handsome young fellow, and after Cutt's death his widow took a fancy to him, and calling him into the wine cellar one day bade him broach the best butt in it for her. This was a prelude to their marriage, which soon afterwards took place. At her death he married the beautiful daughter of an alderman of London. By her he had a daughter, who inherited her mother's beauty, for she was accounted the "flower of Bristol." In all he was a much married man, for he wedded three wives, the last being the grandmother of John Aubrey. "He kept," says Aubrey, "a noble house and did entertain the peers and great persons that visited the city, and was charitable in breeding up poor scholars." The residence of Whitson was at the corner of Nicholas Street, now occupied by Stuckey's Bank. In civic affairs he ever took a very prominent part, and was the most influential citizen of his day. He was our times elected one of the Members of Parliament for Bristol, and there by his unflinching courage in expressing his opinion on political questions affecting the interests of our city fully justified the wisdom of his election. Owing to the unworthiness of his relatives, the bulk of his property was bequeathed for benevolent purposes to the city, chief of which was the foundation of the Red Maids' School for the maintenance and training of forty girls, daughters of freemen, "to go and be apparelled in red cloth."

A school of which any city might be proud, Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, was founded by John Carr, a wealthy soap boiler of our city, having works both here and in London. Dying in 1586, he left the major portion of his property to found a hospital on the pattern of Christ's Hospital, London. It has been humorously remarked that the boys there should have a good Hebrew foundation, seeing that the site of the school was a Jewish burial-ground.

The generous founder of Zion College, London, Dr. Thomas White, was a native of Bristol, having been born in Temple parish. There, in 1613, he charitably endowed an hospital for the poor which still exists, the title of which is "The Ancient Brother, the Brethren and Sisters of the Temple Hospital." At his death he bequeathed further sums for mending the roads round Bristol and in giving marriage portions of £10 each to four honest maidens, etc. Dr. Thomas White filled several lucrative offices in the Church, by which his wealth was acquired. He was an eminent preacher, and became prebendary of St. Paul's, canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and a canon of Windsor.

In February, 1774, the dauntless John Howard, the great prison reformer, came to Bristol. The need of his labours in English prisons, to say nothing of those abroad, is proved by abundant contemporary testimony to the terrible insanitary condition of those human dunghills. At the Lent Assizes in Taunton in 1730 some prisoners who were brought thither from the notorious gaol of Ilchester infected the court, and Lord Chief Baron Pengelly, Sir James Sheppard, John Pigot, sheriff, and some hundreds besides died of gaol fever.

The Newgate prison (formerly standing opposite

the "Cat and Wheel," Narrow Wine Street), contained at the period of his visit thirty-eight felons and fifty-eight debtors, the rooms dirty, and the air offensive from open sewers. There was no bedding, insufficient water, and the only food two pennyworth of bread per head daily. Howard afterwards paid several visits, and in 1787 described Newgate as being "white without and foul within." On his labours Burke pronounced the following noble eulogy: "He visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, nor the stateliest of temples, not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals, nor to collect manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt: to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries."

Howard's great fellow-labourer in the cause of suffering humanity, Thomas Clarkson, came to Bristol in June, 1787, and commenced his first labours. Riding into the city on horseback, he says: "Turning a corner within about a mile of the city, at about eight in the evening, I came within sight of it. The weather was rather hazy, which occasioned it to look of unusual dimensions. The bells of some of the churches were then ringing. The sound of them did not strike me till I turned the corner before mentioned, when it came upon me at once. It filled me almost directly with a melancholy for which I could not account. I began now to tremble for the first time at the arduous task

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I had undertaken of attempting to subvert one of the branches of the commerce of the great place which was before me." It was from the landlord of the "Seven Stars," Temple, that Clarkson derived much valuable information and assistance in getting up evidence against the abominable traffic in human flesh. Three or four slave vessels were at that very time preparing for their voyages, and through this man he was enabled to visit the haunts of the seamen who manned those vessels, and he revealed too the malpractices used in gathering their crews.

