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THE LIFE
OF
COLONEL POWNOLL PHIPPS
K.C., H.E.I.C.S.
WITH FAMILY RECORDS





Thipp's

ADELE C. HOWELLS FUND

THE LIFE
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COLONEL POWNOLL PHIPPS
K.C., H.E.I.C.S.

WITH FAMILY RECORDS

BY
POWNOLL W. PHIPPS, M.A.
RECTOR OF CHALFONT ST. GILES AND RURAL DEAN



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P R E F A C E .



THE difficulties I have had to surmount in obtaining the information given in the following pages have been very great. The long time my father resided in France and in India separated him from his relations, and this separation was increased by his resentment at their conduct towards his first wife, Henriette de Beaurepaire. My father was naturally reticent on such matters, and probably we should have remained in ignorance had not the brothers of Henriette de Beaurepaire obtained my father's address by advertising for him in the *Times* on November 30, 1850, in order that they might give him their sister's share of some property. In return they requested him to give them some account of all that had happened to her. This my father did, and afterwards he continued to write his reminiscences from time to time. On my father's death in 1858 these incomplete papers and other documents came into my hands, and from that time till now, so far as my many serious duties permitted, I have been

endeavouring to collect additional facts relating to my father and our family.

I have now obtained all the information I can expect to receive, and as one by one my informants have passed away, it has been a satisfaction to me to feel that I have at least succeeded in rescuing and compiling a family record which might easily have been lost, and which will be valued by our descendants in time to come.

Latterly, however, some members of our family who have had access to my manuscript have represented to me that these records are of too great interest to be withheld from those now living, and that the risk of mishap ought to be guarded against by having them printed for private circulation. After some consideration I have yielded to their wishes, and I can only hope that the value of the facts recorded may outweigh the faults of my work, of which I am but too conscious.

I desire to acknowledge the kind assistance I have received from the Hon. and Rev. Canon Augustus F. Phipps, and from Colonel Alliston Champion Toker, C.B., both of whom have given me documents of the greatest possible use for my purposes. I have also to thank Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson, author of 'A Young Squire of the Seventeenth Century,' a work which helped me considerably, for his introductions to Mr. N. Darnell Davis, Comptroller of Customs at George Town, Demerara,

British Guiana, and especially to the Hon. James Probyn Berridge, of St. Kitts, by whose valuable aid I have been enabled to complete the links in our pedigree table, which for a long time it seemed impossible to recover.

I must, in conclusion, express my sincere thanks to my friends, the Messrs. Bentley, for the kindness with which they have assisted me in bringing out this book in the form in which it appears.

THE LIFE
OF
COLONEL POWNOLL PHIPPS,
K.C., H.E.I.C.S.
WITH FAMILY RECORDS

CHAPTER I.

WE are descended from a branch of the Phipps family, who settled at St. Kitts, in the West Indies, at the end of the seventeenth century. Very little really trustworthy information exists as to our ancestors before that time. It appears, however, that the first of whom we know anything is said to have been a Colonel William Phipps, a yeoman of Lincolnshire, who raised a regiment of horse for the service of King Charles. He had two sons, one named Francis, who settled and died at Reading, 1668, from whom both we and the Mulgrave family are descended; and another, whose name we do not know, but he derives importance from the fact that his son William invented the diving-bell in 1683, and was knighted for it.

The Francis Phipps from whom we are descended had six sons and three daughters. Of these six sons our ancestor was the fifth, and was a Captain James Phipps, who was baptized June 10, 1653, and afterwards settled at St. Kitts, where he married Susanna, only daughter of Captain Robert Clark, of that island, and died 1695. The sixth son was a twin, named Constantine, born 1656, who married Catherine, daughter of Geo. Sawyer, of White Waltham, near Reading, eldest son of Sir E. Sawyer. This Constantine rose to be Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and was knighted. From him the Mulgrave family are descended.

The fifth son, our James Phipps, had two daughters and one son, of whom we only know that he was Captain Phipps, and that he had four sons. The eldest of these was named James. He never married, and he left a will, February 26, 1753, which is of interest from the care with which he provided for his slaves, and the terms on which it shows he lived with them. The next brother was Constantine, my great-grandfather. He married Mary Farrel, and in his will, dated July 1, 1769, and proved at Doctors' Commons, September 1, 1769, he appointed as one of his executors the Right Hon. Constantine, Lord Mulgrave, his second cousin.

Constantine Phipps had two sons and three daughters. Of these the eldest, James (Farrel) Phipps, came to England, and resided at Peterborough. He was Member of Parliament for Corfe Castle, and by will, dated 1785, left all to his daughter, Mary Charlotte. Mary, born

1745, married John Trent, and left an only son, who married his cousin, Elizabeth Phipps.

My grandfather, Constantine Phipps, born 1746, married, May 13, 1771, Elizabeth Tierney, by whom he had fourteen children. Lucy died, unmarried, near Winchester; and Frances married, November 1, 1772, the Rev. Arthur Onslow, D.D., who was Chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons, whose nephew he was, and afterwards became Archdeacon of Berkshire and Dean of Worcester. He was third son of General Onslow, Lieutenant-Governor of Plymouth.

These two marriages, taking place within a few months of one another, united the two young couples, who appear to have had many friends and admirers from their good looks and attractive qualities. Frances Burney describes them in glowing terms in her Teignmouth (Tingmouth) Journal, where she met them both in 1773. 'The Phipps,' she says, 'are newly married, and in great favour. We met Mr. and Mrs. Onslow. The latter is a sister of Mr. Phipps. They are the handsomest couple I ever saw. Mrs. Onslow has suffered much from illness, but must have been quite beautiful. They are well-bred and sensible. We have seen Mrs. Phipps but seldom since her sister-in-law, Mrs. Onslow, has been here. She is a sweet woman, and has pretty blue eyes, like my dear Susan's' (vol. i., pp. 220, 248, 251).

This Mrs. Phipps, my grandmother, was one of three daughters of Mr. James Tierney, of the firm of Tierney, Lilly, and Robarts, Spanish merchants, of Laurence

Pountney Lane. Her name was Elizabeth, but she generally was called Eliza. I believe her mother was a Circassian Princess named Valma, the daughter of a Consul, whom Mr. Tierney may have met in Spain, as they resided a good deal there. My grandmother inherited her blue eyes, and bequeathed her good looks to many of her children. Mr. James Tierney had two other daughters: Penelope, who married the Rev. S. Weston, F.R.S., F.S.A., Rector of Mamhead, near Exeter, and Ann, who was twice married, first to Isaac Elton, Mayor of Bristol, from whom are descended the Eltons of Stapleton House, near Bristol, and White Staunton Manor, Somerset, and secondly to Mr. C. Campbell, of Brock Street, Bath.

The Tierneys are of Irish descent, and came from Limerick. James Tierney's elder brother, Thomas, had four children, the second of whom, Sabine, married Mr. Robarts about 1774, and her daughter married Mr. Thelluson. The fourth, George, born at Gibraltar in 1761, is well known as the Right Hon. George Tierney, M.P. for Knaresborough, who fought a duel with Pitt, May 27, 1798. He was represented by Gillray, in the celebrated caricature, as the Friend of Humanity addressing the needy knife-grinder in the verses Canning put into his mouth. My father knew him well, and was on intimate terms with him; and it was my father who found him lying dead, January 25, 1830, and gave evidence at the inquest. The Right Hon. George Tierney left a son, who was one of the Commissioners of Greenwich

Hospital, and lived at Greenwich with his two sisters in the house which is now the Vicarage, where my father frequently visited them. They were unmarried, and are now dead, and the family is, I believe, extinct, the property passing to Colonel Madocks.

My grandfather inherited a large estate at Half-Way Tree, St. Kitts, in the West Indies. This property, and the business it entailed, such as providing for the slaves, and seeing to the sales of his sugars and rum, caused him constant anxiety, as he had to depend on agents, and it gradually lessened in value. His letter-book, in which he entered all his correspondence from 1771 to 1779, is full of interest, and gives graphic descriptions of the events and feelings of those times. It begins brightly, with accounts of his own doings, interspersed with business details. 'You tell me that I never mention my health. Faith, Jack, till very lately self was the last thing I ever thought of. I must now change my stile for the sake of others, and self will now, I suppose, be chiefly consulted in most things. I never was better in my life; and the only harm I wish you is that when you marry you may be as happy as I now am, and will then feel yourself completely bless'd.' They lived after their marriage at first at CLIFTON, near Bristol, often staying at Graffan, an old house of Sir Robert Bernard's, whence, on July 6, 1771, they were summoned to the death-bed of Mrs. Tierney, the mother of Mrs. Phipps. They also stayed at Brampton, near Huntingdon, where his brother James

lived ; but they lived chiefly at or near Exeter, and a good deal at Topsham. At last, in 1779, my grandfather took a lease of Watton Court, near Totnes, from Sir Frederick Rogers, for £90 a year. It is a very pretty place upon the river Dart, opposite Dittisham, looking down a lovely reach of the river towards Dartmouth. It had forty-three acres of good grass land and three acres of orchards, so that he could keep twelve cows, thirty sheep, and three horses, and make fifteen to twenty hogsheads of good Southam cider annually. Here three of their children were born : Pownoll (my father), January 9, 1780 ; Lucy, July 11, 1781 ; and Anna Maria, December 11, 1782. Here, too, Mary Ann died on June 13, 1779, aged seven and a half years.

The letters mention the presents of mild ale, tripe, and cheese, and raspberry and currant jelly, and raspberry and cherry brandy, dozens of smoked tongues, hogsheads of port, and cases of pickles he sends to his friends in the West Indies, and the sweetmeats, and the turtle, and the kegs of tamarinds, the gallons of Seville orange-juice and lime-juice, and the castor-oil he received from thence, with the pipes of old madeira, and the gallons of rum, and hogsheads of sugar sent him annually. He frequently directs fresh negroes to be purchased, and sends out regularly stores for them—blankets, jackets, Osnaburgh trousers, Dutch caps, and petticoats, together with split beans, biscuits, flour, oatmeal, oats, bran, and barrels of herrings from Ireland. Provisions were cheap near Exeter in

those days. Large chickens were one shilling a couple, and ducks, geese, and turkeys 'in the same plenty and proportion of price.' Butcher's meat was threepence-halfpenny a pound for the prime pieces. Posting was, however, dear, a post-chaise from Exeter to Bristol and back costing £12. My grandfather mentions the outbreak of something very like our present scourge of influenza at Exeter in November, 1775. 'There has been,' he says, 'for two or three weeks past a pestilential disorder reigning in Exeter; a violent cold and fever, which almost everybody has had.'

Then the letters grow sad, as the chances of war seem to be against England, and wheat was 4s. 9d. a bushel. So gloomy is the outlook that my grandfather actually contemplates leaving England altogether should the French seize the West Indies, and in that case asks to be addressed as 'M. Constantine Phipps, gentilhomme Amérique (*sic*), à Bordeaux, en France.'

During their residence at Watton, the war with America and the disgraceful weakness displayed by England were constant causes of distress to my grandfather, whose letter-book is full of painful descriptions and reflections on such subjects. Thus, on October 10, 1779, he wrote: 'The French and Spaniards have a fleet greatly superior to ours. They have paraded and insulted our coasts without attempting to land, and compelled our grand fleet to return into port, their numbers being greatly superior to ours. At present we lay at

Spithed (*sic*), mustering all the force we can. The united fleets, after showing themselves masters of our Channel, have put into Brest to procure water, provisions, etc. 'Tis presumed they will be out again soon, and that if they actually mean seriously to invade us, that they will attempt it this or the next month. Hitherto no action has happened. The enemy have braved us, yet, dreadful to relate, we have carefully avoided it. I had almost said ignominiously, as, while we were laying-to off Plymouth, D'Orvilliers crowded all the sail he could to come up with and give us battle. I blush to relate that we ran from them, and took shelter at Spithed; nor has our fleet since put to sea, though the wind has been fair several times. Yet the same Ministry still continues, and as much cherished by the King as ever.'

'The same Ministry still continue, and though a change is much talked of, such is the corruption and infamy of the times, that I do verily believe, when Parliament meets (which is now fixed for November 25), they will have the same majority then they have always had. In short, I do verily believe the King to be so much attached to his present banditti of an administration, that he will sooner part with his crown than dismiss them from his service. From this description you will imagine I have not a ray of hope for this country. Indeed, I look on it as devoted, irretrievably gone. Still, we must flatter ourselves that something unexpected may rise up in our favour. God grant there may, and that our next letters

from the West Indies may give us some favourable accounts.'

Again, on October 29, 1779, he writes: 'The Irish Parliament have met. Most violent against the present administration. Have carried an address unanimous to the King, telling him that nothing but a free and unconfined trade can save them from ruin. 'Tis said our Parliament will not agree to this, and very warm debates are expected as soon as the English Parliament meet. Some politicians go so far as to predict it will end in Ireland following the example of America, and setting England at defiance. In short, such are the times, that you must not be surprised at anything that happens.'

By May 11, 1779, things took a brighter aspect, and he writes: 'What jeopardy have you been in from D'Estaing! Barrington has behav'd most nobly, and to him we must attribute that a white flag is not at this time flying in all the British islands. When next you see him, make him my best compliments. My friend Pownoll two or three months ago had an action with *L'Oiseau*, a French frigate, which did him great credit. The Frenchman, though but twenty-six guns to Pownoll's thirty-two, took a great deal of drubbing. They were engaged within pistol-shot for two hours. Pownoll, the first broadside, received a wound in his breast which overwhelm'd him with blood, a musket-ball lodging there. His officers, who all adore him, thought him mortally wounded, and press'd him to go down. He thought so, too, and sent

for his Lieutenant to take the command of the ship, but instead of listening to their advice to go down, he coolly took the speaking-trumpet, try'd his lungs. Finding all sound, he swore while he could stand he would not quit the deck. But plucking his shirt out of his breeches, he applied it to the wound, stopp'd the blood, ordered the Lieutenant to his station, and commanded his ship during the engagement the same as if he had not received the least scratch, and remained on deck till the French captain came on board and deliver'd up his ship to him. The ball is still lodged there ; he is now on another cruize.'

On referring to the Public Record Office, I find that Captain Pownoll states in his despatch, dated January 31, 1779, that, being in command of H.M.S. *Apollo*, he was cruising near St. Brieaux, when he descried an enemy's ship with a convoy. He forthwith engaged and captured the vessel, *L'Oiseau*, commanded by Chevalier de Savade, 26 guns, 224 men. The *Apollo* had six killed and twenty-two wounded, among the latter being Captain Pownoll.

It was most natural that in the next year, when my father was born, and Captain Pownoll was at Dartmouth, having returned in his ship from the siege of Gibraltar, my grandfather should ask his plucky friend to stand godfather to his little boy, whom he named after him, and thus the name Pownoll came into our family as a Christian name.

The name Pownoll occurs in the Pellew family ; see

monument in Portsmouth Garrison Chapel on west wall, north of door :

‘In memory of
THE HON. POWNOLL FLEETWOOD PELLEW, R.N.,
Grandson of Admiral Viscount Exmouth ;
Died at Portsmouth on Christmas Day, 1851.
1st Lieut. of Royal Yacht “Victoria and Albert.”
Aged 28 years.’

The first Viscount Exmouth, a distinguished Admiral, gave the name of Pownoll to his eldest son and successor in 1786, and as they are a Devonshire family, and the dates are so near, it appears to be a not unlikely inference that both families chose the name out of regard for the gallant Captain Pownoll.

No doubt my grandfather's mental distress as to the position of England was much aggravated by the great depreciation of his property in the West Indies, which occasioned him some heavy losses and general diminution of income. He determined, therefore, to live in France for a time for the education of his children, trusting to the continuance of the peace secured by the Independence of the United States in 1782, and by the treaty of Paris and Versailles in 1783.

Accordingly, early in 1788 he removed to Caen in Normandy with Mrs. Phipps and their ten children, Mrs. Phipps's sister living at the same time in Caen. The winter of 1788-89 was a severe one, and a scarcity of bread increased the agitation which was spreading among

the people. At Caen mobs collected and threatened the bakers and millers, and when an active young officer named M. de Belzunce, who commanded the garrison, endeavoured to suppress the tumult, the mob killed him, compelled his soldiers to march round his body, and paraded the town carrying his head dressed with hair-powder on a pike. Some women boasted that they had eaten some of his flesh. My grandmother was a brave woman, and when she heard the alarm-bells ringing at night, and the drums beating to arms, she became anxious about the safety of her sister, who was very ill in another part of the town, and she determined to go to her. She did not tell my grandfather, lest it might endanger his safety, and she dared not take a man-servant, lest he should be forced to join the National Guards. She therefore went with only a maid to accompany her, and succeeded in passing through the streets in the midst of all those horrors, narrowly escaping being shot by a sentry for not answering when challenged.

Looking back upon those days with our present knowledge, it is hard to realize how unconscious the people were in France of the course events were taking, or how little thought they had of the terrors which were impending over them. Certainly my grandfather and his family showed no sense of any danger. They were very popular at Caen, and the fact of his having so many children was a constant subject of remark, where large families were uncommon. Even when the French noblesse began to

emigrate, it never struck this English family that they were incurring any risk in remaining. The Duc d'Harcourt, Governor of Normandy, found it advisable to leave Caen, and was glad to offer to let his family mansion with all its furniture to my grandfather at the low rent of £100 a year. My grandfather took it without hesitation and removed his family to it in 1791.

It was a large mansion or Hôtel, in or near the Rue des Carmes. It was built in a quadrangle. The side next the street was occupied by the porter's lodge, and stables for thirty horses. A spacious courtyard led to the main building, which consisted, on the first story, of a large ante-chamber, a dining-room, summer drawing-room, and a bedroom, all looking out on a very large garden. In one wing was the winter drawing-room, a State bedroom, where Louis XVI. had slept, a dressing-room, and a library. The opposite wing had a study and bedrooms; while above the two wings were bedrooms. The ground-floor was entirely occupied by kitchen, offices, coach-houses, harness-rooms, etc. There were two other courtyards, and numerous private staircases. The dining-room was hung with paintings on leather, representing Roman Emperors entering Rome in triumph. The furniture of the State bedrooms was rich yellow satin with wide silver lace, and covered with fleurs-de-lis. The walls were hung with the same material. The Duchess' bedroom was furnished with fine chintz from Persia. Half the garden was cultivated, and the other half laid out in shrubberies.

There was a very long and wide covered walk of lime-trees. In the centre of the shrubbery there was a maze, and in another part a large pond, which separated the garden from the Hôtel de l'Intendance, or the official residence of the High Sheriff, with a private door communicating with that hôtel. There was likewise a large orangery.

During this residence at Caen one son and two daughters were born, while the eldest son, Constantine, obtained an appointment in the Civil Service of the Hon. East India Company and left for Madras, where he was afterwards drowned when bathing in a deep pond and unable to swim. The following baptismal certificate of Elvira Phipps is of interest. Here and elsewhere I have preserved the original spelling.

Extrait des Registres des Baptesmes déposées à la Municipalité de Caen An ce qui suit.

L'an Mil sept cents quatre vingt onze le neuviesme Jour du Mois d'Aoust je soussigné Ministre du Saint Evangile et pasteur de l'Eglise protestante de Caen declare avoir Baptisé selon la forme Recue dans nos Eglises une fille née le vingt juin du legitime Mariage de Constantin Phipps et d'Elizabeth Tierney demeurant ordinairement à Exeter dans la province de devonshire en angleterre, et actuellement Residants paroisse Saint Jean de Caen—la quelle fille a été nommée Elvire par Jean Louis Isaac Chatry de la Fosse de la paroisse Notre Dame de cette ville, et par Ann Elton de Stapleton house de Gloucestershire, en Angleterre, représentée par francoise Phipps sa seur ainée, et Sophie Watts, épouse de George pointz Ricketts de Londres, représentée par M. Chatry de la Fosse de cette

at Civil
1791.

issance
Elvire
hipps.

ville, ses parain et Maraine et la presence des Tesmoins soussignés, ainsy que le pere sa Mere parain et Maraine.

J. L. I. CHATRY DE LA FOSSE.	CONSTANTIN PHIPPS.
DU MOUTIER CHATRY DE LA FOSSE.	ELIZA PHIPPS.
	FRANCES PHIPPS.
CHATRY DE LA FOSSE L'AINÉ.	F. L. SIGUARD MASSIEU.
ELIZA PHIPPS.	DU BREUIL.
MOYSANT.	EMELIE MASSIEU.
JOSEPH MAY.	FREDERIC JEAN MASSIEU.

dau^r RAYMOND BARBER.

JOHN LAMBE,

FOUBONNE DU VERNET ministre et pasteur.

Le present Extrait conforme au Registre delivré par Moi Archi-
viste Expeditionnaire des Actes civils de la Commune de Caen sous-
signé à Caen le douze ventose.

L'an six de la Republique française une et Indivisible

CASTRETON.

Nous administrateurs Municipaux de la Commune de Caen certi-
fions que la signature ci dessus est celle du Citoyen Castreton
pour quoi foi doit y etre ajousté. Donné en La Maison Commune à
Caen les jour Mois et an ci dessus.

GUERVUEZ. LE BARON.

OSMONT. J. MOISSON L'AINÉ.

Vu pour Legalisation des signatures cy dessus par nous adminis-
trateurs du Departement du Calvados. En Séance le 23 Ventose
6 An Republicain.

LE NORMAND. BONNET. BERTRAND.

Among the acquaintances made during these happy
years was that of the Marquis de Faudoas, who resided
with his family sometimes at their family mansion in

Caen, and sometimes at a country château. Their eldest son had emigrated, but they had one daughter, Eléonore. Mdlle. de Faudoas had a young lady cousin, a great friend, a little younger than herself, named Henriette de Beaurepaire. The Comte de Beaurepaire was an officer in the royal navy under Louis XVI. His family resided at Toulon, the naval arsenal. He had a brother living on his estate at Falaise near Caen, who had married a sister of the Marquis de Faudoas, and whilst on a visit to his brother, Henriette was born. While still an infant the child met with an accident, and was so nearly dead that preparations were made for her burial, but symptoms of life were perceived, and she entirely recovered. The Comte de Beaurepaire and his wife were obliged to return home, and they left their little daughter, Henriette, to be brought up by a nurse under the special care of her aunt, who had no daughter. The uncle and aunt became so attached to the child, that by a family arrangement they adopted her as their own child. The Comte de Beaurepaire repeated his visit once or twice, but the mother never saw her child again. The aunt was a sister of the Marquis de Faudoas, and thus her niece and adopted daughter, Henriette, became most intimate with Mdlle. de Faudoas, and also with the family of Phipps, an acquaintance destined to deepen into warm attachment.

In 1792 Mr. Trent, a nephew and ward of my grandfather, went over from England to pay the family a visit

at Caen, and whilst there he became engaged to one of the daughters—my aunt Elizabeth. It was thought better that the marriage should take place in England; and nothing shows more strongly the sense of security which then prevailed than the fact that, for the purpose of this marriage, my grandfather and grandmother left Caen for England, taking with them their two eldest daughters, their second son, and a little girl, in November, 1792, with the intention of returning soon. They left behind at Caen their third living daughter, Penelope, their third son, Pownoll, my father, and their six younger children. War, however, was declared between England and France in January, 1793, and my grandfather found it impossible to return to France. Yet so fully was he persuaded that peace would soon be made again that he did not send for these eight children, and they were left to face the awful events of the Revolution under the charge of the eldest, Penelope, who was only seventeen and a half, and my father, who was only twelve and a half.

