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ERRATA.

Page 3, line 30, instead of "The missionary had not then gone forth,"—*read*,  
"The missionary was only then beginning to go forth."





D Wail Montreal

From a Drawing by Clayton & Elizabeth Sewell

# FAMILY RECOLLECTIONS

OF

LIEUT. GENERAL ELIAS WALKER DURNFORD,

A COLONEL COMMANDANT OF THE CORPS OF ROYAL ENGINEERS.

Compiled and Edited by his Daughter,

MARY DURNFORD.

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Printed for the Family only.

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To you, my Brothers and Sisters, I dedicate this little book. Its intention is to preserve in remembrance the services and virtues of those who are no more, and who loved you. I do not think you will condemn the intention: the execution is a different consideration; if you feel there is room for correction, addition, or improvement, be sure your feelings will be in unison with mine. Accept it with the true regards of

Your affectionate sister,

MARY DURNFORD.



# FAMILY RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE LATE

LIEUT.-GEN. ELIAS WALKER DURNFORD, R. E.

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## SECTION I.

Mr. Elias Durnford of Norwood.—Lieutenant Thomas Durnford in the East Indies.—Letter of Mr. Melville.—Wounded at Trichinopoly.—Mangalore.—Killed at the attack on the Fort of Onore.

Very little is remembered of Mr. Elias Durnford, grandfather to Lieutenant-General Elias Walker Durnford, R. E., except that he lived at Norwood, Surrey, and frequently travelled thence in his carriage, attended by his coachman and footman, to London. The latter, while in town, frequented a public house, where, drinking freely, he boasted of and described his master's riches rather incautiously, since some of his hearers took advantage of the unguarded state the mansion was left in, to plunder it during the proprietor's absence of plate valued at £300, and some ladies' handsome dresses, which probably proved attractive to a woman, an accomplice in the burglary. He left four sons,—Elias, Thomas, Andrew, and Clark.

Thomas, Mr. Elias Durnford's second son, went as volunteer to the East Indies, where he was made a lieutenant in the East India Company's Artillery, and also acted as assistant-engineer. The mis-statements and difficulties that are affixed to this period of Indian history, cling to the slight record remaining of this young man's early end. He appears to have entered with ardor into the first dubious enterprises undertaken against Hyder Ali; and the following answer to an enquiry made many years subsequently, by his nephew, Major Gen. E. W. Durnford, R. E., fixes with precision the year of his death, and proves a family document incorrect, wherein it is asserted to have taken place in 1766.

“ Mr. Melville presents his compliments to General Durnford, begs to acquaint him, in reference to his enquiry respecting the late Lieut. Durnford, that his name is borne on a Bombay army list, dated the 15th January, 1767, but omitted in the one following, dated 10th November, 1769. His will, which is dated, 15th February, 1768, was proved at Bombay on the 17th May following. The copy of the will may be seen on application at this house.”

East India House, 4th August, 1840.

In 1765, the transactions on the Bengal and Coromandel coast are said to be involved in obscure conciseness. On the Malabar side, in 1766, there is equal difficulty in tracing out occurrences; and, but for the information afforded by the foregoing letter, it would have been impossible to understand the sole record the friends of Lieut. Thomas Durnford have retained of him. It certainly appears not to have been prior to 1767 that the war commenced between the English Company and Hyder Ali, who, at first but a private soldier, became, by his courage and talents, a powerful prince, able to involve the company in difficult wars and vast expenses. He had then possessed himself of great part of the Malabar coast, and induced the Nizam of the Deccan to renounce his alliance with the company and unite in a war with himself against it. On receiving intelligence of this league, the Council of Madras sent an army into the field, under the command of Colonel Smith; who, on September 26th, 1767, brought the united forces to an engagement, near Trichinopoly, and there defeated them. This victory caused the Nizam to desert the alliance of Hyder, and conclude a treaty again with the company, in which he gave up to them the Dewannee of the Balahant Carnatic. This obliged Hyder to retire to the mountainous country, and there support himself by the assistance his admirable cavalry lent, in cutting off supplies intended for the English army. The historian, who supplied this account, does not mention any siege; yet, as Mr. Durnford was present at the siege of Trichinopoly, it must have taken place at this period, when he was wounded, probably having performed duty in his double capacity of assistant-engineer and artillery-officer. General Smith is said to have penetrated far into Hyder Ali's country, to have taken several of his fortresses, and to have advanced towards his capital, but was prevented by dissensions from approaching nearer to it. Hyder, in consequence of these mistimed divisions, quietly regained the forts and strong posts he had taken.

From this statement it appears, that towards the close of 1767, although the victory of Trichinopoly had forced the Nizam to renounce the tract of country denominated the Dawannee of the Balaghaut Carnatic, still Hyder's power and resources remained as formidable as ever, while he continued to distress the English, and maintain himself in mountain fastnesses. It was at the commencement of 1768 that an expedition was made ready at Bombay against Mangalore, one of Hyder's principal sea-ports, and ships were fitted out to convey 400 European soldiers and about 800 Sepoys. Historians agree that the fort was taken with very little loss on the company's side, 25th February, 1768; and that of his shipping, nine were brought off, of considerable size, besides several smaller vessels. Through some strange error, as it is described, a small garrison was left in the forts, who were made prisoners by Hyder Ali.

The accounts of these years are difficult to understand clearly; still we learn from them that as Lieut. Durnford was present at the siege of Trichinopoly about 26th September, 1767, the enterprise against Mangalore succeeded on 25th February the following year, only ten days after he had signed his will. He was about five and twenty at the time of his death; and the account preserved of him is, that, after being wounded at the siege of Trichinopoly, he was unfortunately killed at an attack on the fort of Onore on the Bombay coast. A deep impression of the uncertain tenure of life, increased by witnessing the havoc of war, must have actuated him to the arrangement of his sublunary affairs. Thoughts fly directed upwardly to God, while the earthly presence of those dear and asunder is recalled. The missionary had not then gone forth to cheer and to sustain,—but where does not the invisible ever supporting spirit of Omnipresence shine!

Goa,—the magnificent, the city of churches, whose piles of noble architecture were rich with the wealth of provinces,—he had just turned his back upon: it is pleasant, even in fancy, to prefer the picture of the hundred Christian churches, (his closing eyes were directed towards), whose existence was then unknown to us.

Among the hills, aromatic with cinnamon and frankincense, which divide the Carnatic from Malayala, and verdant vallies, fed by mountain streams, the sound of bells had been summoning the disciples of Him, ever since His name was first affixed to them at Antioch, within the sacred building of Sara-

cenic form. Here were standing cathedral churches, decorated choirs and altars; the women flocked to worship within them, and the solidity of their walls attested durability and security.

Lieut. Durnford, in conducting the attack on the Fort of Onore, after being severely wounded, was carried off the field by Lascars, on a board or cradle. While thus conveying, a cannon ball shot him to pieces, killing at the same time some of the Lascars who carried him. His death was painful but honourable; victory crowned his concluding effort, while the breath of fame repeats of it no more than that the forts were taken with very little loss on the Company's side. Prematurely though he fell, yet was his end far happier than had he survived to share in the plunder of the better remembered sack of Onore, fifteen years afterwards.

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## SECTION II.

Mr. Elias Durnford at Belleisle, Havannah, Mobile,—Joins Sir C. Grey's Expedition.—Dies at Tobago.

In 1762, the accounts remaining of Elias, the eldest son of Mr. Durnford of Norwood, the brother of Lieut. Thomas Durnford, and father of Lieut.-General Elias Walker Durnford, commence. His history being intimately woven with the military affairs of the day, recalling them to recollection will assist in tracing the particular events of his life, especially as their past importance is now seldom dwelt upon. Belleisle, a name glorious in the naval annals of England, was then recollected by France as having, in the consequences of its terrible conflict, weighed against the valour of le Maréchal de Saxe at Fontenay, Rocours, Lanfeldt, and the much-vaunted successes against Bergen-op-zoom, Lanfeldt and Maestricht. The sea combats of Belleisle and Emisterre had completely destroyed the French navy, increased enormously the public debt, and led in 1748 to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The events of the seven years' war had again humbled the power of Louis XV; for his colonies in America, Asia and Africa were lost, his navy was no more, while Rosbach, Crevelt and Minden were fresh in view. Louis begged for peace at the beginning of 1662, without obtaining it, though he strove to bribe England by his offers. The pretences which led to most of the wars undertaken at this period, are represented as frivolous and unsatisfactory—unprofitableness is stamped upon

them; and their glory, like the field's fair flower, is withering fast. The historian dwells most upon the court intrigues, which embroiled all Europe, and the utter insignificance of the little matters that will kindle a great fire. An expedition against Belleisle, in the early part of this year was resolved on, despite the pending negotiation for peace with its advantages. This small island, having been kept in awe by the proximity of hostile squadrons, was now consequently strongly fortified and garrisoned. Mr. Elias Durnford embarked in the fleet destined there; and a journal of the siege of the citadel of Belleisle,—of which some doubt exists of his being the author, though found among his family papers,—is a valuable record of human toil, and military science. In its progress, his merits and talents as an engineer were so conspicuous as to obtain commendation and notice, and lead to his after advancement. The name of Durnford is omitted in the Journal.

This rocky and sterile island, strongly defended by nature as well as art, baffled the skill of its invaders for more than two months, leaving it finally undecided to which enemy the palm of science, bravery, and discipline was most deservedly due. The rocks of Belleisle refused footing to the first attempts of the invaders to land. Port de Andro was silenced after an hour's bombardment, but difficulties awaited those who reached its rocky heights. Repeated were the efforts to disembark their implements for offensive operations, strong gales drove their ships and boats to sea, surfs and rocks around the coast denied safety to the vessels, and provisions were damaged by continued rains. On one occasion, the troops, after securing a landing, remained without food for more than four and twenty hours. These heavy rains sometimes combined with the tides to float their magazines and damage their powder. It is curious to note the gradual progress of this siege, where, resembling a mortal game of chess, in place of pawns and mimic knights, the lives and bodies of men were exposed and ventured to obtain possession of an admirably strong and ably-defended fortress. From the first landing at Port de Andro, to obtaining occupancy of the town of Palais, and finally that of the citadel, the gradual and regular method of operations carried on is minutely described with detail of much interest. The Chevalier of St. Croix defended himself for two months, while the batteries were slowly gaining approach. The first guns, the journal notes as regularly planted,

were at the distance of 2,200 yards from the citadel, the next 1,670, then, successively, 2,200, 1,670, 900, 1,500, 1,350, 1,930, 1,420, 900,—at which era of the siege General Crawford was unfortunately made prisoner,—then 1,100; and, on the 6th of May, at the distance of 1,100 yards, the guns reached within the citadel, at first without doing much execution, but soon with success. This day it was reported that 7,000 of the enemy were expected to arrive, and that they could hold out for another month. At 1,050 yards the enemy abandoned their outposts, and retired within the citadel 400 yards. On the 14th, at 500 yards, the garrison expected to hold out long enough to obtain honourable capitulation. 660 yards: at this time the besiegers recovered the prisoners they had lost, with a seasonable provision of corn, wine, oats, barley, and wheat. 500 yards: the chief magistrate came blindfolded into the camp, to settle exchange of money. On the 27th they determined on making a breach in the Redans du Havre. The enemy fired balls of wood, and the same night the miners began to sink a shaft. The 25th, a reinforcement of 324 men arrived from England; they had now advanced to 380 yards distance, when, on the 30th, another reinforcement arrived to them. New shafts were sunk, but the tides obstructed the progress of the workmen.

By the 1st June, the breach appeared considerable, and another reinforcement, with stores, &c., arrived from England. Now, at 230 yards, the enemy hoisted colours, and, on the 3rd, beat a parley under pretence to take up a wounded man, who had fallen into the ditch, while it afforded them the advantage of looking at the breach in the Redans du Havre. The same day more stores arrived from England, the breach was advancing, and rockets were fired off by the enemy as signals to the continent. The 4th, the enemy threw up an intrenchment behind the breach, and our miners and volunteers advanced over the ditch but retreated. 5th. Miners advanced again, protected by musketry, &c. They attempted to pass the ditch at midnight, were driven back, but finally succeeded. Our intention was to carry the mine under the enemy's grand powder magazine. We captured a spy, and have now ten batteries open. On the 7th the breach widened, and a second was attempted. The enemy were seen repairing their embrasures at break of day, but at 8 o'clock hung out a white flag and beat the charade; this caused great surprise. The capitulating enemy were treated with respect and admiration,



while terms the most honourable were conceded to them. Throughout the siege, General Hodson denounced all irregularities on the part of his soldiers; any found trespassing were sentenced to death, as also any discovered to be intoxicated on duty. In no cases was drunkenness admitted as an excuse. The awful sentence of hanging was deferred until the criminal became sober.

The best and the bravest can give no more than their entire energies to the work of their desired emprise; and, forgotten though the steadfast toil and valour displayed at Belleisle may be by many, the children of the preserver, if not author, of this journal should at least cherish the recollection of the active and upright services he performed there. To them, it is a minor point, whether the enterprise in itself was wisely undertaken or beneficial in its result. Nay, whether, as was sarcastically said of it, Belleisle could furnish nothing better than sprats, and little cows: if it only did this, in a literal consideration of the business, it would be difficult to name staple products much more valuable. Eighteen hundred men were killed or disabled in the undertaking, out of the nine thousand who were sent against it. The following October, disease ravaged Belleisle, and the fourteen hospitals of Palais were insufficient to receive the sick. The rejoicings in London, consequent on the capture of the island, were great and sincere. The Belleisle march was long played in the streets of London; while, before the conclusion of the same year, it was wantonly made a subject of dispute, whether or not to blow up the fortifications on which these gallant efforts had been spent, and the reduction of which is said to have cost half a million.

Soon after, a draft was made from the garrison to add to the army preparing for the invasion of Martinique, under General Moncton; and Mr. Durnford embarked with Lord Albemarle's expedition, as a Lieutenant of Engineers, to be employed with him in the siege of the magnificent and important Havannah. Nothing can be added to what he relates, as occurring to himself in the course of, and at the close of that memorable siege, since no journal or other notes relating to it exist, except the letter which is subjoined. This letter bears no date or address, but was evidently written in 1792.

“ I beg leave to state, that when a young man, during the whole siege of Belleisle, I fortunately distinguished myself as an engineer of abilities, and performed many dangerous services, contributing greatly in my profession to the reduction

of that fortress. I afterwards embarked for the siege of the Havannah, without a single recommendation to any General Officer in the army, trusting to my inclination and zeal for my king and country's service as the surest and best path to their notice.

“On this expedition I was Lieutenant of Engineers, and during that siege my conduct and activity so much attracted the notice of the Earl of Albemarle, Lord Heathfield, and other officers of the army, that the Commander-in-Chief sent to me, as soon as the place was taken, and in the most flattering manner offered me the appointment of Aid-de-Camp, assuring me of further proofs of his esteem whenever it lay in his power, saying that ‘he was happy to shew to his army the good opinion he entertained of my conduct during the siege; and I was continued in that station until the staff was landed in England. After his return, I remained at the Havannah until the troops evacuated the Island, being employed constantly in taking a plan of the country surrounding the Havannah to a considerable extent. The late Lord Harcourt was so obliging as to select me to attend and explain to his Majesty the progress of the siege and attack of the Moro, when the model was shown to the King; but, by an unforeseen mistake of the post, his lordship's letter did not reach me until a few days after I was desired to attend: from this cause I lost the opportunity of being known to my Sovereign at that time.”

A portion of his artistic labours while there are still preserved by one of his grandsons: they consist of six views of the Moro and Havannah, with shipping, town, market-place, aloe trees, and groups delineated with life and character. They are masterly in execution.

The annoyance and consternation of Spain was great on receiving intelligence of her loss. The officers, to whom had been intrusted the defence of the Havannah, were punished by deprivation of their military employments, confiscation of their possessions, and banishment from the presence of their king,—some for ten and others for two years. The private effects of these gentlemen were seized on to make satisfaction for the loss imputed to their supposed negligence. The prize-money awarded to the conquerors of the Havannah must have been considerable. It was given at four different times, and the first division was made in April, 1764, when the sum of £18 15s. 7d. fell to the lieutenant-officer's share; a later

division awarded him £9 7s. 9d. The striking and melancholy reflection again meets us respecting the futility and worthlessness of man's imagined best exertions, since *lost*, both Belleisle and the Havannah immediately became to all after-use and advantage of the country, whose brave soldiers had subjugated them, only to be thrown as balance for the adjustment of a scale, in the pending treaty of nations. Taken and given up was the superb Havannah, like a castle on the chequered chessboard. On the 10th of February, 1763, the Treaty of Paris was signed, and Louis XV. gave up to England, Canada and Senegal. In doing this, he deplored the destruction of his navy, and confessed his new ally's supremacy over the seas. At the same time, Spain recovered her trans-atlantic stronghold; giving to England, in return for the Havannah, the two Floridas, and her possessions on the Mississippi. Honduras was partially ceded, as far as extended to England's right of cutting her staple logwood, but she was crippled in the defence of the last mentioned country by the prohibition of throwing up forts in it. There were those who doubted if the cession made by Spain was advantageous; and the fashionable language of the day was that Europe could scarce amass the symptom of a fleet. Be this as it may, from this time the Spaniards bestowed their most careful attention on the Havannah, improving and strengthening its fortifications, so as to render it what is termed impregnable, and provide for the following years a well-furnished granary for ships, men, and warlike munition. They also established and maintained with equal care their formidable settlement at the mouth of the Mississippi.

A succeeding extract from the before mentioned letter says: "Soon after the establishment of the province of West Florida, Lord Harcourt did me the honour to accompany me to the Treasury to Mr. Grenville, Secretary of State, and, through Lord Hawksbury, his then secretary, recommend me for the appointment of Commanding Engineer and Surveyor-General of that province. I remained there several years, but, soon after the death of Governor Elliott, returned to England, with His Majesty's leave; and, waiting on Lord Hillsborough, Secretary of State for the American Department, his lordship was pleased voluntarily to offer me the command of the province, if I would immediately return, with the rank of lieutenant-governor, observing that no appointment of governor would take place for some time, and saying to me he knew no person

more proper to fill the station than myself (this Mr. Parnell can testify); being fully convinced that my conduct would be just, and give satisfaction to the inhabitants of that province. The inhabitants were then opposing their Lieut.-Governor Brown, and had memorialized against him in consequence of some improper conduct on his part. I returned to Florida: before a governor came out (this was in 1769), I restored tranquility and harmony to the province, and remained there a great number of years."

In 1765, a grant was made to Elias Durnford, Esq., of Pensacola, as styled, of a town lot, and garden attached to it, dated Pensacola, Oct. 4th, and signed George Johnston.

In 1768, St. Domingo was disturbed by commotions, and the discontents at New Orleans were such as to lead to the people's rising against Don Antonio D'Alloa, and expelling him, at the same time that they put Aubrey, the French commandant, into confinement. The succeeding year, the Spanish general, O'Riely, with a strong body of men, made himself master of the place, and without any show of trial promptly executed some of the principal inhabitants; others of these luckless men he sent in chains to France, where they were distributed among the state prisoners.

In 1772, the Hon'ble John Stewart, Esq., superintendent of Indian affairs, extended the province of West Florida thirty miles up the river Coosaw, by a treaty made by him with the Creek Indians. These are the chief occurrences at that time mentioned of Mississippi and West Florida. The grant of a tract of land, containing fifty acres, on the river Amite, three miles west of Lake Maurepas, at the deserted village of Pascagoulas, was made in favour of Elias Durnford, Esq., of Pensacola, dated 1st August, 1772, and signed Peter Chester. The "Historical Chronicle," for the December following, furnishes the following paragraph:

"Plymouth, November 26th, 1773.

"The 24th instant, landed here from Jersey, Captain Nottingham, late commander of the *Earl of Sandwich* packet, which on the 11th instant lost all her masts, and had everything washed off the deck; the mate and two men were drowned. The captain and crew, with Governor Durnford and family, who were passengers, were taken out of the wreck by a vessel bound from Newfoundland to Jersey, where they were all landed in the greatest distress. The mail was preserved, and is gone on express to London."

Mrs. Durnford, who accompanied the lieutenant-governor on this return to their native country, received the first intimation of the impending danger about to be encountered, by being thrown out of the berth, with the bed-clothes twisted round her; on a large black trunk, which identical trunk still exists in possession of one of her daughters. A lighted candle was given her to hold in her hand, while her husband kept guard with a pair of pistols, as the sailors (as was then frequently the case on such occasions) had broken open the stores and taken to drinking. They threw the captain into the cabin, where he became entangled in the furniture, continually crying out "Lord, have mercy upon us!" The poor cabin boy moaned his fate that "he should never see his father or mother more;" and one sailor was washed over-board, but saved by the next wave, which sent him back again. At this time the only dry thing on board was the mate's neck-handkerchief, which he took off, and tied round Mrs. Durnford's throat: shortly after performing this little act of attention he was washed overboard, no more to return. The signals of distress made by the packet were answered by a Jersey vessel, which last would not allow a single person to go on board their vessel until the females were safe. One of the women-servants suffered much, in addition to the rolling of the vessel, from the great number of things that were thrown upon her. On entering the Jersey vessel, they were treated in the kindest manner, and the utmost silence preserved on board, in order that Mrs. Durnford's nerves might become composed; afterwards landing them at Jersey in a truly miserable plight, such as attracted a great crowd round them on leaving the ship,—Mrs. Durnford suffering the whole time from violent toothache. The governor at Jersey hospitably received them; and, after remaining at Jersey a fortnight, they returned to England, landing, according to the statement given by the "Historical Chronicle," at Plymouth. The *Earl of Sandwich* was quite a new vessel, owing to which circumstance, as was believed, its wreck was discovered, a few weeks after, abandoned by the crew, floating about in the "Chops of the Channel," when all concerned imagined it must have gone to the bottom. A live parrot was found in it, which was presented to the Governor at Jersey.

In the above paragraph he is erroneously styled governor, instead of lieutenant-governor, since in 1773 his excellency, Peter Chester, Esq., was capt.-general. commander-in-chief,

etc., and the lieutenant-governor, etc., his honour Elias Durnford, Esq. The province was divided into two counties, which, with the town of Pensacola, the capital, and the town of Mobile—both ports of entry,—returned sixteen members, the number composing the Lower House of Assembly. At the commencement of this year the general assembly had been dissolved, and no new writs issued when the register for the year was compiled, in which the honourable Elias Durnford, Esq., is put down as Surveyor-General of Land in the civil department, and in the garrison department as Captain of Engineers. From 1769, when the affairs of the province were committed to his sole direction, and are described as prosperous, the charges of the civil establishment of West Florida, and incidental expenses attending the same, from 24th June, 1768, to June 24th, 1769, were £4,000. In 1770, they were £4,800; in 1771, they amounted to £6,100; in 1772, they were £5,650; while in 1773, they had increased to £7,274 13s. 6d. At the period of his appointment the yearly exports from the province are stated to have been £97,000, and the imports £63,000.

On the 28th July of the year following that in which happened the wreck of the *Earl of Sandwich*, at Lowestoff in Suffolk, his eldest son, Elias Walker, was born; the son who recalled, with respect and affection, his beloved father's memory and untimely end to the close of his own existence. This child was carried to Pensacola when but a few months old, to be parted from his parents three or four years afterwards, when he was brought to England under the care of an aunt, the wife of Samuel Fontenelle, Esq., surgeon in the Royal Artillery. To this gentleman, in the town of Pensacola, had been assigned a town and garden lot attached, dated 4th October, 1765, and signed by George Johnston, Esq. Mr. Fontenelle was an accomplished man; he spoke and wrote the modern languages with elegance and facility, and was much esteemed for his attainments in classical literature. In the latter years of his life, he became a martyr from gout.

In 1776, John Ellis, Esq., F.R.S., died. He was king's agent in London for the province of West Florida, and the island of Dominica. Mr. Ellis was a valuable investigator of nature's curious productions, and was well known for his public spirited endeavours to promote and extend the benefits of natural history, being the first to discover the properties of the corals and corallines, with which the seas in that portion

of the globe are so richly endowed. He ended his days at Hampstead. The resident agent for the province was Samuel Hannay, Esq.

To dwell upon the conquest of West Florida by Spain would be an unwelcome and unpopular task; nevertheless, as the interests and lot of Lieut.-Gov. Durnford are closely wound up and connected with it, the state in which his family affairs became involved will be rendered more comprehensible by first recalling how it was lost, as represented by the same eloquent pen that has so unfortunately wronged his memory.

While war was ravaging the northern states, those to the south were trafficking in tranquillity; nor since the disturbances which took place during 1768 in St. Domingo, at New Orleans, and the discontents at Pensacola, occasioned by Governor Brown's misconduct, have any been recorded. Georgia, the most distant from the field of warfare, the Floridas and Mississippi excepted, experienced, ten years afterwards, in 1778, its first reversion. The success of the expedition, commanded by Commodore Hyde Parker and Colonel Campbell, in taking Savannah, and expelling the Americans from that province, as well as the good fortune of General Prevost in taking Sanbury, the last town that refused to cede to the English arms, led to further hostilities and petty annoyances between the neighbouring weak colonies of Georgia and East Florida, besides communicating more to the south the rumour of war. So much did these feelings extend, that in the spring of 1779 an expedition was undertaken by a party of Americans, that conveyed its effects to the Mississippi, and threatened the whole of the new and extended colony of West Florida, which had hitherto been undisturbed by war, or any apprehension of sharing in the general commotion and cruelties.

That doomed tract of land called Natchez, whose aboriginal Indians had been some years before treacherously and cruelly rooted out by the French, and whose manes the celebrated Chateaubriand has attempted to appease, by founding an historical romance on the subject of their extermination, was the aim of this enterprise. The British had made settlements there, which were nominally comprehended under the government and included in the province of West Florida; yet were they too remote for aid, if indeed aid could have been afforded them. Captain Willing, the leader of the American party, fell down the river Mississippi upon them, capturing and

plundering such vessels as fell in their way. The people of Natchez, surprised and entirely in his power, made no attempt at defence, but quietly surrendered. In granting these settlers full security for their property, mutual advantage was conferred, while the events of a few subsequent months confirm the suspicion that the object of the expedition was not limited to their subjugation, but extended to securing a better means of communication and correspondence with the Spaniards at New Orleans, and uniting with them in their designs upon West Florida.

Since the Treaty of Paris the tide of fortune had fluctuated among the nations. Franklin had urged, and at length succeeded, in rousing the grandson of Louis XV. to side with the revolted colonies against England; and Louis had, by means of his generals Rochambeau and Lafayette, greatly assisted towards the success of Washington. From 1776, the year in which America first proclaimed her independence, to the 16th June, 1779, when the declaration of war was announced by Charles to the court of London, there seems little doubt but that Spain was instructing her governors and commanders, both in America and the West Indies, to be in readiness against its outbreak. They had been arming and preparing their strongest places for several years back; and as proofs they could not have been ignorant, war was declared in the island of Porto Rico a few days after the announcement in London; and Spaniards had carried English vessels they had taken at sea into the Havannah as prizes, before its intelligence could have possibly reached either America or the West Indies,—indeed but a few days after its receipt in London. Plans had been laid, and preparations made to the time; all which afforded them proportionable advantage.

West Florida appears at this precise period to have been peculiarly unattended to. From the year 1773, when the civil charges of her establishment amounted to £7274 13s. 6d., and her affairs are represented as prosperous, her expenses gradually lessened for the seven succeeding years, viz., in 1774 they were £4,850; in 1775, £5,450; in 1776, £4,063; in 1777, £5,900; in 1778, £4,900; in 1779, £4,900; in 1780, £3,990; and in 1781, £3,900. At this time the imports of both the Floridas did not exceed £70,000, and the exports amounted to about £120,000. His Majesty's 16th regiment of foot had been for some years stationed at Pensacola.

West Florida and Mississippi, so long in the enjoyment of



peace and social intercourse with the Spaniards of Louisiana, on war being proclaimed between England and Spain, found themselves the most open to invasion. The possessions along the coast and south-east shores of the mighty river, which Spain had relinquished to England by the treaty of Paris, were now in a weak and undefended state, and their proximity to the powerful settlement and stronghold she prided herself on, at the mouth of the same river, rendered their seizure apparent. These weak settlements, formerly considered as included in Louisiana, had lately been, as already mentioned, annexed to the province of West Florida; since that annexation, they had been forced by Capt. Willing, with his band of Americans, into submission. Capt. Willing's temporary subjugation again restored them to dependence on Florida, and accordingly a few soldiers were sent to them. Don Bernardo de Galvez, the Spanish governor of Louisiana, having collected his whole force at his capital of New Orleans, August 19th, 1779, announced by beat of drum the independence of America, and then proceeded against them. He had secured the communications, so that his design upon the settlements was almost effected before General Campbell, who commanded Pensacola, either knew that hostility was meditated, or any part of the province in danger. Taking advantage of the imagined security, Don Galvez seized on a royal sloop of war stationed on Lake Pontchartrain, and succeeded in capturing several vessels on the lakes and rivers laden with provisions and necessaries for the British soldiers, and one that had on board part of the regiment of Waldeck. The whole military force, British and German, stationed for the protection of the country, did not amount to 500, and these had no other cover against a superior enemy than a newly constructed fort or field redoubt, they threw hastily up at a place called Baton Rouge. Here Lieut.-Col. Dickenson, of the 16th regiment, stood a siege of nine days, until the opening of a battery of heavy artillery against him made further defence impracticable. The conditions he obtained were honourable to the garrison, and favourable to the inhabitants. The troops surrendered themselves prisoners of war, experiencing from Don Bernardo de Galvez the same good faith which distinguished every transaction he was concerned in.

Natchez and Baton Rouge being now in the power of the Spaniards, and the defences of the province necessarily weakened by the number of prisoners, and vessels laden with pro-

visions, taken, Don Galvez lost no time in applying to the governor of Havannah for a reinforcement, to enable him to attempt the conquest of Mobile and Pensacola. The state of apprehension the Province was now in is best understood by the following letter at this precise era, written by Lieut.-Gov. Durnford to his commanding officer, earnestly entreating additional aid for the defence of Mobile, and representing the inadequacy of its present garrison. It is copied literally from notes found, in his handwriting, in an old pocket-book.

“ Pensacola, 15th December, 1779.

“ SIR,—Your having been pleased to direct me, verbally, to proceed to Mobile and put that place into a state of defence, I think it my duty to request your written order and direction for that purpose; particularly as I hear the place is threatened to be speedily attacked by our enemy. As it may possibly happen that I may be there when such an event happens, it behoves me to lay before you, sir, the true situation of that fort, in order that the most speedy and effectual measures may be taken to put it into such a state of defence as that resistance may be made; for which purpose an immediate supply of artillery and ordnance stores of all kinds are requisite, also an additional number of troops, as well as a supply of provisions; for without these no defence for any time can be made. The armed vessels now here ought to be sent to guard the pass of Oleron, as it is the inlet by which the enemy may appear from the westward.

“ As the fort requires 300 troops for its necessary defence, it is reasonable to believe that eighty sick, or at best convalescent men, are not sufficient for its defence. If troops cannot be detached from hence for that purpose, by application to the governor with the advice of his council, by an order from them a draft from the associated company of militia may be ordered, alternately to do duty with the troops in the fort; and an armed company of negroes should be collected for the same purpose: these aids may enable a commanding officer to make resistance, or, at best, would prevent the place being taken by assault; and they would be able to hold out until succour might be sent from home. As his Majesty’s Lieut.-Governor, I flatter myself the Governor and his council would, on your application, vest me with every power to enable me to defeat the views of our enemy against that part of the province. As I consider myself senior officer to Captain Christie, the commander of the fort, I expect the command will belong to me when present. For this reason I fully mention to you, sir, before

I proceed there, the assistance I think absolutely necessary, to enable me to do justice to my king and country, honour to your choice, and satisfaction to myself. As soon as I am honoured with your Excellency's written directions, I shall proceed without loss of time. ELIAS DURNFORD."

Every motive, private as well as public, urged conscientious and spirited endeavours to exertion. The ample grants of land bestowed on him, had not prevented his purchasing much in addition, and laying out the greatest part of his paternal fortune in stocking some of them with negroes and cattle. Besides some town lots, as they are styled, at Pensacola and Campbell's town, he was at that time in possession of 5,000 acres on the east shore of Mobile Bay, bearing his own name, many thousand wild forest tracks on the river Mississippi, and other parts of the province. These large estates were not neglected by him; he had sent a party of men with articles,—most likely tools and working implements, to mark out roads of communication on the western part of the river Mississippi. These men, with £112 12s. 9d., in sterling money, were shipped on board the Florida, at Pensacola, 16th February, 1778: and this vessel was plundered on the river Amite, by a gang belonging to James Willing's people. This foiled undertaking was exclusively at his private cost; and the £112 12s. 9d., embarked with the workmen, must have borne but a small share of the loss. In addition to this loss, a note in his pocket-book mentions that, by the schooner Charlotte, taken by the Spaniards, £181 5s. 8d. was lost. This sum was, without doubt, consigned to the same purpose as the former; and the Charlotte had been captured on the first breaking out of hostilities, which, as already related, Don Galvez commenced by seizing many valuable vessels on the lakes and rivers. Lieut.-Governor Durnford's letter was penned precisely one month before Don Galvez sailed from New Orleans, with all the available force he could raise in his government, Jan. 14, 1780, conveyed by some small frigates and armed vessels, on the expedition, expecting to be followed or met by the force from the Havannah.

The posture of defence presented by Mobile, on the appearance of this fleet, does not appear to have been satisfactory. In addition to the inadequacy of the garrison to defend a miserable fort, the armed vessels had not been sent from Pensacola to guard the pass of Oleron. The following account

of the siege of Mobile, as drawn up by one who, certainly, was no friend to its defender, will be followed by that defender's own statement :

“ The delays, difficulties, and dangers the Spaniards encountered on the passage to Mobile, would appear almost incredible to those who considered only the distance, without taking into account the stormy disposition of the climate at that season, the dangerous nature of that inhospitable coast, and the numberless shoals which embarrass and nearly choke up the mouths of its vast rivers. After a continued struggle with adverse weather, and the various other impediments which we have mentioned, for nearly a month, the better part of the fleet were driven on the shore, and several of the vessels at length totally wrecked in the bay of Mobile. By this misfortune the commander had the mortification of seeing all reasonable hope of success frustrated; 800 of his men being cast away on a naked beach, with the loss of the greater part of their clothes, arms, and necessaries of that sort.

“ The Spaniards bore their misfortunes with that patience which has at all times been the characteristic of their nation. Instead of shrinking under the difficulties and discouragements they had experienced, (they endeavoured, so far as it could be done,) to convert their loss into a benefit. They broke up their wrecked vessels and framed their timber and planks into ladders and other machines necessary for an escalade; as they had sustained too great a loss of artillery and other materials to attempt a formal siege. Those who had preserved their arms, were obliged to divide them in such a manner as would render them most useful, with those who had none; and those who still remained unarmed, undertook the laborious service of the army.

“ It happened, very unfortunately, on the side of the English, who were, besides, far from strong, that an account of the Spanish shipwreck was received at Pensacola, with the additional falsehoods that 700 of their people had perished, and that the expedition was entirely laid aside.

“ The Spanish commander had no reason to repent his perseverance: he was strengthened by the arrival of four armed vessels from the Havannah, with a party of the regiment of Navarre on board. Although these brought an account that the principal embarkation was still delayed, yet the arrival of so many ships and fresh men, with the artillery, stores, and various necessaries which they were capable of supplying,

suddenly caused a new face of affairs, and afforded a renovation of vigour and life to everything. The former troops were speedily re-embarked; and, after a further encounter of other storms, difficulties and dangers, the whole were landed, Feb. 25, within three leagues of Mobile.

“Mr. Durnford, a captain of engineers, and Lieut.-Governor of West-Florida, commanded the poor garrison, which was to defend the fort or castle, (as the Spaniards called it,) of Mobile. This consisted of ninety-seven regulars of the 60th regiment, of sixteen royal Marylanders, three artillerymen, sixty seamen, fifty-four inhabitants, and fifty-one armed negroes, with two surgeons, and a labourer,—amounting to 284 of all sorts. The enemy attacked the fort by sea and land, and began to open ground on the 9th March. On the 12th March the Spaniards opened their battery, consisting of eight eighteen, and one twenty-four pounder. Their fire seems to have had some considerable effect on the embrasures and parapets of the two faces which they attacked; and two of the garrison guns being dismounted, they, at sunset, hung out a white flag. The capitulation was not, however, signed until the 14th, in the morning, when the fort was given up, and the garrison surrendered prisoners of war.

“This surrender, which appeared inevitable, was, however, attended with circumstances which rendered it exceedingly vexatious. The Major-General, Campbell, had marched from Pensacola with, as the Spaniards say, 1,100 regular forces, and some artillery, for its relief; and was besides accompanied by some Talapuche Indians; a people, who, being excessively ferocious and cruel, the inveterate and mortal enemies of the Spaniards, are by them regarded with a very peculiar dread and horror. The van of Campbell’s force was arrived in sight of the Spanish camp at the very instant that the fort was surrendered; and they accordingly used the utmost expedition in taking possession of, and covering themselves with the works, under the strong apprehension of an immediate attack. Don Galvez boasted that the British forces in the field and garrison were superior in number to his own; and did not scruple openly to declare that, with the smallest activity and vivacity in their works, the latter might have made good the defence until the arrival of succours.

“It seems upon the whole face of the affair, as it appears at present, that the Lieut.-Governor had not, from the beginning, the smallest idea of any attempt being made for the relief of

the place : and that he accordingly, from the first appearance of the enemy, considered its loss as a matter of course and inevitable necessity. The regular force was certainly such as to give little encouragement to a very vigorous defence. Thus the province of West Florida, with a weak, a divided force, was reduced piecemeal, without its being able, any where, to make that effectual resistance which might have been expected if it had been concentrated in some one good point of defence.”—*Burke's Annual Register for 1780.*

The following is taken from a letter accidentally found among his son's (Lieut.-General Elias Walker Durnford, R.E.'s) papers some months after the decease of the latter :

“I returned to Florida before a governor came out. I restored harmony and tranquillity to the province, and remained there under the rank of Lieut.-Governor a great many years, until I returned to England as a prisoner to Spain, under the especial condition of not again serving in that province or Louisiana during that war. The condition was imposed on me in the presence of Lieut. Col. Dixon, of the 16th regiment of foot, a prisoner also with me at New Orleans ; and the words General Galvez made use of were, on remonstrating strongly against such conditions : ‘I know you too well, and if my sovereign sends me an order to exchange you, whilst I command here, I will disobey it.’

“I was taken prisoner by him on his siege of Mobile. I call it a siege, because he was obliged, in consequence of the measures and precautions I used in the defence of this paltry fort, to open trenches, and enter into all the formalities of a siege. It took him upwards of a month to reduce ; nor was it reduced until two practicable breaches were made in the front attacked and all my shot expended. The garrison, including regulars, inhabitants, a few servants and slaves employed as workmen, were about three hundred persons ; and his force consisted of twenty times my number of regular troops, and more than ten times my number of people. I marched out with the honours of war through that breach, and Don Galvez treated me and my garrison in an honourable manner. I had no hope of succour from Pensacola ; but, by the defence made by me at this post, the attack against Pensacola was postponed for one year.”

These two accounts have little agreement. Few unbiassed persons would rely entirely on an enemy's statement, and Spanish exaggeration is proverbial. Lieut.-Governor Durn-

ford was not the man to lag when exertion, either mental or corporeal, was demanded; nor is the asseveration more plausible, of the British forces in garrison and field, being superior in number; since, whether we follow the Lieut.-Governor's estimate of the garrison's amounting to three hundred, or that of Mr. Burke, which makes them two hundred and eighty-four, with the addition of the 1,100, said to have fled as soon as within sight of the Spanish camp;—even these numbers, viz. 1,384, nor yet 1,400, amounted to half the force brought against Mobile. This is stated by an honest and straightforward account, to have been more than ten times the number that garrisoned the fort. No mention is made in the letter of any relief being sent; on the contrary, he asserts himself to have been without the hope of succour from Pensacola, and speaks confidently of having retarded the attack upon Pensacola for another year. Another difficulty arises respecting this succour, since it is by no means probable the relief afforded to Mobile should have been such as to weaken or leave defenceless Pensacola the capital: and when we read of the 1,100 regular forces with artillery, accompanied by the ferocious Talapuche Indians, that made the victorious Spaniards hasten to cover themselves with the works, and tremble from an apprehended immediate attack, the inquiry naturally arises, why was it not made? A motley assemblage, it is acknowledged, defended Pensacola when the same Don Galvez formed the siege against it, bringing with him between 7 and 8,000 men the following year;—detachments from, or rather the remains of, different British regiments; Maryland and Pennsylvania loyalists; German-troops of Waldeck; with sailors, marines, inhabitants,—for every man was of necessity a soldier,—negroes and Indians. Impossibility seems stamped upon the Spanish account, that 1,100 troops were spared to the relief of Mobile in addition to the savages. After the surrender of Mobile, the enemy's force was too much weakened to attempt Pensacola, which they attacked the next year with augmented strength furnished from the Havannah: yet neither the experience gained from the surrender of Mobile, nor the abilities of General Campbell, seconded by his brave but patched up garrison, could preserve Pensacola from a similar fate. On the 9th May, 1781, Governor Chester and Major-General Campbell delivered up the place on the day two months that the enemy had first made their appearance. Don Galvez was nearly six weeks before Mobile; the fresh supplies from

the Havannah, which enabled him to commence the strict formalities of a siege, reached a fortnight after his shipwreck in the bay of Mobile.

While the siege of Mobile was carrying on, Mrs. Durnford's delicate state of health requiring additional security, she was placed in a hut with two other ladies, one of whom (afterwards the clever and accomplished wife of Governor Johnston) rendered her humane attention. A sentry was placed over them for protection, their sole article of furniture being a deal box, which these ladies were but too glad to sit upon, and take their meals off. It was in this hut Lieut.-Governor Durnford's second son, Philip, was born. In regard to the treatment experienced by the prisoners from Bernardo De Galvez, all accounts agree. Nothing could exceed the good faith with which he observed the prescribed conditions, nor his humanity and kindness to the prisoners. He fitted up the ship Lieut. Governor Durnford came home on parole in, with every comfort and convenience for Mrs. Durnford, who brought home some mulatto maid-servants; one of whom, named Charlotte, filled the responsible place of nurse to the little stranger, and was long remembered in the family.

More than ten years afterwards, Governor Durnford speaks of himself as oppressed in spirit from the effects of censures cast alone *on him*, among all those who were concerned in the affairs of West Florida; nor without reason did he pine under imputed failure of energy, since the generally accredited historic recollection respecting him, now, that many years have elapsed, is, as copied from an approved historian: Early in the spring, Don Galvez, the Spanish Governor of Louisiana, fitted out an expedition at New Orleans against the fort of Mobile, which surrendered on March 12th, just as a force from Pensacola, under Major-General Campbell, was seen in sight for its relief. Strange! that the best proportion of, if not entire garrison of Pensacola, should leave their capital insecure, while fair breezes were blowing direct from the watchful Havannah!

Thus fell the province of West Florida, which had been held among the principal acquisitions obtained by Great Britain by the treaty of Paris. During the years it remained in the possession of England, the rank luxuriance of its rich soil rendered it subject to tropical fevers. Two regiments that went there, each 1,000 strong, returned home,—the one with 100, the other no more than 40 men; and Lieut.-Governor



Durnford speaks of the eighty sick, or, at best, convalescent men, that formed the chief garrison of the fort of Mobile.

It is remembered of Lieut.-Gov. Durnford that he was familiarly called the Black Prince, from his complexion, darkened from the sun of Florida, and his benevolent and open countenance. It was his custom when in the West Indies to carry his pistols always loaded; but on one occasion, being on a pic-nic, a lady of the party, intending to play him a trick, unloaded the pistols and replaced them where he was accustomed to keep them. In the course of the day, as the company were seated, taking refreshment, some species of tiger, probably the jaguar, suddenly sprang towards them. He instantly seized his pistol, and, pulling the trigger, was surprised to find it unloaded; with great presence of mind he stood quite still, and steadfastly fixed his eye upon the animal, which, intimidated by his looks, presently retired.

The following is copied from a list of tracts of land and other property, lost by Lieut.-Gov. Elias Durnford, on the capture of the Province of West Florida, by Spain and the Americans, as registered at the City of Washington :

Quantity of Land.  
Acres.

- No. 1.—200.—Tract granted to Elias Durnford, on the Baton Rouge, fronting the River Mississippi. (*Registered.*)
- No. 2.—500.—Tract granted to Anthony Foster, rear of William Duncan's, William Canty's, and William Briant's, on the river Iberville. (*Patented to Mr. T. Durnford.*)
- No. 3.—500.—Tract granted to Fisher Tench, adjoining Anthony Foster's. (*Grant copied, not registered.*)
- No. 4.—300.—Tract granted to Elias Durnford, back of Mary and Ann Organ's, on the River Iberville below the forks. (*Registered.*)
- No. 5.—100.—Tract granted to Elias Durnford, on the high land below the fork of the Comite and Amite Rivers. (*Registered.*)
- No. 6.—613.—Tract granted to Elias Durnford, opposite to the above 100 acres on the River Amite. (*Registered.*)
- No. 7.—1,000.—Tract granted to David Lord Rutherford, in the rear of the above 613 acres, and adjoining Eleanor Rainsford's 500 acres on the Comite. (*No traces.*)
- No. 8.—500.—Tract granted to Elias Durnford, adjoining and below Valens Stephen Comyn's 2,250 acres on the Comite. (*Registered.*)
- No. 9.—5,000.—Tract granted to John Ross, at the Poplar Creeks on the River Comite. (*No researches yet made; only known by this information.*)
- No. 10.—1,000.—Tract granted to John Morrison, adjoining George Raimond's 1,000 acres on the east side of the river Amite, below the fork of the rivers Amite and Iberville. (*Index points to a book to be found in the office.*)
- No. 11.—150.—Tract granted to Elias Durnford, east side of the Amite River, between John Morrison's and Charles Clarke's land. (*Registered*)

- No. 12.—50.—Tract granted to Elias Durnford, at the first high land east side of the Amite entrance from lake Maurepas. (*Registered.*)
- No. 13.—5,000.—Tract of land known by the name of Durnford's Plantation, on the east side of Mobile Bay, bought of Madelon Fairchild. (*No intelligence.*)
- No. 14.—200.—Tract of land granted to Wm. Rogers, near the head of the west lagoon from Pensacola. (*No grant, &c.*)
- No. 15.—38.—Tract granted to Richard Seegg, at the Cow-pen three miles from Pensacola. (*No information.*)
- No. 16.—38.—Tract granted to Elias Durnford, at Belle Fontaine on the old road to the vilage. (*Do.*)
- No. 17.—8.—Tract granted to Elias Durnford, half a mile above the town of Pensacola on the front of the bay. (*do.*)

## LIST OF TOWN LOTS AT PENSACOLA AND CAMPBELL'S TOWN.

## Town Lots.

- 5.—Granted to Edward Maise, with garden lot.
- 191.—Granted to Smith and Birney, do. do.
- 245.—Granted to—Fanning, double lot.
- No. 4.—Granted to Elias Durnford, with six garden lots adjoining.
- 240.—Three town lots granted to Daniel Hickie Campbell.
- 241.—Volkes, and John Brest.
- 31.—In Campbell Town granted to Elias Durnford, with pasture lot.
- 32.—In do. granted to Jacob Blackwell, with pasture lot.
- Tracts of land belonging to Lieut.-Gov. Durnford, and property lost by the American War, on the cession of said states in West Florida.

## Quantities of Land.

## Acres.

- 500.—Tract granted to Elias Durnford, quarter of a mile below junction of Rivers Amite and Comite, bounded N. W. by R. Foley's land and S. E. by F. Hutchinson. No. of lots, 291. Claim recorded at Belina land Office, May 17, 1820, as No. 10.
- 600.—Tract granted to John Morrison and wife, on the River Amite. Lease and Release to Elias Durnford and David Hodge, P.D.
- No. 17.—1,000.—Tract granted to Francis Hutchinson, near the grand Gulph below and adjoining Philip Barbour's tract of fifteen hundred acres fronting the river Mississippi. (*Flat proceeds. Index points to a grant having been made out.*)
- No. 18.—500.—Tract granted to Alice Blomant, behind George East's 200 acres and John Allen Martin's 1,000 acres near the river Mississippi.
- No. 19.—500.—Tract granted to Elias Durnford, in the rear of Alex. Legerwood's 600 acres and George Urquhart's land on the river Mississippi, opposite Point Coupé. (*Registered.*)
- No. 20.—1,000.—Tract granted to Rebecca Durnford, northwest side of Thompson's Creek. (*Registered.*)
- No. 21.—20,000.—Tract granted to Alexander Duncan, back of the lands on the west side of Thompson's Creek, and those which front the river Mississippi, above Thompson's creek. (*Assigned in possession.*)
- No. 22.—315.—Tract granted to Elias Durnford, east side of Thompson's Creek, adjoining Evan Jones' land. (*Index points to the grant having been made.*)
- No. 23.—350.—Tract granted David Lord Rutherford, five miles east from Thompson's Creek, and bounded by Patrick Strachan's land and Robert Falconer's land. (*do.*)

**No. 24.—10,000.**—Tract granted to Elias Durnford, below the White Cliff, behind John Martin's, Patrick and Maurice Conway's, David Hodges', James Hamilton's, Lewis Cuthbert's, Lionel Becket Westrop's, Thomas McMue's, and Montfort Brown's land, fronting the river Mississippi. (*Registered.*)

The sum of one hundred and twelve pounds twelve shillings and nine pence sterling, was shipped on board the sloop Florida, John Gostage, master, at Pensacola, the 16th February, 1778, as appears by his receipt. The several articles being sent by him to the river Amite, Lieutenant Gov. Durnford's private property, being for a party of men, who were going to mark out roads of communication on the western part of the river Mississippi in West Florida, the same being taken away on the River Amite, by a gang belonging to James Willing's party.

**No. 25 —1,000.**—Tract granted to George Frederick Mulcaster, on the river Tombeckbee. (*No search yet made.*)

**No. 26.—1,000.**—Tract granted to Patrick Morgan, on the river Alabama, above the fork of the river Tombeckbee and Alabama. (*To be patented to M. T. Durnford.*)

**No. 27.—200.**—Tract granted to Elias Durnford, at the Indian village on the River Escambia.

**No. 28.—500.**—Tract granted to Elias Durnford, adjoining the lower line of the above tract.

**Total Acres.**

52,712—Of land, and £112 12s. 9d. sterling; besides £181 5s. 8d. taken from on board the Schooner Charlotte, when captured by the Spaniards.

N. B. There were also 5,000 acres, an undivided moiety of General Harcourt's 10,000 acres, as appears from an original list of mine (Lt. Govr. Durnford's) situated below St. Catherine's and Buffalo Creeks, and adjoining Amos Ogden's lands.

Making a general total of 57,712 acres.

The colonies and possessions of the new world were useless and unproductive to their European sovereigns, who claimed the right of dominion over them, unless peopled and colonized by their own subjects. Colonization to prosper, must be entered voluntarily on; and so as splendid inducements these immense grants were bestowed, and the desire of obtaining them gained ground, not only among the sanguine and enterprising, but many English noblemen and gentlemen, to more or less extent.

Thus was Mississippi, East and West Florida passed over to Spanish rule. It fell during the short era when reverse attended the colonial wars of Great Britain, when the vigilance and assistance necessary for its preservation were unfortunately withheld. The resources of these provinces are computed as exhaustless.

The late Lieut.-Governor could not long have continued on parole, the next family recollection of him being that he was stationed at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It is supposed that his

exchange was effected through some of the Spanish officers who had been captured and brought to Pensacola; since his non-employment could not have extended beyond a twelvemonth. This, with the impatience with which he bore the restraint, is understood from his own words :

“ On my return to England I solicited Lord Amherst to get me exchanged, that I might be enabled to serve my country again. I could have no pecuniary motives, none other besides those of actual zeal for the king's service; as the Board of Ordnance, while I continued a prisoner, acted liberally towards me. By Lord Amherst's direction I made many applications to the sick and hurt office to the Spanish agent, but in vain; and one day, at his lordship's levee, on representing and soliciting his further aid for my relief, he was pleased to say, that ‘ he wished all men would shew that zeal for the service I had done.’ Soon after, I met Lord Dorchester, who informed me he was going to America.\* I had served under him at the Havannah, and had enjoyed his good-will. He expressed a wish to have me again with him, and urged my endeavouring by every possible means to get exchanged: but the same difficulties lay in my way, until I recollected I had in my possession several letters from Spanish officers who had been captured and brought to Pensacola.” The conclusion to this letter is wanting. When writing this, the commencement being for its better understanding placed last, he was evidently suffering in the public opinion, and pining for another opportunity being permitted for him to manifest his devotion in the king's service. The letter, from which these extracts are made, was probably intended for the Duke of Richmond, when Master-General of the Ordnance, although no address confirms the supposition. *It is certain that he was sent for from Newcastle to London in 178— to join an expedition, afterwards countermanded; and that during the succeeding years he was gratified by many marks of royal approbation.*

“ Hon. Sir,—I should not have presumed to trouble you with this long letter, did I not think myself likely to be overlooked in the promotion about to take place, on Sir Charles Grey's expedition. From the generous manner you and Mr. Pitt treated me, when Sir Charles Grey mentioned my name to you, for the rank of Colonel in the army, I rested satisfied that if promotion was given to other officers on account of the expedition, I should not have felt the want of this mark of regard

\* This must refer to the offer of Lord Dorchester, when going to Canada in 1786?

towards me in the manner I now do, and which I confess oppresses my spirit very much, It is a disagreeable task on my part to speak of myself; but as the friends whose esteem I flatter myself I once enjoyed, and would still desire to bear testimony for me, believe me deserving, I beg leave to state, that when a young man," &c. (See page 7.)

While stationed at Newcastle, his eldest daughter, Charlotte, was born at Alnwick Castle, the residence of the Duchess of Athol, who was much attached to Mrs. Durnford, and was fond of going to the Public Assemblies accompanied by her. Mrs. Durnford was remarkably beautiful.

On the 20th January, 1783, were signed at Versailles the articles of Peace between his Britannic Majesty and the most Catholic King.

Article 3rd.—His Britannic Majesty shall cede to his Catholic Majesty, East Florida; and his Catholic Majesty shall keep West Florida, provided that the term of eighteen months, to be computed from the time of the ratification of the definitive treaty, shall be granted to the subjects of his Britannic Majesty, who are settled as well in the island of Minorca as in the two Floridas, to sell their estates, recover their debts, and to transport their effects, as well as their persons, without being restrained on account of their religion, or under any other pretence whatsoever, except that of debt and criminal prosecutions; and his Britannic Majesty shall have power to cause all the effects that may belong to him in East Florida, whether artillery or others, to be carried away.

Article 4—Provides for the security of his Britannic Majesty's subjects, in cutting, loading, and carrying away log-wood, and also fixing the boundaries.

The appointment of Chief Engineer at Plymouth from this period was given to Colonel Durnford, at which place he continued for upwards of six years.

During this period his vast estates in Florida were committed to the direction of agents, the most confidential and responsible of whom was his cousin, Mr. Thomas Durnford. From the sequel we find, that the appeal forming the object of his letter, was not unattended to: the command of the Engineers who accompanied Sir Charles Grey's expedition was given to him. Flushed with satisfaction at this added proof of his sovereign's confidence, and in the company of his eldest son, Elias Walker, he bid adieu to his country, witnessed and partook in the triumph of the British arms at Martinique,

&c., to perish prematurely at Tobago, 21st June, 1794, among the countless victims of yellow fever.

Here, at the age of about fifty-five, his spirit was summoned to return to Him who gave it; and the spot, become unknown, where his remains lie, has never been visited by a relative. Though Tobago's scorching sun shines upon his grave, cold icy forgetfulness shrouds it also in shadow. Foreign is the land it occupies, foreign the form wandering by, and foreign the eye, if such there be, that glances over it. His was a brave and generous spirit, devoted to his country's service, and glowing with loyalty and affection to his beloved sovereign.

## SECTION III.

Scenes in Early Life in Martinique, Guadeloupe, during the years 1794 and 1795, &c.\*

*Le temps harmonise les âmes.—HIPP, COMTE DE ST. ANTOINE.*

It is handed down in the family, that our ancestors came to England with the Conqueror. I have traced them from 1590, in regular succession to the present time, 1849; and I have my baptism from the register of a handsome church, on the eastern part of the coast of Suffolk. My grandmother told me that I went across the Atlantic a babe in arms, and returned with an aunt when between four and five years old. My father, with whom this aunt had gone to Pensacola, held one of the highest and most responsible stations in the colony. There he remained during a great part of the first American war, and also that which followed with the Spaniards, by whom he was made prisoner, after a most obstinate defence as commandant of one of the principal forts of West Florida.

Soon after the return of my father to England, at the end of the American war, I was removed to a school preparatory to entering into the Military Academy, at Woolwich, into which I was received in October, 1789. I managed to pass a good examination, and to my father's delight was presented with a commission in the Royal Regiment of Artillery; from which, after being in camp upon my native coast five months, I was transferred to the corps of Royal Engineers, October, 1793, and immediately ordered to Portsmouth, to embark with the expedition, consisting of 5000 troops and a fleet under Admiral Sir John Jarvis, assembled at that port, and destined for the West Indies, in which expedition my father was commanding engineer.

A company of Royal Military Artificers, as then termed, just returned from Ostend, were embarked in the same transport with my father's heavy baggage, and sea stock of all denominations. But we were disappointed in these anticipated comforts; for while we were on shore, hurrying off some essential ordnance stores, to receive which a ship was waiting at the gun wharf, a signal was made for a frigate to start immediately with the said store ship, in which my father and myself accordingly sailed. We rendezvoused at Madeira; and I, with some others had scarcely set foot on shore when Admiral Sir John Jarvis's ship made its appearance in the offing, and we had to re-embark in haste, and put to sea.

One morning at break of day, as we were sailing in the trade wind, by some negligence our transport was ahead of the convoy frigate. We

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\* Originally published in the United Service Journal, August, 1850.

saw her steering directly after us: in a short time our yards came nearly in contact, and we were hailed in an angry tone, and ordered never to presume to get before her.

The following is an extract from a letter of Colonel Durnford's to his wife.

“ CASSE NAVIRE BAY,  
“ 16th Feb., 1794.”

“ I have had the happiness to receive your letter by the Fleet just arrived with the Asia man-of-war, and have only just now a few minutes of time to assure you that Elias and myself are in good health. I left him this morning, and shall see him again to-morrow, I expect. We are very successful hitherto, and there is every appearance we shall reduce this island shortly; and we are at present very healthy.....My baggage left behind is safe arrived, and I have no doubt but we shall possess Fort Bourbon in a fortnight.

“ After a pleasant voyage, we arrived at Barbadoes, and three or four weeks afterwards sailed for Martinique, where the head-quarter part of the army to which I was attached, landed with little opposition on the morning of February, 1794. The British commanders resolved to effect their several landings at places remote from each other. General Dumas landed on the 5th and 6th Feb., at Gallien; General Prescott at Trois Rivières; and on the 8th, Colonel Sir Charles Gordon disembarked with the rest of the troops at Cas de Navire; and I had the pleasure of a tramp on foot until nine o'clock at night, which nearly knocked me up. I however found out a dirty negro hut to get some sleep in; and being young in such things, was much astonished and concerned to find that two soldiers were to be tried for marauding. They were hanged the next morning in presence of the army. The same day a small division of the army started to attack a fort upon Pigeon Island——, a small bold island within range of field artillery. The first shot from the enemy passed very near me, and wounded a poor negro who was to have aided in the construction of a battery; but a fortunate shell from one of our howitzers blew up the enemy's magazine, and the fort surrendered.

“ I was next ordered to superintend the disembarkation of stores to be employed in the siege of Fort Bourbon. To effect this operation, and cover it from any attack of the enemy, two companies of the 70th Regiment, two field pieces, and half the company of Royal Military Artificers were assembled, and we were desired to keep on the alert through the night. Nothing of moment occurred; but before noon the next day the army, which was posted on the heights about half cannon shot from us, marched to the attack of the main body of the French army defending Fort Bourbon. Our little party were drawn up in line to secure the stores, and cover the left of the main army. After a few scattered shots the enemy were driven into their fortress. I then repaired to the heights, and had some difficulty in finding my way through the cane patches. On rejoining my corps, I heard an officer enquire for the commanding officer, for the purpose of reporting himself, stating that he



had been hastily sent from Gibraltar to replace the deceased——, the very man he was ignorantly addressing!

“So difficult was it to bring up heavy ordnance to our batteries constructing against Fort Bourbon, that it required 300 sailors to haul one gun up to the heights; but they persevered with the utmost enthusiasm. I was present at the opening of the batteries, and requested a serjeant of artillery to let me lay the first eight-inch howitzer. The commanding officer of artillery came up as this was fired, and I had the pleasure to hear him exclaim, ‘That was the best shot fired;’ for it had entered the enemy’s embrasures.

“I then repaired to my own immediate quarters. Our batteries were so well constructed that the most dangerous service was the approach to the main battery, for the field was literally ploughed up with the enemy’s shot and shells that passed over our parapet. Under this I was eating my dinner, in company with two other officers, (both of whom were, several years afterwards, killed), when a thirteen-inch shell fell within five or six yards of us. On the 7th March, the batteries of the first parallel being at length ready, General Rochambeau was summoned, but without effect. By the 20th the works were advanced within little more than 400 yards of Fort Bourbon, and the batteries of the second parallel were completed. Previous to conducting the second parallel and erecting batteries close to the fort, the same officers were ordered to inspect the ground in advance, and I volunteered to accompany them. We went so close to the advanced redoubt, that expecting every moment to be surrounded by the enemy, I was not sorry when we silently returned to our first battery. I was sent to a considerable distance from our main approaches, to construct an enfilading battery against a troublesome line of the enemy’s fort. It was in a cane patch; and so secretly was the work prosecuted, that a parapet was erected, open to the view of our own troops, before it was discovered by the enemy; no sooner was it observed by them than they detached a battalion of light infantry to make prisoners of me and my party, consisting of a detachment of the 70th regiment. I was returning from my work to report its progress when I passed this detachment of the enemy unobserved.

“During the following night the platforms were laid, and the guns brought up by sailors, who also worked them very effectually. Batteries were under construction for breaching the advanced redoubt, and near face of the fort, and orders were given for a general assault, when the enemy offered to capitulate.”\*

The following is an extract from Sir Charles Grey’s despatch, dated Fort Royal, Martinique, March 25, 1794:—

“SIR,—I have the happiness to acquaint you of the complete conquest of this valuable island, the last and most important fortress of Fort Bourbon having surrendered to his Majesty’s arms at four o’clock in the afternoon of the 23rd instant, at which time His Royal Highness Prince

\* In March, His Royal Highness Prince Edward arrived from Canada and took the command of the third division, which had been held for him by Sir Charles Gordon.—*Brenton’s Naval History*.

Edward, Major General of his majesty's forces, took possession of both gates with the 1st and 3rd battallion of grenadiers, and the 1st and 3rd light infantry; and I have the honour to transmit to you the articles of capitulation, &c.....I consider myself under great obligation to Lieut.-General Prescott for the zeal and ability with which he has assisted me throughout this arduous service now brought to a conclusion, and to all the generals and other officers: Colonel Durnford, with the corps of Engineers, and Lieut. Colonels Paterson and Sowerby, and Major Manley with the Royal Artillery, have also a claim to my warmest approbation for their exertions in placing and constructing of the batteries, and the well-directed fire of the artillery. The bravery, regularity, and good behaviour of the troops on every occasion has been most meritorious and exemplary. The good conduct of the brigade of Grenadiers, under the immediate conduct of His Royal Highness Prince Edward, and of the brigade of Light Infantry under Major-General Dundas, and, indeed, of all the troops, affords me the highest satisfaction."

Terms were soon agreed upon, and I sailed with the troops for St. Lucia. That island speedily surrendered; and we proceeded to Guadeloupe, which was also soon in our possession with little resistance from the enemy, at least against the force to which I was attached, which took Fort Fleur d'Épée and Fort Government overlooking Pointe-à-Pitre. This strong fort was taken by storm at five o'clock the 11th of May, under a heavy fire of cannon and musketry by three divisions. The first, under the command of His Royal Highness Prince Edward, consisting of 1st and 2nd Battalions of Grenadiers, and two of the naval Battalions; the second under Major-General Dundas, with battalions of Light Infantry; the 3rd under Colonel Symes, which co-operated with Major-General Dundas. The name of this fort was changed to that of Fort Prince of Wales.

I joined several officers on entering the latter town (there might have been a dozen of us,) and we proceeded to a handsome building we took for an hotel and, *sans cérémonie*, ordered a good dinner, which was soon provided, and served up very comfortably. The meats were excellent, the wines capital; but to my astonishment, upon requesting the bill, we were informed it was a private house; that the owner had officiated as head waiter, and insisted we should not pay a sou.

At 12 o'clock on the night of the 19th April, the 1st and 2nd Battalions of Grenadiers, and the 1st Light Infantry moved forward from Trois Rivières and Grande Ance, and took their famous post of Palmiste, with all their batteries, at day-break of the 20th, commanding Fort St. Charles and Basseterre, and communicating with Major General Dundas's division on the morning of the 21st, who had made his approach by Morne Howel. General Collet soon capitulated, surrendering Guadeloupe and all its dependencies, comprehending the islands of Marigalante, Descada, the Saintes, &c., on the same terms that were allowed to Rochambeau at Martinique, and Richard at St. Lucia; to march out with the honours of war and lay down their arms, to be sent to France, and not to serve against the British forces or their allies during the war.

From Pointe-à-Pitre I was ordered to Basseterre, the head-quarters, where General Dundas had been newly appointed governor. General Dundas had been in command of the Light Infantry, which troops were incessantly and most effectually employed. He was a favourite with the whole army.\*

I had been stationed at Basseterre but a few weeks before the yellow fever broke out, which carried off many of our soldiers; and, to the great grief of the army and navy, our respected governor. While his body was on the point of interment in Fort Matilda, and I was in the act of seeing his coffin lowered, the rumour reached us that the French had landed and taken Fort Fleur d'Épée by assault. A small armament from Brest, landing 2000 men on the island, under the Commissioner Victor Hugues, made themselves masters of the Fort of Grande-Terre.

I was ordered to join the counter attack upon this division of the island, and on my returning to quarters I found my commanding officer preparing to proceed with a body of troops to the scene of action. I was embarked on board a line of battle ship, and we sailed for Point-à-Pitre a few days after, where the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Charles Grey, had before arrived with a strong force, and in the month of June we were disembarked to invest Fort Fleur d'Épée.

While upon the advance, I received the affecting intelligence of my lamented father's death at Tobago, of yellow fever, through a letter from the officer who had succeeded to his command at that island, and who fell himself a few days afterwards, a victim to the same terrible pestilence.

I was, of course, much shocked; and not proceeding immediately with the party, who were carrying tools intended to break ground against the fort, the officer in command reprimanded me so harshly that the ordnance surgeon accused him of great inhumanity. This caused me to rouse myself and follow the party, which I soon overtook; and the night was passed in the damp open air, though fortunately sheltered from the grape-shot of the enemy which saluted us frequently during the night; so that independently of an expected sally from the fort, in readiness for which we had two field pieces drawn up across the road, close to the spot I lay on, I obtained little rest or sleep.

On the 27th, the enemy, attacked on all sides by Brigadier-General Symes, with the Grenadiers and Light Infantry, were completely routed, driven down to Morne Mascot, where they again made resistance, but being charged with bayonets they fled into Fort Fleur d'Épée.

Batteries for field-pieces were commenced, and I had to superintend the construction of two, mounted at point blank range, four hundred yards distant from the enemy's main battery of four 24-pounders, from which my party was repeatedly fired upon, and with such effect that the sandbags were dislodged from the embrasures, almost as fast as I directed them to be placed.

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\* The flourishing state of the islands of Martinique, Guadeloupe, and St. Lucia is apparent from a valuation made in May, 1794, of ordnance stores alone, captured in these several islands, being made at £24,171 15s. 6½d. sterling money.

About midday, one of the Civil Superintendents of the extreme battery to the left, came past very hastily to warn the advanced force, a battalion of Grenadiers, that the enemy were marching out of the fort to attack them; and so sudden was their approach that the commanding officer was obliged to form his men, half-shaven as he was.

The Grenadiers expended most of their sixty rounds per man; and the assailants, having suffered a severe loss, were driven into the fort. Our loss was trifling. While the action was going on, within two or three hundred yards of my batteries, I could not help looking over the parapet to see the upshot of this affair. Several musket balls passed so near me that an artillery officer, for whom the batteries were erecting, warned me of my danger.

Soon after the action, the Commander-in-Chief passed me, with General Arnold riding by his side, and it was understood that he volunteered to lead the troops to the attack of the town of Pointe-à-Pitre. The attack took place during the night; but the English commander being wounded, and some other casualties, Fort Government, an insignificant work, was not taken, from which the enemy poured a destructive fire upon our soldiers, who were scattered about the town; and they were consequently ordered to retire from the place, and embarked. In the course of the day following the attack on the town, the batteries being finished, and sixteen field pieces mounted, the four 24-pounders in the fort were completely silenced; and the position having been abandoned, the whole of the English force was withdrawn.

Extract of a letter from Sir Charles Grey, Guadeloupe, July 8.

“I had every thing in readiness for an attack upon Fort Fleur d'Épée by storm, with the second battalion of Grenadiers, &c., but the failure against the town of Point-à-Pitre obliged me to relinquish the meditated attack, by laying me under the necessity of detaching the Grenadiers to cover the retreat of Major-General Symes' division.”

I was ordered to join our force at Camp Berville, a position previously taken up to prevent the incursions of the enemy into the main part of Guadeloupe. The sea flowing into the harbour, and passing the town of Pointe-à-Pitre, divides the island of Guadeloupe into two distinct parts. The troops, quartered at Camp Berville, prevented the enemy from entering Basseterre for four months.

Previous to the attack on Pointe-à-Pitre and Fleur d'Épée, a battery of one gun had been erected, against which a frigate was sent; and it is a remarkable fact, that, as time did not admit of a platform being laid, this gun gradually sunk to the solid bottom of the embrasure, and could not, by any means, be moved. Its situation, luckily, was the most appropriate for reaching the frigate, which, in consequence, was obliged to withdraw from the attack.

I was now a sort of forlorn being, my father dead, my mother so many hundred miles distant, and with death staring me in the face in various shapes: for the yellow fever was raging frightfully in the camp, or rather negro huts, and I had to superintend the erection of two large redoubts or field works facing the harbour, and within gunshot of the town of

Pointe-à-Pitre, at which I was obliged to work chiefly during the night. Convict negroes were, unavoidably, employed, the troops being too sickly and scarcely able to perform their garrison and detached duties. Several companies could not produce a single man fit for duty; and so many officers had died, that field officers were, in the end, compelled to mount captain's guard.

Every morning we were saluted by some heavy guns from the town, when my working parties scampered away, and I had to return to my negro hut, where I lived with my commanding officer, Captain Dowse, who soon fell sick. Fortunately the ordnance surgeon lived with us, likewise a French officer, an assistant engineer, and our servant, an artillery man. In September I became ill; and, while unable to speak, I heard the surgeon say that it was all over with me.

We remained unmolested by the enemy for a short time, having a ship of war on each flank; but, towards the end of the month, my commanding officer being too ill, as well as the surgeon, to perform any duty, our French companion requested my leave to visit the head quarters the next day. This request has impressed me with the belief that he anticipated the attack that was made upon us a few days afterwards, when the enemy, boldly evading our ships of war, and approaching within gunshot of field-pieces, directly cut off any movement. The French, by arming the negroes, formed an overwhelming army against the camp and troops, reduced to a small, enfeebled force by the yellow fever.

On the morning of October 3, our gun boats were attacked by those of the enemy, and three fresh columns, of one thousand men each, advanced upon us. In short, we were completely surrounded by land and sea, with three fourths of our soldiers scarcely able to walk. Nevertheless we repulsed two attacks made by this vastly superior force, increased, as already stated, by the French having put musketry into the hands of the negroes.

Camp Berville was speedily surrounded, and all communication cut off between the camp and the ships. Three violent assaults were made upon it by the Republicans, in all of which they were repulsed, with a loss estimated at not less than two thousand men. Resistance, however, though honourable, was soon found to be fruitless. October 6, the British troops surrendered, on condition of being sent to England.\*

The capitulation was concluded in about nine or ten days afterwards; it was considered very honourable and favourable, as we were to be forwarded to England as soon as shipping could be provided; six weeks being stipulated as the longest period for our detention at Pointe-à-Pitre, to which place the captured officers, sixty in number, were sent; and the non-commissioned officers and private soldiers, who were above one thousand, were conveyed on board the hulks or prison ships then in the harbour.

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\* The plan of Berville Camp was found accidentally among the author's papers. A note in the original attests to the obstinacy with which the ground was contested; and that on September 30, the first attack commenced at half-past four, and lasted until half-past eight in the morning. The enemy lost nine hundred men on that occasion.

The surgeon and my servant died before we capitulated; and my commanding officer was so ill, that he was separated from me, and went to the hospital.\*

On my march from camp to embark for Pointe-à-Pitre, I was taken for, I suspect, our French assistant engineer; and if an immediate explanation, to which my imperfect French gave potent certificate of my really being English, had not been made, I should have been escorted and made to join above one hundred royalists, who had fought in our ranks; and who, being made to kneel along the ditch of one of the redoubts before mentioned, were deliberately shot, and buried, dead or alive.

While we sojourned at Point-à-Pitre, where for three months we were detained under the closest confinement, the three French Commissioners, the famous Victor Hugues being one, paid a visit to the officers, for the especial purpose of trying to discover whether there were any French aristocrats among us. My regimental coat, very similar to that worn by French engineers, (blue, with black velvet facings, collar and cuffs,) caught the eye of the commissioners, and they almost insisted in causing me to be carried to the guillotine that was erected in the market-place, where several poor royalists were daily murdered by that fatal engine; and from our prison we continually heard the shouts of the populace after each execution.

When Victor Hugues heard that Captain Hutton of the artillery, a relation of the celebrated mathematician, was in his power, the respect he entertained for science induced him to order his immediate release. Captain Hutton was also distinguished for his talents, and he excelled as a minute and accomplished draughtsman.

I was taken ill, and procured permission to join my esteemed friend and commanding officer, then at the point of death at the French hospital: but I had not been there many days before it was thought expedient to cause three or four other officers with myself to return to Pointe-à-Pitre. I made all the remonstrance in my power, perceiving that my friend, Captain Dowse, was evidently dying, nor did he long survive my removal.

I was permitted to go into a lodging, where I hoped to derive benefit from the care of the inmates of the house, a French lady and some smart daughters. But I was not very sorry to be again removed, after witnessing their enthusiasm whenever a cart with five or six decapitated victims passed the door. There was in the house a handsome girl of eighteen; it was her custom to gaze on this cart as it daily passed from the place of execution, filled with headless, streaming trunks, and she literally clapped her hands and shouted as they went by.

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\* The ground whereon these conflicts, so unfortunate for our soldiers, were fought, is laid down in the old maps as surrounded with morass. It is evident that our brave troops held out to the last extremity, and were finally overcome, more by the attacks of that malignant and direful West Indian plague, yellow fever, particularly fostered on this fatal spot from the malaria that escaped from the morasses, than even the numerical superiority opposed to them, composed in great part of blacks and mulattoes, in full vigour and health.

About this time, Victor Hugues published at Guadeloupe the following proclamation :

### LIBERTY, LAW, EQUALITY.

“ Victor Hugues, Delegated Commissioner of the National Convention to the Windward Islands :—

“ Whereas the crimes committed by the British officers, as well in the capture as in the defence of the captured islands, exhibited a character of so consummate and odious a villainy as not to be paralleled in history :

“ And whereas the rights of humanity, of war, and of nations, have been violated by Charles Grey, General ; John Jarvis, Admiral ; Thomas Dundas, Major-General and Governor of Guadeloupe ; Charles Gordon, a general officer, and other subaltern officers who imitated them :

“ And whereas, also, the robberies, murders, assassinations, and other crimes committed by them, ought to be transmitted to posterity, it is resolved that the body of Thomas Dundas, interred in Guadeloupe, 3rd June (slave style), shall be taken up and given a prey to the birds of the air ; and that upon the same spot there shall be erected, at the expense of the Republic, a monument, having on one side this decree, and on the other the following inscription :

“ ‘ This ground, restored to liberty by the bravery of Republicans, was polluted by the body of Thomas Dundas, Major General and Governor of Guadeloupe, for the ———— George the Third. In recollecting his crimes, the public indignation caused him to be taken up, and has ordered this monument to be erected, to hand them down to posterity.’