One of the noblest women of the nineteenth century was Mary Carpenter, whose life and work are imperishably associated with our city. Born at Exeter, she was the eldest of Dr. Lant Carpenter's children. From her tenderest years her father exercised a marked influence on her whole life; what that influence was has been eloquently placed on record by Dr. James Martineau and Sir John Bowring, who were scholars at Dr. Carpenter's school in Great George Street. The opening of Mary Carpenter's work came in the year 1833, when the distinguished Indian reformer, the Rajah Ram-Mohun Roy, and Joseph Tuckerman, the Boston philanthropist, visited the Carpenters and induced in her a sympathy towards the condition of Indian women and the uncared-for gutter urchins who tend to feed the criminal classes of this country. Her life work is admirably epitomised in Dr. Martineau's inscription written on her monument in Bristol Cathedral: "Sacred to the memory of Mary Carpenter foremost among the founders of Reformatory and Industrial Schools in this city and realm. Neither the claims of private duty, nor the tastes of a cultured mind, could withdraw her compassionate

eye from the uncared for children of the streets. Loving them while yet unlovely, she so formed them to the fair and good as to inspire others with her faith and hope, and thus led the way to a national system of moral rescue and preventive discipline. Taking also to heart the greivous lot of Oriental women, in the last decade of her life, she went four times to India, and awakened an active interest in their education and training for serious duties. No human ill escaped her pity, nor cast down her trust: with true self-sacrifice she followed in the train of Christ, to seek and to save that which was lost, and bring it home to the Father in heaven. Desiring to extend her work of piety and love, many who honoured her have instituted in her name some homes for the homeless young, and now complete their tribute of affection by erecting this memorial." When she died on June 14th, 1877, she had seen nearly all accomplished for which she had so long nobly laboured. *Punch* bore eloquent tribute to her memory in the following lines—

“’Twas she first drew our city waifs and strays
Within the tending of the Christian fold,
With looks of love for the averted gaze
Of a world prompt to scourge and shrill to scold.

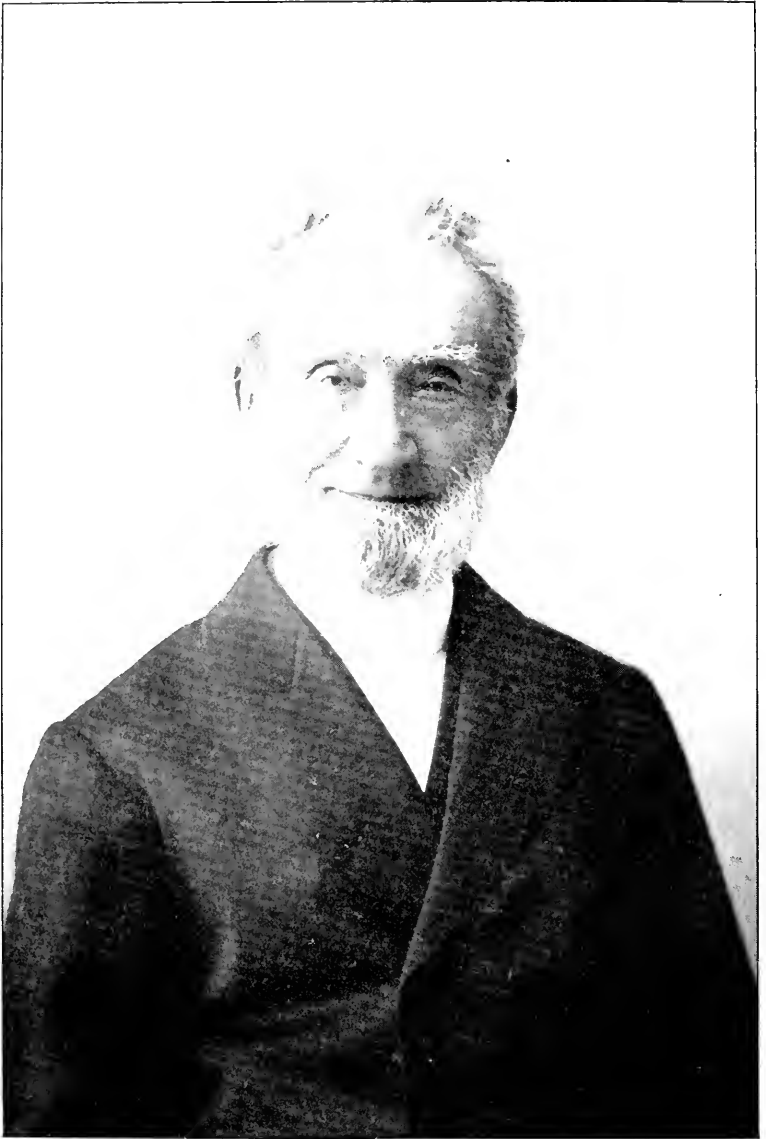
“From seeds she sowed—in season mattered not,
Or out; for good all seasons are the same—
Sprang new appliances, of love begot,
Lost lives to save, and errant souls reclaim.”