The following note by my grandfather, giving his view of the probable conduct of the French, shows how little he realized what was coming :

The French having decreed that all the English in France should be imprisoned on account of a barbarous massacre reported to be committed at Toulon by Lord Hood on the person of one of their deputies, who was found in the town when it agreed to receive the British fleet in their port and to surrender the town, forts, etc., my family at Caen, consisting of a daughter of eighteen years and seven other children from fourteen to two years old, being involved in this

decree, as they were immediately to be looked on as prisoners and treated as such, I wrote my daughter that it was impossible their confinement could continue, as from Lord Hood's character, remarkable for humanity, there was not a doubt the whole was a falsity calculated to set the French nation against such of the English who at that time resided in France ; that the French Government would soon be convinced of the injustice they had done the English nation, and immediately order them all restored to their liberty. My letter gave the French lady (who had been good enough to offer to convey our letters to and fro) great offence. She said it was making my daughter run a very great risque, and that Lord Hood, though my great friend, was detested by all ranks of people in France, and she refused receiving any more of my letters to forward to my daughter. How wretched must be a mob government when you dare not even defend your own nation from an infamous false calumny flung upon it !

Fortunately, as we have seen, the family were very popular among the people of Caen, for my grandfather was very charitable, and well known from his habit of taking long walks into the country or to the seashore, accompanied by his children upon donkeys. They had also friends, as has been mentioned ; but to one family especially they had been entrusted, whose name will always be remembered with gratitude by our family. Two brothers named Chatry de la Fosse, bankers at Caen, had kindly consented to watch over them, and most bravely and truly did they discharge this difficult trust throughout the critical times which now began. They supplied the children with money under circumstances of great difficulty and at the sacrifice of their own interests.

It is right to mention that the first money which my father made in India he used in repaying the de la Fosses all that remained due to them, and at the same time he sent money enough to purchase a cow as a gift to a poor man and his sister who had been kind to him and the family during their captivity. The difficulties under which the children found themselves rapidly increased. In June, 1793, the Girondists were driven from Paris and took refuge in Caen, where they collected troops to march upon Paris. In August of the same year Commissioners were sent all over France to carry out the plan of seizing horses, carriages, arms, and all that could be useful to the army; and the mansions of the nobility were taken possession of for the public service. Under this enactment the Hotel d'Harcourt was claimed, and it was proposed to place the children in the prison. There was general dissatisfaction, however, expressed at this in Caen owing to the popularity of the family; and at the request and by the influence of the Messieurs de la Fosse, the children were allowed to remain in possession of the château under confinement, with a sentry to guard the door, on condition that the stables should be used by the military, and thirty Artillery horses were accordingly stabled there. Thus providentially they obtained perfect security under the protection of the Government as State prisoners, and no kind of inducement to plunder or molest them existed any longer, whilst in the town scenes of violence kept increasing. All respectable persons were in

hiding or in prison. For a time even the de la Fosses had to seek concealment to avoid the scaffold, and thus were unable to visit them. The Duc d'Harcourt was in despair when he heard of the seizure of his house at Caen and the intended sale of its magnificent contents ; and on learning that my grandfather also was in England, and was willing to render him assistance through his friends at Caen, he wrote to him the three following letters :

Three letters from the Duc d'Harcourt to Mr. Constantine Phipps.

London, c of milord harcourt,

Cavendish Square, 18 fevr, 1793.

Mr. moysant m'a instruit, monsieur, que vous luy avés doné votre adresse pour que je puisse vous écrire, ce qui me fait croire que vous seriés peutetre à portée de me rendre quelque service pour ma terre de harcourt. Je comence par vous remercier de cette atention en vous prians de me mander ce que vous croyés pouvoir faire pour moy. Par les dernieres nouvelles qui j'en ai recus on doit avoir comencé a vendre aujourd'huy les meubles de mon Chateau. Je crois que Mr. Cordival est à Caen et que vous pouvés avoir quelques facilités pour luy faire parvenir ce que je ne puis luy mander. Je desirois que vous pussiés acheter pour votre compte quelques objets qui me sont très precieux. Savoir, un portrait de ma mere, peint en pastel, avec une glace dessus, il étoit en face de la cheminée dans le salon d'hiver—un portrait fors petit, peint a l'huile, de ma femme, sa fille, et son chien. Il étoit dans ma chambre a coucher avec une glace dessus. Un tableau peint a l'huile par Annibal Carraci, representant Jesus Christ et la Cananeene. Il étoit au milieu de ma 2^{nde} antichambre, au dessus des armoires de mon cabinet d'histoire naturelle—un tableau peint a l'huile par le Guido que l'on croit une copie, qui represente S^{te} Cecile, les yeux levés vers le ciel. Il est

dans la tribune de la Chapelle. Il ne doit pas être d'un grand prix. un manuscrit sur les jardins, relié en veau fauve, doré sur tranches, écrit par mon secrétaire. C'est un ouvrage que j'ai fait, et au quel je suis fort attaché ; il étoit dans ma bibliothèque.

Une histoire de la maison de harcourt par la Roque, en 3 ou 4 volumes in folio. Une petite figure en bronze représentant une vieille femme qui file. Il étoit sur la cheminée de ma chambre à coucher.

Je crois qu'aucun de ces objets ne devra être d'une grande valeur, car il y a peu de connoisseurs à Caen. On pourroit les faire porter chez vous, et je vous ferois remettre ou vous serés le prix qu'ils vous auroient coûtés. Nous prendrions ensuite des arrangemens, pour les faire venir ici, quand la guerre sera cessée.

J'ignore ce que vous pouvez faire de plus pour moy, et vous demande instamment de me le mander, car il est bien cruel de me voir ainsi depouillé de tout par des gens aux quels je n'ai jamais fait que du bien, et qui n'ont rien à me reprocher. Vous devés être persuadé de la reconnoissance que j'aurai de vos bons procédés come des sentimens avec les quels j'ai l'honneur d'être monsieur votre très obeissant serviteur

LE DUC DE HARCOURT.

Je copie ici les 7 articles, pour que vous puissiez les envoyer à Caen et garder ma lettre.

Sunninghill, 27 *fév*, 1793.

Je suis très reconnoissant, Monsieur, de vos bons procédés pour moy, et vous en fais tous mes remerciemens. Depuis ma premiere lettre on m'a mandé qu'il y avoit eu un surcis à la vente des meubles de harcourt, et qu'elle étoit au moins retardée. Si elle ne se fait pas, M^e votre fille le saura, et M^r. Cordival aura surement l'honneur de l'en instruire, et elle vous le mandera. Ainsi j'espere avoir par vous cette bonne nouvelle. C'est toujours quelque chose que de gagner

du tems, parceque les evenemens peuvent amener des changemens dans les affaires et on doit même l'esperer des armées que les factieux auront a combatre bientôt.

Je vous prie de vouloir bien m'informer de ce que vous aprenerez de Caen, et j'ai l'honneur d'être très parfaitement, monsieur, votre très humble et très obeissant serviteur

LE DUC DE HARCOURT.

To Constantine Phipps, Esq^r, Southampton.

Londres. Le 26 *Sept.*, 1793.

Je vous remercie infinimens monsieur de votre attention a me mander ce que vous aprenés de notre malheureuse pays. Je crains bien que les volontaires de Paris qui sont à Caen ne soyent chargés de metre en prison tous les nobles et les gens riches, et ceux qui ont eu des places dans l'ancien gouvernement. C'est ainsi que l'on se conduit dans plusieurs villes. Ce qui me fait trembler pour le sort de tous ceux aux quels je m'interesse. Je crains aussi que la rigueur du décret contre les étrangers ne vous cause quelque malheur pour les personnes qui vous sont cheres et qui peuvent etre encor à Caen. Soyés persuadé que j'y prends le même interest, en reconnoissance de celui que vous me marqués, et qui m'inspire les sentimens vu les quels.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, monsieur, votre très humble et très obeissant serviteur,

LE DUC DE HARCOURT.

M. Constantine Phipps,
Spitsbury House,
near Blandford, Dorset.

All this time the children inside the walls of the Hôtel naturally felt the confinement. Fortunately, by the

arrangement which had been made, no officers or soldiers were billeted upon them, which, under their peculiar circumstances, might have entailed serious troubles to them; and my father, Pownoll, took advantage of the thirty Artillery horses being in their stables to ride about the long walks in the garden. They found it very dull. Yet they had remarkable visitors. The garden of the Hôtel d'Harcourt communicated by a private door with that of the Intendance, and the Girondists, who occupied this public building, asked as a favour to be allowed a key of this door, with leave to walk in the garden. This brought the Phipps' into daily intercourse with some of these celebrated men, such as Pétion, the Mayor of Paris at a critical period, Barbaroux (member for Marseilles), Guadet, Louvet, Gorsas, Lanjuinais, la Rivière, etc. My father remembered them well, and in his latter years often remarked how strongly they had exhibited the frivolity of the French character. Occupied in the morning in secret counsels for organizing civil war, they would the same afternoon walk in the garden and appear full of fun and frolic. Barbaroux, to describe the height of ugliness, would point to his friend Gorsas. At another time he would gather a rose, and with a pin engrave upon its leaves verses to some fair lady. Yet they knew that their lives hung upon a thread, and most of them in a few months met death in its most frightful forms.

The children had been confined within the grounds since October, 1793, but they were not forgotten. When

the winter set in severely M. de la Fosse found means from his place of concealment to send my father the draft of a letter which he suggested my father might write. It was addressed to the Mayor, and in boyish words described his mournful situation in being kept at home, when so many boys of his own age were sliding on the ice. It went on to beg that he might be allowed to go out and join them, pledging himself that, if his request were granted, he would undertake nothing against the Government. My father wrote and sent the letter, which was laid before the Corporation and read with amusement. The Mayor was their boot and shoe maker. The members of the municipality were also tradesmen, all well disposed towards them, and thus my father was granted liberty to go into the town. It was, however, thought better that the girls and others should not leave the house while so many horrors were passing in the country, and daily expected at Caen, which town, however, was mercifully spared.

My father had all along been of an adventurous disposition, and he was now enabled to gratify his wishes, and to see what was going on around him. On one occasion, when one of the most furious demagogues* was sent from the National Convention to revolutionize Normandy, a public meeting was held at a very late hour, summoned by the Proconsul. He commenced by ordering

* Laplanche, see 'Les Representants du Peuple en Mission.'—Wallon, ii. 92-96.

all the municipal authorities to be thrown into prison for neglecting to order a general illumination to greet his arrival. When most people hid themselves, my father contrived to go and hear this human monster harangue the mob, and urge them to give him the names of all persons suspected of being disaffected, promising that the guillotine should be erected the next morning, when he would cut off the heads of all denounced to him. The horror and terror which this man excited can hardly be conceived. Providentially, when the dreaded morning came, an express from Paris brought an order for him to proceed immediately to another town, and Caen was spared the bloody ordeal which had been intended. The habit of frequent intercourse with persons in constant fear of the scaffold, and the various means he witnessed which were used for striking terror into the minds of a large population, had a wonderful effect in ripening and steadying my father's character. As an instance of the confidence he attracted whilst only a youth, the elder de la Fosse admitted him in secret to his retreat, which he dare not reveal to his own brother, whose timid character he mistrusted.

At last the Girondins evacuated Caen, with some troops brought together from different quarters, and united by very discordant bonds. General Wimpfen was the nominal commander. He was joined by the Marquis de Puisaye with about 500 men from Brittany, whose object was to restore monarchy, and who hated the

Girondins for murdering the King. The deputies soon discovered there was no real intention of supporting their cause. M. de Puisaye suddenly placed himself at the head of 4,000 men he called his advanced guard. After a few days' march, without meeting with any opposition, he boasted that he was about to subdue Paris. The Convention had hastily ordered off a corps of troops with a few pieces of Artillery, and they met near the town of Vernon, where M. de Puisaye was entirely off his guard. After a few cannon-shot had been interchanged, both sides retreated. This result caused a great deal of ridicule, and it was said they could only meet by marching round the world. The Jacobins from Paris were the first to rally, and marched on Caen, the Girondins soon disbanding. When it was known that the Jacobin army was approaching the town, my father borrowed one of the Artillery horses from their stables and rode out to see them. On passing a small party of Hussars he perceived he was attracting their attention, and he heard several voices repeat, 'He is marked.' At last several troopers galloped after him, and brought him back as a prisoner to the commanding officer, who inquired where he was going with a horse marked as the property of the Republic. He explained that it was borrowed from the Artillery quartered in their house, and in order to verify the statement he was the first to enter the town in front of the Jacobin troops, escorted by some Hussars, to the surprise of the towns-

people, and conducted to his home, where the escort left him.

My father used to visit several farmers in the neighbourhood, who were very friendly, and gave him milk and buckwheat cakes. When great scarcity prevailed, these agricultural friends proved of great service. He used to ride out covered with a large military cloak, and, buying a little flour, he would carefully fasten it behind the saddle, concealing it with the cloak. On his return he would at times have to pass a mob plundering bread or flour, when he would walk his horse, and assume an air of perfect unconcern, whilst knowing well the fate which awaited him if he were suspected of having flour. Once out of sight, round the corner of a street, he would gallop home, sure of a hearty welcome with his precious cargo.

On such excursions at a later time he used to hear the report of guns fired by Sir Sidney Smith's light squadron off the coast against French coasting-vessels, who would take refuge under the protection of some land batteries. At first he amused himself by galloping out to see the fun, until he received a friendly hint that his movements had excited some suspicion, and that orders had been issued to arrest him next time he appeared. The coast is very flat, and on one occasion an English sloop-of-war, engaged in firing on a battery, came too near, forgetting the falling tide. She took the ground, and for a time all efforts to get her afloat failed. The French made quite sure of their prize, and therefore avoided injuring the

vessel from their battery, but sent troops to seize the crew. The troops were delayed, the flood-tide came in rapidly, the English lightened the vessel, and to the mortification of the French she floated and they went off, laughing at the blundering way in which their enemies had behaved. This for some time was a subject of ridicule against the party in the battery.

Such were some of the lighter incidents which enlivened their captivity as related by my father. In June, 1794, the King, George III., by virtue of an Act of Parliament passed for preventing money of English subjects falling into the hands of the Government of France, authorized and granted, at the request of Lord Mulgrave, that his relative, Mr. Constantine Phipps, then residing in England, should be permitted to remit 10,000 livres to M. Chatry de la Fosse, at Caen, in Normandy, for the maintenance of eight of his children, whom he left at that place when he quitted France. This interesting document was given to me by the Hon. and Rev. Canon Augustus F. Phipps in 1887, who found it among some family papers in his keeping :

Royal Licence by which Mr. Constantine Phipps was allowed to transmit money to M. Chatry de la Fosse for his children at Caen.

GEORGE R.

Whereas our Right Trusty and Well-beloved Lord Mulgrave humbly solicits that his Relative, Mr. Constantine Phipps, now residing in England, may be permitted to remit 10,000 Livres to Chatry, at Caen, in Normandy, for the maintenance of eight of his children,

which he left at that place when he quitted France. And it appearing reasonable unto us that he should be permitted so to do, We do therefore by these presents and by the powers vested in us by the Act passed in the present session of Parliament intituled, 'An act for preventing money or effects in the hands of His Majesty's subjects belonging to or disposeable by persons resident in France being applied to the use of the persons exercising the powers of Government in France and for preserving the property thereof for the Benefit of the Individual owners thereof,' authorize and grant the said Mr. Constantine Phipps our Royal Licence and authority to remit the before-mentioned sum for the purpose before stated.

Given at our Court at St. James the nineteenth day of June, 1794, in the thirty-fourth year of our Reign.

By His Majesty's command,

Ent^d E. R.

HENRY DUNDAS.

Lord Mulgrave
Licence.

On May 24, 1795, M. Chatry de la Fosse presented a petition to the Proconsul Lozeau, then on a mission at Caen, praying that the eight children confined at the Hôtel d'Harcourt might be allowed to take exercise out of doors, so necessary for their health, and he offered to be held responsible that they should be forthcoming at any time when called upon. M. Lozeau was pleased to authorize the Corps Administratif of Caen to grant the application, which was done the next day, under the stipulation that they should not go beyond the boundaries of the municipality. Thus the children once more obtained some liberty. This most interesting document also I possess :

Caen, le 5 Prairial an 3^{me} de la Republique Francaise.

CHATRY LE JEUNE,

au Citoyen Lozeau Representant du Peuple en mission dans le Departement du Calvados.

Constantin Phipps né Anglois se fixa dans cette commune au commencement de l'année 1788 avec son epouse & dix enfans ; il passa en Angleterre vers la fin de Novembre 1792 pour y marier une de ses filles, & laissa aux soins de ma famille huit de ses enfans, dont les trois derniers sont nés a Caen. Constantin Phipps devoit avec son epouse & trois de ses enfans se reunir au bout de quelques mois a la portion de sa famille qu'il avoit laissée ici ; la guerre survenue entre les deux Puissances l'en a empêché.

Ces huit enfans furent mis en arrestation chez eux, en consequence du Decret du Oct^{bre} 1793 vieux stile, contre les etrangers, & le sequestre fut apposé sur leurs effets par la Municipalité.

Ce sequestre a été levé en vertu de la loy du 6 Nivose dernier, mais la liberté n'est pas encore rendue a ces huit enfans. Leur jeunesse & l'humanité la reclament ; ils la desirent avidement & vous la demandent avec instances Citoyen Representant, ne fut elle que provisoire, ils n'en feront usage que pour prendre le grand air si necessaire a la jeunesse ; ils n'en abuseront pas. & si il pouvoit a cet egard planer quelques inquietudes sur des enfans dont l'ainé des garçons a à peine seize ans, une infinité des Citoyens se presenteroient pour être leur caution si celle deja donnée par ma famille & que j'offre de nouveau n'étoit pas suffisante

CHATRY Jun^r.

Le representant du peuple autorise Les Corps administratifs, a accorder aux enfans de Constantin Phipps La Liberté a la charge par Les citoyens Chatry petitionnaires de s'en rendre cautions, ou par Les Corps Adm^{ifs} de requerir des autres cautionnements qu'ils jugeront convenable

fait a Caen le 5 Prairéal l'an 3^{me} de la Republique

A. S. LOZEAU.

Les officiers municipaux de la Commune de Caen, qui ont pris communication de la presente, & de la reponse du Representant du peuple, accordent aux huit enfans de Constantin Phipps la liberte de sortir du domicile ou ils sont mis en arrestation, pour prendre le grand air necessaire a leur sante, parceque toutefois ils ne pourront franchir les limites de l'arrondissement de la Commune, & ce sous la caution des Citoyens Chatry freres, qui s'obligent de les représenter toutes fois & quantes, sur la requisition qui pourra leur en être faite, sous les peines au cas appartenantes, & qui en ont signé l'engagement sur le Registre des délibérations de la Commune, sous la date ce jour.

En la maison Commune le 6 Prairial, l'an 3^{me} de la République française.

[Here follow six illegible signatures of municipal officers.]

The young people, delighted at regaining freedom, found it very difficult to restrain themselves within the bounds of prudence, and many were the pranks they played, to their own risk, and to the anger of their good friend and guardian, M. de la Fosse. They would dress up as peasants, and go to the theatre and outside the permitted limits, most fortunately without any evil consequences. As there were usually some troops quartered at Caen, my father became acquainted with many officers. The late Marshal Sebastiani, the father of the celebrated Duchesse de Praslin, murdered by her husband, came to Caen in command of a regiment of Hussars, intended to form part of the forces under Hoche for the invasion of Ireland. He was at that time a young, dashing officer, related to Buonaparte. He used to make

his officers attend at his quarters to study the English language. There was also a M. de Mulline, who was a Swede, and implicated in the celebrated plot against the King, which caused him to take refuge in France, where he easily obtained a commission. Accustomed to a Court, he had the manners of a well-educated gentleman, but having learnt French among the soldiers, he had acquired the coarse phrases of the guard-room. His polished manners contrasted strangely with his language in the drawing-room, whilst he had not the slightest idea that the expressions he used in addressing ladies were exceedingly coarse and vulgar. The colonel of the regiment wished M. de Mulline to introduce him to my father and the family at the Hôtel d'Harcourt, but this M. de Mulline refused to do, thinking him a low, ill-bred man. The colonel took advantage of some little breach of military etiquette to put him under arrest, and this Swede, brought up in a Court, died afterwards in a French military hospital.

There was at one time quartered at Caen a corps of mounted yeomanry from Rouen. Each trooper was a gentleman, and the French generals often found them very difficult to manage. My father mentions an instance of this. One of them was on duty as a mounted orderly at headquarters, and was ordered by the general to take a letter with all speed to a gentleman. Unluckily the general explained that it was an invitation to come and dine with him. The trooper gave back the letter,

observing that he was there to carry despatches for the public service, and that a servant might take a dinner invitation. The general was deeply mortified, but did not venture to punish him for disobedience. This corps was very hospitably received at Caen, but some ladies were greatly mortified on one or two occasions when it was discovered that a very entertaining dragoon was no other than a servant in his master's uniform, who had trusted to escape detection. So passed away the five years of their captivity.

Very differently did it fare with their friends. All persons who had near relations among the emigrants, and all who had belonged to the noblesse, were prohibited from residing within a certain distance of any town; and thus the Marquis de Faudoas was obliged to leave his Hôtel at Caen, and occupy his château in the country, and there his sister, now a widow, joined him, with her adopted daughter, Henriette de Beaurepaire.

There was on the part of the noblesse a very strong prejudice against the class termed *roturier*, or plebeian. Persons engaged in any kind of business were deemed of a very inferior grade. In Brittany, however, a curious custom existed. If a member of the noblesse wished to engage in any commercial pursuit, he could deposit his sword in one of the public halls; and if he succeeded, and wished subsequently to resume his former position in society, he could claim his sword again on relinquishing his plebeian pursuits.

The Marquis de Fautoas was a good type of the old noblesse. He and his wife had each a separate establishment of servants, with carriages and footmen. The lady had her valet to dress her hair. The upper servants included an officer whose duty it was to attend to the table being properly laid out. Another had charge of the still-room, to make coffee, liqueurs, etc. A *maître d'hôtel* superintended the dinner and supper. The *sommelier*, or butler, the cellars. Dinner-parties were considered very formal, and when it was a full-dress party gentlemen were always expected to wear swords. Supper was the fashionable meal, where gaiety and mirth prevailed.

Mdlle. de Fautoas had been engaged to be married to a rich young financier, and had obtained her father's consent, his aristocratic prejudices being weakened by what was occurring round them. The wedding was fixed, the wedding clothes and a splendid trousseau had been, as usual, presented by the bridegroom, when in an evil moment the Marquis started a fresh difficulty. He had required a certain sum to be settled on his daughter, and the future son-in-law, to meet his wishes in the most liberal manner, offered to purchase an estate the Comte wished to sell, and settle that upon his daughter. Unfortunately the Marquis now demanded that he should be informed of the exact state of the fortune of his future son-in-law. The young man replied that to do this would so affect his credit and position in the commercial world,

and was so contrary to all such usages in France, that he could not comply. The match was thus broken off, but the young lady declined to return her trousseau, as she considered her future husband's character to be at stake, and she announced her determination to marry him when she became of age.

How little did the family realize the awful events in which they were about to be involved! Yet they were now beginning to feel the effects of the Reign of Terror. Domiciliary visits had become very frequent under a variety of pretences, such as seeking for suspected persons, returned emigrants, etc., and when any valuable property was found it was confiscated. The two young ladies had been employed in concealing their trinkets and little valuables. They fancied they had discovered a safer spot, and had just taken their things out of the first hiding-place, when the dreaded Commissaire suddenly appeared and confiscated the whole. Some of their own servants had secretly denounced them. This, however, was soon forgotten, when they were called upon to meet a far heavier trial.