“ Given at the Post of Liberty, 10th Frimaire, December 11, 1794, in the third year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

“ VICTOR HUGUES.

“ VIEL, Secretary.”

Our anxious expectation of embarking for England was, as we thought, shortly to be realized, as transports were preparing ; but the sailors were transferred to the French frigate *La Pique* ; at which we had frequently fired shot and shells when at Camp Berville. The stern and decks of this frigate were well secured by cotton bags, and our artillery at a long range, she lying at the harbour's mouth.

The English frigate *Blanche*, commanded by Captain Faulkner, daily appeared, to prevent the sailing of the *Pique* ; but at length the two vessels came to an engagement, which terminated in the capture of the Frenchman. Thus all hope of our removal was cut off, and we, the surviving officers, (half of our mess having died), were removed to a hulk, where we found about 200 of our soldiers, most of whom, since their imprisonment on board the hulks, had recovered. This change proved likewise most beneficial to us, their officers ; since we there received, through the mercy of God, renovated health.

On board la *Bonne Mère* we had to shift for ourselves, the only difference between the accommodation of officers and private soldiers being, that cabins were allotted to us. The provisions served out were the

worst description of salt beef and pork, with generally rotten biscuit and bad water, with which we were scantily supplied, without any vegetables; nor had we fuel to cook this miserable food.

The plan of, and distribution of these provisions to the different messes was made after an equal division by the quarter-master of the corps. We were classed in parties of from eight to ten men, standing with their backs turned to the others. The lots were termed the general's, colonel's, captain's, or subaltern's, &c., and a particular officer, non-commissioned officer, or private, named again to one of them, whose business was to give to each particular man, in the several squads, his appointed portion. There was a guard over us, consisting of a serjeant, corporal, and twelve privates, Frenchmen and Negroes, who turned us every morning on deck to be mustered; and we were also counted before retiring in the evening. One of the officers flattered himself he had prevailed upon a man to meet him with a canoe, and assist him in escaping; so, on the night agreed on, he let himself down into the water from the cabin windows and swam to the appointed buoy; but no canoe came, and he swam back to the hulk; on reaching which he drew himself up by a chance rope, and descended into the cabin, unobserved by the guard.

About this time the three French Commissioners came on board, when we made the strongest remonstrances to them against our unjust detention. It was useless, as the recent loss of their frigate *La Pique*, and seamen, was a complete bar to our departure. A poor aristocrat, who had hoped to evade observation by clothing himself in a British soldier's dress, in an unguarded moment had caused suspicion to fall upon him, He was dragged from the prison ship to shore, and guillotined.

The late Sir Charles Shipley, of the Royal Engineers, who had been sent out to succeed in the command of the department, vacant on the decease of my dear father, was taken prisoner at sea, and brought on board *la Bonne Mère*. At this time an American schooner approaching near our prison ship, I hastily wrote a few lines to my dear mother, and pushing the paper into a bottle, threw it overboard, and then hailed the schooner to take charge of it; and this letter my mother duly received. Shortly after this, Lady Shipley courageously came to Point-à-Pitre, and pleaded so pathetically to Victor Hugues that she procured the release of her husband.

Victor Hugues sent a present of six small religious books on board, directing one to me, entitled, 'La cœur de Jesus,' which, I much regret, was stolen from me. He was the first in rank of the three commissioners sent to Guadeloupe by Robespierre. I am extremely sorry to reflect, that, although I had a small Bible which had been given me by my servant, a worthy Scotchman, the same who died of yellow fever in the negro hut at Camp Berville, it was, to my shame, scarcely opened by me. My servant, to whom this Bible had belonged, was a gunner of Royal Artillery, and when dying he presented me with it.

Between the sale of my own clothing, and some that came into my possession, I managed occasionally to purchase a little cocoa, sugar, &c., from the provision boats that came alongside; or by selling a shirt now



and then to one of the negroes on guard, who looked very smart in them. These provision boats, about once a week came alongside freighted with vegetables, tobacco, coffee, &c., when those who had money availed themselves of the indulgence to purchase something, though it might be only pumpkins or horsebeans, which the poorest among us converted into soup.

Eight or nine months of imprisonment had elapsed, when three officers entered into an agreement with about that number of masters of merchant vessels, their fellow prisoners, to make their escape in one of the provision boats. The scheme was known to the other officers, for it was of importance that the boat should not be overcrowded. No more adventurers into the enterprise were admitted than to man each oar; intruders might therefore expect to be thrown overboard. It was their aim to reach the English fleet, which lay at the anchorage of the Saintes, twenty miles off. Captain Walker conducted the daring exploit; and, on pain of death, none but those previously agreed on were to attempt to follow. They had no arms but knives; and, everything being now in readiness, when the desired boat came alongside, Captain Walker and his party instantly jumped in, threw the coxswain and the black crew, who manned it, overboard, and in a moment put all to rights for standing to sea. The blacks all swam to the shore, the bowman excepted, a stout mulatto, who begged so hard to accompany them that he was accepted, and he afterwards proved of the most essential service.

There was a fine hubbub. It was known that the guard on board the hulk was unprovided with ammunition, and, no sooner was the boat disengaged from her, than, disregarding their menaces, the fugitives gave way, shouting with vigour, 'La liberté ou la mort!' The blacks had sufficient presence of mind, at the moment their oars were wrested from them, to throw the thowel pins into the water; but Captain Walker, anticipating the probability of such deficiency, had fortunately provided others, without which precaution the boat could not have moved.

There was a frigate lying at anchor just behind the prison ship, from which one or two rounds of grape were discharged at the fugitives, and sundry boats were despatched in pursuit. Two or three of these boats fortunately rowing direct for the fugitives, prevented other shots being fired at the escaping boat, which had to pass very close to an island (Isle Cochon). Here the original boatman of the provision boat, who had solicited not to be thrown overboard, stood up and called out to the men at the battery that the boats were in pursuit of one that had passed on the other side of the island. Knowing the mulatto, this statement distracted their attention, and the pursuing boats got between the British and the battery before more than one or two shots could be discharged.

The boat with the fugitives was considered one of the fastest in the harbour, so that only one or two could get within hail. After a chase of three or four miles the pursuit was abandoned; and our brave fellows eventually got on board a British man-of-war, lying near the island of Saintes, about twenty miles from the harbour of Pointe-à-Pitre.

When the appointed provision boat came alongside of us, I was play-

ing chess on deck with an officer, not among the number of those selected to escape. He instantly ran to the side of the ship where the boat lay; and I presume, on perceiving that the expected number of merchant captains was not made up, jumped in himself, and another officer, unsolicited, followed his example. When I reached the sides the guard was shouting and preventing any others from approaching the gangway, and we were hurried from the upper to the lower deck. The residue of prisoners on board were almost as delighted as those who had escaped; it being understood to be their intention to make every exertion to effect our release, which proved to be the case.

Two months after this, the remaining officers, about thirty in number, were suddenly and unexpectedly warned to go on board a schooner brought near the hulk; immediately after which, in the night, we were conveyed to a large French frigate, lying at Basseterre, and crammed into the cable-tier. During the same night the frigate shipped her cable and started in the direction of St. Domingo or France, thereby evading our cruisers, which daily hovered in sight.

The following is an extract from a letter of Sir Charles Shipley to Mr. Durnford's mother relating this circumstance:—

“ Martinique, December 21, 1795.

“ MY DEAR MADAM,—A combination of misfortunes, since I had the pleasure of seeing you, are at length terminated by my exchange and restoration to my family. This happy event was brought about by the extraordinary, I may say unprecedented, exertions of Mrs. Shipley, which you have in all probability heard of more at length than I have at present time to give.

“ I am anxious to acquaint you with Mr. Durnford's perfect state of health, and supporting himself with that propriety of conduct which I am sure will preserve it. He is embarked on board *L'Andromache*, French frigate, with General Graham and about thirty other officers captured at Berville Camp. They sailed from Guadeloupe on the 19th November, bound either to St. Domingo or France. But, at any rate, you may be assured that his exchange cannot now be far distant, and rejoice at his removal from Pointe-à-Pitre. I am happy to hear that the officers of *L'Andromache* were well disposed to treat the prisoners with all possible humanity and attention. Mr. Durnford messed with me on board the prison ship at Pointe-à-Pitre; and I trust that our acquaintance so unfortunately begun, will, at a future day, be only a subject of merriment at the extraordinary scenes we have passed together.”

Soon after we were placed in this frigate, an English officer arrived on board with a flag of truce, when, with a Creole officer, I was called into the cabin. The Englishman presented me with twenty half-joes that Sir Charles Shipley had ventured to send me. This was a most seasonable and appropriate supply. The general (Graham), who had been an old West Florida friend of my poor father's, gratified me by accepting half of this sum, for he had not a sou at command.

We had a prosperous though stormy voyage, reaching Rochelle in less than thirty days. The captain and officers of the frigate obligingly invited

two of us to dine with them every Sunday. When my turn came all I can remember of it is, that the vessel rolled so confoundedly I went without my dinner. Our usual fare while on board this frigate was horsebean soup, made of salt beef or pork, and bad biscuit.

We formed a motley looking crew on leaving the ship, many of us clothed in dirty blankets, and afforded much diversion to the citizens of Rochelle where we landed; and we were marched through the town to an old convent. Here the glitter of our gold procured for us an excellent dinner of roast beef and every substantial food we stood so much in need of; and we were otherwise comfortably accommodated. The prisoners were allowed to draw money from their respective agents, although at very high exchange. The general had selected a few to mess with him, and I was one of the party.

War was all this time raging in La Vendée, and troops constantly passing and repassing to and from that scene of mortal strife. The leaders of these troops often called upon our general, and frequently dined with him, sometimes indulging in great hilarity.

After having been between two and three months detained in close confinement, the period of our imprisonment reached its termination. It was announced to us that a cartel would sail for England, and the general might select an officer to take his despatches. I was the first selected—three other officers were also permitted to avail themselves of the opportunity; and, after a captivity of seventeen months, we landed, with grateful hearts, in Mount's Bay, Cornwall.

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An account of this expedition, drawn up by the Rev. Cooper Williams, who was with it as Chaplain to His M. ship *Boyne*, mentions the 70th Regiment having led the attack on Martinique. Pigeon Island annoying them, the 70th Reg. brought two howitzers to place in a battery against it; and Col. Durnford joined with his company of artificers, causing the garrison to strike its colours, and surrender at discretion in less than two hours. The Commander-in-chief, in the orders after the taking of Pigeon Island (described as a fort of great strength and importance), gives his thanks to all the officers and soldiers employed on that service, naming, among the rest, Col. Durnford of the Engineers. On quitting Martinique, Ensign Gannaway, of the King's Caroline Rangers, is mentioned as being appointed assistant engineer. Years afterwards, my father applied to Lord Palmerston, and procured a pension for the widow of this officer, a distant connection of the family.

As a reward to the army for their gallantry at Martinique, the king's pleasure was signified to them, that in future, while on duty, they should be exempt from paying postage for their letters. When the army left the Bay of Fort Royal, led by Prince William Henry, Col. Durnford's name appears as following with his Engineers. The 70th was one of the four regiments left in possession of the Island.

Sir Charles Grey was thanked by the king and both Houses, after the capture of Martinique, and the colours taken were conveyed in great ceremony to the cathedral church of St. Paul's, and there put up in memorial.

## SECTION IV.

Bristol.—Release from parole.—Mutiny at the Nore.—Major Wadman's Battery and Corps of Volunteers.

A singular adventure, literally involving double captivity, occurred to Lieut. Durnford, immediately after release from Rochelle, while visiting at the house of his maternal uncle, Mr. Walker, who resided at Bristol. He went to see one of the famous manufactories of that city. The workmen employed in it insisted on his making them a handsome present in money, before quitting the house. He was surprised at the demand, and refused compliance. They detained him prisoner for several days, until Mr. Walker, fortunately obtaining the clue to his absence, had him set free, threatening to punish the men's insolence. The young gentleman, however, gave way to the generosity of forgiveness, and, unknown to Mr. Walker, who was justly incensed by the affront offered to his nephew, sent them a couple of guineas.

The chivalrous sense of honour confines by a silken thread the soldier on his parole, and strikes forcibly as an instance of the power of imagination and rectitude, in combining its endurance with tantalizing impatience. This beautiful test of brave truth and rectitude,—for what is more courageous than truth,—after weighing with its wing of lassitude for several months on Mr. Durnford's youthful ardor, was pleasingly terminated by receiving the following:

“London, July 14, 1796. Sir: Capt. Apsley, Secretary to the Master-General of the Ordnance, having signified to Sir William Green, that he has received from the Transport Board a certificate of your being exchanged for a French officer, who was on parole in France, I have it in command from Sir W. Green, to inform you, that you are in consequence released from your parole to the French government as a prisoner of war. You will therefore hold yourself in readiness for service; and as soon as Lord Cornwallis's pleasure is known, relative to the station you are to be appointed to, orders will be transmitted to you accordingly.”

“I am, Sir, &c., J. ROWLEY, *Lt. R. E. & Adjt.*

“Lieut. Durnford, Corps of Royal Engineers.”

The closing decades of the 18th century were rife with no visions promising peace. At the period when Mr. Durnford entered upon life, no expectation either of or for it could reasonably be framed. The Divine Disposer of all assigned to him the soldier's inheritance and honourable lot,—he entered upon it as a sanctified patrimony, bequeathed by a parent, whose untimely and regretted end he has recorded; but neither this bereavement, nor his uncle Thomas's early exit, with the recent experience of his own stormy and unsuccessful entrance on the military life, could daunt his energy and emulation for the profession his portion was cast in since more than ten years afterwards, in 1809, he was with difficulty dissuaded from volunteering his services, to join his brother officers who were preparing to follow the Peninsular army.

Not to anticipate. He was appointed, immediately after release from parole, to what was called a Staff Station, in the Thames District, at Gravesend, and while there was much noticed by the gentlemen in the neighbourhood. The following is a fragment of the memoir he amused himself in noting down very shortly before his decease :

“ I passed my time very pleasantly at Gravesend, although having a good deal of responsibility from my commanding officer, Col. Holloway’s head quarters being at Woolwich. My duty required many hours to be spent in boating ; so that between rowing, shooting, and sometimes hunting, pleasure and duty afforded me plenty of employment. As I was at first the only officer at Gravesend, the successive arrivals of two young artillery officers, whom I had known when at Woolwich, gratified me much.\* I went out one frosty morning to shoot among the marshes, when incautiously sounding the strength of the ice I wished to pass—my gun went off—it passed, of course, very close to my body. With Lord Darnley’s two troops of yeomanry cavalry I became acquainted during the mutiny at the Nore. My friend, the artillery officer, and myself were both roused very early one morning, to attend Sir Charles Holloway at his office, when he introduced us to Lord Hertford, who was just arrived to take the command of the military at Gravesend. This was the first notification we had received of this second alarming outbreak among the seamen. Search was making throughout the office for plans of batteries, either finished or progressing, for the defence of the Thames below Gravesend. Fortunately, I had made rough sketches, and soon produced them. The commandant took me home to breakfast, and detained me the remainder of the day in copying his letters, &c. ; afterwards he placed me at the bottom of his table. Troops were speedily sent to reinforce the post, and it was my business to issue out the requisite orders.”

This account is rendered more interesting by referring to the Gazette : “ After the suppression of the disturbances among the seamen at Portsmouth, without any recurrence to violent measures, but by granting their petitions, which was supposed to have given full satisfaction, and removed the causes of discontent, a fresh mutiny broke out in the fleet at the Nore, May 22, 1797.

“ The crews on that day took possession of their respective ships, elected delegates to preside over them, and to draw up a statement of their demands, to transmit them to the Lords of the Admiralty. These demands went much farther than those of the seamen at Portsmouth and Plymouth, and from their exorbitancy did not appear entitled to the same indulgence. On the 6th June, in the morning, the fleet at the Nore was joined by four ships of war, and a sloop,—which ships had deserted from the fleet under Admiral Duncan. When the Admiral found himself deserted by part of his fleet, he called his own ship’s crew together, and addressed them in a speech so unaffectedly manly and touching, as drew tears from every man who heard it. They all declared their resolution to abide by him in life or death, when the Admiral, notwithstanding the defection of so considerable a part of his squadron, repaired to

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\* One of these was the late Lieut. General Eveleigh, of the Royal Artillery.

his station, off the coast of Holland, to watch the motions of the Dutch fleet, and resolved still not to decline should it offer him battle.

“The principal person at the head of this mutiny was one Richard Parker. Admiral Buckner was commanding officer at the Nore..... Great preparations were made at Sheerness, against an attack of the mutinous ships, which had manifested some strong indications of an intention to bombard that place; and furnaces and hot balls were kept ready. All the buoys, by order of the government, were removed from the mouth of the Thames, and the neighbouring coast; from which precaution, any ships that should attempt to go away, would be in danger of running aground.

“Emboldened by the strength of men and shipping in their hands, and resolved to persevere in their demands till they had extorted compliance, the mutineers proceeded to secure a sufficiency of provisions for that purpose, by seizing two vessels laden with stores; and sent notice ashore that they intended to block up the Thames, and cut off all communication between London and the sea, in order to force the government to a speedy accession to their terms. They began the execution of their menace by mooring four of their vessels across the mouth of the river, and stopping several ships that were coming from the metropolis.

“They now altered the system of their delegation; and to prevent too much power from being lodged in the hands of any man, the office of president was entrusted to no man longer than one day. This they did to secure themselves from the attempts to betray them, which might result from the offers held out to those in whom they were obliged to place confidence and authority, were those to possess trust for any time. They also compelled those ships, the crews of which they suspected of wavering in the cause, to take their station in the middle of the others. But notwithstanding these precautions, two vessels eluded their vigilance, and made their escape.

“These transactions, while they excited the greatest alarm in the nation, were violently reprobated by the seamen at the two divisions of the fleet lying at Portsmouth and Plymouth. Each of them addressed an admonition to their fellow-seamen at the Nore, warmly condemning their proceedings, as a scandal to the name of British seamen, and exhorting them to be content with the indulgence already granted by government, and to return to their duty, without insisting on more concessions than had been demanded by the rest of the navy.

“But these warnings proved ineffectual. The reinforcement of the four ships lately arrived, and the expectation of being joined by others, induced them to persist in their demands. The committee of delegates, on board the Sandwich, came to a determination to commission Lord Northesk, whom they had kept in confinement in the Montague, to repair to the king in the name of the fleet, and to acquaint him with the conditions on which they were willing to deliver up the ships. The petition which he was charged to lay before the king, was highly respectful and loyal to him; but very severe on his ministers; and they required an

exact compliance with every one of their demands, threatening, on the refusal of any, to put immediately to sea. Lord Northesk readily undertook to be the bearer of their petition; but told them that, from the unreasonableness of their demands, he could not flatter them with the hopes of success. Confiding in him, they said, as the seamen's friend, they had entrusted him with this mission, on pledging his honour to return with a clear and positive answer in fifty-four hours." (Annual Register.)

Mr. Durnford says: "The mutinous seamen, as is well known by every body, had completely blockaded the Thames, and several times entertained thoughts of attacking Gravesend. It was reported in that town, that the mutinous ships at the Nore meditated the release of a line of battle ship lying with her guns pointed at the doors of the magazines at Purfleet,\* and whose captain and officers, the crew had confined in the cabin. One ship actually passed the lowest battery, of which the artillery officer stationed there sent me an express report. We first saw her under sail about three miles below the battery nearest to Gravesend. Tilbury fort had been for some days manned by two companies of the Gravesend Volunteer Artillery, and the shot furnaces which we had worked hard in preparing were ready. At these furnaces we worked by night as well as day.

"No sooner did this ship come within range of his guns, than my friend, the artillery officer, fired a shot across her bow, on which as she did not shorten sail he sent another through her foresail. The anchor was immediately dropped, and the sails furled. This proceeding, at that moment of exceeding anxiety, occasioned us all great delight. Expresses of dragoons had been passing constantly between London and Gravesend. After this vessel, which was a 74, came to anchor, we observed a boat put from her and pull towards the town. The commandant immediately ordered me to take a non-commissioned officer and party of dragoons, and walk to meet the boat, from which several men were soon seen to land, and come up the river embankment. We met them about half a mile below our fort; when, as they represented that they had a memorial to present, we accordingly escorted them to the garrison."

Brenton in his naval history says: "On the 27th of May a party of delegates had gone up the river Thames, and endeavoured to persuade the crews of the ships lying at long reach to join them, and drop down to the Nore; but they were fired at by the fort at Tilbury, and having landed at Gravesend, were taken into custody by the loyal inhabitants, but by some means they regained their liberty.

"While on the way," Mr. Durnford continues, "the sailors having made some remarks on the description of carbines the dragoons carried, one of them replied, their weapons were excellent, and they also understood how they should be used; and they would use them, if there was necessity. This indicated sufficiently the disposition of the soldiery. The sailors, after the delivery of the written statement they were the bearers of, were escorted back by the same party to their boat; and the next day, a cap-

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\* Purfleet was the great gunpowder depôt.

tain of dragoons was sent to visit the ship lying at Purfleet, to let the mutinous seamen, in whose possession she was, know that at the first shot they should presume to fire, the man-of-war should be sunk. Their object in placing this large ship at Purfleet was, to enable them, as they threatened, to blow up the powder magazines, should their demands be unattended to. To divert them from this alarming threat, a heavy Brigade of Royal Artillery and heavy howitzers were planted on the eminence overhanging the storehouses. Wet blankets were spread over the roofs of the magazines and neighbouring buildings, on which engines constantly played. It has been asserted, the soldiers refused to fire on the seamen, or to man the batteries. This is untrue. The batteries were manned by Gravesend Volunteers, of which I was an eye-witness."

So far is Mr. Durnford's account. Other statements also say, the most intense excitement prevailed along the stations down the Thames. All ranks prepared to act on the defensive. Furnaces for heating balls were hastily constructed, and the balls were kept red hot, ready for instant use day and night. The task of constructing and superintending the efficiency of these furnaces devolved on Mr. Durnford.

The village of Northfleet quartered the 10th Dragoons, the Prince of Wales' Regiment, commanded by Colonel Slade; and the 11th Hussars, commanded by Colonel Nesbitt. Lord Darnley had two troops of yeomanry, and the Northfleet Volunteers had Major Wadman at their head. This gentleman, who had for many years enjoyed the place of Gentleman Usher of the Princess Amelia, sister to the king, George the Third, had married Miss Mary (or, according to the fashion of the day, commonly called Miss Molly) Comyns, the heiress of Thomas Chiffinch, Esq., He threw up a battery on his own grounds, which overlooked the river Thames; though not before having undergone some remonstrances from his military friends, who succeeded at last in convincing him of the illegality of planting guns without the authority and consent of Parliament. This Colonel Holloway, R. E., arranged for him. The remains of the little battery are still to be seen. My mother, the narrator of the following pleasing trait of loyalty, was at this time an inmate of Mr. Wadman's house, and a near relative to his lady:

"I came into the dining room at the Hive one morning, and found Mr. Wadman in earnest conversation with a fine young man, an artilleryman. Mr. Wadman said, 'Why, what a depression you will give to it?' 'Yes sir,' the soldier answered, 'but consider the height the gun will have.' I soon discovered that Mr. Wadman was intending to construct a battery at his own expense in his private grounds, as there was a mutiny in the fleet. This was the first mention I heard of it. The artilleryman did not altogether enter into the projector's views; and Mr. Wadman was confident in being right. The same day, Colonel Holloway, R. E., as was his custom, called, 'Now Holloway,' he said to him, 'you must stay and dine with us.' At dinner, the conversation turned on the same subject. 'Wadman,' the Colonel said, 'you have done wrong, I wonder you did not employ a properly qualified person to survey your ground, and then have had it officially reported;—there is an act of parliament forbidding per-



sons to fortify their grounds, or erect batteries on their estates:—now this which you ought to have done in the first place, I have had performed for you. I have reported it for you, and had it surveyed. You were acting directly contrary to the authority of Parliament.’ Mr. Wadman listened to all this, though hard to be persuaded. In short, they forced the loyal gentleman to give up *his* plan of the intended battery near the rabbit warren, just above the India arms, and let the engineers have it constructed all their own way. The battery was finished and a very pretty little one it was.”

When the battery was completed, General Fox came from Chatham with his staff, and there was a regular review on Mr. Wadman’s grounds of the Northfleet Volunteers. These, with their major at their head, turned out very well, and went through a number of field manœuvres. The corps was composed principally of chalk-wharfmen, who, at this period of daring exigency, mounted guard and performed military duty with the utmost energy and promptitude. Nothing was wanting to convey the impression that all was in readiness for actual service; and two baggage waggons, placed in the rear, occasioned a smile on the countenances of some of his military guests. Mr. Wadman pointed to them and said, it was in them, in case of necessity, “he designed to place the ladies of his family.” The same morning, General Fox with his suite, dined at his mansion, “the Hive.”

A valet engaged a lodging for his master of a respectable female, the proprietress of a toy and shoe shop at Gravesend. Owing to the recent influx of strangers, the good woman demanded for it what she considered an exorbitant sum, viz., seven shillings and sixpence per week; but afterwards hinted that had she been aware at the time the Marquis of Hertford was to be occupant, she would have “made bold to have said half a guinea.”

To return to the mutineers, “Lord Northesk departed accordingly for London, and was introduced by Lord Spencer to the king. But no answer being returned to the message, and information being brought to the fleet, that the nation at large highly disapproved of their proceedings, great divisions took place among the delegates, and several of the ships deserted the others, not however, without much contest and bloodshed. The mutineers, despairing now of accomplishing their designs, struck the red flag, which they had hoisted as the signal of mutiny, and restored a free passage to the trade of the metropolis. Every ship was now left at its own command, and they all gradually returned to obedience; though, on board of some, violent struggles happened between the mutineers and the loyal parties.”

After the compromise was effected, which obliged the mutineers to deliver up their principal leader, Richard Parker, he was tried on board the *Neptune*, and sentenced to death; which sentence was executed on board the *Sandwich*, at Blackstakes, June 30, 1797. During the trial, which lasted three days, Lieut. Durnford saw him several times.

“Some persons strongly suspected that there were among the mutineers, individuals who acted the part of emissaries from the enemy, and strove to push them on to extremities. Certain it is, that when the news of the

mutiny at Portsmouth arrived at Paris, it excited great satisfaction, in the republican party. Sanguine hopes were immediately conceived that it might prove the prelude to more serious insurrections; at all events, the desertion of the British navy was an incident that prognosticated, in the imagination of the French, all kinds of disasters to the country. Deprived of this indispensable support, at a period when it was more than ever needed, Great Britain would lose at once its influence in the affairs of Europe, and sink into a state of absolute insignificance. That awe, in which it had kept surrounding nations would vanish; none of them would any longer either dread its power or court its allegiance: its very political existence, as an independent country, would become precarious; and nothing, in short, of its former strength and importance would remain." Such were the subjects of exultation throughout France, on this critical occasion.

The following paragraph from the same source, may assist in forming a judgment on the panic terror experienced throughout the nation. "Instructions were issued relative to the baggage and marches of the army, in case the enemy landed in England, which had been sent to all generals, and all officers commanding regiments. Plans of general associations of the inhabitants of parishes, to serve without pay for the protection thereof, in case of any emergency, at the requisition of the civil power, to be submitted to the consideration of a vestry to be called for that purpose. Female householders allowed to sign by delegates."

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## SECTION V.

Portsmouth.—Ireland.—Barracks built there.—Death of Mr. and Mrs. Wadman.—Various anecdotes.—Family meeting.—Capt. Philip Durnford's Diary kept at Sea.—Col. Sheldrake.

From the Staff Station at Gravesend, my father was removed to Portsmouth, and placed under the command of the father of his friend, the young artillery officer, Col. Eveleigh. He made frequent trips while on duty there to the Isle of Wight, and Hurst Castle, and was also sent on some service to the Island of St. Marcou. The last named was famed for its fish, turbot and lobsters, as well as noted for silks, cambrics, and shawls. Specimens of all these he brought home with him as presents to his friends.

In 1801, he was ordered to Ireland. There he was employed in planning and building large barrack establishments for the Royal Artillery and Driver Corps, at Limerick, Clonmell, and Waterford; besides carrying on works of a less scale at Kilkenny, Duncannon Fort, Hook Tower, and the Pigeon House. Once, at the request of General Sir John Floyd, he drew a plan for barracks to accommodate a large number of troops; which, though never built, Sir John expressed himself much pleased with. Most of these works were, owing to the distracted state of the country, and continued apprehensions entertained, under operation at the same time. The fatigue and anxiety consequent on this multitude of labours

were great, since the plan and direction of the whole devolved on himself; and frequently was he engaged in dictating correspondence to four clerks till early in the morning; while at other times he would travel till long past the midnight hour, generally for greater expedition on horseback, from one post to another as his superintendence was most required.

Capt. Durnford, when stationed at the Pigeon House, Dublin, was engaged in the sinking of a deep well on the pier. It was his custom frequently to descend himself. On one occasion when a general officer visited the pier, and went to view the well, he enquired for Capt. Durnford, and could with difficulty be persuaded that the drenched figure who had just emerged from the shaft was really that officer.

On one occasion a report reached him that a great run had been made on the Waterford Bank, in which for greater security he had lodged a large sum of public money; he immediately rode with much expedition and apprehension to Waterford, and fortunately found the affairs of the bank retrievable. Though well known by the peasantry, at that period by no means loyally inclined, throughout the counties in which his labours were situated, he met with invariable good will from them, being always greeted with a friendly, "God save your honour! long life to your honour!"

While stationed at Duncannon Fort, it so happened that Lord Gough, then a very young man, and several other officers, came from Waterford, where their Regiment was quartered, to see some races run on the Strand, or more literally "the Sands." The village had no inn; and, after the sport, the strangers partook the refreshment of luncheon with Captain and Mrs. Durnford, to whose table they were equally welcome as unexpected. It was the birthday of one of their infants, and the plum-cake prepared for the occasion gave zest to the wine drunk to the boy's health. The officers made the droll mistake of addressing the servant as a gentleman, but took leave with thanks for their friendly reception. Capt. and Mrs. Durnford were invited to a ball and supper, given by the same Regiment shortly after, and Mrs. Durnford went to Waterford for the purpose of purchasing a dress to wear at it. A beautiful India muslin was selected, eleven shillings the yard. This incident and its consequence was quite a little era in her domestic and retired life at this period.

To return from private life and excursive details to more serious affairs. The exact nature of Captain Durnford's undertakings will be understood by perusing the subjoined extract:

"From the report on the Ordnance Department in Ireland, by the Hon. W. W. Poole, Clerk of the Ordnance, Oct. 25, 1805, Limerick: 'My order, directing that the work ordered by the Board of Limerick should be carried on by Captain Durnford on account of the Ordnance, instead of the contract as directed by the Board, was given in consequence of the offers from the contractors being completely unsatisfactory. The temporary establishment ordered for the assistance of the engineer in carrying on the works at Limerick appeared absolutely necessary, and in my opinion is as moderate as the nature of the case will admit. I have every reason to believe that the service will be most materially benefited by this arrangement. At Limerick, I met Captain Durnford; and on

July 28, he began to make his arrangements for carrying into execution the plan for the new establishment as approved by the Board, and which I had directed should be carried on by the engineer instead of by contract. It is impossible for me to speak in terms too high of my sense of Captain Durnford's merit. He is not to be surpassed in zeal, assiduity, perseverance, integrity, and activity. No difficulty deters him, and no fatigue overcomes or alarms him. I have added (marked I in the appendix) a traced plan of the establishment at Limerick, with the progress made on the buildings on September 27, 1805; and I beg the Board to observe that not a spade had been put in the ground on July 28 last, nor had any materials been collected.

"There was also a combination of workmen against Captain Durnford, which, however, his steadiness and prudence soon overcame. I think I need do no more than desire the Board to examine the report of the progress at Limerick, as it appears upon the traced plan, in order to induce them to recommend Captain Durnford to the notice of the Master-General. I shall have occasion to mention him again in a subsequent part of my report, and the Board will find that his labours have been equally beneficial to the service at other stations.—Clonmel. Before my arrival at Clonmel, I was happy to find every thing which I had ordered, had been performed under the direction of Capt. Durnford in a most masterly manner."

The labourers employed in raising these works were principally Irishmen; and frequently in the vicinity of these towns, as evening approached, the hills surrounding them would be lighted up with blazing signal fires. The house in which he resided at Clonmel was so originally constructed, that his three horses walked through the hall its full length, to and from a stable situated at the back of the house, there being no other ingress or communication with the street. Several pleasing traits fell under his observation. A poor man once brought a basket filled with eggs as a present to his honour for having given work to his son, nor could he be induced to accept payment for it. Another man, suffering under low fever, he requested Mrs. Durnford to supply with nourishment. A trusty female servant entering the cabin on this errand, found the wife in the same debilitated state, who expressed her thanks with much volubility to the lady, as good nurse was styled by these simple people, one of whom in the climax of her feelings, exclaimed, "and honey, only think too of her being a Protestant!"

Once on a shooting excursion over the Tipperary mountains, his companion unfortunately met with a serious accident of putting his kneecap out of its socket. The pain was intense, there was no surgical advice to be procured; the sufferer, Captain Godfrey, was a man of remarkable height and athletic proportions; when Capt. Durnford, who was small in person, at once applied his great muscular strength, and pushed the bone into its proper place.

Capt. Durnford's period of service in Ireland extended to some years, during which time both Mr. and Mrs. Wadman died. The first has already been mentioned as the patriotic gentleman who threw up a bat-

tery at his own cost and on his own grounds, when the mutiny at the Nore created so much sensation and alarm: the last was the affectionate friend and cousin of the three daughters of George Mann, Esq., a young lawyer of Gravesend. These little girls lost both parents while the last born was still in infancy; and circumstances, which the family are now ignorant of, led to their being finally consigned to Mrs. Wadman's care. Jane Sophia, the youngest, became the wife of Captain Durnford. It is believed that Mr. Chiffinch, the uncle of Mr. Wadman, or Thomas Chiffinch, Esq., on his niece's marriage with Mr. Wadman, made a codicil to his will, leaving the whole of his fortune, in the event of her having no issue, to the children of Mr. George Mann. This codicil was never signed, and therefore her estate was placed wholly at her own disposal: it must at one time have amounted to upwards of £110,000, and was greatly, as would appear, squandered by her thoughtless husband, through her own want of firmness in its management. Her first meeting with Mr. Wadman was at Nash's Assembly Rooms, Tunbridge Wells.

Mrs. Durnford always described and believed herself to have been their favourite, never speaking of them throughout her life but in terms of filial reverence and affection. They must have been eccentric though excellent people: a lavish expenditure of his wife's handsome fortune, forms, however, a drawback on Mr. Wadman's character. Money is said to go like water; and in whatever way Mr. Wadman squandered it, certain it is that she who had been proprietress of so many fair acres of land, and so many thousands of pounds in money, found herself when dying not only fortuneless, but actually destitute. Mrs. Durnford remembered that lawyers often came from London to their house, "the Hive;" and at such times Mrs. Wadman would be agitated, and suffer her naturally placid temper to become almost stern to her young wards, when, as is now supposed, she was signing away property and money that otherwise would have descended to them,—for Mr. and Mrs. Wadman had no children. The heiress, the accomplished lady who bore the soubriquet of "The Lily," from her delicate complexion and spotless reputation, thus become a wreck of fortune, was forced in old age to solicit actual relief from Captain and Mrs. Durnford; and £20 was a welcome boon to her. Mr. Wadman lived to a great age; and to within a short time before his death, was accustomed to walk to his house in London, in Wimpole street, a distance from the Hive of 23 miles, and return in the same manner.

Believing that every reminiscence of the departed and the good from whom we claim descent, and to whose memory we owe respect, must be acceptable in after years, some characteristic anecdotes are subjoined, taken down as they fell from the lips of my mother in relating them to her daughters, and they are preserved as nearly as possible in her own words.

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I often say to mama, "how very amusing your stories are, I enjoy so much hearing them!" "Oh! but you should have heard them told by Mr. Wadman and Captain Smith; my version is nothing." Now, for

my memory is most treacherous, I note down that Mr. Wadman was gentleman usher to the Princess Amelia, sister to George the Third; and Captain Smith filled the same office to another Princess.

I do not venture to hint the thing before my mother, but certainly the manners and language of the times we live in, are less coarse than in those days. The other night we all laughed when mama told us, that Mr. Wadman always said he never got drunk but twice in his life (and his was an Irishman's life); and one of those times was, when he dined alone with the six maids of honour. I don't know what the other occasion was.

Previous to Mrs. Wadman's marriage, and when she was Miss Mary Comyns, in making an excursion through Derbyshire, she stopped to dine at Matlock. Such was the comparative barbarism of the best inn the town afforded between the years 1780 and 1790, that towards the end of dinner, happening to lean for support against the back of her chair, she was terrified by a loud crash, occasioned, as soon discovered, by the fall of plates, knives, forks, and what not, the waiter had deposited there by way of sideboard.

Often has dear mama told us, that Miss Mary Comyns opened house for her nephew Comyns on his coming of age, when herself a very young woman. This gentleman, happening soon after the event to dine out, returned home in raptures with the beauty of a young lady he had met on his visit. He described her as the most beautiful woman he had seen in his life. Mrs. Wadman, or rather Miss Comyns, nothing doubted but the conquest was a secure one. But lo! the changeableness of man! the next day, dining out again, again the youth came home in raptures. He had met another lady (he threw himself flat on the carpet, with his face to the floor), whose beauty, he declared, as far exceeded that of the first as the splendour of the moon exceeds that of the smallest star. Well, this lady became his bride, but mama thought her more resembling the full moon in size than in lustre, calling her "a great coarse woman." No doubt this judgment was passed many years afterwards.

In those days the ladies wore a sort of handkerchief called a buffon: it was a light puffy thing, but very pretty. Mrs. Comyns was sitting at the head of her table carving green peas, and had on an enormous buffon; she helped and helped, and called more than once to the butler to take it away. The man stood confounded. "My dear Mrs. Comyns, you have no plate before you," somebody said. Mrs. Comyns, to be satisfied of the truth, was necessitated to place herself completely sideways on her chair. She had indeed served on the table cloth.

This lady was extravagant, and got her husband into difficulties. To restrain her over-profusion, he one day gave orders that she should have no more hot suppers. The first cold supper placed before her happened to be green peas. It was considered rather barbarous in the spouse, but, alas! how times are altered! Many husbands now-a-days would not even allow their wives as much.

Miss Jane Mann, or, in other words, my mother, was often invited when a school girl to take a dose of divinity, as Miss Mary Bell called it, at

the dinner table of Dr. Bell, one of the Prebends of Westminster Abbey. Mrs. Brett's Girls' Seminary fronted the door of the Abbey, leading into Poets' Corner in those days, as it does now. Dr. Bell had been a suitor of Mrs. Wadman, and was rejected like many others, the world perhaps falsely judged would have been more suitable for her than the gentleman she chose. The family consisted of the Doctor and his two maiden sisters: they were all advanced in life, and pursued each their peculiar habits and fashions, as well as distinct acquaintance. The ladies had by turn the use of the carriage. Miss Mary had been a great belle and beauty in her day, and still preserved in her toilette all the coquetry of her youth, being remarkable for her high-head-dresses and long coloured satin trains. Short sleeves were then so universally worn, that even the governess of my mother's school, an old lady upwards of 70, wore her long kid gloves. The Doctor had been Chaplain to the Princess Amelia, sister to George the Third. Miss Howard one day dined with him. It was during that awful time when each account from France told that the blood of some new scion of royalty was shed. She was the Princess's lady; and Mr. Wadman, from whom most likely the account comes, was doubtless of the party; as Doctor Bell, Mr. Wadman, and Miss Howard, were attached to the same royal lady's household. Miss Howard cried all dinner time, while the doctor kept saying, "My dear Miss Howard, you must keep up your spirits, you must keep up your spirits." The topic was the death of the Princess Lamballe.

Mr. Wadman possessed an infinite fund of humour, besides great knowledge of the world. He was an elegant dancer, and a thorough quizzer and mimic. He excelled in taking off old ladies at the faro table, in the costume of his day, with their painted faces, false hair, and (what I believe most rational persons of the present time are ready to pronounce a more useful and comfortable deceit,) false teeth. He was fond too of taking off another fashion of younger ladies, as they walked about the streets of London with short sleeves, long gloves to the elbows, muffs, and poor, cold, red, naked elbows in frosty weather.

But some of his tales of gambling tables are scarcely to be called ridiculous. He went one night to Brookes', in St. James Street, and General —— came in, and sat down to a rubber. Before the cards went round, the General said, "Gentlemen, I want ten thousand pounds to finish my house; I must have it." He rose with £20,000 in his pocket.

Sometimes, when a party of twenty or thirty persons were assembled before dinner in the drawing-room of the Hive, the door would be thrown open; Mr. Wadman would enter; and, without taking any notice of the assembled visitors, dance through the whole of the Minuet de la Cour, singing all the time with the utmost gravity. All present would be convulsed with laughter: Mrs. Wadman, who could enjoy it as much as the rest, now and then said, "Mr. Wadman, my dear, don't you see your company?" But, without paying any attention, he would proceed to the gavotte; and, when that was nearly finished, generally pretended to tread on the train, or stumble over the foot of either the

lady highest in rank, or the most admired belle present; then, affecting much amazement, exclaim, "Lord bless me! how did you come here?" His dancing was very graceful.

I cannot refrain from mentioning his breakfast: two rounds or slices of very thin toasted bread, on which he spread a quantity of butter; this, as the toast was hot, would soon melt, and over it salt in profusion was sprinkled. Honey on this: and again another layer of butter, another layer of salt, the whole surmounted by honey. This he took every morning for breakfast, and a basin of milk.

Mr. and Mrs. Wadman, with mama and her sister Elizabeth, afterwards married to Mr. Clement Kirwan, both at the time young girls, were dining in London with Mrs. Ormsby Gore. Soon after they were sat down, Mrs. O. said, "I hope you are not very fond of cheese, for I fear there is but a small piece to-day." They all assured her they did not care about it, which was in fact the truth. During the second course, she apologized, adding, "You will be surprised at the piece I have to produce." At length, the little bit made its appearance, and proved an entire cheese of so immense a size, as nearly to cover the width of the dining table—a liberal present that morning from the country.

When any particular company came to the Hive, a mixture in a covered silver cup was served round between courses at dinner, out of which the visitors drank promiscuously. Its ingredients were, two bottles cider, half of wine, a lemon sliced, sugar and nutmeg to correspond. It never went by any other name than Cup. I suppose it answered to the wassail goblet of the old English Baron. Mr. Wadman was a temperate man, and considered by his friends to be no judge of wine. After dinner often, while his visitors were drinking and toasting each other, he would mix a little of different kinds in his wine-glass, as he said, to improve them, and called the mixture matrimony.

On Sir John Dyke's estate, in Kent, for some years there lived a gentleman, whose poverty appeared great, and scanty visible support unknown. By what accident he first came to settle on that particular spot, mama did not recollect; but miserable though the old man seemed, most persons on the estate fancied him to be a miser, and expected a hoard would come to light on his demise, particularly as he was earnestly punctual in making a will. After his death the will was opened; but, to the surprise of his acquaintance, no money, but bitter curses were bequeathed therein; terrible curses and imprecations against the Premier, and every member and shoot of the Walpole family. Mama never heard that any person belonging to the Dykes was in the secret of the cause for this shocking enmity.

Mr. Francis Wadman had a nephew frequently with him at the Hive, who professed himself a Jacobin, and advocated universal equality. He would wish to set down titles, and dwelt much on the absurdity of styling men Esquires. A young lady, present on one of these occasions, asked how *he* would, for example, wish to be addressed. "Simple, John Wadman," he laconically replied. One morning, at breakfast, the post coming in, my aunt Elizabeth took up a letter, and called out "Hey



day! what does this mean? why, this letter is directed 'Simple John Wadman?' The whole party were in amazement, until the gentleman in question, after eyeing it, said, "Oh! 'tis Charlotte Brackenbury."

Some years ago, a lady had the misfortune or good fortune to lose a very worthless husband, who had formed the misery of her existence. Her friends went, as was usual, to visit her after the loss, and found the room hung with black, and the cheerful light of day supplanted by the glare of torches. Such was the then custom in mourning. These friends talked of it, and said it was downright hypocrisy in one who had more reason to rejoice than grieve. This came to the widow's ears; and taking courage from the opinion of her friends, her next visitors found the artificial lights extinguished, and a partial day-light admitted. These visitors had no sooner left her, than they inveighed against such improper proceedings, and said, "Though the man was a bad husband, still some show of decency towards his memory was necessary." Again this came to the widow's ears; when, following the true bent of her inclination, she said, "Since I cannot please my friends, I shall please myself," and immediately threw her windows wide open.

That oddity, Capt. Smith, in one of his months in waiting, paid a visit to a lady at Kew, and at night sung to her children the nursery rhyme of

"Sing a song of six-pence, a pocket full of rye,  
Four and twenty blackbirds, baked in a pye;  
When the pye was opened, the birds began to sing,  
Wasn't it a pretty sight to set before a King!"

When the lady came down to breakfast next morning, she told Capt. Smith that his song had kept her awake all night, and she had added during her wakeful moments these lines to it:

"These blackbirds were the prettiest the King had ever seen,  
So he carried them to Windsor to show to the Queen."

Capt. Smith was an extraordinary man. He had been Aide-de-camp to Lord George Sackville on the field of Minden, which honour had procured him the place he enjoyed at Court; and he was father to the brave Sir Sidney Smith. He doated on his son. "Everybody loves my son," he would say; "no one need be ashamed to love my Sidney. When he embarked from Dover in the Diamond, the women ran in crowds to see him: they waved their handkerchiefs and kissed their hands as he passed; some of them shed tears: they all loved my Sidney." The Diamond, which put to sea under such happy auspices, was on its return seized and broken up at the Custom House, in consequence of the immense quantities of smuggled brandy it had on board.

Capt. Smith's religious opinions were very remarkable, though I cannot discover to what particular sect they assimilated, unless towards the frightful libertinism of the Antinomian. He was an enemy to Episcopacy, for mama has often heard him argue with Mrs. Wadman for hours together against it. She was a high church-woman, and ably supported the Apostolic creed. Though a man of the laxest morality, he professed to act from principle, and defended the irregularity of his life

and strangeness of his revolting sentiments; but mama was too young and uninterested on such subjects, at the time these conversations took place, to remember on what grounds. He even preached; he was allowed by the Methodists to mount their pulpit.

How so amiable and unaffectedly pious a lady, as was Mrs. Wadman, could hold frequent arguments with a noted freethinker in morals, and pretended Puritan in religion, is unaccountable. She sometimes appealed to Archbishop Seeker's sermons, and demanded of him if he did not confess them beautiful. Sneeringly the father of Sir Sidney would reply: "He didn't write them—it was Miss Talbot who wrote them." He thus expressed himself in describing the cathedral service of Canterbury, also to the same lady: "There was an archbishop, a bishop, and an endless train of clergymen and officiating dignitaries. His Grace, after partaking of the holy elements, administered them to the inferior clergy. Then followed a pause, and through this vast pile the sound of a single pair of heels was heard. I looked round; one old lady and myself formed the only communicants attendant on so grand an apparatus." Further elucidation respecting this strange person I have been unable to obtain; it is far from unlikely that his religious vagaries were assumed as a cloak to shade so repulsive a semblance, as open want of morality would have been, in an attendant on an exemplary Princess.

It seems unnecessary to sum up this episode by adding, that neither Capt. Smith nor Mr. John Wadman were favourite guests at "the Hive." After this English chitchat, it is only right to subjoin a few Irish anecdotes of the period, related by the same person.

Lord Maryborough, the eldest brother of the Duke of Wellington, when the Hon. Mr. Poole, and in his younger days, was clerk to the Ordnance in Dublin. On receiving an invitation to dinner from the storekeeper, he consulted with the fire-master about the propriety of acceding to the aspiring gentleman's courteous request. The person consulted,—a retired artillery officer,—did not presume to adventure a decided opinion, but merely said, "Whoever dined at the storekeeper's table was sure of a capital dinner." This assurance satisfied Mr. Poole, and the invitation was accepted.

There was a large company, including some military of rank, and it struck them as a novelty, that the first course consisted only of mock turtle soup and turbot. Both were excellent; and on Mr. Poole praising the latter, the lady of the house, on whose right hand he sat, replied, "I took care it should be, for I went to market myself; I gave six guineas for it." Between courses, the company were rather surprised by the good lady's rising from her place, and walking round the table to open a cupboard, from which she took a bottle of sauce she had forgotten to give out, and that constituted one of the condiments to a succeeding dish.

Another Irish gentleman with his lady, on their route from Dublin, stopt at a country town, where they were most hospitably entertained by an old friend. A large number of guests were assembled at dinner, and the soup was served round. As frequently happens on similar occasions,

a general silence prevailed; this silence was abruptly broken by the fair stranger's exclaiming, "Why! there is port wine in this soup! I never before knew that port wine was put into soup!"

Impartiality is an honest maxim—we should not notice our friends' foibles while concealing our own. Mr. Poole breakfasted with Capt. and Mrs. Durnford in passing through Clonmel on his District Tour of Inspection, on which occasion the best was provided. No turbot was there, it would seem, to praise; so Mr. Poole politely said the coffee was most excellent. Now the case was, Clonmel afforded very bad coffee; and, a few minutes before breakfast, a good natured gentleman in his suite asked Mrs. Durnford what she had for breakfast. Mrs. Durnford answered by enumerating, "But coffee! I have every thing but coffee." "Mr. Poole takes nothing else for breakfast." "Clonmel coffee is not drinkable." "Mr. Poole's servant always has some; I will send to him." It came very soon; Colonel R—— insisted on making it himself, which he did, first breaking in two eggs. This method of preparing coffee was then new.

General Taranto undertook to order dinner for a party of noblemen at the Bray's Head near Dublin. The Duke of Leinster's family, and, I believe, Lord Powerscourt's, were of the number. Describing the manner in which he fulfilled his commission to Mrs. Durnford, he said: "I knew that no delicacies would be a treat to them; and as to fine made dishes, the cooking at the Bray's Head was sure to be a caricature of what they daily saw at their own tables:—I therefore bespoke dishes they never before had seen or heard of." There was "Bublem's Squeak," (a chopt compound of corned beef and vegetables); "Twice Laid," (salt fish mashed with potatoes, butter, salt, &c.); "Colcannon," (potatoes and cabbage); "Beggars' dish," these two last, celebrated Irish dishes; beef steaks, mutton chops, the classic eggs and bacon, and others of similar calibre. The whole party were in high spirits, and they all protested they had never in their lives more enjoyed a dinner.

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In the Christmas of 1808, while paying a visit to his mother, now become the wife of Lieut.-Col. John Shelldrake, of the Royal Artillery, at Island Bridge, near Dublin, he met his brothers, Capt. Philip and Lieut. George Durnford, both holding commissions in the same corps with their stepfather; and for a few weeks they enjoyed the society of each other.

Infancy, childhood, and youth, unite in what is at these several periods, the closest relations of affectionate intercourse, and these bonds appear too intimately bound together ever to break;—soon the members of families separate, and fall into different lots assigned to and awaiting them; though still looking backward with warm affection on the dear home of first recollections. But rarely—never—do these members meet again with such keen feelings uninjured. The world throws a blight over its enjoyment, natural experience fails to realize it, and individual taste and preference refuse to consort together as they once did. Brothers love,

they part; they cannot meet thus again. Captains Elias and Philip now met at their maternal hearth, and it was their last meeting together in this world.

Philip had recently landed along with the disappointed and mortified army, returned from their relinquishment of England's superficial conquest on the river De La Plata. He sailed from Falmouth, November 12, 1806, in the *Spencer*, with General Crawford; the general commanding the troops this large fleet conveyed. The fleet consisted of H. M. ships *Spencer*, *Ganges*, *Theseus*, *Captain*, *Nereide*, *Paulina*, and *Haughty*, the *Jackdaw* and *Crane* schooners, and 72 transports. Entering the Bay of Biscay on the 16th, they encountered strong gales; three of their transports sprang leaks, and the rigging of another was much damaged. The rough sea, however, did not prevent them from sending a surgeon on board the *Jackdaw* to visit a sick man, and at the same time supply that vessel with provisions. Although continually firing guns, sending off rockets, and burning blue lights, the fleet, by the 28th, when the coast of Portugal appeared in sight, were much dispersed, and several frigates were necessitated to take the slow sailors in tow. On December 15, the fleet anchored in Port Praya Bay, St. Jago, where they found a Portuguese schooner at anchor; and a French schooner came in from Senegal with slaves. The fort was saluted with 13 guns, and the compliment returned with an equal number. Sharks were numerous in the bay, and fish were caught in great abundance and variety. A strange armed vessel hove in sight; boats were immediately manned and armed to attack her, but the boats soon came back reporting her to be a corvette, prize to the *Nereide* frigate. The resident governor of the Cape de Verd Islands paid them a visit on board, and received a salute of 17 guns. The wine served out to the men was considered very injurious to them, and there was neither lime juice nor ventilating machines in the ships.

March 23, they came to anchor in Table Bay, in fine sand of Noah's Ark. In the bay were vessels lying under American and Danish colours, and a Spanish brig, prize to the *Adamant*. Here General Crawford first learned the news of the capture of Buenos Ayres, the fate of the 71st Regiment, and the storming of Monte Video by Sir Samuel Auchmuty. The original destination of the army conveyed by this fleet was at once changed; the plausible plans suggested by Miranda were immediately relinquished; and General Crawford determined to proceed without loss of time to the river De La Plata. During this tedious voyage of eight months, the fleet touched at Port Praya, in the Island of St. Jago, the seat of government at the Cape de Verd Islands; Simons Bay, and Table Bay, at the Cape of Good Hope, and the Island of St. Helena. In turn, they desiered Portugal, Madeira, Porto Santo, Palma, Bonavista, Mayo, St. Jago, St. Simon's Bay, Table Bay, St. Helena, Trinidad, and the Marten Vas Rocks. On April 21, the fleet reached St. Helena; on the 23rd, Capt. Durnford, in company with another officer, walked through the whole island; and on reaching the tops of the hills, they found it cold enough to put on their great coats, while

they had gone through the valley of James Town and walked up the hill with waistcoats off. Thence he wrote to his mother. St. Helena was left on the 26th. After this they looked out for privateers. Towards the termination of this voyage, the mate insisted on throwing their playing cards overboard, alleging them to have caused the continued contrary winds. June 12, the river De La Plata was reached. 13th they sailed for Monte Video. A mutiny on board one vessel for insufficient provisions is recorded in the commencement of the voyage. The intervening six months of the year were spent by Capt. Durnford between Monte Video and his voyage of return to Great Britain, and they were rife to him with eventful vexation.

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This voyage was long and tedious, but no one can read this diary without regretting its abrupt termination; and the more so from a conviction that what Capt. Philip left untold, none can supply for him. The style is brief and unadorned, but his details occasionally introduce anecdotes both touching and important. As he was through life remarkable for a feeling heart and benevolent temper, when the angel of death touched with dark wing over his company, to claim the spirits of several of his poor artillery men, no doubt the first responded in true concern; although he merely notes that "on February 2, the wife of gunner Smith of my company died; that Henry Wilson was sent on board the Hospital ship April 20, and died on the 26th; that John Brown also was sent on board the Bellona or Hospital ship April 22, and William Smithson on the 25th. Their deaths were reported May 23; and besides these the infant son of another man, Brig. Wrigley, died May 6."

Then, alas! punishments are recorded; and he gives the sad tale of a wretched sailor's being detected in thieving, who tried to evade the disgrace of punishment by jumping overboard, and so committing the more awful crime of suicide. Why the additional penalty of 5 dozen lashes was afterwards awarded to him, seems unexplainable, save from the principle of warning to others—for had he not already overjudged himself?

Observing in the day time orders given to the fleet of signal flags and pendants, firing of guns and muskets, and by night the burning of blue lights, was no negative recreation to lassitudinarians; no doubt they enjoyed firing a gun when any of the ships got ahead, as well as helping those on who lagged behind. How pleasant to fall in with fleets of Indiamen, and now and then encounter a friendly sail; also to find that Capt. Philip had the satisfaction of writing to his mother from St. Helena!

In the continuance of the diary, the names of 25 out of the 72 transports composing the main convoy are mentioned, and that of the Camel is given to the storeship.

The retrospect of these voyages to and from Monte Video, left little that was satisfactory for Capt. Philip to relate to his friends. Still he could dwell upon the strange ways of Paraguay's foreign soil, the uner-

ring skill the horseman of the Pampas aims the lasso with, his wildly indolent method of galloping with the milk he would convert into butter, his obstinate firmness of temper joined with unconquerable laziness. He had collected a few specimens of beautifully plumaged birds, and pretty cornelians.

Col. John Shel Drake was a meritorious officer: he was 50 years old before attaining the rank of Captain; from which point, however, his promotion was quick. He owned a valuable sugar plantation at Demerara, the management of which and anxiety about, seems to have been his care and perplexity through life, from the want of ready money to work it advantageously. Mrs. Shel Drake fulfilled her duty as a mother to the seven children of her former husband, by refusing to lend any of the small fortune remaining to them, to aid in cultivating this estate. The property finally sold for £30,000, and the Colonel left it to his niece, Mrs. Belcher, £3,000 excepted, that he willed should be equally divided to his three stepsons, and £50 to his godson, John, one of the children of Elias Walker: truth adds a sorry sequel to the latter sum, for it was confiscated entirely by the lawyer; under what pretext was never understood.

Col. Shel Drake was a voluminous letter writer; he was peculiar in his habits, and resembled Mr. Wadman in the oddness of his breakfast, which he also prepared himself. It consisted of a great bowl of boiling milk that he broke bread into, then two large tablespoonsful of the coarsest grained sugar; and a grater a foot long was then used to grate an immense proportion of ginger into the compound. He was a temperate man; and to enjoy his dinner, only particularly required two things. When his friends returned from dining out, he always asked them "if they had had a good dinner?" "Excellent." "Were the plates hot?" "Yes." "Was the coffee good?" "Capital." "Then the dinner was good."

He was devoted to strict military etiquette on all points regarding his regimental discipline. The corps under his immediate supervision dreaded his observation of the slightest infringement of parade rule; and one day it falling to his province to command the morning parade, great was the astonishment, mingled with amusement, of the officers on duty, to see their colonel receiving their salute in an old round hat; and much greater was his own annoyance on putting his hand to his head, in making the discovery of so terrible an oversight.

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Ireland's unfortunate rebellion of 1799, the ill-concocted seeds of which, long in ripening, had been speedily cut down by the strong and only available expedient of military operation, followed by the Union, had given an appearance of quiet and order to the green isle; but God's Providence had not ordained that even then comfort and intelligence should displace the dire powers of ignorance, neglect and sloth, which claimed and remained in possession of that beautiful land for long years afterwards.

Lord Kilwarden's tragic end was still a current topic when Capt. Durnford first arrived in Dublin; and Mrs. Durnford often told the sad story as she had heard it from the lips of many. The Chief Justice was on his way to dine at the castle, accompanied by his niece, and he directed his coachman to drive by a particular street. Against this road the man, who appears to have entertained a desire to save the life of his master, objected. He was in the secret of the misguided men who were waiting there, yet would not betray his countrymen for the master he loved. Lord Kilwarden unfortunately persisted; the carriage entered the fatal street; the excited mob stopped it, dragged the venerable old gentleman out, murdering him on the spot, while the young lady was suffered to escape. This she did, and ran on to the castle; where, from her wild appearance, she was by the sentinels at the castle taken for a mad woman, and the terrible tale she told was at first not believed.

While my father was stationed at Duncannon Fort, in Leinster, a story was told of a French frigate passing within range of the batteries of the fort, at a period when the report and dread of a French descent on the Irish coast amounted almost to panic. Great alarm was felt by those who saw this ship advance, and duty more than valour fired a gun at the bold intruder. The sky was blue, and the sea calm: to the astonishment of the spectators, immediately the gun was discharged, the vessel lowered her colours in token of surrender, and dropped anchor. It proved to be a French sail from beyond seas, that had run short of provisions, with a famishing crew on board.

My father once suffered in a laughable way, from want of recollection, while travelling on service through some part of the province of Munster. He lost his road, having deviated from the common thoroughfare, into some narrow bye-lanes. A crowd of boys were assembled in a field within his hail, and he called to them for information. But all in vain—he exhausted every proper name in the vocabulary—none heard—John, Tom, Dick, Bill, Sam, Harry, Jim,—none gave ear. Surprising they did not, and more so, that it was so long before he thought of calling them by the national cognomen, Pat;—no sooner was the key note sounded, than more than a dozen barelegged gamins bounded towards him.

While at Dublin, mama attended the Church Dean Kirwan had preached in. One morning during the Litany, she was kneeling, wearing a beautiful scarf of French manufacture, that papa had brought over for her from the Island of St. Marcou; when a strange lady, next to her, utterly inattentive to the service going on, took up a corner of this scarf, deliberately measured its width on her fingers, and whispered, Pray, how much was it by the yard? My dear mother was too timid and astonished to rebuke her as the profane interruption deserved.

Still discontent and hatred against the Englishman and the Protestant continued to rankle in the Irish breast, and security demanded the quartering large bodies of troops throughout the island. This was necessary for the prevention of further outbreaks, and called imperatively for raising the numerous handsome barrack establishments, which Capt. Durnford was selected to plan and carry on, and all of which he executed in the admi-

rable manner the Hon. Mr. Poole reported of him. Partial disturbances, however, now and then took place; and a sentry was killed one night not far from his residence in Dublin. The outlay of money, consequent on the erection of barraeks, &c., redounded in benefits to the poor Irish peasant, who gratefully worked on them; in many cases becoming faithfully attached to him, who was the happy means of affording to the miserable idler, labour and its just remuneration. To this source must be traced the great popularity my father enjoyed in all the towns and their neighbourhood, where such works were carried on. He was universally beloved.

It was not till 1808, that he was ordered from Ireland, and appointed to the command of the Royal Engineers in the Island of Newfoundland. From Clonmel, where he was then stationed, he proceeded to Waterford, Bristol, London, and Portsmouth; at which last place he spent the interval of more than twelve months, previous to embarking for another hemisphere.

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## SECTION VI.

Corunna.—Newfoundland.—Miss Mary Mann.—Chiffinch.—Batteries built and repaired.—Family stories.—Death of Mrs. Shel Drake.

During the period of detention at Portsmouth, Col. Shel Drake came to that post, "en route" to join the British army at Corunna. Mrs. Shel Drake and her daughter, Maria Durnford, spent the winter there; thus affording the mother another meeting with her son, who was still at Portsmouth, when Col. Shel Drake returned. The colonel had commanded a division of artillery at the battle of Corunna, and came back with the wreck of Sir John Moore's army, which was landed at "the Hard;" and for days succeeding its disembarkation, the landing places and streets were strewed with languid spectres, lying pallid and attenuated, "hard at death's door."

And here in the society of his step-son, and several of the disappointed officers who had been attached to his division, Col. Shel Drake deplored over the results of Sir John Moore's extraordinary retreat, with its melancholy closing victory. Brave heartbroken soldiers, despairing officers, retreating before an enemy they despised—the soldiers longing to meet their chance of a warrior's death, and not that of famine and depression which daily gained upon them. The utter lack of energy and military talent in the general exasperated the troops, who had on that day—the only one they were permitted—fought as brave men do. "Weak and irresolute is man!" was truly and beautifully said by the poet, but the aphorism applied to him when leading on armies, loses all its beauty and appropriateness. Then was the saying in everybody's mouth, of how "the English soldier would follow, if the officer would lead." One of Col. Shel Drake's companions related, that in galloping with orders over the field, his horse had trampled more than once upon the slain. This young man perhaps did not recall at the time having read of the unclean taint which in old time the living contracted by touching a corpse; but the memory had left a



pang behind, and many waters could not wash it away from recollection. He thought of it, and shuddered.

With a severe struggle, my father relinquished the strong desire he felt to take a place in Portugal's enduring conflict. When the chief engineer, Sir Richard Fletcher, fell, he joined his name and subscribed with his brother officers, for the purpose of raising a handsome monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey; while not alone this valued officer, but many others, were leaving upon the world their unprotected widows or orphans. My father gave way to the advice and remonstrance of his friends, to consider his helpless infants; he smothered, with extreme reluctance, his aspirations after continental distinction, and desire to volunteer his services, when in place of more active duty, a command beyond seas was given to him. Whether this decision was erroneous or otherwise, his children must now decide. Capt. Philip remained stationed in Ireland, at Charlemont.

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In the summer of 1809, Capt. Durnford embarked in the *Britannia* Transport, in company with a large fleet of merchant vessels and transports for America. A line of battle ship conveyed the Commodore with Sir George Prevost, the newly appointed Governor of Canada, and several frigates accompanied the fleet. The flag ship carried 64 guns. Each phase of momentous time's revolvment offers its peculiarities of development: nor can the floating assemblage of life, collected on the occasion of a favourable convoy, be considered without interest, when launched together on the uncertain ocean, and offering to each other, in nautical companionship, a partial diversion from the usual monotony of sea voyages. Some degree of discipline and attention was necessarily maintained; all must obey the signalized orders of the protecting ship, whenever the speaking pennant fluttered from the mast head. Sometimes a presumptuous sail was warned from aspiring to be foremost, by a heavy gun's being fired; now some light bark was ordered to take in tow a slow sailing vessel, or at the different longitudes the variously bound ships were told when to part company. The *Britannia*, allotted for my father's accommodation, being a heavily laden brig, and sometimes in the rear of the fleet, was consequently several times helped on by the swift sailing frigate, *Le bon Citoyen's* towing cable. Once, while thus agreeably propelled, a sudden squall snapt the rope, not without danger to the east off brig. *Le bon Citoyen* afterwards departed convoy to go in chase of a suspicious looking sail.

Every occurrence at sea however trivial is stamped with importance. The appearance of a whale, the gamboling of porpoises, a sight of the ominous sea bird called by sailors "Mother Carey's chicken," looked on as sure forerunners of the storm, a barrel or cork floating on the wave, above all a strange sail on the horizon, rivet eager observation and curiosity. Delightful was the chance, when one fine morning's tantalizing calm enabled the transfer of a bottle of milk from the *Britannia* to the friendly master of another vessel: the neck of the bottle was in-

serted in a rope, and floated from one ship to the other, milk being supplied by my father's cow. Mr. Cummins, the master of the *Britannia*, was fond of talking of the complaints made against his brothers in the trade, by officers consigned to their treatment. These he confessed were often just; but he laughed much at one grievance, a party of gentlemen alleged as among the annoying vexations of their uncomfortable voyage, being served with none but broken biscuits. He maintained that only the best biscuits broke. When the great bank was reached, the *Britannia* hove to for several hours to allow the ship's crew the pleasure of fishing, and truly wonderful was the draft of fish. The lines were thrown in, and drawn up, without a moment's intermediate delay, sometimes two large cod coming up on the same hook. Again setting sail, they were soon greeted by a fragrant land smell, announcing proximity to Newfoundland, and the abrupt features of its wild fir-clad shores came to view.

Newfoundland was at that time only known to the world by virtue of the fame of its celebrated fishing banks. One of the first discoveries made in the New World, by Sebastian Cabot, neglect reposed over the cultivation of the soil, while the rocks of Newfoundland had become proverbial; and the very infant playing under its flakes, threatened to heave a rock at his fellow raganuffin. It may not be out of place to relate how it had obtained this character in Europe, among the refined of courts, and the cultivated in senates. The rough British adventurers engaged in the fisheries were, in 1762, surprised by the French, who, in that year, invaded and easily took possession of the island. Immediately the news reached General Amherst. On his own responsibility, and without waiting for orders from home, he detached his brother with a body of forces there. These speedily recovered the island, regained all that had been taken, and made the French commander prisoner. The right of the French for their loss was brought forward by Mr. Fox in one of his eloquent speeches: the Duc de Choiseul, he said, "asked for but one rock at Newfoundland." His humble request was, "Donnez-nous un rocher seulement?" This humble request was granted. But, alas! what they asked for their *bâtimens-pêcheurs* extended to much more than a rock. There was succeeding encroachment, and attendant vexation.

A few days after arriving at St. Johns, Capt. Ross, R. E., the officer whom my father relieved, sailed from it in full elation of spirit at the prospect of soon seeing Portugal, and sharing in glory's sublunary reward. Not many weeks afterwards, this generous young man sent presents to the friends he had quitted of the fine fruits the golden country he had reached yielded. A few days following, these friends received intelligence his head had been shot off at the siege of Sebastian.

In the rock-girt island of Newfoundland, fertile wherever its soil has been subjected to cultivation, and whose atmosphere's dense fogs seem to drop down revivification and nourishment among the swarming myriads its vast banks teem with, Col Durnford remained until 1816. England, sensible of the value of this evergreen land, has always guarded it by a strong

naval force, and at that time entrusted the direction of its affairs to an admiral, the period of whose government was limited to three consecutive summer visits. The fir-covered heights overlooking the entrance to the harbour of the chief town, St. Johns, is planted with batteries, romantically situated. The raging surf of the Atlantic's billows dashes against the embrasures of Amherst and Chain Rock batteries: lobsters of the finest flavour, and other shell fish, are found in abundance amid the crevices of their shelving and slippery rocks, with hosts of mollusca; and the line of battle ship, as well as the red sailed fishing skiff, come almost within arm's reach of the cannon. Midway, and crowning the eminence, guns commandingly point from the Queen's battery, Frederick's battery, and the lines on Signal Hill; and other defensive positions are placed among wooded projections of capes and bays, fragrant with spruce, juniper, &c. Generally wherever the ground was laid open by clearance, the kalmia sprang up, an indigenous shrub or weed, brightening the wilderness with its pink clusters. Fantastic and delicate creepers present a trellised carpet to the foot that treads within the sombre shade of the woods; and varieties of graceful shrubs produce spontaneously the cranberry or oxycoccus, whose Indian name is Maskigo Meino; the whortleberry or vaccinium; the partridge or mitchella, whose tiny wreath almost vies in beauty with that of the famed capillaire or linnae, yet without the fragrance of the last; and the hardy little dogwood or cornus. There is much to admire in the decorations of its hills and valleys, its ferns and intricacies of wreathing foliage, clinging to and twining round tapering firs and valuable spruce trees. The beautiful white moss crushes beneath the feet, and another species hangs in tufts among the branches of the fir forests.

Newfoundland's steep and abrupt shores, covered from the water's edge in most parts with evergreen wood, and almost continually enveloped in fog, have ever been a terror to mariners, when by chance misreckoning, or adverse gales driven upon the treacherous rocks and perils, many of its head-lands present, when concealed by thick mist. Fearful and frequent at that time were shipwrecks on the coast.

A clergyman, attached as chaplain to one of the admiral's ships, came several times to call on Mrs. Durnford. His name was Wynn, and some years before, he was engaged to marry Miss Mary Mann, my mother's second sister. She was a young lady both amiable and talented; and a transaction took place shortly before her death, which her sisters afterwards regretted having consented to. This was the sale of a remarkable sacred bijou, or rather precious gift, that after having been blessed by the Pope, was bestowed by his Holiness on lady Rivers, a very devout person, who had made a pilgrimage to Rome. Mrs. Wadman's family claimed descent from her, and it was handed down in connection with some extraordinary facts, told and believed of it. How it descended to the Mann family is not now clearly understood, but at length it became the property of the three daughters of Mr. George Mann. The young ladies attached little value to this relic, for such it must have been; its form they described as something of a small horseshoe, an apparent little door

or spring being visible in the centre; a drop of martyr's blood they suppose might have been within. It was of solid gold, and when bestowed was richly studded with precious stones. Not much to the credit of those to whose keeping it successively fell, at the time it became the Miss Manns, few of these were remaining. Tradition related in regard to this remarkable gift or legacy, that one lady had rifled it of a beautiful stone, and her child died shortly after; another had coveted and again taken a jewel, and the death of her husband followed; every one whose possession it became in like manner abstracted its diamonds, pearls and rubies, but punishment as surely followed the spoliation. My father accompanied Miss Mary Mann, when she at the request of her sisters finally disposed of it to Rundell, the London jeweller, for the sum of twenty guineas, and certainly not long after, Miss Mary, the betrothed of Mr. Wynn, died. The premature death was attributed to a cold caught the next day by getting wet feet. She was consumptively inclined, and of a delicate constitution. Mr. Wynn had married another lady, and was the father of a family when he was at Newfoundland. It was either shortly before, or directly after, my parents' marriage this took place, and at the time its disposal caused neither regret nor thought in the parties concerned.

Mrs. Wadman was conscientiously pious and a Protestant, yet she derived most of her fortune from one of the Chiffinches, three brothers, who were noted friends and boon companions of Charles the Second. She frequently boasted that this Chiffinch was with Charles in his exile, and the only one of his followers whom he rewarded for fidelity to the royal cause. Many persons are of opinion that this relative of Mrs. Wadman is not to be confounded with a brother of the same name, who was known to be indulgent to the faults of his sovereign; and as Evelyn mentions a Chiffinch in terms of regard, no doubt this view is the right one. His remains lie in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, just under Garriek's.\* Mama never visited the Abbey without pointing it out to her children. It cannot be controverted that he was the same person who introduced by a back stairs a Popish priest to the dying king. Many fine portraits hung on the Hive walls, of the leading characters of the last Stuart branch; they were supposed to be heirlooms. Among them was a beautiful female, or a lovely portrait of one, wearing a red rose; and it was whispered in the admiring gazer's ear, that this flower adorned the Pretender's wife. Mrs. Wadman's maiden name of Comyns, however, was derived from a race of lawyers, among whom the Lord Chief Justice Comyns was distinguished as a voluminous writer, and his niece, (Mrs. W.) was accustomed to say of him, that every word he wrote was law. Mr. George Mann, again, the father of her three cousins, the Miss Manns, was devoted as already stated to the legal profession. He was taken off by con-

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\* Evelyn, in his Diary, says of him, 'I dined at Chiffinch's House Warming, in St. James's Park: he was his Majesty's Closet keeper, and had his new house full of new pictures, &c. There dined with us Russel, Popish Bishop of Cane Verd, who was sent out to negotiate his Majesty's match with the Infanta of Portugal after the Ambassador was returned.'

sumption when little past thirty, and his wife at twenty seven. He lost several infant sons by death, previous to the birth of his three daughters.

To return from this digression. The town of St. Johns stands lining the harbour, and between the two little posts of Fort William and Fort Townshead, each with a small garrison of troops; and but from the close proximity of tiers or stages of scaffolding for drying the far-famed cod-fish, would be a desirable residence. Capt. Durnford, when stationed at St. Johns, threw up fresh batteries, and repaired and improved, in some cases, entirely rebuilding such as were falling to decay. The Queen's battery and a large block house on Signal Hill were among the newly constructed; Frederick, Amherst, and Chain Rock among those repaired and newbuilt. To carry on these works, continual excavations in the rocky soil by means of trains of gunpowder were necessary, and he had frequent cause to lament the foolhardiness of the workmen, who would linger after the warning horn had told that a slow match was lit. A sapper was blown up by its exploding force, entirely in consequence of the man's own dearly paid for neglect: and at the moment Captain Durnford, walking up to his quarters on Signal Hill, with his little son, witnessed the explosion from no great distance, suddenly exclaiming, 'a man in the air!' Captain Durnford's amiable and gentlemanly manners and character gained him the favour of the General commanding, Francis Moore, to whom he continued Aid-de-Camp, until the rapid promotion of those awful and eventful years raised him successively to the ranks of Brevet-Major and Lieutenant-Colonel.