A fellow-labourer here with this noble woman was the late Frances Power Cobbe, one of the advanced women who by her fearless advocacy, both by tongue and pen, did much in her lifetime to ameliorate the condition of her sex. She was the author of hundreds of articles and many works, including *Darwinism in*

Morals, The Peak of Darien, Claims of Women, etc. She was intimate with all the intellectual men and women of her time, being on terms of friendship with Tennyson and Browning. The former on one occasion when she had lunched with him, said at parting: "Good-bye, Miss Cobbe; fight the good fight. Go on! fight the good fight." The Married Women's Property Act and the Act for the judicial separation of a wife from a brutal husband were largely brought about through her labours. Not less ardently did she strive for the abolition of vivisection. A chapter of her Autobiography is devoted to her Bristol association with the work of her noble friend, Mary Carpenter.

The distinguished Indian reformer, Rajah Ram-Mohun Roy, to whom allusion has been made, was much attached to the Carpenters, and when he came to England in 1833 said that Lant Carpenter was the man he most desired to meet. Sad to relate, he died soon after his arrival in Bristol, and was buried first in the grounds of Miss Castle at Stapleton Grove; later, however, his remains were exhumed and re-interred in Arno's Vale Cemetery, the Oriental form and richness of his tomb there being always an object of attention and interest to visitors. On the fiftieth anniversary of his death, September 27th, 1883, the great Eastern scholar, Max Müller, came to Bristol and delivered an address on his life and labours.

From the purely social side the name of Sir Francis Freeling, the postal reformer, born on Redcliff Hill in 1764, deserves remembrance. He commenced his career in the Bristol Post Office. When in 1785 the system of mail coaches was introduced, he was appointed to assist Palmer in carrying it out. Later he entered the London General Office, where step by step he rose to the highest



Frank Holmes, Photo.

GEORGE MULLER.

position, that of secretary. A eulogy was passed on his administration by no less a person than the famous Duke of Wellington, who in the House of Lords said that "the Post Office under his management had been better administered than any Post Office in Europe, or any part of the world." He was made a baronet in 1828. A monument to his memory is in Redcliff Church.

Among the social benefactors of mankind John Loudon McAdam, from whom the term "macadamised" is derived, has deservedly won a place in the world's gratitude. In the year 1805 he took up his residence in Bristol, and became a freeman of the city on paying a fine of thirty-eight guineas. After many practical experiments involving the travelling over 30,000 miles of roads in the United Kingdom, and at a cost to himself of several thousand pounds, he at length invented and perfected the system of road-making which bears his name. In 1815 he was appointed general surveyor of roads belonging to the Bristol Turnpike Trust, and under his system the Bristol roads became a pattern for the road authorities of the world. The need of his system was amply demonstrated in a letter which appeared in the *Monthly Magazine* for 1804: "The usual method of making or mending roads," said the writer, "consists in breaking stones out of the neighbouring quarries into masses not less than the common brick and spreading them over the line of the road. It may be conceived with what pain and difficulty a poor horse drags a carriage over such a track." To the honour of the House of Commons, they rightly regarded McAdam as a great benefactor to his country, and made him a grant of £10,000 and the offer of a knighthood, the latter

of which he declined. He resided whilst in Bristol both in Park Street and Berkeley Square.