The large estates of the Marquis de Faudoas had attracted the attention of the Revolutionary Tribunal sitting at Paris. It was resolved to strike the whole family with one swoop. Mdle. de Faudoas had in a playful moment written to a young friend that her little dog had 'just pupped several republicans.' The letter was opened at the post-office, and was considered sufficient

to prove a flagrant attempt to vilify the Government. An order was issued that the Marquis de Faudoas, his wife, his daughter, and his sister should be forthwith arrested and sent to Paris, to be tried before Robespierre's bloody Tribunal. How can one depict the consternation of the whole family when thus suddenly arrested, and their doom made known!

On this awful occasion the female character was strongly displayed in three very different ways. Mdlle. de Faudoas and her aunt, Madame de Beaurepaire, calmly submitted to their fate. Madame de Faudoas, clinging strongly to life, sought to separate herself from her husband and her child, and feigning severe illness, got a physician to certify that an immediate removal would cause her death. The authorities consented to delay her journey, and she became a State prisoner at the château. Mdlle. Henriette de Beaurepaire, being unconnected with the estate, was not included in the order of arrest. She had a very delicate frame, and seemed like a feeble reed, totally unfitted for the position in which she was suddenly placed. But beneath this weak body was concealed a mind of rare calibre, and capable of acts of heroism. On witnessing what had occurred, she announced her determination to share the fate of her adopted mother and of her cousin. She demanded as a special favour to be included in the arrest. For some time this was denied her, but her strenuous efforts and pathetic appeals to the Commissaire at length prevailed, and she entered the carriage with all

most dear to her in the world. She well knew that the scaffold awaited them, but she deliberately chose to share their fate. On their arrival in Paris, what was the shock she received on hearing that the men of blood had decided to send her to a separate prison, and separate her from her adopted mother. Yet, exquisitely cruel as this was, it ultimately saved her life. The fate of the Faudoas family was soon decided. The Marquis de Faudoas, his sister, and his daughter appeared together before the Tribunal of blood, were condemned, and ascended the scaffold together.

The details of their trial may be read in the 'Histoire du Tribunal Révolutionnaire de Paris, avec le Journal de ses Actes,' par H. Wallon (Hachette, Paris, 1881), vol. v., pp. 17-19, and appendices :

25 Messidor, An. II. (13 July, 1794) Salle de la liberté.—Une fournée des plus mélangées, composée avec tant de hâte que les qualifications les plus essentielles de plusieurs des accusés sont restées en blanc dans l'acte d'accusation.

En tête, Augustin Hervé, marquis de Faudoas, sa fille Éléonore, et sa sœur Catherine-Michelle de Faudoas, veuve de Beaurepaire, contre lesquels Fouquier-Tinville lance principalement ses foudres.

Faudoas, ex-marquis, sa fille et la femme Beaurepaire doivent être comptés parmi les ennemis du peuple, de la liberté, et de l'égalité. En effet, une correspondance entre le père, la fille, et la tante prouvent que toujours guidés par l'orgueil et l'arrogance, le peuple qui a fait la Révolution et anéanti les instruments de la servitude et de son oppression, n'a cessé d'être l'objet de leurs outrages et de leurs mépris.

In proof of this he only produces a few verses and letters written to, and not by, the father and daughter, and he adds :

Aussi a-t on trouvé chez Fautoas père tous les monuments de la féodalité et les brevets de ses prétendues charges a la cour et les titres féodaux des rentes seigneuriales, et chez sa fille ses armes conservées soigneusement, ce qui prouve et démontre jusqu'a quel point elle comptoit sur le retablisement des prétendues prérogatives nobiliaires et féodales. Contre la tante rien. Il n'y a ailleurs ni de la tante ni de la fille pas une seule lettre au dossier. On a les brevets du père, un cachet armorié de la fille, et de la tante rien. Et tous les trois ont été condamnés et executés.

I have given fuller details of the trial in the appendix.

But the career of the monster Robespierre and his gang was now at its close. On July 27, 1794, he was seized, and on the following day he was executed. The 9th Thermidor, or July 28, became a celebrated day in the history of France. Many benevolent individuals started from Paris to spread the joyful tidings. In Paris 10,000 prisoners were in a few days released from captivity. Several were to have been executed on the celebrated 28th, and all were in daily expectation of death. The Commissioners did not venture to set at liberty too great a number at once, but it is supposed that in all France 200,000 men and 100,000 women left the prisons, while an equal number appeared out of places of concealment.

When the order was issued that all persons confined for political offences should be set at liberty, a singular difficulty

occurred in the case of Mdlle. Henriette de Beaurepaire. Against her no charge whatever appeared, and thus she continued in prison longer than others, as such a case had not been foreseen, and special instructions became necessary. Sad indeed was the position of the poor girl when she was set free. The Comte de Beaurepaire, her father, resided with his family at Toulon, and on the capture of that town by the Republicans, December 21, 1793, he and his family had fled to Lisbon. When the King of Portugal was driven from his country and fled to the Brazils, November 29, 1807, the Beaurepaires accompanied the royal family. One of the sons, Theodore, entered the navy of Portugal, and after attaining the rank of vice-admiral, died at the Brazils. Henriette de Beaurepaire, deprived of all her family and relations, fortunately still had friends at Caen, and the Baron de Cauvigny kindly received her into his family, who resided in the neighbourhood of Caen, and did all in his power to soothe her misfortunes.

The family of de Cauvigny were on intimate terms with that of the Phipps', and my father became strongly attached to Henriette de Beaurepaire, whose singular story excited the greatest interest, and they were engaged to one another. At the same time, my father's sister, Penelope, became engaged to James Chatry de la Fosse, nephew to the kind friend and guardian of the children. Penelope was exceedingly good-looking, and had such powers of fascination that she was never without admirers. She had

at the same time great courage and independence of character, which no doubt were largely stimulated by the remarkable position in which she was placed at a very early age calling out all her higher qualities.

The following letter from M. Chatry de la Fosse to my grandfather, telling him of his care of the five younger children, who had all had small-pox, shows the wonderful kindness and affectionate attendance he bestowed upon the family. My grandfather died two months after receiving it :

A Letter from M. Chatry de la Fosse to Mr. Constantine Phipps.

Caen, Le 8 Mars, 1797, Vieux Stile.

Tous vos enfants se portent bien mon cher Monsieur. Les cinq derniers ont eu la petite verole, et ils en vint tous gueris, bon que je vous ai consulté le 13 Janv^r d^r sur la maniere dont nous devons tous nous conduire si il arrivoit qu'ils en fussent attaqués. Nous ne pensions pas, Miss Phipps, Le Docteur Du Breuil, et moi, qu'au paravant de recevoir votre reponse ils auroient eu cette maladie et qu'ils en seroient tous gueris. C'est pourtant ce qui est arrivé. L'interessante active et spirituelle Elvire fut prise le 1^{er} Sept^r. Maria Jane le 12, Lyon le 14, Charlotte le 15, et le courageux Weston le 16. De maniere que l'hôtel fut en peu de jours convertie en Infirmerie. Je dois à votre tendresse pour vos enfants ainsi qu'à M^{me}. Phipps quelques details sur chaqu'un de ces chers enfants qui en general ont montré raison patience douceur et courage pendant le cours de leur maladie, qui n'a offert aucun accident, et je puis dire aucune inquietude.

Elvira, en a eu tres peu. 26 Boutons (d'une espece large) seulement sur sa jolie figure qu'on auroit de la peine a y retrouver aujourd'hui; il ne lui en restera aucune trace; elle en a eu d'avantage

au corps elle n'a gardé le lit ou la chaise longue que pendant deux jours par la raison seulement qu'elle avait quelques boutons sous les pieds qui l'empêchoient de s'appuyer. On peut dire qu'elle n'en a pas été malade et qu'en toute elle a été un *excessively good child*.

Maria Jane, en a eu beaucoup plus sur sa noble et douce physionomie, les boutons étaient d'une grande espèce sans se toucher, beaucoup sur ses bras et sur le corps, mais tous distincts et laissant entre eux des intervalles de peau, quelques boutons sur ses paupières ont fait d'abord craindre que ses yeux ne fussent fermés pendant quelques jours, mais ils ont été si souvent baignés avec de l'eau de guimauve par Miss Penelope que cet accident très ordinaire n'a pas eu lieu. Elle a été très raisonnable, a pris tout ce qui lui a été offert, en général elle a été un peu plus agitée que les autres, mais toujours douce et bonne. Elle ne sera pas marquée, à ce que disent les Docteurs.

Lyon, n'en a pas eu autant sur son beau visage que Maria Jane ; il en a davantage au corps, il n'en sera pas marqué. Pendant tout le cours de sa maladie ce joli enfant a été d'une gaieté charmante, faisant des contes, disant des choses jolies à ses sœurs à ses bonnes, trouvant le pain excellent, mais les morceaux toujours trop petits, chantant souvent, et se promettant de grand plaisir à revoir ses pigeons, qui l'ont sans cesse occupé, même au plus fort de sa maladie.

Charlotte, a eu au moins autant de boutons que Maria Jane, sa physionomie toujours bonne, toujours riante, n'a été que peu altérée pendant sa maladie. Comme Lyon, elle a été très patiente, douce, gaie, et de bon appétit, elle ne sera pas marquée.

Weston, en a eu d'avantage que les autres, comme ses boutons étaient d'une espèce très large. On croit qu'il ne lui en restera que de très faibles traces. Il en a eu beaucoup au dedans des cuisses. C'est celui des cinq qui a du souffrir le plus. Pas une plainte n'est échappée de sa bouche. Il a d'un bout à l'autre montré la raison, la patience, la docilité, le courage qu'on trouverait rarement dans un

homme. Il a etonné tous ceux qui l'ont soigné et qui l'ont vu dans le fort de sa maladie. Il a été grave, quelquefois pensif, jamais de mauvais humeur, c'est reellement un charmant enfant que ce cher Weston. Ces cinq chers enfants sont actuellement sur pied, lorsqu'il fera de beaux jours ils descendront dans le jardin avec toutes les precautions qui seront indiqué par les Docteurs a fin que le grand air en les frapant d'abord ne les incommodent pas. Ainsi que je vous en ai prevenu Monsieur je fis aussitot que la maladie se manifesta appeler M. de la Teyre qui les a vus avec le Dr. du Breuil et quelquesfois M. Hersan. Tous les jours le Dr. du Breuil y alloit regulier, deux, quelquesfois trois fois dans le jour. Ils ont été parfaitement soignés. M^{re} Phipps ne les a pas quittés. Elle leur a prodigué soins, caresses, amitiés, veillée, et il a fallu les remonstrances du docteur et les miennes pour l'empêcher de passer plusieurs nuits de suite. Elle a eu pour chaqu'un de ces petits malades toutes les attentions d'une bonne mere.

Voila je vous l'avoue Monsieur un grand, mais tres grand souci de moins pour moi, de plus que cette maladie regne ici. Je craignois pour la Maison Harcourt. Cette crainte entroit pour quelque chose dans le rappel de votre famille et pour ne pas allarmer votre tendresse pour elle et celle de M^m Phipps. Je ne vous ai pas ouvertement fait part de mes vives et constantes inquietudes. God be praised they are all safe and well. Miss Phipps depuis quelques tems leur donnoit un peu de magnésie, ce qui les a preparés d'avance & n'a pas nui a leur prompt retab'issement. J'ai un bien grand plaisir a vous l'anoncer Monsieur ainsi qu'a M^m Phipps. Vos enfants vous en ecrivent, mais j'ai cru devoir vous donner ces details qui vous interresseront j'en suis sur. Recevés Monsieur les assurances du plus sincere attachement.

CHATRY Jun^r.

Addressed :

Constantine Phipps, Esq^{re},

To the care of Justinian Casamajor, Esq^{re},

London.

Re-addressed :

No. 8, Gloucester Row,
Clifton,
Bristol.

Marked :

Caen, 16 *March*, 1797. Rec^d 4 *April*, 1797.

In the year 1798 the whole family of the Phipps' were set at liberty and returned to England. I have my father's passport, which bears the date October 2, 1798. At the end of those eventful ten years of residence in France, with what strange feelings must they have found themselves in England. Their father had died in the meanwhile. He died at 8, Gloucester Row (or at Sion House ?), Clifton, near Bristol, on June 11, 1797, and was buried at Clifton. Their mother was living at Bamfield, near Exeter, where they rejoined her. Naturally their minds were full of those whom they had left behind, and with plans of meeting in the future. As naturally, perhaps, both their mother and the heads of their family viewed with strong disapproval the engagements of Penelope and Pownoll. James Chatry de la Fosse and Henriette de Beaurepaire were Roman Catholics and French, and it is difficult for us now to realize the antipathy which existed in England at that time to such unions. Both my father and Penelope, however, had strong wills, which it was not easy to resist, and it was thought wise as soon as possible to place my father beyond the reach of French fascination. In May, 1799, therefore, a cadetship in the Bengal army of the

East India Company was obtained for him (his commission as lieutenant was dated October 28, 1799), and in June he embarked at Portsmouth in the ship *Britannia*, of 400 tons, built of teak wood in Bombay.

They formed part of a fleet under the convoy of a two-decker. The only land they saw before reaching the Cape of Good Hope was the Peak of Teneriffe. So imperfect at that time was the art of calculating the longitude, and ascertaining the true course of a vessel, that they missed altogether the island of Madeira, and by their reckoning they should have seen the Cape three days sooner than they did.

The afternoon of their leaving England, my father was so engaged in looking at the land, possibly for the last time, that he was not aware that the cadet passengers were occupied in arranging where they should sleep, and thus he was forgotten. To remedy this, the captain arranged that my father should sling his bed in the cuddy, or dining-room, under the poop, and that during the day he might use his own cabin. This my father found a great convenience, only it subjected him to early rising and retiring later than the others. For some years my father experienced annoyance at times from the fact that he spoke English with a French accent, and on this voyage he overheard some impertinent remarks being made on the subject by one of the cadets to a lady. My father immediately challenged the cadet, who thereupon apologized, and the annoyance ceased. The ship was badly

found in provisions. The captain had forgotten, or did not choose to remember, to purchase a supply of tea or coffee at the Cape, where they remained a fortnight, and they had to substitute roasted barley or rye. When they had consumed their sheep, they had to eat the hams and cheese which were intended for the Indian market. Water was scarce, and my father bargained for an extra supply in place of wine, for which he did not care. At last they made the Nicobar Islands in the Bay of Bengal, where they procured a large supply of fine pigs, which had been fed on cocoanuts. They left suddenly at dusk, having seen a strange ship, which they suspected to be a French privateer, and early in December they reached the roadstead of Madras, which at that season was a very dangerous place on account of the surf; but the captain was tempted to go there instead of to Calcutta, in hopes of securing a better market for his own investments. It was soon announced that the ship would return to England instead of proceeding to Bengal, and as no ship was likely to arrive for some months, the passengers had to remain at Madras at considerable expense and without redress. My father did not reach Calcutta until March, 1800, nearly ten months after leaving England.

Whilst waiting at Madras, the cadets had at one time a prospect of joining a party of Bengal troops who were passing on their return from the capture of Seringapatam; but for some reason ultimately this was deemed inexpedient. As an instance of the low state of religion and

moral rectitude which prevailed at Madras at that time, my father mentions that a Bengal captain of Artillery prevailed on two of the cadets to accompany him to a large Roman Catholic Church on a Sunday at an adjoining Portuguese settlement. During the service this officer called for his hookah, and after smoking for some time, sent a servant for a bottle of ale, which the officers began to drink. The bishop interrupted the service, and complained to Lord Clive, the Governor of Madras, but little notice was taken of conduct which my father justly stigmatizes as scandalous and disgraceful to British officers.

When my father reached Calcutta (March, 1800), he was very kindly received by Sir Alured Clarke, Commander-in-Chief, to whom he had introductions, and by Colonel Dyer, Quartermaster-General. He joined the 1st Native Regiment, which formed part of the garrison of Fort William, but which was stationed at Barrackpore, sixteen miles higher up the river. There he remained until November (1800), when the Governor-General in Council issued orders to collect a small army for foreign service. Although the destination of the troops was kept secret, it was conjectured to be either Batavia or the Mauritius. The forces consisted of a company of Artillery, his Majesty's 10th Regiment of Foot, and a battalion of Sepoys, who had volunteered from several regiments. The whole amounted to about 2,100 men. Delighted at this opportunity for seeing active service, my father volunteered, and was permitted to join the Sepoy battalion. On

December 5, 1800, they proceeded by sea to the island of Ceylon, where the Hon. Colonel Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, arrived from Madras and took command of the force. He appointed Colonel Championel, of the 80th Regiment, second in command; Lieutenant-Colonel Coleman, Deputy-Adjutant-General; and Captain Scott, of the Madras Artillery, Commissary of Ordnance.

They remained in the harbour of Trincomalee for some time, during which the Sepoys were disembarked, but the Europeans remained on board. The 80th Regiment, who garrisoned the place, were relieved by the 19th Foot, and embarked on the transports. A detachment of Artillery and Pioneers likewise arrived from Madras with a quantity of military stores, several scaling-ladders, etc. The destination of the expedition was now changed, and on February 14, 1801, the fleet sailed for the Red Sea, to take part in the war against the French in Egypt. The season was adverse, and they had a tedious voyage along the coast of Malabar. They stopped two days at Point de Galle, where the 88th Regiment, lately arrived from Bombay, joined the force. Leaving Point de Galle on February 18, they passed near Anjengo (the birthplace of Sterne's 'Eliza') and Goa, the chief Portuguese settlement in India, and reached Bombay the end of March, 1801.

Here Colonel Wellesley left them, and General Sir David Baird assumed the command. The whole force now consisted of one troop 8th Light Dragoons, six guns Horse Artillery, 500 Foot Artillery, five regi-

ments of King's troops (viz., 10th, 61st, 80th, 86th, and 88th), three regiments of Sepoys, and 100 Pioneers—5,000 in all. They sailed in small divisions, each ship being ordered to make the best of its way to Kosseir, in the Red Sea. My father's ships reached Mocha, in Arabia, on April 27, but no one was allowed to land, as it was feared the Arabs might make some disturbance. They sailed again on April 30, and on May 19 reached Geddah, the seaport of Mecca, distant three days inland. They experienced much difficulty here in obtaining water. The chief was very unfriendly, and they found it necessary to remind him that the men-of-war and gunboats could soon knock the town about his ears. Here they were joined by Admiral Sir Home Popham, sent to relieve Admiral Blanquet.

The ships sailed in divisions, and it was originally intended that they should proceed to Suez; but this plan had to be abandoned, 'as it was found impossible to reach it at that season of the year,' the winds and currents setting so strongly down the Red Sea. Accordingly they were ordered to sail for Kosseir as soon as they had completed their water. So little was then known of the coast that even the latitude of Kosseir was laid down so erroneously in the charts that they discovered the roadstead by mere accident, having stood closer into the shore than usual, and to their surprise observed ships at anchor. The ships assembled at Kosseir during the months of May, June, and July; and so

successful were the precautions taken to secure the health of the men, that of 600 soldiers who landed at Kosseir after a long and boisterous voyage, there were only six or eight men on the sick-list. Kosseir had a square fort, and was then the chief place of trade between Egypt and Arabia. The caravans started from Keneh, on the Nile, about 140 miles distant. Water is only to be had in two or three places, the principal of which is called Moilah, about 50 miles from the sea. It flows freely from some rocks, and is invaluable on such a road.

A large detachment from Bombay were among the first arrivals. They consisted of two companies of his Majesty's 86th Regiment, two companies of Bombay Artillery, two battalions of Bombay Sepoys, and the Commissary of Cattle's Department, with a great many bullocks. Colonel Murray, as senior officer, took command of the whole until the arrival of Major-General Sir D. Baird, and used every exertion to procure camels and prepare for the advance of the troops.

Colonel Murray had intended to march from Kosseir in June, taking with him what troops had then arrived ; but when under arms to start, it was found that all the pakals, or skins for carrying water, had leaked out during the night. Had they marched they would have perished. Next day General Sir D. Baird arrived.

At this time news arrived that the French army at Cairo, under General Belliard, had capitulated to the English under General Lord Hutchinson. As this event would

set the English army free to attack Alexandria, the last stronghold of the French in Egypt, it was at first thought that the Indian forces would be no longer required, and steps were, indeed, taken to withdraw them. The heavy guns were re-embarked, when, to their joy, General Sir D. Baird received orders for his force to advance and march across the Desert to Kenh, on the Nile, whence they were to descend the Nile in boats to Alexandria. Sir David Baird now formed the army into three brigades, and appointed Colonels Ramsay, Beresford, and Montresor to command them. Colonel Murray was made Quarter-Master-General, Major Falconer his deputy, and Major McQuarry came from Bombay as Deputy-Adjutant-General. In the beginning of July the army was reinforced by his Majesty's 61st Regiment of Foot, and a troop of the 8th Light Dragoons from the Cape of Good Hope, and six guns of Horse Artillery, under Captain Brown, from Bengal.

A battalion of the 7th Regiment of Bombay Sepoys, being in a sickly state, were left behind at Kosseir, under Colonel Montresor, to keep open the communication between that port and the army. The rest of the force began their march in small detachments, thus enabling the troops that first reached the Nile to send back their water-camels to assist the other detachments. Working parties were sent forward into the Desert to dig wells. Admiral Sir Home Popham had a number of small casks made up by his men, and every precaution was taken. Neverthe-

less, the hardships and fatigue the men endured are beyond expression. Colonel Beresford, who commanded the advance, encountered so many difficulties, that for a long time it seemed doubtful whether he could reach Keneh.

A good market had been opened by the natives at Kosseir, and several hundred horses and jackasses were sold; but the General refused to allow officers to buy horses until the wants of the army were satisfied. The General hired all the camels he could procure and divided them among the army. Fine sheep were sold for six or seven dollars apiece. My father and the younger officers agreed to buy donkeys, which they rode throughout the march, and they were called, for fun, the 'donkey brigade.'

The detachment to which he was appointed consisted of a troop of the 8th Light Dragoons and 500 Bengal Sepoys. They formed the rear of the army, and had charge of 126 chests of treasure, carried on camels. There were sixty-three of these camels, each carrying two chests of dollars, and thirty camels laden with water for the troops. These treasure-camels caused great trouble, often throwing their loads and running away. To catch them and reload the chests was a most harassing duty. The heat was intense, although they rested during the day and marched all night. They were generally fourteen hours at a time under arms. Starting on July 25, they reached Keneh on August 3, thus occupying altogether nine days in marching 140 miles, including one day's halt at Moilah. The European soldiers were allowed

cattle to carry their knapsacks and provisions, but no such assistance was given to the Sepoys. They had to carry their own knapsacks, cooking-pots and three days' provisions, with sixty ball cartridges in their pouches.

The road from Kosseir to Keneh appeared to them to have been formerly the bed of a canal or small river. It was very even, with high hills on either side. About fifty miles from the sea, at Moilah, the road was bounded by high rocks of coarse granite, which reflected the rays of the sun and increased the heat. The soldiers suffered so much that two of them loaded their muskets and deliberately shot themselves. Nevertheless, my father testifies to the admirable conduct of the Sepoy soldiers. Worn out with fatigue and thirst, perpetually harassed by having to pursue and reload the treasure-camels, who were continually endeavouring to escape, deprived even of the assistance of the Dragoons, with whom they started, but who were hurried on by forced marches, never, says my father, did troops suffer more severely or bear sufferings with greater fortitude. They performed their duty cheerfully, marching on an average between fifteen and sixteen miles a day through a burning desert in July and August, heavily laden, and only halting for one day.