While war flapped its lurid wings over Europe and America,—and never was purpose more righteous than that which opposed its progress,—every honest man's heart responded to the virtuous obligation and awakening call. Indignation swelled but the more at each rumour of its reverses and the joy with which the news of a victory was received, gained acknowledgment at St. Johns, and was rendered in the individual pride and ecstacy accompanying the salute and volley, pealing from its rock-planted batteries, and strongest mustered parades; cheerfully commenced by the ships of war lying in the harbour, followed up by enthusiastic cheers from the seamen and troops, each crag and rock echoing loudly every discharge. Colonel Durnford took pleasure in studying himself and exercising the company of sappers under his command in tactics, whenever leisure permitted; sparing himself no fatigue in bearing a share in the garrison duty, often in this severe climate amounting to dangerous, though such duty was not strictly requirable from his corps. He often spoke with satisfaction of a parade on the commemoration of a signal overthrow Napoleon had sustained, where his newly-practised sappers displayed great steadiness when formed in line with the Newfoundland regiment. Three volleys were to be fired; and when the commandant's first word of command was misunderstood by the rest of the line, and a scattered irregular fire in consequence given, the company of sappers reserved their fire to a man, until ordered to arm to the post and shoulder, when the volley was properly executed, eliciting on the field the verbal approbation of the general.

In the American war, Newfoundland suffered cruelly. The commercial intercourse with the harbour of St. Johns was obstructed in 1811, while destitute of the protection of any ship of war, by the appearance of an American armed vessel very near to the entrance. This alarmed the merchants, who immediately applied to General Moore for the aid of fifty volunteers from the troops in garrison, who decided that each corps should furnish a proportionate quota. Two corporals and six privates of sappers, cheerfully joined the other detachments, and embarked in a brig fitted out by the merchants. As soon as the American saw the movement of the British vessel, it took its departure, and was not again seen.

Deep snow and high drifts debarred, during the long winter months, all field exercise to the troops; though fearful at this season were the risks to which the soldiers on duty, visiting officers, and relieving parties, were exposed. The sentinel was not unfrequently found frozen to death, and while the tempest of a *poudrée* was battling, life was often hazarded in visiting by night the various detached posts. While the intense frost hung into icicles the breath from the nostrils and lips, and nipt with the pang of extreme cold the extremities of the human body, the strict discipline of war was maintained at St. Johns, and no relaxation of its severity permitted. Colonel Durnford took his regular turn in the garrison duty, first as captain, latterly as field officer. He took pleasure in the regularity and exact observance of morning parades; and whilst performing the services of an aid-de-camp, prided himself in mounting on these occasions an old charger of the Duke of Kent's, a faithful bay, that in memory of gone bye distinction, always persisted in stepping foremost of the general's staff.

There was but one Episcopal Church in the town, in which the Rev. David Rowland, a Welsh clergyman, of some learning, officiated. Mrs. Durnford heard this amiable man relate, while dining in company with him at general Moore's table, that in his youth a company of strolling players travelling through Wales, got up a play in a barn at the village he resided in. The country people, to most of whom such a spectacle was a novelty, flocked to the sight; as for himself, neither thinking of, nor suspecting harm, he went likewise. The play was Pizarro. It went on very well—he was entertained—and liked it much, until that part of the piece was represented, where the Virgins of the sun use prayer to, and worship their Deity. "Then," he said, "it rushed to my mind that such a scene was in reality a mockery of the true God, and, shocked with the idea, I have never entered the theatre since."

Extravagant as some of the Quakers' opinions are, there is certainly a charming simplicity and amiable courage about them, particularly in their women. Mama happened to be spending a religious evening at the house of this same clergyman, and in company with a very old, but most beautiful lady, of the persuasion of Friends. The clergyman, though a truly pious and well informed person, was far from being ready a extempore speaking, and possessed at times an almost painful portion of timidity. It was his task to open the Bible, select a portion, and

address his company. He felt at a loss, and rested for some minutes with his hand on the holy unclosed volume. The dear old woman read what passed within him; every one was silent; when at once with a plain but touching eloquence of encouragement, she said, "Fear no my friend." The good man felt instantly at ease, and proceeded with earnestness and feeling.

To assist in keeping alive the spirits of the troops, during the tedious of the dreary winter months, a mock fight was sometimes carried on, upon one of the frozen lakes, and the Irish game of curling was encouraged whenever the sea in the harbour took, or became ice-bound. But a more awful and alarming duty too frequently called forth the utmost energy of exertion, in the frequent fires, which, often originating from a falling spark, would rapidly kindle the wooden streets into conflagration, and turn adrift and houseless the helpless families. The dreaded alarm drum was generally heard on the stillest and coldest nights, imperatively rousing from sleep; and intense would be the agitation if the slightest movement was in the air, as to what point of the compass the destroying or preserving breeze veered. On these distressing occasions, always the most ready and foremost in setting an example of hazard and daring to the soldiers, Colonel Durnford exposed himself to the scorching peril with generous intrepidity, and imminent were the risks he ran in rescuing miserable beings, who, it was universally remarked, stood in crowds round the toiling soldiers, and gazed on their own crackling and flame-enveloped dwellings, as on a scene that more surprised than otherwise interested them. One spring, a conflagration in the woods, aided by a wind that blew direct for the town of St. Johns, threatened its entire destruction—here no human endeavour could have prevailed, had not the wind abated. Towards the summer, St. Johns would also sometimes continue in a destitute state, from the vast fields of floating ice, that, obeying every impulse of the winds, one day blocked up unapproachably the harbour's mouth, and on the next might not be seen, having been known to debar the inhabitants from foreign communication for upwards of six weeks together.

Two rare visitants were seen at Newfoundland in the early time of my father's residence there,—the comet of 1811, and an English duke. His grace the Duke of Manchester en route to his government at Jamaica, spent a few days at St. Johns.

Among the Ordnance storekeepers at his different stations, with whom professional duty brought my father in constant proximity, were several who had been selected for their places by peculiar merit. General Vallancey, the Hon. Mr. Poole, and other officers of rank, assembled at some place in Ireland to make trial of a newly invented gun, when a young gunner in the Royal Artillery insisted in maintaining his own opinion of its affective aim, in direct opposition to the opinion of every distinguished officer present. Amazed at the man's presumption, they at his willing risk, consented to let him fire it as he wished, which he did with perfect accuracy of aim, so much delighting the gentlemen, that they

recommended him for a commission on the spot, and presented him with the place of storekeeper at Clonmel.

At St. Johns, Mr. John Houston owed his office as store-keeper to accident. While employed at Jamaica in some inferior situation, a violent storm one night obliged his taking shelter in a shed, when he overheard the negroes laying a plot for rising the next day on their masters. He gave immediate information, and government rewarded him with a handsome public place at St. Johns. Mr. Houston, however, engaged in some speculation, considered incompatible with the office he held, and Colonel Durnford disapproved so entirely of his conduct, as to withdraw his former friendly intercourse with him. A correspondence between them took place, of which no copy can be traced.

My father was fond of Newfoundland, often looking back to the years he was stationed there with satisfaction, when he had employment without harassment, in a climate the rigour of which strengthens the constitution. Horticulture was one of his favourite recreations; and several wild patches, to which he devoted attention, yielded abundantly fruits and vegetables, equal in flavour and size to the most carefully cultivated produce of English gardening. Fruits of the ribes and rubus species grew unrivalled in the flavour of their large juicy clusters. No market or fair was to be depended on from soil calling vainly for cultivation; each man was of necessity his own farmer, did he desire to eat fresh mutton, pork, fowls, or eggs; and the luxury of milk must be supplied by his own cows. Among these, a favourite Alderney cow, my father brought from England, met with many adventures in grazing among the wild hills and ravines, at last meeting her death by falling down a precipice. With equal solicitude and pride, he encouraged the cultivation of ground in small garden patches by his sappers, and strove, alas! too often ineffectually, to check the fearful ravage the vice of intoxication made, which, resembling plague or direful cholera, extended its contagion, wasteful of vitality.

Two years previous to leaving Newfoundland, he obtained a grant of about four acres of ground, conveniently situated, and bordered on one side by a rivulet. He laid out £50 in fencing and clearing it, planting it with a first crop of potatoes on quitting the island; letting it, as he hoped, to an industrious Irishman. But the period had not arrived for the Newfoundland settler to compete with the fisherman in perseverance or success: the tenant proved negligent; and years flowing on, public duties and other thoughts prevented the requisite attention being given to this pretty little estate, which thus became forfeit from the original owner and occupier.

The Admiral, or Governor of Newfoundland, always honoured my father by dining at his table once every year, in the summer of his three years' visitation. My mother was fortunate in having her pianoforte, an instrument rarely seen at the island, twice tuned by naval officers. One was Sir William Parker, a young married Lieut. attached to the Admiral's flag ship; the other, brother to the English composer Bishop, and purser to one of the Frigates.

Mrs. Shelldrake died in 1810 at Armagh in Ireland. Her second mar-



riage was unpopular, and lost her the friendship of several ladies of rank, through whose interest she had obtained a commission, according to the fashion of that day, for her third and youngest son, at the premature age of seven years. She was amiable in disposition, and very beautiful and graceful.

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Some more of the little domestic anecdotes my mother so often entertained her children by relating. Most likely science was not much the fashion in Mrs. Wadman's circle of friends, among whom she moved in her youthful days, for she remembered asking a clergyman if it was wrong to look at the planets through a telescope. Astronomical discoveries were considered as presumptuous inquiries into the hidden things of God, and her young idea was fearful of sin being attached to it. A young friend of hers asked another clergyman if it was wrong to draw on the Sabbath; but on this point, all Mrs. Wadman's intimates were of opinion, the parson was wrong to tell her it was not.

Another story, which speaks more in favour of her candour, than it tells to her credit, was of a heavy misdemeanour she committed when about ten years old, in abstracting from her sister Elizabeth's needlecase three needles, and, on being accused of taking them, denying and persisting in her falsehood. Proof positive, however, appearing against her, her conscientious cousin, Mrs. Wadman, desired her to keep her room, and have no nutriment besides bread and water, until she confessed her fault, asked her sister's forgiveness, and learned to repeat correctly the fifteenth Psalm, which describes the value and beauty of truth: she remained a voluntary prisoner for three days.

Several years afterwards, a party of guests, also at the Hive, were amusing themselves one evening with charade questions; one, to be answered by the company, as softly whispered from ear to ear, was, supposing the amiable hostess, Mrs. Wadman, was metamorphosed to a cow, how each person would treat her. "I would put a bridle and saddle on her, and make her my pony," said one. "I would feed her with the nicest hay," said another, and so on. When Miss Jane Mann's turn to answer came, she said, "I would feed her in a green pasture, and lead her forth beside the waters of comfort;" which beautiful response elicited much approbation.

Mama also related an account of a widowed lady, whose extravagant husband died much in debt. Her regard and attachment to his memory was so great, that she resolved on paying all his debts, and this she could only effect by practising the most rigid and remarkable economy. For some years she refrained from purchasing even necessary additions to her wardrobe, and mended, patched, and darned her clothes over and over again, so as almost to displace their original material, in a manner both ingenious and beautiful. Her talents as a needlewoman aiding, in addition to other, as must be believed, praiseworthy savings, at the expiration of ten years, the desired encumbrances were cleared off.

A story is also told of Colonel Philip Durnford, who in those days when a rigorous diet was prescribed by many mothers for their children,

denying them often,—following the current opinion of the time,—gravy, buttered toast, cream, tea, cheese, &c., was given for his dinner one day a plate of Windsor beans; and on his pushing it from him, professing dislike to, and declaring he would not touch them, they were put before him each successive meal, until the poor boy was obliged by hunger to eat them up: the most surprising fact being, his retaining a partiality for broad beans ever after, and confessing temper as his actuating motive for refusing them.

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## SECTION VII.

Second American war,—Cession of Florida to Spain.—Fragmentary Notes.—Children's Letters.—Citadel designed.—Col. Walker's letter.

The next fourteen years of my father's life were spent in Canada, where war had just terminated. The cause for hostile exasperation is variously assigned; no just reason is discoverable. Much of the pretext was laid to the violence of the President, Madison, and much to the thirst for getting riches by robbing on the seas; above all, achieving the conquest of Canada. Long years of peace closed over the sufferings of those few sad seasons, and since, so interminable have been the course of other events, successes, and losses, as to render them almost forgotten.

A brief recapitulation will refresh the memory, without being entirely out of place in this memoir.

The beginning of May, 1812, the Imperial Parliament was obliged to notice the complaints made by the President of the United States. The most prominent among these was a secret mission of Capt. Henry to Massachusetts, in 1809, and the correspondence a person of the name of Lavater, had for private purposes entered into with the governor of Canada, six years previous, at a time when the American government exhibited no friendly feelings for British America. Much scrutiny of the visit of Henry was never made, and this indulgence was imputed to delicacy towards the governor of Canada, Sir James Craig, who returned to England from his government, dangerously ill, and was at this period dead. It is said of this governor, that an American gentleman and his very handsome wife, making a tour through Canada, were invited to an entertainment given at the chateau of St. Louis, the government house at Quebec, and on being presented to Sir James Craig, the visitor offered, in the Republican fashion, to shake hands: Sir James, considering this an unwarrantable familiarity, instead of permitting it, placed both his own hands behind him. The gentleman had been introduced at the several European courts.

The secret mission of Henry was never either explained or justified by England, so that the Americans used it as a cover for a quarrel, and the conquest of Canada tempted their hopes of reaping glory. The invasion was commenced by General Hull, who, at the head of 2,300 men, entered Upper Canada, July 11, 1812, publishing addresses in the bombastic French style to the people of the Province. This attempt

was frustrated by the ability of Brock, despite the reliance the President had formed of its success. Madison made severe complaints to England, for employing savages in their armies after the repulse at Queenston. A third attempt was made, Nov. 16, same year, by Dearborn, who marched to Champlain: but the season was too advanced to proceed against Montreal as he had meditated.

The commencement of 1813 witnessed attacks and harassments, though winter set in with its usual rigour, and the ice formed on the St. Lawrence even facilitated them. Cruel was the treatment the inhabitants of the small town of Prescott met with, when surprised in the middle of one severe night, they were forced to leave their burning dwellings, to which the Americans had set fire, and about 400 in number, wandering in the snow, vainly attempting to reach Montreal,—they all perished.

Two young unmarried ladies, with their maid servant, living near the Falls of Niagara, had actually a dozen American soldiers billeted in a part of their large house, for several weeks. The brother, being a British subject, could not remain with them. The good conduct of these Republicans, and their respect for the property of the household, was most remarkable. These ladies were afterwards asked, "if they did not feel much alarm at the time?" "No," they answered, "we knew American soldiers could be relied on for propriety of manners and honesty."

The shores of the great lakes supplied inexhaustible material for the navies. Wonderful was the expedition employed in building war vessels; and eyewitnesses declare that lofty trees, from three to six weeks after being hewn down, were floating, equipped in warlike pomp, to dare and to battle.

The principal causes and complaints alleged by the Americans against England in this war, were, 1st, the long-remembered mission of Henry; 2nd, the employment of savages as allies; and, 3rdly, the right of impressment claimed by Great Britain on the high seas. They desired peace, though still exasperated against England.

Towards the end of Sept., Sir George Prevost received information that 37,000 men were ready to attack Canada from three different points. He posted himself at Montreal, as the most important station threatened, and in this neighbourhood on the banks of the Chateauguay, a signal victory was gained by Lieut.-Col. De Salaberry, at the head of his Canadians. Hampden's defeat was complete. Wilkinson, on Oct 2., came down from Grenadier Island on the lake of the Thousand Islands, with 10,000 men, and descended the river in canoes and batteaux, in hopes of surprising Montreal. The difficulties of this frequently interrupted navigation were achieved, until his flotilla had arrived within six miles of Prescott, which town he attempted to pass the night of Nov. 7. There he was discovered and stopped.

Grenadier Island was accidentally touched at by the steamer my father was on board, some years afterwards, when he and his party met with a singular reception from the inmates of a very comfortably furnished

log hut, enlivened by a blazing wood fire on the hearth, and a large family of strong looking children. A girl, about ten years old, was asked "How many children her mother had?" she replied, "My mother is there, you can ask her." "But cannot you tell us?" "Yes I can; but my mother can tell you better." The visitors were much struck by the oddness of the child's replies, and still more, when, on asking the mother if she was English, she fiercely placed her arms akimbo, and said, "No, I'm a thorough bred Yankee, I'll never deny my country." This amazon like female, had a dress on resembling a child's pinafore, of coarse brown linen, and her brown hair was cropt quite short, without cap, bonnet, or hat.

A terrible instance of cruelty was the burning of Newark, whose inhabitants had their 150 houses set on fire, and found themselves driven into the open country; fated to feel the extremities of cold and need on a bitter Canadian night. Havoc, conflagration, and continued loss of brave men on both sides, ushered in the January of 1814; then wanton destruction of stores, and unsatisfactory reprisal. Notwithstanding the complaints made by President Madison, on the aid the British permitted themselves, in employing Indian allies, the Americans stooped to a similar use of savage warriors, and retaliations were on both sides not only threatened, but put into execution before the close of the year. The Americans attempted to turn the Indian allies from their fidelity to their Great Father, as, with their well-known eloquence of speech, they styled the English monarch. But in vain—affection and firmness to the cause of the friends they sided with remained unshaken.

Among other severe conflicts, came the engagement of Lundy's Lane, when in sight of the spray of the great Falls, the bodies of more than 2,000 men remained expiatory offerings to the thirsty demon of war, and no more exasperated or bloody encounter took place in the course of this unprofitable war. Destruction marked the enemy's retreat, and retaliation was threatened—but a merciful voice of accommodation pronounced at Montreal, that following the rules of European nations, exchange of prisoners should be allowed. It is wearying to follow the waste of human life, here in the blowing up of 300 men, as at Fort Erie, by the explosion of a mine, and again of another 300 by a vexatious retreat. An engineer officer, overcome by fatigue and want of rest, is said to have slept through the whole of the attack and terrible catastrophe at Fort Erie, waking up with amazed doubt, to gaze on the black and smouldering ruins. The most decisive consequences that followed, were the natural ones of increasing hatred and more frequent retaliations. Both sides became weary of the apparently interminable warfare; the dove with her olive branch claimed the preference over the grapt vulture; and at Ghent, a treaty was prepared, and finally agreed upon.

This treaty left the great lakes in British possession, restoring tranquillity to their shores. Peace was signed Feb. 17, 1815, leaving by its conditions to each party the same territory it owned at the commencement of hostilities. Fort Erie was given back to the English,

after its remaining works were blown up, and ruin had been stamped upon its vestiges. The cicerone, who pointed out the blackened remains, long lamented over, and recounted to the traveller, the melancholy fate of the 300 men who lost their lives when the magazine exploded. The defaced remains of once solid walls long defied rehabilitation, though their site near the waters of lake Erie, surrounded by verdure and natural bounty of soil, seem by nature destined for repose and prosperous advancement. The final demolition was made Nov. 5, 1814.

Looking back on the first pretexts for this unnatural war, viz., the puerile correspondence of Lavater, and unexplained or pretended mission of Henry, the ghosts of these two men seem to smile with contempt and wonder on the revenge exacted to their manes, in the long train of retribution, violence, and conquest unachieved, with partial unprofitable success.

When parliament opened in 1816, the Prince Regent in his speech mentioned with satisfaction the commercial treaty just concluded with America. The advantage of England had been guarded and maintained both in the regulations of commerce, and other important points. The President, Madison, on Feb. 3, recalled to the senate and House of Representatives "what had lately taken place, and deplored that the United States had suffered injury from some of the contending parties," as he styled them, whose conflicts were devastating the world. "War," he declared, "had become inevitable." The fertile soil he dwelt upon, penetrated by great lakes, and great rivers, with its vast agricultural interest and advantages, agrees in character with both shores of the St. Lawrence, Niagara, and Chateaugay rivers. He would guard himself from danger, would fortify the coasts and inland frontiers, and regulate the army and navy; keeping them in perfect order, and practicable footing. The expense of securing cities from invasion, would be repaid by the cost of one campaign. To be prepared for war, blunts its means of annoyance. Fortifications were requisite for the defence of the coast, the towns, and commerce, from the bay of Fundy, to the Mississippi.

Thrice in the course of the war had Montreal been threatened; by descending the St. Lawrence, and by Champlain. The first year the advanced season assisted the town against the enemy's approach: the second year, witnessed De Salaberry's defeat of Hampden at Chateaugay; and the interruption of Wilkinson's flotilla at Prescott.

Terms were signed between his Britannic majesty and the United States of America, Oct. 20, 1818, in London. In this treaty were settled the American rights of taking, curing, and drying fish, purchasing wood, obtaining water, &c., on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, on the land off Cape Ray, and past the straits of Belleisle: with their boundaries from "the Lake of the Woods" to "the Stony Mountains," following the demarcation of a marked line of latitude: the free navigation of its harbours and waters, and the restitution of all captured slaves: these were the subjects chiefly adjusted.

In 1817, the border warfare commenced with the Seminole Indians,

and the people of Georgia. The aggressions, violences, or conquests, entered into and made by Generals Gaines and Jackson, first against the Indians, and then against the Spaniards in the Floridas, eventually led to the possession of these provinces by the Americans, and the confirmation of their dominion over them, however the President and senate might join in deprecating the self-constituted authority, that advanced upon and took possession of Pensacola, Fort Barancas, and St. Augustine. The absolute decision of an American general had hung two Englishmen suspected of inciting the Indians to disaffection, and put to death two Indian chiefs without the shadow of trial. An interval of universal peace had been interrupted by unprincipled aggressions, confessed to be such by the people whose army had transgressed: Spain tamely gave up her provinces, while America condescendingly accepted the boon, indignant at the annexation. Brilliant success, attained with comparative facility, was compared with the failures their arms had met with in the Canadas. It was proclaimed these proceedings should not be tolerated or justified, lest they should be deemed precedent and example for future occasions. "If" they said, "these things be admitted in the south, will they not be considered as authorized in the north? Are there not fortresses there to be won, and provinces to be conquered? are there not Indians in that quarter likewise, and may not the officers in command, find means to prove that those Indians have been, or hereafter may be furnished by the British, with arms and munitions of war, &c.? so may he not (the successful general) follow the example set in the south, and add something to his stock of military fame, by reducing the British fortresses of Canada, and unfurling the star-spangled banner of this nation on the walls of Quebec?" America declared herself averse to again involving the nation in hostilities with all Europe, as the consequence of this violation of treaties by her was fully equal to cause.

While defending the murders of Arbuthnot and Ambrister, the treaty with Spain, signed December 21, 1818, undertook to grant compensation and satisfaction, to the full amount and validity, of the claims made by citizens, and also the possession of grants of land made before the January 24, 1818, the era of conquest, by his catholic majesty to his subjects, all which were by stipulation rendered as valid, as if the territories had remained under the dominion of Spain, grants made since that date being declared null and void.

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To be prepared for assault, is the best security man's foresight can suggest against its occurrence. Canada's importance could not be overlooked. Quebec especially, it appeared most necessary to strengthen by completing its already admirably constructed fortifications. The commanding approach to this city, has deservedly entitled it to be designated and esteemed "the Gibraltar of the West." A citadel on Cape Diamond, the highest ground about Quebec, and overlooking the St. Lawrence, was designed for erection, besides other important military works both in Lower and Upper Canada, and for the planning and

carrying on of these, Lieut.-Colonel Durnford was the engineer selected. This appointment as commanding Royal Engineer in the Canadas was in the year 1816.

Quitting Newfoundland immediately navigation permitted, and leaving his family at St. Johns, to visit England, he arrived at Quebec, in the month of June.

The skies and climate of Canada are noted for brightness and salubrity; but the year my father first sailed up the river St. Lawrence, and for three weeks after arriving at Quebec, a succession of fogs continued so dense as to conceal almost entirely from observation, the magnificent and beautiful features of the country. To the grandeur of nature's displays in this fine country, he was afterwards sensibly awakened; a few lines from a letter to one of his children, written immediately upon his arrival, and under his first impressions of Quebec, appear scarcely to proceed from the pen of the same person, who latterly spoke in terms of delight and admiration, of the scenery that had remained for nearly a month invisible to his eyes.

“ June, 1816.

“ My dear,——

“ Your conjectures respecting the unfavourable wind proved very correct, though upon the whole, we have great reason to be thankful for our good and safe passage. The weather appears equally changeable with that of Newfoundland, but seems to be in greater extremes. The current of the river St. Lawrence is believed to influence it much; and the wind, I understand, blows generally from east or west, being nearly the direction of the stream, which is very rapid, making it difficult to cross to the opposite shore, except at about high or low water. It was rainy weather when we came up the river, but from the short glimpses of fine, permitting observation, I judged the scenery to be remarkably striking and pretty. The first land we approached tolerably near to, was high, and the mountains almost entirely covered with snow (in June,) while the advancing progress made by our ship, presented various views that pleased me, I must confess, more than any prospect I have yet obtained round the city. The country from hence is spotted with houses, and as each has a small lot of ground belonging to it, the soil is highly cultivated, and every seven or eight miles, churches, or rather catholic chapels are seen, with a good priest's house, garden and orchard very contiguous. The banks of the river on approaching Quebec are generally low, with small water falls, or mill races interspersed, which, with the bright green of the verdure, very much add to the beauty of the river in every direction.”

Little more than a month after arriving at Quebec, he started on a tour of inspection through the extent of his vast district. Traces of this journey remain in some rough notes taken while travelling. These are sometimes not clearly to be understood, the handwriting being here and there illegible, and the names of a few of the places mentioned, seem either to have been changed, or are no more recognizable. Still they are interesting to his family, as pointing out how at that period

their father's thoughts were employed, when gazing for the first time on situations newly recovered from invasion, havoc, and conflagration: when men's minds were scarcely settled to the belief of their non-recurrence. One of his sons thus expresses himself in speaking of these notes: "My father's travelling notes are rough and very incomplete; they are scarcely legible, and not much can be gathered from them." Evidently intended for no second eye to scan, in preserving them, nothing is exposed to view more than the writer's buoyant and amiable disposition, rapidly taking down, in a professional view, all then considered of primary importance in relation to the defence of the Canadas.

No magnificent canals, steamboats, or railroads, then facilitated travelling; in place there was the jolting waggon, the swinging but safe calèche, the flat bottomed boat or batteau, and the bark canoe of the Indian.

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July 27. Saturday, about 2 o'clock, started in the steamboat, and arrived at Montreal, Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. Found out Capt. Mann. Stayed with him the night. Early in the morning I took a view of Citadel Hill, which appears to have been made by art; is something of a long oval shape, too incapacious for a work, although it commands an island which seems the natural situation for magazines, storehouses, &c., &c., to be erected on Hen Island. Received letters from military secretary, and answered them. The confluence of the rivers Richelieu and St. Lawrence, is a situation of vast importance.

Monday 29th. Afternoon, left Montreal for Lachine, where I met Lieutenant Barou, R. E., who exhibited to me his survey to the mouth of the Rideau, appearing very satisfactory: Captain Fowler joined us late at night, and I was sorry to find that the map of Upper Canada, which Capt. Mann lent me, was by carelessness left in the calèche.

30th. About 6 o'clock in the morning we left Lachine in a batteau, got to breakfast at .....a place near to which the Americans had advanced, when they received a check from Col. De Salaberry: passing hence we go between two islands, one of which presents a mill, the convent of three sisters, and a remarkable hill, appearing a strong post. About noon we reached the Cascades. I examined the locks, and met Major Long of the staff corps; also viewed the rapids, which are here long and strong. Walk to the Split Rock, and witness the operation of batteaux shooting the rapids, from whence I fancy that my idea of using the rollers will answer. Walk until we hire a calèche to Les Cedars, where we stay all night: embark for Coteau du Lac; but this way of travelling being tedious, hire a calèche again, and get to Coteau du Lac soon after breakfast on the 1st August. Capt. Romilly to be instructed to report a present state of the work and building.

"*Some day* examined the fortifications and locks: the work may be improved, but if neglected will soon fall into decay. Here seem islands capable of tending to obstruct a flotilla coming down the St. Lawrence from lake St. Peters, though the stream is very rapid. I would rather attempt such an object further in advance, where the water is still; this requires much inspection, and is of great consequence to ascertain



correctly. Cross the lake, and arrive at a small inn situated in a very narrow branch of the river, and on very disagreeable swampy ground, where stay all night. Set off at 5 o'clock in the morning for Cornwall, and reach it to breakfast; here determine to proceed by land to Fort Wellington: servants and baggage to go in the batteau. Cornwall is a large and pleasant looking village, with a good road on.....

"August 10.....general appearance more like a fortification than what has yet been inspected: may probably be improved to correspond more with regular front of fortification: the advanced block-houses to be attended to, and the environs of the town examined with care.

"11th. Go to church—introduced to Colonel Talbot. Lieut. Wilson, R. E., arrives from Fort George. He proceeds in the afternoon with Lieut. Phillpotts and myself to Dyers haven: road very bad—principally through wood, and strong passes in the road. Rest all night at 1st stage.

"12th. Start at half past four in the morning; get to Flake's tavern to breakfast, by a dreary country, little settled. From the last stage to Holland's landing, the country assumes a more cheerful and cultivated appearance, with much upland ground well worth seeing. Arrive at Holland's landing at 1 o'clock, and take measures to proceed in the afternoon. Difficulties occur: these surmounted by getting from the commissary and Lieut. of Royal navy two small punts; and pressing  
———37th Regiment, and 2 Royal marines.....about 1 o'clock, start again with a fair light wind, reach Kenepenfield at 5 o'clock, where we meet Lieut. Col. McCoy of the Indian department, who states that two schooners will sail next morning by 6 o'clock: determine at all events to push on, and send a messenger to Mr. Platon the commissary. Walk then principally in the dark through the wood, arrive at 9 o'clock at.....get tea, persuade the men to go on at 10 o'clock at night.

"14th. All of us work during the night; a most disagreeable passage; arrive very much fatigued at 1 o'clock in the morning. Find a schooner, and there introduced to Capt. Hambly, R. N.; go with him down the river and dine.

"15th. Go up the rapids and examine high sand hills on opposite side; embark in the afternoon on board the *Confiance*—rough night and land at Churton Island.

"16th. Take soundings; embark in the afternoon and arrive at Penetanguishene harbour examine———Island.

"19th. Go on shore; lost in the wood for about four hours. See nothing but a few pigeons and tracks of bears.

"20th. Sail again: go in the boat to see the Flower Pots—two rocks so washed by the water that they really assume the appearance which names them: with difficulty reach the *Emprise*: very dark before we got on board, but keep her in view by flash of small arms.

"21st. Arrive at Drummond's Island about 3 o'clock in the afternoon: go on shore; introduced to Lieut. Col. Maule, Lieut. Sheppard, R. A., and Lieut. Portlock, R. E.; dine with these latter.

“22nd. Captain King, R. A., arrives; look about the ground, &c.

“23rd. Go to St. Joseph’s island; see magazine—in bad repair; old trace of the square picketed old fort: return in the afternoon to Drummond’s island.

“Monday, 25th. Leave Drummond’s island for Michilimackinac; land on a small point of land to breakfast: while strolling about solo from my party near three hundred yards, I espy a bear, and return for a gun to the boat. The animal disappeared by the time we all went in search of him—his footsteps very plainly traced. When we land again, Lieut. Sheppard sees a large bear; I was advanced four or five when I likewise saw him, Lieut. Phillpotts as many behind Sheppard. Bruin made a few steps forward looking at us very sternly, then ran into the woods—call the Indians and hunt him for some time: the Indians at last got into canoe and fire at him but without effect—afterwards saw another. Sleep in the woods. Captain King faints away and remains very ill.

“26th. Reach Michilimackinac at 12 o’clock; land out of view of the works, and walk to the town. Lieut.-Colonel Wilson, R. A., the commandant, very politely allows us to go into the old fort. Captain King very ill, and we obliged to stay all night.

“27th. Embark, and reach Drummond’s Island at 5 o’clock in the afternoon. Leave two letters with Lieut. Portlock from Lieut.-Colonel Addison, in relation to work and his leave.

“29th. Embark from Drummond’s Island for Sandwich.

“September 2. Arrive at Sandwich: meet Captain Payne, R. E.”

In this brief journal, my father mentions—in connection with Montreal, —Citadel Hill, and Hen Island, two places not recognizable at this date, 1863. The confluence of the rivers Richelieu and St. Lawrence, struck him as of vast importance, and he speaks of a satisfactory survey being exhibited to him, to the mouth of the Rideau, on the first visit he made to the Upper Province. He entered into every risk, and met every unforeseen privation, with cheerful energy, on all occasions bearing exertion and fatigue better than his younger officers.

Another of the few letters preserved of his, is subjoined; written ten days before setting off on the tour of the Upper Lakes:

QUEBEC, 16th July, 1816.”

“My dear Daughter,

Although no letter is come from you, yet I feel satisfied that you have written to me; if not you will make up for it very soon. I hope your brothers will be pleased with my letters to them. I could hardly write when I first sat down; I began with theirs, fearing the arrival of the post from Upper Canada might, as generally the case, have brought me public papers to answer, when I should not have been able to address these few lines to you.

“I think you will like our house and gardens (three in number) very much; one is almost entirely full of fruit, gooseberries, currants, straw-

berries, and raspberries, and all sorts of flowers, with a nice cool arbor for reading in, &c., either in the morning or evening: in the middle of the day the sun is too hot upon it, indeed to go out any where unless the wind blows a little fresh.

I am sorry to say that the old ruin of the Intendant's Palace is rebuilt in the modern style; part is our carriage house (when we get one), cow house, and straw or hayloft, which takes away part of our prospect of the waters; but we still have a very pretty view of the country, particularly at high water; at low, horses and carts go across the river: the suburb extends very far beyond one quarter, which certainly lays low and the Fortification walls tower over us, and are only separated from us by the road. Please to tell Mr. Vicars that I am very much obliged by his kind and long letter, which I hope he will repeat; perhaps after I visit the Upper Countries I shall have something to say a little interesting to him; until which time he must excuse my answering.

If Colonel DeButts should call on your mama, I beg my best remembrance to him, and wish him every happiness in his command.

You will perceive therefore my dear daughter, I was a little disappointed in not receiving a letter from you amongst the rest. I felt equally assured of your love and affection, which I hope will increase for me with your years, as well as for your dear mama, to whom I need not enjoin you to pay the greatest attention in every respect. Kiss the dear little boys and Popsy for me, and believe me, my dear daughter, your affectionate father,

E. W. DURNFORD.

With the closing navigation, my father sailed for England in the merchant ship, the *Mary*, and rejoined his family the evening before Christmas-day. Again he had the satisfaction of seeing some of his former friends. Among the visits he paid was one to Mrs. Walker, of Redland, Bristol, widow of the uncle at whose house he was, when he first returned as prisoner on parole, from Rochelle. Mrs. Walker's eldest son had lately married a sister of Lady Sherbrooke, wife to the newly appointed Governor-General of the Canadas. This fortnight he enjoyed much the society of his amiable relations, who did all in their power to make time pass in an agreeable and improving way, driving him and my mother to several fine seats in the neighbourhood, the Duke of Beaufort's and Blaze Castle, in particular. He stopt for one night at the beautiful town of Bath, to call on General Francis Moore, to whom, as already mentioned, he was for several years Aid-de-Camp in Newfoundland.

He also visited Captain Godfrey, storekeeper of Purfleet, a friend to whom he was much attached. This was the same gentleman who, while shooting with him over the Tipperary Mountains in Ireland, had dislocated his kneepan, as before told.

While in London, my father twice consulted the famous Dr. Abernethy on the subject of a nervous affection he suffered from. That possessor of supposed first-rate talent in his line, refused to prescribe, saying he required perfect quiet and a long course of treatment to effect recovery. The complaint was attributed to over fatigue of body, and anxiety

of mind, resulting from the multiplicity of his duties; unfortunately he did not resolve on following up the recommended system.

The following spring he returned with his family to Canada. The outward bound passage, made in a deeply laden ordnance store transport, was prolonged to the extraordinary length of thirteen weeks; the crew and passengers, short of provisions, with the pump incessantly at work to keep the vessel afloat, were only too happy and thankful to be permitted by the Ruler of storms and calms, to anchor in health after so many discomforts.

The remembrance of his youthful adventures was forcibly recalled to recollection, by receiving a letter from the same Capt. Walker, who had in so daring a manner made his escape, when confined as prisoner of war on board, "la Bonne Mère," in the harbour of Guadeloupe.

"Barbadoes, 9th June, 1818. My dear Colonel, looking over the calendar of our former unfortunates of Berville, I find that very few remain: yet there is some selfish gratification in saying, that you and I are still upon the shelf, after the horrid treatment we suffered from that execrable tyrant Victor Hugues.

"Although our correspondence has hitherto been silent, my enquiries have not been so: and our friend Sheldrake (second husband of Rebecca, the mother of Colonel Durnford at this period deceased), and myself do not forget you, when we meet; he is just returned from Berbice, where he had been on a visit to his estate. I am told that it is a very valuable one, but the old gentleman denies that, and pleads poverty.

"Your present high situation must place you conspicuously with the Duke of Richmond, who I am told is a *bon vivant*. As to myself, eternally tossed from good to bad, and bad to good—a dreadful enemy at length assailed me—the gout—and seldom will let me alone. I am not now the man who would again head an escape from Pointe-à-Pitre. *A propos*—I have, since I saw you, been twice at the capture of Guadeloupe; and did not fail to visit Berville. Two scoundrels have now the possession of it and St. Jeans; not a single person remaining of their families. Notwithstanding my sufferings from the gout, I strive to keep up my spirits, but cannot get over what I *cannot* but consider as a humiliating misfortune, that of having been taken prisoner in the Java, by the Constitution, when going out to India with Sir Thos. Hislop.

Although a stranger to Mrs. Durnford, may I, notwithstanding, beg that you will present my best respects, and at the same time accept yourself my very best wishes for your health and happiness. Believe me, my dear colonel, your sincere friend, Tho. Walker. Perhaps you may be induced to write me a few lines by return of this vessel; I shall feel happy:"

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My father's residence, on first arriving at Quebec, was in part of an old pile of buildings, called the Intendant's Palace. Afterwards a house was appointed for him near the Plains of Abraham, the same as continues to be occupied by his successors in office.

Quebec as a station formed a strong contrast with St. Johns. It loomed in the estimation of the minor military posts of British North America, the focus of fashion, gaiety and refinement.

My father's strictly professional duties throughout the whole period of his station in the Canadas, were laborious and onerous. Every summer, following up the footprints of the first, he made tours of inspection of greater or less extent, with surveys of the extensively scattered stations, comprised within the large compass of both Upper and Lower Canada, including the isolated posts on the great Lakes. No one possessed a keener sense of enjoyment for the beauties of nature. He was never weary in admiring the magnificence of the St. Lawrence and had navigated the rapids so frequently, as to become familiar with all the shoots and ripples of its interrupted waters, and always accustomed to look around him in a professional point of view: he was constantly considering which were the positions of most importance. The canoe in which he first shot the dangerous rapid of the "Caseades," was placed in no small risk, by the paddle's suddenly breaking; luckily a second was in reserve, and he often spoke of this moment of jeopardy.

To him was appointed the task, highly flattering to his abilities as a military engineer, of planning and erecting the citadel of Quebec, on the height of Cape Diamond. A site cannot easily be imagined better selected for natural strength and beauty of situation. Quebec as a fortified city is acknowledged to rank as of third importance in the world: the panoramic prospect its extensive ramparts command, is strikingly pleasing.

When stationary, his office hours dated from 10 o'clock A. M., to the late dinner hour. At this period, the important task of forming plans for the intended citadel, fully engrossed his attention. The office duties of writing and replying to letters, statements, reports,—above all, the complicated, with difficulty-defined estimates, requiring to be given in with the most minute and exact detail, made large demands upon every day's attention. Other calls, considered as duties of a lighter and more recreating character, likewise claimed much time, in the levees, dinners, balls, and other public entertainments held at the chateau of St. Louis: in these he was often invited to mingle; and being at the head of a department, was always obliged to form one of the governor in chief's staff, on public occasions, and grand parades or reviews. Such things are entered into with joy, energy, and excitement, fraught with pleasurable necessity; and yet by reason of frequent and multiplied repetition, they may become wearisome and distasteful. Naturally sociable and most hospitable, a quieter and more sociable circle would have been better suited to his taste, and domestic temper. Though so continually at the desk, and writing for many hours in the day, whatever work was in construction, he would visit before breakfast, at 6 o'clock. He mostly kept a pony to relieve him in these services, and wore a small light dirk or dagger, in place of the heavy sword of regimental costume.

Another claim upon his time and observance, were the meetings of respective officers, and that these were obnoxious and vexatious, is understood by the name generally at that period, and long afterwards applied to the source they emanated from, and heard generally in the lips of gentlemen of the two Scientific Corps, civilly styling it, "The confounded Board of Ordnance." Of that precious and valuable treasure—time, he had absolutely none at his own disposal.

## SECTION VIII.

Sir Charles Bagot's letter.—Journey to New-Orleans.—Grants, &c., found at Washington.—Return to Quebec.—Correspondence.—Mrs. Fontenelle and her letters.—Mr. Roberts.

It is not to be imagined that the vast extent of land the father had lost in West Florida, on its change of masters, was forgotten by his heirs; on the contrary, from the period of the eldest son, Elias Walker's arrival at Quebec, he made inquiries relating to it; and understanding the period was a favorable one for advancing the claims of his family, the obliging assistance of the Duke of Richmond, then Governor of the Canadas, was the occasion of the following letter from the gentleman, who five and twenty years afterwards, occupied the same post his Grace then did.

“Washington, March 10, 1819. My Lord, I had the honour to receive on the 10th of last month your grace's letter of January 29, transmitting to me a letter from Lt.-Col. Durnford, desiring to ascertain whether there is any prospect of his recovering certain lands which belonged to his father in the vicinity of New-Orleans. At the time when I received your grace's letter, a bill was pending in the Congress, entitled, ‘An Act for adjusting claims to land in the district east of the island of New-Orleans,’ which I thought might be found to affect in some manner the lands to which Col. Durnford refers. I therefore delayed to answer your grace's letter till the fate of this bill was decided. It passed within the few last days of the session, and I have the honour to enclose a copy of it for Col. Durnford's information and guidance. At the latter end of the year 1816, I received instructions from his Majesty's government to endeavour to make some arrangement with the government of the United States upon the subject of the claims of British subjects to lands in Florida and the Mississippi territory. Soon after the receipt of these instructions, a bill was brought into Congress for erecting the western part of the Mississippi territory into a state. During the progress of this bill, I endeavoured to induce the American government to take that opportunity of coming to some compromise with the British claimants; but the committee of the House of Representatives, which was appointed to prepare the bill, declined to take any measures upon the subject. The bill however contained nothing which at all affected the validity of their claims: and I then suggested to the claimants, what I am persuaded is the only course now to be taken, viz., that some one claimant should carry his cause before the tribunals of the state, where, from the local interest opposed to him, he probably will not obtain a decision in his favour; but from whence, since the admission of the territory into a state, he can carry an appeal to the supreme Federal court at Washington with every prospect of an equitable decision. I have since heard that the claimants in England are far from satisfied at this proposal of sending them to the courts for redress; but I am fully persuaded that it is the only course which they can take with any reasonable prospect of success; for unques-

tionably the general government will not interfere, even if it should appear (which is very doubtful) that they have the power to do so, in cases of lands already occupied, until the parties have sought redress in the Supreme Court of law to which they have now, for the first time, the power to appeal.

“ I have the honour to be, &c.,

“ CHARLES BAGOT.

“ General his Grace, the Duke of Richmond, &c., &c.”

The journey now to be mentioned forms an unexpected and singular episode; and was suggested to my father in consequence of becoming acquainted with Sir Charles Saxton, Baronet, who was at that time making a tour in Canada and the United States, and during his stay at Quebec, a guest of the then governor-in-chief, the Duke of Richmond. My father first travelled in Sir Charles' company in Canada. They were driving by night in the same coach along the portage from Lachine to Montreal, when my father's portmanteau was cut from behind the coach; and the next morning, after the loss had been discovered, Sir Charles good-naturedly supplied from his private stock his fellow traveller's immediate requirements. On finally departing from Quebec, with the intention of proceeding to Washington, he took advantage of the friendly offers of Sir Charles, to ascertain whether any documents relating to his father, the late Colonel Durnford's estates and grants in West Florida, were lodged in that city. In due time, Sir Charles Saxton wrote:

“ Baltimore, Dec. 11, 1819. My dear sir, I lose no time in forwarding to you the enclosed certificate of grants made by the British government, in which it was probable you might be interested: to which it seems necessary only to add, that the documents from which it has been extracted are at Washington: where in that city and under whose superintendence the enclosure furnishes of itself sufficient information. I have found as yet no opportunity of forwarding your letters to New-Orleans, nor shall I till I have decided that I shall not have the opportunity of delivering them in person. I have taken a copy of the substance of Mr. Gardiner's certificate, that I may use it, should any proper opportunity of introducing it occur: be assured however that I will not press it into notice in any way that can be mischievous or give offence.”

GRANTS FROM THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT OF PENSACOLA TO  
ELIAS DURNFORD, viz :

*Recorded in A 1, Vol. 9.*

1770, July 3,	acres 500,	on the river Perdido,—	not recorded.	
1772, Jan. 20,	500,	do	Mississippi,—	recorded A1 p. 49
Feb. 4,	1,000,	do	do	do 421
	10,000,	do	Amit	do 341
1772, May 14,	613,	do	do	do 325
	100,	do	do	do 332
	500,	do	do	do 329
July, 28,	2,100,	do	and Mississippi,—	A2 and A1
1776, May, 7,	315,	do	Thompson's creek,—	A3 p. 167

NOTE.—Vols 2 and 3 were never in this office.

General Land Office, 9 December, 1819.

JOHN GARDINER, *Clerk.*

These reports from Washington by Sir Charles, appeared so highly flattering and satisfactory, as to induce my father, after consulting the first legal advice in Canada, to undertake a long, and at that period considered perilous journey to New-Orleans, taking Washington en route, thence to proceed to his destination by the rivers Ohio and Mississippi. The plans for the intended citadel were completed and approved; but until the many feet deep ice and snow that encumbered the ground was removed by genial spring, nothing could be attempted towards its commencement. His youthful son Philip was his companion on this journey of two thousand miles. They reached Washington the beginning of March, 1820, three weeks after leaving Quebec, selecting this most rigorous season of the year, as being the only period when his official and professional duties admitted of long absence.

The subjoined notes, taken while journeying, were found after his death by accident, in a trunk containing with other papers many copies of the grants, &c., in question. The affectionate and benevolent soul of the writer is legible throughout the narrative, written in pencil, and in some places not easily read.

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“ The object of the journey I am about to undertake was to prove titles to act on account of Florida land, which should devolve to my family, having been granted or purchased by my father, and which although the grants were actually in possession of my mother prior to her second marriage, through carelessness were missing from her house.

“ On Christmas day, in the year 1819, I received intimation through the medium of my kind friend, Sir Charles Saxton, that many of these grants were registered at Washington: likewise a list thereof was transmitted to me from the chief clerk of the Land Office, corroborating the intelligence. Under such circumstances, and by the advice of those I considered as competent judges, among whom was the talented Chief Justice Sewell of Quebec, it was determined that I should proceed to New Orleans to register as necessary, according to the act of 3, the year 1819, and act according to circumstances, in the prosecution of the claims, by instituting necessary law suits, &c.

“ The knowledge that my family had of my unsteady temper and unfitness to proceed on such an important errand alone, induced them to consent, or rather recommend, that my young son Philip should accompany me, as being the best means of keeping up my spirits, and rendering services to me as a companion. I could not claim the same description of assistance from indifferent persons, and my dear boy proved a comfort to me.

“ Several incidents delayed my journey, and little events that I hope hereafter to laugh at, but appeared vexatious at the time, occurred during the few days previous to our departure; especially on the night preceding it, when the whole family were kept awake almost the whole night; and about 5 o'clock in the morning, my son and myself were seated as sole passengers in the stage cariole, a description of vehicle peculiar to Lower Canada. The thermometer was between 17 and 18 below  $\frac{0}{17-18}$ ;



we were well clad, as also our driver, whom the cold did not affect, though I fully expected he would have been frost-bitten. Great exercise and employment to his arms was used in driving Tandem, and avoiding the cahots, a kind of deep gully formed by accumulated and scooped out snow, in consequence of the singular construction of the Lower Canada winter carriage. About 8 o'clock we got to Jaques Cartier and breakfasted; the unpleasant motion of the carriage had made my son very sick. We paid three shillings for our breakfast, and had afterwards a beautiful day, with the exception of frequent cahots. We dined at St. Ann's, paying five and sixpence for our dinner, and reached Three Rivers about 6 o'clock in the evening, having drove about 90 miles in 13 hours. The acting governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, arrived at the same place at 9 o'clock, when we went to bed. Sir Peregrine Maitland started before daylight, and got the start of us by about half an hour. The morning was very cold, with that degree of frost that penetrates much. We overtook his party at breakfast, and started this time before it. Hitherto we had suffered but little comparatively speaking from the cahots; but on departing from Tour au Loup, it is difficult to express how disagreeable was the state of the road. It nearly resembled a field with furrows of from three to four or five feet deep, and about the latter in width; but notwithstanding we proceeded at a good rate, with a pair of small Canadian ponies, and an old fellow in a carter's frock for our driver. While eating our dinner at Berthier, Sir Peregrine again overtook us. This meal here cost five and sixpence. The great depth of the snow has prevented us from seeing the country to advantage, but the frequent peeps we obtained of the St. Lawrence, and the variety of hamlets, or rather series of cottages with their gardens and back fields, gave a good idea of how diversified and pleasing the scenery must be in summer. We had not apprehended to have gone through so settled a country. The road, as we approached Montreal, was most shockingly cut up with cahots. Sir Peregrine overtook us once more when we were about eighteen miles from Montreal. Several times, doubts arose as to whether we should be enabled to proceed, as we were twice overturned within a few miles of Montreal, but luckily we sustained no sort of injury.

"At 8 o'clock we arrived at Montreal, and were kindly received by my friend Captain Romilly, who was at the house of his female friend. Sir. P. did not arrive until 10 o'clock. On the 10th, settled a good deal of duty, and propose to start the same day at 10 o'clock: Captain Romilly and Mr. Blennerhasset overtook us—came with the latter.

"As I had been importuned to take places in the stage, and was promised to be called for next morning at 4 o'clock; I accordingly got up, and took hastily a breakfast. No carriage arrived half an hour after the appointed time; and, after waiting a full hour in expectation, I sent Captain Romilly's servant, who returned saying he could find no body up, or the least appearance of a carriage. I then went myself, and having found out the coachhouse, asked to see the owner, but ineffectually, meeting with anger instead of redress. I then enquired for another stage, offering to pay half the fare to Plattsburg, and to be taken up at 8 o'clock.

“ February 12. Instead of a covered stage, an open cariole arrived for me, and as the morning was fine I preferred going on in it, expectations being held out by the driver that we should soon overtake the stage—we soon found out the untruth of this nonsense. We crossed the St. Lawrence near the rapids; the cahots were bad, but on the other side of Laprairie, indescribably so. On one occasion we were detained half an hour by several sleighs and loaded sledges, as these are obliged mutually to help each other along. At last, our driver out of patience dashed on into the snow, and the horses with much difficulty plunging into it,—we continued to go plump through. It now became very pleasant travelling; still the same dead flat across Laprairie. Having breakfasted at 4 o'clock, we got, what we stood much in need of, a snack of eggs and bread and butter. About 20 miles from Laprairie, on passing the boundaries, we found beautiful roads, and were enabled to drive two horses abreast, as is generally done throughout the United States. We arrived at Plattsburgh, a neat town, about 9 o'clock, having previously dined at Champlain, and paid five shillings for our meal, likewise a very pretty neat village, with fine upland country about it. A small river here falls into the Lake Champlain.

“ 13th. A major was the host at the inn or hotel, where we put up at Plattsburgh, and we enjoyed its pleasant situation on the shore of Lake Champlain, commanding an extensive view of those waters, the scene of action between the two fleets in 1814, and of the wrecks of fortifications, which are seen on a ridge of hills, within half gun shot: the blockhouse was within musket shot. This being Sunday, I determined to attend divine service, and the host very politely offered me a sleigh, and also sent with us his son, who conducted us to a seat in a very neat building. The service was very well performed. I sat next two ladies in deep mourning; one of whom I noticed seemed particularly affected by the sermon. The text was, “ Having no Hope.” My conductor informed me, this female was a bad woman, who had lately lost an infant. After church, I went in the sleigh to the camp ground, and near the remains of the redoubt, &c.

“ We started at 4 o'clock to go one stage or rather route, which was said to be about 16 miles, but owing to a great delay at the Post office, there was a derangement in line of stages as stated. We did not reach the end of the route until near 10 o'clock, and travelling through the woods almost all the way, and in the dark. The driver declared he had never been this road before, and that his horses were jaded before we left Plattsburg. Our resting place was a hut in the woods, where we got a comfortable supper and beds, &c. Started on the 14th about two hours before daylight, and all our great coats, &c., &c., were not found to be too much. Our breakfast this day cost 3s. 9d. and dinner 5s. The road led through a mountainous country very much resembling the wild parts of Wales, and scenery remarkably interesting. We reached Chester about 7 o'clock, where were very comfortable beds. Philip and myself however were obliged to sleep together, and we started next morning at 2 o'clock with two additional passengers in our stage, and

much rain and sleet, which made our route very disagreeable. We reached Georgetown on the lake at six o'clock, and thoroughly drenched with the rain. This was the first really disagreeable place we had stopt at, for though so uncomfortably wet, we could hardly get to a fire; there was no sort of comfort obtainable, and we were made to wait an immense time for breakfast. This last proved tolerably good when we partook of it; but I was not at all satisfied with my driver's charge for fare, much less this delay after having been made to start so soon in the morning. Still more was I mortified when we shortly afterwards stopt at the very respectable town of Caldwell, and in a delightfully cultivated country; after having wasted my time in feeding, and tiresome delays at the inn on Lake George, when we were so near to Glensfalls, its romantic scenery being only about half a mile from the town. The country here appeared to me in a much better state of cultivation than any yet past, and resembled many parts of England.

"The town of Saratoga, the termination of this day's route, is near the springs of waters of Saratoga, and noted for its healthy and sweet situation. It is handsomely built, with a very long and elegant bridge, that seemed lately to have been thrown over the river Hudson, here about 200 yards in width. We had now to change our vehicle for a stage on runners. The hotel where we rested was very handsomely fitted up with portraits of most of the leading characters in town. Our road from this became very heavy, owing to the thaw; and it was with difficulty we reached Albany, considerable doubt having arisen as to the propriety of crossing the ice on the river; but however, thank God, we got over in safety, and were glad to rest for the night at Albany.

"After engaging places in the stage for New York next morning, we were ushered into the common eating room, a most splendid apartment, both as to size and elevation; but in point of fitting up and appointments generally speaking, by far the best inn I had seen as yet.

"16th. Although I had taken great care to desire we might be called next morning in good time, I was awakened with a report that the stage was about to start, and without us—the people of the inn having forgotten to call us. We were not long dressing;—and while in this state of hurry, Mr. Steinkoff, a gentleman from Quebec came in; he was on his return home, but without the mail—he said there had been some mistake in sending it to Halifax. When we were seated in the stage, doubts arose as to danger in crossing the ice, for water was here standing a foot deep upon it. The opposite stage led over, we changed carriage, and it was to return here upon wheels. When we were getting into this stage after breakfast, one of the passengers called out that he had left his portmanteau behind, and would not proceed. We drove along a branch of the Hudson, or North river,—the country very picturesque. In passing that particular part, where the banks of the river resemble long walls with low battlements, and where there are two waterfalls, one running contrary to the other, our first horse took fright at the hill or some object near it, and suddenly jumped on the back of the off leader, with his fore legs resting on him: the reins became very much

entangled, and the passenger who sat forward, too much frightened to afford assistance. I moved forward; when the rest of the passengers having alighted, I desired the driver to give the reins to me, and go himself to extricate the horse. This was some trouble, and certainly not without danger to us all, was at length effected. Our breakfast to-day cost five shillings, and our dinner the same.

“ Since leaving Plattsburg, our road has laid through mountains, and been very pleasing to me. About 6 o’clock in the evening we reached Fishkill, a neat town of considerable magnitude: and soon after our arrival, the gentleman who had left his portmanteau behind, also made his appearance.

“ We started early on the morning of the 17th, and were much delighted with the country; we passed a great many handsome seats, and enjoyed frequent views of the Hudson: on the whole the country is prettier, and much better cultivated than we had conceived of it. We reached New York about 3 o’clock, and found some difficulty in procuring a private coach to take us to Mr. Day’s. I found him from home—but was most kindly received by his sister, Mrs. Ferguson, and afterwards by himself.

“ 17th. I made it my first business at New York to call on Mr. Colden, the mayor, to whom I had letters of particular introduction. As he was not at home, I left my card, and called at the Post office. We stayed here eight days, meanwhile endeavouring to gain all possible information.

“ In some respects I succeeded, and in consequence forwarded a number of letters to England. All the letters entrusted to me have been delivered, and I received many attentions. I got a peep at a map in Mr. Broadman’s possession, containing the names of most of the British claimants, and corresponding exactly with that sent me from England. Mr. Day and myself dined with the mayor on Washington’s birthday, there were several French naval officers present; the dinner was very handsomely served up, very much in the English style. I have met Major Leigh Hunt, to whom a power of attorney had formerly been sent, but this only miscarried. Respecting the prosecution of our claims, he gives no hopes of success, whilst other persons on the contrary, offer some. On considering the whole, I determined to proceed. Mr. Colden informs me, that the grants are not yet arrived at New York, as they are in train of copying at Washington. I resolve to proceed to the Federal city, and send letters directing the grants to be detained, and not sent forward, until again advised.

“ We left New York on the 23rd Feb. in the stage for Philadelphia, which place was reached the same night, after very hard driving.

“ I called on Messrs. Paterson & Griffith, who received me in a manner the most friendly; and as our steambòat went off the morning after my arrival, I am recommended to stay for a second boat, that is now mending. I am delighted with this city, which for variety and neatness, far surpasses any I have seen. Among its numerous public buildings, the new bank, built of white marble, is very beautiful.

“ On February 28, we left Philadelphia in a steamboat for Baltimore, and at a few miles from the fort, we landed and took in more passengers. The Portage was reached about 10 o'clock, when eight or ten stages were ready to convey the passengers, some of whom, young collegians, were rather too merry. At Frenchtown, we re-embarked in a very fine steamboat, while a fresh gust of wind, out of the Susquehanna river, caused so much motion that most of the passengers on deck landed at Baltimore about two o'clock in the morning. Not being able to sleep a wink, I walked the deck most of the night, and was therefore glad to get a bed at the Inn. Introduced to Mr. Judge, whose brother was about to marry the President's daughter. His two sisters and another young lady in their company were going as brides-maids.

“ Commodore Chainsery and his brother, a very gentlemanly man, making with us a party of four, took a very pleasant drive. The road, which is not remarkable for fine scenery, is a good deal resembling some of the English post roads, but owing to the late thaws was a good deal cut up. Before leaving Baltimore we visited most of the public buildings, and mounted to the top of the Washington monument. On the whole, the town is very well worth seeing, as it lays on a commanding site, interspersed with many hills. I was much pleased on arriving at Washington: but as Congress was sitting, and the place full of members, debating at that moment the great Missouri question, we could scarcely get a dark garret to sleep in.

“ I first proceeded to find out Mr. Antrobus, the British chargé d'affaires, who offered his assistance, should it be necessary. We found the copies of the grants were forwarded to New York, and had just been returned. Having safely received them, I offered to pay the gentlemen who were employed in copying a work performed out of the regular time; but the gentleman I wished to remunerate refused, as he said 'no bribery was allowed.' I explained as not intending such compensation as a bribe, having made the offer from their appearing only the grants enclosed or sold to Mr. Samuel Flowers, of a part of 500 acres granted near Baton Rouge. Of this I requested an explanation of the Chief Clerk. Saw Colonel Forbes' brother, who attended me the next day to the Land Office to search the articles at that time of the treaty at the Peace of 1783. I again requested to have a sight of the Records, and found other claims of uncle Samuel Fontenelle and my father relative to Pensacola, which I hope may lead to elucidate Mr. Thomas Durnford's conduct. Calling on Mr. Rufus King, I was very politely received by him, and he promised to meet me at Commissioner Moody's office the next morning. We went accordingly, and Mr. King overruled the Commissioner's doubts as to giving me farther access to the Records. Mr. King stated that as they were delivered to him by the United Ministry, they were of course available to every British subject. I have in consequence authority to search again, but a different clerk is employed, and strict hints given me, that bribes are not allowed. I gained access to an original plan of the town of Pensacola, drawn by my father, wherein every building lot is described and regularly numbered; but could not get any document copied.

“ February 26. This day I called on Mr. Antrobus and prevailed on him to go with me to Mr. Megs. He again says what I request, cannot be allowed to be copied by us or any person out of the office; but he will deliver them to Mr. Antrobus as soon as copied, probably in a week or ten days. In consequence of this information, I determined to start as soon as possible for Wheeling. I have received a kind letter from Mr. Day.

“ March 5. On Sunday morning at 3 o'clock I left Washington. Philip chose to ride on the outside of the stage. It rained hard, and he was not able to get inside. That night we reached Hagarstown, and slept there; the place is situated in a well cultivated and populous country. Our breakfast generally costs 5s. and dinner the same.

“ 6th. We reached Cumberland, through a pretty good road, and travel through much wood.

“ 7th. This day we proceeded through Union Town to Brownville, by Washington. A considerable fall of snow and severe frost having set in again, we took to sleighs; occasionally proceeding along the green turn-pike road from Baltimore to Wheeling. This road is now making on a magnificent scale; we have great difficulty in proceeding, being obliged occasionally to have two additional horses;—these being driven by the same man, and in the dark, as night came on, rendered our journey very dangerous.

“ March 8. Stopt at Brownville this night, and a passenger was robbed in the same room Philip slept in. The pockets of this gentleman, as well as those of others appear to have been ransacked. A person came into the room where I slept, but did not catch me napping. I spoke to him, and observed him scribbling notes on small papers by candlelight, at the other end of the room. Here we missed Philip's great coat, but it was found in the morning. Suspicions are strong that persons seen by us on horseback are concerned in the robbery.

“ 9th. More snow having fallen, the land is in a very bad state, and wheel carriages cannot get on well—we again add horses, and an inexperienced driver is given us, who neglecting to lock the wheel in going down a steep hill upsets the carriage, and we were in great danger, the whole six horses running away with the front wheels. This prevented us from volunteering to proceed a second time. Philip, who appeared to be the only person hurt, commenced walking to Washington (Pennsylvania.) A sleigh was hired, and the doctor examined him. He decided that no injury was done, and we proceeded on in an open sleigh, the road and appearance of the country being very good, but the weather again very cold, and arrived at Wheeling at 10 o'clock at night. We judged the drive we had taken to have been very picturesque. It led evidently along the side of a small river, and the land on the other side looked to be high. We heard at Wheeling that a steamboat would be down the next day.

“ March 10. Thursday. I made every enquiry as to whether flat boats are descending the river, but find ice prevents them as well as steamboats. After staying two days, with no sign of being able to depart, I employed

myself in writing letters to Washington, New York, and Quebec, and also took advantage of hearing divine service on Friday evening in the court yard, with a most excellent discourse.

“On the evening of Saturday the 11th we determined to proceed for Cincinnati, thence to Mobile by the mail sleigh; but the ice is so much accumulated, that it is thought we shall find it impracticable. The driver had great difficulty in getting over the river: we abandoned the prospect ourselves of proceeding, and about 11 o'clock returned and embarked. We ran great risk in getting over, the current being strong and the ice very thick: but we got on our stage en route that evening.”

Again it is impossible to avoid regretting the narrative breaks off so abruptly—no continuation having been found. It was a journey of mingled expectation and apprehension.

At New York, my father's friends and legal advisers first put a damp upon his hopes of success, and under this impression he wrote from New York, February 22, 1820.

“I am sorry to acquaint you the day appears entirely to have gone by for the recovery of our property. I have met Major Leigh Hunt, who has stated to me, before Mr. Colden the mayor, that he has seen all the documents registered at Washington, and that they are totally incomplete, because the boundaries are not defined, nor the plots of survey attached; and *indeed* were they quite *complete*, as the land lays below the 31° of north latitude, would they be of any use, as the Spaniards to whom it was ceded by the British, (and only lately has become American territory, by their decrees or law,) considered them forfeited, and have made new grants: however, I shall proceed to investigate them both at Washington and New Orleans, personally. It appears to be the opinion of Major Leigh Hunt, and another gentleman, who both know Mr. Thomas Durnford and corroborate Mr. Joseph Durnford's statement, that it is worth my while to visit New Orleans. Mr. Colden has paid me very kind attention. Mr. Day and myself are to dine with him to-day, and I hope to start for Philadelphia on Thursday. Sir Charles Saxton was on the Ohio, January 27, having been detained a fortnight, the waters not being high enough, &c.; he will visit New Orleans, and return to New York, to embark in the April packet: so I fear I shall not see him. I hope the grants will be copied by the time I arrive at Washington, though I have some doubts upon the subject; I am very much pleased with the country we have passed through, and this city, which is a little London,—public buildings, &c., very handsome. I have seen Mr. Colden this morning: he does not consider our case a hopeless one.”

His son's account of it here follows:

“Leaving New York, the travellers proceeded for Philadelphia, where they also remained a few days, for the purpose of admiring its magnificence, regularity of plan, and general neatness. Among the public buildings of this fine city, they were most pleased with the handsome aspect of the banks, built entirely of marble. They visited the museum, to view the huge mammoth bones, and were then shewn round the third

lion of Philadelphia, viz., the hospitals, by Mr. Griffin, with whom they dined several times. From Philadelphia they went down the Delaware by steam to Newcastle, thence in a stage across a neck of land, the distance of fourteen miles to Frenchtown; from Frenchtown by steam again to Baltimore, through part of Chesapeake Bay. The passage was boisterous, and the steamboat much crowded; most of the passengers were ill, and my father with some others, were obliged to go without a bed. Reaching Baltimore at night, they were informed a stage would start next morning for Washington, of which conveyance they availed themselves; having first walked round the town, looked at and ascended the monument then erecting to Washington, 160 feet high, and admired the beautiful view its height commanded of Baltimore and the surrounding country. In the last two days the weather had changed again to cold, with high wind, and the dust proved annoying." The following letter will best explain how the business stood when they reached Washington.

"Washington, March 18, 1820.

"Sir,—I have the honour to enclose to you, the papers I received yesterday evening from the Land Office relative to the grants of land referred to in your letters of the 4th and 10th of this month.

"The papers herewith transmitted are:—1st. A grant to Elias Durnford, Esq., of Pensacola, of a town lot (No. 14) and garden lot attached to it, dated Pensacola, October 4th, 1765, and signed Geo. Johnstone. 2nd. A grant to Samuel Fontenelle, surgeon of the Royal Artillery, of a town lot (No. 67) and garden lot attached to it, dated and signed as above; and 3rd. Fiat for a tract of land containing fifty acres on the river Anite about three miles west of lake Manrepas, at the deserted village of Pasceagoulas, in favour of Elias Durnford, Esq., dated August 1, 1772, and signed Peter Chester.

"Though I am assured to the contrary, I yet fear I am not possessed of all the documents you expected, nor have I been able to forward these in duplicate, but I will with pleasure endeavour to procure for you any papers which you may find wanting. I regret it has not been in my power to procure a certificate from Mr. Jones such as you wished. Not being acquainted with that gentleman, I transmitted an extract of your letter of the 10th May to Mr. Forbes, and requested him to endeavour to procure the certificate for me. You will perceive by the answer sent me by Mr. Forbes, copy of which I have the honour to enclose, that Mr. Jones's memory does not serve him sufficiently to enable him to point out the exact spot of ground on which the house of the late Lieut.-Governor Durnford was situated. I beg you will not hesitate to inform me if I can be of any further service to you.

"I am, Sir, &c.,

G. CRAWFORD ANTROBUS.

"Lieut.-Col. Elias W. Durnford."

This letter bears reference to the site of his father's residence at Pensacola, which to his inexpressible regret could not be ascertained. Having arrived at Washington, on examining the public deposits, nu-



merous papers bearing reference to Lieut.-Col. Durnford's grants and estates in West Florida, were indeed found to be lodged there, but unfortunately they proved to be only copies of the original deeds; the true documents having been elsewhere deposited: it is most likely these were destroyed, not being afterwards discovered. Some members of the family declare, the properly signed and surveyed grants were brought over to England by Col. Durnford, and packed in a trunk, had been deposited in an upper room while he was stationed at Plymouth; but after his premature death, children and ignorant persons obtained access to this chamber, where they wantonly amused themselves in their disfigurement and destruction. The discovery of the incompleteness of these records, though it caused severe disappointment to my father, did not induce an alteration in his first intention of proceeding to New Orleans.

Only those endowed with the kindest graces of affection, and tenderest of filial recollections, connected as these were in this amiable son's memory with that awful moment, that had forbid to him the bereaved child, the sad consolation of shedding a tear over the loss that nature never repairs,—can imagine the sensations called up by all these traces of his departed parent. Feelings of pleasure outweighed even his melancholy reminiscences; and when at Charleston he discovered the plan of the town of Pensacola, which Judge Bay had preserved and valued so highly, and that seemed to furnish the required information respecting where his father's mansion had stood, almost the greatest concern he acknowledged to, was, the not being permitted to carry with him that memento. Judge Bay would not resign it, but, as his graphically written letter on the subject says, presented it as a gift of much value, to be by W. S. Crawford, Secretary of the government of the United States, delivered over to safe keeping at Washington. This letter is well deserving of regard and preservation.

*To the Honourable William H. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, Washington.*

“Charlestown, May 28, 1819.

“SIR,—In consequence of a paragraph in a letter I received the beginning of the present month, from Mr. Edward Jones of your department, signifying your wish to have the plan of the town of Pensacola in West Florida, I now do myself the pleasure of enclosing the original, as laid off by Lieut.-Governor Durnford, who was a distinguished officer in the Engineer Department, and who came out with governor Johnstone when he first took possession of the Province, after the peace of 1763. This gentleman was appointed Lieut.-Governor of the Province, and Surveyor-General. He was a scientific man, and a good draughtsman, and this plan may confidently be relied upon, by the American government as an accurate and correct one. It usually hung up in the council chamber, where the governor and his council met for the purpose of granting lands, and other public business, and all the grants which ever passed under the seal of the province, referred to the numbers on this plan. To every town lot there was a garden lot annexed, as an appendage; as

you may observe by an accurate examination of the plan itself. The town lots are numbered with black ink, and the corresponding garden lots with red ink. The reservations for public uses, are delineated on the plan, and they were handsome and useful, but I fear have been sadly altered and deranged by the ruthless Spaniards.

“ At the time the Spanish armament came against Pensacola in 1781, I was Deputy-Secretary of the Province and had the care of the public records, which had been packed up in boxes on the first approach of the Spanish fleet on the coast, in order to be deposited in one of the bomb proofs in Fort George. This plan was, however, in the hurry and confusion of packing up the records, overlooked, and was left hanging up in the council chamber as usual, till the afternoon of the day the Spanish fleet came over the bar into the harbour; when, going into the council chamber, which commanded a fine view of the entrance into the harbour, the plan accidentally caught my eye, upon which I immediately took it down, and carefully put it by into a box of my own papers, where I have preserved it ever since. I have now great pleasure in consigning it to your hands, as one of the public functionaries of the government, for the benefit and use not only of the government itself, but for the citizens of that part of the Union—and all I ask in return is, that I may be furnished with a copy of it, as I had a valuable house and several lots of land in the town, which I never disposed of. Perhaps, sir, if you had a neat engraver near you, it would be an easier way of having copies struck off than by copying with a pen, which will be very tedious.

“ It might justly be considered as presumption in me to touch upon Pensacola in a political or commercial point of view, as you are, or must be, fully acquainted with its vast importance to that quarter of our Union; but as I resided seven years in that town before its fall to Spain, I think I may be pardoned for saying a few words upon the salubrity of its situation and climate.

“ The town itself is situated upon a handsome plain upon the northern shore of the harbour, which is large and spacious: capable of containing all the navies of Europe, if they were to anchor in its basin. It is open to the sea, except a narrow island called Santa Rosa, which protects the harbour from the ocean, and is delightfully fanned by the sea breezes during the summer months: at each extremity of the town there is a fine running stream of fresh water, a never-failing supply both for the town and shipping: and in rear of the plain on which the town is situated, there are beautifully rising grounds, hill and dale, for several miles into the country, where you occasionally fall in with charming streams of fresh running water, equal to any on earth: where ten thousand beautiful seats for gentlemen might be established. There are no low grounds in the neighbourhood to make it unhealthy; the whole surrounding country is high and dry; and if I were called upon to fix a spot on the continent of America, which I thought the healthiest—I should, without hesitation, put my finger upon Pensacola as the favourite spot. I have thus touched upon the climate and situation, because I am well convinced that thousands from all the south-western parts of the

American world will resort to Pensacola and its vicinity, as a retreat from fevers and agues, and the other disorders incident to the low unhealthy portions of the country to the westward of it; and because the salubrity of the climate has hitherto been little known by the great bulk of the citizens of the Union. "I have the honour to be, Sir, with great consideration and esteem, your most obedient and humble servant,

" (Signed,)            E. H. BAY.

"The Hon. W. H. Crawford,

*Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, Washington.*"

This letter was written from Charleston, May 28, 1819.

This plan, denied to Colonel Durnford, was subsequently burned when Washington Senate House was destroyed by fire.

Few hearts are so cold as to refuse to enter into, and mingle with the feelings of my father, while occupied with this journey; and extraordinary as the assertion may seem, it is no less true, that so deep was the mournful impression he ever retained of the moment he first became sensible to the loss of a father, that though so many years had since flown by, not one of his children knew the startling manner in which it had been announced to him, until the fiat of recall to his own spirit had gone forth;—the secret had remained buried in nervous agony within the most sacred folds of his soul.

It is not exactly remembered in what part of the States he again met Sir Charles Saxton, but that he did so, is certain from the annexed anecdote in his own words:

"Another time I travelled with Sir Charles Saxton, his servant, when we sat down to the long public table, refused to be seated with his master. But American ideas of equality could not comprehend such refined distinctions; they sneered at and ridiculed the man so much that the punctilious point was ceded."

In some part of the journey, supposed to have been in the transit from Washington to the river Ohio, when only in company with his son, proceeding in the common stage of the country, on alighting at the Inn, where as usual a public table d'hôte was in readiness, the American subject, who had driven the vehicle, and with whom the travellers had conversed as they came along, could not be induced to take a seat at the same table with the English gentleman, whose notice and bearing recalled the ideas and prejudices of the old world once familiar to him."

Another of my father's anecdotes:—"I relate what literally occurred to me during my journey up the Ohio, when at the table appointed for the travellers who arrived with the stage, as I and my son Philip were sitting discussing our meal, a smith quitted his forge, with his brawny arms and coarse shirt sleeves, tucked up above the elbows, and composedly occupied a seat by our side."

The annexed note of expenses incurred on this journey, will explain the route he pursued in returning to Canada.

February, 1820. From Quebec to New York,.....	£19	5	9
February and March. New York to Washington,.....	30	6	1
March. Washington to Wheeling,.....	31	8	0
March. Wheeling to Louisville,.....	10	8	0
March and April. Louisville to New Orleans, Mobile, Pensacola, back to Mobile, and New Orleans,.....	101	2	3
May. New Orleans to Natchez, St. Helen's Court, thence and back to New Orleans,.....	42	16	11½
May and June. New Orleans to Havana and Charleston,.....	71	13	0
June. Charleston to Petersburg, North Carolina,.....	29	9	3
June. Petersburg to Washington and New York,.....	25	12	9
June and July. New York to Quebec,.....	20	5	10

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Embarking from Louisville on La Belle Rivière, as the French designate the river Ohio, he undertook the descent of this dangerous stream at the season of spring freshets, caused by the melting of the winter's snow. The passage was hazardous. Imperfect were both maps and charts of the strangely beautiful river, whose navigation is at all times embarrassed by rapids, rocks, sandbars, logs, snags, and in one place an eddy, which forms a whirlpool. New settlements occasionally diversified the wild aspect, and between the small town of Manchester and the river of the little Miami, he noted Ripley, l'Havanna, Neville, and Moscow, all built of brick, and villages not marked down at that time. My father went on shore near the small settlement of "Deer's Creek," and picked up a superb pair of deer's antlers, which were afterwards preserved by being handsomely mounted as handles for a carving knife and fork, to this day used at the table of one of his sons, to whom they were presented.