In an age so sharply divided on spiritual matters as our own, when, too, rampant agnosticism and infidelity are ceaselessly warring against the truth of the inspiration of the Scriptures, it is refreshing to turn away from these elements of religious strife to the modern apostle of a living and childlike faith, whose peculiar counterpart seems now non-existent—the noble and inspiring life and work of George Müller. This, one of the world's truest and grandest philanthropists, whose enduring monument is his great orphanages on Ashley Down, was the son of a Prussian exciseman, and was born in 1805. In 1829 he migrated to England, and in the year following he had become pastor of a small congregation at Teignmouth at the modest salary of £55 a year. During this same year he married the sister of a dentist in Exeter. It was towards the close of this same year that he adopted the great principle that henceforth ruled the actions of his long life of ninety-two years, viz. that of entire trust in God for all his temporal wants, as well as in spiritual things, the outcome of which was that he absolutely refused any salary; nor would he permit pew rents, but a box for freewill offerings of his congregation was placed at the door of the chapel.

Two years later he came to Bristol, in 1832, and from that time forward his life was spent here. Soon after arriving he started the marvellous work with which his name will be imperishably associated—the care of the orphans, modelled on the work of Francke, his countryman, at Halle. Beginning in Wilson Street, St. Paul's, with a few children, year by year the numbers grew, and finding further expansion there out of the question, he

made the matter a subject of earnest prayer, and in faith sought Divine guidance, the outcome of which was that he secured land on Ashley Down, and one after another those colossal homes have been erected to the number of five, at an outlay of no less than £115,000, not a penny of which was asked for. They house over two thousand children, who are fed, clothed, and educated at an expenditure of something like £26,000 a year. Where the financial support comes from for the up-keep of this unique and world-famed institution is best revealed in Müller's own *Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with George Müller*. The remarkable manner in which the land was acquired on which two of those Homes stand is so characteristic of Müller's belief in Divine guidance that it is worth relating :* “ Mr. Müller had been making inquiries respecting the purchase of land much nearer Bristol, the prices asked being not less than £1000 per acre, when he heard that the land upon which the Orphan Houses Nos. 1 and 2 stand was for sale, the price being £200 per acre. He therefore called at the house of the owner, and was informed that he was not at home, but that he could be seen at his place of business in the city. Mr. Müller went there, and was informed that he had left a few minutes before, and that he would find him at home. Most men would have gone off to the owner's house at once; but Mr. Müller stopped and reflected, ‘ Peradventure the Lord, having allowed me to miss the owner twice in so short a time, has a purpose that I should not see him to-day: and lest I should be going before the Lord in the matter, I will wait till the morning.’ Accordingly he waited and went the next morning, when he found the owner at home;

* The following account is taken from Pierson's *George Müller of Bristol*.

and on being ushered into his sitting-room, he said : ‘ Ah, Mr. Müller, I know what you have come to see me about. You want to buy my land at Ashley Down. I had a dream last night, and I saw you come in to purchase the land, for which I have been asking £200 per acre ; but the Lord told me not to charge you more than £120 per acre, and therefore if you are willing to buy at that price the matter is settled.’ And within ten minutes the contract was signed. ‘ Thus,’ Mr. Müller pointed out, ‘ by being careful to *follow* the Lord, instead of *going before* His leading, I was permitted to purchase the land for £80 per acre less than I should have paid if I had gone to the owner the evening before.’ ”

In 1838 the Biography of George Whitefield inspired him with the evangelising spirit, and after he had passed his seventieth birthday he went forth on a world-wide mission preaching the gospel. During his long stewardship this great and good man dispensed gifts he had received to the enormous amount of £1,500,000, and during his lifetime, too, he distributed nearly 300,000 copies of the Scriptures. So modest was he, that it was with the greatest difficulty and after repeated refusals that he allowed his portrait to be taken, when he was nearly eighty. The governing principle of his whole life was in his own words “ the exemplifying how much may be accomplished by prayer and faith.” He died on March 10th, 1898, and was buried in Arno’s Vale Cemetery. The day of his funeral was a memorable one in our city. No sovereign of earth ever went to his rest amid such a profound demonstration of love and esteem as attended that of the great Christian philanthropist, George Müller.

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