On one day's march my father had charge of the rear-guard, and it was his duty to prevent any stragglers from remaining behind. Foreseeing that he would meet with much distress, he took his pistols from the saddle and substituted strong bottles of brandy-and-water. Towards the

end of the march he came upon two Sepoys, who declared themselves quite unable to proceed any further, and preferred to die upon the road. My father had recourse to his bottles. These men had never tasted spirits, and the effect was instantaneous. They shouldered their muskets, and marched on at the head of his company.

I have omitted to mention that both in the well of the fort at Kosseir, and in the reservoir at Moilah, the French had endeavoured to spoil the water by throwing down large quantities of gunpowder when they evacuated these parts, on the landing of the English under Sir R. Abercrombie. Fortunately, however, they failed to do harm, as the rush of water was sufficient to wash it away. At Kosseir the English attempted to increase the water supply by digging a number of pits, but the water was always extremely bad, and appeared full of chalk. The Arabs filled up all the wells when the English left.

The details of this march have acquired so much interest from all that has since occurred in Egypt, that I am tempted to give here the journal which my father kept at the time :

‘A JOURNAL OF A MARCH FROM KOSSEIR, NEAR THE
RED SEA, TO KENEH, ON THE BANK OF THE NILE,
JULY, 1801.

‘On *July* 25 we left Kosseir, our detachment consisting of the Bengal Volunteers, a troop of his Majesty’s 8th Light Dragoons, and a few convalescents of different

corps, the whole under the command of Captain Michie. The detachment had charge of sixty-three camels, each camel carrying two chests of dollars, and thirty camels loaded with water for the troops. Three hours after leaving Kosseir we passed a kind of rivulet, the water of which is reckoned very unwholesome. The roads near this place are very bad. At twelve o'clock at night we halted at the new wells, distant from Kosseir twelve miles. These wells have been dug for the army. They gave little water, and of bad quality.

'*July 26.*—We left the new wells at five o'clock this afternoon, and halted next morning at sunrise in the middle of the Desert. The camels loaded with treasure gave us much trouble during this march. They frequently threw the boxes, and greatly impeded our progress.

'*July 27.*—The detachment marched at four in the afternoon. We arrived at Moilah at daybreak. The road was remarkably good all the way. Our men were much distressed for water during this march, and the treasure-camels were very troublesome. We saw a few trees two miles from Moilah, the only sign of vegetation we met with. Moilah is a deep valley in the Desert, and the only place where water is to be found, from whence it derives its name. On each side are very high hills and rocks. It is from the foot of the latter that flow several delightful springs, which are invaluable in such a horrid country. Owing to the number of troops that have lately passed this place, some of the springs were dry,

which obliged us to put the men at an allowance of water. We saw a great many partridges in the hills.

‘*July 28.*—The troops having arrived early this morning at Moilah, every care was taken to prevent the water being wasted. The detachment is to halt here this day.

‘*July 29.*—The detachment left Moilah at five this afternoon. Captain Michie received an order from Major-General Baird to send on by forced marches the troop of Dragoons, with sixteen camels loaded with treasure. They accordingly left this place half an hour before us. At twelve o’clock at night we halted at some wells dug by Lieutenant Fagan of our corps, distant from Moilah ten miles. They are at a little distance from the road. We left our camels loaded with puchauby bags at some wells five miles from Moilah, with a hundred men to get all the water we can possibly carry.

‘*July 30.*—We were much disappointed this day, for the wells that formerly gave abundance of water are completely dry, which obliged us to send for water from the wells near Moilah. We left this place at three in the afternoon, and were joined on the road by the party with the water-camels. We marched all night, and halted at four in the morning in the middle of the Desert. During this march we had sometimes the pleasing view of a few green trees, and just before we halted we received twelve camels loaded with water, that were sent from Legettah to meet us. This supply will be of great use to the detach-

ment. The treasure-camels give us a great deal of trouble.

‘ *July 31.*—We departed early in the afternoon, and, after suffering a great deal both of thirst and heat, we arrived at Legettah about six in the morning. I had charge of the rear-guard during this march, and I do not recollect having ever been so much fatigued.

‘ *August 1.*—The detachment was mustered this afternoon, and we proceeded afterwards to Berambah. I had charge of the advance-guard; and, after having marched a few miles, I found in the middle of the road a soldier of his Majesty’s 80th Regiment, who had been murdered by the Arabs. He had received a spear through his left eye. It is supposed, however, that he had been endeavouring to compel an Arab to give him some water, as they were always very friendly if not provoked. This march was extremely fatiguing, but the country we passed through was not quite so barren, and we had plenty of water. Captain Mahony, of the Bombay Sepoys, who commanded at Legettah, was extremely attentive. He sent us large water-pots with excellent water, and got all our water-bags well supplied with this essential article. About ten miles from Berambah we perceived several lights in some villages which appeared close to us. However, we marched four hours before we came near them. At six in the morning we arrived at Berambah, very much delighted with the appearance of the country.

‘ *August 2.*—Several dancing-girls came into our camp

this day. The country appears a little cultivated, and we have abundance of water.

' *August 3.*—We left Berambah yesterday afternoon. We halted for a few hours in the middle of the night, and arrived at Keneh at daybreak, and had much satisfaction in camping on the borders of the Nile.

' Distances :	Kosseir to Moilah	= 50 miles.
	Moilah to Legettah	= 50 miles.
	Legettah to Berambah	= 24 miles.
	Berambah to Keneh	= 15 miles.
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		139.'

The whole force assembled at Keneh, delighting in the rest and refreshment after their fatigues, the large gardens, filled with vegetables and fruit and covered with grapes, affording a pleasing contrast to the burning desert they had traversed. Every effort was made to procure boats in which to transport the troops to Alexandria, where the English were still besieging the French, although Grand Cairo, as it was then called, had capitulated. Meanwhile they visited the celebrated Temple of Dendera, and were much struck by the freshness of the paintings, especially the blue colour. Some intelligent Hindoo Sepoys recognised the figures on the walls as similar to those in their pagodas in India, and one of them, who understood Sanscrit, gave a written description of them. On August 8 my father's detachment embarked in nine small open boats, under the command of Captain Michie.

There were twenty-six Sepoys in a boat. The chief of the province came to see them start—a young, good-looking man, riding a fine horse, which he showed off before them. They were surprised at the plainness of his saddle and bridle. The next day they passed Girza, with many mosques, and after an uneventful voyage they reached Cairo on August 17, and encamped on the island of Rhoda, in a field of cucumbers. Here the Indian forces were detained for twelve days in a state of desperate impatience. It seemed intolerable to have come so far and yet not to be permitted to share in the capture of Alexandria, and they did not hesitate to ascribe their detention to unworthy motives.

During this enforced stay my father, with several other officers, rowed in a boat through the canal, which in those days, when the Nile was high, filled the cisterns and reservoirs of Cairo. They passed through the town of Cairo, and the sight of British officers attracted a number of Turkish women to look out upon them from the windows as they passed. The officers were much struck with their beauty, as they frequently raised their veils. On one occasion some girls behind drew back the veils of those in front, when suddenly they perceived a Turk from an opposite house so horrified at their indecorum that he raised his musket and was about to fire, but fortunately the women saw him and escaped. This canal, called the Khalig, is still the scene of a great national festival every year. When the Nile is low its bed

becomes dry, and at its junction with the Nile is erected a dam, the cutting of which is carried out with great ceremony when the river rises to a certain height.

As Sir David Baird wished to accustom the troops to field manœuvres, he had the camp struck every morning to obtain room, and after manœuvring for some hours the camp was again pitched. At last, towards the end of August, they re-embarked, and on the 31st arrived at El Hamed, near Rosetta. Yet they were doomed to disappointment. On their arrival they learnt that hostilities had just been suspended at Alexandria, and General Sir David Baird galloped over, and was just in time to see the French army, under Menon, capitulate to the English forces, under General Lord Hutchinson. All the efforts of the Indian force to arrive in time were thus in vain, but my father mentions in his diary that they had the consolation of hearing that the French General assigned their approach as one of the principal motives that induced him to accede to the terms of the capitulation.

The first evening after leaving Cairo my father had an adventure of a disagreeable kind. He had fastened the boat to the shore for the night. He slept in a small cabin, and the soldiers on the deck. When he awoke he found the water rising above the deck and his bed nearly floating. He soon ascertained that the crew had scuttled the djerm to avoid going any further. While in this predicament they fortunately observed a fine light boat ascending the Nile under sail. My father made the

soldiers conceal themselves, and to their joy the boat came to the very spot where they were. My father took possession of the boat, and made them take him back to Cairo, where he reported to Sir David Baird what had happened. He was supplied with another large djerm, with instructions to punish the Arabs by destroying the scuttled boat. This he effectually did, and embarked his men in the new one.

My father wished much to obtain a good saddle-horse, and sent on shore an active soldier to search for one in the villages. At last the soldier made a signal for him to land, but no sooner had my father done so than, to his disgust, the owner of the very fine horse, under pretence of exhibiting its action, galloped round them in a circle, and then started off suddenly and was never seen again.

The whole Indian army remained nearly three months encamped at El Hamed, and during this time the exciting struggle between the Turks and Mamelukes occurred, in which they naturally took the most lively interest. They received orders to be ready to move at the shortest notice, and detachments were sent to occupy forts along the river held previously by the Turks. The Indian soldiers seem to have detested the Turks, and anxiously expected the signal to commence hostilities, but the matter was arranged, not altogether to the honour of England, in whom the unfortunate Beys had confided; and, as my father says, it seemed the fate of the Indian army to be always on the point of engaging the enemy, and to be always dis-

appointed. Sir David Baird took great pains with the troops, and manœuvred them daily, not even excepting Sundays. Fortunately for them he went over on a visit to Lord Hutchinson, and Sir Samuel Auchmuty allowed them to rest on Sunday, and this was afterwards sanctioned. Sir David Baird was a good officer, but very rough, and much given to swearing. He had an awkward habit of occasionally getting off his horse and taking the place of some infantry officer leading a column to show him how to do so ; and it sometimes happened that the officer commanding the regiment had not observed the General, and would call out, abusing the officer for taking a wrong direction, to the great amusement of the men and the vexation of the Commander-in-Chief. On one occasion a foreign regiment was so much annoyed at the offensive language he used that all the officers tendered their commissions. The General was much surprised, and assured them that they were labouring under a mistake, as he had only been cursing his own eyes.

Marshal Beresford at one time commanded one of the brigades, and was considered a very good officer.

The officers of the English army at Alexandria used often to ride over to see the Indian camp, which formed a strong contrast to their own. The Indian tents were like little palaces, their mess well supplied with fresh bread and fresh butter, their large pay regularly issued every month, and no deficiency of madeira or port wine. The first was obtained from the ward-room of a man-of-war,

and the latter from the sale of the effects of an English commissary. On this occasion Lord Cavan, who had succeeded to the command of the English forces, was so much annoyed at having been outbid that he complained of it to Sir David Baird, who thought he would have acted more wisely had he taken no notice of what was perfectly fair. To continue in my father's words : 'General Grant, then the Colonel of the Minorca Regiment, or German Legion, was another of those officers who seemed annoyed at our style of living. He had very kindly invited two of us to dine with him in their camp. One or two of his own officers had clubbed their dinners, but the fare was ordinary, and the wine soon drunk out, and we never succeeded in prevailing upon him to dine at our mess.

'So long as General Lord Hutchinson remained in Egypt he made a point of keeping the English and Indian armies separate, to prevent jealousy arising from the superior allowances of the Indian army. When Lord Cavan succeeded to the command, he thought that if both armies were internixed it would result in the English army obtaining similar pay. Accordingly he ordered the troops under General Sir D. Baird to garrison the forts jointly with the other troops. This was on the point of being carried out, when despatches arrived from H.R.H. the Duke of York, who, to obviate the difficulty, ordered all the English corps not belonging to the Indian army to embark for Malta, and to be relieved by the foreign corps

in British pay. One regiment of Dragoons alone remained. Rosetta was then handed over to the Turks, and the Indian corps garrisoned Alexandria, occupying the barracks, while the foreign brigade encamped near Pompey's Pillar.

‘Lord Cavan knew little of manœuvring troops, and when he attempted it, was apt to make sad blunders. Occasionally all the garrison of Alexandria used to manœuvre on the ground where some of the battles had been fought, and where many cannon-balls remained on the field. On one of these occasions the regiment of Bengal Sepoys was drawn up on the extreme right, but at right angles with the line, to throw a cross-fire sweeping the whole line, and raking an attacking enemy. We had two guns on our right. Some mischievous Artilleryman took up one of the old cannon-balls lying on the ground and put it into the gun. The shot passed along the front of the whole line, went very near the Adjutant-General and another person, but most mercifully did no harm. It was never ascertained who had done this.

‘The Turkish troops were occasionally very troublesome and insolent. On one occasion I was riding to Alexandria with an officer of the 8th Dragoons, when on turning a sandhill we suddenly saw a well-mounted Turk coming towards us. He immediately urged his horse at full speed, and when close to me he put a pistol to my head and then, laughing, galloped away. At Rosetta some Turks, having created a riot, were confined in the guard-room of the Hompesh Dragoons. This caused

great excitement, and a considerable number rushed into the barrack-yard to rescue their comrades, and began firing into the windows. The Dragoons were greatly astonished at this sudden attack, but rushing down with their swords into the barrack-yard, very soon cleared it of the Turks, who fled in great haste. I was ordered down with a picket to maintain order, and having posted a Sepoy sentry on a bridge with orders not to allow any armed Turks to pass over it, I took post in the great square. A party of Turkish horse soon approached the bridge, and the sentry made signs to them not to approach. Three or four Turks left the main body and galloped furiously towards the bridge to terrify the Sepoy, but he with great coolness advanced to meet them with his bayonet, when they turned and fled from him. I hastened to support him, but the whole affair was over before I could do so. Several officers were looking on, and were greatly struck with the man's cool and steady courage.

‘Lord Cavan took much interest in the ancient monuments around Alexandria. He caused the masonry at the pedestal of the celebrated granite column, called Pompey's Pillar, to be carefully removed, and ascertained that the whole column, measuring from base to capital about 96 feet, and supposed to weigh about 500 tons, rested on a small pillar of black stone most carefully equipoised, and kept immovable by its great weight. I have myself stood underneath this column. Lord Cavan wished to show what had been done, and in rebuilding the masonry, he

introduced a damaged 18-lb. iron gun, for which there was sufficient space from the black pillar to the outside of the pedestal. The muzzle of the gun was placed on the western, or same side as the Greek inscription, which is on the upper part of it. This gun has since been removed. His lordship also took on sulphur a cast of the inscription. Translated into English, it runs thus :

To Diocletianus Augustus. Most adorable Emperor. The Titular Deity of Alexandria. Pontius, Prefect of Egypt, consecrated this.

‘Lord Cavan also wished to remove to England the fallen obelisk known as Cleopatra’s Needle. A subscription was raised to defray the expense. An old Dutch prize-frigate was to have been converted into a raft, and a causeway built to convey the Needle to a spot where it could have been put on board. A regiment of English soldiers, as a fatigue-party, went by turns on week-days, and the Bengal Sepoys on Sundays, to accomplish this laborious work, but when the causeway was much advanced a severe storm washed it nearly away, and the British Admiral having withdrawn the assistance of the navy, this plan was relinquished. In order to leave some record of what the British army had done in Egypt, the massive granite pedestal was lifted on one of its sides, and a white marble slab was placed beneath with an inscription describing the conquest of Egypt by the French under their General Buonaparte ; the subsequent defeat of the French by the British Army under Sir Ralph Abercrombie,

on the 21st March, 1801, who died victorious, and the surrender of all the French garrisons ; the evacuation of Egypt by the British troops, and the restoration of the country to the Turks.

‘The Indian troops in general were very healthy, although they felt the cold until the month of April. The Bombay Sepoys, however, suffered a good deal from the plague. The battalion of the 7th Regiment which had been left at Kosseir, and which had afterwards joined the army at Rosetta, was particularly unfortunate, and the disease raged with great violence among them. This corps lost nearly 400 men during their stay in Egypt.

‘In the month of April, 1802, official intelligence arrived of the treaty of peace having been signed. Lord Cavan therefore permitted General Sir D. Baird to march with the Indian army towards Suez, to be ready to evacuate Egypt as soon as he received the orders daily expected from England. Just at this time a frightful accident occurred. Preparations were being made to deliver over to the Turks several magazines. Fort Triangulaire contained a large quantity of gunpowder and shells. An inventory was being taken of them, and I was riding towards the fort, when I suddenly heard a rumbling noise and a loud explosion. The fort became obscured by smoke and dust. I thought it was some sudden attack, but an artilleryman who was near me at the time said he had been working there the previous day, and he was sure the powder-magazine had caught fire

and been blown up, which I soon ascertained to be true. A large square tower was thrown in an open space which was that very morning to have been occupied by the 10th Regiment of Foot, and their camp had been actually marked out. Something, however, occurred to prevent it, and thus, in the merciful providence of God, the regiment escaped destruction. Several men were killed at a distance by falling stones, and an officer who was quartered inside the fort, and was writing at the time, had his table smashed to pieces, but escaped unhurt himself.'

The Bengal Volunteers formed the advance of the army when they marched from Alexandria on April 29, 1802, on their way back to India. His Majesty's 10th, 61st, and 88th Regiments were struck off the strength of the Indian army, and received orders to return to Europe. Several guineas, bounty-money, were offered to the soldiers of the foreign brigades if they would enlist and serve in any corps in India. About 500 arrived as recruits from Malta and accompanied the troops to India.

My father gives an interesting account of their march up the left bank of the Nile, passing many tribes of Bedouin Arabs, with all of whom they appear to have established friendly relations; riding to visit their little camps full of sheep, goats, camels, and very fine mares; now buying a lamb, now a greyhound, and inducing them to taste their tea, which the Arabs did not like, though they eagerly accepted sugar. At the same time, they soon discovered that the Arabs would at once resent any-

thing like threats, and were ready to draw their arms at anything they conceived to be an attempt at compulsion.

At Damanhoor they met a corps of 800 Turks on their way to Alexandria. They appeared to march like a riotous mob, and their cowardice equalled their insolence.

The Indian army 'rendezvous'd' at Embabeh, a small village about five miles north of Gizeh, and on the left bank of the Nile. They halted here while preparations were made for them to cross the Nile. Major-General Sir D. Baird paid a visit of ceremony to his Excellency the Pacha of Egypt at his palace in Grand Cairo, and in accordance with Eastern custom, received as a present a very handsome charger richly accoutred, while all his suite received fine Damascus sabres. The Pacha returned the visit a few days afterwards. His Majesty's 80th and 86th Regiments and the Bengal Volunteers 'formed a street' from the landing-place to the General's house at Gizeh. The Artillery corps were placed with their swords drawn near the first door, which was extremely low, and formed a passage through a garden up to the house. The Pacha landed from his barge under a salute from an adjacent battery, and seemed much pleased with the appearance of the troops; but when he came to the door where the Artillery were placed, and had to stoop to pass, the glittering of the swords and the narrowness of the place startled him, and he hesitated to enter, appearing extremely alarmed. After a little while, however, he ventured on, and was highly delighted with his reception. The General

held a levée, at which the English officers appeared in the medals they had received from 'the Grand Sultaun' (I suppose my father means the gold medals of Knights of the Crescent). The band of the 86th regiment played among other tunes that of the 'Battle of Prague,' which was thought very inappropriate to the occasion, and likely to have annoyed the Pacha had he understood it. The General gave handsome presents to the Pacha and his suite.

The Bengal Volunteers then crossed the Nile in boats and encamped at Boulac. Next day they proceeded to Birket el Hadj, or Lake of the Pilgrims, fifteen miles from Cairo. This place is on the edge of the Desert, and is the rendezvous for pilgrims starting for Meccah. Half way there they passed an obelisk of granite something like Cleopatra's Needle, but smaller. Sir D. Baird had formed depôts of provisions at Birket el Hadj and three other places, twenty miles apart, across the Desert, well supplied with water in casks. In the latter end of May, 1802, all these preparations were completed, and the Bengal Volunteers marched from Birket el Hadj for Suez. On the third day they reached Ajerud, ten miles from Suez, and on the borders of the Desert. Next day they had a very fatiguing march of about twenty-six miles, and encamped at the Wells of Moses in Arabia Petrea. A narrow branch of the Red Sea runs up here a few miles inland, lengthening the route to Suez by land, and my father forded it on horseback. Major-General Sir D.

Baird had intended that the whole of the troops should embark here, but fortunately a little lake of fresh water, formed by recent rains, was discovered a little to the west of Suez, and the remaining corps encamped there.

On June 7 Sir David Baird embarked on board the *Victor* sloop of war and proceeded to India. The Bengal Volunteers also embarked on transports, and sailed for Tor, a small port at the foot of Mount Sinai. Here there were several wells of tolerably good water, of which the ships took in a good supply, and then sailed for India.

List of corps from India serving in Egypt under Major-General Sir D. Baird, 1801-2 :

<i>Corps and Detachments.</i>	<i>Strength.</i>	<i>Remarks.</i>
One troop, 8th Light Dragoons ... }	80	From the Cape of Good Hope under Captain Hawkins.
Horse Artillery, six guns	60	From Bengal under Captain Brown.
Artillery... ..	500	From the three Presidencies.
H.M. 10th Regt. of Foot	950	From Bengal.
H.M. 61st " "	1,000	From the Cape of Good Hope.
H.M. 80th " "	400	Six companies. Remainder obliged to put back.
H.M. 86th " "	300	Four companies, two of which arrived by Suez before the army.
H.M. 88th " "	500	Six companies. Remainder obliged to put back.
Bengal Volunteers, Sepoys ... }	600	Six companies. Remainder obliged to put back.
Bombay Sepoys... ..	1,600	The 2nd Batt. 1st Regt. and 2nd Batt. of 7th Regt.
Pioneers... ..	100	From Madras.
Camp followers	1,000	
Total	6,090	

List of corps that were within thirty miles of Alexandria when General Menou surrendered the place to the British forces :

<i>Corps and Detachments.</i>	<i>Strength.</i>	<i>Remarks.</i>
A troop, 8th Light Dragoons ... }	80	Very well mounted.
Horse Artillery ...	60	Six guns with horses complete.
Artillery ...	400	With a train of light guns. The others left at Dgizah (Gizeh).
H.M. 10th Regt. of Foot	800	The remainder left at Dgizah (Gizeh).
H.M. 61st " "	900	The remainder left at Dgizah (Gizeh).
H.M. 80th " "	200	The others had not arrived.
H.M. 88th " "	400	The others had not arrived.
Bengal Volunteers ...	600	
Pioneers 	100	
Total	3,440	The other troops were at Dgizah, Damietta, and Kosseir.

Corps composing the garrison of Alexandria from December, 1801, to May, 1802 :

<i>British Troops.</i>	<i>Foreign Brigade.</i>	<i>Remarks.</i>
22nd Light Dragoons ...	Dillon's Regt.	From England. 22nd Light Dragoons.
Artillery... 		
H.M. 10th Regt. of Foot	Dowlle's Swiss Regt.	
H.M. 61st " "	Vatteville Swiss	
H.M. 80th " "	Chasseurs Britan- niques	Corps of Emigrants. Very bad.
H.M. 88th " "		
Bengal Volunteers ...		
Pioneers... 		