He bid adieu to the Ohio on the evening of March 27, to enter the Mississippi, the gigantic Nile of North America. Although the general aspect of this vast stream disappoints, it has bluffs and bends to admire, and he noted the pretty settlement on the St. Francis River, with its flocks of paroquets. On the chart, my father held in his hand while descending the river, is written in pencil of legible character, "St. Francisville," close to "Thompson's Creek," and the first land he saw of which his father had once been owner. The settlement is not marked on the chart. An item of travelling expenses is marked "a horse and waggon;" this was necessary to enable him to visit his father's widely scattered grants, and was sold on embarking in the John Fulton, being the first voyage made by this rather noted steamship. The dangers and fatigue experienced in the course of the long inland river route, determined him to return by sea.

At New Orleans, he saw Mr. Thomas Durnford, the Lieut.-Governor's agent, who disclaimed being in possession of any of his property. The greater part of what should have been my father's and his family's, was occupied by squatters, so that even had the original grants been forthcoming, tedious and expensive lawsuits must have been necessary before regaining them. Again at the Havanna, his father's presence rose before him; and continuing his course to Charleston, he was there introduced

to Judge Bay, after perusing whose interesting letter, but one judgment can be formed of the reception given by him to the son of Lieut.-Governor Durnford. In after years, when speaking of the features of the fine countries through which he then travelled, he was accustomed to dwell much upon the beauty of the Ohio; while recollection of the muddy waters of the great Mississippi, always by their mention drew from him a sigh. For New Orleans he entertained an unconquerable antipathy.

In 1819, Mr. Joseph Durnford, a distant relative of the family, had undertaken, partly on speculation, a journey to New Orleans. He reached the city in safety, since my father's letter from New York mentions his advice given there. From this period the unfortunate young man was no more heard of, and surmise whispered he had met with a violent death. With these suspicions then, but recent, uppermost, and during the journey of return to Canada, at whatever stage or town he rested, always being disturbed at table by the company of a man, who placed himself before his view, as if with the especial object of watching for and detecting his movements, my father was sometimes sensible to considerable uneasiness and alarm.

In July of the same year, Mr. Charles Roberts, who had been secretary to Lord George Germain, at the period when the Floridas were in the possession of England, addressed a letter on the subject of these claims to Major Philip Durnford, who equally with Col. Elias Walker, their brother George, and three sisters, had been made, by the father's will, coheir to the estate.

“ London, July 17, 1820.

“ DEAR SIR,—I did myself the honour of writing to you from New Orleans early last spring, shortly after my arrival there, in which I enclosed you a list of the lands belonging to your father's estate in West Florida, and also forwarded a duplicate of the same to your brother Elias in Canada: which I hope were duly received. I afterwards had the pleasure of meeting Sir Charles Saxton in Orleans, who seemed much interested in the success of your claims, to whom also I gave every information I could in the business; and as I understood he was on his way to this country, *viâ* the Havanna, you will probably have heard from him on the subject.

“I arrived in Edinburgh about six weeks ago, where I was laid up with a severe fit of the gout, and could only get this length a few days ago. I have brought a commission from the court in Louisiana, to take evidence before the American Council to certain points necessary in the suits pending in the Court there, before I can proceed farther in them—the marriage of Mr. Gould with Ann Organ, to prove the death of said George Gould and the probate of his will, to prove the marriage of the widow with me, &c.; after which I shall return again to Orleans, in order to prosecute farther my suit, but shall return to Edinburgh first, where I shall remain some time, perhaps until September. I am in hopes of finishing here in ten days; and if I can render you any service with respect to

your business it will afford me pleasure; or any information I may have, that you want, apply to me without hesitation, and it will be cheerfully given, either to your family or to any West Floridian.

“ I remain, dear sir, yours most sincerely,

“ CHARLES ROBERTS.

“ No. 23, Cullen St. Finchurch St.

“ London, July 17, 1820.

“ P. S.—Charles Roberts, Edinburgh, will readily find me there after I leave this.”

In writing to his brother, January 5, following, Major Durnford thus expresses himself of this gentleman: “ Mr. Roberts is again in New-Orleans; and should you require anything from him in the way of information, he will be most happy to give it you. He is a wonderful old man, being upwards of 85, and appears to have every thing in his recollection quite perfect for many years back. He tells me he often quarrels with our relation, Tom Durnford.” In this letter, Major Philip offers to procure a cadetship to India for his brother's eldest son, in the Company's service.”

The attention so strongly directed to Lt.-Governor Durnford's claims, in which Col. Durnford was but coheir, was also at the same time turned by him to others, which if successful would more individually have benefited him. His separate claims were in behalf of Samuel Fontenelle, Esq., the husband of the same aunt, to whose care when an infant he had been confided. The vast grants made likewise to Mr. Fontenelle, appear almost incredible, were they not attested by his widow, a lady who bore the deprivation of the noble territory that might have been hers, with a greatness of mind, and uncomplaining dignity, conferring the more honor on her memory, from the fact being known to few even of her confined circle of friends. Anticipating a period of nearly 12 months, it seems scarcely believable to add, that at a time of universal peace, such as was 1821, Mrs. Fontenelle complains her first and second letters remained unacknowledged, and consequently unreceived by the nephew. A letter is subjoined from her, bearing on the subject, together with another to his sister Maria.

“ London, Miss Adair's, Cecil St. Strand, April 10, 1821.

“ MY DEAR ELIAS,

I received your letter through Mrs. Day, which does not mention (nor in any other) receiving one addressed to you and Maria, in the same sheet, containing my first power of attorney, sent off immediately upon your desiring me to send that directed to Mr. John Day, New York. I therein gave you an account of Mr. Fontenelle's having twenty thousand acres of land upon the Mississippi, and 13 or 1,500 upon the Mobile River; which Tom Durnford may know of, as he was in your father's office (but a mere boy) when the governor presented Mr. Fontenelle. Durnford was offered a great deal of money could he have procured it for more than one to purchase; it was so very valuable, and convenient for shipping staves to Jamaica: accordingly our land was partly cleared for planting,

and money in our pockets, instead of the expense we must have been at for that purpose, as Mr. F. intended it. He had his white servant there, and he had prepared three negroes. I have a receipt of, I believe, £20, paid for that land. All the Mississippi lands, Mr. Fontenelle, I think, purchased conjointly with a Mr. Roberts, secretary to Lord George Germain long since dead. All his land he bequeathed to you in his Will (after my decease) which Maria must know, having heard the will read.

“ Those Halifax or Nova Scotia lands, upon the river St. Johns, I wrote you, were taken from Mr. Fontenelle (he not being settled there himself) by the Governor, to provide for the American royalists who flocked there during the war. Those were purchased of General Halderman. He promised to assist Mr. F. in recovering some compensation; when in pursuance of Mr. F’s continued ill luck, the general died, and Mr. Fontenelle was obliged to submit to all the loss. I sent a second power of attorney through Phil—you do not mention that; not having seen any of the documents belonging to us. I fear those lands, nor any other will only make us spend more money to little purpose. I am truly sorry you had such a long, fatiguing, and disheartening expedition; but as you had two purposes to induce you to undertake it, you were perfectly justified, in order to satisfy your own mind, that no exertion on your part was neglected. In respect to myself, I had so little faith in the success of the case, that not one farthing should have passed out of my pockets, to establish my claims, had not your interest been more concerned than my own. I hope the anxiety you have had, and still experience, will not injure the health, and life of one so precious to his family. Elias is quite well, very good, and apparently to me grown very steady. He now and then spends a few hours with me, but does not like my place so well as Bungay, and all that country. He says the young men call him young Bungay. He and I went to St. Martin’s church yesterday, the handsomest in London, and where we heard the most elegant as well as excellent discourse, by one of the best preachers; and I observed Elias remarkably attentive, and he expressed himself much gratified. Indeed I never saw a youth before so desirous of going to church. As I am going to relate all the little chit-chat news to Maria on the other side, I will conclude this, with best regard, and kindest wishes to you, Mrs. Durnford and family: and believe me, I am, my dear Elias,

“ Your most affectionate aunt,

“ ELIZABETH FONTENELLE.

“ P. S.—I very much wish to see all your family, I hear so good an account of them; good and handsome as they may be, I think they can scarce exceed Elias.”

“ MY DEAR MARIA,

“ The letter I wrote you from Bungay, last spring, where I passed the winter, gave you an account of my proceedings up to that time, since which I have been travelling many long miles, and although relating where, and in what manner I have been entertained, cannot be very interesting to you, at such distance; yet I know you will expect the detail,

and that it will give you pleasure to learn that my first trip was to pay a visit to Caroline, where I found them (Mr. and Mrs. Davis) settled in a small but comfortable house, neatly furnished; and Caroline looking stouter, and better than I thought could ever be possible, from her appearance, when I saw her at St. Johns (near Bungay). Spent four or five weeks very pleasantly with them, when finding the situation too warm for my health, (Henley-on-Thames), I determined upon going to Ramsgate; accordingly I set off for town to meet Elias, on his way to Lowestoff, to visit Mrs. Pickover, thinking he might like to take a week's trip with me; but I found to be even one week from the dear part of the world, he has passed so many happy days, and is so fond of, would cause great sorrow and disappointment—time always flying too fast in that excursion. Therefore as giving *him* pain, would be still more so to myself, I left him to pursue his road towards dear Bungay, and returned to Henley: but finding the heat still very oppressive, I took Mrs. Davis to escort me there (Ramsgate,) and pass a few days until I was settled in a genteel boarding-house, when the pleasant society I met in it induced my staying three months.

“ I bathed the latter part of the season, and reaped great benefit, so much so that I was constantly flattered with my improved appearance. This place is very pleasant—has the longest and handsomest pier of any in England, plenty of excellent warm baths, and 20 machines with strong handsome faced women to attend you. The best company visit this place in preference to Margate, although that is the most lively in respect to the flocks of all sorts of company and public amusements. It is only a short ride from Ramsgate, and there are most convenient carriages to, and for every hour of the day. We used to ride in parties of a morning round the country, and to public breakfasts which were full and genteelly attended, every week:—one was sufficient to satisfy me, as I am not fond of public amusements, unless it is to accommodate young people. The marine boarding house, as well as handsome lodging houses, stand delightfully pleasant, upon a high cliff, which commands a view of the sea and pier; and the marine boarding house has a large library, with music, and raffling of an evening. Elias said he had been there one week, with his aunt Kirwan, and found it very dull.

“ In the middle of October I returned to town, to repair and make some new dresses (as I was rather worn out); and as I still continue so uncomfortably deaf (which is a great drawback upon all my pleasure in society), I put myself under an aurist's care, which costs much pains and still more money, particularly as it detained me longer in town than I wished, without finding benefit, as I fear mine is a nervous deafness. Elias visited me twice, but was too much engaged in studying for his examination for me to see him oftener. He passed his vacations at his aunt's (Mrs. Kirwan's,) and I eat my Christmas dinner with Caroline. Phil. also came there for two or three days.

“ I believe you know Mrs. Belcher,—Colonel Sheldrake's niece. She is very much afflicted with a cough, and I think from her sickly appearance, he will soon have to seek another wife: which, between you and I, I believe he will not much regret.



“ The first week in January I proceeded to Bath, where I passed 9 weeks, the happiest in my life. Such a pretty gay place. The Spurgeons, Acotons, Shorts and Azezas from Lowestoff were there. The two latter have resided there three or four years, although they make but a poor appearance in such a genteel part of the world, yet are so well satisfied that no other can be so agreeable. You know Miss Short: she still corresponds with George Pearse, who is tutor to Lord Clive’s son, through the interest of your brother George.

“ I went to a ball with Mrs. Azezas, where there were 400 people, without being incommoded. The rooms are so large and handsome and well fitted up with four tiers of benches on each side, and at the top, for to see them dance. There are two balls and two concerts every week generally, well filled in the season. Captain Fade called upon me, and I often saw him. The family Mrs. Pugh is with were there, and I knew many others. I went to a grand rout and three plays, and these ended my public amusements, as I enjoyed myself much more with our own society at the boarding house playing a rubber: we sometimes had four or five card tables, and the most agreeable select society of ladies and gentlemen you can imagine: four and five livery servants waiting at dinner, at which there were two sorts of soup,—the best of fish—fowls—roast and boiled meats—hashes and haricots—constant removes of game or something as nice—after which sweet puddings—tops and bottoms—fruit—tartlets—jellies and custards alternately—and all the nicest ever tasted: tea and coffee morning and evening—ham and eggs at breakfast. Very large drawing room, and dining parlour, with good sleeping rooms. We paid three guineas a week, and three—six servants: the landlady, a nice genteel person and single woman who presided at the dining and tea tables, to take all trouble off the company. I must not forget to give you an account of your cousin Durnford, from Wales, as I know what pleasure it will give you to learn that she is married to a Colonel Peacock, a man of good fortune, a widower— one child at least I am told,—of course much older than herself. I called upon them, and introduced myself. She, and her second sister, were seated in an elegant drawing room, delightfully situated in Green Park buildings. They seemed delighted to see me. Mrs. Peacock is a sweet, and pretty looking young woman: her sister very agreeable, but not quite so pretty. A lady and gentleman at our house gave me the account of their wedding, as they were lodging in the same house with the colonel. He, seeing them walking by the seashore, upon making enquiry found them to be of a family he once knew, therefore called, and married the eldest daughter in less than three weeks. I was pleased that I called upon them, but not much so, when they returned my call by leaving cards, although they enquired, and the servant told them I was within, as I had waited all the morning in expectation of seeing them. I therefore saw no more of them, except twice in the street, when she always looked glad to meet me. He is a genteel, well looking, middle aged man. Phil. is going to Bath in a few days, (Lieut. Col. Philip Durnford, of the Royal Artillery,) on his way to Mr. Walker’s

at Redland, perhaps he may see them. I know not how long I shall remain here, or where I shall go to next, as it depends upon circumstances.

"I think Mrs. Day will give you all the Suffolk news, therefore will proceed to tell you, that I have been favoured with a visit from Mrs. Kirwan, (Mrs. Durnford's sister.) I liked both her, and her manners, and very much Mr. Kirwan. Elias was staying four days with them, so that I saw him also. I walked in the park with him yesterday after church. His aunt was so good to spare him for the purpose. This is a very good boarding house, and there are 13 ladies and gentlemen at present here, but still I feel alone, not having any friend to go about with me. Phil. is always so much engaged, that I have not yet seen Woolwich. I am always thinking to go and see Rush at Chelsea, but know not when it will be put in execution.

"Here is a Mr. and Mrs. Helsham with their son and daughter on their way to Paris. They offered me to go with them, politely saying, they would take good care of me. I should like much to see France, but I dare not venture myself with strangers. If Phil. calls to-day, I shall give him this letter to enclose to you, fearing he will be soon off for Redland—if he does not come I will write it on another sheet, as I am afraid you will not be able to read this bad scrawl. You will see I want your assistance in the pen-mending way. I am glad to learn that you and all your family enjoy good health, and that the situation is agreeable. I had almost forgotten to tell you, that I staid three weeks at Redland. They all spoke very kindly and with admiration of Mrs. Durnford. As she knows them, and the situation altogether, I need not say more than that Charles has a genteel pretty wife, and three children. He lives within three miles of them. Farewell my dear Maria, and accept the best regards of,

"Your affectionate aunt,

"ELIZABETH FONTENELLE."

In 1822, his eldest son Elias received a commission in the Corps of Royal Engineers, and he was then allowed the privilege of visiting his family, while as yet unemployed. This gratified in no slight degree the pride and affection of the parents of this promising young man, who returned to England the autumn of the following year. The following information is an extract from a letter addressed to Lieut. Elias soon after his return to England, and bears date, Dec., 26, 1823. "Papa has just received a curious note from Sir Francis Barton and Mr. Primrose for the sixth of January, inviting him to partake of a rump and dozen. Are you as much puzzled as I was, to divine the meaning of the phrase? which in plain language means, a dinner given to decide a wager, and that too about as great nonsense as ever entered the imagination of man.' The wager related to a story told by Sir John Sherbrooke, Governor-General of Canada, when papa first went there. It was this. During a voyage made soon after his brother's death, as Sir John was sitting alone in the ship's cabin, and in the evening, his brother's form appeared to enter, and pass to a chamber within. Sir John rose, called, and follow-

ed him. Of course no person was discovered. In these days, when many sober minded persons look inquiringly into the mysteries of table-turning and spirit rapping, the strong impressions left on the mind of one so little likely to be led astray by the weakness of imagination, must not be treated with levity. The wager depended as to by which doors the spirit entered and departed, and most likely was not decided.

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## SECTION IX.

Excursions.—Citadel progressing.—Letters from Mr. Loder and Mr. Graham.—Promotions.—Fossil recreations.

My father's descriptions recall the incidents of some of his journeys. When ascending the St. Lawrence, after passing the lake of St. Francis, the shores of which are flat and distant, he always enjoyed the variegated scenery presented by "the Lake of the Thousand Islands," or rather sixteen hundred, where the green foliage of pretty islets, enlivened by the sun of summer, was contrasted now and then with a squatter's log hut, and again made a yellow corn patch look bright and conspicuous. In turn he marked the low creeping mists, that settle over those positions, where the wild fowl revel in unwholesome fields of rushes; one hour listening in this diversified vicinity to the plaintive cry of the bald eagle, the next, in descending the rapids by bateau, to the songs of Canadian boatmen.

He often spoke of the journey to Craig's Court as being one of much interest. "The lakes, rivers, and mountains of this tract are wildly striking, and the almost impassable roads leading to the outlet of lake Memphremagog, form such a recurrence of stony and rutty passes, of jolting corduroy, with its alternate swamps, as caused me," using his words, "to look out eagerly for Copse's Ferry, where was to be found the settler's log hut, with its rude substantial comforts. Mountains, capped and covered with the finest wood, surround this beautiful lake, and shut out its waters from view, occasionally breaking and affording the most romantic peeps. The road is continued among clusters of hills, low marshes, and almost endless corduroy roads, formed from the trunks of newly felled trees, the bark still on, laid across the green morass.

"The territory, stretching from lake Memphremagog to the St. Lawrence, encloses a tract of forest and water wilderness: but in the neighbourhood of the outlet, the labours of one apostolic man, the late Dr. Stewart, bishop of Quebec, have opened a pathway for Christianity to blossom. The oasis appeared with its bridge, mill, church, school-house, and clean looking settler's hut, to diversify the wild scenery. As I went on, sometimes my progress was impeded because a bridge was carried away during the late heavy rains, and occasionally the road becomes so muddy and rough as to prove nearly impassable, though I still travel through a fine country, much broken with high land. At times, a good road occurs, and now and then fine clearances are seen very distant among the mountains, the features of which are very bold.

“The village of Waterloo is not far from the banks of the Yamasea. This river is only navigable for canoes, and frequent falls interrupt its course; but as the most considerable of these does not exceed 12 or 15 feet in height, they fall probably more within our ideas of that broken surface of water, which forms a furious rapid. Notwithstanding the high uneven roads and continued corduroy to be encountered, this district is considered thickly inhabited for a new settlement. From its finely wooded hills innumerable clear springs and streamlets run, and the first step towards civilization is marked by the culture of Indian corn and the potatoe.”

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No part of the Canadas can compete in natural beauty with Quebec. Descending the St. Lawrence from Montreal, after passing the current of the Richelieu rapids, caused by the navigable portion of the stream's running between two ridges of granite rocks, sometimes at low water appearing 12 feet above the level of the water, the shores of the river improve in interest, and begin to contrast their wooded banks with those of the flat unmarked country round Sorel. They soon rise in height, particularly at Point Platon, succeeded by Cape Santé, and Pointe aux Trembles. Increasing interest is stamped on the aspect of these shores, the nearer they approach Quebec: bold, steep, and covered with evergreen and gloomy foliage; beyond these the pine wooded summits of distant ranges of hills repose blue and tranquil. As soon as the mouth of the river Chaudière is passed, the steep summit of cape Diamond appears, bearing on its rocky front the sweeping lines, and lengthened projections of its citadel. The traveller shoots by the spot where the gallant Wolfe landed his brave little army, and looks up to the height he gained and died on. Large rafts towards autumn, or the fall of the year, are floated down from the upper lakes, to be broken up and their timber deposited on the beaches of the lumber coves of Diamond harbour, Wolfe's Cove, Sillery, &c., which are lined with stores and shops; wharves jut out; and ships and steamers are here built of large size and tonnage.

Cape Diamond rises full south perpendicularly from the river to the height of 320 feet. The labour of raising the vast blocks of granite used in building the walls of the citadel, was expedited by my father's causing an inclined plane, of 360 feet, at an angle of 45 degrees, to be made,\* which, worked by a windlass of 4 horses, assisted the conveyance of all kinds of stores and materials employed while the fortress was constructing, lifting them with facility from the wharf when landed, to the summit.†

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\* “Angle of depression 44° 25 with a slope of  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a foot to a foot.”—Mr. Alexander Sewell's remark.

† This important work, to the commencement and carrying on of which the years my father spent in Canada were principally devoted, is styled by Warburton in his *Hochelaga*, “the Gibraltar of the West.” The following description of the citadel is taken from Hawkins' *Picture of Quebec*:

“On the extreme left, on the highest point of the promontory is Cape Diamond, rising 350 feet above the level of the river, and terminating towards the

The numerous parties of Americans—summer visitors to the Canadas—never failed to flock to the salient angle, named by the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, “Durnford Point,” to gaze down upon the spot where Montgomery was killed, and from whence in the contrary direction the field is likewise discernible where Wolfe and Montcalm fell. Strangers acknowledge no walk more enjoyable than one round the citadel. Nothing can exceed in beauty the situation of this fortress, with its circumvallating line of rampart, long extent of easement, adapted to the concentration of a large body of soldiers; its wide ditches, ample magazines, subterraneous passages, noble entrance, and conveniently placed signal tower. The barracks adapted for the occupation of officers, and built bomb proof, spread along the brow of the perpendicular height, overhanging the river as mentioned already. The view from the top of the block-house takes in a wide extent of country,—the Plains of Abraham, with two martello towers, the St. Lawrence with its long vista of darkly wooded receding shores, and the mouths of the rivers Chaudière and Etchemin, reflecting on its blue waters the features and shadows of numerous fine coves and projections, together with scattered shipping. Point Lévi, on the opposite side of the river, with the pretty island of Orléans; the village of Beauport, the Falls of Montmorency, with the fine range of hills, that seem to terminate at cape Tourment, are severally

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east in a round tower, whence is displayed the national standard of England. Immediately in the rear is the cavalier and telegraph, and adjoining may be seen the saluting battery.

“The fortress on Cape Diamond or citadel of Quebec, is a formidable combination of powerful works; and while it is admitted that there is no similar military work on this continent, it has been considered second to few of the most celebrated fortresses of Europe. It has frequently been called the Gibraltar of America; and it is, indeed worthy of the great nation whose fame and enduring renown are reflected in this chef-d’œuvre of nature and of art.

“Cape Diamond is composed of drab coloured slate, in which are found perfectly limpid quartz crystals, in veins, along with crystallized carbonate of lime.

“The approach to the citadel, which is nearly 200 feet higher than the ground on which the upper town is situated, is by a winding road made through the acclivity of the glacis from St. Louis Gate.

“About midway, between the officer’s barracks and the observatory, is a building containing machinery worked by steam, in which large trucks, holding masses of stone, cannon, stores, and all heavy weights, are easily drawn up by means of a railway on an inclined plane, from the wharf at the water’s edge to the summit of cape Diamond. There is also an artificial descent of near 600 steps which conducts the workmen safely in a few minutes from the garrison to the lower town. The inclined plane is about 500 feet long, and is reserved for the use of government only.”

From Bourne’s Picture of Quebec, published in 1829 :

“This stupendous (the citadel) fortress circumscribes the whole area on the highest part of cape Diamond, and is intended not only to accommodate the garrison as a residence, parade, &c., but also to include all the material of war. It perfectly commands the city and river St. Lawrence; and when completed will be not only the most powerful specimen of military architecture on the western continent, but also a rival of many of the renowned works in the Netherlands.”

contemplated to advantage. These last named repose around the beautiful sweep of the basin of Quebec. In the background are a lengthened range of hills; their undulating forms growing softer and more faint, till their vista also seems to end at cape Tournent. The picturesque guide to Quebec and its environs thus speaks of this prospect: "The eye rests with a peculiar feeling on the small group of hills which form the portal to the wilderness, untrod by any human being except the Indian hunter, as far as Hudson's Bay; indeed it is worthy of remark, that the lower range of mountains seen from Quebec, is the boundary, as yet, to all civilization."

My father's mind was ever alive to that keen sense of honorable responsibility, at once the pride and characteristic of the British officer, and he was always most anxious to render an advantageous account of the public money confided to him; sparing no labour, mental or bodily, to do so. The computation of his estimates was a task of labour and anxiety with him. Once, while absent on a tour of inspection, as he sat at table with some of his officers, advice was received from Isle-aux-Noix, that a large bastion, newly erected, had fallen down. His concern was so great as to appear incomprehensible to several of the company, who could not connect public loss with keen feeling of regret. He would be seen in the summer season, on Cape Diamond at 5 and 6 o'clock, A. M., inspecting the progress of the workmen. Habits of long fasting probably injured a naturally strong constitution; since he accustomed himself to take no refreshment between the 8 o'clock breakfast and the 6 o'clock dinner. This rule was seldom infringed, exhausted though he often returned from office, parade, or staff employment; nor did he ever hold back from undertaking a share in garrison duty, however onerous those of his profession were. He was extremely fond of all field sports, shooting with correct aim; and passionately fond of the fine game of cricket, in which he excelled as a bowler, with other athletic exercises.

Winter, which in this climate, brings gaiety and relaxation to many, varied and relaxed the nature of his duties, during the long cold months when labour in the open air was impracticable. While the hard frosts continued, the graywacke stone to be used in the formation of the fortress was daily conveyed, on sledges from Cape Rouge, Sillery, the Kilgraston and other quarries, across the Plains of Abraham. A capital quarry being situated in the neighbourhood of Montmorency, Capt. Baddeley, R. E. was commissioned by my father to repair to the house of the respectable "Canadian habitant," on whose estate it lay. Capt. B. enquired on what terms the owner would consent to stones being cut from the quarry for a stipulated time, it being understood the agreement would be contracted for the most liberal equivalent. But no offers however advantageous could induce the Canadian to agree to the quarry's being worked; he said, "it was his paternal inheritance, and he was resolved it should go uninjured to his son." The gentlemen, surprised and disappointed though they were, could not refrain from commending his motive.

Having, wherever quartered, performed much garrison duty, and duty of that particular description, to which his corps is not usually considered

amenable, on attaining the rank of full colonel, it caused him extreme concern to find the command of the garrison of Quebec was given to an officer junior to himself. He represented in writing to Lord Dalhousie, in forcible language, the slight he considered as received in consequence of being passed over as a full colonel, and to his no small pride and satisfaction, when his Lordship's pleasure became known, was gratified by the subjoined intimation of his just wishes being acceded to.

“ Head Quarters, York, May 21, 1825 : The promotion of Lieut. Col. Durnford, commanding Royal Engineers in Canada, to be Colonel in the Corps of Royal Engineers, having appeared in the ‘ Courier ’ newspaper as an extract from the ‘ London Gazette,’ Colonel Durnford will be pleased to assume the command of the troops in Lower Canada, agreeable to the instructions contained in the acting Deputy Adjutant General's letter, and its enclosures, of March 31 last, addressed to Lieut.-Col. Evans, which as well as all other papers and documents, connected with the command of the troops in that Province, Col. Evans will be pleased to deliver over to Colonel Durnford.”

“ Lieut.-Col. Evans will resume the command of the Montreal district : and Col. Hawkins will continue in the command of that of Quebec; subject to the orders of Col. Durnford, commanding the Province.”

“ Signed, C. LODER.”

“ Dear Sir, I annex a copy of an order received this morning from York, and to be issued here this day. You will perceive that it puts you in command of the Lower Province, with two able district commanders to assist you.  
Yours, WM. KEMBLE.”

The representations which raised him to this elevated position, were carried on in a correspondence with the governor's Military Secretary, Colonel Darling, and when the point in question was decided in his favor, he was ordered to give up all the letters composing it. This injunction he obeyed to the letter, retaining no copies in possession. This is much to be regretted. Mrs. Durnford considered his claims as therein defined, in a manner, at once equitable, dispassionate, manly, and eloquently truthful. Did any punctilious point of delicacy then exist, now that the parties concerned are removed from the shifting scene, it no longer regards them, and the important consequences and benefits conferred on his corps still operate. To his children they would have been interesting and valuable.

Another letter on the subject of his father's claims in West Florida and Mississippi, shows that a correspondence was still continued by him on the subject.

General Land Office, August, 20, 1825.

SIR,—I have the honor of receiving your note of the 19th inst. enclosing a copy of a letter from Col. Durnford, and I enclose herewith certified copies from the reports in this office, of all the claims in the name of Mr. Durnford, that have been acted upon by the Commissioners for selling claims to land in Louisiana.

“ When Mr. Durnford in 1820 furnished this office with a list of his claims to land in the late province of West Florida, he was furnished with certified copies of all the information in this office, in relation to them, and he was informed that the records in this office did not contain any reference to the grant of 1,300 acres at the mouth of Brion Creek, or that of 10,000 acres about 12 miles northerly from Manchar to which he refers in his letter to you.

“ With great respect, your obedient Servant,

“ Henry Urwin” Addington, Esq.,

“ GEORGE GRAHAM.

“ Secretary of Legation, Washington.”

In 1818, a year after his arrival in Canada, the Cathedral Church of Quebec requiring repairs and alterations, with the addition of a wall to enclose the whole space, the business, which hardly fell in with the routine of a military engineer's duty, was devolved on my father, and this assistance he rendered without receiving for it any fee or emolument: while strange to add, a guinea per day, enjoyed by his predecessor, Major Henderson, for this service, to whom it was first entrusted, was discontinued to my father.

Though fond of his professional duty, the occurrence of an eccentricity would sometimes annoy him: on one occasion, fifteen years later, having made some repairs to the house of an officer of rank, the question was demanded of him by the general “ how the hall that was paved or painted in black and white was to be cleaned ?” Vexed at the enquiry, at once puzzling and startling, he requested that reference might be made to the housemaid.

The fortifications of the upper town of Quebec have five gates,—St. Louis, St. Johns, Palace, Hope, and Prescott. Through the first lies the direct road to the Plains of Abraham. Palace gate, needing repair, was taken down and entirely rebuilt by him. In addition to the citadel of Quebec, he constructed Fort Lennox, Isle-aux-Noix, with various works, barracks and storehouses; and the general supervision of the Rideau and Ottawa canals also belonged to him.

A Sunday evening's parade was usual at five o'clock, on the esplanade, in front of the engineer's office, after the conclusion of Divine Service. My father obtained exemption, for such of his men as had families, from attending parade, and took pleasure in seeing them walk up Louis street, in company with their wives and children, to the citadel, after the conclusion of the 3 o'clock afternoon service of the cathedral. It afforded an agreeable novelty to many in observing such indulgence granted to soldiers, while the bugle was sounding, and the banderolles were planted on the ground they passed.

Several surveys of the wild untrodden tracts of country intermediate with the great Lakes of Upper Canada and the Ottawa River, were made a little subsequent to this period. My brother, a lieutenant in the 68th Light-Infantry Regiment, was selected for employment on one. His experience in travelling and exploring could not have been inconsiderable;



the journey he had made with his father, a few years previously to New Orleans and Pensacola must have inured him to the pleasant hardships and fatigues of forest and lake travelling.

Here follow a few extracts from letters written in the year 1828, July, 28. "We have had a week of dismal weather. It is said, that these easterly winds have not extended below the Saguenay, but we have had scarcely any thing else since you went. I am sure we have not had three days without rain, and now the weather is rather fine, yet there is a storm regularly once or twice a day. Mama was very unwell for several days after your departure, and talked of going down to Malbay, but the continued rains have prevented us as yet, and I begin to be afraid we shall not go at all. Lord and Lady Dalhousie have been absent some time on their trip to the Saguenay. They were obliged to anchor ten days at the Brandy Pots. Sir James Kempt is certainly to succeed. A grand ball is to be given to them soon, but the managers are in great perplexity to find a room. There appears to be no other alternative than to borrow the old chateau, which people think would not be pleasant to his lordship. We saw in the Albion to-day, P——'s promotion without purchase. Mr——.has got his vacancy in the 68th. P—— has been lately at Brantford on the Grand River with General Darling, to witness the distribution of the Indian presents. It is there Mr. and Mrs. Luggar reside. P—— says they are very nice people, and extremely kind to him. Mrs. L. gave him a pair of mocassins for mama, and a letter as a slight acknowledgement, she says, of her gratitude for mama's kindness to her niece, Mrs. West. Captain Phillpotts arrived last week; he brought the books for Charlotte from my aunt Kirwan. We have just parted with a party of Americans, the Mayor of Philadelphia, his lady, and another lady and gent, all very pleasant people. We walked round the citadel with them the evening before last. The flagstaff has just been erected at Durford Point,—that round corner, near the telegraph blockhouse, the most magnificent situation that could have been chosen for a flag staff."

Each country, province, or town, preserves distinctive features of recreation, particularly adapted to the habits, tastes, and progress in civilization attained to: in Quebec the winter's sleigh, and interminable ball, prevail: in summer, trips and excursions to the several localities of interest, not wanting in this magnificent country. From 1820 to 1830, the same places of favourite resort were visited as now, and the governor-general, attended by his staff, and a fashionable sprinkling of ladies, explored the ups and downs of the grand St. Lawrence, from Niagara and the Ottawa, to the Saguenay. The floating castles that now waft so many gay parties in search of recreation and health, to these and intermediate watering places, were not in existence; and, while envious winds and rains excluded the enjoyment of July's sun, we read how Lord and Lady Dalhousie were in their progress to the river Saguenay, detained and forced to anchor for ten days at the Brandy Pots.

In March of this year, 1828, the cone, formed every winter at the foot of the falls of the river Montmorency, rose to the height of 120 feet,

or forty in excess of its usual accumulation ; and an accomplished amateur artist, Colonel Cockburn, of the artillery, then commanding that corps in Canada, was never weary in studying it from different aspects. A family letter of March 3, same year, mentions, " Papa has lately been on a tour of inspection as far as Kingston by the way of the Rideau ; he underwent great fatigue from the badness of the roads and boisterous weather." Another family letter, dated York, Upper Canada, Oct. 17, 1828, details a little more domestic news. " I fear I shall not be able to procure any Indian curiosities. The Indians in the neighbourhood of York possess nothing worth having. I might, had I known your wishes sooner, have procured some from Drummond's Island, but that post is to be given up to the United States, and the officer, with the party of our regiment, has been ordered to abandon it without delay ; had he remained I should have asked him to get some."

A partiality for Indian relics and ornamental work, was indulged by the family, particularly by the female portion, as ——'s letter has shown, when he was requested by his sister to obtain for her some specimens from the Indians of the upper country. On leaving Quebec, like the parting hero of a favourite fairy legend, he was charged to bring home to his friends tokens of remembrance. On a former occasion, when he was my father's companion and fellow traveller to New Orleans, one said, " bring me some of the fine ' Spanish Moss ' that hangs on the trees of the Mississippi ;" another said, " I should like the paw of an alligator ;" a third, " a few specimen leaves plucked in the wilderness." It is unnecessary to add, these simple requirements were answered. Papa himself added to the collection some elegant canes for walking sticks, he picked up in going through the sugar plantations of Carolina, and several brightly plumaged little birds, caught and stuffed by himself.

One domestic inconvenience, at that time common at Quebec, was the want of good water. The wells, with which most houses were provided, were largely imbued with lime, so as not to be drinkable, particularly that of the one my father occupied, near the Plains of Abraham. To supply this indispensable need, his fine horses were put to the harassing work, every day, of bringing a large cask from the river, up the toilsome and steep ascent of Quebec's hill streets, over roads so rough that each pace the animals made, shook and sprinkled some of its contents.

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It became necessary in February, 1828, and while the citadel was constructing, to blow up the whole face of one of the old French bastions, for the purpose of erecting in its place other works in accordance with the plans carrying on. The exercise of mining, this service afforded and displayed, was so much to the satisfaction of the governor-general, Lord Dalhousie, who, attended by his staff, had witnessed the explosion, that, at his lordship's expense, a ball and supper was given to the non-commissioned officers and privates engaged in the work, in the newly erected casemates. This entertainment took place during my father's absence in Upper Canada ; and on his return he had the pleasure of hearing that

both Lord and Lady Dalhousie, accompanied by several officers and ladies of the garrison, condescended to honour it with their presence. Wherefore my father was called away from participation on this occasion does not appear; he expressed himself at this time, as well as invariably, fully sensible to the uniform good conduct of this 5th company of sappers, both as soldiers and military workmen.

During this display, notwithstanding a mistake made by the repeating bugle's sounding sooner than agreed on, the mine went off with simultaneous and magnificent effect, greatly to the admiration of the large number of spectators assembled to witness the explosion, among whom not one enjoyed the sight more than did the commanding engineer himself. In the course of operation it appeared that in working while the intense cold of winter exists, and ground is much frozen as in Canada, it is easier to excavate into rock than earth. To the depth of four feet the ground was then found to be a solid mass of ice.

The citadel at this date appears to have been occupied. A melancholy scene followed shortly after it became so. A soldier, in a state of intoxication, stabbed his corporal, for which criminal act he was sentenced to be shot. On a bright morning the garrison were summoned to witness his death; nine of his comrades were chosen for the service, to whom were presented as many muskets, eight only being loaded. To each man, therefore, was permitted the faint hope, that his gun was uncharged.

On the first occupation of the citadel, Lord Dalhousie gave the name of "Durnford Point" to the spot on which the flag staff was erected, the round corner near the telegraph blockhouse, and a magnificent site it is! This point does not appear to be known by the name now; no other has been bestowed on it.

Fashion and favoritism presided over the sciences at Quebec. Geology in particular, at this period attracted to its exploremment, in Canada, a train of able followers. It became the idol accomplishment of the ladies, and was enlisted in charity's cause. Scientific and elegant little treatises were furnished to the ladies of "a Bazaar Committee," making "organic remains" call from the rocks of Canada in behalf of the orphan's needs and claims. One indefatigable geologist, Mr. Baddeley, of the Royal Engineers, did not disdain to aid the appeal, by fitting up neat boxes containing correct specimens of Canadian rocks and minerals.

The investigator penetrated the untrod, unnamed wilderness, to collect and observe, with unwearied attention, and make the testing hammer echo among the rocks and hollow ravines. Nature repays, in all her departments, with still increasing delight and interest, to her devoted students. Organic remains of great beauty were discovered in abundance, and the philosopher opened, daily, fresh leaves in the promising volume of Canadian geology. Their four main deposits were considered to be, Drummond's Island, Montreal, Beauport, and Montmorency. These time-telling records of ages of mysterious evolutions, in durable fixedness are called up, to be again cast upon a world, that still looks upon them, "so fair and wonderful." The natural steps of the river Montmorenci, nine miles from Quebec exhibit them in beauty and variety. This

spot my father often visited ; it is situated midway to the favourite shooting ground of Chateau Richer ; nor did he ever fail to select it as being one of the most eligible and delightful spots of interest for his visitors, and one he the most enjoyed driving them to. Corallines are found in the deep natural sections formed by this rapid and wild stream, and among them the *madrepora favosa*, known by its near resemblance to a honey-comb, and *turbinolia*. Nature acknowledges here some of her long unrecognized creations. Fragments are found of the vertebræ of the *encrinite*, an animal alien from unknown times, to existence ; and of testacea or shells, *turbo*, and *trochus*. The ammonite, in particular, with its blue coils of stone, at once sacred, magical, and classic, was at this period abundantly found, with the curious *orthoceratite* ; on the limestone banks of this darkly-wooded river, rich in fossil endowments, historical recollections and romantic scenery.

Many have been the curious and important conjectures hazarded, relating to the fossil remains of Multilocular univalves, and additional interest is attached to the natural steps on the river Montmorenci, as the shell of the many-chambered *orthoceratite* has been found there. Naturalists say, that of the twenty-two genera which have been found in a fossil state, the *nautilus* alone survives. One supposition affirms the animals, of which fossil shells only are found, no longer exist ; the other, that they exist, without quitting the bottom of the ocean. This theory seems to make the power and actual ascension of the animal essential to and dependent on digestion of its food, but the *nautilus* never launches its glistening pearl of beauty except upon the tranquil wave, and this would lead to the belief, of the mechanism of its tiny bark being acted upon by some atmospheric or tidal cause, lending this gentle buoyancy, while the sensitiveness the little creature manifests to danger, and expertness in hauling in its sail and rapidly sinking, displays another characteristic to delight and amaze, amid the multiplying varieties of never worn out nature.

This fascinating voyager had engaged the attention of Viney, my youngest brother, since, after his untimely death, the subjoined translation was found in his writing desk. The subject remains equally inexhaustible in its elegance of inquiry and depth, as it was in the days of the classic.

The Maid who Selenœa hight  
Sends me, oh Venus Zephyrite,  
The due first fruits to thee,—  
Who used a Nautilus of late,  
Fearless to roam and navigate  
On the high sea.

For, hoisting tiny yard and sail,  
I skimmed along before the gale ;  
But, where sleek calm hath reign,  
Had oary feet my bark t'impel,  
Pulling—this my name doth tell—  
With might and main,

Till stranded on the Julian shore.  
 In halcyon calms I shall not more  
 Delighted glide along—  
 But thus to me is honor shewn,—  
 Cypris! a toy before thy throne,  
 I now to thee belong.

Arsinœ! sweet in thy sight  
 By Clinias' daughters' gift, so bright,  
 May she thy favor gain;  
 Her virtue and her skill of hand,  
 She learned in far Eolia's land,—  
 Smyrna's domain!

Written at Spike Island, October 9, 1833, by V. Durnford.

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My father took much delight in the society of his friends, and many talented and good men frequented his sociable house at this time. Such topics were often discussed; indeed they generally constituted the leading subjects of interest, as soon as the last brilliant ball, or adventurous exploits of the morning's driving club, were exhausted in detail. He enjoyed lectures on these things, although, both in conversation and in the lecture room, they were handled with the reserve looked upon as indispensable. He admired and enjoyed both, without acknowledging any particular predilection for the science. He considered his time as the peculiar property of his country, that had entrusted to him the prosecution of important works; and large expenditure of the public money, to which he devoted his best energies.

To the close of his life my father would say, he believed no man had seen more wonderful things than himself, and expressed a determination to commit to writing the various vicissitudes of his life. Among these, the hazards, fatigues, strange scenes and objects witnessed in descending the rivers Ohio and Mississippi, were often adverted to by him.

For ten years after returning from New Orleans, his time and chief attention were given to the advancement of the citadel on Cape Diamond, which he conducted with the energy and ability peculiar to his character.

The elevation of its walls and ramparts was necessarily carried on during the intense heat of Quebec's summer, benefitting, while in the course of construction, thousands of poor Irishmen employed as labourers with the sappers. There are days at Quebec exceeding in heat the West Indies; on some of such, when the carefully cooled drawing-room was scarcely endurable, the workmen's toil on the cape was still to be urged forward. During the months of July and August, appointing task work was a kindly palliative to the labourers, who would often be seen at work by the first twilight. Among the miserably poor immigrants who throng in tens of thousands the shipping and shores of the St. Lawrence every spring and summer, so much pride is often found, that a starving Irishman has been known to undertake removing snow for one shilling per day

engaging another man to do the actual work, and dividing—himself remaining in idleness—the shilling with his friend. This strange, and by no means unusual agreement, was, on one occasion, accidentally discovered by my mother, the actuating motive being that it was beneath the first contractor's dignity to exert himself for so trifling a remuneration.

The admired crystals are now rarely to be met with, which first gave name to Cape Diamond. The skillful lapidary formed them into necklaces, broaches and other ornaments. The supply is nearly exhausted, those found at present in the "Black Rock" being only large enough for pins. The occurrence of any decided organic remains in the "Black Rock" of Quebec, has not appeared,—either vegetable or mineral. The rock itself was generally considered to be a limestone.

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## SECTION X.

Arrival of Commissioners.—Col. By.—Letters of Charles Durnford.—Berbice.—Returns to Quebec, and then to England with his family.—Portsmouth.

In 1825, commissioners from the corps of Royal Engineers came out to report on and arrange the laying out designs for the Ottawa, Rideau, and Welland canals. They were soon followed by Lieut. Colonel By, the officer to whose superintendence these works were confided, who fixed his residence at Bytown, so named, first from himself, but since designated Ottawa city. This outlay of expense and labour, that has altered the face of Canada, and operated so richly in benefits not only to the lumber trade, but the general commerce and civilization of the country, was commenced and carried on during the five years of Colonel By's residence in Canada, under his especial management and direction; yet my father annually visited these works, affording Colonel By the benefit of his advice. They were on a scale of magnificence hitherto not attempted in Canada; which since that period has been so abounding in grand and varied provincial outlays. Colonel By enjoyed from his wife a handsome private income, and his showy hospitable mode of living made him universally popular and beloved.

From Kingston, October 16, 1826, the young officer in the 68th writes, "We arrived here early this morning with Colonel By and family, whom we overtook at Prescott—they proceeded in the steamboat for Niagara."—A later date says, "We found Colonel By at Hull busily engaged in building a bridge, and about to open the canal." As the steamboat which goes there was out of order, Mrs. By, (who is indeed a very charming young woman, and her health is much improved,) was obliged to go to the head of the Long Sault, viz., 60 miles, in a boat with an awning fixed for the occasion. This occupied two days, and she bore the fatigue very well, and quite enjoyed the trip. Colonel By is certainly a very good-natured man: he told me that my father promised him, as he said, that he should have me in the spring, but I am afraid the business would not at all suit me. Captain Bolton has got a most magnificent house at Montreal; it exactly answers to the description given of castles of ancient times.

In subsequent years, Colonel By continued my father's most valued friend—in fact, they were attached like brothers. The many impediments encountered from strong currents, spring freshets, when the winter's ice breaks up and floats down the rivers with irresistible strength, and other hindrances, that would sweep away or damage in a night the labour of months, as it distressed and disappointed Colonel By, was equally felt by my father; and the services rendered by the latter at such times, was accompanied with sympathy. The repeated occurrence of frustrated attempts while constructing the bridge at the Hog's back, in particular, caused much additional expense and vexation.

The following letter bears date Quebec, July 6, 1829:

“We have just returned from an excursion to Saratoga and New York. Mama was advised to go to the former place for the benefit of her health, which has not lately been very good, and she intended to stay there a fortnight or three weeks; but not finding much benefit from the waters, after a trial of three days, we left Saratoga and went on to New York, where we also staid three days. All our friends there were extremely kind to us. We saw Mr. Ogden's family, and Miss Morewood every day; Mrs. Bell was also very attentive to us; and we saw Mrs. John Day's sister, Mrs. Henry Wilkes. New York is certainly a very fine city, and the country round is very rich and well cultivated; but the scenery of the Hudson river surpasses in beauty everything I ever remember seeing. On our return from New York, we visited the “Catskill Mountains,” and the “Kaatskill Falls.” The appearance of these lofty mountains from the river is magnificent; and the ascent to them, to me at least, was frequently quite terrifying. At the height of three thousand feet, is a very large hotel called the “Mountain House,” where we staid two days. The view from this is the most extensive I ever saw, and the scenery of the Kaatskill Falls is extremely fine. We saw also the celebrated “Glenn's Falls,” and “Baker's Falls,” on the Hudson, and the falls of “the Cahoes” on the Mohawk,—all of which are very different from those I had seen before. Mr. Edward Ferguson returned with us from New York to Montreal. We passed through Lake George. I had heard a great deal of this lake, and expected to see something very beautiful, but it really exceeded my expectations. It is enclosed among very high and wild mountains, and scattered in many parts with lovely little islands. The water is as clear as crystal, and delicious to drink. The sites of Fort William Henry and of Fort George were pointed out to us as we passed along, and many other spots celebrated in the records of the French and revolutionary wars. The scenery, and the whole country of the States, are certainly superior to Canada; and although I do not go so far as to say, I admire everything there, I certainly saw a good deal to admire.

“We had a great mortification on our return home. At Montreal we heard that papa was expected up in a few days, and accordingly made haste to return to Quebec; but what was our surprise when a letter was sent on board the steamboat at Three Rivers, by which we found that papa had passed us in the night a few miles from Montreal. Papa's vexation was still greater than ours, as he had calculated on meeting us.

It must have been about this period, or a year later, that while in Lord Dalhousie's suite during a progress to Nova Scotia, a false step my father made in stepping from a boat, precipitated him headlong into Lake Temiscouata.

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"It is now right to recall to notice, Charles, the fifth of the six sons my father could then boast of. From early boyhood, Charles was subject to violent bilious attacks, which appeared so alarming, that for two years he was sent to make trial of his native air, at Newfoundland, whence he returned, to outward observation, with a frame full of muscular strength, and a mind of great energy and generous feeling; at the same time, from his peculiar physical constitution, disinclined, perhaps unequal, to deep study or much reading. His parents thought to strengthen his mind and body by the further advantages of English air and education, and so sent him over to the care of his uncle, Colonel Philip Durnford, then stationed as commanding artillery officer at Devonport. His life there, progress of ideas, and particular mould of character, are best described by himself, in the perusal of the few charming letters preserved of his, the first written while living with his uncle, the rest subsequently penned from Berbice, the only records of his life during the period of his absence from his father's roof.

Devonport, February 3, 1828.

"My dear J:—, I received your two kind letters of 10th October and 21st November, and am daily expecting more. You all appear to be very sparing of your letters; I having received only two in eight long months. I have been in this place ever since I arrived in England, not at school but studying at home: I have one master who teaches me Latin, Euclid, Mathematics, &c.; another French; and another who gives me lessons on the flute twice a week. I cannot say that I like England particularly well, nor so well as Quebec, for I never get a ride by any chance; in fact there is not a good horse in the place, except those that the officers possess.

"I had a very agreeable surprise about a month ago. On returning home after a long walk about dusk, and going into the parlour, I saw somebody standing in the middle of the room in regimentals. I offered him a chair, thinking he was some officer come upon business to my uncle. After eyeing him for a minute, I thought him a very odd-looking fellow, for he burst out laughing; and looking at him again I perceived it was Mr. George, who had put in here with a foul wind, along with his depôt on their way to Cork. I was the more surprised as I thought he had been there for two or three months. They were wind-bound for a month in this place. We have heard from him since his arrival in Cork, but he did not tell us how he liked it. We have had several royal guests here. H. R. H. the duke of Clarence was here when I landed, and again a few days ago to present colours to the Royal Marines, and is expected here again in August to see the largest ship



in the navy launched. Don Miguel, the Prince of Portugal, who is going to take possession of his throne, has been wind-bound here for three weeks nearly, on his way there. He is a young man about 26 years of age, dark complexion, and rather short. He has reviewed the troops here three times, and they are all heartily tired of him, and so is every body else. He gave us a splendid ball at the assembly room the other night, and waltzed,—the only sort of dancing he likes,—with a great many of the Devonport and Plymouth beauties. We have very good assemblies here during the winter once a fortnight; I attend there sometimes. They tell me this is the winter—we have had snow once, it staid upon the ground an hour; and this is all I have seen of the winter yet. But such a place for rain! we have a little every day with a very few exceptions. The people here have a very strange idea of America. They very often ask me if they are not all Indians at Quebec. It is quite the fashion to wear moustaches, and I have a most noble set: my uncle won't buy me a pair of razors, and therefore I let them grow. Several old friends are here,—Peter Turguand amongst the rest, and a whole brigade of Furneaux. The Southwaith, the vessel that I came in, is now here. She is going to Bermuda. Pray excuse this scrawl, as I am in a very great hurry, and the post is just going off. With love to all at home, believe me, dear J——, your affectionate brother,

“C. DURNFORD.”

“P. S. I shall write again by the first opportunity.”

At the foot of this affectionate and gentlemanly letter, his uncle uncourteously wrote: “Charles is such an idle fellow that he will not write a word more to you—he will not be fit to have his commission these five years. My love to you all; and believe me, your affectionate uncle,

“P. DURNFORD.”

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“Devonport, June, 1828.

“MY DEAR J:—, I received your letter of April, last week, after it had had a voyage of nearly three months: it must have gone to some out of the way place, or the gentleman you sent it by must have forgotten it. We had a grand review of the troops yesterday, to prepare them for the arrival of the Duke of Clarence, who is expected here next week to see a 120 gun ship launched. The great folks are inconsolable at the idea of the pulling their pockets will undergo before he makes his exit, which will be in ten days or a fortnight after his arrival; it is then generally thought he will go to Ireland for a short time. What with him, the regatta club, and the races, we shall have a gay time of it next month. There will be a grand ball at the assembly room, for each of the latter, to which I intend going. I assure you, I need something to divert me, having been here nearly a year without any employment; indeed I am excessively tired of such a monotonous life as I lead.

“There is one thing that this place excels in—that is boating. There

are several small rivers that run into the harbour and sound, up which the rich inhabitants very often make pleasure parties. Four of our mess and myself rowed nearly thirty miles up one of these the other day to a place called the Warehead; on our way up we landed at a place called Cotheil; it is a castle 900 years old, and is very well worth seeing. I cannot give you any description of it as it would take up too much room in my letter. We then continued to the Warehead, where we had a plentiful supply of drinkables and eatables, and then rowed home in three hours and twenty minutes. I had a letter from Viney the other day, but I cannot get anything out of him; he only says that he is not a corporal yet. Mr.——, a surgeon of artillery, who dined at the mess to-day for the first time, says that Mr.——, a handsome young man, also surgeon of artillery, who was ordered to embark for America in a few days, went to a large ball at Woolwich, where he met a Miss Campbell, a relation of the Duke of Argyle's, who asked to be introduced to him; but he was engaged and could not dance with her. The next night he went to another ball, where he danced with her once or twice, and thought her rather smitten with him. Two days afterwards he received a letter from her, directing him to meet her at a grand breakfast. He immediately went to a lawyer, and looked over her father's will, and found her possessed of fifty thousand pounds in landed property near Suffolk. He took his friend the lawyer, a license, and a post chaise to the breakfast—she said she was determined to have him—he said he had no objection, shewed her the licence, and away they went and were married. I suppose he will change his mind and resign. With love to all at home, believe me, my dear, your affectionate brother,

C. DURNFORD."

"P.S.—You may as well send me Dr. Carson's letter, when next you write."

(This letter most probably contained a medical certificate.)

When he wrote the next letter, addressed to his father at Quebec, he was an ensign in the 65th regiment. His commission had been purchased by his father, though most of the family friends believed his uncle had paid for it. In fact, every expense the nephew incurred while residing with the Colonel at Devonport, the lessons of his masters, even the mess expenses, were scrupulously charged, and as scrupulously discharged to the bachelor brother. He first joined his regiment in Ireland.

"Fort Wellington, Berbice, Feb. 23, 1830.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I have sat down several times with the intention of writing to you, but have never been able to accomplish more than three or four lines, in consequence of the myriads of mosquitoes that are continually tormenting us here;—I am happy to say that they are leaving us fast, as the dry weather is coming on. I think you must have been a little surprised at hearing of my change of residence; I assure you I was. Things are conducted in a very odd way at home, for the juniors of all ranks were ordered out; on a Saturday morning our

Depôt was formed, and on the Monday following we marched for Cork : we remained there ten days in consequence of the transports not having arrived; and as I had been hustled from No. 1 to 6, I expected to have embarked with the second division, but was equally surprised at the colonel's ordering me to embark with Head Quarters. We sailed from Cork on October 20, and had a very fine though rather tedious passage of 41 days to Barbadoes, where we were rather disappointed at hearing that we were to prolong our voyage to Berbice: as the regiment was under orders for Barbadoes, we expected at least to have remained there some two or three years. On our way here we touched at Demerary, where our left wing are at present stationed. It is a very low swampy place, if possible worse than this—we were only there two days. On the evening of our disembarkation, December 23, I marched here ten miles with a detachment of 30 men, and was followed by the other subaltern, our captain (Warren) having the command of the third ship. I received the other day a budget of letters from my mother and yourself, for all of which I am much obliged. Yours, of September 22, I received at the same time; and I hope that before this a letter of mine which I wrote a short time before my leaving Fermoy has reached you, in which I said that uncle Philip had ordered Mr. Marriott to pay Thompson; Cater, cap-maker; and Corn, boot-maker, the amount of their bills—a list of the articles which I had from each he gave Mr. M. He also desired him to pay £15 for a bed for me, &c.; but my uncle must have written to you before this and have let you know more fully than I can, his arrangements with Mr. M. Instead of Mr. Marriott paying my entrance money (£20) as was my uncle's wish on joining, Mr. M. said he thought I had better draw on Greenwood and Cox for it, which I did. I believe my uncle made some little arrangement with uncle George about my living with him, but I do not know what it was. You are indebted to uncle George for nothing else on my account, as I settled every thing with him before I left Dublin. I am much obliged for your kind aid of £10 per quarter: it will enable me to live very comfortably. I have not yet drawn any of it, nor shall I for some time, as I am not particularly in want of it. I must conclude this rather abruptly, as there is a Post going to Head Quarters immediately: and wishing you all health and happiness, believe me, my dear father, your ever dutiful and affectionate son,

C. DURNFORD."

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The next is to his sister :

“ Fort Wellington, Berbice, Sept. 20, 1830.

“ MY DEAR J——, I think I am in your debt about half a dozen letters, but by the length and *goodness* of this I hope to blot three or four off the score. I wrote about three weeks ago to my father, and I believe I said that I had received some newspapers from my brother (for which I was very thankful), and also letters from my mother, yourself, Charlotte, &c.: for one of yours I am particularly obliged; I mean that

in which you give me so much very good and religious advice. And indeed I stood in need of something of the sort, as I have not had an opportunity of hearing a sermon, I believe, for these last twelve months. Among my numerous and important duties, I have one that you may think I am not particularly adapted for, that of *parson*; I am obliged to officiate whenever my captain is out of the way; and of the two I think the men like me the best, as I don't read quite so much of the service as he does.

“ A number of our people are beginning to tire already of this beautiful country. Two have gone home, one sails to-morrow, and two more have applied for leave. You ask me for a long account of myself, of my proceedings, and of the country. Of myself, I have little to say except that I am tolerably happy, as much so as one can be in a place where there is no society and little amusement of any sort, except shooting. Of the appearance of the country: you can fancy an immense meadow as level as a bowling green, planted with black currant trees, (for the cotton plant is in appearance very much like them, and grows about the same height,) without even the addition of a single hedge, or fence, or tree, except about the managers' houses, and here and there a solitary clump of cocoa nuts,—you have a flattering picture of this beautiful country. Here ditches do the duty of walls and fences, of separating the estates, and also of draining them: all the estates are obliged to be drained, and they are intersected with them in every direction. We are about a foot higher than the level of the sea. There are dams in front to keep the water out at spring tides; and the same behind to keep the water of the savannah in the wet season from coming in. There is not a hill of two feet in height from this to Demerary; and I am told that for hundreds of miles down the coast it is just as flat. Even the sea seems discontented with the ‘*mudliness* of the land:’ instead of the beautiful blue or green that it is at Barbadoes, or any other island, it is here of a nasty muddy colour; and at low tide, instead of the sandy beach there is nothing to be seen but mud weed for several miles out. The only thing that I can say in its favour is, that there is always excellent shooting on it. The blacks have rather an odd but expeditious way of traversing it. In the centre of a board about six feet long and one broad, a sort of chair is nailed, on which you sit, and a black fellow kneels behind on one leg and arm, and shoves you along at a very *clipping* pace with the other. But if you happen to slip off,—and it has been my happy lot once or twice,—it is like falling out of a sleigh into soft snow, where you sink to your middle but come out neither so clear nor comfortable.

“ The sickly season is I believe over or nearly so: our men within these last ten months have suffered very much both at Berbice and Demerary—we have lost six sergeants; and out of two companies and a half at Berbice, last month they had few more than forty men fit for duty, and nearly 100 convalescent. Our company here have come off very well, though we had a touch of the Colony a few weeks ago: it carried off three of our finest men in a week, and what was rather odd, two of them the right and left hand men of the company. The colonel has written from

Berbice for some of our healthy men, and we are to get cripples in exchange. I think it very probable I shall go there in a few days, as young Wyatt has had a very severe attack of fever, and I have written in to offer him my berth for some time. Captain Smith of the Engineers was at Demerary when we arrived; he very kindly sent me word that if ever I paid them a visit, he would always have a bed for me, and that I might make his house my home. He is gone to England to be married, and intends coming out to settle at Barbadoes, as I have heard. I wrote to George last week, and also to my uncle George. Philip, I see, commands a detachment at Shannon Bridge. I have not written to Viney lately, as I don't know where he is, or anything about him. I am very sorry to hear of this business in France, but I think Charles the Tenth deserves to lose his crown, since he cannot keep it when he has it; besides I believe he is a priest-ridden, press-binding old —— . I am thinking about paying you a visit next spring, as I intend applying for leave of absence. Let me know if my company would be acceptable at Quebec. if not, I will think of some other place where I may direct my peregrinations. And now I have almost exhausted my communicativeness, and I think your patience. With best love to all at home, not forgetting to thank my mother for her present, I will put an end to this epistle, by subscribing myself, your ever affectionate brother,

C. DURNFORD.

“Caroline's very learned epistle requires a great deal of mature deliberation before I can think of answering it, but I will do myself that honour, please God, one of these days.—C. D.”

Six months afterwards he writes thus to his father :

“Fort Wellington, Berbice, March 13, 1831.

“MY DEAR FATHER,—I wrote a long letter to my sister Elizabeth a few weeks ago, but I do not know whether I said any thing to her about a certain *cough* that I am troubled with. I was in hopes that it would have got better here; but for the last three weeks we have had such dreadful wet weather, continued rain day and night, that although I have taken the greatest care of it myself, it has gained ground to a very alarming extent, and I am, I am sorry to say, dangerously ill, my liver being out of order, and my lungs slightly affected; but I still entertain very sanguine hopes of a recovery. I have been strongly advised by several medical officers and others, to try a trip round the islands. A medical board is to be held on me at Berbice, and I am to proceed in either the Marshal Bennett (transport) or Duke of York, whichever comes to take up invalids at the different islands for Barbadoes. One or other is to be at Berbice on the 20th of this month, and I suppose, I shall have about six weeks voyage round the islands to Barbadoes. When there, unless miraculously better, I intend having another board, and proceeding round the other islands, and going home with the invalids in June, or else sailing direct for Quebec. My funds are tolerably strong; out of your allowance commencing from September, 1829, I have drawn but £25; therefore at the end of this month I shall have

about £38 of yours to the good, and I shall have due me about £34 pay, making a total of £70, besides which I have £50, to pay off my debts, &c., at this place. Hoping I may yet live to see you, my dear mother, and sisters, believe me, your ever affectionate son,

“C. DURNFORD.”

The following is most likely the last he ever addressed to his father :

“Barbadeos, April 10, 1831.

“MY DEAR FATHER.—I wrote you last month, saying that I was ill, and that I intended paying you a visit. I have commenced operations, and arrived here about ten days ago, on a medical board from Berbice. Colonel Craig, the Adjutant-General, advised me not to apply for a medical board here, for another month, that I may have a milder season for my voyage, and try and recover a little strength. I am under the care of a very clever and kind man, a Dr. Doyle of the staff. He also advises my staying here for a month under medical treatment. He tells me that I shall have no difficulty in getting aboard, and also passage allowance, which I did not in the least expect. Compared with Berbice, this place is a perfect paradise, and I am only afraid that I shall recover too rapidly here, in which case, folks may have notions of sending us back again; and I have fully made up my mind upon one thing, which is, that I will never more set foot in Berbice—sooner than spend another year in that villainous hole, I’d be content to stand behind a counter all my life, should I live for the next sixty years. I am at present in quarters with the 35th regiment, though of course I am not allowed to dine at their mess,—my meat and drink being limited to fish, rice, arrowroot, and water. The folks here are very civil: I was invited to the Government House immediately I arrived, but was unable to go, as I am not allowed to dine out of my room. Mrs. Craig, who I believe knows my mother, threatens me with a visit, and says that whatever my wishes may be, her husband will use his interest to forward them. I think I told you in my last, that I had drawn upon you in last October for £25, and the other day, March 25, I drew for £35, so that I have drawn all my allowance up to the end of February. My funds are strong I am happy to say, so that I am in no fear of being *baulked* in any plan for want of cash, that I think may contribute to my recovery. I have been advised to go to the south of France for a few months, and I should like it much, but I cannot give up the idea of visiting Quebec, if it is only for a week. The voyage I hope will do me a great deal of good, and the pleasure of seeing my mother, and all at home will do me more. Begging to be remembered to all, believe me, my dear father, your affectionate son,

CHARLES DURNFORD.”

Charles arrived at his father's house in the course of the summer, far advanced in consumption, pronounced beyond human aid. His handsome countenance, and tall elegant form, together with his mental attainments, had developed and improved to a degree that surprised all who remembered the open-hearted lad, who five years previously had quitted

Quebec. He appears to have joined his regiment first at Fermoy and proceeded to Cork on the 65th, being ordered for the West Indies, for which destination he finally embarked at Cove. Passionately fond of all open air sports and exercises, particularly shooting, it was by many of his friends believed that from being too much addicted to them, the fatal malady he now suffered under, was first brought on. The expression of his fine countenance, naturally dark, but now become pallid, and piercing eyes, soft and fringed with remarkably long curling eyelashes, spoke the benevolence of soul he inherited from his father and grandfather. It was truly touching to witness the entire composure and resignedness with which he contemplated his approaching end. A few days after his return, one of his sisters entered his room, darkened to keep it cool during the hot weather. The apartment had to her eyes a tropical aspect, as it contained several articles of West Indian fashion and adaptation, formed from the bamboo and cane. Several large wicker-covered flasks or bottles, in particular, attracted her attention. To hide the emotion the sight of his wasted figure caused her, reclining on a bed, while the dim light rendered his pale face startlingly white, pointing to a corner where one of them stood, she said, "How beautiful their forms are!" He answered with one of his sweet smiles, "I give them to you." She could not restrain her tears, but his composure was unruffled. He had procured, while at Barbadoes, magnificent specimens of corals, and sea fans, which he had caused to be carefully packed in baskets to present to his mother and sisters.

In conversation, on most occasions, he spoke of the female sex with contempt and severity, bringing forward two cases where officers had been induced to take as wives with them to the West Indies, young ladies they had inadvertently paid, as the papas thought, too much attention to, while quartered at some country place in Ireland. He declared the gentlemen would have dismissed from memory all recollection of the ladies, had not the angry papas, immediately on hearing the regiment was ordered to another hemisphere, brought down their daughters in postchaises, and offering to the false knights the alternative between a duel or a wife, the affair terminated happily. He made no exception in his opinion of the wives of the officers and soldiers of the regiments stationed at Berbice, all of whom he despised and thought meanly of. There was one lady only, the best wife in the corps, and seemingly, as he thought, the sole good wife in the world, who could claim exemption from the hard fiat pronounced by this severe censor of the sex. It is gratifying however, to remember, that the woman he acknowledged to to have worth was one of the Irish belles. The sweeping estimate he had formed to the disadvantage of ladies who go to the West Indies, was at that period generally considered as justly deserved. The enervating climate, the great scarcity of female domestics, and social feminine intercourse, fostered slovenly habits of dress, and indifference to the comfortable neatness the English woman places her delight and pride in. The young matron, who at home was remarkable for choice and elegance of attire, rapidly degenerated into the slipshod, untidy slattern; and on

such, he would pour forth the never-wearied sarcasm and un pitying abuse. They were all alike, he declared; deterioration of this kind was universal; nor would he permit indulgence or excuse to be offered to woman's weak frame, or inability for exertion in those who had been accustomed to the indulgences of refinement in a temperate climate, when they found themselves transported, like sickly exotics, to endure the fiery influence of the tropics, without the friendly aids they once enjoyed. Doubtless had Charles Durnford survived to maturer years, he would have remained an inexorable bachelor. His temper was much affected by the bilious character of his disorder, yet his generous feelings continually came to light. On one occasion, while seated at the dinner table, the mild evening sun of summer illuminating the prospect the windows commanded of the rivers St. Lawrence and St. Charles, throwing mellow shades and lovely colouring over blue hills, the smiling island of Orleans, the distant Falls of the river Montmorency, and countless charming features in view, too various for minute description here, he was drawn into unwonted cheerfulness. The conversation happened to turn on some poor young lady, an officer's orphan, and lately left entirely destitute. Charles seemed to enjoy himself to an unusual degree; and entering freely and with an earnestness of feeling into the subject under discussion, said, with much energy, "How long do you suppose, mama, I have to live? I believe about three months—well! at my death my widow will be entitled to a pension—and I will marry her from charitable motives." His mother could only with a melancholy smile reply, "My dear Charles!" Fortunately the young lady's case was not again brought forward.

With regard to the fine pieces of coral and sea fans, Charles took so much care in collecting, it is remarkable, that although in beauty and perfectness, they exceeded any exhibited at that time and for years afterwards by the British Museum, they remained in his father's house, after his departure from Canada, conspicuously exposed to observation, without attracting notice from any one, until after his parents' death they called forth the admiration they deserved. Charles was accomplished in the management of both farmyard, garden, and dairy.

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This year my father was removed to Portsmouth. When his new appointment was known, complimentary addresses were presented to him by the city authorities, and by the secretary to the garrison library, of which he had been president for several years, expressing regret at his approaching departure from Quebec.

At a general meeting of the Justices of the peace for the District of Quebec, residing in the City of Quebec, holden on Monday, the 3rd of October, 1831.

*Resolved*,—That on the occasion of the approaching departure from Quebec of Colonel Durnford, of the Royal Engineers, Commandant of this garrison, it be communicated to that Officer on the part of the Magistrates, that deeply regretting, as they do, that his presence should now be withdrawn,—they entertain the highest sense of his meritorious conduct during the long period throughout



which his peculiarly assiduous exertions in fulfilling the arduous duties of his station, rendered his residence in this place so eminently useful.

The foregoing resolution having this day been duly communicated by Col. Duchesnay and other gentlemen on behalf of the Magistrates, to Colonel Durnford, he returned the following answer :

“ GENTLEMEN,—I can scarcely express the sense I entertain of your expressions of regret at my approaching departure from this station, where I have had the pleasure of being employed above fourteen years.

“ That my conduct and exertions should have come under your observation affords me much gratification ; and I can sincerely assure you I shall ever entertain such testimony as a high honor conferred on, Gentlemen, your most obedient and humble servant,

“ E. W. DURNFORD, Colonel,  
“ Corps of Royal Engineers.”

“ Quebec, 4th October 1831.”

Copy by E. S., Mount Pleasant, Quebec, October, 3rd, 1862.

While president of this library he was called on to choose a book, and the work he named was considered singular for a military library. It was “ The Works of Hannah More.” Both my parents regarded the abilities and character of this author with almost religious admiration ; and from “ the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain ” to “ The Character of St. Paul,” considered her writings unequalled in excellence. This partiality took its rise from my mother’s having missed being educated by her. Hannah More was one of the teachers recommended to Mrs. Wadman when she sought to place her young ward at a boarding school ; but from some reason, most likely Miss More had resigned her pupils, Mrs. Brett’s Seminary, in Poets’ Corner, Westminster Abbey, was selected. Having failed to make acquaintance with this admirable woman, was a subject of regret to her through life.

On the eve of embarking in the Wanderer transport, he was suddenly seized with an attack of rheumatism, so severe as to render him unable to move. His family, therefore, reluctantly judged it best to proceed by the Wanderer, in which vessel a passage had been provided for them, while he remained at a boarding house, for the arrival of his successor, Colonel Nicholls, from Halifax, and until he should be sufficiently recovered to follow them. He took passage in the Mary, the last ship that left Quebec that fall ; and, after encountering considerable danger from ice, had a fine voyage, and joined his family on Christmas eve. After my mother’s departure he was nursed and attended with all possible care and tenderness by his attached friends, among whom his own officers were most assiduously kind ; and his good and faithful office keeper, who had been a servant in his house, and was with great difficulty persuaded from following him to England, nursed and attended to all his requirements, most faithfully and affectionately. Mr. John Hall was some years afterwards promoted to a situation as tidewaiter, by his son-in-law, Mr. Dunscomb, and performs the duties of his respectable place with credit, preserving his esteem and affection for his good colonel to the last, and transferring to the children the same kind wishes he had entertained for the father.

The Engineer's Quarter at Portsmouth had lately been occupied by the general in command, Sir Colin Campbell, and, though situated in an undesirable part of the town (Laudport,) had the advantage of excellent gardens, for vegetables, fruit, and flowers. Myrtle and purple fig trees flourished in them; and one white fig tree, in particular, was considered the finest in the county,—two thousand luscious figs having been gathered from it in the course of one year.

Restored to their native land, from whose shores they had been so long alien, and which Col. and Mrs. Durnford had so much desired again to see, (the first appointed to a station with comparatively easy duty, and excellent society,) in all human probability they were placed there with every thing that was agreeable in anticipation, but for the grief the malady of their beloved son caused them. He bore the homeward voyage well, growing gradually weaker, till he expired gently, January 5. No murmur was ever heard to escape from Charles' lips. His masculine mind maintained itself to the last; he listened to and entered into the pastoral assistance lent him by the Rev. Mr. Dusatoy, the minister of St. John's Chapel, Portsea, with feeling and devotion, but suffered no female member of the family to offer him religious advice. A few minutes before breathing his last he called to his brother, "John, go and bring me word how much milk that cow has given." He alluded to a newly purchased one, aware of milking time being near. To his father he left £400, the value of his commission,—a large sum, taking into consideration the pay and emoluments of an ensign in a regiment of the line, and spoke well of his moderate and regular habits. His last worldly hours and thoughts were employed in bestowing on each member of his family pretty little gifts or legacies; giving to the sister who had written to him such highly prized letters, a gold watch and chain; to another, an album, &c.

## SECTION XI.

Col. By's Letters.—Vindication of him.

Colonel By's affairs, while in Canada, attracted public attention rather prior to this period, and will now be noticed, so far as the scanty documents that were found among his faithful friend's papers permit. Colonel By's public papers were required to be rendered up, as were Colonel Durnford's,—his office papers, letters, estimates, and reports, though wherefore this arbitrary requisition is put in force when no further use is contemplated from collections of true and valuable facts, is hard to explain.

While the parliamentary enquiry relating to the sum in excess expended over that originally laid down, in the making and completion of the Ottawa canal, was being canvassed, my father was summoned to give his opinion and evidence on the necessity for such expenditure; and in those days, when a telegraphic summons was of rare occurrence, he was surprised to receive one, desiring his immediate appearance before the House. A select committee questioned him, as he afterwards described, in a rude and most uncourteous manner, though his plain straightforward words seem to have been considered by these gentlemen as deserving of no slight degree of consideration.

To explain the original outlay intended to complete the great canal works, the following extract is made:

“To defray the charge, in the year 1831, of improving the water communication between Montreal and the Ottawa, from the Ottawa to Kingston, and from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, £296,000.”

It is anticipating, to consider the disappointment and vexation felt by Colonel By to find his work on the Ottawa (to which his best efforts had been devoted), on returning to his country, met by reprehension and exacting rigor, instead of reward or at least approbation, as he had expected. This reception from the home authorities made a deep and lasting impression on his mind, from which he never recovered, and was, indeed, supposed to have hastened his death. The few remaining years of his life were spent at his wife's beautiful seat in Sussex; but even there, while enjoying the society of his two beloved daughters and that of their accomplished mother, the bitter check received in his public career was always uppermost in his thoughts.

The two letters following will speak, in his own words, with most truth on the subject:

“Shernfold Park, near Tunbridge Wells,

“January, 23, 1833.

“MY DEAR COLONEL,—“Your kind letter of Dec. 17, only reached me a few days ago, it having travelled over the country, owing to the direction being insufficient. Esther wrote to Mrs. Durnford on Saturday, and, I believe, mentioned the circumstance, which I trust will account for its re-

maining so long unanswered. You will be glad to learn, that a few days since I had a very kind letter from our old friend, Lord Dalhousie. He complains of his health and his spirits, and expresses a wish to hear of the Rideau, and to renew our acquaintance; but as he lives near Edinburgh, I fear it will be some time before I take so long a trip. I have therefore sent him a duplicate of the inclosed papers, relative to the Treasury minute, which, from your letter, it appears you have not seen. I have only seen it through the Canada newspapers, and feel extremely ill-used that the said minute was not sent officially to me, that I might have an opportunity of defending my character; but find that the editors of newspapers have felt the unjust conduct of the government towards me, and have taken up my cause, as you will perceive by the enclosed; which I shall feel much obliged by your sending to General Pilkington, with such remarks as will tend to explain the difficulties I had to contend with.

The present government appears to throw blame on me for not waiting for parliamentary grants; forgetting that it was ordered by his grace the master-general and Board, that I was *not* to wait for parliamentary grants, but to proceed with all dispatch consistent with economy, and the contracts were formed by the commissary-general at Montreal accordingly; by which the Engineer Department was bound to pay for the works as they progressed, which precluded the possibility of stopping the works without laying the government open to pay heavy damages for so doing. This was reported to the government in 1828, in answer to Mr. Huskisson's request to delay the works as much as possible; which was accordingly done, but I was never ordered to stop the works until I was so unjustly recalled; when, thank God! they were all finished, and the canal had been open to the public for some months, or I should have been robbed of the honour of completing the magnificent work. As for controlling the amount of contingencies in water-works on such an extensive scale it is beyond the power of any man; I therefore hold myself free from all blame, and feel dreadfully ill-used. It should be remembered that this great work has only amounted to £789,940, not double the original estimate for small locks, which amounted to £474,899 1s. 3½d. for *works only*; without civil or military establishments, barracks, hospitals, workshops, stones or any other contingencies. I send you a copy of my letter of the 18th instant, in answer to some further enquiries of Sir James Kempt, that you may understand what I have stated to them at head quarters. The lawsuits I do not comprehend; for, though the judge decided that I had the right of doing what I did, yet in the trial relative to the stone taken from Smith's Falls, valued, as I believe, at £1,800, the jury awarded the government to pay £10, which the attorney general has thought proper to submit to. His report on this subject I have not yet received. The trial about the quantity of land taken by me at Smith's Falls, and approved of by you, amounting to 70 odd acres, which was tried and given in our favor at Brockville in 1831, when you were present, was re-tried last September and given against us, and the jury decided that we had taken one acre more than was necessary on the island formed by the Hornet's side; this I positively asserted to be indispen-

sably necessary for the works, and the Attorney-General has therefore reserved that question for the judges. Our trial against Simpson to recover the sums advanced him was put off by Simpson from the York Assizes in March last, to Kingston in August, and from that to Brockville in September, when he declared he had not been able to procure his witnesses, and the trial was again put off until next year; and, to avoid Pooley and myself being obliged to attend the trial next year, the judge appointed a commission to receive our evidence. I have much to say to you on the subject of a lock at St. Ann's, but I am too unwell to write more at present, and we hope to have the pleasure of seeing you before long at Shernfold, when we can quietly talk over the affairs of Canada.

"On the 20th of September last, I examined the St. Ann's Rapids, and found a very good passage near the mill, close to the old church. The lock at Vaudreuil being now impassable, it is indispensably necessary to erect one at St. Ann's before the Rideau Canal can come into full operation; and Mr. R. Drummond, the contractor will undertake to complete it for £7,000. We all unite in kindest regards to yourself and family, Believe me, my dear Durnford, yours most faithfully,

JOHN BY.

"To Colonel Durnford, R. E., Portsmouth."

"Shernfold Park, near Tunbridge Wells,

"February 26, 1833.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,—Your kind letter of the 18th, which has overwhelmed me with gratitude, I did not receive until I returned home from London, having been six days absent to attend the levee, where I met with Sir Peregrine Maitland, who expressed great pleasure at seeing me; I regret I had not received yours before I went to town, but perhaps whatever is best, for I would rather be thanked for my exertions through the interference of our own officers than by any court influence; and I feel confident that General Pilkington will lose no time in laying your highly complimentary letter before the master-general. I therefore feel some hope of having the unmerited slur that has been thrown on me by the minute of the lords of His Majesty's Treasury removed, through your kind interference. My old friend, General Mulcaster, was at the levee; I told him I wished to be made a king's A.D.C., for the sake of the rank, but he said that required great interest. Sir Henry Hardinge, whom I called on the day before the levee, received me with great kindness, and assured me he would take up the Rideau Canal when the Ordnance estimates were brought forward; he said they were laying on the table of the House, and that, in all probability, in a few days they would be debated on; he said he thought me extremely ill-used. I have not words to thank you for the high testimonial you have given of me; I only hope that my future conduct through life may be such as to prove me worthy of what you said in my behalf. Pray remember us all most kindly to Mrs. Durnford, your sister, and the whole of your beloved family. I have felt better since I had the pleasure of reading your letter, but am much plagued with ague and low spirits. My dear Esther and the girls are looking forward with

delight to the promised pleasure of seeing Mrs. Durnford, your sister, and daughters with you at Shernfold. The king appeared to remember me, asked 'how long I had been absent, and if the canal was finished.' God bless you, my dear colonel, and may Heaven reward you for all the good you do. Believe me, ever yours faithfully,

JOHN BY.

"To Colonel Durnford, R. E., Portsmouth.

"Lord Dalhousie has had another attack."

Then follows the letter from Colonel Durnford to General Pilkington, which cemented the friendship that from the first hour of their introduction had existed between the two colonels, into such truthful esteem and affection as never diminished. After the decease of Colonel By, the amiable and grateful widow still remembered this tribute to her husband's professional labours.

To General Pilkington:

Portsmouth, February 28, 1833.

"DEAR GENERAL.—I hope you will believe that in addressing you respecting the more immediate concerns of a brother officer, Colonel By, who served with me in Canada, but holding, as it were, a description of command depending so intimately with his own particular judgment to conduct, and for which he had the high honour, in the first instance, to be selected to plan and prosecute, entirely independent of me, as the Commanding Royal Engineer of both provinces; that I do not mean to intrude, unnecessarily, on your time, or with any supposition that you are not equally anxious (as I can possibly be) to endeavour to be instrumental in relieving my friend from the many discomforting circumstances that, in a most zealous discharge of his duty, have been brought on him from various causes; but that I may hope what I say upon the subject, will afford you such insight into the case, as may enable you to take the same into favourable consideration.

"The principal source of Lieut.-Col. By's present discomfort arises from the apprehension that, without some certificate or testimony (equally public) is afforded him, that the censure of the Committee of the House of Commons, contained in the report, of which J. N. Fazakerley, Esq., was chairman, that such was not authorized by the House, in consequence of actual misconduct on the part of Colonel By, but really arising from the nature and magnitude of the service he was employed to execute, coupled with the orders he received to prosecute that service with all possible, and more than ordinary energy, and especially from the utter impossibility of controlling the ultimate expense by any common foresight.

"Having intimated above that the honor of conducting and planning personally, the works upon the Rideau communication were so immediately entrusted to Lieut.-Col. By, I am at the same time to inform you, that by subsequent instructions of the master-general, it became my duty to receive and transmit all communications relating to this work, give any orders that the Commander of the Forces was pleased to issue, and to afford, in all cases of emergency, my own personal attendance and the

best advice in my power ; and Lieut.-Col. By thought proper, upon several occasions, to call upon me. I mention this more especially to explain, that in consequence I became intimately acquainted with most of the untoward and almost insurmountable occurrences that Lieut.-Col. By had to contend against, and I should do him infinite injustice if I did not declare to you, that from my observation of his active and zealous exertions, he deserved any thing rather than the shadow of censure.

“ The expenditure has certainly far exceeded the estimate, particularly the original one ; but I must state at the same time, were it possible for any of his majesty’s ministers or members of the House of Parliament, to have seen the country, lakes, and swamps, &c. &c., through which this water communication has been carried agreeably to the orders given to Lieut.-Col. By, and could now see the stupendous chain of works that have been constructed, that the outlay of money would not be wondered at, or given unwillingly, as a record of British ability and munificence.

“ Certainly in the present state of both the Rideau and Grenville canals, as now cut off from the lower parts of the Lower Province, below the Lake of the Two Mountains, for want of connecting communication between that lake and Montreal, Quebec, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, neither in military or commercial points of view can government or the community at large reap the expected benefit from either of them ; and it is very much to be feared that a state of inactivity may militate against the preservation of these noble works. I also very much fear, from the known apathy of Canadians, that the government will probably be disappointed in their seeming reliance on the legislatures of these provinces stepping forward to complete the navigation in any way, especially upon the scale that the far greater part has already been executed.

“ I am greatly concerned that the testimony I was called upon to afford, when examined before the Committee of the House (as above alluded to), that the tendency of that examination did not afford opportunity for explaining the total impossibility of the expense being prevented ; that is, by stopping the execution of any of the works during the progress ; they all having been commenced as simultaneously as possible, in order to insure corresponding completion, consequently at any stage of the business suspension, setting aside the hold for compensation that each contractor would have had upon government, and which I am firmly persuaded, would not have been much short of the excess upon the estimate made by Lieut.-Col. By, and also there is no doubt but that most of the work would thus have been nearly destroyed ; such is the astonishing effect of the floods in those waters, with which you are so well acquainted.

“ Permit me to bring to your notice the order, signed Bathurst, (the date I do not recollect) wherein the works are to proceed without awaiting the grant from parliament ; and again (by a subsequent communication) that Lieut.-Col. By was most fully authorized to proceed on the work, and, in fact, defied to complete it within the time he had expected to be practicable, and even that money should be granted in a fourth instead of a fifth proportion ; and here I must also beg to call your attention to the assurance that—in the best of my judgment—had not Lieut.-

Col. By been shackled by actual suspension for some weeks or months militating against his estimates, and with other inexplicable and unforeseen embarrassments, as lawsuits and other matters of extremely distracting litigation, consequent upon the failure of the supposed liberality of those landholders who could be ascertained (and many could not) but who, instead of facilitating, most decidedly threw every obstacle in the way of Lieut.-Col. By's proceeding, notwithstanding the laws of the province that had been made expressly upon the occasion,—that the canal would otherwise have been much sooner finished, and many expenses prevented.

“ I anxiously hope, my dear general, you will enquire whether, as far as documents in your office have been issued, I am correct or not in these my views of this important subject; I say important, because it certainly affects the comfort and happiness, if not the health, of a most meritorious brother officer, whose exertions, having been often personally witnessed by me, I can most conscientiously assure you, as I have upon former occasions probably declared, have been more than commonly zealous, and indicative of the most thorough knowledge and ability to conduct works of such stupendous magnitude and importance, so particularly affecting the credit of the corps, and, as far as my knowledge extends, never before entrusted to any officer of it; and certainly it would be difficult for any officer clearly to judge of, except he had personal knowledge (as I have had) both on the commencement and termination thereof.”

This is copied from the original draft in Colonel Durnford's hand writing, and headed, “ 1833, February 28: To General Pilkington, in justification of Lieut.-Col. By.”

*(Newspaper report.)*

CANAL COMMUNICATIONS, CANADA.

The following is the report of the Parliamentary Committee appointed to take into consideration the accounts and papers relating to the canal communications in Canada :

“ With respect to the Rideau Canal, the House will recollect, that, according to the papers presented to Parliament in 1831, the estimate for that work amounted to £693,448, exclusively of a sum of £69,230 for fortifications, and the purchase of land. The money already voted amounts to £692,666, leaving a balance of £732 to complete the estimate of 1831.

“ By a memorandum from the office of Ordnance, dated May 18, 1832, it appears that the total expenditure on the canal, up to December, 31, 1831, was £715,408 15 6 being an excess of £22,742 15 6 beyond the votes of Parliament, and of £21,960 15 6, beyond the estimate made for the whole work in 1831. The present estimate as given in the memorandum just referred to, in the abstract annexed to it, amounts to £776,024 5 6 being £83,358 5 6 more than the votes of Parliament, and £82,576 5 6 beyond the estimate of last year. If, however, to last year's estimate be added a sum of £69,230, which in the papers then presented to Parliament was stated to be likely to be required for defences and bridges, and the purchase of land, and if £27,750 for nearly the same



purposes, be added to the estimate of this year, the two sums will then be,—for the estimate of 1831, £762,698, and for that of this year £803,774 5 6; being an excess in the estimate of this year, as compared with that of the last, of £41,076 5 6.

“It is, however, to be observed, that last year, with respect to the sum of £69,230 it was stated, that with the exception of £8,230 for bridges, it would not be necessary to apply that sum immediately; how far the postponement then recommended has been attended to, the committee, from the manner in which the accounts are made up, have been unable to determine.

“The present accounts therefore, show an expenditure of £22,740 15 6 beyond the votes of Parliament, and an estimate of £111,181 5 6 beyond the same votes for the completion of the canal, and for expenses and works stated to be in necessary connexion with it. Of this sum, what portion may have been already spent, or even what part of it may be involved in existing contracts, the committee have no means of ascertaining with accuracy; they presume, however, that under the arrangements which still subsist, the public must be ultimately liable for the payment of the whole: this of course, supposes that the contracts shall have been faithfully performed. Whenever the canal shall be finished, the committee think that it would be most desirable to close the accounts with the least possible delay.

“An estimate, dated June 21, 1832, has been prepared by the officer of Ordnance for the annual maintenance and repair of the canal, and for the management of the locks. This amounts to £18,799 1 6 for the present year, and the committee presume that a sum must be proposed for this service on account: as, however, this threatens to be an annual expense, they recommend that immediate steps should be taken to place this charge on a regular and economical footing; and they agree with the Treasury and Colonial Office in thinking that the provinces of Canada, to whom the whole of these works must be most valuable, may be reasonably expected to bear this expense. Those provinces, they hope, will not be indisposed, for such an object, to come to the assistance of the mother country, by whom so large an expenditure has hitherto been exclusively incurred. It appears to be still quite uncertain, and it must be so until the water communication from Montreal to Kingston shall be completed, how far any tolls to be collected on the different canals may or may not be sufficient to keep them in repair, and to support the necessary establishment.

“With respect to the three canals on the Ottawa, the committee observe, that in 1831 the estimate for these works, including £54,245 for the enlargement of the Grenville canal, amounted to £285,367. The votes of Parliament amount to £209,099, having by the estimate of 1831 a sum of £76,268 still to be provided for. By a memorandum from the office of Ordnance, dated June 16, 1832, it appears, that up to the 31st December, 1831, there had been expended upon the Grenville Canal, £137,244; on the Carillon Rapids, £23,721; and on the Chute-à-Blondeau, £9,872; making a sum total of £170,837—being £114,530 within

the estimate of 1831, and £38,262 within the votes of Parliament. It is now stated in the memorandum from the office of Ordnance before referred to, that £18,411 will be sufficient to complete these canals, exclusively of £54,245 for the enlargement of a part of the Grenville canal. There is also an estimate from the Ordnance office of £23,761 for the expense of the superintendence and establishment connected with the canals on the Ottawa.

“The committee think it due to the office of Ordnance, under whose directions the works on the Ottawa have been placed exclusively, to call the attention of the house to the care and economy with which they appear to have been recently conducted, the expenditure of the year having been far within the annual vote, and various savings appearing in the present estimates; they therefore do not hesitate to recommend the completion of these works, with the exception of the enlargement of the Grenville canal, to which they will presently advert. The estimate for this purpose has been already stated as £18,411, which with the money expended up to the December 31, 1831, makes a total of £189,248, being a saving on the estimate of 1831 of £96,119; or, if we exclude from the estimate of 1831, £54,245, for the Grenville canal, a saving of £41,822.

“It results from this statement, that the votes for the whole of this water communication amount to £901,765, and that the present estimates, including the money already spent, amount to £993,022 5 6 for the completion of the Rideau canal, and the canals on the Ottawa, on the scale now existing: this calculation excludes the £54,245 at different times proposed for the enlargement of the Grenville canal, and the expense of superintendence and establishment on the Ottawa.

“From the evidence of Colonel Durnford, and from past experience, the committee fear that the present estimates will be found insufficient for the Rideau canal. They are therefore of opinion, that it would be imprudent not to calculate on some excess, though they have no means of estimating its amount; and they doubt whether the expectation held out by Colonel By of opening the canal on the May 1, 1832, has been realized.

“With regard to the enlargement of the Grenville canal, and the contemplated works, either at St. Ann’s and La Chine, or in the rear of the Island of Montreal, the committee do not think that any immediate decision need be taken. The Grenville canal, if it remain at its present size, will not absolutely interrupt the communication; and in the mean time some experience will have been obtained of the sufficiency and durability of the works already completed. The same observations apply to the proposed works on the island of Montreal, with this additional reason for suspending the decision of Parliament, that the estimates appear, from Colonel Durnford’s evidence, to have been altogether framed by Colonel By, and the committee, after what has passed with regard to the Rideau canal, do not think that it would be prudent to rely on their accuracy. They observe, that in miscellaneous estimates on the table of the house, it is proposed to ask for a vote of £62,500 for the water com-

munication in Canada, and they cannot advise the proposal of a larger sum, until more full and accurate explanation of the expenditure on the Rideau shall have been obtained. They recommend that the money shall be employed in satisfying contracts wherever they have been faithfully performed; and that, in the present state of information and experience on the subject, no fortifications should be undertaken on the Rideau, nor any further works proceeded with, either on the Ottawa or the Island of Montreal.

“ Having now called the attention of the house to various details of expense, the committee are anxious to describe shortly the extent of the works in question. The distance from Kingston, on Lake Ontario, to Bytown, where the Rideau river joins the Ottawa, is stated to be 150 miles; from Bytown to the Grenville canal, 64 miles; making together 213 miles: throughout the whole of which line the locks and cuttings are of a size to admit steamboats 134 feet long, 33 feet wide, and drawing 5 feet water.

“ From the Grenville canal to Montreal is 64 miles; all the locks on the Carillon and on the Châte-à-Blondeau are of the same size as on the Rideau; but on a part of the Grenville canal, commenced before the larger scale was adopted, some locks and a part of the cuttings will only admit boats of 20 feet; and the imperfect work at St. Ann's, described by Colonel Durnford, will not allow the passage of larger boats. Until, therefore, the locks on the Grenville canal, and the works on the Island of Montreal, shall be made on the same scale as those on the Rideau, the navigation for boats above 20 feet wide will be interrupted where the smaller locks begin; and if larger boats are used on the Rideau, and on the higher part of the Ottawa, all goods must be unshipped on arriving at the Grenville canal, and be either conveyed by portage, or removed to smaller boats. The estimate for enlarging the Grenville canal being £54,245, and that for making a communication between the Islands of Montreal and Jesus being stated to be £117,270, the whole expense of completing this part of the water communication would be £171,515, if it were probable that the estimates were accurate. Colonel Durnford states, that though the expense of making a canal at St. Ann's might be from £23,000 to £46,000, according to the particular line which was determined upon, yet, that as in that case Lachine Canal must also be enlarged, the passage that way would be nearly, if not quite, as expensive, and in all other respects much less eligible than by the rear of the Island of Montreal. If at any future time the further prosecution of these works should be thought desirable, the House will have to determine in what way the expense should be provided for; but the committee cannot recommend that any money should now be voted for that purpose.

“ The Committee cannot conclude their report without a strong expression of their regret, that the irregularity, hitherto so much complained of in the conduct of the works on the Rideau, should have prevailed to a great extent in the course of the last year. The expenditure has much exceeded both the estimates and the votes of Parliament, and a conside-

rable delay, not very properly explained, seems to have taken place in making this excess known to the Treasury. The committee are the more surprised that this should have occurred, as the Treasury minutes of the June 10 and July 8, 1831, called the attention of the several departments of Government to the subject, and gave positive directions, which appear calculated to remedy the inconveniences complained of. By a Treasury minute of May 11, 1832, some restraint is imposed on the application of money by the commanding-general of Canada. The committee have observed this with pleasure, being of opinion, that in works of this description there is no security against extravagance, and the amount of expense can never be accurately known, unless the annual expenditure be confined within the limits of the annual votes. In those cases of rare occurrence, in which a deviation from this principle may be unavoidable, the committee believe that the directions contained in the Treasury minutes, above referred to, would secure the public service from interruption and inconvenience; they trust, therefore, that the Treasury will not allow the orders contained in these minutes to be neglected by any department, and that they will take care that they are carried into strict and immediate execution; and, in conclusion, with a view to place works of this description under the undivided responsibility of one department, they suggest the expediency of inserting the votes for money in the Ordnance estimates, and not in the miscellaneous estimates.

J. N. FAZAKERLEY, Chairman.

“ June 29, 1832.”

## SECTION XII.

Family correspondence.—Don Carlos.—Viney's letters and illness.—Sarah's death—(to p. 126.)

Those only who have been separated from their brothers and sisters in early youth, when family affection is most fresh in its warm impulses, can imagine the pleasure experienced when they again meet with so much to tell, so much to wonder at and approve in the mutual development of person, manners, ideas, and intellect. At this period my father's whole family were occasionally assembled around him. His eldest and youngest sons, Elias and Viney, were in his own corps: Philip and George had commissions in the 68th and 70th Regiments; while his remaining son John, who had failed to obtain advancement in the commissariat, but afterwards was more successful in the war department, was an inmate (unemployed) of his father's house. A blight had by the loss of Charles been thrown over their enjoyments, but the elastic vigour of youth and hope recovered from the shock of the first trial caused by the separation of death.

The depôts of the 68th and 70th being at Portsmouth, and the two young officers in those regiments being allowed to remain there for some time, afforded the family much delight, as also to find that the two engineer officers were likewise to be stationed near them. Viney, the youngest son, had always been remarkable, as a boy, for his fondness for reading; and, to enable him to carry on his studies without disturbance, he now made choice of an out door apartment looking out on the poultry yard and garden wall, while his books were arranged in a room within the house. His studies were multifarious; he read in English, French, Italian, German, Spanish, and Portuguese, besides Latin and Greek authors, latterly entering upon the study of Hebrew. He possessed works of the best authors in all these languages;—in German especially, at that date little read and by no means well taught, his attainment was such, that his master could with difficulty be persuaded but that his knowledge of it had been acquired in a country where it was vernacular. He had also made considerable advancement in the mathematics, and nearly all his spare pay was devoted to increasing his valuable stock of books. Young as he was, he directed the studies of his sisters; read Italian with them,—a language he had been taught at Malta,—bought books for them, and was always delighted when they visited his library or read his volumes: indeed his sisters looked up to him, superiorly gifted as he was, with love and admiration such as he deserved.

Viney was modest and humble in his opinion of himself, and so devoid of vanity that, although scrupulously elegant in the choice of his attire and personal appliances, he dreaded the epithet of dandy being affixed to him, and told his sister that whenever he first put on a new suit, to destroy the idea of his aiming to be a beau, he would put on a pair of soiled gloves, a patched boot, or a hat that had seen better days. No reasoning ever

induced his feeling to the remonstrances of his sisters on these points ; he consistently maintained his manly supremacy, with noble amiability loving them the better for what he thought their weakness. He made them many pretty presents—all his wishes tended to their benefit : when he told them their faults, it was with the manner and temper of an angel. Perhaps, and as he thought himself, his profession was ill chosen ; certain it is he looked down on his professional duties, and would have liked to devote himself to a life of college study and seclusion, for he was shy of the society of strangers, and hurt the feelings and opinions of his parents and family by his over love for retirement.

Familiar epistles are truthful of domestic life and individual character ; the subjoined were addressed to Canada ; in their boyish simplicity, they speak more of Viney than any recollection can.

Woolwich, March 29, 1826.

“ DEAR J—, As Captain Douglas (commander of a favourite general cargo trading ship, the Ottawa,) sails on Saturday, I have just sat down to write to you. I am come here from Epping, and am going to school again to-morrow. Aunt Kirwan received me very kindly, as did all the family : while I was there I went to the stag-hunt on Easter Monday ; you see the account of in the newspaper, so I need not give you the history of it—at all events I can't say much for it as a hunt, but there were a great number of people there, among whom were, Mr. Goodman a friend of Mrs. Kirwan, my cousin George and myself, who walked six miles to see nothing, unless you call a parcel of people scampering about on foot and on horseback anything. Mrs. K. told me to tell you that she sent you a letter about a month ago. John is still in France. I hope you have received my letter of the 28th of last month. My uncle has got the music for Elizabeth, and is going to town to-morrow for the other things. Tell aunt that he has bought a pocket book for me, for which I am very much obliged to her. I send Charles a knife, and Charles Smith the same, which Charles can give him. Mr. Day has asked me to spend the mid-summer holidays with himself—if I don't go there : Mrs. Kirwan has asked me. I hope you are all quite well. Give my love to papa, mama, aunt, brothers, and sisters, and believe me, dear J—, your affectionate brother,

“ VINEY DURNFORD.”

“ R. M. A., November 4, 1827.

“ MY DEAR J—, I received your letter of the August 20, about a fortnight ago :—I have not been able to answer it before, because the mail does not go till the 7th. Of course you have heard of Charles' arrival, and I dare say he has told you that he has not seen me yet. I had a letter from him last week. He seemed very contented, and said his time was passed very pleasantly, which I am sure he cannot help doing with such an uncle. He says a young man attends him three times a week, whom he denominates his tutor.

“ I wrote to aunt Kirwan a short time ago, in answer to a letter she sent me : she has not yet given me an invitation to spend the vacation with her, but I expect it every day.

“As to my drawings, you may believe me, that there is not one worth seeing, much more sending so far.

“We had a grand day here a short time ago: the duke of Clarence came down to present the marines with new colours, the cadet company was turned out under arms, and marched down to the riding-school, as the rain came down in torrents. It was a long time before we could get in; and, as you may conceive, we got a fine ducking, particularly as we wore white trousers for the occasion. There was a platform in the middle of the school, on which stood the duchess of Clarence, Gloucester, and the princess Augusta; around it were the marquis of Anglesey, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, and several other noblemen. As the cadets take precedence of any other troops, we were very near the platform. As soon as we got in, General Fisher, our commandant, gave the word, and we presented arms; and in about five minutes after, the Duke of Clarence began a long speech reflecting on the services of the marines in different parts of the globe; and as soon as he had finished this, he explained the different devices on the colours, and then presented them to the senior lieutenant.

“Two or three cadets have just been admiring your hand, which they saw on the direction of one of your letters I was referring to.

“I must say I envy your pienes. I have been to Lake Duchesnay: I believe it is the same as the one you call Lake Beauport. I have never been near the other lakes and falls you mention. We have just had an examination in our academy, and several of the first cadets have been examined for commissions, and have gone down into the arsenal: there is to be another in December, when nine more will go down.

“The Duke of Wellington is very unpopular with us for having stopt the intended promotion in the artillery, particularly as it had been in the papers and we were almost sure of it. Our hours have just been changed, and now the morning parade is at 8 o'clock instead of 7: it will continue so I believe all the winter.

“We are looking out for the frost, which has not yet made its appearance even in the shape of hoar frost. There are a great many large ponds on the common, and, as I hope, there will be some good skating, which is a good deal better here than in Canada, there being no snow to spoil it. And now my dear I must conclude: give my love to papa and mama, and all the other relations, and believe me, your affectionate brother,

“VINEY DURNFORD.”

“Cadet Barracks, December 1, 1829.

“MY DEAR J—, I have to thank you for your short account of your travels, as also I believe for divers unanswered epistles of yours, which I am ashamed to particularize; but I believe after all that it is about the best thing I could do, viz., to write as little as possible, if I cannot produce something more worth reading than those unintelligible, ill-written productions, to which the name of Viney Durnford is affixed.

“My fortnight's leave will I believe be spent with my aunt Kirwan, as she has invited me. I have also been invited by the Durnfords at Chatham.

" I have been to see the R——'s several times since ——'s departure, and am going to-morrow to see Dr. Parker, who with his wife is now at Woolwich.

" You no doubt are not sorry for the change that is to take place in your residence—by the by you will I suppose be quartered somewhere near my uncle George and family.

" Charlotte I hear is grown quite out of remembrance : my best love to her and to Caroline and Sarah—they must excuse my not writing to them this time, but I promise them one in my next packet. I suppose John will come with you : I hope he likes his new studies. Believe me, my dear J——, your affectionate brother.

" VINEY DURNFORD."

The next, from a friend of Viney's, is rife with the ingenuous feelings of friendship and confidence, besides other interesting matter. The author was unknown to the family, save by his signature.

" Rajeunal on the Ganges, Aug. 4, 1832.

" MY DEAR DURNFORD,—Since I separated from you last Christmas, I have traversed more than half the circumference of the earth, and arrived in India, the country where I must pass the prime of my existence, and labour for bread, and for what fame may be acquired in peaceful times, or against the enervated inhabitants of a hot climate. I address you at random, as you may be in Africa or America, or perhaps in the classic land of Greece, where I cannot but envy you the pride of spirit—of searching among the ruins of all that was great and all that was noble in former times.

" My voyage out was not very short, but as every thing was perfectly new, the time did not hang so heavy as is usually considered. We had no bad weather except in the " Bay of Biscay," that disagreeable ordeal of all people fresh from land. The days flowed smoothly along, occasionally interspersed with the view of islands, or the capture of birds and of fishes, or the sight of a returning ship, enabling the care-sick and the home-sick to vent their feelings on a sheet of paper. We landed upon the island of Johanna, petite and beautiful like other tropical islands, but labouring under the double despotism of the religion of Mahomet and the most inordinate desire of money. We sailed round Ceylon,—where perhaps you may one day be,—and were much amused by the grotesque appearance of its hills; one of these precisely resembling, we named after " Westminster Abbey." We saw Madras, a noble monument of British honour and wealth, and only surpassed by Calcutta, situated on the holiest branch of the holy Ganges. When I arrived, and found myself after three years study, the tenth supernumerary in the Corps of Engineers, with my pay elipt and cut and drawn through the slender wire holes of modern currency, and the ideas of Lord William Bentinck, who has pinched the Court of Directors, displeased, and impoverished the officers of 300,000 armed men: a dangerous policy. I am now proceeding up the Ganges to join the sappers and miners at Delhi, in charge of those educated at Chatham. And we shortly



expect to be called to the field, to form a camp of 40,000 men, for the purposes of instruction, but really to observe the conduct of Runjit Singh, a very powerful rajah in the western provinces with a large army, and the keep of India in his hand, which he can open to the ambition of the emperor of Russia. I hope such a thing may happen, for we will drive them back to their desert, and perhaps you and I may meet under the walls of Moscow, and promote the interest of England jointly with the votaries of Christ and of Mahomet,—a strange difference to throwing up field-works, or drawing plans on the marshes of the Medway.

“ I hope you have been in good health since I saw you, and that you have been stationed at a place that you will like, for you did not seem anxious to request the board for the favour of a good appointment. Of course I shall have cut, unless it is to be employed in the field, the true post for a young officer. Have you seen Moody lately? and how long has he left Chatham? How do your studies in chemistry and geology and history proceed? Has your perusal of the Fathers cleared your mind, or involved you in endless confusion? I have given up all such things, and confine my reading to the mathematics,—to history—and to poetry. There is at present very good play for all the sciences in India. The Trig. Survey far exceeds that of England, Ireland, or France. I shall be most happy to hear from you at all times—the oftener, the gladder I shall be. I hope your friends are well. I remain, my dear Durnford, yours most sincerely.

“ To Lieut. Viney Durnford, R. E.                      J. W. CUNNINGHAM.”

The two next letters in order of time are from Mrs. Kirwan's eldest son, who always met the same cordial welcome at his aunt's house, as did his cousins in Mrs. Kirwan's, whose sheltering mansion never failed at vacation time to open for the reception of her nephews, while the Atlantic separated them from their parents; and the mutual regard of both families for each other resembled that of brothers and sisters.

1 Manchester St., Manchester Square, October 12, 1823.

“ MY DEAR COUSIN,—Allow me to express the pleasure I feel from the reception of those lines, the purport of which you thought me not unworthy of fulfilling; and since you have thus commenced an epistolary correspondence, let me hope that this is but the forerunner of future favors.

You little know me, if you think your directions could ever, from my hand, find their way into the fire.

“ You doubt whether your request might appear to me as an extraordinary piece of assurance, rather say as an extraordinary piece of favour: for, to tell you the truth, my opinion is always in favour of candour and sincerity; thus taking you as my model, let me hope I shall prove myself a docile and willing pupil.

“ Now to business with regard to the chess-board. I have visited Ackerman's, and have inspected, very minutely, boards of different shapes and sizes: I shall in the first place answer those points you wish to know.

The shape of the board must be a square: the sizes are from sixteen to twenty-one inches—understand, when I say the board must be square, I mean within the pattern, the rim or edge of the board may be, and are of various shapes—such as waved edges. The prices I fear you will think exorbitant. The boards consist of white wood, veneered on mahogany. Those ready for inlaying are from twenty-four to thirty shillings with patterns, and those without are from four to six less. As to the expense of sending down to you, I should think the utmost they could charge would be from eighteen pence to two shillings at the outside. You wish to know whether it is possible to build the same at Portsmouth, the dimensions being rightly understood?

“I should say decidedly yes, for I see no reason why you could not begin another, with those dimensions before you, as well as if it came from as *renommé* a place as Aekerman’s. I have answered your letter item by item: hope therefore it will enable you to complete one at last: but be sure and get a good seasoned piece of wood, or otherwise it will serve as did the last. I was on the eve of my departure for the country when your letter arrived or would have attended to it ere now: on my way home I came through Woolwich and saw the Petleys, they asked me to dine with them, but I wished to return to town as early as I could, so politely declined the offer. They asked after you all. Mrs. Petley, I was told by a person constantly in the habit of visiting her, is in a very tottering state, and is supposed not long for this world.

“My mother is just leaving Orpington to reside at Canterbury, I suspect only for a short time. My brother was in town a short time ago, he is at present residing at Maiden Bradley in Dorsetshire, without any earthly occupation. The fogs begin to make their appearance in London, Town has been very empty for the last two months, but now the streets begin to assume a more cheerful appearance. I hope all chez vous are well, faites mes souvenirs à tous, s’il vous plait. Will you ask my aunt if she will be kind enough to return Dr. Milner’s work as soon as convenient. If agreeable to her, I will send her another work of later period. I hope you will always favour me with a line whenever you may chance have any commissions to execute, as will prove to me that I am not forgotten by all. Believe me, my dear cousin, yours truly.

“J. F. KIRWAN.”

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(From the same to the same.)

“13 Duke St., Manchester Square, Nov. 8, 1835.

“MY DEAR COUSIN.—I arrived here a few days ago, after taking Brighton on my way to London from Southampton. I sojourned ten days at Brighton, and which flew by as if it were but two, being chiefly occupied in waiting on your sex, almost as charming as yourself. *A propos*, during our country rides I had frequent opportunities of observing that the Portsmouth fashion for ladies to ride with unbound hats appears not to have extended to London or Brighton. So much for that: now as to the different items

you wrote in my memorandum book, I shall attend to in rotation. I am told at Ackerman's, that twenty-four inches square is the largest size; thickness from three quarters to an inch. They are generally made of white wood, or, in other words, of holly wood. Price from 25s. to 30s. I send you the magazine and bottle of gall water. With regard to Indian ink running, they say nothing will prevent it if the paper is bad. I also enquired at a first-rate upholsterer's the damage of a handsome stand or a frame for a chess-board, made usually of rosewood; nothing handsome under £5, as much more as you like. This appears to be the last commission, at least for the present, I will add, until you learn to treat me like some friends of ours, when they get impatient and are not attended to by return of post, and beg to have their letters sent back. I am not at all apprehensive that this will be your case, knowing so well, my dear cousin, your amiable qualities. I trust I need not add, I shall at all times feel flattered in attending to your commands. I am sorry to find I am just returned time enough to witness the commencement of the London fogs, which usually visit the capital at this season of the year. How is my dear aunt? I sincerely hope she improves daily, and will ere long recover her strength. Pray say every thing kind and affectionate from me. I am sorry to say there is so little stirring in town that you must not expect any thing in the shape of news. My friend Selby is to be married on Tuesday the 12th inst. first by one of our bishops and then at his parish church; after which, I am told there will be an assembly of friends to a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, to the number of sixty. The same, I hope, ere long, to be my case. I fear all absentees will come poorly off for cake. Since my return to town I am told by some friends that I was seen by them riding with a lady near Portsmouth, on the London road, and how fortunate the rencontre did not take place coming down Postdown Hill! (The lady this letter was written to, in galloping down Postdown Hill in company with Mr. Kirwan, had been thrown from her horse.) Be kind enough to tell Caroline I hope she will not forget her promise to her dear cousin John, conveying all the Portsmouth news, from time to time. Pray excuse this neat scrawl, as I am, as usual when writing, in a hurry. A good apology for a pack of nonsense—*n'est ce pas*. My kind regards also to cousin J, and shall feel it a compliment if she will occasionally favor me with her handwriting, reporting progress of her invalids, which I trust will be realized. Accept my best wishes for your family circle, and believe me to remain,

“Your affectionate cousin,

JOHN KIRWAN.”

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Arrivals stirring and gay—if royal—doubly welcome, constantly occur at Portsmouth. The Duchess of Kent and the young princess, her child of fully realized, happy hope, paid England's proud seaport several visits at this period, and the exiled Don Carlos of Spain with his queen; also Donna Maria the young Queen of Portugal, and her mother-in-law, the Empress of Brazil and Duchess of Braganza. My father happened

occasionally, in consequence of the frequent absence of the general commanding, to be in charge of the garrison; and the disposition of the troops for the reception of distinguished guests thus devolved necessarily on him. For Donna Maria's reception, on her second visit, the appearance the soldiers made in lining the streets, &c., was so well managed, as to receive complimentary thanks from the Rear Admiral, Sir Thomas Williams. Donna Maria offered to confer on him the decoration of the Cross of the Legion of Honour of Portugal; he was advised to decline it.

When the Princess Victoria visited and went over "the Royal Clarence Victualing Establishment," near Gosport, and was shewn the newly approved process of biscuit making for the navy, my father had the honour of taking her round it, leaning on his arm, and an amiable young lady present, afterwards observed to one of his daughters, that Colonel Durnford took the princess in his kind manner. He was also honoured with invitations to the Duchess of Kent's table, while residing at Cowes in the Isle of Wight; after retiring to the drawing room, the princess would sing to the company.

My father now enjoyed meeting with many old friends of his boyhood and youth, as well as many who remembered and had been his father's: indeed the toilsome life he had led in Canada was much lightened by the change of station. The fearful disease—cholera—made its appearance in the sappers' barracks, only separated from his own residence by the street. Several soldiers' children died, and alarm, with its consequent dejection followed. The company, at his recommendation, was immediately removed to Southsea Castle, where the salubrious sea air at once established health and confidence. It would no doubt have been better to have refrained from entering into the violent canvassing parties, that, during election times, disturbed Portsmouth; papa was a decided conservative or tory, and once, indeed only once, in making his way to the hustings, to give his vote accordingly, was nearly killed. It was doubtless owing to this ill-judged act, that on an occasion of an address of thanks being made by the corporation for the restoring or new building of the Lion Gate, one of the gates of the fortified town of Portsmouth, the name of his second in command was substituted for that of the commanding Royal Engineer. Besides a periodical attendance on the king, at Brighton, his tour of inspection comprised Winchester, New Forest, Southampton, Isle of Wight, the coast as far as Brighton, taking in a great extent of beautiful country, replete with interest and importance. The curious old castles of Calshot and Hurst were included.

At break of day, one morning, the Donegal frigate was discovered lying at Spithead. A boat was immediately despatched to know the reason why the usual salute had not been fired. The answer returned was "because there was a royal party on board." (From the Gazette): "June 18, 1834. At 6 A. M. this morning, the Admiral Superintendent's yacht was despatched to the Donegal for the purpose of conveying on shore Don Carlos's family and suite. At a quarter before seven o'clock, the Donegal was seen to 'man yards,' and a royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired from that ship upon the party embarking on

board the yacht; Capt. Fanshaw accompanied the illustrious strangers, who, upon landing at Sally-port stairs, were received with a second salute, of twenty-one guns from the platform battery. A captain's guard of honour was drawn up in the street, and the marine band, as the prince and princess entered the post carriage which conveyed them to their apartments in High Street, struck up 'God save the King.' Notwithstanding the early hour, the platform was covered with well-dressed people anxious to gaze on exiled royalty."

Sir Frederic Maitland, the Superintendent, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, &c., paid their respects at 12 o'clock. Don Carlos, on leaving the Donegal, expressed himself in terms of heartfelt gratitude for the kind and generous reception he experienced from the captain and every officer on board. He addressed them on the quarter deck as follows in French:—

"Messieurs: Avant de vous quitter, mon cœur sent le besoin de vous témoigner ma reconnaissance pour la manière aimable avec laquelle vous tous nous avez traité. Moi, et toute ma famille, n'oublierons jamais les services rendus avec tant de franchise et de générosité, qui a toujours distingué la marine de la Grande Bretagne.

"De près, comme de loin, je me rapellerai toujours de votre excellent capitaine et des officiers appartenans à ce beau vaisseau, et pour que j'aie toujours en mémoire leur noms, je vous prie, M. le Capitaine, de vouloir bien me donner la liste de ces braves officiers."

His consort, who had been deemed remarkably handsome, landed with a frame shattered from fatigue and ill health, having suffered many hardships and privations in the flight; on one emergency she was forced to walk twenty miles on foot. At this time those who saw her recognized little of her former beauty, but described her as a tall, gaunt woman. The young princes, boys of ten and twelve years of age, were constantly seen walking about Portsmouth, accompanied by their tutor, and with their mother were left by Don Carlos near Gosport, as in secure deposit. The exiled queen, after languishing a few months, expired at Stoke, in the apartment in which her remains lay in state for some days; the bed watched by her body guards, was visited by crowds. My father, with his family crossed the harbour to see it. While Don Carlos, his queen and two sons were thus allowed the shelter of hospitality at Portsmouth, volunteers from the same place were collecting in great numbers to join Colonel Napier's band against him.

About 1833, Louis Philippe's sailor son, the Prince de Joinville, came to Spithead, and while his ship lay there at anchor, he sent invitations to all the chief authorities of Portsmouth to breakfast with him. Papa received one:

"Monsieur le Colonel du Génie, &c., &c., Durnford, Portsmouth.

"S. A. R. Monsieur le Prince de Joinville, me charge d'avoir l'honneur d'inviter M. le Colonel du Génie à déjeuner demain, lundi, à bord de la frégate la Didon, ce 11me février.

"à bord de la Didon, Portsmouth, 13, 7.

For some reason his politeness was not accepted by the officials at Portsmouth. Papa went in person on board the prince's vessel to offer apology for declining; the prince received him standing, with much courtesy, telling him he regretted the shortness of his visit.

It was now God's will that clouds should for some time settle over Colonel Durnford's hitherto happy family. The death of poor Charles proved but the prelude to other keen trials. Elias, the eldest son, a most promising officer in the Engineers, remarkably handsome in person, and gifted both with mental and bodily accomplishments, was the next prematurely taken from them. He fell a victim to fever, on his way to Ceylon, after a long and hazardous journey by the way of the Danube, Constantinople, Babylon, and Bussorah. Well for him, had he been contented to have gone by the usual sea route! But after escaping the perils of the wild unfrequented countries he traversed, it was sad to learn twelve months nearly after his melancholy end, how all his toils, hopes, and ardent best endeavours had terminated. "There was not a finer young man in the whole army than was my son!" his weeping father said, as he turned aside that his children might not see the tears he could not stop. His interesting journal, and numerous letters written from the successive resting posts of his long journey, were duly received and read with delight and pride at the family fire-side, while those who sat round little thought, the affectionate heart that dictated, and the able hand that guided the description of the traveller's risks and privations, would never mingle with them again in converse. Like Charles, his thoughts and affections always turned to home; and as the first departed had collected the beautiful among ocean's corals and sea-fans, so did Elias make choice as he went along of whatever he thought likely to give pleasure to those, who "though absent to sight were to memory dear." Among the presents he made to his mother and sisters, were a fine collection of Turkish costumes, embroidered handkerchiefs from Constantinople, pieces of mosaic and lavas, with rich Albanian scarfs he had previously sent over while stationed in the Ionian Islands; but the promised "*Brick*" from the "Tower of ruined Babylon," whose procuring and receiving had occasioned so much conversation and agreeable anticipation, never arrived.

When Elias discovered to his great regret the place of his destination, he had every esteemed work on Turkey, Persia, and India, that "Eber's Library" contained, sent to him; reading with assiduity day and night, and making himself well acquainted with the route he unfortunately could not be deterred from undertaking, and purchasing many valuable and useful scientific instruments.

One of his sisters has performed the task of putting together his letters and journal, along with his services in the corps he had entered into, and of which, none can deny, he was an ornament and valuable member; and she has executed the task with fidelity, prompted by affectionate wishes to render justice to her beloved and manly brother's memory, who did not yield in generosity of temper to Charles. It is therefore unnecessary to say more on his untimely departure from a world of

perplexity and frustrated purpose, which, had God pleased, it seemed he might have long lived to serve in his honourable calling.

Some time before the intelligence of his melancholy end was received, Mrs. Durnford told her family, at the breakfast table, she had passed a disturbed night, and dreamed of a very long journey—her dream was all about black, coffins, and confusion. Better had it been for the anxious mother to have guarded the secret of her mournful vision within her bosom; for unluckily one of the domestics overheard the recital and told it among her fellow-servants. In the number of these was a woman, who was laundress to the family, and had been the same in the family of Colonel Durnford's predecessor. This person had the extraordinary want of humanity and tact to say to her companions, "There was good coming to them, for Missis had dreamed of Mr. Elias' death, and they would all have new black gowns!" Who can blame the heart-stricken mother, to whose ears this cruel saying came, if in the anguish of her just resentment, she denied the usual compliment being paid to her loved son's memory, by disappointing the thoughtless woman. This person was an honest, good-hearted creature; and that this unfortunate inconsistency of speech did not proceed from malevolence or premeditation, is most certain, for Elias was beloved universally by his inferiors in station; neither did the bereaved parent retain afterwards a warped view of her dependant's levity, since she continued to hold the same place in her service as long as her family remained at Portsmouth. The husband was a superannuated marine, enjoying a small pension.

The next letter is of a sad character, replying to one from Miss Durnford on hearing that Colonel By was no more. Miss Lucy Adams, the amiable lady who penned it, had been on the point of marriage with Mrs. By's father, when his unexpected death placed Mr. Marsh's two infant daughters under her care and surveillance; and she loved them through life with a mother's entire fondness.

"Shernfold Park, Feb. 17, 1836.

"MY DEAR MISS DURNFORD,—I should ere this have thanked you for your kind sympathising letter, had not your dear father left us so lately that I thought you would be glad to hear how my dear afflicted friend Mrs. By bore up against her severe loss; and I am happy to say that, considering her afflicting bereavement of one of the most tender and affectionate of husbands, she is as well as could be expected. It is true the sad event was in some degree anticipated, yet I can assure you, it was nevertheless awful and distressing; but as we all only linger on earth in hopes of being translated to a better and happier world, the event is more to be lamented for those left behind him. We are all most anxious to hear a better account of Mrs. Durnford; and that before long one of you will favour us with a few lines to say how she is getting on. We hope Colonel Durnford reached home in safety without taking cold. We all unite in affectionate regards to your papa and mama, yourself, and all the family; and believe me; my dear Miss Durnford.

Your truly affectionate

LUCY ADAMS."

Let us pass on now to pay another tribute of recollection to the amiable and gifted Viney, who, on returning from Malta, his first station, and spending a winter in his parents' house, was ordered to Ireland. His letters from thence relate what his life there was, until the altered hand-writing they betrayed, to the observation of his alarmed parents, caused them to believe some malady was consuming the strength of their beloved son,—the correspondence he enters into with his father relating to exchanging quarters with another officer, cannot properly be omitted, as it intimately concerns the history of Viney's brief life.

“ [Private.]

Boyle, Feb. 22, 1835.

“ MY DEAR FATHER,—I yesterday received a note of which the following is a copy :—

“ Enniskillen, Feb. 19, 1835.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—As you will probably be surprised at receiving a letter from me, I had better at once let you into the object of it. Before I knew that you were appointed to succeed Biscoe at Boyle, I had written to Colonel Thackeray to ask him to remove me there; his reply was that he was sorry he had not known my wishes before, as you had already been ordered there, but that if I could arrange an exchange with you, it should have his consent provided no expense was incurred by the government for travelling. My reason for wishing to remove from this district is, that I am quite a stranger in this part of the country, all my relations and friends living in the West and South of Ireland; and Sligo is the head quarters of my family. If you have nothing particular to bind you to your present station, I think you would find this much the most desirable, being in a far more civilized country, and you would very much oblige me by consenting to an exchange. As you would not be allowed travelling expenses in the event of your exchanging with me, I would of course be happy to defray the expense you might be put to in accommodating me. Hoping for an early reply, believe me to be, sir, very truly yours.

“ G. W., Lt. R. E.’

“ My reply to this note was :—

“ Boyle, Feb. 21, 1835.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your note of the 19th, and intend to *take advice* on the subject of it, so that I shall not be able to give you a final answer for a week or so—but this much I may say before hand, that, barring my wish to oblige you, I have no desire to move from my present quarter. I am, very truly yours.

V. DURNFORD.

“ Lieut. W——, R. E., Enniskillen.’

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“ I should like to have your opinion of this matter. I am myself disinclined to this proposal. Mr. W—— offers to defray my travelling expenses, but he says nothing about my trouble, and nothing about the extra expense of living at Enniskillen: it is however something nearer Dublin, which is certainly an advantage.



“ The new system has now attained to considerable regularity in this country. Ample directions (of which I can if you please send copies) have been forwarded for the use of the forms, but I rather think that the directions might not so well apply to the complicated accounts at Portsmouth. “ The Diary ” is made a useful record, answering indeed to some of the Clerk of Works’ books at Portsmouth. I unfortunately however did not make myself fully acquainted with your improved method.”

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“ While in Dublin I dined at the Artillery Mess at Island Bridge. The conversation fell on the Rideau Canal; and opinions differing on a question connected with it—whether or not the locks were at first built for the passage of small craft, and then pulled down and rebuilt to admit large vessels? reference was made to me, who could only plead ignorance, rather discreditable to me. Mention was made of a series of reports with which you had something to do, which give the history of this canal. I would give anything to possess them. Can you not send them to me? They are of course to be had in London, as I understood they were printed in parliamentary papers. I am very much in want of the Barrack Regulations. They are on sale I should think at Egerton’s, Whitehall, and might be ordered of Comerford. With love to all, and trusting my mother’s health is improving, I am, your affectionate son,

VINEY.”

“ The Gerrard, to whom my present valet was groom, is I find not the Gerrard I knew, although in 70th. Martin my valet is a proper lout; he beats all the fellows I have yet had, seems however to know something about horses, but I am afraid that if I keep him, I must get a boy for indoor work. I have heard it truly remarked, that considering the description of article provided, Ireland is not a cheap place. I have said that my lodgings, for which I pay rather more than at Portsmouth, are not the best. I understood that I was to be furnished with *China* and *Plate*, which turn out to be one cup, three plates of all patterns, and one glass, two black-handled knives and forks, which have to be cleaned between first and second course. I ordered a fowl to be bought, and a fine young one was procured for eight pence; as it was too fresh, I ordered some mutton, but was told that though cheap, the sheep were *discased*; and, after all, the chicken turned out a hen.

“ To my sister: I found that it would be advisable to keep the gold chain. The jeweller valued it absurdly low, though the same man who sold it to me a year ago. Always write ‘single’ on the letters you send me, if a large paper; and it would be well to enquire whether letters for Dublin cannot go by Bristol, in which case you will not omit to write “*viâ Bristol*,” which will save thirteen or fourteen hours from London to Holyhead. I paid two shillings and ten pence the other day for Caroline’s letter, but it was worth at least five shillings, and so had a cheap bargain. I by no means however despise franks. I do not want all the newspapers; two or three a week will suffice. Articles I should

wish to be sent to me in addition to those I have mentioned before : Leather scabbard of sword, which should be first repaired ; Leigh's Road Book ; Damm's Lexicon, two large books ; Heyne's Homer, vol. 2, large book ; Umbrella ; Retsch's Macbeth ; Drawing of Locks at entrance of Rideau ; Printing machine."

This letter was written in the days when postage cost money, and those who had much to say wrote on long paper, and scribbled over all the foldings and corners, and before envelopes were considered necessary. Viney adds on another corner :—

"Major M. C. Dixon, who is in temporary command of Ulster district, is under orders for Ceylon, and has been so for near a month. He will I have no doubt be happy to take anything."

" [Private.]

Enniskillen, April 2, 1835.

"MY DEAR FATHER.—I reached this place on Friday last, and think I have on the whole bettered myself by the exchange from Boyle, as Enniskillen is a metropolis compared to the other, and is, indeed, as you found it thirty years ago, a neat pretty place. My forebodings that my *work* would be harder have however been confirmed, and I have been in fact, in despair at the host of letters. There are two Clerks of Works, and a Foreman of Works reporting to me, and I shall I believe be shortly ordered on a tour of inspection to these places ; and you will see, on reference to a map, that my division of the Ulster district forms a fraction of Ireland with no low denomination.

" Londonderry, and some dozen of forts on Lough Swilly, and Lough Foyle, Lifford, Omagh, Ballyshannon, Beltarbet, and Cavan. The 52nd Light Infantry is here (head quarters of the regiment), and has detachments at the outstations, and there are cavalry in some of the barracks.

" I found that I was in the dark at Boyle on *the new system*. The diary was, I find, long ago, September, 1834, done away, the book at least containing it ; as containing a mere copy, as I said, at the back of the Weekly Report (No. 1 Form), it was thought useless. I have troubled you about it very vexatiously, but you will make allowances for me. Lieut.-Colonel Hustler had this district the time of his death, and it appears to be in excellent order, so that it will be my own fault if I fail in my own duties. I shall get into the routine in time I hope, but am at present in bad health, and cannot get through the business in the proper style.

" You are aware, I suppose, if Elizabeth says true, that Lieut. Biscoe is appointed to Portsmouth ; that I relieved Lt. B. at Boyle, and that he was then in bad health. Captain Wilson, my former Irish commanding officer, is in temporary command of the district, to be relieved soon by Captain Williams going himself to Belfast. I remain your affectionate son,

VINEY."

" Colonel Cardew arrived at Boyle the day before I left. He asked me to dine with him at the inn : said he had met you at a levee.

“(To whom it concerns.)

“The attempt of the girls to avoid postage was a complete failure—as thus on cover—Opened 3s. 10d., which 3s. 10d. I had to pay, and it might have been 10s. However I was glad to hear from them, and the delinquents may think themselves lucky to have escaped at sixpence a-piece, over two such letters. If you write to me here your letters will be forwarded to me during my *tour*, and I shall be happy to execute commissions in any of the places mentioned. I made the tour of the other district before I left it.

“William Hale is here (Adjutant), and called on me very kindly. He desired me to mention his name. He is a fine young man, and I dined at their mess one day. The gents are a trifle high, and I do not yet understand them. There is a great deal going forward here. Two officers of the navy arrived same day I did, to survey Loch Earne, in connection with the ordnance people.—Wulff and Beechey; the latter, brother of North Pole, and indeed North Pole himself. Lieut. E. W. Durnford lives at Swanlinbar, County Cavan, ten miles off, and has called on me. Lieut. Vicars, R. E., is at Ballyshannon. Tell me who he is, as I shall likely see him soon. Lieut. Stotherd, R. E., is here, with his family, but is going away, which is a loss. Ensign Fanshaw is here, a nice little boy who sits smiling at the mess table.

“Please send me, according to my numerous catalogues, if preserved, the things you have, except the bedstead and Damm’s Lexicon; and as to the mattress and bedding, if they are useful in the house, keep them; otherwise send them, as they may be useful for a friend. As my mother said, there are good furnished lodgings here. Please to add, or not, at pleasure, a new dressing gown or robe, according to taste, and I want a French book to read. Select me one from the range of French literature. I shall certainly be pleased, but give you a deal of trouble. Address to me at length, Enniskillen, Ireland; and as to conveyance, the steamers have commenced, or will shortly from Portsmouth to Dublin. or, at any rate, from Ports. to Plymouth, and thereon. I hope the Philosophical Society was settled. If any things not in the catalogue are sent I shall not be angry in the least—non-intelligible letter! Take care to inform me exactly what you do about the baggage? more trouble! My mother directs a newspaper forwarded from Boyle, with others. She is better, and down stairs.”

“Enniskillen, April 8, 1835.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,—Since my first letter from this place I have discovered a place that suits me for a dwelling, at £4 per quarter, unfurnished, but entirely to myself, which you will, I think, consider so advantageous as to be preferable to taking a furnished lodging, and therefore I must send you a fresh set of addenda to the list of those to be sent:

“ Iron bedstead.	} I can if you please have these made up here.
“ Curtains for the same.	
“ Curtains for three windows.	
“ Also white trousers.	

“ Army Regulations.

“ Card plate (if to be found), and fifty cards to be printed, and sent along with it.

“ Steel boothooks, my property.

“ Black knives and forks (those eyesores).

“ German candlesticks.

“ Pair of patent snuffers (to be bought).

“ You may perceive that I grow economical in my old age; you must however charge these articles to my account, as I think I was paid for them before leaving Portsmouth. Also printed Parliamentary Ordnance Estimates for 1835. Possibly my father may think of procuring a copy for himself, and in that case may as well get two.

“ The windows (in case you choose to make up the curtains) are common twelve-paned. Have you decided to send me a robe? If you have, Mr. Ranger has my measure.

“ I set out for Ballyshannon on Monday 13, and thence take the king's mail to Derry on the following day. I expect to remain at the latter place or neighbourhood, cruising on Loch Foyle and Swilly for about a week, and am then to return through Lifford and Omagh. The folks here will take care of any thing you send me.

“ I am an honorary of the mess of the 52nd regiment, but am not sure I shall trouble them much. William Hale has been staying some days at Florence Court, Lord Enniskillen's place. I have been interrupted in writing this by the entrance of the cows from Swanlinbar, and it is near post time. I had not, however, to tell truth, much more to say, and so, believe me to be, your affectionate son,

“ I have bought a horse—a noble chestnut.

VINEY.”

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“ Enniskillen, September 7.

“ DEAR J.—My thanks are due for a letter received from you some time since, as also for those from other correspondents, the last being dated July 23, six weeks back, but writers have doubtless been waiting for replies, and I suppose I may not complain. Are you still at Hambleton? Is mama getting better? also the other two invalids you mentioned? Bad news travels fast, and I have heard nothing, but expect confirmation of my hopes.

“ Since beginning of August I have been living in a kind of cottage, which I have taken until 1st May, a few hundred yards from the bridge. Enniskillen occupies a small island in the Lough, as its name denotes, Innis, or Ineh, signifying island. It is rather a grandiose little place, with a demesne of nearly two acres, garden, field, coachhouse, &c. I make no use of the stable, my horses being lodged in the barrack square, and I do not possess a vehicle. When travelling I either coach or post in a *car*, my journeys being too long for my own cattle.

“ Pray thank my kind correspondents; I hope they will write. Don't forget to remember me to John in next letters. Whether single or married, I wish him and all things and persons, whose welfare concerns him,

all the success and happiness which he deserves, and you know my opinion of his merits.

“Have you heard more of Elias? The intelligence I received from Portsmouth in July was very satisfactory to my mind, joined to the news which I understood had been received in Pall Mall from Colonel Vava-sour, of his having arrived at Bombay. I thought that the trait of his remaining to purchase Arabians was very characteristic. A Mons. Quin, by advertisement, has published ‘A Steam Voyage on the Danube.’ Elias will reserve himself. I am about to set out on my tour of inspection, which, comprehending Derry, I intend if I can possibly spare time to make an excursion to the Giant’s Causeway, not that I anticipate any extraordinary pleasure from the trip. If I had the choice, I would go down to Killarney in preference, but that may not be; and I fear I have missed for ever the opportunity which once offered, when I was in the south of Ireland. George, by the by, was to have gone with me; but poor Elias—you say you have not yet heard of his arrival at Ceylon—we really must do something to ascertain something certain about him. He had certainly however got safely through the greatest difficulties he was likely to meet. You will of course let me have the earliest account of him, which will, I trust, soon arrive. I did not tell you of the addition to my stud, a beautiful black pony, quite a picture or model. I must part with him though for all that, not having work for two animals. I fear he would not suit Sarah, having been disposed of by his former noble proprietor, because somewhat unmanageable: but really the young lady’s cowardice is a reflection on the family, which I would exhort her to remove.

“I send you a newspaper containing an account of a ball in the Town Hall, at which I was present. I flatter myself the editor meant to include me among the *élite* he mentioned; still you are not to imagine that there are much of these amusements for me. I cannot be said to be fond of society, but at this place I have less society than to my taste; indeed the people of Enniskillen are not over civil to me.

“Lately proceeding to Lough Swilly (for the second time within a month) by way of Ballyshannon, I took the opportunity of going to another ball at Banderan, (a diminutive Brighton) on the coast three miles off. I returned to Ballyshannon that night. The lion was Colonel Conolly, M.P., and his lady. He was once in the artillery, but has now £30,000 per annum! The splendid mansion of Castletown, near Dublin, is his, but he has property also in Donegal, for which county he sits in parliament.

“Is George coming to England? I see by the Portsmouth paper you sent me that the 70th depôt is at Fort Monckton. A son of Colonel Moody, R. E., is or was adjutant.

“I have been dilatory in replying to a question about Athenæum and Mr. Caunter. I do not exactly remember how it was. It is of the less consequence as the matter has, ere this, been decided by judges equally to be depended on as the Athenæum. ‘Attila,’ I am told by judges afore-

said, is 'pretty,' and sublime would I think be the word, but perhaps it is both. With love to all, believe me, your affectionate brother,

VINEY."

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As plainly read in the last of his letters, Viney had then no idea of misfortune being connected with his brother's lot; and though he evidently was ill, his spirits and youthful hopes bore him up during this sad time. In the summer of 1835, in which these letters were written, a lodging was engaged for my mother in the beautiful village of Hambleton, distant from Portsmouth about twelve miles. Viney knew of his mother's invalid condition, the serious state of health that prompted her to quit the comfortable and envied Engineer Quarter at Landport, with its well kept gardens and shrubberies, that severally produced and displayed the finest of vegetables, fruits, and flowering shrubs. Part of Mrs. Durnford's family accompanied her, indeed as many as the apartments they were in could accommodate; and while their mother slowly recovered, her daughters derived equal benefit and enjoyment from the attentions of several elegant and amiable families in the neighbourhood of the village, regretting when the period for departure arrived, as the closing year recalled them to Portsmouth. Up to this year they had remained in ignorance, as Viney's letters inform us, of Elias' fate, but continued anxiously expecting to receive from him the happy tidings of his safe arrival at Ceylon—tidings that were never to reach home!

The melancholy intelligence reached after their return, and gloom overshadowed the paternal residence for many, many months succeeding. Philip had married, and, with his brother John, had gone to Canada; but George and Viney visited home at this time, and had the grief to observe that among the countless mysterious dispensations of Heaven, other trials were appointed for them. My mother regained her health, while Sarah, the youngest and loveliest blossom of the domestic group, began to decline. As spring advanced, George returned to Guernsey and joined his regiment, and Viney went back to Ireland; but pretty little Sarah never rallied. Beautiful, quiet, and unobtrusive, her parents loved her as their youngest darling. The advice of various medical gentlemen was called in for her, but failing nature profited from none. Removal to a farmhouse at Purbrook was then tried, in the hopes that change would be of benefit to the drooping child; and then, as country air was still recommended, her affectionate father, when forced to resign the lodging at Purbrook, hired a small house in the elevated village of Waterloo, over Post-down Hill, on the London Road, engaging it for nine months, that being its only means of procurement.

Here she died, languishing rapidly and most gently away, but not before her Almighty Father had infused into her whole mind and soul a ray of heavenly comfort and joy. Calmly and happily she expired, surrounded by her weeping father, mother, and sisters; who had all watched her assiduously, by day and by night, for she would permit no hireling to attend on her. Sarah had the advice of Dr. Ogilvie, the artillery surgeon.

Dr. Lara, then esteemed the best physician in Portsmouth, with the attendance of Mr. Cooper, his apothecary, Dr. Jones, a retired physician, residing at Hambleton; and Sir William Knighton, late physician to George the 4th, saw her very shortly before her death, closing his Christian visit, made at his own request, by saying to my mother, "Your child is very safe, for she is in the hands of God! she must have been a beautiful little girl!" After Sarah's death he gave Mrs. Durnford a little work addressed to mourners, written by his wife, entitled "Passages of Consolation," which my mother kept near her until the day of her own departure to join her children's spirits.

Not long after Sarah's death a young girl in humble circumstances, a resident of Portsmouth, presented my mother with the following lines, written by herself:

To the memory of Sarah Durnford, who died in a consumption the  
22nd August, 1836.

Rest thee, slumberer, rest,  
Thy pilgrimage is o'er,  
And those thy presence blest  
Thy smiles will glad no more.  
Thou wert too bright, too fair for earth,  
And thou hast passed away,  
Like flow'rets drooping in the bud,  
Or summer's fading May.  
Many a fair fabric hope had framed  
Of visions bright for thee;  
Seen thro' the vista of long years,—  
A sweet futurity:  
But thine early death hath broken  
The dream that fancy gave;  
The voice of God hath spoken,  
And thou sleepest in the grave.

C. Moss.

The following lines are Sarah's own composition; they were written two years prior to her early death:

#### THE MORNING WALK.

The sun had kindly spread a veil  
O'er his bright and burning face,  
That we might not shrink from his scorching rays,  
Or blush at his dazzling gaze.  
  
The shadows were long, tho' the trees around  
Did not cast a gloomy shade,  
The flowers seemed just to have opened their eyes,  
To drink up the dew they found.

The birds were chirping in the trees,  
 Or sweeping in the air :  
 And what then seemed to us their joy,—  
 It was to them a care.

Their young were wailing in the nest,  
 With gaping beaks, for food,  
 'Till their parent's wing the foliage crushed,  
 And they deposited their load.

So the songsters fulfilled their morning task,  
 And the bee to the flower did talk,  
 And then all nature was alive,—  
 And we took our morning walk.

Then while my sisters sleep,  
 A resolve I now would form,—  
 That I will never lose like them,  
 The dewy breath of morn.

SARAH DURNFORD.

Monday, July 17, 1834.

A letter from a former servant of the family, written on the death of Sarah, is too feeling to be omitted :

“ Gloucester Lodge, Cheltenham, November 14, 1836.

“ HONOURED MADAM,—With feelings of the deepest regret I have just heard that it has pleased the Almighty Disposer of all things to take from you your lamented brother, and dear sweet sister. I almost fear you may think it presumption in me to intrude on your sorrow, but I cannot let an event so full of affliction and sorrow to a family to whom I owe so much gratitude pass without condoling with them on their irreparable loss; and I offer up my humble but heartfelt prayers to God to comfort you, madam, and all your honoured family under this trying affliction; and it must be a great consolation to your honoured mama in her bereavement to remember how fit her dear children were for their heavenly home. Poor dear Miss Sarah! when I think of how devoutly she used to kneel, night and morning, to say her prayers, I can easily fancy her now, a beautiful angel in heaven; but the more I see of this world, honoured madam, the more convinced I am of the true piety I saw practised in your best of families. If you should think, madam, that I have taken too great a liberty in addressing you, I trust you will pardon me; and believe that nothing but the sincere grief I feel would have induced me to do so. My kind mistress, Lady Burton, desires me to offer her sincere condolence; and with my most sincere remembrance of the great kindness experienced both by me and mine for so many years, for which I trust the Almighty will reward you, madam, and all your honoured family, I remain madam, your humble and affectionate servant,

MARY ANNE FOX.”



When the intelligence reached Viney of his beloved sister's end, the shock it would appear was too much for his delicate frame; for he sank rapidly in strength and spirits—craved for home—the tender care of parents and sisters; obtained immediate sick leave, and returned to them alarmingly altered, only reaching home to be found past recovery. Appetite failed him—he could not eat; a hectic red or purple suffused his face—he pronounced on himself as not much longer destined to remain in this world; and, while his amazed and sorrow-stricken family sought to rally, soothe, and expostulate, he only smiled resignedly, saying—“it is no use.” His father walked with him gently in the paths of the shrubbery: he gratefully and affectionately thanked him—still his sad words were—“Father! it is of no use!”

It is now impossible to ascertain the channels of opinion or research from which Viney's religious ideas were formed; they were at variance with those of his family; and the orthodoxly-received conceptions on the sacred doctrine of the Trinity, were to him so bewildering and unsatisfactory, as to cause much concern and pain to all who were aware of them. To carry out his ideas, therefore, and enquire fully into the grounds and authorities which established this most ancient and holy belief, he at once sought information at the source of all religious dogmas and truth—Holy Writ itself,—and, previous to departing for Ireland, had commenced the study of Hebrew. Greek he was previously well acquainted with. He had talked over his sentiments with one of his sisters, and they appeared to her altogether erroneous. But the tongue will sometimes utter what the heart belies. He never openly avowed his faith or his hope; and yet he possessed the Christian grace of charity, and entertained a deep horror of the feeling existing in the generality of families, that forbids the mention of their departed relations. “I beg of you,” he often said, “when I shall have left you, to continue to speak of me; and mention my name, not with regret, but as if I still resided among you.” His sister speaks:

“I was with my talented and high-minded young brother. He was sick—he had lately lost those he loved and looked up to. I imagined he sorrowed overmuch for them, and that grief had increased his bodily ailments. He never mentioned them, but I took courage to probe; though fully conscious of my little power of grappling with a superior mind in distress. ‘Dear Viney,’ I said, ‘I fear you sorrow too much for those who are gone?’—‘Not at all’ he answered,—yes they are gone... where is the assurance that they live now?’ ‘No,’ I said, ‘they are not gone; have we not the Word of God to teach us the contrary?’—It then occurred to me that on a former occasion he had raised strong difficulties respecting the important passage in Matt. xxii. and verse 23,—so I replied: ‘Do you not remember Christ's own words,—“But as touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead, but of the living!”’

“He made no reply, but was thoughtful for some minutes; then other conversation intervened of a serious nature. He said, ‘very well! very

well!" "May I read something to you?" "Yes, if you please." "What book do you prefer?" Without hesitation he answered, "The Bible."—"Ah! you were right, beloved Viney; there is no book, or tongue of man, that can speak comfort like the Bible!"

The last end of man—the climacteric of young and old; years making no separation of the awful fiat, that to all it is appointed once to die—cannot be calmly and nearly considered without trembling; and with Viney a shadow of deep uncertainty rested, over both mind and body. His disease, appearing to be a total want of appetite, attended with total abstinence from nourishment, was alone sufficient to destroy his delicate frame; while the unlixed bias of his thoughts was doubtless the result of the various and undigested studies of his youth, instead of any adopted decision. His sister, who held with him the above conversation, was requested by him, a day or two before his eyes closed over his sufferings, to read to him from the Testament, and he named the first chapter of St. James' Epistle. His whole attention was given to it while it was being read, but he made no remark at the close, nor desired to hear more. The Rev. Mr. Dusatoy; had been the clerical visitor of Charles, and Mr. Dewdney of Viney, both ministers of St. John's Chapel, Portsea. Viney died; and sadness touched the hearts of all who knew him, not only for his own worth, but in sympathy with those, who had sustained so irreparable a loss. Not a tradesman, who served his father's family, failed to offer a tribute of condolence: the undertaker shed tears—and even the music master, from whom he had received some lessons on the violin, was not wanting. He had practised, with his brother John, Corelli's fine lessons, always playing for the assistance of his short sight, in glasses: and when my mother asked Mr. Sibly, which of her two sons he considered as likely to play the best, he pronounced, rather to her surprise, "the one in spectacles."

His funeral was a military one. From the mournful engineer's house, the roll of the muffled drum was heard of "the March in Saul," accompanying him to be laid with his brother Charles, in the Kingston burying ground. Mr. Dewdney, who read the service over him, saw for the first time a soldier's funeral, and afterwards expressed how deeply he was impressed by its great beauty and solemnity. Never before had he seen soldiers follow on and stand with arms reversed round the open grave—he listened to strains of music breathing more than Handel's inspiration; and then followed volleys over the closed grave—above all the sad impressions of his own heart, visible on the countenances of all around. Yet he did not like the lively air to which the troops were marched back; nor did the suggestion, made to him, that the frequent recurrence of garrison funerals was otherwise likely to depress the men's spirits, wholly satisfy him.

## SECTION XIII.

## ELIAS DURNFORD.

Lieutenant Elias Durnford, eldest son of Lieut.-General Durnford, was distinguished, from childhood, by energy and talent. He was admitted to the R. M. Academy, at Woolwich, in 1815; but, promotion being then extremely slow, did not obtain his commission as second lieutenant until 1822, when, being immediately placed on half-pay, he received leave from General Mann to visit his father, then commanding-engineer in Canada; a passage being provided for him in the transport *Clarkstone*, August 20, 1822. Lieut. Durnford remained six months in Canada, during which time, under the direction of Lieut.-Col. Cockburn, R. A., he made many sketches of the country and different falls, especially Niagara. He was promoted to full pay, March 28, 1823, when he returned to England, and ordered to Chatham for instruction in field duties under Lt.-Col. Pasley, when he returned to England. He was for some time detached to Sheerness, and, when ordered to return thence to Chatham, received the following testimonial:

(Copy.)

“ C.R.E.O.

“ Sheerness, January 28, 1825.

“ Colonel Sir Alexander Bryce has been pleased to express his approbation of the drawing of the plan of Sheerness, made by Lieut. Durnford; and Capt. Thompson feels much pleasure in communicating the same to him.

“ Captain Thompson has further the satisfaction to express, on his own part, his sense of the zealous co-operation and active assistance which he has received from Lieut. Durnford, in the various duties in which they have been mutually engaged, during the time in which he has been under Capt. Thompson's command.

“ A true copy. (Signed,) R. THOMPSON, Capt. Rl. Engrs.

“ Signed, George Harris, Clerk of Works.”

Lieutenant Durnford was promoted to first lieutenant, April 20, 1826, and soon after ordered to Corfu, where he remained until July 14, 1831, when he left that station to return home. Before his leaving Corfu, the non-commissioned officers and privates of the 5th company of Sappers and Miners presented Lieut. Durnford with a silver snuff-box, bearing an inscription expressive of their respectful attachment.

“ From the 6th Company R. S. & M., to Lieut. Elias Durnford, R. E., on his leaving the company, at Vido, July 1831, as a token of their respect.”

“ Elias showed me the snuff-box, from which I have copied the above, when I was in Portsmouth, in 1833. I remarked that such was rather contrary to general orders and regulations. He replied, so it was, and that he had mentioned the same thing to the men of the company of R. S. & M., but the matter was not worth further notice.—P. D.”

June 23, 1860.

Travelling through Italy and France, and in the course of his journey frequently employing his pencil in sketching, on his arrival in England, Lieut. Durnford was stationed at Portsmouth, under the command of his father, until May, 1833, when he proceeded to Ireland.

He was ordered to Ceylon, Dec. 6, 1834. He was not pleased with his destination; and expressed some thought of leaving the army in preference to going thither, but his father being of opinion that a British officer should never decline any station allotted to him, he determined to go, and decided on taking the overland route. Lieut. Durnford was warned, by those acquainted with the subject, of the difficulties and great danger of the journey, but nothing could dissuade him from the project. His habits, apparently, qualified him for such an undertaking. He had had some practice in several modern languages. He was an excellent rider, a capital sportsman, and excelled in all manly athletic games, and his quick observation and cultivated taste, enabled him to distinguish at once whatever was most worthy of observation in art or nature.

In order to gain information as to the countries he was about to visit, he had books from London, and applied himself to the studies of Herodotus, and the works of Eastern travellers, especially those of Sir R. Ker Porter. His route was from London to Rotterdam, through Holland and Belgium to Vienna; thence down the Danube to Constantinople, across the Black Sea to Trebizonde; through the Koord country to Bagdad, thence down the Tigris to Bussorah, and by the Persian Gulf to Bombay. Lieut. Durnford promised his brothers and sisters to transmit his journal, as he proceeded, home, and instructed them to copy it; and, when they should receive intelligence of his arrival at his destination, to return the original to him. He was provided with letters to the consuls and other authorities at the principal cities on his route, and with the following circular from Sir Frederic Maitland, Superintendent of the Dock Yard at Portsmouth:

(Copy.)

“ Portsmouth, March 15, 1834.

“ DEAR SIR,—Lieut. Durnford, an officer of the Royal Engineers, being about to proceed to Ceylon, overland, may probably be placed in situations where the assistance and support of an officer of the navy in command of a ship might be of much importance, in forwarding his views and enabling him to proceed on his journey with security and despatch. I shall esteem it a personal favour to myself, that under any circumstances Mr. Durnford should receive every attention and assistance from the officers of his majesty's navy, wherever he may meet them, and more particularly if he should stand in need of their support in a distant country.