I have given these extracts from my father's description of the chief incidents he remembered of the expedition to Egypt, written by him during the last years of his life, assisted by the journals he kept at the time, all of which I have, because of the great interest which attaches to them. In the year 1858, when the English Government were anxious to convey troops as rapidly as possible to India, and the various routes across Egypt were under discussion, my father gave evidence before the House of Commons Committee, and his evidence is printed under date March 3, 1858, in the form of a letter addressed to Lieutenant-General Sir De Lacy Evans, G.C.B., M.P. I have a copy of this paper, dated March 23, 1858.—(8). Select Committee on East India (transport of troops), 1857-58.

History seems strangely to repeat itself, and not only the difficulty of marching English troops across the deserts of Egypt, but the comparative advantage of employing Sepoy troops was again experienced in the Egyptian campaign of 1884-87; while to us as a family it is remarkable that another Pownoll Phipps, my son, then a Lieutenant in the 1st Dorsetshire Regiment, should have followed his grandfather's steps, and after being quartered at Shellal, Assuan, from January to July, 1886, went down the Nile with his regiment in boats to Alexandria, about the same time of year, eighty-five years afterwards.

I may also note that the next British regiment quartered at Keneh after the campaign of 1801 was the 1st Dorset-

shire Regiment, from December, 1885, to May, 1886. One of the badges of this regiment is the Sphinx, with the word 'Egypt.' It was gained by the 2nd battalion at the siege of Alexandria in 1801.

For his services in this campaign my father received from the Sultan in 1802 the order of a Knight of the Crescent, with a large gold medal, and not till many years afterwards, in 1848, from the English Government, the Peninsular medal with the Egypt clasp. The delay in the issue of the English medal is attributed to the Duke of Wellington.

In June, 1802, the Bengal troops left Egypt, after having occupied the country one year. After a quick passage they reached Calcutta in July, where the corps of Volunteers was broken up, and the officers returned to the regular regiments. My father now joined the 2nd battalion 13th Regiment Native Infantry, in which regiment he remained the whole period of his service in India. This regiment remained loyal in the Mutiny.

On his arrival at Calcutta a great and agreeable surprise greeted my father, who found awaiting him there Mdlle. Henriette de Beaurepaire and his sister Penelope. To understand how this had come about, it is necessary to go back to the end of the year 1798, when the departure of the Phipps family left poor Henriette de Beaurepaire at Caen under the care of the family of the Baron de Cauvigny. The distress she must have felt at parting with them, and especially with my father, to whom she was

engaged, must have been lightened by the confident assurance that their separation was to be only temporary. She had promised to follow him, and before leaving England my father had made arrangements, in which his sister Penelope took part, that Henriette de Beaurepaire was to be sent on to India after him. Yet when we remember the antipathy of my father's family to such an alliance, and also the fact that war still existed between France and England, we realize how many difficulties had to be surmounted, and how much courage and determination it demanded in a young lady to secure the success of their resolve.

About May, 1799, Henriette's plans were sufficiently advanced to enable her to make the attempt to follow my father to England, and she set out in ignorance of the fact that at that very time he was being hurried out of the country to India. Her journey was attended by much danger, and her subsequent adventures are thus related by my father :

Leaving Caen, Henriette de Beaurepaire 'proceeded to the frontier, and then, pretending to take a walk with her maid, she crossed the border, and getting on board a neutral vessel, arrived at Great Yarmouth, having, as she supposed, overcome all her difficulties. She was little prepared for what awaited her. A member of the Phipps family saw with uneasiness the prospect of a marriage between Pownoll Phipps and a French lady. To prevent this a most extraordinary plan was adopted. A captain

in the Royal Navy' (Captain, and afterwards Admiral, Tinling, who married Pownoll Phipps's eldest sister Fanny) 'addressed an anonymous letter to the Duke of Portland, acquainting him that a very dangerous French spy was coming to England in a neutral vessel expected at Yarmouth, and strongly recommended that orders should be sent that the lady might be sent back as an alien. Singular as it must now appear, the Government without further inquiry issued orders accordingly. But Mdlle. de Beaurepaire had landed before her arrival was known at Yarmouth. When she was told that she must return on board, she pleaded having suffered too much from seasickness to make it safe, and she announced her determination to go to the gaol, and there await a reference to the French Duc d'Harcourt in London, to whom she was well known.

'Whilst this was passing at Yarmouth, providentially a letter fell into the hands of Penelope Phipps, written by her sister Fanny, the wife of Captain Tinling, explaining the plans adopted to ensure Henriette de Beaurepaire not being allowed to remain in England. At the same time, she received a letter from Henriette herself, urging her to come to her assistance. She lost not a moment, and on reaching Yarmouth went straight to the gaol, where she found her friend. She then had an interview with the Mayor and with the Port Admiral, to whom she explained how the Duke of Portland had been misled. The wife of Captain Tinling happened to be at Yarmouth, and on

being questioned could not deny the statement. All this made some stir. Several families called on the fair prisoner. The Mayor caused her to be removed to his own house, and the Admiral wrote to the Duke of Portland, requesting that the order might be rescinded ; and while asking leave not to divulge the names of the persons, yet pledged himself to the truth of the statement. The Duc d'Harcourt likewise satisfied the Government of Henriette's true position and character. She was released and proceeded to London.'

After remaining in England about a year, the two young ladies devised a plan by which Henriette might reach my father. Penelope Phipps determined to go herself to India, and to take Henriette with her, but the difficulties to be surmounted were still great. At that time it was difficult for strangers to obtain permission from the East India Court of Directors to go to India, and Penelope knew that her intention would be frustrated if it came to the knowledge of her family. She applied to the Court for leave to join her brother. The order required the signature of two Directors, and as only one happened to be in attendance, someone proposed to call out of another room the only Director she dreaded seeing, as he was a relation,* and would have thus discovered and opposed her plan. Fortunately at that moment the difficulty was removed by the arrival of another Director, and she thus obtained her order, and also permission to take with her a

* Lord Mulgrave.

native maidservant. Armed with this authority, she proceeded to embark, taking with her Henriette de Beaurepaire. The Captain reported to the Directors that as no native servant could be procured, Miss Phipps had been obliged to take a European maid instead; and in this manner the two young ladies escaped the vigilance of the family, and shared the same cabin to Calcutta. In undertaking this romantic expedition, Penelope had to make a sacrifice which entailed upon herself serious consequences. She had to choose between remaining in England till James Chatry de la Fosse, to whom she was engaged, could come to claim her, and her affection to her brother and her friend. She chose the latter, and wrote to James Chatry de la Fosse to tell him what had happened, and to release him from his engagement.

On the arrival of the two young ladies at Calcutta, great was their dismay at finding that Pownoil Phipps, unaware of their proceedings, had embarked in the expedition to Egypt, and was at that moment in Ceylon. My father knew that at some time Henriette might reach him, and before starting for Egypt he had obtained the promise of some friends that they would look out for her, and take her into their house till he returned, but he had never expected his sister. The friends, however, most kindly took in both young ladies and kept them until my father came back, when he immediately married Henriette de Beaurepaire, August 10, 1802.

The fascinating charms of Penelope Phipps seem to

have caused her many troubles. The wife of the friend who so kindly received the young ladies grew jealous of her husband's admiration for their pretty guest, and poor Penelope had to leave them. She made many conquests in India, but in spite of all, she now determined to return to England and make it up with James Chatry de la Fosse. One young officer was so distressed at this resolution of hers that he tried to destroy himself. My cousin, Mrs. Toker, has told me she met this officer many years afterwards as a General at my father's house in London, when he sat next her at dinner, and talked to her with tears in his eyes of her 'beautiful aunt.' On her voyage home, the ship in which she sailed was taken by a French man-of-war. As the only person on board who could speak French, she had to act as interpreter between the French officer and the English sailors, and my father has often told me of the absurd mistakes into which she fell in doing this from her ignorance of nautical expressions. Thus she interpreted 'Mettez les voiles au vent,' as 'Put the sails to the wind,' instead of 'Make sail.' Of course, the French captain shared the usual fate, and fell desperately in love with her, but fortunately before he could convoy his prize to France they were retaken by the English.

On reaching England she returned to her mother, and there heard that James Chatry de la Fosse, despairing of ever seeing her again, had just allowed his family, after the French fashion, to make another engagement for him with a French heiress. Penelope was very angry, and at once

determined to go back to India. James de la Fosse, however, no sooner heard that Penelope had returned, than he broke off his new engagement and hastened to England to see her. Alas! it was too late. It was afterwards proved that they must have passed one another on the road, and she had sailed for India before he could retrace his steps to find her.

My father used to say Penelope's life was more full of incident than most novels. It is sad to think we know no more of her than that on her return to India she married a Mr. Johnston, but was never happy afterwards, and is said to have died broken-hearted. From her miniature which we have, she must have been the most lovely of all the handsome sisters, but my father always said her chief charm lay in the extreme fascination of her manners.

I believe James Chatry de la Fosse never married. I cannot leave, as I must now, the name of a family to whom we are so much indebted, without recording that my cousin, Mrs. Toker, gave that name to her daughter Annetta in grateful recollection, and in the churchyard of Horton, near Datchet, in Buckinghamshire, may be seen her tombstone with this inscription :

In remembrance of Annetta Chatry de la Fosse, wife of Avery Tyrrell, who entered into rest January 17th, 1879, aged 38 years.
R.I.P.

After his marriage, August 10, 1802, my father and his wife proceeded to the Upper Provinces. Such a journey in those days was long and trying ; and my father mentions,

as an instance of what ladies had to encounter, that while walking on the banks of the Ganges in the evening a dog passed them, and on looking they perceived that it had in its mouth the hand of an infant, which had been thrown into the river by some Hindoo. In 1803 Mrs. Phipps was confined after very protracted labour. The child died at its birth. The surgeon who attended her was very unskilful. She suffered much, and never had another child.

Lord Lake soon gave my father the appointment of Adjutant, and all the time my father held that post he was on terms of great and friendly confidence with the Lieutenant-Colonel who commanded the regiment, 2nd Battalion 13th Native Infantry, afterwards Lieutenant-General Sir Gabriel Martindell. The regiment moved from Futteghur to Lucknow, and thence to Muttra. While at Muttra my father was much impressed by an instance of the good conduct of his native soldiers. The principal bazaar, or market, caught fire during a hurricane, and my father's thatch-roofed house was in the most immediate danger. No sooner was it known in the lines occupied by the regiment that the house of the Adjutant was expected to be burnt, than the Sepoys of their own accord, and entirely unsolicited, ran with all speed a distance of about a mile, removed from the house every article which could be taken up, and when providentially the fire was extinguished, the men carried everything back without any article having been damaged. They then

proceeded to Kurnal, where my father mentions that his wife was very kindly received by the wife of the Commander-in-Chief and his daughters.

We have my father's journal of the journey with his regiment from Calcutta to Kurnal, *viâ* Cawnpore, Muttra, and Delhi. The first part, from Calcutta to Cawnpore, was in boats, and took from September 19 to November 27, 1808. From Cawnpore they marched by road on December 4, and reached Kurnal February 3, 1809.

In the year 1809 my father was appointed Fort-Adjutant and Barrack-Master at Agra, and removed to that place. This was one of the largest fortresses in the Upper Provinces, and the grand arsenal and depôt for ordnance, arms, and stores of every kind for a considerable portion of the Bengal army. As the principal staff-officer of the garrison, it became my father's duty, under the orders of the Commandant, to see that all the equipment for the army, the battering-train, and everything connected with the efficiency of the troops were maintained in the highest order. Considerable attention was likewise paid to the instruction of the garrison in military movements. A strong corps of Artillery and three regiments of Sepoys were frequently exercised in line, and on these occasions my father as Adjutant found the advantage he had gained during his services in Egypt, where very large bodies of troops were exercised almost daily under Sir David Baird.

On October 10, 1810, my father obtained his com-

mission as a Captain in the army. During his seven years' residence at Agra he always enjoyed the esteem and friendship of his commanding officers. When the first Commandant, afterwards General Sir Sackville Brown, left Agra for England, he reported to the Commander-in-Chief and to the Military Board in a very favourable manner his opinion of the services of the Fort-Adjutant. His successor, Colonel Robert Bowie, had such confidence in my father that shortly before his death he appointed him one of his executors. His successor, afterwards General Sir Thomas Brown, lived on terms of the most unreserved and intimate intercourse with my father, and when my father quitted Agra in 1816, recorded his sentiments of Captain Phipps's conduct as a staff-officer in the most flattering manner in public orders, as well as in a report to the Commander-in-Chief and to the Military Board.

In the year 1812 Mrs. Phipps's health failed. She suffered from a diseased liver. A sea-trip was recommended, and my father was taking her to Calcutta, but the malady made rapid progress, and when they reached the neighbourhood of Birkampore, it became evident that she had not many hours to live. Every effort was made to reach a military station, and the boats in which they travelled proceeded beyond the usual hour of stopping. At last, a favourable spot having been found, they made fast to the shore, and it was most providential that they did so. In a few minutes a plank started from the bottom,

and the boat sank. Fortunately it was a shallow spot, and the water only reached the lower deck, or floor, so that it was not necessary to disturb the last hours of the sufferer. Had the accident happened half an hour sooner, both husband and wife would have been drowned.

When she felt her end approaching, she became anxious to spare my father's feelings, and as he had not left her bedside for several nights, she urged him to take a little rest. He, believing that a little sleep might enable him to attend upon her afterwards more attentively, yielded to her entreaties. In a very short time he awoke, and looking at her, found to his distress that her spirit had left its earthly tenement. This was on April 3, 1812.

At daybreak my father had to remove the body into another boat and proceed to the nearest landing-place, Boywangola. He had to instruct a village carpenter to make a coffin. After this he proceeded to the military station of Birkampore, near the town of Moorshedabad, 120 miles from Calcutta, where she was interred on April 6, 1812, in the European cemetery, several officers and their wives attending to pay this last mark of respect to her remains.

With this sad description my father's manuscript comes to an end, but in the first page of his Bible he wrote the following words, which show how bitter his grief was, and how deep his sense of what he lost in his beloved Henriette :

‘On the night between the 3rd and 4th days of April,

1812, near the mouth of the Cossimbazar river, it pleased the Almighty to take from this world *her* who for many years was to me the source of more genuine, uninterrupted happiness than falls to the lot of most men to enjoy. During this eventful day, in which all my worldly happiness was wrecked for ever, it pleased God to temper His wrath and evince His infinite mercy, by saving me from a watery grave, and permitting my ever-beloved Henriette to resign her life in quietness and peace without the smallest bodily pain. Whereas, without the merciful aid of Divine Providence, there is every reason to believe that my Budgero would have sunk in deep water in the Ganges without the possibility of saving my much lamented wife, who was at that time on the point of death. The Almighty so ordained it that we escaped this imminent peril, and I was enabled to convey her remains to Birkampore, where they received Christian burial on the 6th day of April. The awful events of the 3rd of April will never, I trust, be effaced from my mind. However acute were my suff . . . ?

Here the paper is torn and ends.

So far I have been enabled to trust to a manuscript account of his reminiscences drawn up by my father in his latter years, in consequence of a request from the Beaurepaire family, which reached him first through an advertisement which appeared in the *Times* newspaper of November 30, 1850.

My father replied to this advertisement, and found that

it had been inserted by the brothers of his wife Henriette, who wished to give him some money as their late sister's portion in some family property. They asked in return that he would give them some information respecting their sister, with particulars of her life and death; and this led to my father writing the memoirs which have furnished most of the materials for what I have written so far. I must now go on as well as I can, trusting to the information I have since been able to obtain.

CHAPTER II.

THE family of my father's first wife were involved in the stirring scenes of the great French Revolution, out of which Henriette escaped in the adventurous manner we have seen. It is strange that his second marriage introduces us to a family who were driven from their country, America, by the part taken by their father in the War of Independence. Benedict Arnold, who was born at Norwich, Connecticut, January 14, 1742, was a druggist at New Haven, in Connecticut, when the war broke out. On the news of the battle of Lexington he collected a body of volunteers, seized some arms, and obtained a commission to capture Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain. Subsequently he proceeded on his own account, after surprising St. John's, to equip a small flotilla on the lake. He displayed great bravery and skill, but he offended Congress by his independence, and he was in turn offended by their want of confidence, though he was appointed to the command of Philadelphia on its evacuation by the British forces. At length, mortified by the insults to

which he considered he was subjected, he entered into communications with Sir H. Clinton to betray West Point in September, 1780. The project failed through the capture of Major André, but Arnold managed to escape to the British lines. On joining the British, Arnold received the rank of Brigadier-General, and commanded expeditions against Richmond, in Virginia, and New London, in Connecticut. In 1782 he proceeded to England, where he was consulted by the King on the conduct of the war. He obtained a grant of upwards of £6,000 in compensation for his losses, and a pension of £500 for his wife. He again entered into business in New Brunswick, and afterwards in the West Indies, being captured by the French on his passage, but escaping from them by swimming. He distinguished himself at Guadeloupe, and for some time he commanded a corps of American refugees. He came to London, where he died at 18, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, on June 14, 1801, aged fifty-nine years and two months.

In 1798 George III. granted to General Arnold and to his family 13,400 acres of land, to be selected from the waste lands of the Crown in Upper Canada. In the letter of the Duke of Portland, Secretary of State, to President Russell, of Canada, dated Whitehall, June 12, 1798, he states that Arnold's very gallant and meritorious conduct at Guadeloupe had induced his Majesty, in consequence of the General's situation and that of his family here, to dispense in this instance with that part of the royal

instruction which would require the residence of the General and that of his family in the province. The land selected was in Gwillimbury, between Toronto and Lake Simcoe, and also in Elmsley. My father inherited his share of this property from his wife, and we sold it ultimately in 1875.

General Benedict Arnold was twice married. His first wife was Margaret, daughter of Samuel Mansfield, and by her he had three sons—Benedict, Richard, and Henry. His first wife died at New Haven June 19, 1775.

General Arnold married, secondly, on April 8, 1779, Margaret, daughter of Edward Shippen, Esq., Chief Judge of Pennsylvania. Poor André was in love with her, but she refused him for Arnold, keeping a lock of André's hair, which we still have. She was very good-looking, and George III. pronounced her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. In the 'Life of Benedict Arnold,' by Isaac Arnold, pp. 227-233, she is described as 'Peggy Shippen, the darling of the family circle, young, extremely beautiful and graceful, and with a magnetism of person and manner which drew to her in love and admiration everyone who came within her influence.' Washington said to Lafayette: 'Ah, Marquis, you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold!' Tarlton and other returning officers, after she went to London, reported that she was 'the handsomest woman in England.' By this marriage Arnold had seven children, five sons and two daughters. Before his marriage Arnold purchased

the fine old country-seat called Mount Pleasant, situated on the east bank of the Schuylkill. It is still standing in Fairmount Park. The mansion stands on a bluff overlooking the Schuylkill. Here, on March 19, 1780, was born to him a son, Edward Shippen, who became subsequently a Lieutenant in the 6th Bengal Cavalry and Paymaster at Muttra.

It was in competition with this Lieutenant Edward Arnold that my father won his first staff appointment, and after the loss of his first wife my father became very intimate both with Edward Arnold and with his sister, Sophia Matilda Arnold, who was living with him. At this time, through the influence of the Rev. Daniel Corrie, afterwards first Bishop of Madras, who was then Chaplain at Agra, my father became impressed with very strong religious convictions. Until then such thoughts had scarcely suggested themselves to him, and in later years he often dwelt upon the great disadvantages in such respects under which he had passed his early life. During those years of virtual imprisonment at Caen, he and his brothers and sisters had no opportunities for either religious instruction or worship, while the scenes by which they were surrounded were only of violence and excitement. Nor did the succeeding years make much difference, full as they were of rapid change and travel. My father used to say he never saw a Bible till he was thirty, and his only religious book was a Prayer-book, given him by an elderly lady relative. Now, however, in the quiet time

which followed after his wife's death, his mind turned towards those higher subjects which ever afterwards impressed his character and thoughts. In all this he found a congenial friend in Edward Arnold. Both were of the same age, thirty-two, having each been born in 1780, and both were attracted by Mr. Corrie at the same time. To quote the words used by an old friend of our family, who had often heard my father speak of it: 'Mr. Corrie's ministry was blest to them both, and they resolved, by Divine grace, to give themselves to God. They received the Sacrament together for the first time from Mr. Corrie, who ever regarded those two as the first-fruits of his ministry in India. He loved them as sons, and they regarded each other with almost more than fraternal affection.'

On April 17, 1813, at Muttra, my father married his friend's sister, Sophia Matilda Arnold. The circumstances of this marriage were remarkable, as she was dangerously ill at the time, and not expected to recover; and Mr. Corrie married them to satisfy her wish that she might die my father's wife. She, however, recovered, and had five children before she died, fifteen years afterwards. It is sad to state that her first child, Matilda Eliza, who was born at Agra on August 29, 1814, was blind from her birth, and her helpless state rendered her a subject of the most tender care till her death in 1860.

Edward Arnold died at Dinapore, December 17, 1813.

For the following three years my father and Mrs. Phipps lived at Agra, where another daughter was born to

them in 1815, Elvira Anna. During those years my father was very busy with the duties of his office ; and the only records I possess of that period consist of extracts from letters and reports of his superior officers, speaking in such high praise of his services that I do not hesitate to copy them.

Thus, on March 18, 1814, the secretary to the Military Board at Calcutta writes in a letter addressed to the officer commanding at Agra : ' I am further directed to acquaint you, for the information of Captain Phipps, that his Lordship in Council has been pleased to notice with particular satisfaction the effect of Captain Phipps's good management, which is considered by his Lordship in Council as highly creditable to that officer.'

Again, on April 2, 1814, Mr. Gardener, secretary to the Government in the Military Department, writes to the secretary to the Military Board : ' The Governor-General in Council considers it proper to testify his high approbation of the vigilance and good management of Captain Phipps ; and as a compliment for having established a satisfactory scale on which the Military Board will be enabled to enforce economy in future in the rates for building in the Upper Provinces, is pleased to determine that that officer shall be presented with the sum of Sonaut rupees 900, leaving it to Captain Phipps to remunerate his private agent, Cornet Beatson, for his praiseworthy conduct and zealous exertions to such extent and in such manner as he may think proper.'

Again, on October 17, 1814, the secretary to the Military Board at Calcutta writes to my father thus: 'I have also much pleasure in informing you that his Excellency the Vice-President in Council has again expressed his satisfaction at the very favourable report made by the Military Board of your talents and exertions, and considers the attention to economy and cheapness with which you execute all works intrusted to you as reflecting the highest credit on your zeal and judgment.'

In a report made to the Adjutant-General, for the information of the Right Hon. the Earl of Moira, Commander-in-Chief, and transmitted likewise to the Military Board by Brigadier-General T. Brown, commanding the Agra and Muttra frontier, dated Agra, September 10, 1814, when the Brigadier was resigning his command in order to return to Europe, the following extract occurs: 'I would particularly draw the attention of the Military Board to the zeal and abilities of the Fort-Adjutant and Barrack-Master, Captain Phipps, but that I know it is needless; they are already well known to them. The economy with which he has erected the new Artillery Barrack, the Hospitals for the Fort, the new Lines for two battalions at Muttra, and various other buildings he has been employed in within these two years, has been already repeatedly noticed by the Board. I have much pleasure in anticipating the satisfaction which the members now at Headquarters will feel upon seeing themselves the goodness of the work and of the materials employed. As

Fort-Adjutant, I derived the greatest assistance from his accurate knowledge of the different orders and directions which have been received from the Board for many years back. This enabled him to submit to me, along with every letter from the different Departments in Garrison, all former papers that referred to the subject. Without this I must have decided in the dark.