“ I remain, dear sir, your very humble servant,

(Signed,) “ FRED. MAITLAND, Rear Admiral.”

To the Captain of any of H. B. M. ships or other naval officers.

Lieut. Durnford left England, March 23, 1834, and proceeded prosperously as far as Constantinople; his ample despatches being regularly received and copied.

*(Extract of a letter from Constantinople.)*

July 8, 1834.

“MY DEAR FATHER,—I have been detained here waiting the arrival of a packet from Trebizonde, by which I am to go to that place, and on to Erzeroum, Tabreez, &c. I have been here about ten days, and a week ago gave in charge to Mr. Roberts, a mid of the Actæon, several books and that part of my diary continued from leaving Vienna. The former part I suppose you have received from Colonel Ellicombe, which I sent under cover to him, in charge of the courier, Mr. Fricker, who, I before wrote to say, had taken charge of it for me. There were also in the last parcel, some sketches, all which I wish to be put in Jane’s charge and forwarded to me. Capt. Jones, R. E., is now here, from Malta, planning a new palace for the British ambassador, to replace the old one burnt down. I am lodging with Capt. H. D. Jones.

“I dine to-day with Mr. Cartwright, the consul, in an hour’s time. I might have saved myself the trouble of looking after a saddle in England; as the saddle, called Tartar saddle here, is much better fitted for a journey than ours, and can always be procured. I have seen the Sultan, the Grand Vizier, and the lions of Constantinople. It is a strange and not less beautiful place to look at externally; but the interior is horribly disgusting. Returning, a few days ago, from the famous aqueducts, near north of this place thirteen miles, saw a man hanging to a tree; and to-day, in the street, at the corner of a house, much as indifferently as dead pigs hang at butchers’ shops, was a man hanging. He was to remain twenty-four hours; he was a robber; had broken into some shop. I am looking for a servant. If I have an opportunity, will send some otto of roses, or Eastern curiosities, but as yet have not had time. The Turks have perhaps twenty first rate ships, one very fine one 140 guns, and another 148. The plague has broken out here and is spreading. The streets are full of dogs, and eagles fly about as familiarly as sparrows.”

“Constantinople, July 24, 1834.

“I have been so long detained here waiting for a southerly wind to ascend the Bosphorus, that I foresee I shall have no occasion for these articles for want of time. and therefore think it best to disencumber myself of them. I beg you to send them to me at Ceylon. The three little cubes of glass were taken from the interior of the dome of St. Sophia, with which it is entirely covered. We gained admittance with some foreign ministers, the Spanish Ambassador, who had the Sultan’s permission; but few were allowed that privilege.

“Had I been aware of the uncertainty of getting up the Bosphorus sooner, I should have gone by land three weeks ago, but they say the wind may change every day. I am much afraid of a wiggling at Ceylon for delaying so long. The vessel, called the Shah, I am going in, is now partly up the Bosphorus, where she has waited several days for wind.”

“ Constantinople, July 27, 1834.

“ Here I still remain. My vessel for Trebizonde is nearly up the Bosphorus, which I have by this time ascertained is a difficult passage to ascend. I go on board to-morrow, as she will very likely get off the same or next day. Had I known of this detention before, I should of course have gone by land, and should now have been in Tabreez. The Shah brings back here from Tabreez the lady of Sir J. Campbell from Persia. From what I can ascertain it will take four months more to arrive there (Ceylon). Mr. Cartwright, the consul, recommended me to go by the Shah, but he thought it would have sailed three weeks earlier. You will probably hear from me while in Persia or before reaching Ceylon. I am just going to row up the harbor called Golden Horn.”

“ Tabreez, Sept. 3, 1834.

“ DEAR FATHER,—I have just time to say that I am well, and am about to start this afternoon, in company with a Mr. Hodgson, an English traveller, for Bagdad; he is going with me to Bombay. Our baggage has been on the road these two days, and we have been detained waiting for a Ruckam from the prince. I have been staying with Sir John Campbell, who has been most kind to me. There are several officers from India here. I expect to be at Bagdad in fourteen days. I have requested Mr. Barlow, a friend of mine at Constantinople, to send you some Turkish costumes for the girls. My love to all.

“ E. DURNFORD.

“ Lady Campbell is now at Constantinople on her way to England: She was very obliging to me at Trebizonde, where I met her and Mrs. McNeil.”

“ Bagdad, Sept. 20, 1834.

“ MY DEAR FATHER,—It is with great pleasure I hear of a Tartar going from hence to Constantinople, and embrace the opportunity of writing to you to inform you as soon as possible of my safe arrival at this place, having performed the most dangerous part of my journey. I must now inform you of the manner in which I have travelled in the first place from Trebizonde to Tabreez. I came in company with a servant of Sir John Campbell, who was taking despatches to Tabreez. We travelled Tartar, that is, with post horses, changing wherever the post station was. We got to Erzeroum in four days, and from thence to Tabreez in seven more, passing by Byazid, close to Mount Ararat, which was beautiful. The road from Erzeroum had been represented at Constantinople as most dangerous, two Englishmen having been robbed, and two large caravans completely plundered, and numbers killed, which was all true. I was nine days at Tabreez: Sir John Campbell was very kind. Here I met a young man, a Mr. Hodgson, son of the Dean of Carlisle, an East India writer going to Bombay. He accompanied me to Bagdad. We had our horses, and travelled at first about forty miles a day, latterly rather less. We were fifteen days on the road from Tabreez to Bagdad; arrived here yesterday. Very hot here: thermometer at noon 93 in shade. I visited

the Pasha of Sulimanca on road in cocked hat and feather. My five-barrelled pistol has astonished the natives; it has been a real wonder, and shooting flying was considered a thing impossible. We start for Babylon in a day or two. I intend procuring a brick from the tower of Babel, for which purpose I shall take my baggage horse on the excursion. Hodgson and I travelled through the Koord country remarkably well. We always showed our arms in every place. I had seven pistols and two fowling pieces; his amounted—

“ I have a horse to carry my baggage on which my servant also rode. I hired a servant at Tabreez, a Persian, who did little more for me than take care of the horses. He also opened your old bag and took out a cloak or sort of carpet which constituted my mattress. We had tea, coffee, and portable soup with us. Col. Taylor is now very kind to us here. We embark from hence for Bussorah after our return from Babylon. I hope to find several letters from you at Ceylon. Yours,

“ E. DURNFORD.”

“ By cutting off from Tabreez, I have made a short business of the journey. To have gone by Ispahan, which just now is equally dangerous as the road we came, would have taken us two months at least.”

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The following extracts from letters from Mr. Hodgson were obligingly forwarded to Col. Durnford by the Dean of Carlisle in answer to inquiries after Lieut. Durnford.

“ Bagdad, Sept. 21, 1834.

“ One morning, after stating the difficulties he was under as to the route he should take in consequence of the disturbed state of Persia at that time, an English officer, Captain Durnford of the Engineers, arrived at Tabreez on his way to join his regiment at Ceylon. He was pressed for time, and, danger or not, he was obliged to proceed. The thing was talked over, and it was at last agreed that the route via Bagdad and down the Tigris should be undertaken, as the least dangerous and the least likely to oppose any obstacles of detention.”

“ We have been just a fortnight reaching Bussorah, and, after staying four days there, I started for Bushori, my *compagnon de voyage*, Captain Durnford, who was in the fullest enjoyment of health, remaining behind to purchase some horses to take with him to Ceylon. We have not met since.”

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His father and all his family waited long and anxiously for intelligence of the arrival of Elias at Bombay. Months elapsed, during which time, they eagerly caught at every glimpse of hope offered by friends and passing travellers, that some unforeseen delays, so common in the East, might have retarded his letters. At length, in November, 1835, a letter, which had been soaked in vinegar, arrived from Muscat. It merely stated, that after a most fatiguing and very dangerous journey, he had reached that port in safety, and was to embark for Bombay directly, in

company with Mr. Parnell, son of Sir H. Parnell, but this, so far satisfactory, did not account for the time since elapsed.

A few weeks passed, and on January 5, 1836, hope was finally extinguished by the receipt of a letter from Col. Vavasour, commanding R. E., at Ceylon, stating that Lieut. Durnford not having arrived as expected, enquiries had been made at Bombay, when it was ascertained that Lieut. Durnford had died at sea of fever, five days' sail from Bombay, February 6, 1835.

No more particular account has ever been received by his friends of the fate of this much lamented young officer, whose noble appearance, strength, activity, and robust health, apparently promised a long and useful life.

“ Beloved, admired, and lost in manhood's prime,—  
But who shall question God's unerring time ?”

Deep and bitter was the affliction of his family. His free and lively disposition, and repeated acts of kindness and generosity had made him a great favourite in the circle of his friends and relatives; and many letters of condolence and affectionate sympathy expressed the sorrow caused by his early removal from this world.

(Copy No. 390.)

“ Commander-in-Chief's Office,

“ Head Quarters, Camp Poonah, Aug. 10, 1835.

“ SIR,—With reference to your letters of April and ultimo, with accompaniments on the subject of instituting an inquiry as to the fate of Lieut. Durnford of the Royal Engineers, I am now enabled to send certain information relative to that officer; he having died on board of a bugalow on the 6th February last, of fever, on his passage from Muscat to Bombay.

“ I herewith transmit, by desire of Sir John Keane, for the information of Sir John Wilson, a statement furnished by the Registrar of the Supreme Court at Bombay, of the proceeds of the effects of the late Lieut. Durnford, and I shall be happy to attend to any further wish that may be expressed on the subject of disposing of the small balance due, or to the sending of the watch, &c., &c., to the friends of Lieut. Durnford.

“ Signed, A. MACDONALD,

“ Major.

“ The Military Secretary to the General Officer Comg. at Ceylon.”

The above brief account of Elias Durnford is prepared by his sister, to whose care he desired his letters and journals should be entrusted.



## SECTION XIV.

William the 4th.—Tunbridge Wells Anecdotes.—Mr. John Day's letter.—Devonport.—Belvedere lets.

Imperative duty summoned Col. Durnford from his sorrowing house to present himself to the king at Brighton, as was every year the custom; and this attendance on royalty was succeeded soon afterwards by a brevet, which changed the course of my father's subsequent life.

My dear father's annual visit to the sailor king, naturally enough, therefore, created interest among us. On his return, we always crowded round him, when he was seated in his arm chair, stirred the fire into its brightest blaze, and then heaped question upon question. The last time he was at Brighton, His Majesty's reception was courteous, and condescending even to kindness: he made minute enquiries respecting his family, about Portsmouth, and about the regiments on duty there, and hoped to see him at dinner, after appointing an audience next day, for the ostensible purpose of my father's presenting his officers.

Papa happened to be the first in the drawing or reception room: a few minutes after, a lady and gentleman (Lord and Lady Cork) came in, and the company dropt in by degrees, but none were announced, until the lord in waiting, preceding a royal personage, said, the king, or the Queen, the Princess Augusta, &c. This day the Duchess of Gloucester (Princess Mary) was a visitor: the queen embraced her affectionately. Princess Augusta spoke to my father, and enquired after his health. When the company filed off for dinner, my father was left with a lady, whom he gave his arm to, and afterwards found to be Miss Wynyard, bedchamber woman to Princess Augusta.

On a subsequent occasion, as he was taking a place at the dinner table, by the allotment of one of the gentlemen in waiting, the gentleman next before was told to resign his place to him; on which he abruptly demanded, "Pray, Sir, allow me to ask the date of your commission?" Relating this mistake, papa said "He was in plain clothes, and saw me in a colonel's full uniform—he might be a general officer for what I knew, and therefore I said, 'Upon my word, Sir, I hardly know, but I believe it is dated April, &c.' 'Oh! if that is the case, Sir!' He bowed, in acquiescence." This punctilious gentleman was Colonel —, commanding the Cavalry Depôt at Maidstone.

At dinner there was an equal number of ladies and gentlemen: this day my father sat between Lady Cork and Miss Wynyard. He found them both very pleasant and good-natured: on saying something to the latter, about the Aides-de-Camp carving, she replied with a smile, "Oh! there is very little to do here, in that way, as you will see." In fact, nothing on the table was touched—every thing was carved by the attendants. This style was new to him then, indeed it was considered regal.

Among the delicacies for December, were plenty of asparagus, and pineapples. Service was of gold, with magnificent chandeliers; but these were not lighted up every night, the expense being £50 per evening.

His Majesty generally drank sherry, his favourite wine, with all the company separately. He conversed much while at dinner: enquired whether there was much gaiety going on near Lord Cork's place, and of what kind it was, dancing, &c.; wanted to know at what time people generally got up in the morning? His Majesty made himself at home with everybody in a very winning and clever way. During dinner a gentleman told my father, the Princess Augusta wished to speak to him. She asked questions concerning the late heavy gales at Portsmouth, what damage had been done there, and whether he knew Lord Charles Wellesley and Lord William Paulett, both then stationed in that garrison,—calling them dear boys. Papa described the princess as very large and tall, she was universally kind and affable. The king always took her to dinner; this day he had a sister on each arm,—Princesses Augusta and Mary.

When the company adjourned to the drawing-room, the queen and the ladies were seated at work—the queen's band playing delightfully. The king generally sat down to whist. My father asked Miss Wynyard who a young lady was, then conversing with the queen? "Lady Selsay." Don't you think her a very beautiful young woman!" Another day he said to a young lady, "you are all very notable." "Oh! we make believe," she whispered laughing. The ladies assured him, that all the queen's work was for the poor. They dwelt much on her charitable disposition. Her Majesty was knitting ears for horses.

There was a different carpet this year from the last, and several little tables exactly like some in our drawing-room. This latter information pleased us much. The utmost ease and urbanity of conversation prevailed at the pavilion: but one thing my father always regretted, and that was the too great profusion of mulled claret. The last audience he had with William the 4th, on his Majesty's asking his standing in the army, he replied that in case of a brevet, he stood one of the first for promotion. Now my father was always sceptical about the brevet, and never would allow that any such thing was forthcoming.

Immediately after, the king said "General": but my father declared to us he did not at the time understand the broad hint. The king turned to the officer he had just presented, and asked a great many questions about his family, being a near relative to a former minister, Sir Robert Walpole: and so the audience concluded.

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The expected, unwelcome brevet was gazetted, and Major-General Durnford, with his family lessened, his income reduced, was at once removed from military duty, and the charming gardens and precincts of the Engineer Quarter at Portsmouth. One cold sunny morning the bells of the Parish Church of St. Thomas rang one of their most cheerful peals, such as usually proclaimed some pleasant occurrence. There was a loud ring at the street door, that led through a covered passage to the house; and it was announced to my mother, that the ringers were come for payment, after having rang in compliment to the newly-created

admirals and generals. My mother sent word to them, "there were no such people in the house,—they were under a mistake." No, they would not go: so vexed at the cause for the compliment, to her far from welcome, and, as she confessed to her children, ashamed at the smallness of the gift offered, she gave half a guinea, instead of the ten, that the liberality of her ladylike feelings prompted. Perhaps it was fortunate at this melancholy period, that my parents' thoughts and cares were forced from dwelling too long over their heavy bereavements.

Domestic arrangements intervened,—packing—selections for reserve: above all—the choice of a new residence. It was difficult to fix on the last; but the friendly invitations given by Mrs. By, induced my mother to prefer the elegant town of Tunbridge Wells, instead of a cottage papa wished to purchase near Waterloo, on the London Road. An auction took place, immediately after the family had vacated the premises, to be in readiness to receive the next engineer, Col. Graydon, and the amount of the sale, including some valuable cattle, was £400. One of the cows, a great favourite, had for three successive years calved twins,—each time a male and female.

Mr. Kirwan, at my mother's request, undertook to engage a house in London for immediate reception; and thinking to consult economy in her new arrangements, proposed he should seek for lodgings in or near Oxford street, under the belief they would there be reasonable, or more so than in a fashionable or private locality. This proved to be an erroneous idea, proceeding from ignorance of town, and Mr. Kirwan expressed himself equally surprised; ten guineas per week proving the lowest rent for which a bed-room and parlour in that immediate vicinity could be met with. Finally, Landport was bid adieu to, and the family left it in the stage of times gone by—the old fashioned four-in-hand, for London, while still uncertain where their new location might be placed.

Kindly and conscientiously did Mr. Kirwan fulfil the task entrusted to him. My father, with two of his daughters, left home first. Bonham Carter, Esq., M.P., for Portsmouth, was their fellow-traveller, and the cook was seated on the coachbox. The remaining party followed next day. The house engaged for them in London, was in Edward street, Cavendish Square—the rent was five guineas per week.

One day in the course of the three weeks of his detention in town, papa accompanied some of his family to see Westminster abbey. After looking over the monuments, &c., he asked the beadle or person who went round with the party,\* "Where Sir Richard Fletcher's monument was?" "There is no monument in the Abbey to any such person." "Yes, there is, to Sir Richard Fletcher, who fell in Spain." "I never heard of him." "I am certain one was erected to his memory." "I am sure it was not put up here." "I am confident," persisted my father, "for I subscribed towards its erection. I must see it." The man would not yield his opinion, but at length consented to make enquiry. He returned with the key of the partition where it stood, with statuary looking new and fresh as if just from the sculptor's chisel. Papa looked at it with satisfaction,

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\* See page 63.

and read the inscription recording that it was put up by the officers of his corps.

My father with his family left London the beginning of April, 1837; going thence to Tunbridge Wells was considered quite a journey: in fact, it was so, with the encumbrance of a large family. It was a cold dark night, when they arrived at Rosemont House, Mount Ephraim, and the weather continued very severe, with occasional snow for weeks afterwards.

There was much beauty in the new situation, and the novel sight of the fine Common, with flocks of sheep, that disported with little lambs under the windows. There was still anxiety in store for my dear parents, the most urgent at this period being to hire a suitable house: after much search they decided on taking one nearly finished, built by Mr. Beeching, the banker, situated near the church, which however, was not ready for occupation before July. Mrs. By and Miss Adams welcomed General and Mrs. Darnford most affectionately, indeed Mrs. By's hospitality and kindness to each member of the family was unlimited, and many were the visits paid to Sherfold Park, which visits met with frequent returns, and countless the walks up Frant Hill, and looks over the prospect its termination presented.

Rosemont House afforded a good insight to the migratory habits of the fashionable watering place of Tunbridge Wells; the visitors of Somerset House, the next neighbours, particularly attracted the attention of Charlotte Darnford; her description drew a laugh from Mrs. By. "The contents of the house," she said, "were multifarious: it contained old and young, ladies and gentlemen, beaux and belles, children and nurses, mamas, papas, grandmamas, with servants to correspond." A sweet little boy of five years old, discovered the way into Rosemont House, where he made himself a favourite, one subject of his pretty prattle, being the delicious coffee cream made by his mama's cook. Hunter, the upholsterer from Finsbury Square, was engaged to furnish the new house: he came from London, to take the necessary measurements, &c.

While at Rosemont House, mama observed to us, that yellow is the colour of spring. The yellow crocus leads in the year; then follow the yellow primrose and cowslip; the dairy too is tinged with yellow. The yellow furze colours the English commons, the yellow broom, laburnum, wall-flower, and daffodil, our gardens and shrubberies; the yellow buttereups and dandelion, our fields and hedges. Delicate health obliging her to drink the waters, induced her also to ride on the fashionable donkey, whose tiresome eccentricities of laziness, gave in turn occasion to merriment and annoyance. On being asked to contribute to an album, she refused, saying, "Verses I never wrote, that were worth a single groat."

The first year Belvedere was occupied an acorn was dropped into the strip of garden ground at the back of the house. The flower garden was guarded by an invisible fence, its greatest ornament becoming, after a few years, the advancing young tree, promising, when my father quitted Belvedere, to become in future time one of the "Weeds of Sussex," as the men of Sussex term the noble oak of England. The comparatively poor soil about Tunbridge Wells could not boast of luxuriant myrtle trees,

as did the Engineer's Quarter at Landport, where, once every year, the Jews, with whom John Durnford made acquaintance, would come asking permission to gather sprigs of three-leaved myrtle to deck the booths with, when the observance of the feast of that name was held.

One night between twelve and one o'clock, while we resided at Belvedere, robbers attempted to break into the house. They succeeded in bending and displacing one of the iron bars of the pantry window. A slight noise made by the ringing of the china placed in contact with it, was heard by mama: her sleeping-room opened on the hall,—she rose, threw open the casement of the hall window, that was immediately above that of the pantry, and boldly said, "Who is there? go away!" "I will shoot you!" was answered. "I don't care for that, go away, Sir," was her reply. The hint was taken, but some months afterwards, in the Spring, on the removal of a quantity of faggots, the area in front of the pantry window had been heaped up with, a dark lanthorn was picked up, this man had dropt in his hasty retreat. A man servant slept close to the pantry, who protested to not hearing the confusion the alarm caused.

My father long before had relinquished all expectation of obtaining compensation from the claims of his father's family on the West Florida grants and estates, to which he was only co-heir, as well as those more exclusively his own of Mr. Fontenelle; but it being suggested to him that in consequence of the death of Mr. Thomas Durnford, who was never married, and had left much valuable property, he might advance the claims of the legal heirs, he was induced to examine more fully into them. At first he believed himself sole heir to Mr. Thomas Durnford's property, English lawyers having assured him of such being the law of England, as he was the eldest branch; but, on discovering that such precedence was not allowed in American judicature, and that all the collateral relations of Mr. Thomas Durnford would share equally in division, this information by no means checked his desire of benefitting them likewise, or going on with his endeavours, though at the cost of much labour and money to himself. He spared no pains in making the necessary enquiries, and obtaining the requisite parish registers, &c. He employed Mr. William Stone as his legal adviser, and took pleasure in the business. The cause was undertaken in a New Orleans Court, and \$40,000 were actually adjudged in his favor. The opposite party, not satisfied with this decision, carried it before another court, who, instead of supporting this award, brought forward another claim against him of £6,000 (six thousand pounds). Seeing, from these conflicting judgments, and the vast distance at which they were being carried on, the probability of their proving extremely lengthened or interminable, most likely they would have been discontinued, even had not my dear father's death intervened, and none of his relatives have since had the spirit or energy to proceed with a cause, in which he always worked with untiring zeal.

The subjoined letter from Mr. John Day, formerly of New York, and then residing at Beccles, in Suffolk, was written when the pretensions of Thomas Durnford's heirs first engaged attention:

“Beebles, July 25, 1838.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have to apologize for not having before answered your valued favour by my niece Ann Day, but I have been since its reception unwell; a part of the time unable to leave my room,—my complaint the gout, which is bad in both feet,—one of those ailments sufferers get but little compassion for: thank God, am now better, and rapidly recruiting.

“The documents accompanying your letter I have perused carefully; the result of which, in the first place, appears to me the difficulty of establishing the relationship to the late Mr. Thomas Durnford: and here I would respectfully put the case to yourself, which is, could you or any other administrator pay over any effects to heirs at law upon such vague proofs as you only are able to establish? I am no lawyer, but my own reasoning, such as it is, tells me not: if in this you agree with me, why give yourself any further trouble or anxiety about a business which, at best, in my opinion, is most uncertain in its results? If you think differently, there can be no impolicy in your writing to Mr. Crawford agreeably to the draft of the letter you have sent to me; in which however, I would state the difficulty of establishing the relationship: otherwise it will assuredly be a waste of time; for no one, I should think, would undertake to prosecute the claim in question, without first precisely knowing the ground they stood upon in this respect, inasmuch as the whole chance of remuneration to them hinges upon this: If Mr. Thomas Durnford is the descendant of the gentleman you mention, surely it is yet possible to trace the descent; but you know best the steps hitherto taken to ascertain this. I think I have before stated to you that, in the year 1796, I was a clerk in the then banking house of Messrs. Leflore, Currie, Yellowley, and Raiks, 29 Cornhill, now continued in the same premises under the firm of Currie and Co. At that time, I have an indistinct recollection, there was a gentleman who kept a banking account there of the name of Durnford, and who was, I have an idea, in the American trade; and his counting house was, I believe, in Lencie Street, or in one of the streets between Finchurch and Leadenhall Streets; do not now remember what you said about this party, but now again call it to your recollection, in case from this source any information could by possibility be obtained. I never was at Mr. Durnford's office, but have a vague recollection of a fellow clerk who occasionally was, and of his mentioning how Mr. Durnford's counting-house was hung round with maps of his American property, and how fond the gentleman was to dilate his expectations therefrom. This is so very probable, I may be under a delusion as to the precise name; and as to the other particulars just stated, if I should go to London this autumn, which is not improbable—will make some inquiries on this head, that is, if you have not done so previously.

“In the second place, the relationship being more clearly established, if the claim is not undertaken on the conditions named to Mr. Crawford, is it worth while to risk £200 in this business? In your case I candidly but respectfully state, I would not; for it suggests itself to me, that in the case of the other heirs not joining in the suit, and you should be success-

ful, that the administration could only pay to you your own personal share of the effects and not also that of the other heirs. You are, of course, aware there is in the United States no primogeniture law, and besides so confident do I feel the whole estate will be absorbed in law charges, and other deductions, after twelve years only \$25,426.91 are recovered, the whole of this absorbed in the payment of debts, and no mention made whether any debts yet remain to be liquidated. Let us take it for granted Hodges' claim cannot be supported. If it can, the estate in question is insolvent; and it is, at least, deserving of consideration, that this suit was commenced in Thomas Durnford's life. Although in August 1827, Grima states Hodges' claim is not of importance, and could be quashed, I think he intimates at any time; still, in February, 1836, the suit is still pending. I beg of you to reflect upon the accumulation of law charges in all this time in a city where these notoriously are as extravagant as in any place I have ever heard of; every claim has to be recovered by law, the expense of which must be enormous.

"Both Grima and McDonough write, I think very candidly, and much to the purpose. The services of the first are now lost; those of the second perhaps cooled; as he fairly acknowledges the inducements with him to undertake the administration, was the protection of his own interests, and his debt is of course amongst those paid. Grima's, I of course know nothing about, but in my own case would well satisfy myself before I trusted him, not liking his reference, viz., Edward Livingstone, whom, when living, I was strongly prejudiced against. He was a man of splendid talents, of elegant and refined manners, but in embarrassed circumstances, which led him into acts quite inconsistent with principle and honesty; one of which, very long since, came under my cognizance. J. C. Durnford writes wildly and under excited feelings; my experience in life convinces me that no people are often so over-estimated, as to their property, as those of the character of your late N. O. name-sake, about whom my impression is I know something—having, when in New York, with a view to your service, occasionally made enquiry about him from parties I came in contact with from New Orleans: such griping avaricious characters, as he was, very frequently overshooting their mark. No mention is made that I recollect of the property in Mobile, alluded to by J. C. Durnford.

"Mr. Crawford, I have an impression, is a most respectable character; this I think I can ascertain for you in Liverpool. I shall write there in a few days, and will enquire: the result shall be communicated, if worth while.

"Thomas Durnford's claims on the Land Office you know all about, I know nothing favourable; these do not appear to have been prosecuted.

"I know not, my dear sir, anything further I can add on this subject. If anything should suggest itself to you, will cheerfully give you any advice in my power; but, indeed, in these matters I am but a broken reed. I have made rough extracts from all the papers now returned, which shall keep by me for reference; these have been transmitted to my brother Charles,

at Yarmouth, from whom, directly or indirectly, you will probably hear upon the subject. I hope you, Mrs. Durnford, and family are well. Mrs. Day unites with me in friendly remembrances and good wishes. Your sister Maria is favouring us with her company and is quite well. With great regard and esteem, believe me, my dear sir, yours most sincerely,

“JOHN DAY.

“To Major-General Durnford, R. E.  
“Tunbridge Wells, Kent.”

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My parents had resided two years at Belvedere, before it was suggested to them by their friends and their agent, that they could let their dwelling very profitably, and by doing so enjoy an excursion to some other place, while the season for high rents lasted, and fashionable families were thronging to Tunbridge Wells. The hint was not neglected; and August, 1839, Belvedere was speedily let at nine guineas per week, to a gentleman and lady, with one baby, and ten servants. My mother took a country lodging, for the benefit of the health of one of her daughters, and then removing to London for medical advice, hired a house in St. John's wood. My father left part of his family in St. George's street, and took advantage of his son John's being stationed at Devonport, to visit there.

While paying this visit, two officers, father and son, both in the same Regiment, came to call on him. Finding him not at home, the father, a field officer, expressed disappointment, saying, “I regret very much not seeing General Durnford; he was a long time my commanding officer.” “Comrade, Sir, comrade,” interrupted the son, “you should say.” “No,” replied his father, “I say again commanding officer,” and so he was. In 1840, on the occasion of his daughter Caroline's marriage, he was again called to town, and the same spring his aunt Elizabeth, widow of Samuel Fontenelle, Esq., mention of whom has been made before, died at Yarmouth at the age of 86.

To return to an earlier period :

Soon after their marriage, papa introduced my mother to Mrs. Pugh, a lady with whom he had formerly boarded. Mrs. Pugh said to her, “Ma'am, if you are not happy, it will not be that gentleman's fault.” It may have been at Mrs. Pugh's house my father first made the acquaintance of Mr. Morton Dyer, that best and most gentlemanly of men, for many years the head of the London Police, and consequently a resident of Devonshire House, at the top of Portland Place. My father with his family visited at his house when in town, as did Mr. Dyer with his daughters at ours, when they were at Tunbridge Wells. On one occasion, my sisters called at Devonshire House, and, on enquiring for the Miss Dyers, the melancholy answer was returned, that he was then lying dead. My father attended his remains to their last resting-place. Mrs. Pugh lived to extreme old age, always continuing in Mr. Dyer's family, indeed to within but a year or two years of his own death, though much his senior. This was in 1841 or 1842. Mr. Dyer was well informed on all



points connected with the West Florida estates—he considered the case hopeless.

Papa continued to urge the claims of the legal heirs of Mr. Thos. Durnford in the Courts of Law at New Orleans, and was sanguine in his hopes, as the following extract from a letter to his son-in-law, Mr. Dunscomb, explains:

“ Tunbridge Wells, May 2, 1842.”

—“ I am much obliged by your prompt enquiries, in the New Orleans concern,— which I have the satisfaction of saying, are rendered unnecessary (It will do no harm for my friends at New Orleans to find, I have a practicability of making occasional enquiries how they are going on, and I hope you will permit me to ask your further good offices, as I may find necessary,) by receipt of letters from that place, which have eased my fears, and enabled me to have the papers returned to the consul duly executed by myself and cousins, and from which I and themselves, augur very favorably, and hope the issue will be equal to our sanguine expectations. I have found a map, which I thought only related to my father’s property, but which luckily concerns the numbers and sites of nearly all the 24 tracts of land, amounting to 15,900, acres, which are reported ‘Valid to the late Mr. Thos. Durnford’—and I think, although the lawyer is to get half, there exists some hope that he will be able to realize something considerable from them, especially as the original grants must be duly registered in the Court of Law, of the United States Office; but perhaps two or three years (D. V.,) we may hear more on this subject. I am glad to find you remain tranquil, and with every good wish and regard to yourself—yours and mine,—I am, most truly and affectionately,

E. W. DURNFORD.”

In 1841, he had a visit from Archdeacon Bridge, and his family. The Archdeacon was married to his son-in-law’s sister; and shortly after this visit, again letting Belvedere, two of his daughters having gone to Scotland, my parents, with their remaining daughter and three servants, went to Ramsgate. At Ramsgate they renewed acquaintance with an old friend, Col. Bodger, R. A.

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## SECTION XV.

Canterbury.—Ramsgate.—Jews’ Synagogue.—Broadstairs.—Pegwell.

In the journey through Kent, the glad prospect was spread before our eyes, of the busy harvest men and women, reaping, gathering in, and gleaning the corn: the Isle of Thanet was already one wide expanse of stubble. This was on the first September. The postilion stopped to change horses at Canterbury, which place my mother regarded with the reminiscences of her youth, and remained there an hour to see the cathedral. On entering it, the organ was swelling, and the voices of the choir sounding through the building, but the doors leading into the church were all locked. An elderly man in a black gown went two or three times

through the grating my parents stood at, locking and unlocking it each time, and, in doing so, provoked away all desire to explore the antiquities. When service was concluded, my mother, not caring to examine the old curiosities, went in search of her great aunt, Mrs. Cumming's monument. Then the elderly man in black came and said, "Ladies! if you don't go, I must lock you in." The rather savage retort was, "I would rather be locked in, than locked out, as we just now were by you." "How so, Ma'am?" "Sir, we should have been very glad to have joined in the service, but found ourselves locked out." "Ma'am, any one may come in at three o'clock, but then the doors are locked, and no body can enter." "We are sorry we were late." "Come to-morrow at ten." "We cannot, for we leave Canterbury immediately."

The flint stone built, walled, and paved town of Ramsgate, disappointed expectation. Its cockney amusements were incessant. Punch and Judy, mountebanks, and street bands from harp to jewsharp, and singers in great variety, were continually heard, in addition to cries all day long of fish, fruit, and vegetables, with "Margate! Margate!" from the omnibuses. Then would succeed the silk weaver's distresses, and one man cried a book of songs, some of them five hundred years old, &c., which in the full, generous, and liberal humour of his heart, he had great pleasure in offering as a present to any lady or gentleman, for the sum of five pounds eight shillings. Within doors is not the place for Ramsgate visitors; they must seek the cliff, the beach, the pier, to benefit by the seabathing, and gaze on the Channel waters, with its gay steamers, and fleets numbering hundreds of sail. When calm, it is pleasant to watch the still and variegated water from the height where the town stands, the billows trembling gently in, and trim little boats and sea-fowl scattered about. When the tide was down, and the water had left the beach, the extensive tracts covered with seaweed looked curiously green and channelled. The coast of France was generally visible. The crowds, attracted by the bathing machines at other times, gave life to the scene.

My parents arrived at Ramsgate the 3rd, and the 8th was fixed on for a regatta. Their confined, uncomfortable house, was prematurely engaged, on the plains of Waterloo, for six weeks. Colonel Bodger had brought regatta tickets, and it was a pretty sight to view a sailing match from the cliff, and two boat races. The 15th was a day of rain, thunder, and lightning, and at breakfast the report of guns was heard, and conjectured to be the signal for the removal of the foundation for the "Light of all Nations." Rain continued to come down, and Punch paid his customary bad weather visit. The next day, Colonel Bodger called early, and after saying the caisson had not been deposited, the Duke of Wellington was certain to arrive, and talking of the manner the irons would be laid in the rocky depths of the Goodwin, he took papa out for a walk.

Next day, a walk to Marston, noted for its caves was decided on. There was nothing to observe on the level, unvaried road, except large fields of canary seed, and a chalk pit, proceeding from whose round sundry little caves were cut, and their continuous summit crowned with vegetation. At Marston, a smith left his forge and said, that the caves,

of old the retreat of the harassed Saxons had long been stoped up, planted with corn for ten years, and at the present time covered with a crop of potatoes. A pole, round whose top little figures were swung from an opposite tree, attracted my mother's notice; the smith said "it was a Shrove Tuesday, and these things were put up when weather-cocks were put down." "What do you mean by a Shrove Tuesday?" "Called so in remembrance of the day that we all used to dine with the squires on a leg of veal and fritters." The man hinted his belief of the caves not being as old as reported: they were before his time, but he had heard when a boy of a Mr. Strode, who employed men after their working hours in digging at them. My father hinted the probability of many a keg of gin having been there, to which the man shrugged his shoulders, and said, "aye."

A present from a friend of Colonel Bodger's, of a piece of Jews' Passover cake, was conjoined with advice to go to their place of principal resort, Ramsgate being remarkable for the number of Jews in it. My father was very desirous of visiting the synagogue; and after making enquiries, being directed wrong, and taking many perplexing turnings, he stumbled lastly over an arched excavation in a chalk pit. This was close to the lone, melancholy looking synagogue, enclosed by walls built of flint, with latticed gates at two corners. Constructed without windows, except at one extremity, it appeared like a fabled magician's palace, dreary and still. Returning past a school-house, a farm-house, a wood full of benches, we read a placard describing the wonderful Margate cavern, and calling at the residence of Sir Moses Montifior, were told his house might be seen. Alas! the present time should have been taken advantage of; for Sir Moses returned that same evening from his journey to Jerusalem, and his house afterwards was not shewn to strangers. So desirous were my parents to obtain admission within the synagogue, that next morning they set off a little after six o'clock to walk to it. They followed an old Jew——: the building is so situated as to be only visible from the height immediately above: in that respect cunningly contrived. The synagogue doors were not open; and as papa proposed strolling about till they were, the priest came out of his house, and called out, "come about eight." "A quarter to seven," answered papa, mistaking his meaning. "Eight," repeated the priest, in an angry tone. "A quarter to seven," said papa. "The general service begins at eight," again persisted the priest, and they went home, hurried breakfast, changed their damp shoes, and were before the synagogue a second time exactly by eight. The door was closed: they opened it, and entered.

The women's entrance to the gallery was by a handsome staircase; and a room well furnished was at the head of the stairs, opposite to the gallery. The synagogue was without a window, the light was admitted through the ceiling, and it cast, from the red stained glass, a rich and solemn reflection. Over the altar, a smaller circular inlet let in yellowish light. Every thing was splendid. Two large glass chandeliers hung from the ceiling, supported by golden frames, with multitudes of candles and golden candlesticks: two square boxes, placed on each side of the

altar, had each an enormous pair placed on them. A reddish carpet covered the floor; and round the building sat the Jews, on benches, with polished low desks before them. They were singing psalms, and their voices were sometimes richly and wildly melodious, at other times mumbling and harsh. Sometimes they sat, sometimes they stood, with hats always on, and scarfs round their shoulders; all deeply earnest, and all frequently joining with the voice of the priest. At one time, the service was so wild and moving, that some of the spectators shed tears. Visions, long gone by of eastern magnificence and oriental seclusion, appeared to be embodied in the scene they saw and heard before them; it reminded them of the altar beside which the young Samuel slept, particularly when the sharp voices of several boy Jews were heard, and fancy strove to recall a little of the glory of the temple as Solomon dedicated it. Several Jews or elders, preceded by Sir Moses Montifior, brought forth from behind the altar "the Book of the Law." The moving ornaments at the top tinkled as they went along: they were first laid on the table, then fixed on the book, and then the roll was spread out, the use of those ornamented staves appearing to be to keep the roll open. After reading aloud for some time from it, they prepared to carry it back. They sang while doing so, but their voices were discordant, startling, and mournfully wild. The queen was prayed for in English. Going out, mamma spoke to Lady Montifior—a pleasing lady-like person. Lady Montifior politely offered to show the building to my mother: she regretted afterwards declining her civility. The synagogue is very singularly situated, the neat house and gardens of the priest, who is at the same time butcher, adjoining. Every wall about Ramsgate is built of flint, beginning with the old ivy grown gateway, and other antique scraps.

The wonderful and beautiful face of nature as displayed on the sea, is no where more visible than at Ramsgate. When the tempest, so frequent on that coast, howls, it is grand to look down over the foaming, dashing, rough, noisy waves. When a day of thunder, lightning, and rain occurred, and recourse was needful to within door employments, a circulating library furnished reading, and my father read through "The Confessions of a Thug," "The Huguenot," "Rienzi," "Bubbles of Canada," &c. There was no want of amusement on such days: Punch and the tumbler seemed to revel in the storm. It was indeed a serious cause of vexation to be continually teased by such odious exhibitions. On one rainy day in particular, Punch, with his admiring crowd of spectators, took post close to the windows, enabling complete observation of his proceedings. Punch first made a low bow to his company. Then he danced himself about, tossing his arms and legs in time very cleverly. Then he called vociferously for Judy, who soon made her appearance; and at first they seemed to be very loving, till quarrelling, they beat each other unmercifully, and poor Judy finally disappeared. An automaton wearing a cocked hat next encountered Punch, but he was quickly discomfited, to be succeeded by the redoubtable Jim Crow himself. This little black faced imp danced, and shook his arms, legs, and body in such

capital time, while singing out who he was, that Punch himself was forced to cry "Bravo! Bravo!" When Punch was quite exhausted with his combats, he laid down to sleep,—alas! not to repose! The ghost of Judy disturbed him. He rose terrified, shook himself, but laid down on her disappearance. She rose again, to increase the agitation of poor Punch. On her second disappearance, the doctor jumped into the window, and called out, "What is the matter?" "I have seen a ghost!" cried Punch. The doctor proceeded to rub his patient, but Punch would not brook such treatment, and beat his friend off the field. A large dog now mounted the stage, and what with Punch's earnest cries to him to "go away," his piteous tremblings, and the alarm displayed on his huge nosed face, though striving to laugh over his conquered opponents, it was really ludicrous. When the dog barked, Punch crept into a corner. There seemed likely to be no end to it, when a third figure appeared. Then they all, Punch, dog, and third figure, danced, fought, trembled, barked, and finally made exit, bearing doggy on their shoulders, to parade to the next street with banner and music.

Among these gay annoyances, one man passed every evening precisely at seven o'clock, ringing a cheerful bell, whose advent on rainy nights was seldom disagreeable. The well-dressed, smiling ladies, in the next houses, were found to make acquaintance with him, as was discovered by the temporary discontinuance of his lively alarm, and more lively song. He made a ballad of his much prized wares, displaying considerable talent in the way he altered the list of the various attractive compounds. His song ran thus, or in this style :

Lemon cream, liquorice, and fine brandy ball,  
 Only one penny, all for one penny.  
 Do taste and try, for ladies a treat ;  
 Parliament, noyau, and bull's eye, complete,—  
 Only one penny, all for one penny.  
 With my alicampagne, and delicious erbagne,  
 Come ladies and buy, here's sweets for the sweet.  
 Fine lemon cream, for my customers all,  
 With almond candy, and rocket, and fine brandy ball ;  
 All for one penny, here's sweets for the sweet.

To tumblers, ballad singers, and all sorts of instruments, there was in all weathers, no end. One night it was refreshment to hear my mother say, "I was on the cliff this evening at seven o'clock ; no one was there, it was low water, and I enjoyed it as much as I expect to enjoy anything in this world. There was the earth, the sea, and the sky,—the green of the earth, the ships on the sea, and the beautiful stars of heaven. I thought of those who lie in the earth, of those who lie in the sea, and of those who are above in heaven!"

Several times my parents walked on the most fashionable walk of Ramsgate—the pier. Once, a steamboat having just arrived, it was crowded with all the beauty and fashion the town could boast. The "Duchess of Kent" lay along side the pier, or in the harbour,—the passengers cloaked, and luggaged, passed. Swarms of pet dogs and children were mingled with the groups of belles and beaux. While loitering, the

Royal Adelaide shot past close to the pier. It danced over the rough water, the deck covered with company, and it was a disappointment to see the beautiful vessel proceed for Dover. A quarter of an hour after, another steamer came into harbour from the South Foreland, but this was not so trim in looks; so a walk on the strand was preferred, to stopping to gaze at what might be landed on the pier. It was pleasant to watch the tide coming in on this boisterous evening, and the waves as they broke and tumbled along the beach, foaming and spreading at our feet. Taking shelter under the pier, from the cold rough blast, papa called attention to the numbers of little hermit crabs, hiding in the mud, as my mother on a former occasion had to the holes thrown up over a smooth surface of sand, for the worms used as bait by the fishermen. The stone work of the pier, as far as the water reached, covered with the tenacious whelk, and young muscle, was moistened from the briny droppings of the variously shaded brown and green algæ. Papa asked a sailor to what height the tide rose at highest, and he said seventeen feet.

Another day, walking on the cliff, though it threatened rain, they stopt to admire the great beauty of the sea. Never had its tints looked more brilliant or more soft—the distant waters reposed in placid deep sea-green, the foreground frowned in turbid grey, terminating in noisy, foaming breakers. Anon, when the sun shot down, shifting lengthened gleams of buff, and narrow streaks of dark lead, swept grandly over the waves.

An excursion to Calais was several times talked of, without being followed up. Domestic vexations occurred. At breakfast the ebony coffee pot was a great tormentor, refusing to pour its beverage from the spout; and it is grievous to record that one morning the spread eagle, hitherto its pride and ornament, was missing from the summit; it was also on the list of household misfortunes that Hetty had broken the fish plate and a large dish, and papa had effected the destruction of two water crafts, besides throwing over the ink in the middle of the blue table cover.

The walk along the strand to Broadstairs, generally considered the aristocratic quarter of Ramsgate, was grand and tame at the same time, rich in historic recollections, past and present, like each foot of the English channel shores. At high water, the waves were sometimes so high as to cast a shadow when the sun was hidden. How my parents enjoyed the grand sight, as moving along within their left hand's reach of Albion's towering white cliffs, they saw on their right the black foaming billows, dashing onward, tumbling and spreading along the sand, frequently washing their feet, they would stop, riveted in admiration of their wild tumult, and frothy play, ever spending itself yet never spent. This was not the season for spring tides, yet the tide marks were within a foot in some places of the cliff, and the treacherous footing of the ground created a sensation of awe. Yet should a storm overtake the traveller, there were numerous dark caverns within reach, if the advancing waters cut off from the land, and the living. We entered one of these caves, dark, and foul, and mysterious to peep in; and a feeling of the magic of the moment, with the stalking precipice over head, and only the

black frowning billows visible from the cavern's entrance, prompted to ask

“What hid'st thou in thy treasure caves and cells,  
Thou ever sounding and mysterious main?”

Broadstairs is about two miles from Ramsgate; to walk there is neither pleasant nor safe when the tide is up. At low water we set off for the beach, descending the Augusta stairs, and accepting a boy's service in laving Laura, poor Elias' pet dog, in the salt wave, before proceeding. The cliffs are truly magnificent, their perpendicular aspect makes the human figure a mere pigmy by contrast, and adds to their apparent height. Before proceeding far, our attention was entirely directed to the excavations along the chalky bulwark of Albion, appearing externally in the shape of large loopholes at different heights and intervals. The most remarkable amounted to fourteen close in succession, commencing and terminating by cave like entrances leading from the sand, and closed in by wooden lattices, said to be always locked. They were immediately under Sir Moses' estate. The curious felt a wish to explore the secrets of these labyrinths of concealment and delinquency, for such purposes no doubt hollowed, and farther on so frequent were the caves and cliffs, that it was perplexing to distinguish the natural from the artificial. The tide was at its lowest ebb, the water rough, the wind strong; and when the smooth footing of the yellow sands was left, to wander through the green and rocky fields the receding waves expose to view, we pulled aside the sea-weeds, to observe among the sea-green stones how busily employed the myriads of whelks were in their perforations, from which our utmost strength could not move them, as also numbers of their clammy companions,—the cockles and periwinkles. One solitary crab affected the soldier, and opened its little pincers to mama's touch. Near the bridge thrown over the ruptured cliffs close to Broadstairs, the beach was very rough, and so full of large stones and fragments of the chalk, directly over head, as to be of difficult footing. There was no want of companions, male or female, during this marine excursion. On reaching Broadstairs, we met shoals of nicely dressed children and ladies, dispersed over the smooth sand. Intentions of walking to the North Foreland Lighthouse, were frequently frustrated by winds tremendously high, when not a vessel was seen.

The favourite study at Ramsgate was that of the curious marine plants every tide's flow threw on the strand,—spoils of ocean's forests. Volumes were written on the subject, and ladies wandered over the slippery amphibious territory in search of fresh specimens. These were found in abundance, from the fungous tree of fathoms length, thick and strong as a ship's cable, with its highly developed leaf, to the delicately coloured sea moss, with fibres thin as thread, of vermilion, brown, white, and green tints, that decorate the drawing-room, and ornament the album.

There was only one vicar to the five churches at Ramsgate, and the curates preached alternately at each. In their sermons they made frequent and appropriate allusions to the holy and beautiful face of

nature. One Sunday morning my parents walked to the church of St. Lawrence. The sun shone brightly, and Ramsgate's beautiful peals of bells were ringing from her churches and still in hearing, as the sound from that of St. Lawrence was heard. The old pile was reached just in time to get comfortably packed up in a pew, that held exactly three, though to judge from its double seat, originally designed for six. It was a fine, venerable old edifice, said to be eight hundred years old, and the walls covered with escutcheons and monuments. Among these, was a plain slab to the memory of Lady Augusta Murray, married to the Duke of Sussex; and by the side of the altar, one to the memory of — Harvey, one of the six preachers of Canterbury Cathedral. The galleries and stairs are curiously contrived and disjointed; but talent at description is requisite to note the plan of the church, which apparently contains as many compartments and corners, as the utensil sacred to its patron saint. The organ was played in an unaffected style, and the singing simple. After the service was concluded, my parents walked round the church, and then the churehyard. The last was a melancholy stroll. Too many tears shed over the dead are a far easier penance than toilsomely stemming the thorny path among the living. "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" It is better to look beyond the narrow, dreary tomb,—to burst in thought its painful barrier!

The last lion seen was Pegwell Bay. We set off a little after 12 o'clock, passing a house the Duchess of Kent resided at, then tenanted by Mr. War, cousin to the commandant of Chatham. The late house of sir William Garrow had lately been bought by Mr. Harris, the vicar, for ten thousand pounds, and is indeed a pretty spot. The village boasted its shrimp sauce shop, served by its deaf and dumb girl, its great fat shopman, and its insupportable fish odour,—four things altogether delightful. This esteemed essence could be purchased by the dozen at one shilling per bottle. It was high water; and proceeding up the bay, we soon lost sight of the chalk, that gave place to clay. This furnished to the industrious hands employed in the making, materials for bricks, while farther on the shore was verdant. We stopped to look at the brick making process, and walked to the extremity of the coast-guard station, to observe from whence the Pegwell scotch was taken. Here, the nodding clay, suspended over the steep; the water viewed between its gaps; the barrel on the margin; the rabbits confined in what looked like mud coops, and the deep well, with its aqueduct leading to where the bricks were preparing, was taken as a whole, very picturesque. Deal looked clearly stretched out, within the South Foreland; and a large fleet in the Downs, the pretty boats, and buoys, &c., all added a something to look at. On our return, Punch came round as if to greet us; and the untiring man with the bell.

The term of engagement for the Ramsgate house being expired, Papa went to Dover per coach, to engage another there before returning to Belvedere. The morning was stormy and rainy; there was a large ship towed in from the Goolwin sands, and the Royal Adelaide steamer towed into harbour the water-logged ship Belvedere, from Quebec. Several other damaged vessels came into the harbour of refuge: news came of the taking of Canton.



## SECTION XVI.

Dover.—Shakespeare's Cliff.—Castle.—Return to Belvedere.

Although torrents of rain had fallen the last day and night, contrary to expectation, and early morning rain, the day turned out clear and bright, on which my parents started for Dover. The coach was frightfully overloaded with outside passengers and luggage. As far as Sandwich, the land was intersected with rivers and streams; and from Pegwell, where chalk is lost sight of, flags and rushes prevailed, interspersed with the shipping of the tranquilly winding Stour; then came an old castle at Sandwich, and pens of white sheep. Sixty or seventy years back, it is said, salmon were caught at Forditch, but they have now forsaken the coast. A prodigious quantity of luggage was taken in at Sandwich, and as the poor coach had only two horses with four passengers inside, and ten outside, mama looked aghast. It stopped at Eastney, when a man brought out a large box full of saws and knives for Hythe, to be placed on the top, much to the terror of the passengers within, who did not expect to arrive at Dover without accident. Within a few miles of Dover the country grows bolder, rising in fine heights, chequered with pretty villas and flower gardens. Then on the left came the sombre castle, frowning in its old power, and casting its mellow reflection on the blue sky. The town of Dover (perhaps by contrast) seemed so clean and interesting in descending the hill, that the fright and package of the disagreeable coach was forgotten. Papa had engaged a lodging at a hair-dresser's in Snargate Street; but boxes and servants went on with the stage; and it annoyed my dear parent, as well it might, to be charged five shillings for bringing them back. After the Plains at Ramsgate, the lodgings here seemed magnificent. The drawing-room looked towards the sea; and the back of a fine range of buildings, bathing machines, sometimes a passing sail, &c., were visible. The dry bed of a water course or river, was under our windows.

Mama longed to renew acquaintance with the fine strand she had often walked along in her youthful days; but now there was nothing to reward her expectations but heavy shingle, over which the great billows swelled and darkly tumbled; beyond, there was no enlivening shipping as at Ramsgate: on the other side were the tall white cliffs, variegated with loop holes hollowed as at Ramsgate, the bright-looking battery and sentries, and, whenever it rose to view, the always grandly spreading and cloud-caressing castle.

Shakespeare's cliff was to be reached, and ascended: report said it was gradually giving way and crumbling down. It was fearful indeed to ascend, with nothing before the view but a narrow arch of green grass, looking verdant over head, and the sun's rays dazzling the eyes as they strained up to where the green line met the clear blue sky. The ascent fatigued; we turned to take breath. The rough sea roared and foamed below, and the receding cliffs hid the town, though the beautiful castle

surmounted the highest ground. When the summit was gained, suddenly another distant view equal to the last appeared, like softly shaded points,—Hythe with its castle. Folkstone, with its castle, reposed in the vista; while across the straits, the French coast peered distinctly visible, and the chalk cliffs of Calais. The inland prospect presented wide downs; except where a sheepfold reminded of pins thickly stuck on a cushion. Altogether the Shakespeare cliff affords a prospect of wild grandeur, and novel beauty. On reaching our lodging, it was discovered that mama's pet dog, Laura, was missing. She went to the Shakespeare cliff, it was remembered. Papa went first in search of her, but in vain: then James was sent. Hetty went in another direction; Sally laid the cloth for dinner, and when the meal was nearly finished, Laura rushed into the room, with great frolicking, having been found at the Shakespeare Hotel. The good taste displayed in putting up at such a sign, gained forgiveness for the pretty animal. At a distance, the Shakespeare Cliff looks like a great grey umbrella; its fearfulness is concentrated on the summit, or rather grandly worked up till that is attained, there to repay the labour of ascent: its height 350 feet. Papa said that on the highest point a stake is fixed, to which a rope is fastened, from which a boy lets himself down to gather samphire. Like the "cloud capped towers, and gorgeous palaces," belief runs that this toy of the Tempest will ere long totter, and, leave not a wreck behind."

" 18, Snargate st., Dover, October 12, 1841.

"MY DEAR —, We have at last reached Dover. The weather favoured our journey; yet on that morning a bright flash of lightning glared in my eyes as I dressed, succeeded by a heavy clap of thunder. Our present abode is far more roomy than the one at Ramsgate, and the place very different. Unfortunately the bad weather keeps us in, or I had anticipated going over the castle, which, from its high situation, and venerable aspect, is certainly the most beautiful thing of the kind I ever saw. We arrived here before 12 o'clock yesterday, and luckily made the most of the fine day walking along the beach, and looking at the little tavern that hangs out the sign "Sir Sidney Smith," where the old boat house formerly stood, you must remember mama's telling us of, and exploring both jetties, neither of which are on the grand scale of the Ramsgate pier. The beach is composed wholly of shingle—it is not so comfortable a walk as the smooth sand along the strand at Broadstairs, and ships and steamers are fewer and more distant; nevertheless, the aspect of the place is far more imposing. Mama looked for the site of Mrs. Farbrice's old house—it has long since been demolished: and we unintentionally found ourselves on the Shakespeare cliff road. The idea of reaching it did not occur until we were within half a mile. Mama gave up. So good an opportunity was not likely again to offer, so papa proposed to go on. Mama said, again and again, "Now be sure you go to the very top." You will not credit the difficulty I had in persuading papa to ascend with me. He doubted my strength. "Now, my dear, it will do," he said. "There's nothing at all to be seen more,"

nevertheless I begged him to proceed. When the top was reached, however, I felt very joyful to descend again it was very warm work to climb up with the sun's rays directly in our eyes. I had not even time to look for the French coast until we were half way down, and then papa said, "Well! are you sorry we came to Dover?"

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(Ramsgate was very gay with balls and races while we were there, on the occasion of the foundation's being laid for the new lighthouse on the Goodwin sands. We are enjoying the comforts of a large room, after the small sitting apartment of our Ramsgate house, so close to the street, that every word spoken both within and without was heard. We also feel the genteel quiet of Dover, after the Ramsgate noises all day long, of band and ballad singers, cries of all kinds, shows and buffoonery, deafening and distracting—mobs and boys and squalling children—disturbing vision and annoying hearing!)

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Next day the channel under our windows was filled with water, being dry before. This flow caused an agreeable surprise, and was partly artificial, there being mills on the high ground. There was a great contrast between the piers of Ramsgate, lined with crowded sail, drying in the grateful warmth of the bright sun, as lately seen, with the deserted sea now viewed, rough and inhospitable. No weather-bound bark tarries here, no tempest driven vessel joys to reach safe and welcome anchorage: truly the benefits conferred by Ramsgate's noble harbour are interesting and cheering to the heart that owns humanity. Papa said the coachman should have been prosecuted for taking in such an immense load yesterday.

Another walk to the sea was decided on; a storm came on, or rather a tempest of wind and rain, from which a bathing machine's shelter was sought. The sea was awfully grand, roaring, hissing, with a noise resembling a thousand great boiling cauldrons. Tempest and torrent seem especially to revel over Dover.

On Sunday my parents went to St. Martin's church, founded by Withred, king of Kent, in 696. Next day, taking the road to the castle, they mounted by a steep flight of 103 steps, to the entrance. Here an old sergeant of artillery recognized papa, having known him at Quebec, and an old invalided corporal of the same corps sprang delighted forwards, claiming the same recollection. It was really heart-cheering to witness the joy it gave to both these honest fellows, and, as the corporal led on, how he mentioned all he knew of some of his old officers, enquiring after others. We stopped on the platform, where stands the beautiful but useless pocket pistol of Queen Elizabeth. The fleet lately anchored in the Downs were stretching sail on the sea we looked down on, and the grey-hued waters, chequered with golden gleams, never reflected more splendour. The coast of France, however, was not very distinct, as a haze hung over it. After seeing the old Roman tower of Claudius Cæsar, A. D. 45, and the old Saxon tower, the Roman ditch, the long rampart for archers, and the celebrated well, Harold was by treaty required to

deliver up to the Duke of Normanby, came the keep. Ten feet is the thickness of the Roman wall, forty-five the tower's height; the guide drew observation to the dove-tailed bricks, composition, &c. Every sound was echoed with hollow effect through the cylindrical staircase of the loopholed ascent, but it had the fault of clean, unromantic white-wash. Mama mounted the 140 steps leading to the summit without once complaining of fatigue, so exciting was the scene, though the corporal begged her to take it slowly; and magnificent was the wide, clear view spread out like a coloured map below. The wind was very strong: and another large fleet had by this time come to view,—there must have been several hundred sail in both,—with steam packets from Boulogne, Calais, and London. From several points in the ascent to the castle, the Shakespeare cliff looked clothed in verdure and white, divested of its grey umbrella aspect, forming a more beautiful feature than it seemed likely to make, from the awkward form it presents from the beach. After leaving the castle we walked a short way on the Deal road. Dover looked so pretty; and the castle, if possible more beautiful from every new point of view, invited exertion to attain the top of the hill, to enjoy the whole prospect of the valley, and opposite lofty ground, with its citadel. Returning, we tarried where the castle makes an angle with the sea, and had a full and solitary view of the grand old fortress, with the ever-magnificent straits. Along the rampart, only the Saxon and Roman towers were visible; and, on the part of the lines seen, but one sentinel's shifting musket moved. Not a sail was to be seen on the water. It was charming to indulge in such solitude. Coming down the hill, home, we passed two men breaking stones by the road side, and papa asked one of them what he made by it? He answered "Nothing," "What did he get for breaking a cart-load?" "Tenpence," "And you gain about eighteen pence a day?" The man assented, but said, "He had a wife and three children, and the stones were very hard." "That *gentleman*," he pointed to the other man at work, "makes it answer very well, for he understands it." After dinner, papa took a long walk beyond the citadel, and saw lights very bright on the French coast. The steps from the ground of the castle to the top of the keep are 300, the thickness of the wall on the summit of the last, eighteen feet. Mama ascended and descended the keep with agility, nor afterwards complained of fatigue.

Our party, next day, got out to walk about 12 o'clock, passing a number of old streets, the bank, the new church, the ship hotel, &c., and reaching the sea-side, were glad to take shelter in a boat-house from the cold and boisterous wind; when, tired of watching the waves dashing along the shingle, we cast longing looks in the direction of the south cliff, which, the people affirmed, would not be approachable for two hours. The billows, true enough, spread to within a few feet of the cliff, whose high and bending head "looks fearfully on the confined deep;" while many large, white, safe stepping stones, clearly once appertaining to the cavernous chalk, cast out sharp wild angles, near and far as the eye could see. It was comfortable to enter one of these sheltering caverns, whose bright, clear walls were split and hollowed half way to the summit;

and the tempestuous sea washes its layers each returning tide, encroaching upon and undermining them. We could have lingered for hours watching the sea approach in black, swelling, long, long walls. The encroaching waves ran beneath our feet; it was necessary to retreat from being drenched. Coming reluctantly away, another look was bestowed on old Shakespeare, and lo! he rose towards the sky into a sharp point, and the chalk threw out three arms from the "confined deep" to enclose his green summit. All pleasant things come to an end, as did this happy hour. In ascending the Dover heights, a view equally fine with that admired yesterday, spread itself out far and wide below. The sea's magnificence was unchequered, save here and there, at distant intervals, by a golden beam thrown upon its grey expanse: the hundreds of vessels that sailed by a few hours ago, had disappeared; scarcely a fisherman's little skiff rocked. Hill upon hill rose, with ranges of chalk scattered here and there. Here a chalky wall was passed, indented by four or five caves; and here was another map-like view to regard. Behind rose the heights with its chalk, its caverns, its surmounting citadel, its redoubt and practising grounds. To the left, the old castle flag, Saxon and Roman ruins, the fair white cliffs below, with their narrow, receding strands, edged by the wavy line of foam; the river winding through the dense assemblage of houses; the port and harbour, with the foaming breakers at its entrance; the long military lines, terminated by the Shakespere cliff,—the whole embraced by the sea, and forming a truly grand panorama. A naked, interminable extent of downs is seen from the high redoubt, and gladsome was the descent from the bleak wind, to turn and gaze down on the sheltered valley Dover lies snugly ensconced in: two or three minutes walk brought us to the head of the military shaft, or cylindrical tower. We looked down the deep perpendicular, said to be of 140 steps, but we counted 197 from the road; it was dark at the foot of the stairs, the last were wet; and it was very agreeable after emerging from a long, dark, arched passage, with its rifle sentinel, to stand at once in Snargate Street and look up at the lofty, straight cliff just descended. All the dashing visitors at Dover seemed congregated in the row of houses fronting our windows; numbers of carriages and four were continually driving there.

October 15. Went with papa to church at St. Mary's, the old Saxon church, where, in 1728, the people not choosing to let Macqueame, their old minister preach, when he mounted the pulpit, sang the 119th psalm entirely through twice, and on their beginning it a third time, he lost his patience, saying, "My friends you have long borne with me, and now I have borne with you; so we are even." After lunch ascended with papa a narrow path to the heights,—the castle on one side, and the redoubt on the other,—to gain another charming view of Dover valley, the river Stour's gentle windings, and the black, dark sea, with not a sail visible. Missed the path to the South Foreland, but continued so far on the Deal road, that the fleet anchored in the Downs, and shipping at Ramsgate lay before us. The view took in the whole coast from the South Foreland lighthouse to the delicately North Foreland point, which lay stretched across the distant horizon. Deal was plainly seen, with the shrubberies of Wal-

mer Castle, four miles on. The French hills were very plainly discerned, and we longed much to climb them. Papa walked, after dinner, on the beach to Shakespeare's cliff; fragments of loosened chalk lay along the strand, in large pieces under the cliff, forming stepping stones the whole way. It is reported to be very tottering and continually falling. 16th. A day of rain—and staying at home; but letters came in the evening from Archdeacon Bridge, at Newfoundland, with intimations of kegs that were to arrive floating in good things. Papa called on Mr. Gain, the store-keeper, on business, and saw him at his office. Mr. Gain said Mr. Garnet (upholsterer at Portsmouth) and his wife were both dead, their daughter married and gone to Syria, where, meeting with Capt. Napier he introduced her to the pacha. The pacha presented her husband with a lucrative place.

17th. Attended St. James' Church. Mr Darwell, the curate, preached from Isa. liii. 9, on the support God provides for his people in their pilgrimage through life! As God fed the Israelites with bread from heaven and water from the flinty rock, so they have no helpless futurity to look forward to. He quoted Article xi. This church is either Saxon or Norman, very beautiful and comfortable; the service excellently performed, and singing very good and comprehensible. Rain great part of the day. Papa went to St. George's in the afternoon, and sat by the organ. The preacher was an old man, not very plainly heard. The evening turned out fine, and we went to the old Saxon church of St. Mary's. It was lighted up with tallow candles, and much crowded. A form was brought and placed for us to sit on in front of the communion table. A fine old gentleman preached from Eph. iv. 20. The music and singing good in all the churches. The beadle's snuffers got entangled in our shawls while standing without seats, and it was not without trouble both were got rid of.

18. Packed up after breakfast, and then proposed walking to the South Foreland. Going up the castle hill, papa stopped several times, complaining of shortness of breath, but to the proposal of relinquishing the walk, he said "Oh no." A party of ladies in advance, who turned the castle angle, encouraged our proceeding. for it really blew a tempest, or rather a hurricane. When about the middle of the fine valley the castle so beautifully surmounts, papa asked a man "how far to the lighthouse?" "A good two miles and a half," he said, "and a very rough road." Papa looked doubtfully at his companion. "The lighthouse now or never," was the reply; "we will make the effort." He said, "very well." There was not a sail to be seen. The path was muddy and slippery, and a long desolate tract was traversed, with bare heights rising round, not a tree visible, that excepted seen far and near on the Deal road, that resembled in conspicuousness a landmark; on one hand loomed the top of the lighthouse; and directly in front a church; beyond, the sea, the North Foreland, Ramsgate and the shrubs of Walmer castle. High lines of foam marked the Goodwin sands. Near the road turning to the lighthouse there were tracts of ground covered with turnips, looking sufficient to supply half England. Then came chalk and large caverns cut under it, which papa

observed must be capital shelter for the carts and waggons, &c., appertaining to a large farm house, with large stores of hay, stacks, ponds, ducks, poultry, and so on. At last the lighthouse was reached. With some difficulty discovering the door, and knocking, a young woman appeared, and granted permission to enter. The sea was grandly shadowed, the clouds gave a deep blue hue to the grey waters whereon they were reflected. Round the building the ground was encumbered with brick and mortar, preparatory to the erection of another lighthouse. A few steps led to a little parlour, where this woman and her brother had lived for twenty years. We then ascended to the highest room, where the reflecting lights were placed,—sixteen large brass reflectors, lined with silver. Another lighthouse stood at a little distance, lower towards the cliff. St. Margaret's cliff, strand, and line of foam, with its church and village, were lower still. A large fleet lay in the Downs; and the green hills and white cliffs of France were distinctly visible.

The 17th was fixed for leaving Dover. The travelling chaise came to the door; the boxes, &c., were carried down; when, after near an hour wasted in endeavouring to arrange them on the vehicle, it was discovered not to be a proper one and must be changed. Sally was sent to purchase Berlin wools at the cheap shop, to buy parliament and biscuits at Bachelor's, and to get salt water for some curious little fish, that had travelled in their shells from Ramsgate. Sally made wrong selections the first time of going to the worsted shop, and on returning found the people at breakfast; instead of Bachelor's noted shop, she went to Widow's; and finally, after the tiny pet fish had been corked up and carried as far as Tenterden, she forgot to take them out of the post-chaise. Dover was quitted with the gratification of recollecting having viewed the watery site destined for the new lighthouse. Near this site we had also looked at its present substitute, a floating light, and thought it was equally beautiful in appearance, whether seen in the shape of a little tossing boat, strongly anchored, with its twelve brave sailors on board, and the raging breakers of the Goodwin surrounding it; or as a bright, clear beacon, amid the darkness of night.

At last the post-chaise drove off, though it rained hard. The road wound pleasantly among the heights for some miles, and the sea was lost sight of. Nothing appeared for hours but the passing view of an ivy-grown archway, and part of a wall outside Dover; not an animal or living thing was visible, except sometimes sheep grazing mid-way up the hills. Suddenly a magnificent sea-view opened, and the sky beginning to clear, the grey waters were finely gleamed by the sun's softening beams. There were two or three fishing boats on the water; three martello towers, with their batteries, sloped down from the high ground we travelled over; and a grand inland prospect added to the commanding beauty of this extensive view. The town of Folkstone, with the new railroad, its arches and train, to where it passes into a tunnel, fields, pastures, farms, beyond—looked interminable. We passed under the railroad bridge, and, going through the town, drove along the beach, again enjoying, for some time, the sight of billows rolling along the strand. The bathing machines were

all laid up inactive on the beach: it would seem no one was found hardy enough to venture upon a dip on so rough and raw a day. Throughout the extensive channel prospect the only vessels visible were four small fishing boats. The situation of Hythe is not so striking as that of Folkstone. The noble heights were left behind, the charming near view of the sea; the towered hills and towered fort, so wildly grand, above Folkstone. My parents were true lovers of nature, and ever alive to its features: to-day the dark, unsettled sky had lent additional sublimity to every prospect; and they enjoyed to watch the shifting, silvery tempered sunbeams, as they mildly shone on the distant waters. The postillion drove through the roughly paved streets of the little town of Hythe, up a hill, and furiously jolted past the church. The church, however, is a very fine looking edifice, its entrance particularly pretty, with a long flight of steps leading into the body, having been, in olden days, a cathedral. We got out of the chaise, and, preferring the risk of getting wet feet to that of broken limbs, walked to Mrs. Davis's. She had a pretty little cottage in the middle of a gardener's plantation, close enough to the sea to have a good view of it: at this time a large fleet of ships were anchored at the Ness. It made Mrs. Davis very happy to see her brother, whom she much resembled; and he was equally pleased with the sweet woman, very lady-like and amiable in her manners. My father felt comfortable in her snug little room; and she made him take a glass of wine. Mr. Davis recommended for perusal Madame de Stael's work on the French Revolution, and Johnson's Preface to his Dictionary. He would see my parents to the inn, whence they again started. After leaving Hythe, no more was seen of the sea. The views became tame.—a few gentlemen's houses, a few deer: till, on reaching the market town of Ashford, something novel presented itself in a town penned full of oxen, sheep, and pigs.

At Tenterden we changed carriages; and while mama walked round the church and then warmed herself by the fire, papa settled fares, and ascertained that it was thirty-six miles from Dover. It took three hours to reach Lamberhurst, a distance of sixteen miles. Mama had travelled hitherto on the box, but was now obliged to come inside; she preferred having the carriage open; and although the young bright moon, and glorious stars cheered the journey, nevertheless the travellers could not help feeling very cold. Post-chaises were again changed; it was a little warmer but mama again liked to be outside. There were seventeen turnpikes on the road from Dover, some one shilling, some eightpence, some sixpence. The last shilling toll had been paid at Woodgate; and the chaise was proceeding cheerily along, the travellers congratulating themselves on the close and pleasant vicinity of home, when suddenly they came to a halt. Those inside were not aware of the extent of the evil, but loud bawlings of "let down the window and get out," soon aroused them. The heavy trunks had given way; some rested on the horses' hind legs, and some lay in the road. The inside travellers jumped out; and, after a good deal of righting, and settling, and packing, and lifting, and labouring, the luggage, with one of the maids was placed inside; the other maid got on the box with mama; and papa, with his daughter,



determined to walk the remaining distance, of near a mile, home. Arrangements had been made that Hetty was to alight at Hunnisett the grocer's, to order the *nécessaire*, and Sally was to go for the key of the house. Nevertheless, Sally could not find Mr. Delves (the house agent); he had left the key of the house at Miss Jacomb's, so that papa, mama, Hetty, Sally, Hunnisett, James, the man-servant, who in a short time joined, the post-boy, the post-chaise, trunks, &c., were detained in the cold, clear, frosty, night air, for more than half an hour.

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While papa lived at Belvedere, Lady Bagot, wife of Sir Charles Bagot,\* who, when envoy at Washington, wrote to him on the subject of his father's grants, was residing in the same terrace, prior to joining her husband the governor of Canada. Lady Bagot was the only daughter of Lord Maryborough;\* and his lordship, on learning where General Durnford resided, did not forget his early high estimation of him, but called and spent an hour with my father in recalling bygone years. Then the conversation turned on the need of a suitable residence for the governor of Canada, and he asked papa if he did not think such a thing greatly needed. Previous to this visit, Lady Bagot told my parents that her father walked with the elastic step of twenty-five.

This mention of Canada recalls two little anecdotes.

During the time my father was stationed at Quebec, it once happened, that Captain Phillpotts, R. E., was on a visit at his house during the intensely hot weather, and expressed his admiration of a large clear piece of ice, placed over some butter, to prevent the latter from melting, which according to custom, had just been laid on the breakfast table. The substance of the ice was indeed remarkably pellucid, and devoid of flaw, with the exception of one black spot, which our friend sat considering, uncertain whether to pronounce it a particle of sand, a small pebble, or insect of some sort. As this flaw in the beauty of the ice was lodged, when first noticed, at some depth from its surface, it must have been for months, lodged many feet deep in its cold hiding place. Great was his surprise when as the ice dissolved, which it rapidly did, and before the whole company were assembled for the morning's meal, a very large spider lost no time in freeing its long legs from their chill involvements, and crawling away with every appearance of healthful animation.

The father of Captain West, R. E., was on duty in Holland. He, with a party of men, had lain all night in a trench, or ditch; and after such rude repose, Colonel West woke to the morning's ominous light, and with words of significant import ringing in his mind's ear. He was far from being a religious man, or even sufficiently acquainted with the Divine volume, to know whether the words which dwelt on his thoughts were to be found in it, "arise and depart, for this is not your rest!" Obeying the invisible intimation he rose; but hardly had he quitted his post before a volley from the enemy killed three of his companions. The movement of an instant saved him from a similar fate.

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\* See page 89.

## SECTION XVII.

Hastings.—Arrival at Folkstone.—Boulogne.

In 1842, Belvedere again let, we went to London, and had lodgings in the several localities of Craven, North Audley, and Park streets. At this time my father and mother enjoyed meeting with several valued and attached friends. They had seen in the early part of the summer, at Tunbridge Wells, the family of Colonel, afterwards Sir John Reid, and the daughters of Colonel Darcy, formerly of the Royal Engineers. Mrs. and the Miss Reids they again met in town. In 1843, their dear and excellent friend, Mrs. Brooking, let her house in York street to papa; George joined his family from the West Indies; the Miss Kirwans were residing at Kensington; two trans-atlantic friends,—Mr. Henry Sewell from Quebec, and Miss Frazer from Nova Scotia,—contributed to enlarge the social party; and some idea was entertained, if Belvedere had found a tenant, of continuing in town.

In 1844, Hastings, or rather St. Leonards, was selected for change. Mama was anxious to afford her invalid daughter the advantage of sea air; and apartments were taken in a row of houses intermediate to Hastings and St. Leonards. Here, the so much hoped for benefit was not derived, but my dear father found recreation from taking exercise along the strand; and in these walks, which he greatly enjoyed, picking up and selecting numbers of good specimens of the esteemed Hastings pebbles. Some, he had the good chance to find, were fine water-agates, and he had several nicely set; these are preserved and worn by the several members of his family, they were affectionately bestowed on.

Tunbridge Wells was the resort of all ranks and varieties of society. Invitations to add to subscriptions were countless, and circulars for pious purposes endless; indeed the post daily conveyed such. These continued calls papa assisted with gifts of from a sovereign to half a crown. One morning an appeal was made to his generosity by a stranger, whose volubility was great, in behalf of a chapel of ease to be erected at Beverley in Yorkshire: he said, after a long introduction, that a young man at Brighton told him, he supposed nothing less than fifty or hundred guineas would be acceptable; and he replied, he would gladly take sovereigns or even half sovereigns. The young gentleman said, "I will give you willingly a sovereign." He ran on very fast; but on my dear father's offering him a trifling sum, returned many acknowledgments.

In 1845, Boulogne was chosen for the summer visit. Embarking at Folkstone, the steam-packet taken passage in, had accomplished nearly half the passage, when her paddles broke, and with difficulty she was brought back to Folkstone. This caused a detention for above a week; but again going on board, my invalid sister, on whose account the change was chiefly designed, could not be induced to travel any more by sea; and mama therefore remained behind with her, hiring a country lodging in the locality. This check to full enjoyment, almost prevented my

father from proceeding: after a little persuasion, however, he agreed to go over.