‘Captain Phipps has won and possesses my entire confidence. I beg leave to recommend him to the Board as every way deserving of theirs.’

In the same way my father is spoken of in a letter addressed to him by Colonel John Paton, Quartermaster-General of the Bengal army, and a member of the Military Board, dated Cawnpore, September 20, 1814 :

‘On the subject of business I shall only for the present observe that your results are perfectly astonishing, and must, when established by the test of durability, place your talents and exertions beyond the reach of rivalry in the Barrack Department. My praise of so much conspicuous merit may be feeble, but I entreat you to believe that I never can overlook any opportunity of using my best endeavours to bring it under favourable notice ; and I am happy to think that you have long ago secured a friend in the secretary to the Military Board, who will not be less mindful of the justice due to the highly beneficial services which have been rendered through your means to the public interest in this respect.’

Of his domestic life at this time we have some little

knowledge from a letter written by Mrs. Phipps to her 'tenderly beloved' brother William Arnold, dated Agra, December 14, 1814, and addressed to him in Canada, where he was then serving with his regiment, the 19th Light Dragoons, in which he was a lieutenant. In this letter she says: 'I still consider you my eldest child, but you will have heard ere this reaches you that I have now another, a girl, a little darling Blessing. I assure you how much I wish I could see her in Uncle William's arms. I think he would be very fond of my pet. I nurse and kiss her with great pleasure. Papa and Mama are, I assure you, quite proud of her, as well as delighted with her. Though a minikin still, she is very pretty and plump, and crows, and begins to take a great deal of notice. I think I told you before, she was born on the 29th of August. Pray remember to drink her health on her birthday. I hope to have her christened next month by a clergyman who is coming here with Lord Moira. Her name is to be Matilda Eliza, after me and Captain Phipps's mother. . . . We must all of us ever think of our darling Edward with most affectionate regret. I in particular have reason to feel this; yet the bitterness of my grief at his loss has worn away, assisted by the Almighty, in whom I hope ever to put my trust, and blessed with another treasure in the room of the one I trust He has removed to a far happier world. On your account, as well as so many others, I have bitterly lamented his loss. I had anticipated much benefit to

you from his society when he should have returned home, and the judicious advice he so well knew how to bestow. I am now most anxious about your future destination, and to know whether your Regiment is likely to be reduced upon the Peace, or, rather, your return home. On your coming of age, which will be about the time you receive this, you will have a little property, that, in addition to your pay, would make you very comfortable. . . . I hope, my dear William, you will never be tempted to enter into anything like speculation. Two melancholy instances of its ill effects we have in our family. Our dearest Father and Brother, both of whom might at this time have been living but for this unfortunate attempt to acquire wealth. I have heard with much pleasure of your being more reconciled to the army, and I trust you will continue the profession of a soldier, which must always be honourable and respectable, and far better than leading an idle life, which generally leads to extravagance and dissipation. You are much too young yet to have nothing to do ; and though the life of a military man is one of temptation, a soldier may be as pious and excellent in every way as any other man, as I hope my darling William will prove ; for, believe me, my anxiety and affection for you are not bounded. I desire most earnestly and pray most fervently, that while you may have every earthly good, you may also be making preparations for the time when all this must be taken again by that great Disposer, who, as it were, but lends us our lives and other blessings for a

season, and then will call us to account for the use we have made of them. Upon which will depend the happiness or misery of our eternal state. You and I used formerly to think and talk seriously together, and I rejoiced to see the seed of Religion springing in your heart. Ever attend to its outward duties, my dearest brother, as the means of procuring in your heart that love and fear of God which will keep you from all evil, and lead you to do the best things from the best motives. I have written you rather a serious page, but we may both be benefited by reflecting on this momentous subject. It will, I am sure, make you very happy to hear of my continued felicity in the married state. I have, indeed, the greatest reason to be thankful for the excellent husband I have got. No wife can be more beloved and indulged than I am, and no two people can be happier together. Everything, too, prospers with us. Pownoll is in high favour with Government, who are always writing him the handsomest Public letters on account of the Barrack department, in which he really is rendering most important service by his improvements, economy, and honesty. Without making a rupee he ought not, he has an income of £3,000 a year, and as we do not spend more than a third, we are certain of having a comfortable fortune seven years hence, when we purpose returning home. We shall be able to go sooner, with at least an independence, should health require it. In the meanwhile, we are living most comfortably, have a noble house, with every convenience

about us, two carriages, etc., etc., and have as much society as we wish. We are both domestic, and shall be more so now we have a dear little one. But we have frequently friends staying in the house, as we are stationary ; and so many people come to Agra on their way to other places, and we have no such things as *inns* in India. . . . Dear George is to continue another year at Loodianah, 400 miles higher up the country than this. I heard from him the other day ; he is quite well, and not likely to be employed against the Gourkahs, as cavalry can be of no use in the Hills. We have just entered upon this war, which is likely to prove a dangerous, or at least tedious and losing one. But these people were encroachers, and it was said to be necessary. I hope dear James will be continued at Hull some years longer. It seems a very good station. He writes me he and Virginia enjoy very excellent health now. You must consider my Pownoll as a new brother. You will, I can assure you, find him a very excellent and kind one on all occasions, and I am sure you will love him for making me so happy. He desires to unite in every affectionate wish, with, my dearest William, your fondly attached sister and friend, SOPHIA PHIPPS.'

Two incidents of these years my father used to relate. One was that he was once sent for to the Taj, where, in spite of the remonstrances of the sentry, an English lady was insisting on picking agates out of the marble with a steel fork. The other was of the risk he once incurred of

losing a great deal of money. He kept it in a chest, and trusted his head clerk so implicitly that he allowed him to keep the key. He was suddenly alarmed at receiving a private intimation that the clerk had abused his confidence, and had made away with the money. Upon reflection, he thought it best to do nothing which might discover his suspicions, and he merely remarked to the clerk that he had not looked through the chest for some little time, and he proposed to go through the money with him on a certain day. The man used the time thus afforded him to procure the money at any cost, and when the day came, and my father examined the chest, the money was all there. My father then told the clerk he should in future keep the key himself. The man fell on his face, exclaiming that he was ruined, and confessed what he had done. It was a period of nervous suspense for my father, and his escape from the consequences of his imprudence was a matter of much congratulation.

In the year 1816 my father was selected by the Marquis of Hastings, Governor General of India, to fill the new station of Superintendent of Building in the Lower Provinces. This obliged him to leave Agra, and it was on that occasion that the First Commandant of Agra, General Sir Thomas Brown, wrote most flatteringly of my father's merits, both in public orders, and in his report to the Commander-in-Chief, as already mentioned. I have no records of the rest of my father's stay in India, beyond those of the births of his three other children—Constantine

Edward, who was born at Calcutta on March 9, 1817; Pownoll James, who was born at Barrackpore on January 31, 1818; and George William, who was also born at Barrackpore on December 27, 1821. From these it may be inferred that the duties of his office obliged him to move from place to place. Travelling in those days was comparatively difficult, and my father travelled in state, with quite a little flotilla of boats, some of his diaries showing the trouble they occasioned him. He himself travelled in the first boat, next came the cooking boat, then a boat with his horse and gig, and last followed a boat containing a guard of soldiers. On landing he drove in his gig to examine the bridges, etc. On such occasions he always tried to visit any missionary whose residence lay upon his route, in order that by such marks of respect he might increase the importance of the position of missionaries among the natives. He had in his employment a staff of very skilful native draughtsmen, required for preparing plans of building operations, and as some of the principal buildings in India were under his charge, he employed the men frequently in making drawings, some of which are of great beauty and delicate execution, by which means he obtained a very valuable collection of pictures of the most celebrated temples, tombs, and palaces, which are bound together in a book, which we possess. Amongst these are plans, elevations, and carefully-coloured drawings of the Taj at Agra, and also of the Temple of Juggernaut, which at that time no European might see, but which my

father had drawn by natives for his use when repairs were necessary. My father discovered in a souterrain some marble slabs inlaid with the same agates as those used in the Taj at Agra, and evidently intended for its repair. Two of these he was allowed to keep, and we have them now mounted in rosewood as occasional tables.

Certain fees were paid to my father by the idol temples, and these he set aside and allowed to accumulate, until they reached the large sum of 37,000 rupees. This sum my father in the year 1830 gave to his friend Corrie, at the time Archdeacon, but afterwards in 1835 appointed the first Bishop of Madras, to be disposed of as he thought best for the good of India. Archdeacon Corrie decided to spend it in assisting to provide churches, and in particular in aiding in a permanent way sound education. The letters of Archdeacon Corrie in my possession show in what way he expended the money. About 25,000 were given towards a High School or Grammar School for Christian natives and others at Calcutta, on the plan of the Edinburgh Academy, the Bishop being appointed trustee. The site was in Juan Bonar Street, at the crossing of the Great Road, just behind the Mahomedan College. A church was built with part of the money, and smaller sums were given to other like objects, but the name of the giver was never disclosed. Once when an acquaintance mentioned to him that there was a report going about that the church was my father's gift, and that he had taken upon himself to contradict this, my father remained silent.

My father obtained his commission as Major on September 23, 1821.

He was on very intimate terms with the Marquis of Hastings, and among other stories, he used to tell how upon one occasion he and the other guests at a dinner-party were kept waiting for dinner at the Marquis's, as their host, who was usually scrupulously punctual, did not appear. At last the Marquis entered the room, and apologized for the delay by saying it was his birthday, and he had promised his little girl that if she would make him a shirt he would wear it that evening. It was all finished but one button-hole, and he felt he must wait till that was completed rather than disappoint her.

On their return to England, my father once drove in a cab to a Levée with the Marquis, who said to him, 'I think, Phipps, if you and I were in India, we should not care to be seen in such a carriage as this.'

Speaking of dinners, my father used to say that in those days it was the rule for officers always to wear their swords at dinner in India. At one time orders were given that officers need no longer wear their swords at dinner, but shortly afterwards a fanatic rushed in and wounded a number of officers sitting at dinner without arms, and consequently the order was withdrawn.

My father always enjoyed excellent health in India, which he attributed a good deal to his careful habits. He was happy there, and very fond of his work, and his character and services were so highly appreciated that he

would have risen certainly to a superior position had he remained longer in the country. His wife, however, urged him to return to England. Their eldest daughter, who was blind, had been sent to England some years before, and Mrs. Phipps now became very anxious about another child of theirs, Pownoll James. Accordingly my father determined to give up his appointments and go home, retiring with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. The following letter from the Military Board to the Governor-General, dated December 23, 1822, contains a just tribute to the value of his services in the post which he was then resigning :

*‘To the most noble Francis, Marquis of Hastings, K.G.
and G.C.B.*

‘MY LORD,

‘With reference to the 3rd Paragraph of Lieutenant-Col. and Secretary Casement’s communication No. 108 of the 4th October last, to the address of our Secretary, we have the honour to lay before your Lordship in Council the annexed copy of a letter, No. 2,338, dated 12th inst., from Major Phipps, Superintendent of Public Buildings, together with copy of a Report on the Barrack Department in the Lower Provinces drawn by that officer, showing what has been done from October, 1816, up to the close of the year 1822. The Report adverted to, which we beg respectfully to submit to your Lordship’s favourable consideration, appears to us to be a valuable

document, and we take this opportunity of expressing ourselves highly satisfied with the efficient manner in which Major Phipps has uniformly conducted the duties of his situation, the essential aid which this Board have derived from his zealous exertions in controlling the management and checking the expenditure in the different Barrack departments under his superintendence, and the essential advantages that have thence accrued to the Government. We have, etc.,

‘ROBT. A. DALZELL, Major-General and Vice-President.

‘THOS. HARDWICK, Major-General, Commandant of Artillery.

‘H. IMLACH, Military Auditor-General.

‘C. MONAT, Lt.-Colonel and Chief Engineer.

‘RT. STEVENSON, Lt.-Colonel and Quartermaster-General.

‘JAS. NICOL, Adjt.-General.

‘Military Board Office, 23 Decr., 1822.

‘True copy (signed) TH. COBBE, Secy. Military Board.’

On December 31, 1822, my father obtained the permission of the Governor-General in Council to proceed to Europe on furlough for three years on account of his affairs, such leave of absence to commence from the date of the dispatch of the private ship *Lady Raffles*, commanded by Captain Coxwell, and as this certificate was issued

on January 10, 1823, I have no doubt my father and his family sailed from Calcutta in that month, never to return. Their little boy, Pownoll James, whose delicacy had hastened their departure, died at sea March 1, 1823.

As no manufactured silver was allowed to be introduced into England, it was the custom for small smuggling vessels to meet homeward-bound ships off the shores of England, and undertake to smuggle articles of silver for the passengers. Some passengers used to bribe the custom-house officers who smashed the silver, and they would strike only a few articles and spare the greater number, tossing it all together so as to escape notice. My father smuggled some of his favourite silver articles by the boats; but he was very unfortunate with that part which he landed at Southampton, for unluckily some spectators came to watch the operations, and the custom-house officer was thus compelled to smash the whole. Whilst speaking of silver, I may here mention a curious fact in connection with some of our old family plate. Some burglars robbed my grandfather of a number of silver spoons and forks, and they were looked upon as lost. Thirty years afterwards, however, my uncle, Weston Phipps, saw in a paper that a number of old silver spoons and forks had been found buried near the house from which he recollected that they had been stolen when they resided there. Fortunately a maid of my grandmother's had kept a notice-paper which had been issued at the time of the robbery, describing them and offering a reward,

and by this means they were all recovered, and are still in our possession.

I believe my father paid £1,000 for the passage from Calcutta to Southampton for his family and himself.

On their arrival they first went to Paul's Cray to see their daughter Matilda, whom they had sent to England a year or two before under the charge of Colonel George Arnold, who had consigned her to old Mr. Symons, Rector of Paul's Cray. His wife was sister to Mrs. Thomason, who arranged for the reception of the afflicted child. My father then took a house in Berkeley Street, Portman Square, for some months. Thence they removed to Teddington, and from thence after a time to Sunbury, Middlesex, where they took a house called Mount Pleasant, a tall, red-brick, town-looking house near the present railway-station. Here they settled in the end of 1824, or the beginning of 1825. My father took a great interest in parochial matters at Sunbury, but he and Mrs. Phipps conceived a great friendship for the Rector of the adjoining parish of Shepperton, the Rev. William Russell. Mr. Russell was the son of the well-known artist and Royal Academician of that name, who painted in crayons and was a friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He had been curate to Mr. Cunningham, Rector of Harrow, and he married the sister of the Rev. Benjamin Elliott Nicholls, author of the 'Help to Reading the Bible.' He was a very good and spiritually-minded Evangelical clergyman. My father's other chief acquaintances in this neighbour-

hood were the Purveses, the Pownalls, and the Neales. Mr. Purves lived at Sunbury Park. He was very rich, and had £200,000. The Pownalls lived at Spring Grove. Mr. Pownall became one of the Middlesex magistrates. Dr. Mason Neale was father of the well-known Rev. John Mason Neale, afterwards Warden of Sackville College. They were especially intimate with a family named Smith, living at Sunbury, and consisting of two maiden aunts and their niece Eliza. When my father first settled at Sunbury, the Smiths were in great trouble from the death of their nephew Charles. In August, 1824, he was crossing to France with his sister, and they were on deck together. The sea was rough, and he became sea-sick, and leaning over, he fell into the sea, and was drowned before her eyes. My father and his family became very friendly indeed with the Smiths, and especially with Miss Eliza Smith, a friendship which lasted for the rest of their lives. My father took great interest in the Church Missionary Society, and became one of their most prominent supporters, so that they made him a life governor for his services. He was also a friend and supporter of the Bible Society. He associated a great deal with the chief families of the Evangelical party of that time, such as the Bridges, Venns, Fenns, Vassals, etc., and thus he was constantly occupied, and enjoyed a great deal of society, driving to London regularly in his gig.

In the year 1827 my father was informed that he had been nominated for the appointment of Governor of the

island of St. Helena. I believe the previous Governor had made a strong request that my father might succeed him. It was thought so certain that he would obtain the appointment that he began to make preparations for going there. At the last, however, the Duke of Wellington interfered, and obtained the appointment for Major-General Charles Dallas. In one sense this happened fortunately, for at that very time Mrs. Phipps's health failed seriously, and her death would have prevented my father's accepting the post.

The following letter, written by my father to William Arnold, of Little Missenden Abbey, near Amersham, Bucks, and dated Sunbury, October 2, 1827, shows my father's feelings at this time :

‘MY DEAR WILLIAM,

‘I should have written you sooner had I anything satisfactory to say, but dear Sophia continues in a very precarious state. She got over the immediate danger of the bursting of the bloodvessel tolerably well, but I think her pulse is now becoming quicker, which indicates mischief going on internally. She at times thinks it very doubtful whether she can get through the winter. The other day during my absence she got hold of a letter from dear James, in which he dwelt on his assurance of her eternal happiness from her virtuous and exemplary life, which would be duly rewarded. She was so grieved to see him think that any erring creature could deserve reward from Him who searches the heart, and who considers a bad

thought an abomination, that she could have no peace till she had written him a very long letter. When it was finished, the excitement occasioned such sensation that she became alarmed at the consequences, and shortly after I got home I sent for the doctor, but fortunately it subsided without any apparent bad effect. Yesterday, whilst sitting by her side, I got a letter from a beloved sister at Penang announcing the loss of her husband after a fever of eight days. She is left with six children.* I was afraid of exciting Sophia, and repressed my own feelings, so that she is not aware of this stroke. How constantly are we reminded that it is delusion and madness to live from day to day pursuing the things pleasing to sense, and forgetting our most important, our eternal interests. Whilst Sophia was so ill in town, my poor sister was in still deeper anguish. We know that our own end is approaching, but we live as if we knew it was very distant. The alternative of having secured an interest in that Blood which cleanses from all sin, or having rejected and despised the Fountain of living waters, is most awful. To think of it seriously makes the heart sick ; and yet when we receive some sudden blow, we start up as if astounded, and soon relapse into that fatal security with which Satan lulls our conscience asleep. God grant that these trials may be sanctified to us, and by the Grace of God we may live as those who do know that they are not their own, but have been bought with a price, even by the Precious Blood of Christ.

* Elvira Phipps, married Rev. R. Hutchings. See Table 7.

‘Nothing is yet settled about St. Helena. There are many candidates—a Knight of the Bath, two or three Generals, a former Lieutenant-Governor of the island and friend of the Deputy-Chairman. We know who rules on earth as well as heaven. He employs such instruments as suit His purposes best. He can remove all difficulties. He can stop up the plainest road.

‘Maria Lockhart is within. The children are well. Give our cordial regards to Elizabeth, and kiss the dear children. May it be long before they are bereaved of their earthly father.

‘Yours affect.,

‘P. P.

‘Mrs. Brown and Miss Laura Vassal have heard from George, but we have not. All well.’

Mrs. Phipps died at Sunbury on June 10, 1828, of pulmonary consumption. A funeral sermon was preached at Shepperton Church on June 22 by Mr. Russell, in which he spoke very warmly of her Christian life and death. The sermon was printed, and I have a copy. It mentions that she was the foundress of the infant school in her neighbourhood, and a liberal benefactor to the national school, and a constant friend to the poor. It gives long extracts from her manuscripts, in which she was in the habit of recording her views and pious aspirations; and it ends with some lines written by her to her daughter Elvira on her birthday, in which she alludes to

the fact of her having sung several hymns during intervals of ease from the pangs of labour when Elvira was born. She died in the forty-third year of her age.

My father now determined to leave Sunbury, and in the course of the following winter he engaged the upper part of the house over Hatchard's Library, in Piccadilly, where he remained until January, 1833. He sent his daughter Elvira to school, and also his two sons Constantine and George, the two boys going to a school at Great Stanmore, in Middlesex, kept by the Rev. James A. Barron. This was at that time an excellent school, and they remained there until Constantine obtained a commission in the 60th Rifles, and George went to Peter House, Cambridge.

In the year 1830 the Right Hon. George Tierney died at his house in Savile Row. He was connected by marriage with my father, as he was first cousin to Mrs. Phipps, my grandmother, and my father was the first to discover his death. My father was leaving after paying a visit to Mrs. Tierney, when the butler said, 'My master wishes to speak with you before you leave,' and opened the door to announce him. On entering the library my father saw Mr. Tierney sitting in the attitude of sleep, and, being struck by the paleness of his countenance, he withdrew, leaving the servant to approach him. The servant almost immediately came back and begged my father to return, as he believed his master was dead. My father went back, and on looking closely saw that this was the case.

Mrs. Tierney, hearing voices, came to the top of the stairs and said : 'What is the matter? Why don't you speak? I feel sure Mr. Tierney is dead;' and my father had to tell her.

Mr. Tierney knew his heart to be affected, and lived in constant readiness for sudden death, always making up his accounts, etc., from day to day in case death might overtake him.

The following is an account of the inquest given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (vol. c., part i., p. 271) :

DEATH OF THE R^T HON. GEO. TIERNEY.

1830, January 25, at his house in Savile Row, aged 68, the R^t Hon. Geo. Tierney, M.P. for Knaresborough, of Irish descent; born Gibraltar, 20 March, 1761; educ. Eton and Peter House, Camb.; LL.B. 1784; at Bar.

He had been cheerful and reading the life of Lord Byron the day before his death. The day on which he died he transacted business and was very cheerful. Between two and three Lieutenant-Colonel Phipps (we believe his nephew) called, who before the coroner's inquest made the following statement: 'I had been conversing with Mrs. Tierney in the drawing-room, and wishing to see Mr. Tierney I proceeded to the library to speak to him. His servant announced me, and I entered and saw him sitting in his chair in the attitude of sleep. I was struck with the paleness of his countenance, but withdrew, leaving the servant to approach him. The servant almost immediately came back to me, asking me to return to the room, as he was afraid his master was dead. I immediately complied, and on looking at the deceased closely I was convinced that such was the fact.' He had disease of the heart.

My father was on very intimate terms with General Phipps, and used to dine with him at his residence, 64, Mount Street.

My father took so deep an interest in the Church Missionary Society, that he not only attended meetings of the society in London, but made several journeys through the country as a deputation in its behalf. Thus in 1831, in the month of April, he travelled through the northern counties of England ; and in 1832 he left Bath (where he had visited his mother) on March 19 on a tour through Stroud, Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Shrewsbury, etc. He was then requested by the society to travel for them to Ireland, in the place of the Rev. Daniel Wilson, who was prevented from going by his appointment to the bishopric of Calcutta. My father crossed from Holyhead to Howth by steamer, the passage taking six and a half hours. He kept a careful diary, in which he remarks that in Ireland congregations sat during the singing of the hymns until the last verse, when they stood ; they sat during the reading of the Gospel, and never knelt, as there were no hassocks or book-rests. As there were no poor rates, collections for the poor were made in the churches every Sunday, the people giving only coppers. Leaving Dublin, my father went by coach to Limerick, and thence by Clonmel to Waterford, passing a country where in a few years he was to live for the rest of his life, though nothing could have been further from his thoughts at the time. From Waterford he sailed by steamer to Bristol.