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July 22, 1845. We left Folkstone at a little after eleven in the forenoon, having taken passage in the magnificent new iron steam-packet, "the Queen of the Belgians." As we approached Boulogne, the rapidity with which the packet shot along the fine pier of a mile long, was extremely trying to our heads. The passage was made in exactly two hours. Immediately on landing we found ourselves inclosed between barriers of ropes, guarded by soldiers; the gazing crowd was kept without, so that a free space was afforded for the steamboat passengers to proceed. Leaving the "Queen," we were all forced towards the Douane or Custom House, which was soon filled, and squeezed ourselves through a door into a chamber lined with soldiers and tables, at one of which sat a stout gentleman, who examined strangers, &c. A large tall man, who had come over the water with us, on reaching the first door pushed before, saying as he did so, "Excusez, je suis l'Evêque." Well, when Papa had reached the stout gentleman who sat at the table, and displayed his pass-port, he graciously bowed, and told us to proceed. When clear of the outer door, at least a dozen *commissionnaires*, as they call themselves, assailed us with offers of assistance, and a profusion of good advice. I understood them to say, that as we did not appear to speak French well, it would be best to proceed at once to one of the English hotels which were close at hand. "Marine Hotel," did indeed stare us in the face. The hotel we preferred going to was the "Croix de Bourgogne," to reach which was a tolerably long walk, and situated in the "Haute-Ville." Boulogne is a handsome town, with good shops, and casements to all the windows. Its streets reminded us of Quebec and Montreal; but the carters crack their heavy whips with more noise, as they cry *fi-donc* to their horses, who look in much worse condition than they in fact are, from the miserable rope and straw harness in which they are seen, and the enormous size of the cart wheels. The lower class of females all go without bonnets, in neat white caps, and blue stockings; they also wear the kirtle, mostly of dark blue, and form picturesque groups everywhere. The better sort of men walk about in moustaches and hideous beards; their aspect is terrific. The "Hotel de Bourgogne" is built round a court yard, and the entrances to its several staircases are from within. Our apartment was situated over the gateway, or entrance from the street; a white pannelled and closeted room, with two compartments taken off it, each containing a bed, exactly similar in style to a Canadian cottage. The furniture was curious and antique. After drinking some coffee we walked out; went a little way on the Ramparts, which appear to be strong and well kept; went over a large house within "l'enclos de l'Evêque," for which we were asked 200 francs the month, and then into another just without "Porte Gayole," for which they demanded 100 francs the month. This house being conveniently situated, in a large garden, we agreed to take a *salon*,

*salle-à-manger*, and three *chambres*, for a month. Nobody will let houses or lodgings in France for a less period. After this agreement we returned to our Hotel, and called for supper at half-past seven. A leg of roast lamb was immediately brought, out of which a slice had been cut, some tarts, and tea. Papa called for beer; it came in a decanter, and was not good; but everything else was excellent; it was evidently intended for English style. To take this repast we descended to the *table-d'hôte*, and looked at the panneling painted with the prettiest designs, and pier glasses in profusion. The china services are all of pure white, the young women who attended on us were very pretty, with fascinating manners. Indeed all the women strike us as being good looking, while the men are universally disfigured by their monstrous fashion of covering their faces with hair. On returning up stairs from the supper room, we stopt to look at the *basse-cour* of the hotel, lit up all round, although rather sombrely, it not appearing to contain much company. Opposite to the gallery we lodged in, was one decorated with statues and flowers. The mistress of the hotel sat nearly in the centre of the court; she was a stately looking woman. Every article of furniture was elegant and worthy of attention to us, from the marble surfaces of the tables and window seats, to the porcelain tiled fire-place furnished with dogs. We looked out upon a narrow street, and an old gentleman in a black cap sat at an upper window opposite poring over a book, from which he never raised his eyes. The town clock strikes a fine musical note; and a *charivari* of drums and trumpets struck up at 10 o'clock at night.

July 23, Boulogne. Rose at 6 o'clock, and the first object which attracted notice on opening the curtains from the *salon*, was the same old man, observed the evening before, seated at the open window reading for ever in his book:—but at this early hour, the black cap was exchanged for a dingy coloured night cap, with a long end hanging down behind. No soul living could have refrained from merriment. The charges at the hotel were very moderate, and the people did not like our leaving it. They inquired where we were going; on being told, seemed surprised. They half hinted we should not like the house, but would not explain more than by adding that a family had left that house because they had interfered and found the kitchen disagreeable. We assured them we should not meddle in such matters; and they then said that for a month it would not signify. The situation of this hotel was too confined to have suited us for any length of time. This morning has been devoted to unpaeking and settling. The *commissionnaire*, who carried our trunks one by one up stairs to our several rooms, seemed or pretended to be hardly equal to the task, though a great tall man. In defiance of the advice given us at the hotel, that we ought to market for ourselves, and look sharp after its consumption, we had the weakness to-day to suffer ourselves to be persuaded to pay 200 additional francs the month to be fed and furnished with all requisites, washing included, which last was particularly insisted upon. A domestic was excepted to in this bargain: we agreed to give one, 15 francs the month. A well dressed dinner put us into the best of humours with our new dwelling, and we took a walk

after it through the town, which is really a very imposing and pretty one; Rue de l'Écu, et la Grande Rue in particular pleased. The shop windows were full of nice caps and collars; in the first important article of womanly decoration, we observed but one pattern during the time we were in France.

July 24. This morning we walked to the fine column just erected to Napoleon's memory; and in our route travelled over the ground once occupied by our bluff Harry the VIII, and visited the *hameau* of Inlincure where he is said to have held his court; then went into the curious little chapel, whose walls are covered with small pictures, and the roof hung with little ships, said to have been suspended there by pious mariners. On coming out of this chapel I discovered ——— talking with an old soldier of the Emperor's. He told her he had served in Holland, Germany, and Italy, and for four years had never slept except on the grass or snow-covered ground. He asked if we were Italians, and said he could speak, read, and write Italian as well as he could French, but had not English enough, "*pour demander un sou.*" He looked rather roguish. We then proceeded to the column, which is commanding in aspect, the more so from its insulated site; its sides and pedestal are covered with inscriptions and records of the great conqueror's victories. We returned home by a different road, over part of the ramparts, and passed the fine old chateau. There are but few soldiers in garrison. Our dinners are capital, greatly owing to the exquisite sauces with which the dishes are served. The French like their coffee very strong, but dilute it largely with boiled milk.

July 25. To-day papa deposited letters in the post for mama before eight o'clock. We heard from her last night to our great joy. Papa after breakfast was somewhat unwilling to go out, but we persuaded him, and Jane selected the subject to explore, as I had done yesterday. She chose Outreau, and we proceeded down the promenade *des petits arbres*, which is just without the ramparts, and scarcely a stone's throw from our villa. We proceeded along close and most insalubrious streets to the Pont de Briques, which is close to the Pont de Service; the former lay in our route, and conveyed us over the river Liane; and though there were some tolerably sized fishing craft on it, its still muddy waters more resembled an immense mill-dam than a navigable stream! Its windings beyond this are very picturesque. We continued along the streets, which certainly were, as a little boy was overheard to say, "*bien sale, vilaine sale.*" We toiled up a long steep hill, and met several English parties returning, some in carriages, some walking, and a few gentlemen on horseback. This ascent is interspersed with pretty houses and elegant gardens, but they look entirely out of place, surrounded as they are by the wildness of neglect. The view from the hill, looking down upon Boulogne, is fine; we reached the ruins of the Fort Ville Neuve, Mont Plaisir. This old work was erected by Maréchal du Biez, when the English held Boulogne, and here it was the treaty was signed which restored it to France. We sat down on

the grass, and, being all and each of us decidedly tired, thought of returning, but upon extra deliberation, agreed to go a little farther, and actually passed through the village of Outreau, and went up to the door of the old church, without finally resolving to turn homewards. As to our route, we were doubtful whereto it might tend; but, if no other object had been ours to attain, we were amply rewarded for our toil by the charming view surrounding on all sides, when we attained the fine downs or dunes, there to inhale the pure air, perfumed by numbers of newly made hayricks: the sea was in the distance on one side; on the other a fine line of heights terminated by Napoleon's column. Below, lay the town of Boulogne, and the river Liame: closer to us, what once was a baronial residence, with its round tower. This is now a farm house, and nearer to us still Fort Renaud. Nevertheless, pretty as all this was, it was by no means certain in what quarter our road home lay, and papa and I in turn went forward to explore. After rambling some time, we squeezed into a muddy lane, through which we finally succeeded in extricating ourselves, not without extreme risk of sticking in the deep mud, or had we lost footing, of floundering in the mire. The road over part of the dunes was sunk fifteen or sixteen feet below the foot path and looked, from the deep mud at its bottom, nearly impassable for even a carriage. At last we entered a lane even prettier than any of those near Tunbridge Wells, in which neither nettle, nor briar, nor mud was visible. The houses of the lower classes are all farm-houses, surrounded by heaps or collections of manure, on which the poultry enjoy themselves. There is an air of rude but cheerful profusion everywhere, and the country people are happy-looking creatures. They seemed generally to possess more intelligence than the same class with us. We reached home, after a walk of more than *deux lieues*, or six miles. Our dinner to-day consisted of a fish called the *Jean Doré* dressed with superb sauce, artichokes, and peas with sugar and butter: then a dish of veal with a sweet sauce of sorrel, and a *brioche*. With this last, we were enraptured. Before tea, my two indefatigable companions took another walk.

July 26. We persuaded papa to come out at twelve, although rather unwilling, and went to the museum, which was closed. The library however was open; and after turning over a book of prints, and reading an account of the Duc de Montpensier's reception at Alexandria, we asked for the illuminated books. No one could tire in looking over these curious old volumes. Some were rudely designed, and others as finely finished. The gold looked fresh as if but of yesterday's application. One volume of the history of the Belgians was handed to us, the characters in French, the illustrations and pictures laboriously beautiful. The resources of this library are boundless. After dinner we went out again, and heard a charming band in one of the streets: then went to the extremity of the eastern pier, and watched the fishing boats enter the magnificent harbour. The surrounding views, both of Boulogne and the coast, were charming. Made inquiry

on the way home about a French Protestant Church, but without success.

27th, Sunday. Papa had pronounced yesterday a desperate day, and to-day he called a coarse one. Notwithstanding our inquiries about a church where the service is performed in French have been so fruitless, we resolved to go somewhere, and were proceeding out, when a gentleman met us at the street door attired in a grey *négligé*, and said in English, "Do you seek a place of worship?" Papa replied in the affirmative. He explained that there were several, where the service was performed in English, but the best was very near our present residence. We followed his advice, and went there, much wondering who this gentleman could be. I must recall the inmates of our house. First then came the owner of it and his wife, Monsieur and Madame du Prés, who had nearly completed their fiftieth wedding-day anniversary, a pleasing looking old couple, gay and affable in their manners. Then came their only daughter, Mademoiselle, a tall, harsh-countenanced, thin woman, of about forty, very voluble in speech, and overbearing in manner, but excessively shrewd and clever, as we soon discovered. Next came our maid Pacifique, or as the du Prés called her, Madame Drollet; a dignified looking handsome woman of twenty-nine, separated as we were told from a most cruel husband,—and the mother of three children. Mlle. had recommended her strongly to our service as being a good cook, *une brave femme*, every thing desirable—efficient from dressing a lady's hair, to scrubbing the floor of her room. When told we had consented to engage her for our service, she threw herself into Mlle's. arms and kissed her. In a short time her faults were the continual theme of Mademoiselle's discourse; she was idle, she would not wash, she did nothing but talk, she was good for nothing. The fact was, poor Pacifique spent every spare moment in talking to us, particularly ———, and a most superior creature for her station she was, only too fond of reading, well acquainted with French history and politics, and quite companionable. Mademoiselle had stipulated to wash our clothes, inclusive in our bargain, but it turned out that she insisted upon Pacifique's performing the service of laundry woman, and pestered us with complaints of Pacifique's inability to iron. Indeed more wretchedly washed and got up linen was never seen, and it was all laid to Pacifique: at last we had to engage a laundress. But my reminiscences have betrayed me to wander from the subject, which was —going to the nearest church,—and a very nice one too, but it did not begin until a quarter past eleven. After church we took a walk on the ramparts, and went a short distance on the Paris road. Papa met at the church door an acquaintance. At seven o'clock in the evening we went again, and found a full congregation. We started last Sunday at Sandgate, when hymn 310 was given out, but this morning hymn 531 was sung. The collection of Bickersteth contains more than 800.

July 28. We were too late by the time breakfast was over to see *les diligences* come in, and therefore walked to the Fort of St. Lambert, and then to the village. The view is very extensive from

the summit of the mount, which is the highest ground about Boulogne and 300 feet above the level of the sea. I never have seen so beautiful a country. The undulations of the hills and lovely vallies enchanted us, though a mist hung over the horizon, which, towards the sea, obscured the English coast.

In the opposite part of the house to where we lodged a gentleman with his family had rooms, whom they called captain Spencer. Mademoiselle called him un homme de grands connoissances, grand voyageur, grand—everything. He was society of himself. We had heard from all our friends at home that the English society of Boulogne was of no promising description; all said, “beware of it, enter not into it.” This made us cautious and rather afraid of encountering this family; and we supposed at first that the gentleman who had directed us to a place of worship was the captain. We had resolved, during our stay in France, to confine ourselves to French reading, but Capt. S., with the true spirit of an author, presented us with a hindrance. A few days after our arrival, Mademoiselle invited me to play on her piano-forte, I thought it would be uncivil to refuse, and accordingly went into Madame's *salon*. This was a handsome sized room, with a charming prospect of the windings of the river Liane, and surrounding country. Monsieur and Madame were alone, but the sound of music attracted Pacifique also, who entered, and listened to my performance with the attention of one who liked music; and when I rose from the instrument, the gentleman in the grey *négligé* came forward and addressed me in English. He brought some pretty quadrilles for me to try, after which they expressed conjectures as to whether I had seen this music before. I assured them not, but, to place my musical capability beyond a doubt, he brought me a little piece he said had never been published before, and lately discovered in a nation hitherto supposed to possess no such thing as music. He opened the book and I played the march, one in itself of no great beauty. He then pointed to the author's full length picture, which fronted the title-page, “Travels in Circassia, by Edmund Spencer, Esq.”\* “This,” he said, “is Capt. Spencer, the father of the children you may have seen; the likeness is taken by himself, in Circassian costume.” He made me take the book with me into our *salon*: we returned it the same evening, and Pacifique took charge of it with *remercimens* to Capt. Spencer. These gentlemen smoked continually, and we soon learned to distinguish the Orientalist by his moustaches and long *chibouque*. By degrees also we heard from Pacifique that l'autre Monsieur “était un pauvre garçon anglais,” wrecked a few months ago at Boulogne; she said he was a portrait painter, and that from his loss of property consequent on that misfortune, he was necessitated to work his way farther on.

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\* This gentleman's works are referred to by Sir A. Alison in his “History of Europe.”



Capt. Spencer soon made papa's acquaintance; he lent us English newspapers, at the same time letting us know, that his large library was at our service, and the "the Prophet of the Caucasus," an Historical Romance in 3 vols., accompanied this polite offer. We were little disposed to spend our leisure hours in reading, but the books were by degrees read. Great preparations are making and great expectations are forming in anticipation of the annual fair soon to be held without one of the gates. Pacifique is eloquent in describing the various pretty things to be displayed at it. Besides Pacifique there is an old woman in the house, who goes by the appellation of "*la cuisinière*," or Madame Spencer's servant. Madame Spencer's voice in speaking French with the women, is particularly soft and pleasing. Her girls go to the school at the convent of the Ursulines.

July 29. Jane and I set off before 8 o'clock this morning with our maid Pacifique to hear mass in the church of St. Nicholas. Green seemed to be the prevailing colour both in the priest's ornaments, and in the furniture of the church. A woman during the service went about collecting money; when she came to us, as we happened to be without, Pacifique put in a *sou* a piece for us. This usage of demanding a *sou* from each person is so minutely observed, that, on one occasion, Jane having given two, one was returned. Two of the priests were in white surplices with green bands, and three in black; one of the last was the vicar-general. On our return it rained hard. These being one of the three days set apart by the French nation for the commemoration of the Revolution, as soon as breakfast was over we set out again to see a Review of the National Guards, but the National Guards thought it was going to rain, and therefore turned in when it was expected they would have fired their *feu de joie*. The cannon, however, fired in remembrance of the three memorable days of July. We dined at 2 o'clock, an hour earlier than usual, at the instigation of Mademoiselle, who had accompanied us in the morning, and offered to go with us again after dinner to witness the *rejouissances*; but we had only reached the middle of Rue d'Aumont, when a violent storm came on, accompanied with thunder and lightning. We took refuge in the house of Madame la Boulangère. Her place was extremely neat, and her reception of us would not have disgraced a lady. The conversation turned upon Colonel Sanscous having dismissed the soldiers in so hasty a manner. A report was in consequence spread through Boulogne that Louis Philippe was dead. The inhabitants are very angry about it. The conversation then turned upon animal magnetism, and its wonders, but we understood very little of what was said. Mademoiselle entered into a long history of a suitor of hers, who would have married her two years ago, if one of the parties (we could not comprehend clearly which) had consented to change their religion. Mademoiselle, from her own confessions, has broken many hearts. Madame la Boulangère's husband casts bronze figures; among these, Cromwell and Charles the 1st of England were the most conspicuous.

“ To Capt. Durnford, Newry :

“ Boulogne-sur-mer. July, 30, 1845.

“ MY DEAR GEORGE,—It being necessary to keep letters ready for instant despatch, à présent this is commenced a day or two before it is likely to travel. I assure you this is a beautiful country, and I have never enjoyed myself so much. Our table is entirely French, and the more we enter with our landlady's daughter into its details, the better pleased she is, and the more pains she takes to please us. This is however considered to be an expensive part of France. We ought now to be celebrating *les réjouissances* for the three days of July, but none have as yet taken place, and the people were first enraged with the commanding officer for turning in his soldiers, who were of course *en grande toilette* because it threatened rain, calling him un imbecile, and then began to apprehend an *émeute* in Paris, supposing that some event of moment had occurred, such as the death of Louis Philippe. Indeed such a report was current at Boulogne for a few hours. Mademoiselle took us to see a Review of the National Guards, but they turned in at the wrong moment, and disappointed thousands who cared quite as much about spoiling their clothes as they did. Mademoiselle made us dine an hour earlier than usual, to enable us afterwards to walk out and see *les réjouissances* but instead of these, a violent thunder storm delayed our progress, and we had to run home and change our clothes. After tea, Mademoiselle again came and said, we must come with her and see *les illuminations et les feux d'artifices*. I pleaded the fear of taking cold, but Papa and Jane went upon the ramparts, and returned in half an hour, looking somewhat sombre. At 10 o'clock, as we were retiring to our rooms, we met Mademoiselle on the staircase, and she called out to us, “ J'ai parcouru toute la ville, mais point d'illumination, point de feux d'artifices, et le bruit court que Louis Philippe est mort.” Yesterday and to-day all is quiet again, and the disappointment seems to be forgotten. The soldiers we saw, did not amount to more than fifty. Boulogne is a handsome town, and the fortifications strong and extensive, with several gates: the whole reminds me very much of Quebec. We have engaged our lodgings to August 23, at the end of which period, we have some intention of going on to St. Omer, there to engage another lodging for a month, as nobody in France will take you in for a shorter time. If you will come over, we will go to Paris; your determination will decide, it is quite impossible but you must be delighted with France. I never felt so happy as now. I am convinced you would enjoy yourself also, so do pray “ faites votre possible pour venir nous rejoindre.” We are just returned from hearing a sermon preached in French; I am writing at 9 o'clock at night. Yesterday we walked along la route de Paris, to see *les diligences* come in, and met six. They drive six horses, three and three abreast. We live on la route de Paris, just outside Porte Gayole, a situation central and convenient both for town and country. Napoleon's traces are discernible all round Boulogne; and there is in the Museum a medal he caused to be struck to commemorate the conquest of England, which we

have not yet seen. We have seen the column just erected to his memory, it is considered a very fine one. For my part, what I enjoy most, are the delightful walks, and the fine and extensive views from the heights; I have never seen any thing so beautiful. At the Wells we were told that there were neither walks nor country about Boulogne; and it appears to us that Boulogne possesses both in perfection. At the Wells we were told that Boulogne was a horrid hot place, and we find it pleasantly cool, while our *domestique* tells us it is never too hot in summer, or too cold in winter. At the Wells we were also told that we should have plenty of delicious fruit in France, but as yet we have seen only the common kinds, and these not as fine as we had in England, but much cheaper.

I am, &c.

M.D."

July 30. As soon as breakfast was over, we set out upon the Paris road, purposely to see its diligences. Saw in the course of our walk five or six; all with six horses, three and three abreast. The road is for a considerable distance paved or laid down with large stones. The river Liane winds along the road very beautifully, and we passed two very large handsome houses, one of which was the abode of Napoleon. Jane made two sketches, one of a mill and stream at Pont de Briques, and the other of the ruins of St. Leonard, a church said to be more than 1000 years old. While Jane was engaged at the first, I sauntered about charmed with the lovely scenery, and a fine poultry yard filled with turkeys of a brilliant white plumage. A picturesque group of French girls assembled round us at Pont de Briques, chattering and enjoying the rencontre.

July 31. The first news this morning was, that the storm last night has caused the milk to turn, and consequently we must wait for breakfast until Pacificque run to Rue Royale for more. This occasioned our being too late for mass at the Ursulines. Set off a quarter before eleven o'clock for the valley of Denâcre, but although the valley was very lovely, full of shade and pretty buildings, all very quiet and retired, the mud-diness of the road made walking disagreeable. We returned by the route de Calais. Sent off letters to mama and John. Papa and Jane returned in high spirits from the Post Office, having found out Monsieur Poulain, the French Protestant preacher, and we went to hear him preach at seven o'clock the same evening.

August 1. Went before breakfast to hear mass in "l'Eglise du Couvent des Visitantines." Very handsome edifice, the church a miniature of St. Paul's.

August 2. L'eau a tombé toute la matinée. A deux heures, j'ai trouvé qu'il m'était nécessaire d'aller faire un tour de promenade avant le diner. Papa et moi nous sommes montés sur une hauteur qui commandait une belle vue. Après le diner, nous sommes allés à la Poste. Lettre de mama.

August 3. Just returned from hearing Mons. Poullain. The sky cleared in time. His discourse was on the duties of a bishop.

August 4. Went with Mademoiselle to see an exhibition of pictures, which has been the topic of conversation for the last few days. Paci-

fique had informed us that the portrait painter, or gentleman in grey, was working for the exhibition; and accordingly the first pictures which presented themselves were his performance. They were family groups; one portrait reminded us of our late neighbour, Dr. Burder. Another singular subject of his represented a cross, the hands joined at top with the words *à Dieu*, the heart *à mes amis*, the skull at the bottom, *à la mort*. We could not commend his choice of subjects. Some of the pictures in the exhibition were extremely well executed. At night Pacificque told us that the painter was employed upon another picture *très joli*, with cows, also designed for the exhibition. In the evening heard Mons. Poullain again. He gave a sort of missionary sermon, of which I understood very little. Twelve persons were present including himself. We then walked through part of the Museum, which contains a superb collection of animals, birds, fish; and reptiles, insects, shells, minerals, and statuary. The medals are magnificent.

August 5. Debated over night which was the best road to the Convent of the Sœurs Grises, as papa thought there would be too much confusion and noise if we passed by the Foire. We set off a quarter before six o'clock, and went *viâ Foire*, where every thing looked quiet and orderly. The merchandise was partly set out, but there was no appearance of stir. Passed a funeral just without Porte Gayole. We knocked at the Convent door for admittance, and were told by one of les Sœurs, there was no service in the church. She was a good-natured looking young woman, who courtesied affably. We then proceeded homewards; and hearing music, and a black cloth being suspended outside the church belonging to the Convent de l'Annonciation, we entered it, and heard some good chanting. The altar was lighted up with a number of candles, some of which were moved about continually. After breakfast, we went at my solicitation to the Foire, but it turned out a mere display of paltry jewellery, toys, and things of that description. Without the booths, exhibitions of all kinds were announced. Leading from the Foire in all directions were streets filled with more useful and substantial merchandise. One street was literally filled with old clothes; another with stalls of country people's strong shoes and boots, and half a street was devoted to the clean-looking white ware peculiar to France. The market place was nearly empty, it not being the proper day for that spectacle, and so in spite of a high wind, we walked to the height where stands the ruins of what is supposed to have been the frantic wretch Caligula's Tower. Papa settled with Mademoiselle for our third week. When money matters were closed, Mademoiselle entered into conversation, and after talking for some time, alighted on the topic of pictures, and at last the portrait painter. She dwelt much on the merit of the picture he had just finished, and asked permission to introduce the artist and his performance. We could not in civility decline seeing either. The picture was first introduced; it was well done, but a curious composition, being nothing more than two cows,—one standing higher than the other,—two sheep, and a goat. We were obliged to commend it, and Mademoiselle went in search of the painter, but returned in a few minutes,

saying, "he was no where to be found." We all laughed; but not discouraged, she went to look for him again, and with more success than before, as she soon re-entered accompanied by the gentleman, who came in bowing very modestly, and saying as he did so, "I am not a first-rate painter." However this might be, we all praised his performance, and I persuaded ——, who was also very modest on the occasion, to bring forward some of her sketches. Of course he was much pleased, but her sketch of Porte Gayole he objected to in not having a foreground, at the same time pointing to his own. The most prominent object in his was a leafless bough, of which I could not discover the beauty. I objected to the dark colour of his sheep, but he maintained that a scorching sun's rays produced no other. He then told us his father was colonel in the American militia, and had distinguished himself in the old American war, he was himself English born, and had travelled in Italy, Germany, Egypt, England, Wales, and Scotland. He spoke English, French, Italian, German, and Welsh, and dwelt much on his regret in not having acquired the Scotch. He appeared very well informed. He begged to bring in a camera lucida of his own making, which he represented as a wonderful thing; but lucklessly, as there happened to be no sun, it could not be made to act. Soup to-day was rather indifferent, and papa did not like his pork chops.

August 6. A high wind, cold and dry, blew, whose searching effects our warmest wrappings were insufficient to protect against; it raised clouds of unwholesome dust, that threatened to stop our breathing and blind our eyes. Papa often strolled on a road intermediate with the valley of Denâere, and the path leading to Echinhen; it led past the Couvent des Visitantines, and large fields planted with potatoes. This was selected on this disagreeable day as being more sheltered than any other road. Out door exercise was ill-suited to such weather, and we soon turned back, but not before papa had taken notice that the heretofore green and flourishing potato plants were entirely blackened and blighted. This sudden appearance he and others attributed to the previous night's frost. The malignant wind now blowing, was elsewhere destroying this valuable root, and it was only too soon discovered to be the prelude to the potato disease, and melancholy famine that followed in its consequences.

August 7. The morning rainy. However, as we were very desirous of seeing the market, we took umbrellas and sallied out. It was a pretty sight, the market place was quite full of the cheerful-looking country people,—the women all in neat white caps, dark blue petticoats and kirtles; while the old women, and those who were afraid of the rain had tied dark cotton handkerchiefs over their heads. Most of them were knitting blue or grey worsted stockings. Vegetables of all kinds, and fruit were in great abundance, and very cheap. Poultry, pigeons, and rabbits, the same. The fish market is always excellent. One quarter of the market was set apart for flowers, and these were also very pretty and reasonable. The *tout ensemble* interested us much. We returned home to change our dress, and then at twelve o'clock went to Rue de

l'Écu, the most fashionable street in Boulogne, which Pacifique pronounced to be "tout à fait comme Paris," and the residence of Monsieur le Jeune, the cordonnier of Mrs. Brooking's recommendation. Bought a pair of shoes for six francs. Went to the Museum, but found it closed: then went to the Foire. Toys of all kinds, and trinkets, perfumery, and quantities of ginger-bread,—which last is very detestable. Heard Monsieur Poullain in the evening: Ps. xxv. 15. A tolerable congregation. Two small pigeons for dinner, and vegetables.

August 8. Set off at ten o'clock for the magnificent strand. We certainly failed in making acquaintance with the richest part of Boulogne by having taken up our quarters at l'Hotel de la Croix de Boulogne, for the numerous English Hotels along the strand are very handsome buildings indeed. Both going to and returning from the strand, we encountered parties of miserable women, young and old, some even pretty; bare-footed and bare-legged to the knees carrying burdens on their backs, and bending their heads low before them in the attitude of beasts of burthen. This sight greatly shocked us. In the evening, our quiet tea-table was disturbed by loud reports of cannon. This occasioned plenty of conjectures, and Mademoiselle and Pacifique divined it to be a salute fired in honour of some royal person just landed from England. We went so far as to dispute what hotel he would put up at. In the midst of this dilemma, one of the gentlemen entered with the information, that it was nothing but the noise of the long delayed feux d'artifices, and wound up his report by hinting, "qu'il n'est pas de grand chose."

August 9. Rained all the day. Before tea walked on the St. Omer road. The painter brought his sketch of the mill near Arundel, done as he said from recollection.

August 10. Rained hard in the morning, but turned out very fine when we went to church. Mons. Poullain, Job xv. 11; supplement to last Sunday. The room very full. Began to rain as soon as we got home. In the evening heard him preach again from Timothy, on the duties of a bishop. This sermon we found very difficult to understand.

August 11. Walked on the other side of the river Liane as far as St. Leonard's wood. Passed some brick-making and hay making grounds. Very windy with a few gleams of sunshine. As the tide was out, the bed of the river was nothing but mud. The first John Bull arrived.

August 12. Set out a quarter before twelve o'clock to visit the school of les Sœurs Grises, and entered an infant school next door to it, called "l'École d'Asile," where were a great number of little children. The girls were mostly employed in worsted stocking knitting, and the mistress addressed them, though of the poorest order, as "*les demoiselles*." Their dismissal was extremely orderly. Then went to Rue de l'Écu, and bought a pair of gloves, and a fine guitar string for half a franc (very dear); from thence to the Museum, and looked at the extensive collection of medals, birds, insects, Egyptian mummies, and statues—the whole on a very magnificent scale. Called again on les Sœurs Grises, where the door was opened by a sister, who however could not admit us as we had not the regular permission. Monsieur du Prés returned from Mon-

treuil this afternoon. Our fare at dinner to-day was rather a falling off, as it consisted of two miserably small ill-roasted pigeons, with a small dish of French and broad beans. We must be out of Mademoiselle's favour, or she would furnish us better.

13th. Rained all last night and all the morning. Cleared up after breakfast, and we set off to visit the market again. This we found very full of the picturesque groups of country people; and in consequence of the unsettled state of the weather, the cotton handkerchief was mostly substituted for the clean white cap. A man asked five and a half francs for a goose, and a woman four francs for a fowl. Both we knew to be exorbitant. When we turned away, they ran eagerly after us. "Madame, madame, combien voulez vous donner." Sixteen sous for a couple of pigeons, four sous for an artichoke, one sou for a large bunch of carrots, three for a fine *choux-fleur*, and one for a cake we have frequently with our dessert. Dinner to-day not abundant in quantity.

14th. We shall regret to lose the pretty view from our front windows of acacias and elms, that look so cheerful, and cast so grateful a shade through the crimson window curtains. One becomes inclined to feel romantic in this house, for there is a broken lock to one door, and this chamber is at night barricaded with trunks or chairs. The apartments are adorned with fine prints by Vernet, but the looking glasses, though numerous, are so contrived as to be useless for the purpose of accurate reflection. Then we are close enough to the road to hear children's voices from the hour of sunrise, and also the loud crack of the carter's heavy whip, as he goes to and fro the Porte Gayole, and we look out upon the ramparts with the charming foliage of *la Promenade des Petites Arbres*. All this we enjoy, and shall be sorry to leave. There is the originality of Mons. du Prés' household, our *salon* furnished with high backed chairs, covered with crimson velvet, the long passages hung throughout with Vernet's prints, and all kept alive the livelong day by the ceaseless clatter of feminine voices. Pacifique complains frequently that Mademoiselle contraries her; "oh! qu'elle est mechante," she says, and Mademoiselle, that her mother, contraries her, so that she would rather be married than continue at home. What strange contradictions this world is composed of. However, as from Pacifique's account there were no less than 15,000 divorces last year in France, marriage is not so desirable. Our coffee at breakfast is execrable, weak, and void of flavour; when we complain, Pacifique says it is the fault of the house, there is "*trop de ménage*." As we sometimes have vegetables brought to the dinner table, after the fish and meat have disappeared, Papa desired the vegetables might be brought earlier; and to his surprise and my amazement, the next day Pacifique brought in, as first dishes, potatoes and turnips. Papa was inclined to be angry. We could not discover if she knew any better. Last night we walked a little way on the Calais road, and on our return stumbled upon the cathedral now re-building, over the spot where is a large subterraneous church or crypt. This morning we walked again on the charming Paris road; and while Jane sketched St. Leonard's church, I ran about among the lanes and found out one most

lovely villa. On our return we had rain again, "il tombe de l'eau sans cesse." Went in the evening to hear Mons. Poullain, on the 25th Psalm. Went in the rain. The fair was very full of people, and the scene there altogether very gay and lively.

August 15. Went at 10 o'clock to St. Nicholas, it being a festival in honour of the Virgin. The church very full, and the music was very fine, but the choir weak for the size of the building. When it was concluded, we walked to the end of the church, and met two of the "Sœurs Grises," with their school. These ladies, in their white flannel robes and hoods, are always to be met with in the streets, although their order is said to be rigid; and in diet they confine themselves to vegetable fare. When we came home, Mademoiselle introduced us to Capt. Spencer. The sun shines once more. Proposed walking to the village of Ostrohove after dinner, but it rained hard. We were somewhat annoyed by our meagre dinner table to-day. Pork chops—a meat we all dislike—and a few small, shrivelled artichokes, did not satisfy sharp appetites, improved by exercise and pure air. Mademoiselle talked a great deal about Madame Drollet's want of skill in the cooking department, and was particularly indignant with her for having dressed the artichokes so ill. However, as we considered the artichokes, making all due allowance for the quality of the article, to have been remarkably well dressed, her eloquence did not move sympathy.

August 16. Rain in the morning; but in defiance of all our friends' advice, we set off to walk to Echinhen, where Capt. Spencer tells papa he is in the habit of going to fish, and which he strongly recommends our walking to. This secluded little place is snugly situated in the *riante* valley we have so much admired before. The road was muddy and slippery, over hills and down dales. Several times we were on the point of returning, from the unpromising aspect of both the sky and the ground, but the wild magnificence of the path led us on. Numbers of market women overtook us, returning from Boulogne on donkeys, with bread, *l'eau de-vie*, etc., in exchange for the vegetables and fruit they had disposed of. The valley in which Echinhen lies looks extremely beautiful from the high ground passed over in reaching it. Jane, who makes acquaintance with every one, entered into conversation with some of these women, and asked if they knew of lodgings to be had at Echinhen. They replied in the affirmative, and conducted us to a small house in the centre of the dell; where a man, to whom our business was explained, invited us to enter, and left us in a small parlour with a pretty girl of about thirteen. This girl, whose appearance and manners were pleasing was excessively slovenly in her attire, and so regularly slip-shod, as in walking to support her slippers dexterously on the points of her toes. She chattered to us about ten minutes, and said her mother was an Englishwoman; at the end of which time her uncle reappeared, having retired to slip on a long, sky-blue sort of dressing gown; not so long, however, as to hide his boots and gaiters, etc., *à la chasse*. It was impossible not to approve Monsieur's notions of showing respect to ladies. He was a tall, handsome man, and wore a thick beard and moustache; the costume



became him ; and his sporting dogs, when he appeared, came round him. His chamber à louer was quite out of the question for us ; and politely he was the first to regret its being "*trop petit*," more suitable, as he justly observed, "*pour une seule personne*." The general aspect of untidiness which the house offered, presented rather a ludicrous contrast with his own spruce attire. Leaving this curious little dwelling, Jane stopped to sketch the church, and we set out to retrace, by slow degrees, the laborious route we must return by. Leisurely we toiled up the long steep ascent which led from Echinhen, stopping, many times, to recover breath and gaze upon the enchanting beauty of the wild, wide view. Got home without rain, and soon forgot both mud and toil. In the evening an unlucky letter arrived from the gentleman in our house. The evening was passed in consultation on the subject, and an immediate recall to England apprehended.

August 18. The finest morning we have seen in France. Answered my cousin's letter after breakfast, and with papa and Jane went to the sands. As we talk of going to stay at St. Omer it puts Mdlle. terribly out of humour ; she can only endure our proceeding to Paris. Capt. S. came very civilly to offer us tickets to go with him and witness the distribution of the college prizes. We went with him and his family at half-past two o'clock. He procured us the best seats, and we were much pleased. A young gentleman first read a long discourse, his own composition. The boys next performed a dramatic piece, the plot of which was the incognito of the Czar Peter the Great, when he played his apprenticeship to ship-building in Holland :—a well acted piece. About fifty priests sat close to us, and Capt. S. said to me, "It was rather to be wondered at that they should carry their liberality so far." Fearful of this observation being overheard, I laconically answered "No doubt they considered it for the advantage of their pupils." One great source of the entertainment of the piece was caused by an English boy, who personated the English ambassador, "and spoke French," as Capt. S. said, "so exactly as *we do* that it was *capital*." The boys sung between acts, and then came the distribution of prizes. Each boy received a crown, either of silver or green paper leaves : he was first crowned by the Abbé, and last by his nearest relative present. The Abbé is so rich that the new cathedral is erecting wholly à ses dépens. The Abbé is not young but there was an old priest with him of eighty or ninety, who had been his tutor. My new Shetland shawl was pulled and dragged so violently by an ill-mannerly party of English women who sat behind me, that "the shine" to make use of my brother John's expressive phrase, was quite taken out of it.

August 19. At home all day. Very stormy. Received a letter from mama recommending our going to Paris, and we finally resolved to go. Mademoiselle overjoyed to hear it ; on the strength of this resolve we returned "The Prophet of the Caucasus," and the captain immediately sent us his "Travels in Circassia." No help for us !

August 20. An advertisement has been posted outside Monsieur Poulain's lecture room ever since we have attended it, announcing a bazaar

or fancy fair, to be held in Rue des Vieillards, at a dancing master's, and this being the second day, papa and Jane thought it right to attend. On their way they met our Behinhen acquaintance, looking as —— said, "quite a gentleman," and in company with another monsieur. Papa recognized him by bowing; he acknowledged the compliment very genteelly, and enquired if papa had received news from Angleterre since he had the pleasure of seeing him.

August 21. Remained at home in the morning and packed up—*luggage* in France, *luggage* in England, and *plunder* in America. Dined at two o'clock, and went afterwards to reclaim our passports. In the evening the painter paid us a visit, and brought the plan of a bridge, constructed in some singular way, of which he proposed making a picture. He borrowed two of Jane's sketches, which he praised extravagantly. When papa came in, the picture of the cows and sheep was again displayed, and he asked papa at what distance he guessed the distant ground in it to be? Papa said "about a mile or two." "No," he said, "much greater; eighteen or twenty." Papa said he had mistaken the direction he alluded to, which pleased him much. Heard Monsieur Poullain, in the evening, preach from 26th Psalm; larger congregation than we have seen before on a week day.

"To Mrs. John Dunsecomb, Montreal,

"Boulogne, August 20.

"MY DEAR CAROLINE,—Your husband's letter gave us an infinity of pleasure, and I assure you we all feel disposed to return his congratulations, and to hope that both you and your *petit garçon* are now strong and well. I fear, my dear sister, that in this uncertain world we must not expect to meet with unalloyed satisfaction, for the happiness your news conveyed was greatly disturbed by the terrible Quebec accounts. As poor Elizabeth did not write, I tremble lest Mr Sewell should have suffered with the others. I am commencing a letter to her, but know not how to touch on the sad subject. There has been a fire at Toulon, and a railroad disaster near Penshurst, and this has been the coldest and most rainy summer ever known at Boulogne, and fears are entertained lest the harvest should be injured. But I do not like to dwell long on unpleasant topics, and will therefore dismiss them, while I write, my dear Carry, to you. We continue to like Boulogne; it is a lively, stirring town, with plenty of amusement always going forward. I have been to the fair, but the stalls displayed nothing but nicknacks, such as toys and common trinkets, &c. Its ramifications extended through several streets, and filled up one with common and old clothes; occupied another with stalls of country peoples' shoes and boots; and in another direction set out a third, with quantities of the pretty white crockery, which, when of a better description, is so peculiarly neat and elegant looking; it appears to be universally used in France. The fair has turned the heads of the female inmates of the house we now reside in; our steady maid Pacificque cannot resist its attractions, and even the stately and somewhat imperious Mademoiselle du Prés forgot, one night, amidst its gait and charm that the important key which guarded the stores of tea, sugar, cassonade,

and tartine, destined to furnish our evening refreshment, was imprisoned in her pocket for more than an hour beyond the usual time. The museum is a splendid one, and the library said to be inexhaustible in its resources; it certainly would be so to us, for we spent two hours one day there, in looking over such curious old books, as made us prefer it even to the museum. The market place is another interesting and beautiful scene; I feel a strong desire to sell fruit, eggs, and vegetables myself, when I regard those happy looking peasants. How much prettier their picturesque costume is than the fashionably cut frock, more aspiring flower-covered straw bonnet, and parasol of our village damsels. I have received a most obliging letter from our cousin, the Comtesse de St. Antoine, recommending an hotel, and promising to get tickets for public places in case we go to Paris; and it is now not unlikely that we may avail ourselves of her kindness. Never was, I believe, since the creation of the world, so cold a summer as this continues to be: the public exhibitions are all free. We procured tickets to witness the distribution of prizes at the principal college, the advantage of a ticket being, on this occasion, that it secured seats. This was lucky, as we went at half-past two o'clock, and did not come out till half-past six in the evening. The distribution took place in the open court of the college; the new cathedral and ramparts surrounding it. A boy first read a speech or discourse, a sort of review of the extent and benefits derived from learning in general, going back to the days of the old Greeks and Romans; then followed a little drama, performed by the young gentlemen, and between acts they sang in chorus. The whole concluded with the distribution of prizes. Each deserving boy received a crown from his tutor of either silver or green leaves; he was then presented to the abbé or president, who crowned him, and kissed him on both cheeks, and lastly led him up to his nearest relative present, who placed the crown again on his head with more kisses. About one hundred and fifty fared in this manner, amid showers of crowns and kisses. I could not help fancying the poor old president of ninety must have been rather rejoiced when it all came to a conclusion, though, to judge from his good-tempered and smiling round face, a spectator would have imagined he could have kissed these meritorious youths all over again: the whole was novel and interesting. The weather favoured us, the sun actually shone upon the scene, but it began to rain soon after we reached home. Yours, &c.,

" M. D."

August 22. When we announced our intention of leaving Mons. du Prés a few days ago, to our no small surprise it occasioned great discontent and complaint. Madame, and her daughter seemed half inclined to lay an embargo on us, and protested, had they known before of our intention of remaining so short a period with them, they would either have demanded more, or not taken us in; we ought to continue the winter where we were. We laughed and papa got angry at this impertinence. At length Mademoiselle became more reconciled at the prospect of her tenants' departure, on hearing it was for Paris. For some days the stormy weather had continued with scarcely any intermission, and accounts

of damage done by it were daily received; the *paquebots* came into port damaged; the diligence from Paris was overturned; 100 men were killed at Rouen; and every face that approached us wore a serious aspect. Then there were fires at London, Toulon, Quebec, and New York. In passing through the long passage leading to my room, I nightly watched the angry moon, and prayed for her more benignant countenance on the approaching night of our journey. On the same morning our projected departure had given so much dissatisfaction, Pacifique's visage, at déjeuner, wore a dejected cast, and on making inquiry into the cause, we were told that Monsieur and the captain had had so violent a quarrel, as to induce the latter also to give warning, he would leave the house at the end of the week. The disagreement was owing to the captain's having attempted, with his own hands, to dislodge a few of the thriving weeds, which spread themselves in that part of the garden immediately below his window. Papa had often expressed his annoyance at the neglected state of the garden, and been ready to remonstrate with monsieur on the subject. Indeed, several times, when four and five men were set to work there, he entertained hopes of amendment; but, on the contrary these monsieurs merely plucked currants and gooseberries, and the evil complained of remained unremedied. As loud voices did sometimes pronounce the term "Charlatan," we were led to conjecture that the obnoxious weeds or flowers, were nurtured by Monsieur as medicinally useful. While these complaints and annoyances were accumulating in the house, the ill-humour of both Madame and her daughter rose with them, and poor Pacifique came in for her share; she now scarcely ever came to our department of the house without their angrily calling to her, and we were tormented with complaints of her idleness. We felt it was full time for us to remove: even to the last apprehensions crowded. Two hours before the hour for our departure, the painter had not returned Jane's sketches; but all turned out right at last. The two gentlemen came *pour dire adieu*; the captain, with advice and valuable recommendations respecting what we were to do at Paris; the painter with the sketches and regrets, &c. After all the little squabbles, privations, storms, &c., we had experienced in Monsieur du Prés' house, the month spent here has been one of interest and enjoyment to us, and we should have felt very sorry to have quitted it, if Paris had not been the prospect in view. Mademoiselle placed on our dinner table the most delicious fish the Boulogne market afforded, the veal *cotelettes* were of her best dressing, the rice pudding the nicest, and the cake the lightest. She appeared desirous that even Parisian fare should not eclipse her *bon ménage*.

## SECTION XVIII.

Paris.—St. Omer.—Calais.—Passage to Dover.—Weston Hanger.

Aug. 22, 1845. We took leave of Monsieur du Prés soon after dinner, as our diligence was to start at 4 o'clock. Capt. and Mrs Spencer with Pacifique accompanied us to the station, where we said adieu to our kind friends. There was some confusion before we were finally seated in the diligence, with three ladies and a child besides ourselves. They battled for their places, saying they had engaged them in London a week ago. They were strange, vulgar-looking women, the little girl, one of the ugliest, disagreeable children imaginable, but all four were handsomely attired, noisily sympathising with each other, on their late stormy passage from London, and the trouble they experienced in stowing their little persons comfortably in the capacious seats of the diligence. The lady with the child had an oaken chest, so large, that it caused no small terror among us when brought out to be placed over our heads; she behaved very civilly and considerately however—for the child setting up a terrific howl, she would have sent the packing case by the baggage conveyance, but for the assurance of the people employed that we were not over regulation weight. The diligence set off, 20 minutes after 4 o'clock. It stopped at Montreuil for dinner, 20 minutes before 8; having already taken that meal, we preferred coffee, which, with the butter and milk, was exquisite. The diligence is among carriages what the elephant is among animals; the one we travelled in was both easy and commodious, yet our fellow-travellers annoyed us by complaining of want of room, and we were obliged to push for our places against them, or they would have occupied our seats in addition to their own. As night drew on, the planet Mars first attracted our attention; and then the harvest moon rose and drove away obscurity. During night we passed through Saumur, Montreuil, Abbeville, Beauvais, and Beaumont, and morning's light spread to view a free and fine country, with plenty of standing corn, and hay in ricks, while in some places the cheerful reaping hook was busy. Then appeared long avenues planted with trees, and vineyards in abundance, the vines trained to about the height of currant bushes. But I encroach on a day, and must therefore date from

Aug. 23. By 8 o'clock A. M. we were terribly tired, the more so, as no call or intimation for breakfast came. When there were halts for relays, papa called out more than once the word *déjeuner*: the ladies were becoming clamorous. We were at last called to get out at a wretched public house about 25 miles from Paris—it was half-past ten, and our party were resigning all prospect of breakfast,—however every one responded gladly to the invitation. My dear father's nose bled very profusely, after we returned to our travelling conveyance, alarming us much—on this occasion our fellow passengers were very kind, and made amends for their former ungracious impression.

Previous to entering Paris by the Porte St. Denis, we halted under a machine for the purpose of having the diligence weighed. This adjusted, we were permitted to behold the streets and boulevards, and were then safely lodged in the office of the *messagerie*.

Before indulging in the solace of rest or refreshment, it was necessary to engage apartments—proceeding from the office, a man from the Palais Royale urged us to conclude a bargain with him, offering board and lodging for fifteen shillings per diem, exclusive of a sitting apartment. We refused him, and went to Lawson's Hotel, recommended by my cousin as being kept by an Englishman. Lawson had nothing to furnish us with but two handsome bedrooms, which we at once decided against, not then being sufficiently initiated in Parisian customs. The charges were also higher than at the Palais Royale. L'Hotel de l'ambassadeur, which Capt. Spencer named, was next tried, and finally decided on.

It was nearly 5 o'clock when our first Parisian breakfast of coffee, eggs, &c., entered. The journey had occupied twenty one hours. After coffee we walked out, passed by the Bourse, the Madeleine, the gardens of the Tuileries, and Rues St. Honoré and Rivoli. The shops and bazaars looked very attractive.

Aug. 24. Sunday. We were disturbed this morning at a quarter before six by loud knocking. It proved to be the noise of workmen employed in the next house. There is to be a grand *fête* at Versailles to-day:—this makes us feel our locality. The sun shone brightly upon our loftily perched cyrie, on *étage* 5. Our spacious and comfortable rooms look down upon a court yard enlivened by the green foliage of a tree or two, seldom without a carriage in readiness to convey some traveller abroad. No sound reaches us except the voices of the *domestiques*, and the occasional locking and unlocking of doors,—a work of singular difficulty when it comes to our turn, from the strange construction of our key. The hexagonal-paved and slippery floors will break us in for the Louvre. In this old-fashioned French hotel the time seems to reckon from six in the morning; 7 o'clock is one hour, or 1 o'clock, &c. At nine we descended to breakfast at the *table d'hôte*, where several gentlemen were eating cold meats and vegetables—wine was also on the table. We alone called for coffee, eggs, and bread—the last came in long stale rolls, which it was hard work to eat. Reascending to No. 5 to dress, we proceeded first to the *messagerie*, to enquire for a missing cloak of papa's;—this was safely guarded there, and most civilly returned to its owner. At *l'Eglise de l'Oratoire*, we staid two services, the first being more than half over when we entered. The singing was loud, and discordant enough to throw a nervous person into hysterics. The church was crowded with well-dressed people, though the building throughout was gloomy and dirty. We then walked in the gardens of the Tuileries, as far as the Champs Elysées, and at 4 o'clock entered the beautiful and celebrated church of St. Roches, which, notwithstanding its great size and magnificence, was solely mentioned to our notice as being the church in Paris where the

best music is heard. The singing was pretty and not too loud; we went round the building, and then called on my cousin in Rue St. Florentine, who was not at home. We again entered the gardens of the Tuileries, and sat down. Then a French lady and gentleman joined us, with whom we entered into conversation. They strongly recommended the convenience of a *restaurateur* to travellers instead of expensive hotels, declaring that a good dinner might be had for sixpence, and a splendid one for *trente sous*. The graceful shade and gay company of these gardens did not reconcile papa to spending a Sunday evening there, and he felt relieved when the hour approached for us to attend service again at *l'Eglise de la Reine Hélène*. On reaching the church we were given to understand the service would not commence before half past seven,—we determined to return to our hotel. "*Les rues vilainement sales partout.*" My cousin and her husband called while we were taking *café*; they had been to the hotel twice before, while we were out, and brought a ticket for the *Chambre des Paires*.

Aug. 25. Called at 12 o'clock by appointment on my cousin. Her apartments were up three flights of stairs, but very elegant, being a number of rooms opening into each other, and possessing the advantage of being quite removed from the noise and stir of the street. From thence we proceeded to the chamber of the Deputies, and then to *l'Hotel des Invalides*. I tasted *une goutte d'eau* from one of their pewter jugs, and we sat down in the chapel to contemplate its blood-bought decoration of countless ensigns suspended on high round the building. The galleries and passages formed in each direction lengthened vistas for the eye to search through. "Now for the *Champs de Mars*" we cried, in coming out of this splendid edifice; and, regardless of heat and dust, we toiled across the noble field. Returning by the fine suspension-bridge "*Pont des Invalides*," in passing along the Seine we obtained a good view of the Parisian washerwomen, and the large barges full of wood, which is said to be so dear in Paris. The *Champs Elysées* were now in view, and feeling by this time in need of refreshment, we looked *par ça et par là*, in search of a *restaurateur* but none eligible presented, before reaching Rue St. Honoré, when we entered one, and had Vermicelli soup, *Pâtés à béchamel*, Parmesan cheese, and an odious *tarte à l'Anglais*, with the addition of a wine glass of *eau-de-vie*, for not quite six francs. This was very comfortably served, and, as usual in France, pepper as well as salt cellars were laid. We came home by *les Champs Elysées et le Palais Royal*, through some filthy streets.

August 26. The *table d'Hôte* at breakfast to-day, was filled up with gentlemen. The newspapers gave accounts of fires at New-York and Bordeaux. Our morning's visit was allotted for the *Chambre des Pairs*, which has not sat *depuis deux mois*. The route to the Luxembourg lay over Pont-Neuf; and, on reaching the palace, our guide *une dame* dignified according to the old style, first shewed us the apartments of Marie de Medicis—next came the fine *Chambre des Pairs*, and then the Throne, where Napoleon once sat, and where the statue of Louis



Phillippe then replaced him. The gardens were enchanting; we rested in them, and thence proceeded to the Pantheon and the large Church of St. Sulpice. Both seemed melancholy. Bought cambric handkerchiefs for mama in a neighbouring street, and then went into a *restaurant*; but it proved much inferior to that in Rue St. Honoré.

As it was still early, we went to the Louvre. Papa produced a passport, which had been given him in exchange for the first at l'Hôtel de l'Ambassadeur, and had the mortification to hear the person pronounce on it, "*il ne vaut rien.*" We then displayed a ticket *de paire* which admitted us. It was after 3 o'clock when we entered, and therefore were not permitted to remain long, as every exhibition in France closes at four. This celebrated gallery is of an immense length indeed. We had previously made up our minds not to get headaches by looking at too many pictures. We were soon hurried out. Looked at apartments, and partly engaged them. Our passport was returned to us, when we reached the hotel, and we have decided on moving. We shall quit a lofty and somewhat romantic site—its principal drawback is caused by the filthiness of the surrounding streets. At 8 o'clock papa descended to the *table d'hôte*, and when he re-ascended, said he had eaten a capital mutton chop.

August, 27. Papa and Jane went out before breakfast to secure apartments, and while they were absent the Count of St. Antoine called. He brought more tickets, and advised our visiting the Gobelins. At 12 o'clock we removed to the Faubourg St. Honoré, after taking leave of the civil people at *l'hôtel*. The *garçon* to our no slight amazement, brought all our baggage after us on his back, but broke a window in carrying it up stairs. He demanded four francs for his labour, more than double the charge a carriage would have been. We marketed, and then took a *voiture* for the Gobelins. The company looking over the pieces of embroidery executing there, was numerous—the time and labour bestowed on each design immense. We returned to our Rue Maignon likewise in a *voiture*. A smell of charcoal from the *cuisine* warned papa, that its close proximity to his room might be dangerous, and we resolved in future to avoid having fires in the evening, and forego the English luxury of drinking tea. The noise in the streets, and the smallness of our room, contrasted unfavourably with the space and quiet of l'Hotel de l'Ambassadeur.

August, 28. At three o'clock we met my cousin, and repaired with her to l'Elysée Bourbon. After going through the rooms of this palace, and admiring our faces in three droll magnifying mirrors, we were joined by the count, when we all got into a *voiture*, which drove us first to the Place Louis Treize, and then to the site of the old Bastille, taking the fish market *en route*. In the Place Royale stands an equestrian statue of Louis Treize. An elephant of colossal proportions marks the ground where once stood the Bastille, while the monument and column erected to the memory of those who fell on the ever-memorable three days of July, stands fresh beside it. With one foot extended, the figure of the winged angel on its summit, mildly rose in golden beauty against the



clear blue sky, and bright fresh crowns of artificial flowers lately hung on the rails surrounding the column, told of the living spirit that breathed from and around this awful spot. At 5 o'clock we reached l'Hotel de Paris, where we dined. The minister from Monte Video was among the company, a friend of the St. Anthoines. This is considered one of the best hotels in Paris, and the dinner served to us did not belie its estimation. The table was ornamented with large gold plateaux. *Soupe au vermicelli* came round first, then melon; this era at dinner being, as the French say, the proper time for that fruit to be eaten; mackerel *à la sauce brune* with parsley, and a large dish of mashed and delicately prepared potatoes in a shape, handed about with the fish; veal in small pieces stewed with tomato sauce. *Soufflée*, composed of oysters, mushrooms, chicken, &c; minced spinach. stewed chicken; salad; rich bread pudding with plums; yough-manc of some sort: peaches, and cheese. Every thing was carried round in this succession, and the dinner so managed that every person was allowed an equal share of all the dishes. Thus, when one of us expressed a wish for chicken, and the dish was exhausted, the waiter said more chickens were coming, which was the case. The wines were said to be superlative.

August, 29. Marketed before breakfast; bought vegetables and butter. Immediately after breakfast we set out to walk to the Cemetery of Père la Chaise. We proceeded to it past la Madeleine, the Boulevards, the Quai, got into some miserable streets where the gloomy walls of l'Abattoir offered themselves, and thence until we reached the Cemetery. Two funerals entered while we were there. The view of Paris from the high ground was very beautiful. On coming out we went in search of a *voiture* to convey us to the Château de Vincennes. The street leading from the cemetery was filled with shops containing nothing for sale except tombstones, and quantities of the white and yellow garlands, or circular crowns, the lower and middle classes of people, delight in hanging upon the last resting-places of those they have loved. They were similar to those suspended on the monument of the Place de Bastille, and numbers hung upon the railings surrounding the graves of the cemetery.

Soldiers kept guard here, as every where else,—a company beat their execrable drum close to our *voiture* as we got into one—there was a very long stand of carriages in front of this pleasing abode of the dead, yet still living. From this to the fine old chateau every view wore an aspect of magnificence;—the broad straight roads, planted with interminable avenues of trees, the imposing beauty of the barriers, the soldiers, and above all the new fortifications in sight for the first time, drove away the disagreeable recollections of weariness. The grand, massy sweeping walls of Vincennes came in view—we descended from our *voiture*, and walked along the length of two of its sides. Its grey antiquity in sublime eloquence spoke of time long past; and had we lingered long there the spirit of d'Enghien would surely have apostrophized us from its stern towers. Parties of soldiers passed; it was startling to hear them laugh and chatter close to this

venerable pile. Our *cocher* drove us home through la Place Royale, la Place de Bastille, and the Faubourg St. Antoine, of ominous celebrity.

August 30. Set off after breakfast, and marketed; then bought a cap with yellow ribbons, etc.; and staid at home to recover, after the great fatigue of yesterday. At 7 o'clock, my cousin and the Baroness Margrite called to take us to l'Opera Comique. The baroness obligingly lent us her box—an old French lady, who did not know a word of English. The decorations and scenes were beautiful, and the performance, singing, and music, pretty; but the voices struck us as being weak, and the whole rather unequal to preserve against an impression of monotony throughout the four hours the performance extended to. Act 3d was diversified by the dancing of from forty to fifty little girls, to look at whom, there was a general bending of heads and arms forward. Their dancing was not remarkable. The house was very full, and the pit principally occupied by soldiers.

August 31, Sunday. We went at 10 o'clock to the Madeleine; and entering the body of the church, were allowed to have chairs, for which we paid *deux sous* apiece. The chanting was very good—nothing struck us particularly in the performance of the service, except that the people went in and out during the whole time it lasted. I comprehended little or nothing of the sermon, only now and then catching a word. Sad to add, the effects of last night's spectacle is not yet shook off. We returned home from la Madeleine for papa, and went to the French Calvinistic church in la Place de l'Oratoire; where we arrived late, and again comprehended very little of the sermon. Papa then went to the Poste Restante, while we returned home through the gardens of the Tuileries, and watched the rainbows that hung upon the fountains. In passing this spot, we always wished the crowds away, to be enabled to contemplate more at ease, the red Egyptian trophy, recalling, at once, to view and mind, the wonders of new and old Time. We never sufficiently gazed on that fair obelisk; it seemed to speak to the multitudes hurrying by, "I stand a smiling emblem of Eternity." A letter from mama awaited our arrival at Rue de Matignon, so that dear papa's tiresome walk had been thrown away. We remained quietly at home during the afternoon, and had nothing to look at except the Count de Castelman's splendid mansion, nearly fronting our windows, whose beautiful groups of statuary look down, in all tranquillity, upon the ceaseless noise of Faubourg St. Honoré. Julie, our *bonne*, says, that Louis Philippe often dines at this mansion, and that "*le Comte est très riche.*" The French are jealous, to a great degree, of their sovereign; when inadvertently speaking to them, and saying "*le Roi,*" I have never been able to obtain an answer; but the name of Louis Philippe, substituted, immediately, operated as a talisman.

At 6 o'clock, we set off for the Place de l'Oratoire, by the way of les Champs Elysées and les Tuileries. These gardens were everywhere crowded; thousands and thousands walked, sat, or took refreshment under the trees. The *restaurants* in the *champs* were alive with amusement and company; and, though this vast assemblage was, of

course, composed mostly of the lowest orders of the people, the utmost decorum prevailed. The crowd continued the whole way to the Louvre; indeed, was so dense, as we approached la Place de Carousal, as to impede our progress. On reaching the church, we found the doors shut: one side entrance only threw out a dim light, giving indication of life within. The body of the church was locked, but we followed in the direction of the candles, and went up stairs, through a long passage behind the seats of the galleries, which were likewise all locked, until we reached a small apartment, at the extremity of the building. This room was fitted up with a mean reading desk, etc., and chairs, but dirty and looking poverty stricken throughout. After waiting some time, the service commenced, to a full congregation. The preacher gave out that a missionary sermon would be given on the following Sunday, and delivered his discourse in such plain language, as to enable us to carry away nearly the whole in recollection. The persons addressed were of the poorer sort: a poor, little, deformed creature sat before us, an object far from recoiling in itself; but the place altogether was so disagreeable that we shall fear to venture there again. A philosophic as well as a Christian spirit might have buried itself in profound comparison between the assemblage of morning and evening. In the morning the question put to the attentive flock had been, "*Pourquoi ces jolis vêtements ?*" In the evening to the anxious listening ears, the question might have been applied, "*Et vous, mes amis, pourquoi, ces habillements misérables ?*" Sad contradiction. I rejoiced when the moment came to depart. Papa was averse to encountering the crowds in the gardens again, and we, therefore, returned home "par le Rue St. Honoré;" but the streets were equally thronged with the gardens; and we found the necessity of pushing our way very fatiguing. The crowd was composed entirely of foot passengers. The stars shone brightly, and every now and then I glanced up at them, through the towering heights of aerial dwellings, seven *étages* throughout, filled with animation above and about. How strangely contrasting it was, to view the serene constellation of the Great Bear looking down into this street, so immense in its narrowness, its dissipation, its stir. The *restaurants* were a blaze of light, full of *Messieurs* reading newspapers, taking refreshments, or, sometimes, smoking. All Paris seemed poured abroad—I marvelled if any could have witnessed the water-works at St. Cloud, where we had been importuned to go. Often, while wading onwards, a sensation allied to terror crept over me—and we reached Rue Matignon completely tired.

September 1. We called on my cousin at 12 o'clock, and took her beautiful little boy Clifford, with us, to proceed to St. Cloud by *le chemin de fer*. On arriving at the palace, we had the mortification of being informed that admission could not be obtained, as the princes had just arrived, and intended remaining there three months; so we contented ourselves walking about the park, and admiring the charming views from it. In entering the park, the great fountains presented themselves; but the monsters peered forth in undisguised ugliness, not being permitted to hide themselves under their watery brilliancy oftener than once in

a month. After clambering up a steep hill, we were attracted towards an edifice, which looked like an observatory; on approaching nearer, cakes and refreshments were perceived, etc.; we addressed the good woman who presided at this temple; but alas! her store of eatables was confined to the detestable French gingerbread, and another description of cake, cut into stripes, full of whole almonds; and, if possible, even more execrable than the gingerbread. "Well," thought I, "is this the trash offered to those who visit these royal grounds, in view of the palace, and in the land of the *Brioche* and the *Biscuit*?" We walked to the edge of the hill, and stood looking down upon a fine prospect of Paris and the river Seine. While standing there two English ladies came up. Their deep, double flounced dresses betrayed their nation, before their language confirmed it. Many groups of visitors were scattered about. Before leaving the park, two beggars importuned us for alms, and we considered it strange that such interruption should be allowed within the precincts of a royal residence. We returned home by the train, tired by the excursion. Paris is surrounded by vineyards; but this year the vintage is late and unpromising. The only kind we have seen in the market is small and black, very cheap, about fourpence the pound, very sweet, and very bad.

September 2. According to previous arrangement, we went to-day to Versailles; and at half past eleven met by appointment, at the railroad station, the Count and Countess, with their little boy. The former went back after seeing us take places. Unfortunately, however, for the full enjoyment of this extraordinary place, what with the walk to the station, the journey *par chemin de fer*, and the distance again from the terminus at Versailles to the palace, we were tired by the time of reaching it—we had over-calculated our strength. The town itself is handsome: it has fine, open streets, with good shops; in this respect not so desirable for a place of retirement as the more unostentatious St. Cloud, though without the magnificent cavalry barracks and stables of the latter, that had yesterday attracted so much of our notice. To note upon paper the beauties of Versailles, would be waste time and attempt; its countless rooms, interminable length of galleries, and myriads of pictures, mirrors, statues etc.; no two apartments seemed to be alike, except in successive splendour. We had heard of the three days in the week only it is open to public exhibition, the other days being appropriated to polishing the floors, and keeping the whole in exact order. The mosaic floors of France, especially of Paris, are, indeed, of great beauty, from the hexagonal tiles in the Hotel de l'Ambassadeur and our humble flat in Rue de Matignon, to the finely laid down floors of the Louvre, and the far more brilliantly perfect footing presented throughout unrivalled Versailles. Indeed, in some of the last visited and most exquisite departments of the palace, it was necessary to tread cautiously upon these shining and slippery floors. Among the painters, David and Vernet stood most conspicuous. Some pictures were striking; and particularly one, representing the Prince de Joinville, at Algiers, standing on the quarter-deck of his ship, I am not likely to forget, as it occasioned a

difference of opinion among our party; papa maintaining it was the stern of the vessel seen in the picture; and another of us insisting it was part of the side. In the room next to where this representation hung, there was a painting of a review on the Champ de Mars, accurately laid down, but with such dead shades and absence of colouring as to border on the ludicrous. Through the vast number of historical and family designs that crowd this marvellous pile, the gaze actually alights on few. Whether the palace contains, as said, three hundred and sixty-five rooms, or not, we failed in ability to reckon, and cannot decide; but we thought, while traversing them, that they seemed more resembling the tales of the Arabian Nights in number, which amounted to one thousand and one. As to the enchanting gardens and parks, their lovely serenity, as seen through the windows, tempered the golden and crimson blaze of the palace: and we cast longing looks in their direction, for exploring them, with our limited time, was impossible. Versailles has never been paid for; it belongs to the nation, and a glorious monument it presents of the past and present, for Louis Philippe never tires in its improvements. Water and wood abound. It is an oriental palace, such as fables paint, tranquil and verdant in the midst of its brilliancy. Crowds of visitors, of all ranks, went over it with us. On returning, we reached the terminus five minutes too late for the train, so were obliged to wait until 5 o'clock for the next; and were nearly spent by the time we arrived home, so allied to pleasure is fatigue.

September 3. At half past eleven we went to the Louvre. On the way there we fell in with a regiment of soldiers, drawn up somewhere behind the palace. Papa stopped to look at them,—they did not manœuvre. The men seemed of short stature; but papa said they were exactly the size for infantry, strong built and agile. In general, the French are not tall. We find ourselves little bodies among the lofty English belles, but maintain a just medium of height in Paris; indeed, feel too tall—too tall to compete for light Parisian grace. When we got to the Louvre, papa exhibited his passport, and was desired to write in a book the number of his place of abode, etc.; having done the same before, he felt impatient, and said loud enough to be overheard, “Lord bless the man!” The gallery was well attended, without being too full. The pictures are certainly exquisite, but require more time and attention in looking over than I had patience to bestow. In fact, nothing exhausts more than multitudes of fine pictures looked at together; singly contemplated, they refresh; altogether, they distract. Numbers of artists were everywhere engaged in copying paintings; they were both male and female, and of all ages; some so young and lovely as to compete, in my vulgar estimation, with the interest excited by the admired subjects they studied. Often we observed several employed about the same picture. Before one subject no less than five artists were busied. Some had mounted themselves on ladders, and all seemed alike regardless of the observation they attracted. One gentleman, with beard and moustaches of such monstrous proportions, as to rival, as a curious exhibition, any fabled monster of antiquity, on the walls of the gallery, was overlooking

the work of a little girl, with exquisitely pencilled and braided ringlets of flaxen hair. A matron, engaged in reading, sat close to this young lady; and her copy was very masterly in its progress. We returned home by Rue Rivoli, whose magnificence we were delighted in having an opportunity of contemplating at leisure.

September 4. The count called, and charged himself with letters for George, to be sent by the ambassador's bag. We visited la Cathédrale de Notre Dame, the oldest church in Paris; and, of all the temples ever consecrated to the worship of Deity, that in which the Spirit of Darkness has contended most openly for supremacy. The interior of the edifice did not correspond with the grandeur of its outward appearance. Papa, on the way back, engaged places for us to go next Wednesday per St. Omer.

September 5. Called on Madame de St. Antoine at twelve. Her black servant procured a *citadine* that conveyed us from Rue St. Florentin to our destination, which was le Jardin des Plantes. We drove along the fine quai, Hotel d'Orsay, and past la Cathédrale de Notre Dame. This last is truly a grand old Gothic building, and well shown off. False reason and the hero's pomp and power, have, in turn, held sway within those walls; opinion and fashionable estimation now throw it in the back ground. On reaching le Jardin des Plantes, we got out of the *citadine*, to walk about in search of what was to be seen. Numbers of people were amusing themselves watching the animals; there were a number of very fine ones. The most remarkable was a hyena, of immense size, and a magnificent camel, with two great humps, a large elephant, giraffe, dromedary, etc.; and innumerable lions, tigers, bears, with a countless train of inferior captives, swelled the train. We sauntered over the gardens, enjoying the refreshing shade; but the tree that drew our especial attention was the Cedar of Lebanon, planted in 1735, by Bernard de Jussieu. Although this promising tree has lived much over one hundred years, youth is still the character of its bloom; the noble aspect of its formation combines with graceful development of foliage. Coming out of le Jardin, we proceeded along la Halle aux Vins, which, at first, we mistook for a continuation of the gardens; it was so elegantly laid out, and carts loading at different pretty, fanciful looking storehouses, performed their tasks with admirable order and exactness. We were desirous of seeing l'Hotel de Musée de Cluny; and threading the way by narrow, dirty streets, succeeded in reaching it. Here, the illuminated volumes, the chief object of our curiosity, failed to gratify expectation, being by no means comparable with those we had so much admired in the Library of Boulogne, although the Museum contained many curious old things; and, among these, the tapestry worked by Matilda, queen of our William the Conqueror. This hotel was guarded by soldiers, as every place and corner of Paris is. Descending a circular staircase, in making our sortie we noticed the last remaining arch of what was the residence of the Roman emperor, Julian, which looks to great advantage from the window loop. Returned home in a *cabriolet*; and, in driving up the grand

avenue of the Champs Elysées, observed an arch in view before us, and were told it was l'Arche de Triomphe. After dinner we walked to the church of St. Pierre de Chaillot, in the Grande Rue de Chaillot,—a church of the 11th century, small, neat, and newly done up. We continued our walk to l'Arche de Triomphe,—it seemed to recede on approach. The roads leading to and branching off from it are magnificent. As to the arch itself, it is the chief ornament of Paris; it stands isolated in elegance and impressive effect; it is inscribed all over with the names of the fields which have conferred imperishable renown on the great hero and his heroic marshals. Our admiration of its incomparable beauty was unbounded. The ascent to the height where it stands is so gradual as to deceive the eye while approaching it in a very remarkable manner.

Sept. 6. We determined to see Neuilly this morning, after some deliberation, and got into an omnibus at Place de l'Etoile; but were put out long before reaching the grand Arche, and forced to wait in the street until a proper conveyance came up. When we reached Neuilly we alighted at the bridge, and were charmed with the banks of the Seine; its woody islands, and the thick foliage that covered its banks. Men were fishing and women washing linen in its dark green stream, which was full of boats, for sailing and for rowing, and also large floating houses. At the chateau we were refused admittance, being unprovided with regular permission to enter, although they said the Duchess of Orleans was in the country. Returning, Jane made a sketch, and then we entered another of the innumerable omnibuses which pass and re-pass the bridge. A sort of clock, fastened to the entrance of this conveyance, marked each voyageur's admittance. We reached home before 1 o'clock. The wide avenues of trees meeting the view in all directions on this fine road are surprising. Made our way to the Bibliothèque du Roi, but found it closed.

Sept. 8. Sunday. This has been a day of hard work. Unfortunately our *petite bonne*, Julie, was *au bal* last night, and, in consequence, this morning's *déjeuner* was half an hour later than usual. Leaving papa at home, we went, after breakfast, to the Madeleine, but the sermon had begun, and we were forced to leave the church as the chanting the Hallelujahs commenced. Thence, with papa, we repaired to the chapelle de l'Ambassadeur, Rue d'Agnesseau, and heard the Bishop of London preach. The chapel was so crowded that it was a relief to get home, and rest a short time, preparatory to proceeding to the Palais Royale. It was thronged with visitors, Sunday being the only day in the week for admittance. For this reason our party, particularly my father, visited it reluctantly. A bust of Mary of Naples, mother of the present queen, in an end room, was admired by some ladies present. The chandeliers throughout these brilliant suites of apartments, were very splendid; the room in which the throne was placed hung with crimson velvet, the sofas and chairs covered with the gobelin tapestry. No doubt many of the pictures were good, but we recollected little of any, except a full length likeness of the poor young prince, the late Duc d'Orleans, Louis Philippe's



eldest son. The rooms were all filled with historical *tableaux*. We looked again and again at the beautiful stoves, in white and gold porcelain, disposed in horizontal lines. Leaving this *bijoux* of a palace, we mounted a *cabriolet*, and drove to the chapel of the morning, Bishop Luscombe preached. Numbers of well-dressed ladies morning and evening. In the evening my cousin, with her son, paid us a visit. Julie says that her uncle, our present landlord, is an old soldier, and served in all Napoleon's wars and in every campaign since. He has never been wounded, but his constitution is impaired by the hardships he has undergone. On one occasion, in Russia, he lived fourteen days on horseflesh. I repeated this to some one, who answered, "and lucky was he to fare no worse." At present he has a police appointment at l'Elysée Bourbon; and, Julie says, saw us on the day we went over that palace with Madame de St. Antoine. He was, of course, dressed in the uniform of the police.