At Christmas in that year, 1832, my father's mother died, and was buried at Bath. She was a wonderful old lady, who lived at the Sydney Hotel, Pultney Street, Bath, keeping up strictly the dignity and formalities of the old régime. She wore high heels. When my father went to see her she expected that he would first call and send up his card. None of her daughters were allowed to seat themselves in her presence until she permitted them to do so, and they were often kept standing till they were ready to drop. She even ordered her daughter Elizabeth to go to bed for some infraction of her rules only a week before her marriage to Mr. Trent. The Rev. Sir Abraham Elton was said to have proposed for her after my grandfather's death. This is how Admiral Lord St. Vincent wrote to her :

MY DEAR MADAM,

It is a Tribute of Respect due to you, and of the most sincere regard for the memory of my late Friends, Con^{me} and James Phipps, to furnish all the protection in my power to your Son, who is a very worthy young Man. I have placed him in *L'Aigle*, where he will be in the way of acquiring experience, and Prize Money, I hope.

I will not pass through or near Southampton without paying you Homage, being with great regard,

My dear Madam,

Your most Obedient Humble Servant,

ST. VINCENT.

Hibernia, near Ushant,

3 August, 1806.

One amusing reminiscence of her my father used to

tell. She suspected her maid of taking her tea, and in those days tea was a greater luxury than now. Accordingly she wrote upon a piece of paper, 'Pray, Mary, do not take my tea!' and locked it up inside the tea-caddy. Soon afterwards Mary came, in a state of virtuous indignation, to ask upon what grounds she accused her of taking the tea!

In 1833 my father left Hatchard's and took a house, No. 6, Connaught Square.

In 1834 he went to Paris to attend some religious meetings, at which he used to speak in French; and an interesting record of the impression he made is found in a book called 'First Impressions,' by the Rev. J. Davis, Rector of St. Pancras, Chichester, published by Seeley in 1835. Writing from Paris on Thursday, April 17, the author describes a meeting of the French Missionary Society, and says:

But the most remarkable circumstance perhaps connected with this meeting was the attendance of Colonel Phipps, in behalf of the Church Missionary Society, for the purpose of conveying the expression of the sincere sympathy and goodwill of the members of that admirable institution to their brethren of the Paris Society. That pious and gallant officer was most kindly and cordially received, and you would have been delighted to observe the glow of pleasure and satisfaction with which his appearance was greeted by the meeting. The mission of such an individual was so much the more remarkable as in France there are, unhappily, but few respectable laymen, especially of those belonging to the military profession, who feel any lively interest in the cause and progress of religion. His fine, soldierlike bearing, combined with the obvious manifestation of

profound devotional feeling and enlightened piety, produced a very deep impression on the meeting. To myself also I confess that the appearance of a fine veteran officer, influenced by these noble sentiments, was peculiarly refreshing, etc. (pp. 204, 205).

My father has left some interesting reminiscences of this visit to Paris. Leaving London on April 8, he passed the evening at Dover with Colonel Arnold, and embarking on the 9th at half-past nine, reached Boulogne at 1 p.m. There he took the diligence from Calais, dined at Montreuil, and had coffee at Abbeville, breakfasted at Beauvais at ten, after nearly being upset, and reached Paris at 5.30 p.m. He took an apartment at the Hôtel de l'Ambassadeur, Rue Notre Dame des Victoires, at four francs per diem ; and on the 11th he called on Colonel de la Fosse, Rue Mentholon, where he saw Arthur de la Fosse, but found Colonel de la Fosse at the Place de Paris, Place Vendôme, and was taken by him to the Chambre des Deputés, where a discussion was going on upon the Bank Charter. On the 12th my father tried to dine with de la Fosse at a café, but they were interrupted by so many messages that they had to return to the office of the Mayor of the town, and have the dinner brought to them. Paris was in a state of great excitement, and an *émeute* was expected. The staff-officers arrived, and messages were received from the Ministers and from the Bank requesting reinforcements of troops. General la Rue, who commanded the garrison, came in and dressed, and went to meet the commandant of the National Guard and

General Mouton, Comte de Lobau, who commanded the district. The Republicans were waiting the arrival of a courier from Lyons, and if the *émeute* there had succeeded they intended to seize the King. My father was told by a staff-officer he expected the rioters would try to make him sign false orders, and he had decided to refuse, as they would in any case kill him to prevent his giving evidence. These insurrections, organized by Mazzini, were headed in Paris by Godefroy Cavaignac and Garnier Pagès, leaders of the 'Rights of Man' Society. My father was struck by one amusing message which reached them. It was from the wife of the Comte de Montalivet, a late Minister of Napoleon. The lady said she was ill, and she requested that, unless for urgent reasons, their house might be kept free from noise after midnight. This lady had, when young, refused an offer of marriage from Napoleon; and in after life, during the Empire, she accepted the post of Dame du Palais only on condition of being free to nurse her husband if ill.

On the following day, Sunday, April 13, news arrived that the insurrection at Lyons had been suppressed; but at dinner-time the drums beat to arms, and going to the Place de Paris, my father found from de la Fosse that the insurrection had begun in Paris. Barricades had been erected near the Corn Market, and it was thought that the Hôtel de Ville would be attacked. The troops were all called out, and de la Fosse, who took a gloomy view of the affair, was distressed because the Government

refused to attack the barricades, preferring to wait until matters had developed further. The next day, Monday, April 14, at daybreak, the drums beat to arms, and the Generals, accompanied by the Princes of the blood, proceeded to attack the insurgents, destroying the barricades with cannon; but they were not seriously defended, the insurgents firing from the houses instead. The troops burst into these houses in the Rue Transnonain and killed the insurgents, throwing them out of window, for which General Bugeaud, who commanded, was called 'the butcher of the Rue Transnonain.' The affair was soon at an end, not more than two hundred insurgents, chiefly rabble, having appeared to resist the six thousand troops called out. The line lost eleven killed and thirty-five wounded, and the Guards not fewer. When all was over, the King, Louis Philippe, rode along the boulevards, and inspected the Infantry, and then, standing at the entrance of the Tuileries, three Regiments of Cavalry, the Carabineers, Cuirassiers, and the 7th Regiment of Lancers passed before him, looking very well.

But besides the interest of the religious meetings which he attended and the exciting incidents of the *émeutes* which he witnessed, my father found other attractions in this visit to Paris in the society of some ladies whose acquaintance he had made previously in London. The family consisted of Lady Osborne; her mother, Mrs. Smith; her sister, Anna Smith; and her daughter, Catherine Osborne, and they were living at 3, Rue Neuve de Berre. My father called upon

them immediately on his arrival, accompanied them on several excursions, and obtained admission for them into several places of interest through his friends the de la Fosses, and generally, or frequently, spent his evenings with them. During this time he became deeply attached to Miss Anna Smith, and as he subsequently married her, this is perhaps the most suitable place in which to give a sketch of my mother's family, with which my father almost entirely identified himself from that time.

CHAPTER III.

My grandmother, Mrs. Smith (then the widow of Major Robert Smith, of the Royal Marines, who had died July 2, 1813, aged fifty-nine), was one of the three daughters of the Rev. James Ramsay, a remarkable man, by whom the great work of the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies was originated.* James Ramsay was born at Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire, on July 25, 1733. Through his father he was descended from the Ramsays, of Melrose, in Banffshire, and through his mother from the Ogilvies, of Purie, in Angus. His narrow circumstances prevented him going to Oxford or Cambridge to

* Mr. Ramsay's sister Jean married Mr. Walker of Fraserburgh, and had six children. Of these the eldest, James Walker, was educated at St. John's, Cambridge, by Mr. Ramsay, his uncle, and afterwards was ordained. He rose to be Bishop of Edinburgh and Glasgow in 1830, and he died in 1841, Bishop of Edinburgh and Primus. For some years Bishop Walker received a large annual sum of money anonymously. It suddenly ceased, and he never could trace it. He suspected it to be the gift of a native of Edinburgh who had acquired a fortune, and took these means of recognising his native city.

be educated, as he desired, for holy orders. He therefore studied pharmacy, first under Dr. Findlay, a medical practitioner of Fraserburgh, and then at King's College, Aberdeen, at which in 1750 he obtained one of the highest bursaries or exhibitions. Dr. Reid, one of the professors, admitted him to his intimate friendship. In 1755 he went to London, and studied pharmacy and surgery under Dr. Macaulay, in whose family he lived for two years. He then entered the Royal Navy as a doctor and surgeon. The sufferings of the slaves were first brought before him when acting as surgeon on board the *Arundel*, then commanded by Captain, afterwards Vice-Admiral, Sir Charles Middleton. On this occasion they fell in with a slave-ship on her way from Africa to the West Indies. An epidemical distemper was raging on board the vessel, and had swept away numbers of the negroes, many of the crew, and amongst others the surgeon. The commander applied to the commodore for medical assistance, but not a surgeon or surgeon's mate in the whole fleet would expose himself to the contagion of so dangerous a distemper, except Mr. Ramsay. He, trusting in God, went on board the infected vessel, visited all the patients, and remained long enough to leave behind him written directions for their future treatment. Mr. Ramsay escaped the contagion, but on his return to his own ship, just as he got on deck, he fell and broke his thigh-bone, by which he was confined to his room for ten months, and was rendered slightly lame.

In consequence of this accident Mr. Ramsay left the Royal Navy, where his name was long remembered from a code of signals which he invented, and which, I believe, was used for some time. He came to England, and was ordained by the Bishop of London, to whom he was strongly recommended by Sir Charles Middleton, and immediately returned to the West Indies, where he was appointed by the Governor of St. Kitts to two rectories in that island—Christ Church, Nichola Town, and St. John, Capistern—worth together £700 a year. In the year 1763 he married Miss Rebecca Akers, daughter of a planter of the best family connection in the island. He now began his efforts to ameliorate the condition of the slaves, and he wrote a book, called an ‘*Essay on the Treatment and Conversion of the African Slaves in the British Sugar Colonies.*’ It was his practice to summon all his slaves daily to family prayer, at which he also gave them instruction.

The planters soon became indignant with him. They suggested that he wanted to interrupt the work of the slaves to give them time to say their prayers, and that his aim of making Christians of them would render them unfit for being good slaves ; in fact, his work was looked upon as a direct attack upon the planters’ interests. He used to insert in the bidding prayer before his sermons a petition for the conversion of the slaves, but so many planters ceased to attend church in consequence, that he was obliged to discontinue it.

In the year 1777 he came home, and paid a visit to Scotland. He became intimate with Lord George Germain, secretary for the American Department, and ultimately was appointed chaplain to Admiral Barrington, then going out to command in the West Indies. Under this gallant officer, and afterwards under Lord Rodney, he was present in several engagements. He rendered essential service to the Jews and others whom he thought harshly treated at the capture of St. Eustatius. He then returned to his livings at St. Christopher's.

Sir Charles Middleton now offered him the livings of Teston and Nettlestead, in Kent, to which Sir Charles' mother-in-law, Mrs. Bouverie, would appoint him, should he wish to return to England; and in consequence of the war with France he thought it better to accept this offer, and he returned under convoy of the fleet. They were obliged to lie to every night until daylight for fear of attack or scattering, and the motion of this almost killed his eldest daughter, who was very ill. When he took possession of his livings in Kent he lived at Teston, in the house near the river Medway afterwards occupied by Mr. Noel, Lord Barham's brother. The grounds opened into those of Barham Court, where Mrs. Bouverie lived with her daughter, Lady Middleton, and the families were very intimate. Mrs. Bouverie was fond of painting, and she painted Mr. Ramsay's portrait, which is now at Newtown Anner, in Ireland, as it was afterwards given to Lady Osborne by Lord Barham. Mrs. Bouverie's

daughter was made Lady Barham, though her husband was never Lord Barham, but her son was made Lord Barham; and it was this Lord Barham who gave the portrait of Mr. Ramsay, painted by his grandmother, to my aunt, Lady Osborne. A replica was in the possession of Mrs. Dickinson, and is now mine. My mother saw it in a window in Oxford Street for sale as John Wesley. My father did not offer to buy it; but Mr. Dickinson bought and gave it to Mrs. Dickinson, who left it to my mother, by whom it has been given to me. During his sittings for this portrait the subject of the slaves was continually discussed, until such an interest was raised in the minds of Mrs. Bouverie and Lady Middleton that they determined to make an effort to obtain their liberation. At first Lady Middleton tried to get her husband, who was one of the Lords of the Admiralty, to bring it before Parliament; but this he refused to do, as he felt that it required a person of greater influence to bring forward a subject of such importance with any chance of success.

Hannah More used to visit Sir Charles and Lady Middleton at Teston, and so also used Mr. Wilberforce,* at that time, 1787, the young Member for Yorkshire; and to the great delight of Mr. Ramsay and the ladies, they found in Mr. Wilberforce a willing listener to their accounts of the horrors of slavery, and he at last undertook to bring the subject forward. Mr. Wilberforce introduced

* See *Christian Observer*, November, 1864, 'Wilberforce and his Contemporaries.'

Mr. Ramsay to Mr. Pitt, and the controversy soon began. Mr. Ramsay supplied all the information to Wilberforce, Pitt, and Fox, and he had to be much in London on this business. He wrote several books upon the treatment of and traffic in slaves, and these caused much excitement, and very bitter attacks were made upon him. He was subjected to annoyances of every sort, the planters even sending him large hampers of stones, for which he had to pay. He suffered much from these attacks, and at last, in 1789, he died at Sir Charles Middleton's house in Hertford Street, May Fair, where he was on a visit when he was seized by his last illness. The following mention is made of Mr. Ramsay in the 'Life of Wilberforce' (vol. i., pp. 234, 235): 'At Teston all day. Bad account of poor Ramsay.'

'The Rev. James Ramsay by his work on the treatment of the West Indian negroes commenced in the year 1784 that public controversy which was closed only by the abolition of the trade. He had been once stationed as a clergyman in the island of St. Kitts, and was now Vicar of Teston, in Kent. Forewarned by Bishop Porteus to expect a merciless revenge, he calmly engaged in the holy strife. He was soon assailed with every species of malignant accusation. "I have long," he wrote to Mr. Wilberforce in 1787, "been considered as a marked man, of whom it was lawful to suggest anything disadvantageous, however false; to whom it was good manners to say anything disagreeable, however insulting."

‘His wounded spirit at length bowed beneath the storm, and the malignant calumnies of Mr. Molyneux, in the debate of May 21, seemed evidently to hasten his deliverance from a world of cruelty and falsehood. The hatred which had embittered a shortened life triumphed without disguise over his grave.

“Mr. Molyneux,” writes Mr. Stephens, “announced the decease of the public enemy, to his natural son in the island, in these words: ‘Ramsay is dead—I have killed him.’ From such an exhibition of hardened malignity it is a relief to turn to the thoughts suggested by Mr. Wilberforce’s Journal: ‘Heard that poor Ramsay died yesterday—a smile on his face now.’”*

Wilberforce also says (vol. i., p. 241): ‘Wherein am I improved in my intellectual power? My business I pursue, but as an amusement, and poor Ramsay (now no more) shames me in the comparison.’

A tablet to Mr. Ramsay’s memory is placed on the eastern outward wall of Teston Church; and on one of the walls of the churchyard is a tablet bearing a well-written inscription to Nestor, his black servant, ‘who by robbers was torn from his country and enslaved. He was a faithful servant to his master for twenty-two years, and died in 1787.’

Mr. Ramsay left only three daughters, his only son having died of small-pox in the West Indies—caught from his father, who had visited a ship with that disease

* See also vol. i., pp. 143, 144, 148.

on board to render help as a surgeon, and had carried home the infection in his clothes. Of these daughters, the eldest, Sarah, married the Rev. Richard Warde, Rector of Yalding, in Kent, whose family had held that living ever since it was presented to an ancestor by Queen Elizabeth. The third daughter, Jane, married her cousin, Mr. Akers, a rich man, whose tastes led him to live constantly travelling about. From him the Akers of Malling Abbey are descended, and the present whip of the Conservative Party, Mr. Aretas Akers-Douglas.

The second daughter, Margaret, my grandmother, was the lady whom my father met in London and in Paris with her daughters, Lady Osborne and Anna Smith. Major Robert Smith, my grandfather, who married Margaret Ramsay, was a Scotchman. His family claimed to be descended from Harry Wynd, the Smith whose story is told in the 'Fair Maid of Perth.' He had two sisters, one a widow, who lived with him, and died without children. I do not know her name. The other married a Mr. Barron, and had a daughter, who married a Mr. Clarke. Mrs. Clarke came to see us at Oaklands before my father's death, and on leaving us, she died suddenly that night at the hotel at Limerick Junction. Mr. Barron had a son and daughter by another wife.

Major Smith was an officer in the Royal Marines. He had been at the Mutiny at the Nore, and was such a favourite with the sailors that they kept him on board and did not put him on shore. He had five children, one of

whom, Robert, died as an infant ; and at his death, on July 2, 1813, at Chatham, aged 59, he left four children—two sons—James Ramsay, and Strother Ancram—and two daughters—Catherine Rebecca, and Anna. Major Smith was buried at Rochester on July 7, 1813, at St. Margaret's Church. We have a copy of the printed orders of the military funeral.

My uncle James Ramsay Smith was sent to the Military College, which at that time was placed temporarily at Marlow, whilst Sandhurst was being built or repaired. On October 13, 1814, he obtained a commission in the 14th (Buckinghamshire) Regiment, and was present at the battle of Waterloo, and was the youngest officer there. The regiment lost seven men killed, and had one officer, five non-commissioned officers, and sixteen men wounded, although it was kept lying down all day in reserve, and my uncle always thought the Duke of Wellington forgot them. He exchanged to the 38th Regiment. He then went to India, 'and was present at the storming of Cambrai, and afterwards at the capture of Hattras in the East Indies. He also served in the Deccan Campaign of 1817-18. His commissions dated : Ensign, October 13, 1814 ; Lieutenant, March 20, 1824.' (Extract from the 'Waterloo Roll Call,' pp. 113, 114, by Charles Dalton, F.R.G.S. ; pub. W. Clowes. 1890.)

After the Peace he left the army, as there was no chance of promotion, retiring on half pay. He went to Ireland to his sisters, and there married Miss Catherine

Riall, of Annerville, near Clonmel, a place adjoining Newtown Anner, where his sister, Lady Osborne, lived. He subsequently became agent for the Osborne estates for a few years, and lived at Carigbarahane, near Stradbally, and near Kilmacthomas, co. Waterford, a charming place which he formed, planting and building at considerable cost. In the spring of 1864 he went to Queenstown. One of the Rothschilds, I believe Baron Rothschild, asked Mr. Osborne to nominate someone as Austrian Consul at Queenstown, and Mr. Osborne offered to nominate my uncle. My uncle accepted this thankfully; but after all arrangements were made, the offer was withdrawn, some other consul receiving the appointment. In spite of this, however, my uncle removed to Queenstown, a dishonest bailiff and other causes having rendered his tenure of Carigbarahane very unprofitable to him. He died at Queenstown, December 10, 1874, leaving four daughters.

My uncle Strother Ancram Smith was educated at Tonbridge College, and then at St. Catharine's Hall, Cambridge. He was clever, but eccentric. He became a Fellow of his college. He lost all his money in a mining speculation into which he had been induced to enter, and they came down upon him to pay when it failed. He then lived and died at Rome (December 7, 1877), where he was known as a scholar and archaeologist, and where he wrote his book on the 'Tiber and its Tributaries,' published by Longmans in 1877. He never married, and was 73 when he died.

My aunt Catherine Rebecca was well educated, at a first-rate school in London, by a rich West Indian lady. She was very good-looking, tall, with a well-shaped face and figure, and of striking appearance. She was decidedly clever, and very soon developed remarkable powers of mind, occupying her time with study of the classics, foreign languages, history and painting. Major Smith had purchased a house in Rochester; it was in Union Street, Troy Town, near the Vines. On the death of her husband, Mrs. Smith removed to the Parsonage at Yalding until she could regain possession of her house at Rochester, which Major Smith had let. Here her daughter Catherine broke off an engagement into which she had entered with a Captain Menzies, who afterwards became Sir Thomas Menzies. They then paid visits to Arbourfield, in Berkshire, to a cousin, the Rev. — Hodgkinson, who was my mother's godfather. Mrs. Hodgkinson was cousin to my grandmother, Mrs. Smith. Here they made the acquaintance of Miss Mitford, who lived near. Mr. Hodgkinson took my aunt to Ascot races, at which the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and our Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., were present. They also visited the New Forest, where they stayed with Mrs. Ancram, an old friend of my grandmother, Mrs. Smith, at a house near Lyndhurst, called Emery Down. My aunt Catherine was very much admired, and she was continually asked to pay visits amongst her relations and friends; but she was not

at all impressionable, and was most unlikely ever to fall in love. When staying at Brighton with her aunt, Mrs. Akers, she used to walk a good deal with her cousins, Sarah and Margaret Warde. One day at a public library she took up a book, and, without a thought of being heard by others, she began a conversation upon it with her cousins. She was so absorbed in the subject that she was unconscious of the presence of an elderly gentleman, who was listening attentively, and who was so much struck and attracted that he followed her out of the library and spoke to her. After this he tried to join them every day, to their great annoyance, so that her cousins walked on each side of her to protect her. Their indignation knew no bounds when he entered their box at the theatre uninvited. A short time afterwards her uncle, Mr. Akers, received a letter from this gentleman, stating that he was Sir Thomas Osborne, Bart., and proposing for the lady, whom he supposed to be Miss Akers. Finding that she was the lady intended, my aunt refused Sir Thomas Osborne, as she also did two subsequent proposals on his part. However, her uncle, Mr. Akers, advised her to reconsider her determination, as he was influenced by the position and property of Sir Thomas, and, pressed by him, she wrote to consult her mother. Mrs. Smith declined to advise; and being left to herself, my aunt decided to accept Sir Thomas Osborne's proposal, under a sense of duty rather than affection. The family now returned to Rochester, followed by Sir Thomas; and

the settlements were being drawn up by a local solicitor, who was so ignorant of Ireland that he ridiculed as suspicious the names of the property given by Sir Thomas, and persuaded my grandmother to satisfy herself as to the truth of Sir Thomas Osborne's representations. This she did by writing to Lord Braybrook, who lived at Billingbear, near Wokingham, and although the results were perfectly satisfactory, yet on hearing from Lord Braybrook what had occurred, Sir Thomas became so indignant that he declared he would never again associate with Mrs. Smith or her family. The following letters tell the story, and are amusing now to read, though at the time they must have been a cause of great anxiety :

COPIES OF SOME OF THE LETTERS WHICH PASSED, NOW IN THE
POSSESSION OF THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

*From Sir Thos. Osborne, Bart., to Mrs. Smith, Union Street,
Rochester.*

Newtown, Clonmel, *Decem. 30th*, 1815.

MADAM,

It is impossible that a Mother shou'd not feel the anxiety which you express on the points you have specified respecting the Husband of your daughter, and it is equally impossible that you shou'd be able to consider on the subject of her marriage unless you were to be made acquainted with the Fortune of him who proposes. My estate is at present eight thousand pounds a year.

I have the honor to be, Madam,

Y^r most obed^t Humb^{le} Serv^t,

THOMAS OSBORNE.

From Mr. Simmons to Edward Cannon, Esq.

Rochester, 29 *March*, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR,

Sir Thomas Osborne, Baronet, of Newton, in the County of Tipperary, the Elder Brother of Charles, one of the justices of the King's Bench in Ireland, having paid his addresses to a very amiable young lady of this City, the daughter of the late Major Smith, of the Royal Marines, and having proposed to settle a jointure of £1,500 on her on his Estates in the County of Waterford called Theckincor, Glinpatrick, Russellston, Capirtrick, and Kilcannon, and having mentioned to me that his Solicitors are John Domville and Abraham Myott, No. 57, Dawson St., Dublin, and that they can and will give me every information I may require on the part of the young lady, I have most particularly to request you will as my friend and agent—and I make use of the word agent because I must request you will consider yourself as professionally engaged for me—to write to those gentlemen to send you an Abstract of Title of Sir Thomas Osborne's estates as above named, and a copy of his late Father Sir William Osborne's will, who died in 1783.