Sept. 8. Set off at 1 o'clock for the Louvre. The direct road there led by the Champs Elysées and Tuileries; but papa, conceiving there was more shade from the streets, preferred them; unfortunately we became entangled in many filthy, narrow streets, and were in danger of being run over by different *voitures*, while, after all this, came the mortification to find the Louvre closed, it being Monday. We returned by the gardens, and they proved a pleasant contrast. The Palace of the Tuileries is undergoing repairs, and, therefore, not at present open to the public. Unwillingly we rose, from the bench we rested on, to quit its charming shade, but gratified to find that papa enjoyed the route home we had chosen. The Champs Elysées led us directly home; and, arrived at our central flat, we rested, then dressed, and called at No. 7 Rue St. Florentin a little before five o'clock, being engaged to dine with our cousins at Lawson's, or the Bedford Hotel. The count did not join us for more than half an hour; he was engaged at a meeting of railroad directors, and said, in his simple English, it was composed of an admiral, a general, a baron, a plain gentleman, &c. The English *table d'hôte* at Paris disappointed altogether; the fare was so coarsely served as to disgust; the table cloth was dirty, and the meat, cut up in large slices, suffered to remain before the company in large circular pewter dishes or plates. One of sliced ham was more offensive than the rest. The guests amounted to forty-four: at l'Hotel de Paris, fifty. Most of them had a plebeian look they were nearly, if not all, English. Papa made acquaintance with the person placed next him, who said he knew the Kirwan that used to entertain the Prince Regent, and give seven guineas for a turbot. Mr. Kirwan's extravagance reminds me of our bill of fare—it must not be omitted. *Soupe* with macaroni, good; boiled flat-fish, a description of brill, with tomato sauce; stewed giblets with onions; chicken, ham, roast beef, salad, peas à l'Anglaise, as they called it, cooked without any condiment, perfectly uneatable—duck. These several dishes of meat were cut into large, thick slices, and handed round in shabby pewter plates. A sweet *pâtée*, with cream, good; large currant jam pie, good but not sweet enough—called for sugar, and coarse *cassonade* was brought; cheese, pears,



melons, and peaches. Papa's new acquaintance said his father had been governor of Montserrat. After dinner, when the company had gone, our party excepted, he called out, "I say, can any of you Messieurs speak English?" We all started, thinking he addressed the count, but he spoke to the waiter who stood behind the latter's chair. "Yes sir." "Well then, can you tell me of some place where I can see a little dancing?" The ladies were gone to *l'Ecole de Musique*, which, doubtless, put the idea into his head. "Can I go to the opera about the time they dance? I don't want any of the crash of the orchestra, I only want to see a little dancing." "Oh yes, you can sir,, go exactly at the time." "I am glad of it. Pray is there any other place besides where I can see dancing?" The waiter answered "If he wanted to amuse himself for an hour or two, the most eligible place would be the Palais Royale. He might smoke there." "No, hang it, that won't do, I don't smoke; but is there dancing there?" "No, sir." On our way home, the count proposed going into the Champs Elysées. We did so; the *champs* were prettily lighted up, and we stopped twice to listen to some rude music, vocal and instrumental. The crowd everywhere was composed of the lower orders, but decorum prevailed. The Champs Elysées glittered with lights both below and through the trees and avenues; they contrasted charmingly with the dark thick foliage: then the multitudes of human creatures, all apparently enjoying themselves, while the tranquil moon and stars looked down in glory: the whole scene was unique. Among the novel sights of France, we often notice the enormous size of the waggon and cart wheels.

September 9. We went with papa at 12 o'clock to Rue Pelletier in search of a banker; as the weather was warm, the long walk tired us, and we flagged still more on reaching the manufactory for glass, when told it could not be shewn to those who did not intend making purchases. When we reached Rue Matignon we heard that the cat had again been mischievously disposed towards the macaroni and Parmesan cheese destined for our dinner. After dinner, dressed and spent the evening with Madame de St. Antoine. We were shewn two remarkable albums of the count's. One was solemn for a book of entertainment, being composed of leaves and flowers gathered from the tombs and graves of distinguished persons. To each, forget-me-not verses were attached. The other was made up of autographs, forming altogether a brilliant assemblage: emperors, kings, princes, marshals, &c., without end. Papa, being a general, was invited to join the company. The count was full of railway projects—his soul seemed devoted to his country's benefit. "We stand upon the ashes of two volcanoes," he said; "confusion is yet surrounding us. We have done much, yet much remains to be done. We have an army of 400,000 soldiers—they want employment—it is dangerous to have so many ardent spirits in idleness. We think of putting them to work upon the fortifications of Paris," and *les chemins de fer*. This suggestion startled us. Papa mentioned having "lately met with a debate on a similar project in an English paper: the expediency of employing troops in these ways was brought forward, but opposed on the ground that doing so would con-

vert English soldiers into slaves." This reply fired the count. He cried out "Britannia! Britannia! Britannia! rule the waves! Britons never, never will be slaves!" We talked this evening no more on such projects. What England was about, seemed much on his heart, — he supposed "her railroads were all completed." "No, far from it; nothing was thought of but commencing more." "Then she was building new churches, and designing new bishopricks?" "She was engaged in both these, but at the same time was unable to fill those already built, and had hosts of unemployed clergymen on her hands." He thought change was necessary for his country. We told him the French seemed individually happier and more contented than the English, for discontent and a spirit of equality was rapidly pervading the lower classes; in fact, Mammon was the sole deity worshipped, and Mammon, not content, was supposed to have reward in his right hand." He did not say much to this, but hinted at "the vast wealth of England." There was no denying this. We soon after took our leave. In going through his rooms, we stopped to admire the profusion of mirrors round them, multiplying and improving by reflection every article of furniture. These agreeable hotels are never molested by the noise and dust of the street.

September 10. This being the day fixed on for leaving Paris, was employed in packing. Nothing unforeseen fell out, except that an item in our landlady's *memoire* demanded so many francs *pour la cuisine*, which we innocently concluded were to reward the services of our *petite bonne*; but to our no small surprise the good lady appropriated the sum to herself, and poor Julie was left to our generosity. The diligence was to start for St. Omer at six o'clock in the evening: to forestall time, we set off in a *fiacre* at four, together with our trunks, &c., only paying two francs. This low charge reminded us of the *garçon* from *l'ambassadeur*, who had demanded four, and broke a pane of glass in addition while carrying his load up stairs. In consequence of setting off so early, there was an unpleasant delay at the *messagerie*; this was something lessened by leaving it for half-an-hour, though at the hazard of our lives in getting past the *voitures* and *chevaux* of the *messagerie*, to buy cakes for the *voyage* and enter the Church of "Notre Dame des Victoires." Papa found he had been undercharged on first engaging places, which annoyed him; and next a gentleman insisted on placing a great case that looked like a picture, within the top of the *diligence* which also made him angry. Another *Monsieur* got in before we started, when for some hours we travelled pretty amicably. At 12 o'clock at night, we stopped for the first time since bidding adieu to Paris, which was quitted exactly ten minutes before six, and two large trays with coffee were brought to the door of the *diligence*.

The night air was cold, and our cloaks needful. At 6 o'clock we were invited to take *café* at Amiens. The invitation was joyfully accepted, though papa, who with ourselves considered it breakfast, grumbled at being hurried. The room we snatched this hasty meal in, was, like all the country inns, hung with a large shewy landscape paper. On leaving Amiens, hills occasionally diversified the prospect, but in general the

road was tame and monotonous. Hay, in large stacks, standing corn, with here and there a reaping hook; droves, sometimes of cattle, and sometimes of pigs, with one of sheep, were passed. Perhaps frequent stoppages for relays roused us and caused double sight—certainly the towns during the night appeared to have occurred in very rapid succession; indeed it seemed as if nothing like country had been seen. At half past ten came another halt; and papa, not comprehending until too late that this was *le véritable déjeuner*, was rather annoyed at the discovery. From this to St. Pol, the hills rise high, making the road rather pretty—but from St. Pol to St. Omer the distance appeared interminable. It seemed as if St. Omer would never be reached.

September, 11. We reached St. Omer about 3 o'clock, or after a little more than twenty-one hours travelling. It was as we had been led to expect, rather a sombre-looking place; *tranquille, triste*, would it could be added, clean. Ditches and lines warned of approach to a fortified place; we entered through a heavy gateway. After our baggage had been deposited in the *messagerie*, my companion instead of thinking about the *Hôtel de Commerce*, which we had been recommended to lodge at, would absolutely first go to the *Poste*; by which means, there being no letters, we had on our return the mortification of finding, that *Monsieur le Commissionnaire* from *l'Hôtel de Poste*, had engaged Papa by dint of importunity to take up his quarters at his house. "We are recommended to *l'Hôtel de Commerce*," we said, angrily to the man. "I will conduct you to a very good hotel,—*l'Hôtel de Poste*," he quietly answered. This discomposed us, at first; we were obliged to content ourselves with two good bed rooms, and the *table d'Hôte*. For our beds we were to pay two francs and a half per night, for our dinner, two francs a head. At 5 o'clock we came down to the *table d'Hôte*, to a capital dinner,—a profusion of every thing good. About fourteen persons sat down, mostly military, one very large man in uniform, appeared to be the superior officer, as one of the younger officers in speaking of him, designated him, *le sire?* No ladies were at table except ourselves. The *table d'Hôte* at St. Omer, looked to advantage even after those of Paris. After dinner we again walked out. The aspect of the town surprised us, as the houses were low-built, and the churches by no means either magnificent or numerous. We walked a little distance on the ramparts, from whence the confined view, and the water surrounding the town, sluggish and thick-looking, soon induced us to descend. This ditch-water circumvallation is made by the river Aar. We met with no *appartements à louer*. We took coffee on returning to *l'Hôtel de Poste*, with bread and butter, there being no one present but ourselves.

One terrible drawback to comfort in France, is unquestionably the neglected state of the streets. This occasional slovenliness in the dress of the people. It is impossible that ladies can take much pleasure in putting on fresh handsome garments, or elegant shoes and stockings, when streets are ill kept and devoid of neatness. French gentlemen—even those who are intellectual, accomplished, young, who devote their time

and thoughts to the benefit and amelioration of their country,—will, even in the presence of ladies of rank, spit on a carpet. As to the pretty shoes, &c., of the Parisian belles, in the hot days of summer, to our amazement we noted that many wore great black boots, and suffered their long dresses to sweep the dirty streets, never holding them up like the tidy English woman. This impressed us with the notion, that the elegance of their *toilette costume* is chiefly reserved *pour la coiffure*. This is indeed very pretty:—their *chapeaux*, bonnets and hair, are all charming.

September 12. St. Omer. Enjoyed a comfortable night's repose after the journey. The same party of officers were at breakfast as had dined at the *table d'hôte* the last evening, but we waited a considerable time for *café* while the French gentlemen breakfasted on cold meats, vegetables, and drank wine. Set off immediately after breakfast to see the town. We entered two large churches. In one, *la Cathédrale*, the mass was being offered up,—an old woman seated outside the door, told us she was *agée de cent et trois ans*. The ruins of a fine old church stood a short distance beyond. Several times we attempted to mount the ramparts, but they were not neatly kept; grass covered them in a dusty uncomfortable manner, and although the view from them looked upon trees and fields, it was not refreshing. Several nice lodgings came in our way, which we looked at, but these were not to be had unless engaged for some months. Our walk was fatiguing; we returned to the hotel by two o'clock, to rest until the dinner hour of five. To day the dinner was better than yesterday's. The profusion was great, and every dish extremely well dressed and served. We marvel how they make it answer, meat not being cheaper here than at Paris or Boulogne. Passed to day through the market place, but the show of eatables was not particular. Beef 5d., the lb. veal 5d., mutton 6d.

September 13. The same party at breakfast. Hurried out a little after 10 o'clock, to find the *Bibliothèque Royale*. In our route, went through the market place, if such it could be termed, when the whole town seemed to be one great market. If the elegance and economy of Parisian taste was here wanting, greater abundance compensated. The pig lords it over the rest of the slaughter-house flock, and grunts and eats with more than common contentedness in the streets, the woods and fields surrounding St. Omer. Fowls are fifteen pence the couple, turkeys five shillings the pair, and a large goose two shillings and two pence; fish and rabbits, &c., in profusion. An entire street was filled with old clothes, and another with pigs, just the size for roasting. Thence proceeding for the library, we had the mortification to find it closed. While stopping here, a regiment of Calvary passed,—with it papa's good eyes recognized a member of our *table d'hôte*. Rested an hour at *l'Hôtel de Poste*, and then again attempted *la Bibliothèque*. Found it still closed—it was vacation time; nevertheless we obtained admission, through the medium of two obliging old women, among fusty old tomes of all kinds. This building had been a fine church, but was destroyed at the Revolution. Some old seraps, frag-

ments of sculpture, and other remains, are preserved here, but nothing very remarkable. Alas! St. Omer, in old times the cradle of Catholicism, the grand nursery of the church to France, was at the sweeping era of the Revolution shorn of all its glory, of all its priestly wealth and power. No longer the Oxford of France, it now exists as the school of another vocation;—the Cavalry soldier's sabre clangs, the restless hoof of the warhorse clatters, over its heavily paved streets. From the *Bibliothèque* we returned to the hotel, but papa and Jane went out again to bring back news of having paid a satisfactory visit to the *Couvent des Ursulines*. A letter arrived from mama, saying our house had not let when she wrote. Three new or rather novel dishes have come under our observation at this hotel,—an immense roasted pig, which came to table whole, black puddings; and a thin fillet of veal, sliced into perpendicular divisions, similar to those of a round cake. When the pig was placed before the big French officer, after contemplating it with ominous respect, he relinquished the task of carving it to an Englishman, who sat opposite to him. Black pudding is a thing we have been educated in a religious horror of, and never met with before on any board; the genteelst looking of the officers, however, handed the dish over to us, which, as we were the only ladies at table, seemed to imply, that it was a fare well-esteemed. We had also the bean from the large scarlet runner, *haricots*, or what we call in England, the French bean, but it makes a coarse, unpalatable vegetable.

September 11. *Il pleut aujourd'hui*. A lady this morning made her appearance at *déjeuner*, but her looks were not particularly prepossessing. Then we set off for the English Protestant church. It was a clean upper room, better furnished by far than was poor Monsieur Poullain's at Boulogne, and provided with a harsh little organ, chanting, &c. It played us out with, "How beautiful are the feet of those who preach us the Gospel of Peace," (Handel)—very appropriately, as the preacher gave out that on the following Sunday, a sermon would be preached in aid of "The Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." It is singular that since we have been in France, every time we have entered a Protestant church, a missionary sermon has been given out for the next Sunday. It was pleasing to find these poor people, so indifferently and poorly provided for themselves, emulous to work for the savage and the cannibal. At three o'clock attended service again in the same church or room; very small congregation. It has been alternately raining and shining all day. The lady made her appearance at dinner, she is not lady-like looking. During dessert, as a gentleman helped himself to filberts, papa offered him a pair of nut-crackers, but he politely declined them, saying he had good strong teeth to use in their stead. We are well furnished in relays of plates, eight or ten to each guest, but the same knife, fork, and spoon, hold out during the feast. Since entering France, the cutlery supplied to us has been scant and miserable. Neither salt nor pepper spoon has made itself visible at St. Omer, although the pepper

cellar is inseparable from the salt. In a little treatise on manners, written in France, it is laid down as contrary to polite *étiquette* to help ourselves to salt or pepper with *les doigts, ni avec le bout du manche de la cuiller ou de la fourchette, mais avec la pointe du couteau ou avec une cuiller blanche*. It is usage which reconciles to all, since we actually begin to believe that elegance of manners may exist among people who have never used a regular salt spoon.

September 15. This day we left St. Omer. Breakfast was ready at eight o'clock, and the English lady and gentleman, who dined yesterday at the *table-d'hôte*, took *café* at the same time. They were strange vulgar looking people, particularly the lady, with her coarse features, brown skin, and dark dingy coloured travelling dress. The gentleman prognosticated that we should be miserably disappointed with Calais, but was lavish in praise of Cassel, and the fine country surrounding it. The sky was overcast. Julie whispered to us, *Il est temps de partir*, and we proceeded for our *diligence*. Papa told us he had bowed adieu very amicably to the great big officer, and the great dog was walking about the court yard as we passed through it, announcing the arrival or the approach of the officers. Besides the *coéquipier*, the *diligence* held nine: we were *en arrière*: two Frenchwomen *en bonnet* sat before us,—there was a youth from Gand, and a French gentleman, who used, when he spoke, great action and gesticulation, besides our two English friends. We experienced a feeling allied to relief, on getting free of the creeping waters, and weed-covered ramparts of St. Omer, whose rank ditches, half choked up with noxious verdure, would give the lie to the plain truth, that its walls contain two regiments of horse, and two of foot soldiers. A short distance from the town, long straight avenues, regularly planted with the favourite horsechestnut, offered themselves to view; we could have supposed the environs of Paris visible; and along the high road were placed, as in the gardens of the Tuileries or the *Champs Elysées*, comfortable looking benches. As we drove along, little bare-legged children annoyed us by begging. It was amusing to observe their mal-adroitness. A girl, with a large loaf of bread under her arm, and every symptom of health and good feeding, prayed vehemently for alms a long time; then suddenly recollecting this detracted from the effect of her appeal, or to obtain freer action for the motion of her frequently clasped hands, she gave the loaf to the younger boy. The French gentleman threw out a *sous* to the boy, but would not suffer the girl to take it. After these, two older children continued to keep up with the *diligence*—the gentleman told them to go and work in the fields. He, however, appeared to possess a warm heart, as he at last threw them a second *sous*.

We were overjoyed to reach Guines, we sauntered about among its few shops, while tarrying for a fresh *voiture*. From Guines, the route presents a totally different aspect, following the course of a narrow river or canal full of barges heavily laden, mostly with timber. St. Pierre came next. The approach to Calais is striking, with its ramparts, ditches, and heavy gates, the aspect of the town is far more lively than that of St. Omer, and the

streets passed through were furnished with nice looking shops. The hotel the *diligence* stopped at had an inner court, old French staircase, and French inmates; but having been recommended to the Union Hotel, we were silly enough to proceed through a heavy rain to it. Here to our mortification we found every thing English. A large party having just arrived, and sat down to dinner, we were asked to wait in an opposite room until we could be attended to. This did not much please, and we employed the time in abusing English hotels in France, and officious English people who set them up. On first arrival the news was, we were too late for to-day's *paquebot*; the next would not start till ten or twelve o'clock to-morrow; besides which we heard, to our great dismay, that our passage would probably extend to four hours. Papa and Jane twice attempted to walk out, and were twice driven back by rain. An old man laid our table cloth, and waited on us at dinner; we took him for *un Anglais*, but he was born at Lyons, his father was Swiss, his mother of Boulogne, he had been naturalized in England, and married an Englishwoman, who had made him the father of a large family. Poor man! he had met with reverses in life, and feelingly said all was not gold that glittered. He had been three years in Calais. Papa went out again after dinner, traversed the town and the ramparts, and returned to the hotel, reporting a storm.

September 16. Ordered breakfast by nine. Morning cloudy. Our breakfast to-day lost its French character; we had but a small proportion of milk to our *café*, and English salt butter with the rolls. After breakfast, we resolved to go out, having three aims in view, viz.: to see what sort of place Calais was, to get a *brioche* for mama, to buy ourselves stout shoes. We soon got upon the ramparts, which, for French works, are unusually well kept, and look down upon the sea, the harbour contained nothing but a few small vessels. Two monuments have lately been erected at Calais,—one to the memory of a humane pilot, in commemoration of a merciful deed performed during the cruel revolution; the other, to Louis XVIII, who landed here on his way from England. When we entered the town, we went into every cake shop, to enquire for *brioches*, but no such *gateau* could find. At last, *une pâtissière* promised to send a dozen, *tout chaud, dans un quart d'heure à l'Hôtel de l'Union*. We were delighted, considering our trouble as amply compensated. The people at *l'Union* said the *paquebot* would start at eleven, or probably not before half past. Papa was in a fidget to get off, and had paid the reckoning, which, for an English house, was reasonable;—when behold! the anxiously expected *brioches* arrived, and on inspection turned out to be nothing but English buns, with the addition of saffron and currants. We exclaimed, "*ils ne sont pas de véritables brioches*," while the French maid for some time had the assurance to maintain they were: we were not a little discomposed by the failure of our hopes of presenting mama with one of these cakes. Under a heavy drizzle and clouded sky, we reached the place of embarkation. After we had tarried some time on the pier, it began to rain again, and we went on board the dingy looking little steamer. As I sat disconsolately wrapt in a cloak on the

step that divides the decks, one of those important officials who wear three-cornered hats approached, and demanded our passeport. Papa made reply he was weary of producing it, when the gentleman, with the hat, glancing over the paper, angrily exclaimed, "*Je ne vois qu'une demoiselle, où est l'autre?*" I could not help laughing. papa pointed to where my sister sat, when, appearing satisfied, he took his leave. The rain continuing, we were forced to go below, and I for one had actually laid down in a berth, with no very consoling anticipations of an agreeable passage, before the steward announced to us that the boat was at last started. It was one o'clock. On entering the cabin, I took out a little book on "Christian Manners in France," and read attentively until the conversation of the ladies drew my attention from it. One lady counted on a two hours' passage; I informed her we could not depend upon one of less than three or four. "And we are to be landed in small boats;" said another. This intimation startled me. Miss Kingston had described to us being carried on shore at Calais on the stout fisherwomen's shoulders, and we had also heard the great antipathy expressed by the captain of the "Queen of the Belgians," to his passengers being put out at Boulogne in boats; but the idea of being set on shore at Dover in such guise, was completely novel. I listened in incredulous silence. "Mama," said a young lady in a berth opposite to the one I had taken possession of, "I do not like this man waiting on us." "Nor I either," replied a lady, "it is not so in our English boats, but the French, my dear, think nothing of these things." "No mama, it was not in the least like this in the English steamer we came from London in, you recollect we had two women to attend on us then." On hearing this, I was again silent, recollecting perfectly well the two clever stewards who had attended the ladies on board the Folkstone and Boulogne boats. It is better to see with one's eyes, than even to trust to the hearing of one's ears, thought I. Until now I have doubted which of those precious senses are the most to be prized. "I don't like it indeed, mama, do you know the man wanted to untie my dress and unlace my stays for me? He said I was "*trop étroit*"—too tight, but I would not let him." The ladies present all expressed indignant surprise, as indeed was natural.

The motion of the *paquebot* soon became *affreuse* to those not at home at sea; I, along with the rest, was deadly sick, and unable to open my eyes, except at intervals, but the groans and plaints of my poor suffering companions made me sensible to not being solitary in this hopeless misery, of all others the worst while it endures. One young lady, lying on the bench immediately below me, appeared to outdo everybody else in suffering. She was, indeed, terribly sick, I opened my eyes once, and saw her rich head of light brown hair bent over a basin the steward was holding for her, I opened my eyes again, really to think it must be a dream, for, behold! the man was verily and certainly in the act of unlacing her stays. I closed them quickly; not entirely from horror, I was too ill to feel as much at the moment as I ought to have done. The steward's principal attention was occupied by this lady, but, indeed, the poor thing did seem much in need of it. Nearly the last time I opened



my eyes, while we continued in this wretched plight, the man was standing beside her; he wished to know if "I had not asked for something?" I had not. He misunderstood me, I apprehend, for he threw *eau-de-cologne* in my face; I exclaimed, "*un peu d'eau s'il vous plait;*" he gave me some, but it tasted salt, and increased my dreadful sickness. Now and then I thought I heard a voice resembling my sister's; she, poor thing, was terribly ill; but for the whole world's possession, I could not muster exertion to speak to her. At length, a different motion of the *paquebot* announced that it stood still. The steward called out to me, "*Madame, ne voulez vous pas monter?*" But I had no strength for exertion. Again he told me that "I must go back to Calais, unless I made haste." I got up, and left my wrappings in the berth. "*Mon chapeau.*" "*Voilà, Madame.*" I wrapped my great wet cloak about me, unable to put on my gloves; papa, though nearly as ill himself, rolled up mantles and shawls, &c., and we mounted to the deck. Here all was dripping with the rain; we seated ourselves, and waited the return of the boat to put us on shore. It was soon alongside. With a heavy sea rolling, getting into this boat looked tremendously difficult. "My dear," said papa, "trust yourself to the sailors: they will manage it." Several ladies were put into the boat before us. At last my turn came; the little boat touched the side of the *paquebot*, the next instant it was many, many yards—poles distant. Again it touched. "Now," they cried. A man held me in readiness. No. The same instant a watery mountain separated them from us again. "Now," they cried. Two sailors stood firmly planted on the boat to seize me; another on the side of the *paquebot* held me ready to fling to them. I was flung in. The next moment we were off, toiling and striving with the huge billows, which tower high in even the smoothest weather at Dover. A sailor told me to change my place, but still suffering from the recent sickness, I wanted power. Papa angrily asked the man, "if he did not see that the lady was too ill to move?" Upon this, they gave papa to understand he must pay them immediately: and this had the misfortune to put papa a little out for he too was still very ill; he said, "he would be landed first." "There is no time for that," they cried; "you must pay us now, for we return instantly." "I will first be put on shore." They were actually beginning to lay on their oars. "Well! well! you shall not come off we have your number, we'll find you." "Yes, that we will," said the man at the rudder. I was terrified. "My good men," I courageously said, "you will be paid." They said no more. We were now run upon the shingle, and men who there stood in readiness, carried us through the water.

I was landed among the first, and turned round to see papa and my sister follow in turn. "Thank God!" our dear papa said. We sat down on the side of a boat which lay on the beach, to wait for a vehicle to convey us away, for it continued raining heavily, and the streets were too muddy for walking. At last a carriage took us up, and while papa went to the custom-house, we stopped at an hotel next door to it, apparently of a second grade, and bespoke a cup of tea, before proceeding

to the railway terminus. Dover, even when seen through the rain, looked clean and splendid after miserable Calais; on this occasion we felt grateful for the services rendered by the stout Calais shoes. Papa joined us, we forced down some excellent tea, and fancied ourselves refreshed by it. A fresh hack carriage conveyed us to the terminus. An elderly gentleman got into the same seat with us on arriving at the train. Papa was complaining of having been ill-treated, he had waited two hours before the *paquebot* started—he had expected a passage of little more than two hours, and had been exactly four; he was convinced the *paquebot* might have started two hours earlier; it was some trick to benefit the hotels. The elderly gentleman was of the same opinion. “He knew, for certain, that this very night no less than sixty families were detained unwillingly at Dover. For his part, he was worse off than papa, he was come from Ostend, and his baggage, consisting, indeed, merely of a small portmanteau, had been, through negligence, left behind. But have you got your baggage, sir?” he said to papa. “Yes sir, I have.” “Then, indeed you are lucky, landed as you have been, in such weather.” This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a fashionable-looking young man. Our third gentleman commenced a fresh subject of complaint. Just arrived from London by the “Eclipse,” all his baggage had been left behind, he was obliged to return to London himself for it. Papa said, “Sir, it will be forwarded to you.” “No,” he said, “I shall not trust to that, I intend,—indeed am now on my way to see about it myself. I am going up the Rhine.” “Well, here is something I don’t understand,” said the Ostend gentleman; “here’s a party just arrived from Calais, landed in boats, and with their baggage all safe; and here am I from Ostend, and you from London, who have both met with this strange neglect.” The words, “party just landed from Calais,” created at once an alteration in the fashionable gentleman’s looks towards us. He considered us with much respect, for our miserably drenched appearance was now in our favour. The train, meanwhile, proceeded through tunnel after tunnel; we seemed to have been landed from the bark of old Charon, at once into the shades of the infernal regions. The train rocked, and was agitated with a similar motion to that we had noticed in the French trains. I commenced thinking on the strange delight men take in excluding themselves from the blessed light of day, and glorious orb of nature. “This is Weston Hanger,” some one said. “Oh! thank God!” I sighed to myself, in stepping out, to wait half an hour at this new terminus, before another hack took us up.

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In 1846 my father succeeded to a battalion with the rank of Colonel Commandant.

## SECTION XIX.

Grove House.—Clarence Villa.—Melancholy Events.—Conclusion.—Letters.

In 1846, his daughter Caroline, Mrs. Dunscomb, with four children, returned from Canada, to pay her family a twelvemonth's visit. She arrived in June; and, for her gratification, papa accompanied her to London, and then to Brighton, where, in the fashionable month of November, he hired apartments for a fortnight. His two sisters, also, Mrs. Charles Day, and Maria Durnford, came to see him at Clarence Villa. Mrs. Davis, the remaining sister, had the misfortune to lose her husband during this winter, on which occasion, my parents, regardless of their delicate health, journeyed to Hythe, to attend his funeral, and support, by their presence, at this trying time, the poor widow. Early in the spring, Mrs. Durnford received the afflicting intelligence of the death of her only sister Elizabeth, the widow of Clement Kirwan, Esq.; when my dear parents again made a visit to the house of mourning, and comforted, with their company, the sorrowing daughters. These were,—Eliza, who came over from Paris with her husband, the Count de St. Antoine, and their only son Clifford; Louisa, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Withers; Jane, who was married to Mr. Sylvester, a gentleman in the medical profession; and Eleanor, who afterwards became the wife of Mr. Russell, of Swanscombe. Mrs. Kirwan left, by will, to her sister's three unmarried daughters, handsome legacies.

Mrs. Kirwan's lease of the Grove House, at Northfleet, on the banks of the river Thames, being unexpired, papa determined to take it for the remainder of the term, having meantime let Clarence Villa, his own residence at Tunbridge Wells, to General Middlemore; and accordingly his family occupied it until late in the autumn of the following year. It was a melancholy time; and previous to the departure of the numerous members of my dear departed aunt's family from the Grove House, my father engaged a house for his party, now augmented by that of Mrs. Dunscomb's, at Rosherville, a distance of two miles from the Grove House. These sad events, and journey's undertaken in severe weather, doubtless left injurious effects on both my parents' frames; papa, in particular, from this time suffered much from rheumatic gout which seemed increased by proximity to the swamps near the Grove House. George came several times from his quarters in Ireland, as did Mrs. Davis, to Northfleet; Mrs. Dunscomb returned to Canada, while Miss Kirwan continued to reside with us. My parents went into the country together to see their invalid daughter: on the journey papa was attacked by a bilious disorder, which delayed their return or some time. My mother wrote home thus:

“ Saturday, July 3, 1847.

“ MY DEAR,—We have been most anxiously waiting to hear tidings from the Grove House, for it is so long since the ‘ugly old woman’ left you all, that even should nothing have occurred, it would have been a very great pleasure to hear ‘all's well,’ or to see something on the seal,

indicative of the same, as that poor cockney young man used to relieve his parents by sending 'Jack's alive.' I now have the pleasure to tell you dear papa has wonderfully recovered. We breakfast between eight and nine o'clock, about twelve off we start, the three last days we have been driven back by the rain. Yesterday we walked half a mile beyond the cross, it was delightful. We rested on the steps of the Monument, and then walked on. Pa took his biseuit and only half a glass of wine, but it supported him. I do really believe he longs to see you all. He takes his milk, two eggs, and sometimes a little bit of bacon at breakfast. Does the Knight of the Manor House often come to see you? and how do all affairs go on? How many times has cousin been to the grand city? and how many new gowns and new bonnets have come from that place of celebrity? Tell cousin I enquired.

"Pa, no doubt, has recovered; he was very bad when we first came here. This place has been of more service to him than Leamington, beautiful as it was, and he greatly enjoyed those three lions, and so would you and ——, and so would the young blue stockings. The person who shewed the castle at Warwick, appeared to me to be the steward. The likeness of the Hon. Mrs. Percy's daughter was exactly like Mrs. Edmund Sewell. There was a painting of the 'Cave of Despair,' by Mrs. P's father, who was celebrated in that art, as was his only son, who, dying in Italy, made Mrs. Percy a great heiress. The father's name was Bertie Greathead, Esq. We are not far from Coventry, so I bought three ribbons for the three maids, however, keep this secret. If you could have seen the strawberries, your mouth would have watered for weeks. How are all our relations about the world? You had better put down the answers to all my questions, or you or I will either be breathless, or I shall forget to ask again. Dear C—— looks very thin, but healthy, and the whole house are like a number of Gypsies, which Mrs. N—— much laments; even her baby resembles a coloured child. Has Eleanor joined Mrs. Withers yet? and how are all at Tunbridge? and in France? I expect to find American letters, and trust to hear all are well.

Your affectionate

T. S.

"MOTHER."

When on our walk, pa and I sit down to rest; I either take out the Common Prayer Book, or the Leamington Guide. Pa seems to have formed a vast idea of my aptness, for he declares I know that little book by heart. It gives a good description of the country surrounding the town, which answers all I have heard of it. We hope to be home the beginning of the week. Unless you or some of you have written, it is of no use now—ten to one if we receive it. Papa has just been to see the market, and is now urging me to go with him again. He says nothing can equal the profusion of vegetables, and, in short, of everything else—fish, fowl, and flesh. I counted fourteen or fifteen salmon, with two, three, and four lobsters to each, several turbot, hampers of mackerel, whiting, etc., etc., and such quantities of poultry! fowls by hundreds, ducks the same, and young geese, pears, by hundreds of bushels, and

asparagus, by thousands of bundles, horses of every description, but I did not see\* “four spanking greys,” oxen, and cows, and sheep, were numberless, pigs by droves, I even saw young plough ponies. Eatables very cheap.

The next autumn found us residing at Clarence Villa, whence my father did not again remove, except on the occasion of George’s being ordered to the East Indies, he went with him to town, to speak to Lord Raglan on business connected with his son’s regimental promotion. These several departures were sore trials to him; yet they were borne with the mild Christian resignation that increased and shone more brightly as life drew on, and his strength evidently began to fail. In the long winter evenings, mama, while engaged at the needle, enjoyed to hear him read aloud and being a member of the excellent Tunbridge Wells Library, or Literary and Historical Society, and also of a Lending Club, he had no want of the newest and best books to select from. In this agreeable way he got through many fine works—Alison and Macaulay’s histories being among them. There were portions of the terrible revolution of 1793, which, in reading Alison, agitated him so much he could not proceed with their recital. The reading rooms of this society he visited daily, to read the newspapers, and converse on the current topics.

In May, 1849, at an evening party, composed chiefly of ladies, one of the youngest present entertained the party by singing a song, describing a young man after an evening’s prolonged merriment, finishing it up by “rowing the girls in the morning.” This pleased papa so much that he encored it, and then said it reminded him of what he had heard of the good old days when George the Third visited Plymouth, on which occasion a barge with a crew, composed wholly of women, and also guided by a female coxswain, preceded His Majesty when he went on the water.

He took great delight in attending religious morning meetings, such as were frequently held at Tunbridge Wells; on all occasions when calls on his purse were made, he gave liberally with regard to his moderate means, with pleasure, and gratitude, to the bestower of those means. When young, he was very fond of the fine English game of cricket: and, to the last, enjoyed to overlook the sport he no longer entered into as a player: he also liked a rubber of whist sometimes, at the various friendly and pleasant houses of the friends he visited among.

One of my father’s regrets was, the not having, when young, been taught music, of which he was very fond; he considered, had he possessed scientific skill and an educated ear, his enjoyment would have been enhanced. Dibdin’s songs were his great favourites; he sang several,—“Sweet is the Ship that under Sail,” and “The Storm,” in particular, extremely well. Unfortunately, mama disliked his singing, entreating him not to sing before people. When he was in the habit of dining at regimental messes, with officers who had served with the Duke of Wellington, before breaking up, on peculiar occasions, the company would rise, join hands round the table, and sing songs, prompted more from the

\* In allusion to her niece, Miss Kirwan’s great fondness for fine horses.

loyal feelings of the hour, than consciousness of vocal talent. Mama's restrictions were unattended to then.

Mama executed well on the piano-forte, the delightful Sonatas of Pleyel and Kozeluch, but she early neglected her music. Both my parents were excellent time-ists.

Two honest old men happened to be continually employed by my father at Tunbridge Wells. One was a coloured man who bore the name of Napp. He was considered the best sinker of a well in the county, and became known to papa from being employed in boring the one at No. 1 Belvedere, immediately previous to its being tenanted by our family. Papa was among the number of Napp's steady employers, and he continued to perform different outdoor jobs, during the whole period we resided at Belvedere, and afterwards at Clarence Villa. The other old man, Hunt, had been a marine. The black had been a sailor, and actually fought at Trafalgar, on board Nelson's own ship. Hunt was also at the battle of Trafalgar, but not on board the hero's ship. The fact of Napp's being a seaman on board "The Victory," and Hunt only a marine, raised the temptation to hold his head over the marine, but Hunt claimed superiority as a white man, and so these two poor old fellows were always jarring—sad to record—actually fought, for neither would yield. This rivalry only ceased when my father obtained for Napp a pension of £20 per annum. He did not long survive this little piece of good fortune.

Miss Sheppard\* had the Manor House on Bishops' Down, Tunbridge Wells. It was a lovely spot, always in perfect order, though the flowers were not in first-rate style. Its mistress was a city lady, born, as she said, within the sound of "Bow Bells." She was rich and High Church, very active, very charitable, and indefatigable in every good work. She gave a handsome font to Trinity Church. Papa took Archdeacon Bridge to call on her, and she gave him £10 for the cathedral at Newfoundland. A lady artist, a miniature painter, whose drawings were exhibited at the Royal Academy, often resided with her, this lady lent me several of her pictures to copy. She was a most religious and amiable character; on my expressing a fear that I might injure the drawings, "Do not distress yourself," she said, "if you were to spill a glass of water over one of them, I should only say, 'such is life.'"

Mr. William Wix, the old bachelor city beau, possessed the seat adjoining Miss Sheppard's. The turf in front of his house was smooth as velvet; a fine elm tree rose up on one side from a little mound, and at its foot in the early spring, tufts of snow-drops, crocuses, and polyanthus were the first to attract our eyes. Mr. Wix was brother to the rector of St. Bartholomew's, who was so anxious to bring about a union with the Roman Catholics, and both brothers were considered very High Church. Mr. Wix was kind, friendly and hospitable. He often told the history of his being, in his youth, one of the city volunteers, in which

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\* These remembrances of Miss Sheppard and Mr. Wix are contributed by a member of the family.

troop every private possessed £500 a year; it was in 1802, when Bonaparte threatened England with invasion, that this corps was raised, and of his having an opportunity of rendering a service to a gentleman in Italy, who in return begged leave to order rooms for Mr. Wix at a hotel in Rome, and turned out to be the Duke of Gordon. He used to say, that it was through his exertions an English Chapel was allowed at Rome. When Mr. Wix was no longer able to walk, he used to stop in his brougham at the gate of Clarence Villa, and beg papa or mama to go out and talk to him. He always called papa his general, taking pleasure in saluting him in the military style; he once told me he was going to town, and required a furlough from papa, asking if that was the proper term, when I said, he should have asked for leave of absence, the term furlough being only used by the soldier. He bequeathed his gold-headed cane to his general.

Mr. St. John Baker and his sister Adelaide, had sought the bracing air of Tunbridge Wells, when delicate health induced his resigning the office he held at Washington, as British Consul to the United States. He and Miss Baker had visited Quebec, and it was while papa was commandant there, and Mr. Baker well remembered the guard of honour my father had ordered to receive him. Miss Baker liked to talk of America, and my parents liked to hear her. The quiet elegance of Mr. B.'s residence, told the cultivated taste of this amiable pair, who lived in the midst of the flower parterres of their own planting. The whist-table was always enjoyed by papa at their pleasant evening parties—there was no end to the brother's choice collection of books, or the sister's new patterns in Berlin work, her tasteful attempts in illustrating favourite subjects and feminine artistic designs. Among Mr. Baker's favourite recreations were attendance on Archæological Lectures, and the promotion of Horticultural Shows.

The venerable General Maitland, the owner of Hollywitch, a farm distant twelve miles from Tunbridge Wells, when he determined to reside at T. W. during the winter months, was introduced to papa, and delighted in his society. General M. had been on the same expedition in 1794, with my father and grandfather, under Sir Charles Grey, and had afterwards the command of 10,000 men in Spain.

It is remarkable, that although my father was, in the course of his life, much employed in writing, and public official correspondence, few traces of this toil remain; indeed his fine bold handwriting is nearly effaced from the possession of his family. One reason for this loss is attributable to a custom he indulged of destroying his letters, and doubtless, valuable records have perished, that would now be prized. He was in the habit of transcribing passages from various esteemed authors; these he also destroyed: they seem to have been taken wholly from the works of divines of the Church of England.

A few weeks before his last illness, a clergyman called on him, to ask his subscription to a Church Society. My father was much hurt by the request, for he had always subscribed, not only to the one in question, but to several others. "The Society for Promoting Christian Know-

ledge." "The Bible Society," "The Church Missionary Society," and "Pastoral Aid Society," were among the number. He loved to frequent the house of God, never in his latter years passing by an opportunity of approaching the table of the Lord; always repeating aloud the responses to the Litany, singing also and chanting. As already said, he gave liberally, frequently telling his daughters not "to fear to cast their bread upon the waters," for God would return it to them. He told them they would please him much by always having a black dress in readiness, in case of public mourning; and, indeed, at such times, while he lived at Tunbridge Wells, his family were remarked for their attention to this particular. He advised them to be exact in filing and keeping their bills, and to keep copies of their letters.

His "Scenes from an Officer's Early Life," that appeared in "the United Service Journal," were put to paper not long before God called him to himself: he entitled it his "Autobiography," and had intended proceeding with the interesting recital, but it was otherwise ordained. He read it over to his family, after some persuasion, a few nights before his dear voice ceased to be heard among them, with much emphasis and excitement, such as his recollections called up. The pretty shrubberies surrounding Clarence Villa, improved under his careful management; he turned some grass-plats into culture, and was proud of his celery plants and strawberries. Exactly one week before his death, being apparently in health, his valued friend, Miss Whitelocke,\* walked round and viewed with him the pet improvements.

His benevolent heart responded to every call of charity, never did sympathy for the distressed glow in a warmer heart, or receive more sincere assistance than from my father; the perplexed looked to him for advice, the needy, and many who sought advancement, found no check to their reliance on his exerting his every ability to serve them. The affectionate regard and esteem of his friends for him, seemed to increase, as his ties upon the world weakened; anxiety lay at his heart when he looked on those he knew must be deprived of his tender smile and paternal care, but no other fear, no other regret came to disturb his converse with his Maker. He was frequently surprised on his knees in his dressing-room, engaged in addressing the Saviour, on whom his firm, but humble trust was reposed—the virtue of humility was pre-eminently his. Each of his children believed themselves to have been his best beloved; nor was it until after his death, that, as one of them timidly expressed this conviction, the impartiality of their father was discovered in its entire and beautiful consistency.

The following extract from a letter penned by his sister Maria, ten days previous to his eyes being closed forever on this world, seem anticipating an event not then apprehended; they describe without such intention, the condition of mind in which the last summons was met by him "the Angel of Death" was hovering over, and also afford an insight

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\* This accomplished lady was the daughter of General Whitelocke, and sister to the Lady of Sir Ouseley Gore, many years ambassador at the Court of Persia.



into the mind of the writer. The letter was addressed to my mother :

“ I am much obliged to you for the perusal of ‘ Dean Kirwan’s Memoirs,’ if he were now alive, how much would the patriots of the present day benefit by his beneficent exertions.

“ What you mention of Lady D——’s manner of dying, is the second instance I have heard of individuals accomplishing their wish in this respect, but I think it is better for us to be enabled to feel resigned to our Heavenly Father’s will with respect to manner, place, and time, yet were I permitted to make choice, I should say, let me be awake, and perfectly sensible, that my last moments might be those of adoration, and commendation of my spirit into the hands of Him who gave it me, trusting to that Divine promise, ‘ as thy day is, so shall thy strength be,’ for support under the severest trial which can await me here.”

The Rev. John Pearson visited and prayed over his sick bed, and all were mourners who followed his remains. His brother, Col. Durnford, of the Artillery, his nephew, George, son to the Colonel, the Rev. Henry Sewell, rector of Headeorn, Mr. Russell of Swanscombe, Mr. Trustram, his medical adviser, his daughter Jane, his two little grandchildren, Caroline and Mary Dunscomb, and his talented and good friend, Miss Whitelocke, formed the number. The Rev. Daniel Wenham read the solemn service. He lies close to Trinity Church, of whose congregation he had formed one.

When Miss Whitelocke heard of my father’s serious illness, she wrote to mama, offering her kind services in any way, even to sit up at night ; and, although this was declined, on her afterwards offering the accommodation of her handsome house to the family friends she knew would soon repair to the house of affliction, my dear mother accepted the delicate hospitality, for several of her own and departed husband’s relatives : My father’s eyes were closed by dawn of day, March 8, 1850.

Subjoined are the thoughts of his absent children, and some of his friends, on hearing their loss, being extracts from their letters :

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“ I need not tell you with what grief I received the intelligence of my dear father’s death. It is a great consolation, however, that he died hoping for eternal happiness. Although his last days were attended with some anxiety in worldly interests, I think a better man never lived, and many is the poor man who had reason to bless him.”

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“ May 1, 1850. Your letters of March 10 reached me to-day, informing me of the sad and grievous loss we have all sustained. I did not expect this intelligence, as only the last mail brought me a letter from himself, in which he says that he had not felt so well in health and spirits for some years past. He must have felt happy as well as in good spirits when he wrote that of February 14. I reflect with great satisfaction that, on the last trip I made with him from London to Northfleet, one of the gentlemen on board the steamer was talking of the trouble of large families, upon which my father remarked with great pride and pleasure,

that he thanked God none of his children had ever given him an hour's sorrow or uneasiness. I am happy now to have had an opportunity of hearing him say that. He always appeared happy in the society of his family. The life of a good man is always happy; and when my death comes, I hope I may be able to meet it with as full assurance of salvation as he has done. I was in great hopes that he would have lived to see me return from this country, but it has pleased the Almighty that I should not enjoy that happiness, which his welcome would have given me. Pray take great care of my mother, in doing so (although it is unnecessary that I should have said this) your love will be shown to her, and also to our father who is departed."

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"I am writing on the desk dear papa left me, and very happy am I to think I had the lasting gratification of seeing him since I left him on my marriage. Oh! that we may all meet him in heaven, and turn our days to account as he did, with the true repentance of a sincere and truthful heart."

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"April 9, 1850. This day fortnight I received the mournful account of the departure of our dear parent for a better world. To-day your letters of the 20th arrived, and I have had the melancholy satisfaction of hearing that the last rites have been performed, and may you all be supported under the remaining trials that await you. We feel assured that the exchange that has been made by our dear papa is a blessed one, and that he has only gone a little before us, and ere long we shall be called to pass through the valley of the shadow of death. May we meet that time as well prepared for our great change as he was, and it will be well with us.

"I feel truly thankful to hear that you have been so greatly supported under the heavy affliction that our heavenly father has called us all to bear. We have, indeed, the greatest of all consolations, which is to remember that our deceased relative was a truly pious and devoted Christian, and one whose steps we may safely follow. He knew the path of duty, and always walked therein."

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"March 9, 1850. It is impossible for me to express what Mr. Day and myself feel for you all in the heavy loss you have sustained, of a dear, and excellent husband and father; may the Almighty in his goodness please to support you all under this heavy trial, and give you all the comfort and consolation this world can bestow. We will indeed, pray for you, for we all know what your feelings must be on this melancholy occasion, dear man, he is happy, for a better and kinder-hearted person never breathed, may our end be like his, quiet and resigned to the will of our heavenly father, who orders everything for our good. That every blessing and consoling comfort may attend you all, is the sincere and heartfelt wish of

your affectionate uncle and aunt,

CHARLES AND CHARLOTTE DAY."

“MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER,—The mail last week brought us the sad news that God had taken to himself dear, kind, grandpapa. Follow in his steps, be as good as he was, or try to be; pray God to enable you to be, and you will again see him in heaven. How good, how kind, you will try to be to dear grandmama; remember you must not talk loud before her, and do nothing in the world to vex her. Dear mama is plunged in the greatest affliction at hearing of the loss of her dear kind parent, who she was devotedly attached to.”

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“April 27, 1850. The great affliction with which it has pleased the Lord to try you and your family, has been a great and sudden shock to us all in this country. Philip has felt most severely the loss of his revered parent, whom to know was to love. ‘Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord,’ and praised be the Lord for the comforting assurance of his holy revelations, that the separation from those we love, by a mortal death, is but short and temporary. The affecting and interesting details of the last moments of our dear father, towards whom, I had an affection and veneration not inferior to what I felt for my own parents, I trust will be profitable to us, that when our time shall come, we too may die the death of the righteous.”

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“March 9, 1850. We were much grieved this morning to receive the unexpected and mournful intelligence of your dear husband’s death. We had not at all, from the preceding letter, anticipated so sad and speedy a termination to the illness under which he had been suffering, but supposed it to be nothing more than the effects of the variable weather on his weakened frame. But the Lord had disposed it otherwise, and I am firm to believe that his faith and confidence in the one and only Saviour of his people was such, as that he is now enjoying his everlasting presence, and the joys of his kingdom. I am not stoic enough to bid you not to grieve at the departure of the companion of your life and the father of your children, but I pray that grace and strength may be given in proportion to your need, and the everlasting arms be under you to bear you up under your severe affliction. In the Lord alone can you find that peace and consolation which the world can neither give nor take away, and which is all we want in such times of sorrow and bereavement.

H. D. SEWELL.”

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“March 15, 1850. Deeply I feel for you all in the severe trial it has pleased the Lord to lay upon you, and, sincerely I hope you may be supported and strengthened according to your need. Your dear mother has lost a kind husband, and you as kind a parent; his loss therefore, will be keenly felt by you all. We too, have reason to speak most highly of him, for we ever found him a truly kind friend, and one for whom we had a great regard.

“I little thought when we received your last kind letter that his illness would have terminated fatally, especially as you said he was better

and had been ordered strengthening things ; but the Lord appointed it otherwise, and may you be enabled to say ' It is well.'

" I shall be thankful to hear your health has not been injured by the effort you intend making on Tuesday. It will doubtless be satisfaction to you to feel, that at least one of his children was able to follow him to the grave.

CHARLOTTE SEWELL.

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" I know not how to offer consolation under the loss you have sustained. I can only assure you of my own love, for you have been the most affectionate of mothers to me, and my dear departed father has always been the most indulgent of fathers to me. I must often have given him cause for anger, but he never shewed that he was displeased ; and one of the last expressions of his that I can remember was, that none of his children had ever caused him an hour's sorrow or uneasiness. I hope my dear mother you will be able to say the same of us. I am sure we shall all strive so to act, that you may be able to say so, during the time we may have to remain in this world."

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" April, 1850. It was with the deepest sorrow I heard of the death of your beloved father, and all I felt on losing my dear parents, makes me feel your irreparable loss. We must submit humbly to the decrees of God, and if consolation can be found after such a heavy loss, it is in the idea that my dear uncle is now receiving the reward of his virtues ; for I believe a better man never existed.

ELIZA DE ST. ANTOINE."

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" C'est avec la plus profonde douleur que nous apprenons l'irréparable perte que la famille vient de faire, et nous unissons nos larmes aux vôtres. Vous perdez un bon père, Madame Durnford un bon époux, l'armée un galant officier, et nous un bon parent. Il reçoit en ce moment dans le ciel la récompense de ses vertus. Je me rappellerai toujours avec émotion toutes ses bontés et toute sa bienveillance, et ses souvenirs ne s'effaceront jamais de mon cœur. Puissent nos profonds regrets adoucir l'amertume des vôtres."

HIPPOCRATE COMTE DE ST. ANTOINE."

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" March 13, 1850. Your note only reached me last evening, soon enough certainly for the sad intelligence it conveyed ; you have all been in my thoughts and in my prayers the night past, and truly do I sympathize with you, the more especially with you dear mother. He alone can heal the wound who has inflicted it ; and that it is done in love and mercy we know, for He doth all things well. You have much to console you in the certainty of the clear and firm faith and resignation of your excellent parent, who is now released from all care—safely lodged in his Saviour's kingdom, in the mansion prepared for him and all who, like him, have fought the *good* fight, and is now crowned with a crown of glory that fadeth not away. He did not long remain after his old attached friend, my own ever to be lamented husband, whose friendship

and esteem for him was as sincere as it was pure; he often spoke of the pleasure he derived from his intimate acquaintance with your worthy father: nor was my esteem for him any less. His amiable conduct during our visit in London, in 1840, would have won our hearts' best feelings, even if we had not known him before that period. What rich consolation is yours!—(oh! how different from those who are called upon to part with friends, even dear to them, who cannot cherish a hope for their happiness beyond the world they leave behind them.) Dwell on all those mercies, my dear young friend—it will soothe your spirits, and greatly tend to soften this unexpected bereavement; and may this solemn call excite me and all that loved him, to pray and strive to watch, that we may also die the death of the righteous, and be permitted to join him and all dear ones where the weary are at rest. You do not say how your dear mother is. I am concerned for her; this great trial so soon after her recent illness I hope will not be too much for her strength. I shall not attempt to write her just now, merely because I think I had better not do so; but do you say all to her for me that your own kind heart would suggest for a friend as dear to you as my excellent friend is to me. She will require much attention after her recent fatigue, and I know your dear mother is sometimes careless of herself. How much I do wish we were near you, that we might in any way be useful to you. I cannot realize the contents of your note though I have read it so many times, and although I seem to have spent the last night in your family.

“ELIZA DUNSCOMB.”

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The next letter is to Mrs. Durnford, also from Mrs. Dunscomb, the mother of her son-in-law, and as well as the last recalls a twofold loss.

“March, 29, 1850.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I know well that no effort of friendship, however well intended, can do that which He only can do—that has in His divine wisdom seen fit to thus test your faith in the removal of your dear companion; but, although I know I cannot afford you that consolation my heart would earnestly desire to communicate, yet I can no longer forbear to tell you how truly I do sympathize with you in this sad bereavement. I have refrained until now, because from experience I was assured nature must be indulged, though grace will triumph, and ere this I trust my dear friend has begun to see mercy, and even love, in the rod which *seemed* to chasten so severely: you have been called upon to drink *deep* of the cup of affliction, yet He who ordered even this trial, has promised to sustain you under all your trials, and never to leave nor forsake you. No human being can offer or afford the comfort or consolation contained in this rich promise—how sweet in its tender love for us! how encouraging in our tribulation! It does require all your faith and resignation to resign your dearest best friend—your early companion, who has so faithfully and affectionately walked hand in hand with you, through so many years of your pilgrimage here on earth, partaking in all your joys and all your sorrows,—all your house must miss one

whose amiable, benevolent, humane disposition, would endear him to all that had the honour and pleasure of his acquaintance. How great the privilege of being allowed to consider such excellence among our intimate friends: I have often reflected on this, and felt thankful for every good friend I was permitted to have: it certainly is among our greatest earthly blessings; and then how sweet the hope to look forward to a reunion hereafter; and this dear friend is for your support, and must reconcile you to a short separation. Many things teach us to see love in this removal for departed ones—hard as the blow is for *us* to bear, both you and I can do better without them, while we are to continue in this world of wants and cares, than these beloved ones could have done without us—our dear daughters can lessen much of *our* cares; but neither son nor daughter, can be to a husband when advanced in years, what a wife is: the desolation is great for our desolate hearts—but how much greater would it be for theirs? The nature of our very employments are such, as to have a tendency to these helps; but this they could not apply: accustomed to depend entirely on us for domestic comfort, how sadly would they miss all those little attentions that so much lessen the infirmities of advanced age! In many things our beloved companions resembled each other. In kind feelings to all their fellow creatures, in deep love for their own immediate family and relations, in bearing and forbearing others' infirmities in the most generous of charitable feelings—, in all this they assimilated: they are in the enjoyment of that happiness which is promised by our blessed Saviour to those who fed, clothed, and visited *in his name* and for his sake. How precious in his sight are his saints! even while we are here, He will not inflict *one* more stroke than is for our good, for he is a loving God. These breaks in those links in the charm of our earthly delights, are necessary to wean us from our strong attachments to this life. Where our treasure is, there will our hearts be also.

ELIZA DUNSCOMB."

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“ I hope and trust that by this time, my dear friends can view their Heavenly Father's dispensation as it was intended, and that the gain has been so great to their departed dear one, as to reconcile them in some measure to their own irreparable loss. I have a great desire to know on what day the last sad rites were performed: I did not enquire when I answered ——'s letter, but I fixed on a day in my own mind, from circumstances in which I thought this painful duty would be attended to. How much I value the likeness you so kindly did for me of your departed parent! I always valued it—and have now an affection for it: it has been the companion of all my travels. That it was a likeness was proved by Mr. Daly's knowing it as soon as he saw it at the cottage. I have also a walking stick which the dear good general gave my dear lamented husband in London, in 1840; and so much did dear Mr. Dunscomb esteem it for the donor's sake, that he had both their names engraven on it, one as the giver, the other as receiver. I have kept it with great care, intending to send it—to keep for our little Godfrey. The weather seems to be getting a little warmer: I do hope you will prevail on your dear

mama to get out as soon as the weather will permit her—the country will soon have much to interest and attract with its natural beauties, always displaying the wonders of a mighty Creator,—nothing earthly so well calculated to soothe the spirits and compose the mind. We forget self, in contemplating His glorious works in beauty and usefulness.

“ELIZA DUNSCOMB.”

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“ March 12, 1850.

“ MY DEAR JANE,—The sight of your note yesterday evening, shocked me inexpressibly, and I had hardly the courage to break the seal, for I saw but too plainly that it was sent to tell the saddest news. The first glance at your handwriting confirmed my worst fears, and I could not help weeping bitterly when I found who the loved one was that had been taken from you. You have indeed been bereaved, but you have the sweetest and dearest consolation that can be afforded under such circumstances, even the blessed certainty that your dear father has entered into a happy, a glorious rest, where suffering and sorrow can no more reach him. ‘Thanks be to God who has given him the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.’ Oh! my dear, in such moments what should we be? what should we do? without that gracious Saviour, in and through whom alone there is life and hope. May He be sensibly present with you all by the power of his Holy Spirit, and comfort and sustain you in this season of sorrow and trial. To his gracious care I commend you affectionately and earnestly. God is indeed dealing with you just now, but doubt not for a moment that he only chastens in tender love: not for his pleasure, but for your profit. ‘Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.’ You are constantly in my thoughts; and much, very much, do mama and I wish that we were near you, that we might do the utmost in our power to be of use and assistance to you. She unites with me in tender love and deepest sympathy. She would write to our dear Mrs. Durnford, but she thinks it best not to do so just at present. It was so very kind and considerate of you to write so to me, my dear —, but you are always full of thought for others. May our Heavenly Father richly bless and *fully* comfort you and yours, for Jesus Christ’s sake. M. A. B.

“If you can, will you let me hear from you in the course of a few days.”

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“ May 31, 1850.

“ A short time after I had written last to you, my dearest —, on taking up a newspaper which had been some days in the house, without my looking at it, how was I struck by a notice in the *Obituary*!—and how did I regret my untimely letter! I would have recalled it if I could. I would have written immediately on receiving the melancholy announcement which had so surprised me, if I had felt I could say anything seasonable or soothing. All I could then offer—all

I can now say is, to ask you to accept my affectionate sympathy, believing that I have been much in thought with every member of your bereaved family, and have felt for each and all, deprived of its honoured and beloved *Head*. My own personal recollections give rise to many a grateful feeling within me, recalling the recent friendliness so very gratifying to me, which I experienced in England, and which contributed not a little to the enjoyment my London visits afforded me. To 'His rest' we may believe the Lord has taken him whose loss we deplore,—taken him from a world of grief and pain: and to that rest, dear ———, let us look, trusting to enter therein, through the merits of Him who is mighty to save, and who we humbly hope will hereafter 'reunite us to those who have *gone before*' to their 'Eternal Home,'—leaving sorrowing friends behind them—yet not sorrowing as those without hope.

E. F."

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"September, 1850.

"Accept my best thanks for your kind attention in forwarding me 'The United Service Magazine,' containing 'Scenes in an Officer's Early Life.' It was with a mixed feeling of pain and melancholy pleasure I perused the interesting article; following our dear departed through some of his many dangers, with almost breathless dread; his was, comparatively speaking, a long life of danger and service in a few months. How strong the affectionate filial heart in the tender mention of his parental bereavement! it was almost as though one heard the sad voice that would utter them: what narrow escapes—multiplied upon him without space for rest—sometimes for consideration! yet our dear friend seemed always collected, always so brave. With what grateful feelings did we trace, throughout, the love and mercy of a Divine Providence: although I so greatly rejoiced when he was safely landed again on his native shore, I regretted we were at the termination of that which interested us so much.

ELIZA DUNSCOMB."

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"——It was very kind of you to anticipate the wish I had so much at heart—namely, to read the interesting narrative contained in the book you sent me. I have often been wishing to learn in what publication it was to be met with, and had more than once questioned the dear little girls as to where it might be found, being sadly ignorant of most of the periodical publications. I could not from them exactly make out what to ask for, and I felt regret after your departure, that I had not at once made the request of you. However, through your kindness and consideration, I was soon gratified, and upon reading the by far too short account, I was not long in discovering how much I should have lost had I not been successful in obtaining it. Much more of it would have been read with interest.

S. B. SAINT."

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"Toronto, April 7, 1850.

"MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW,—We received by the last mail the sad, sad intelligence that it had pleased Almighty God to re-



move from this world of trouble our very dear excellent parent. Our loss is his gain—for he was all goodness in this life, and will be happy in the next. May our all-wise and merciful God strengthen you, to bear the burden of your great affliction, is our constant and heartfelt prayer.

“When I spoke to Alice and Godfrey Metcalfe of the great loss we had all sustained, they seemed to understand it well, for little Metcalfe exclaimed with a look, as if his cup of bitterness was full, ‘Then, dear papa, we have no grandpapas at all now.’ Alice wished to know if she should see him in heaven. They have both spoken to me of the sad event since.

“It was a great trial for my dear wife: her affectionate attached heart, was plunged in grief. Her love for her dear father was without any other feeling—and I think she finds consolation in the sad comfort that he had seen her children, and had loved them as well as her, before he left us.”

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April 12, 1850. “Persuaded as I am in my own mind that your late excellent husband has entered into the rest which remaineth for the people of God, still I cannot but condole with you upon the heavy loss which it has pleased God you should sustain in his sudden removal from your little happy circle. To a mind piously disposed, such as yours, it must at least be an alleviation of distress when the thought is present, that the wound thus inflicted has been caused by One who makes all things work together for His people’s good—by One who will not afflict you beyond what you are able to bear; and I trust that ere this you will have experienced, in some measure, a fulfilment of those words of the prophet, that “though the Lord hath torn he will heal, though he hath smitten he will bind up.” In death itself there is, no doubt, a sting, and that sting is sin; but you have every reason to rejoice in the knowledge of the comforting fact, that your late partner could look upon the last enemy as a conquered foe. He has fallen ‘asleep in Jesus,’ and them that ‘sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.’ Therefore take comfort from the happy assurance of these comforting words.

EDMUND W. SEWELL.”

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To Mrs. E. W. Sewell.

“May I request the favour of you, in writing to Mrs. Durnford, or any of your family at home, to convey to them the expression of my sincere condolence upon occasion of the heavy bereavement with which it has pleased God that they should be visited, and of my affectionate respect for the memory of the deceased, whom I always regarded as among ‘the excellent of the earth,’ and who, I am well persuaded, is now numbered among those who have ‘died in faith,’ and await, through Christ, a ‘resurrection to immortal glory.’

“G. J. MONTREAL.”

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My dear mother survived my father three years; she expired June 27, 1853, and the same tomb contains both their remains, in Trinity Church yard, at Tunbridge Wells.

“MY DEAR MISS DURNFORD AND MISS JANE DURNFORD, — I could not hear of your having affliction without feeling it to be a loss also to myself; but I am most deeply grieved, my dear ladies, for your most painful bereavement. I truly sympathize with you; but I grieve to think how little comfort this can give you. However, I console myself with the thought that you will be led to seek consolation where alone it is to be found, and where it can never be sought for in vain. May you be mercifully supported in this trying time. I trust, my dear Miss Durnfords, you will not think me intrusive or troublesome, in thus venturing to address you. I hardly know how to resist writing a few lines, to tell you how much I felt for you in your distress. I will not add more—except to beg of you not to think of writing to me in reply. I would not pain you by asking it; I do not, in the least, expect you to attempt it; it would be much too painful a task for you, I well know, at least, at present, or for some time to come.

“I cannot but say that I am very anxious to hear how you are in health and spirits also, after the anxieties, watchings, and many painful scenes you must have passed through; but I shall find some other means of hearing of you. My mother begs me to give her kindest regards; and with my kind love to the two young ladies, my younger friends, I remain,

“Yours most sincerely,

“S. B. SAINT.”

Groombridge Place, July 4, 1853.

This amiable young lady, now no more, was daughter to the heiress of Groombridge Place, which Evelyn, in his diary, mentions as a house built within a moat, in a woody valley; and was the place where the Duke of Orleans was confined when taken by one Waller, at the battle of Agincourt.

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DEAR MISS DURNFORD,—Most sincerely do we all sympathize with you and your sister in your present affliction, of which we heard, with real concern, on our return home on Thursday evening. In our absence we had heard so favourable a report of your dear mother, whom you had both been nursing and tending with such filial affection, that I can imagine you had also entertained hopes of a recovery; and the shock, therefore, must have been the greater to you. But the dear sufferer, now no longer such, but, as we confidently hope, in rest and peace, would bid you not to mourn for her, but to anticipate that future reunion, the hope of which is graciously given to console us under our sad bereavements and trials; our merciful and loving Saviour, who has himself so deeply drunk the cup of human *woe*, is ever a present help in time of trouble, and such he will prove to you. I am truly sorry to find that your health, and that of your sister, has failed so much, but I hope for a better account. Can I, or my daughters, be of the least service to you in any way? It would give us much pleasure, if we could be of any use in lessening your fatigue and anxiety. Do not trouble yourself to send

more than a verbal reply to this. My daughters unite in kind, sympathizing regards to you both, with,  
Yours truly,

CHARLOTTE HARRISON."

9 Calverley Parade.

The dear old lady, who wrote this affectionate note, was the near neighbour of her whose loss she deplored, and did not long survive her. Like my mother, she was remarkable for her beauty.

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"27, Grove St., Leamington, July 5, 1853.

"I do sympathize with you in this great loss. We know we are all in the hands of a merciful and loving Father, who hath promised to comfort all those who seek Him, when heavy laden. I know your trust is in Him; may He, my dear friends, support you in all this, and in every sorrow. You have much to comfort you in this sad bereavement—oh! how much more than many who are called upon to part with a parent, and who must mourn with very little hope. Oh, how different is your case! feeling, as you must, this change is for your good parent's very great gain—that she is called to receive her reward. She has left but few behind that can equal her in many things: it can be truly said of your inestimable mother, "she has faithfully served her generation."

"There certainly would be great comfort in all trials, if we could but feel that all things are under *His* control, who never willingly afflicts His people; and that, in all our trials and disappointments, there is much mercy and love! I am, myself, striving to attain to this very desirable and exalted realization, in my own trial, which has been very great, and with very aggravated circumstances, which, in your affliction, you have been spared. I am certain you have had great anxiety and much fatigue, and I fear you have no dear friend to remind you of yourselves, or to watch your *needs* just now. Oh! that we were near you in this trying time, when real friends are so much required! I have found this blessing in my need, in our dear friends, the Tuckers, who, like the good Samaritan, pour the oil into the wounded heart; and, from bitter experience, know how to pity and how to soothe. If we can, at this distance, be of any service to you, do, my dear friends, command us. There is no one thing in our affliction so assuasive, as to endeavour to lessen the sorrows or difficulties of others! The time has been when I should have hastened to you; but that time has passed, and I can only now pray for you and sympathize with you; and this I do fervently and sincerely.

"ELIZA DUNSCOMB."

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"Headcorn Vicarage, July 4, 1853.

"MY DEAR MISS J. DURNFORD,—Your sad letter of last Saturday, received this morning, has given us quite a shock. We had seen nothing of the melancholy event in the newspapers, and had hoped, from not hearing further from you, that your dear mother was getting over her previous severe attack, and had the prospect of some years more of this

life before her. But it has pleased the Lord otherwise, in his love and wisdom; and it is among His other mercies that she has been taken away without pain and suffering. What a glorious change it is to the believer in Christ! At one moment perplexed with the cares and troubles of life, cast down, though not forsaken; at the next, wearing the garments of salvation, attended by those who are 'ministering angels, sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation,' placed at the right hand of the Father, comely in the comeliness of Jesus, 'accepted in the Beloved,' and made one with Him in glory, and honour, and immortality! While we deeply mourn over the bereavement of the living who remain, we cannot mourn as those who have no hope, over those who fall asleep in Jesus.

"It will be a satisfaction to me, though a sad one, to pay the last tribute of respect to your dear departed mother, for whom I ever entertained the highest esteem and respect, and thank you for giving me the opportunity to do so.

"My dear wife joins with me in the deepest sympathy for you *all*. May the Lord keep and guide you, and give you the blessing of His spiritual riches and grace, in and through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

HENRY D. SEWELL."

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"Mornington Road, Regent's Park, July 1.

"MY DEAR JANE,—I was exceedingly shocked last evening to see in the paper the death of your excellent mother. Believe me, my dear Jane, I most truly sympathize with you and your sisters in your sad bereavement, having myself experienced the same bitter trial; and you, like myself, are left without brothers in this country to assist you, and with only your sister to share your sorrow. May God support you and comfort you. I should like to have seen your dear mother once more. I have never forgotten her kindness to me when I was in bad health, and when I was in sorrow for the sudden death of my eldest brother.

"Yours very affectionately,                      LAURA BURTON."

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"Gloucester-place, Portman-square, July 8, 1853.

"MY DEAR JANE,—You have been much in my thoughts, my dear friends, since I heard of your sad bereavement, and you have my heartfelt sympathy on the occasion. We cannot grieve for your dear mother, as she is now blessed and happy with her Saviour, free from pain and care; but the void that must be in your hearts must be sad, and you must grieve for the loss of such a mother and friend as she has been. May God bless you, and comfort and direct you in your future trials. Think of me with affection, and believe that nothing can be sweeter to me than to be of use to the daughters of so sweet and much valued a friend, independent of my regard for you.

"Ever your attached friend,                      MARY BROOKING."

“ For the last six weeks I have been very anxious that my pen should express to you the deep sympathy and interest I felt for you and your sister, as I was prevented seeing you before I left Tunbridge Wells, having left home earlier than usual, and with inconvenient suddenness, too early after the period of your sad calamity to admit of my seeing you when I called at your door to inquire for your sorrowing party, and then I grieved to find that you and your sister were both physically as well as mentally suffering; and no wonder, after the painful scenes you had been called on to go through, and the severing of one of the dearest and closest ties of nature. Believe me, dear Miss Jane, few of your friends sympathize and feel more truly for you than I do, and greatly interested shall I feel in hearing from you, whenever you feel disposed to give me some intelligence of your sister and yourself; and sincerely do I hope that you will be able to tell me that time has already begun its friendly office of smoothing the keen edge of sorrow, and that Miss Durnford’s and your health is beginning to recover its usual tone. Deep and heavy must indeed be your sorrow, but you have the blessed support of the Christian’s hope; may that sustain and strengthen you both. In your departed parent I feel I have lost a kind and partial friend, one for whom I, in common with all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, had much esteem; still it is indeed satisfactory to recall that our loss is her gain. Your dear young folks, I apprehend, must have been suffering, in common with yourselves; but, at their age, tears are soon wiped away, though doubtless, through life, they will recall the memory of their sainted grandmother with that grateful veneration her maternal kindness and love claimed from them. Pray offer my kindest regards to your sister and nieces; and, with every good wish, believe me, my dear Miss Jane, affectionately yours,

MARIA WHITELOCKE.

“ Foston Rectory, August 13.”

## SECTION XX.

## DURNFORD PEDIGREE.

When my father turned his attention to the claims of the heirs of Thomas Durnford, prior to proceeding further it became necessary to obtain the baptismal registry of each; in procuring these, he had some trouble, attended with considerable expense, but he regarded neither, for the inquiry was full of interest to him. He says in his "Autobiography," I have traced my ancestry back to 1590, and probably he would have carried the search much farther, but that it was attended with expense. The essential result of his labours is subjoined.

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The Domesday Book mentions, as then existing in the three adjoining parishes of Sarisburie; now Stratford, Darneford, now Durnford; and of Ambresbury, no less than 17 mills."—*Duke's II. of J. II.*

"Roger de Derneford, in 12 of Henry II., held the fifth part of a knight's fee in the county of Wilts, of Patrick, Earl of Salisbury."—*Liber niger Scaccarig*, page 108.

"Stephen Durnford was Sheriff of Devon, 6, Henry V., his arms sable, a ram's head, erased argent, horns or."—*Isaac's Antiquities of Exeter*.

Extract from Lyson's Britannia, under the head of Plymouth, Devon.

"Among the great Cornish landholders of the present day, we may reckon Earl Montedgewcombe, who possesses the ancient patrimony of his family at Cotehill, and the Durnford estates, the more valuable part of which is on the Devonshire side of the water, comprising the town of Stonehouse, and the Montedgewcombe Estate, &c., &c., arms, &c., being the Ram, whose heiress Durnford married Cuthbert Fisher, Esq., Chief Clerk, Treasurer's office, Ordnance, Streatham, Norwood."—*Tewkesbury Glossary*.

Another Extract. On the origin of the surname. Its use was merely limited to the Lord of the Parochial Town or Mill, as Edwardas de Sarisberrie, Ricardas de Derneford.

"Sir Thomas Arundel, ancestor to the Lord Arundel of Trerice, married Mary, daughter of Thomas Darnford, of the county of Somerset."—*Collins' Peerage*, Art. 7, page 171.

"Sir Piers Edgecombe, of Mount Edgecombe, Devon, H. B., married to his first wife, Jane, daughter and heir of Stephen Durnford, of East Stonehouse in the same county, by his wife, the daughter of Rame, of Rame, Esq. Sir Piers died August 31, of Henry VIII."—*Collins' Peerage*, vol. 7, p. 341.

Extract from the Survey of Cornwall by Richard Carew, of Antonie, Esq.

"The first promontory of this harbour, speaking of Plymouth, on the west side, is Rame Head, by his proportion receiving by his possession giving that name and arms to his owner, whose posterity conveyed it by

intermarriages from Durnford to Edgecombe. On the top thereof, riseth a little vaulted chapel, which serveth for a mark at sea."—*Book 2, page 99.*

"Henry Derneford, of Sherborn, in the county of Dorset, compounded with the Parliament sequestrators for his estate in the sum of £281."—*List of Compounders.*

"William Durnford, of North Edbury, in the county of Somerset, compounded in like manner for his, in the sum of £50."—*Ibid.*

"On September 14, 1662, several persons assembled in a riotous manner at the house of one Hesneb, a quaker, at Southampton. Fourteen were apprehended by the Mayor, the principal of which were, one Emery, a late Captain of Oliver Cromwell, and one Durnford, a lieutenant in that cause."—*Kennett's Chronicle.*

"Arms: Durnford of Devon, sable, a ram's head, cab argent, attired or."—*Edmondson's Heraldry.*

Account of the Durnfords of North Edbury, Somersetshire.

Extract of a letter from Rev. John Askew:

"The register in many places is not legible to my eyes, for I cannot so easily make out the antiquarian manner of writing. I do not find any monumental inscriptions, which I wonder at, as your family must have been ancient inhabitants of this parish. There are lands which are called by the name of Durnford's grounds. I do not find the name after the year 1683."

It is from William Durnford the present family trace their descent, though neither registry nor inscription directly relating to him have been discovered, probably owing to the reason given by the incumbent of the parish, the Rev. John Askew.

In the registry, among many others, are the following names:—

Eliza, daughter of William Durnford, baptized 1595.

Maria, daughter of William Durnford, baptized 1598.

William Durnford, Church Warden, 1615.

Thomas Clothier and Eliza Durnford, married 1618.

Joane, daughter of John Durnford, baptized 1627.

Andrew Durnford, buried 1642.

Edith Durnford, buried 1634.

Edith Durnford, baptized 1663.

Robert, son of William Durnford, baptized 1675.

William Mathews and Edith Durnford, married 1683.

Eleanor, daughter of William Durnford, buried 1683.

Mary Durnford, married William Goodall, 1694. She afterwards married William Vannes, an attendant of King William. They were parted, and she lived at Wick. They were buried in Sopley Church.

This branch of the family left Eadbury to settle at Andover. The first traced there is John Durnford, buried 1653. This John Durnford, it is supposed, was eldest son to William Durnford, traced to have been church warden, 1615.

The son of John, also John Durnford, married first Martha Philpot, at Andover, 1683. He again married Mary Lancaster, 1690.

His son, Thomas Durnford, baptized at Andover, June 14, 1684, married, at Eppingham, May 16, 1719, Mary Lane, whose father, Elias Lane, died at Thornford, near Sherborn, aged 110 years, March 28, 1752.—*Gentleman's Magazine*. By this wife Thomas Durnford had a fortune of £3,000 and a small estate at Wick. She was buried at Ringwood, November 18, 1734. By this wife he had two sons. He was buried at Ringwood, December 21, 1737.

Elias Durnford, born at Ringwood 1720.

Andrew Durnford, born 1728, married Joanna Swaine, October 20, 1760. His son, Thomas Durnford, died at New Orleans, unmarried, and without leaving a will, May 23, 1826.

Elias Durnford, born November 1, 1715, married Martha Gannaway, at Rockbury, 1738. After the year 1744 he appears to have removed to Norwood, where he subsequently resided. He was buried at Streatham, May, 1774; his wife was buried at the same place, December, 1780. They had four sons—Elias, Thomas, Andrew, Clark.

Elias Durnford, their eldest son, born at Ringwood June 13, 1739.

*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1769, July,—Elias Durnford, Esq., appointed Lieutenant-Governor of West Florida.

