Between ourselves, there is something so very singular and *outré* in the manner of Sir Thomas, that I am led to imagine his estates are *in nubibus*, and that he has not the power of making anything like a settlement, much more one to such an amount as £1,500 per annum. From your extensive connexion in Ireland, I have no doubt you are well acquainted with Domville and Myott, and if you can immediately, from your own or any of your friends in Town, give me any information respecting Sir Thomas Osborne I shall feel most sensibly obliged, as Sir Thos. is now staying here, and my friend, the Rev^d Mr. Warde, the Uncle of and Guardian to the Young Lady and executor of the late Col. Smith, is determined the offer Sir Thomas has made to his Niece shall not be further encouraged until he can satisfactorily show he is in a situation to

secure to her a jointure of £1,500, which he has proposed to make. I beg your immediate reply.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Most truly yours,
J. SIMMONS.

From Mr. Simmons, Solicitor, Rochester, to the Rev. Richard Warde, Yalding Vicarage.

Rochester, 8 April, 1816.

DEAR SIR,

Inclosed I send you the copies of two letters, one which I wrote to my friend Mr. Cannon, and the other his answer. Mrs. Smith called on me this morning to say she intended going to Town to-morrow morning with her daughter and Sir Thos. Osborne, and I am concerned to observe she seems bent on bestowing her daughter on Sir Thomas, whether any information from Ireland is obtained or not, and to rely on his honour. I have promised to meet them at Flagon's Hotel on Thursday morning; but it is my fixed resolve not to propose any settlement until I shall be convinced Sir Thomas has it in his power to make one, for I will not have my professional character arraigned sometime hence for want of *common circumspection*. At present I certainly have *no information* to guide me, and it may or may not be in the power of Sir Thomas to make the settlement to the extent he has proposed. I will do myself the pleasure of writing to you from Town, and I am going purposely on this precipitate affair.

Believe me, Dear Sir,
With much esteem, yours truly,
J. SIMMONS.

From Mr. Simmons to the Rev. Richard Warde.

Rochester, 18 April, 1816.

DEAR SIR,

I have this day had another conference with Sir Thomas Osborne, which has still further confirmed my doubts I have all

along entertained, as he could not tell me the Parishes in which his estate which he calls *Theakincor, Glinpatrick, Russellstown, Callabrech,* and *Kilcannon* are situated, or the name of any one of his Tenants. I have reported the result of my conference to Mrs. Smith, who seems, notwithstanding, to run all risques, and to let the sacrifice (for I cannot call it a union) of her daughter with Sir Thomas be consummated on Monday next at Rochester; but, fortunately for the young Lady, it is necessary the consent of yourself and Mr. Meyer should be previously obtained, and the Rev^d Mr. James Jones has this evening refused to grant a Licence until your consents are obtained. I know you too well to imagine for one moment you will take upon yourself the heavy responsibility of sanctioning so precipitate a Match, which from all present appearances does not present any probable expectation of happiness to your niece, who may now, under a mistaken notion of female vanity and of future grandeur, consider you as inimical to her elevation, yet, six months hence, might be the first, next to yourself, to reproach you for having given your consent, in the absence of all information of Sir Thomas's real circumstances. Mrs. Warde this afternoon honor'd me with a call, and she seemed very properly to be as much averse to the union as yourself, and I can but lament the strange infatuation under which Mrs. Smith so unhappily for her daughter's happiness labours! And one would really imagine that any one possessing the smallest atom of common prudence would contentedly wait a few days longer for an answer from Ireland to Mr. Cannon's inquiries, and an answer may now be expected daily.

Believe me, dear Sir, very truly y^{rs},

J. SIMMONS.

From Messrs. Twopeny, Hussey and Lewis to Mrs. Smith.

Rochester, 19 April, 1816.

MADAM,

The Rev^d Mr. Jones has been with us respecting the Licence for the marriage of Miss Smith with Sir Thomas Osborne, and from

a consideration of the importance of the matter, and the corresponding necessity for the utmost care that no irregularity should take place in it, he has felt it to be his duty to determine on not signing a fiat for the Licence without the personal attendance (as is usual) of all the Guardians, to give their consent.

We are, Madam, y^r very obed^t servants,
Mrs. Smith. TWOPENY, HUSSEY AND LEWIS.

From Mrs. Smith to the Rev. Richard Warde.

Rochester, April 19 (1816).

DEAR SIR,

You will, I dare say, by this time have received Mr. Simmons' letter, in which he informed you of the receipt of intelligence from Ireland by this morning's post. Sir Thomas's agent does not think himself justified in laying open his employer's affairs without his particular desire, and it was owing to an unlucky mistake that he did not write at the same time Mr. Simmons did, who having promised to send his letter to the Irish agents for Sir Thomas to enclose in one of his own, and not doing it, he concluded that it was not thought necessary to apply to them. The Agent who replied to the enquiry asserts that Sir Thomas can make a settlement of fifteen hundred a year on his wife, but declined saying anything further till authorized by Sir Thomas. As this was all which was required to make out the settlements, there can be no further obstacle to their being completed, and Mr. Simmons promises they shall be so on Monday next, as you have assured us of your consent whenever that object was obtained. I have now no longer any doubt of it, and in consequence of the enclosed letter from Twopeny I shall write by this night's post to request Mr. Meyers will meet you here on Monday, when the Licence may be drawn out. I had his written consent, but this is not sufficient. He has also agreed to accept the Trust for Catherine. Mr. Akers declined it. You will see Mr. Simmons to-morrow, and you will then be so good as to arrange

what you mentioned about the settlements being revised by an eminent Counsellor, if it is thought necessary ; but I hope there will be no further delay, for we have mentioned so many days to Sir Thomas on which the marriage would take place that he will think we are making a complete dupe of him ; indeed, he already suspects me of evasion. Tuesday is the time positively fixed, and I hope you and your sons will come over to dinner on Monday, that you may be here early enough on Tuesday morning to accompany us to Church. Now that everything will be settled to the satisfaction of all parties, there can be nothing unpleasant in your meeting with Sir Thomas, for there can be no subject of altercation. Indeed, your presence on Monday will be necessary on account of the license. I am much obliged to you for allowing my sister and Nieces to remain with us till after the wedding. Mr. Simmons being in town, will give him an opportunity of consulting whomever you wish without loss of time.

Believe me, Dear Sir, yours sincerely,

MARGARET SMITH.

My aunt married Sir Thomas Osborne on April 25, 1816, and went with him to his estates in Ireland at Newtown Anner, near Clonmel, co. Tipperary, travelling by Donaghadee. She was only twenty, and he was sixty-six.

The family of Osborne is of Norman origin, and came to England at the time of William the Conqueror. They settled in Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the first Baronet, Sir Richard Osborne, became possessed of the property of the McGraths, which had been confiscated under the following circumstances.

The McGraths (Cragh, Creagh, McCraith, Magrath), held large estates in the western part of the County of

Waterford. At the end of the sixteenth, and beginning of the seventeenth century, the head of the family, Philip McGrath, known as Silken Philip—*i.e.*, polished, or elegant—married Mary Power, or Poer, daughter of John le Poer, then Baron of Curraghmore. The lady, however, refused to live with him until he built her a worthy residence on her own jointure lands of Curach na Sledy. Sledy, or Slaydy Castle, as it is pronounced, took seven years to build. It is in the parish of Modelligo, near Cappoquin, on the road to Clonmel, near the river Finisk. Here they lived happily, and had three daughters—Margaret, Catherine, and Mary—and one son, Donell. Philip McGrath died five years afterwards, and his son Donell dying in his minority, the estates passed to Pierce McGrath; but the widow and her daughters, who were possessed of large fortunes, continued to reside at the castle. All three girls were well educated and accomplished, and remarkably handsome, and thus attracted innumerable admirers. The eldest, Margaret, was proud and stately; the youngest (Moirá, Moyra, Morya), Mary, was mild and winning, and was commonly called Silken Philip's sweet Mary. The three sisters were fond of society, and frequently visited Clonmel for balls and parties, where they made the acquaintance of the officers quartered there.

In the summer of the year 1641, the year of the great rebellion in October, three English officers in uniform, with their attendants, rode out from Clonmel to spend

the night at Slaydy Castle, where they had been invited for a ball. All three were the accepted suitors of the lovely McGrath sisters, and all of good birth and position. That night, whilst the ladies and their guests were seated at supper, the keys of the castle had been traitorously given by one of the servants to a band of outlaws, whose captain had long been planning and waiting for an opportunity to plunder it. Bursting in, they soon secured the officers, and after collecting all the spoils, they carried off their prisoners, permitting the ladies to go free as the only favour they would grant. It was a terrible scene, and only by force and threats were the ladies made to abandon their betrothed. All three officers were subsequently found murdered, drowned in a neighbouring bog-stream.

As may be supposed, the Government investigation was a very stern one, and embittered by the rebellious condition in which the country was found. The McGraths were accused of complicity in the affair, and their estates were confiscated, a large portion being given to Sir Richard Osborne, who had come over from England early in the seventeenth century, was created a baronet in 1629, and had acquired considerable property in various parts of the kingdom.

His son, also named Richard, had heard and pondered on the sad tragedy, and he conceived the romantic idea of healing the sorrow which remained by offering his hand and heart to one of the dispossessed McGraths. Accordingly, he rode over and presented himself on

horseback at the door of their house. He was invited to descend and partake of their breakfast, but he refused to do so until he had spoken with the ladies. Mrs. McGrath accordingly gave her permission, and he first asked the eldest, Margaret, to accept him. This she proudly declined to do, however, because he was but a stranger, or new man, in the country. Catherine also refused him. But Moyra, the sweet Mary, modestly accepted him. On which, springing from his horse, he clasped her in his arms and said: 'And now in to breakfast, since I can enter as one of your own family.'

To the romantic manner in which the union between the two families was thus brought about may be traced the attachment which the Irish have never ceased to show to the Osbornes and their descendants.

The property had been well managed, according to the custom of the times. Arthur Young praises highly the Right Hon. Sir William Osborne, Bart., M.P. (father of Sir Thomas), whom he visited in 1776, and describes his improvements, and the good he did by settling the peasantry on the mountain lands (vol. i., pp. 397-399). Sir William represented the constituencies of Dungarvan and the county of Waterford in the Irish Parliament from 1758 to 1782. He was in the Opposition, and rejected all the attempts which were freely made to bribe his convictions. His son, Sir Thomas, built the present house, which is large, and beautifully situated, about three miles east of Clonmel, on the banks of the river Anner, near

its juncture with the river Suir. It is richly timbered. Behind it rises the massive solitary mountain called Slievenamon, while in front a succession of wooded hills lead up to the Reeks of Glenpatrick and the precipitous Comragh mountains.

Oddly enough, he chose for his house and demesne some land in the county of Tipperary he rented from Lord Haliburton, called Newtown Anner, in preference to the numerous beautiful sites he possessed on his own adjoining property in the county of Waterford. Not until after her husband's death was Newtown purchased by my aunt and added to the Osborne property. But Sir Thomas was accustomed to act in his own way. His dealings with his numerous tenantry were conducted through his library window, amidst many noisy disputes and imprecations; and their rent was paid in kind, not only horses and cattle, but turkeys, geese, ducks and poultry being preferred by him to money. In the same way he paid his tradesmen by sending them into his woods to 'cut the value.' He built a fine stone bridge over the river Suir to unite his two properties, and when the two counties offered him £10,000 for it he refused the money, and placed gates to keep it private. Afterwards, by his will, he threw it open to the public for ever. He was a dangerous man to quarrel with, as he did not easily forgive; and, as a curious instance of what was done in former days, it is recorded that he revenged himself on the Mr. Bagwell of his day, for having induced

him to drink more than he ought when at dinner at Kilmore, by obtaining possession subsequently of Kilmore by lease, and letting the house and place be plundered and destroyed without ever paying any compensation.

In the same way he never forgave his brother Henry, who subsequently succeeded to the baronetcy, for being superior to him both in society and in fishing, and he refused to speak with him or meet him. With the rest of his family, however, he was on good terms, especially with Judge Osborne and his wife, and the Christmas family, who used to stay at Newtown.

Sir Thomas had little faith in doctors, and for his ailments, until his last serious illness, he consulted his veterinary surgeon.

It may easily be supposed that the life which my aunt, Lady Osborne, began to lead after her marriage on her arrival at Newtown Anner was a very singular one, and a great change to that to which she had been accustomed.

Sir Thomas kept hounds at Killaloan, always drove four horses, kept many servants, but cared for no society, so that they associated with only two or three families. He did not wish his wife to take part in housekeeping, etc., and it is odd to read in her early letters that her 'maid told her that there were about thirty servants who dined in the servants' hall.' The place and the country round are exceedingly pretty, trees and shrubs of every kind growing with unusual profusion. My aunt at once occupied herself with the gardens and pleasure grounds, of

which she was very fond, and tried to make up for the want of society, to which she had been accustomed, by constant reading. Fortunately, one of the Rialls had married as a second wife a Miss Berkeley, grand-daughter of the famous Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, and she proved a cultivated and agreeable companion for my aunt.

My grandmother went over to pay a visit to Sir Thomas and her daughter, and, at Sir Thomas's request, she brought her youngest daughter Anna, my mother, with her.

My mother—Anna, or Anna Charlotte, Smith—was born at Rochester on August 8, 1808. Mrs. Berengall, wife of the General, most kindly came and nursed my grandmother on this occasion, as the nurse who had been engaged was suddenly called away to attend a sick daughter. Between them the baby tumbled on the floor. My mother's recollection of her early life is very vivid. She says she was much given to screaming. She was baptized at Rochester at an age when she was able to walk to and from the church. She perfectly remembered her baptism, and how her sister laughed at her, and said she would be dipped in a tub. She wore a christening frock given her by her godmother, Mrs. Hodgkinson, cousin to my grandmother, and wife of the Rector of Arbourfield, Berks. Up to the age of twelve my mother's hair was kept cut short, like a boy's, but from that time it was allowed to grow, and at sixteen it was long enough for her to stand upon.

When my grandmother returned to England, she left

my mother behind as a companion to Lady Osborne. My mother was only a girl, and she was altogether neglected, spending her time in wandering about the grounds, often sitting for hours in the branches of a gigantic walnut tree, which still overhangs the lake, into which she used to climb to indulge her passion for reading such old books as she could discover; among which her favourites were 'Ossian,' and the 'Seven Champions of Christendom.' In the evenings she played 'True Madam' with Sir Thomas. But her chief enjoyment consisted in long rides with my aunt and Sir Thomas about the country, and she became soon a first-rate horsewoman. The eccentricities of Sir Thomas and the fame of his beautiful English wife caused much excitement in the neighbourhood, and such crowds assembled when the carriage stopped in Clonmel that once, on coming out of church, the Mayor of Clonmel had to clear a passage for her with his whip. Even until recently I can remember how the children by the roadside called out 'Lady Osborne! Lady Osborne!' whenever they saw any lady ride by.

My aunt had two children by Sir Thomas—a son, William, born 1817, and a daughter, Catherine Isabella, born 1819. Mrs. Smith, my grandmother, came over to Ireland on this last occasion and took my mother back with her. She took her first to Boulogne for two years to receive some education, but at other times they lived with the Akers (my grandmother's sister) at Burlington House, Mount Sion, Tunbridge Wells.

Sir Thomas Osborne had been very unwell for some time, and after much suffering he died on May 15, 1821. My aunt was thus left a widow at the age of twenty-five, after only five years of married life, with two children. My grandmother and my mother went to her, and not long afterwards all of them came to England, stopping at Oxford on their way.

Dr. Gilbert, Principal of Brasenose College, and afterwards Bishop of Chichester, was a great friend of my aunt's, and came to see them at the hotel. My mother remembers how on this occasion something annoyed little Sir William Osborne, and he suddenly exclaimed, 'Divil! Divil! Divil!' as fast as he could, to the astonishment and horror of Dr. Gilbert.

After their return to Newtown, Sir William was attacked with whooping-cough in January, 1824, and was wrongly treated by the doctor, who bled him. He died in May, 1824, to my aunt's intense grief, in the eighth year of his age. The baronetcy passed to his uncle, Henry Osborne, but the estates all went to his sister Catherine Isabella. Sir Thomas had left, as joint executors of his will, his two friends, Mr. Riall and his brother, Mr. Charles Riall, but not agreeing with my aunt, they resigned, and she was appointed to the sole management of the property.

My aunt, Lady Osborne, now entered upon that very remarkable life which led to her becoming certainly one of the most distinguished and influential women of her period. Her mind, which was naturally of a thoughtful

kind, was much affected by the serious trials which so early befell her in the deaths of her husband and her son, of whom she was passionately fond. At this time she was introduced by Dr. Bell to the Rev. Henry Woodward, Rector of Fethard, a clergyman of great intellectual gifts and personal holiness of life. The influence he exerted upon her was immediate and lasting, and she remained devoted to him to the end of her life. Her character now developed under the strongest impulses of religion, and her thoughts were directed continually to objects of charity and benevolent schemes for the good of her poorer neighbours. For this her independent position admirably fitted her. She was rich, the property extending over 20,000 acres. As an English lady, she was happily free from the faults of the Irish landlord class at that time, whilst the singular union of great warmth of heart with great intellectual powers gave her an attractive influence over rich and poor alike such as can be very rarely witnessed. She was admired and respected to a degree hard to realize by those who did not know her. She became a sort of queen of the neighbourhood, adored and blessed by her tenantry, who found additional reason for loving her in the fact of the Osborne union in the past with the old Celtic Magraths. Her acquaintance was sought by most of the chief political as well as literary persons of the day, who valued alike her society and her great influence.

My grandmother and my mother now lived at Newtown,

with my aunt and her daughter Catherine, and it was a life full of strange experiences and diversified interests. They witnessed the monster meetings organized by O'Connell to induce the Government to grant Catholic emancipation, and at the same time they took part in religious meetings which were popular at that time, and which were called Reformation meetings. Amongst other English gentlemen and clergymen who visited them for these meetings was Baptist Noel, and my aunt was so fascinated by him that she became engaged to him. He used to call her Corinne and my mother Lucilla. When, however, the settlements were being drawn up, he refused to allow my grandmother to live with them, and consequently the match was broken off, as it was thought to my aunt's relief. My mother has written some amusing reminiscences of their life at this time, and of their visits to Lord and Lady Mountcashel at Moore Park, and to Lord and Lady Kingston at Mitchelstown Castle, with both of which families they were very intimate.

Twice Lady Osborne came to London for the education of her daughter, and my grandmother and my mother went with her. The first time they took a house near Regent's Park, and they visited Lord Bexley at Foot's Cray, and a Mr. Benson at North Cray, both very beautiful houses. This visit to London was comparatively a quiet one, as it was chiefly for educational purposes, but later, in 1833, they again came to London, taking a house in Wilton Street, running from Grosvenor Place to Belgrave

Square. Here they saw a great deal of society, Lady Osborne's house becoming a favourite resort for many literary and religious persons. At the same time, they attended religious meetings in Exeter Hall, and scientific lectures at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, where they heard Brand and Faraday. Here it was that they made the acquaintance of my father, whom they first met in the society of some religious families—Mr. Symons, of Paul's Cray, Mr. Meux, and others.

Early in 1834 Lady Osborne went to Paris, and took a house, as I have said, at 3, Rue Neuve de Berre. My grandmother, Mrs. Smith, and my mother went first of all to stay at the Vicarage at Yalding before going to Paris, and my father offered to go and stay at the Vicarage at Yalding with them for a few days, which he did. Afterwards, when they went to join Lady Osborne in Paris, my father also went over in April, 1834, as I have said, and saw a great deal of them, accompanying them nearly every day in their visits to various objects of interest in the city and neighbourhood. On his return to England, they told him they intended in the summer to go to Switzerland, and they invited him to join them there. Accordingly in July he went to Belgium, with his sons Constantine and George, and his friend Mr. Pownall, for a fortnight, and then he went on to Switzerland, and joined Lady Osborne and my mother at Geneva in the month of August. He travelled with them to Interlaken and to Chamounix, and whilst resting at the Mer de Glace he proposed to my

mother. She was surprised, and at the time gave him no answer. Mrs. Smith and Lady Osborne were then informed of my father's proposal, and when they learnt what settlement he was prepared to make upon my mother they were not satisfied, and advised my mother to decline his offer. She, however, was very much attracted by my father's character, although there was so great a difference in their ages, he being nearly fifty-five and she twenty-six. She felt that he was acting honourably in being true to his former wife, and to the interests of his children, whilst she felt convinced of the reality of his attachment to her. She could not but admire his firmness in not allowing his affection for her to affect his sense of justice, and she rightly judged that she might trust him to be as true and just to her. Accordingly she determined to accept his proposal, and she did so. To quote her own words, 'God was good, undeservedly good to me, so to direct my will, and He knows the depth of my gratitude for being so directed.'

As there was no Consul at Geneva, they went to Berne for the wedding, taking with them the Rev. — Hartley, who performed the ceremony, and they were married on November 6, 1834 (the register of such marriages is in the Bishop of London's Court).

During this visit to Switzerland, my mother had her attention directed by my father, who was sitting next her at dinner at Interlaken, to a gentleman opposite, and learnt that he was Louis Napoleon, then an officer in the Swiss

militia, afterwards Napoleon III. Here, too, they made the acquaintance of Sir Harry Verney.

After their marriage my father and mother returned to England, travelling by carriage and diligence, and took up their abode in my father's temporary house, No. 6, Connaught Square, London. On Lady Osborne's return to Ireland, my father and mother went over to Newtown to pay her a visit, and as the lease of my father's house was falling in, and he was looking out for a country house, my aunt took him to see several houses near Newtown, and urged him strongly to settle there, so that they might be near to one another. My father had spent some time in England vainly endeavouring to meet with such a house as he required, but never meeting with a suitable one, though he very nearly took a house near Yalding. My mother naturally was intensely anxious that they might settle in Ireland near her sister, but she refrained from letting my father know her wishes. At last, to her great delight, after looking at several houses, Glenconner among others, my father determined to take on lease a large house and place called Oaklands, the property of the Bagwells of Marlfield, and that house became our family home from that time to this.

Settling in Ireland in those days appeared a very risky thing to English people, and General James Arnold, writing to his brother Richard, June 23, 1837, says: 'I have recently been appointed to the command of the Engineer Department in Ireland. . . . I understand

Phipps's boy is grown a very fine stout fellow. I wonder at his choosing to settle in Ireland, and in such a county too as Tipperary! But he tells me they get on well there' ('Life of Benedict Arnold,' by Isaac Arnold, p. 416).

Oaklands is a large square house, exceeding well and substantially built of stone, the foundations cut out of the limestone rock, and standing on a hill, which commands most beautiful views of woods and mountains. There are five sitting-rooms on the ground-floor, besides a large entrance-hall; six large bedrooms and two dressing-rooms on the first floor; and five bedrooms on the second floor, together with a very large, long room, like a ball-room, reaching from one end of the house to the other. Very fine kitchens, servants' rooms, and cellars occupy the basement, all arched and vaulted. The rooms are lofty and well proportioned, the principal doors and window-frames being of mahogany. A stone staircase for the servants runs from the basement right to the top of the house, and a vaulted, wide stone underground passage communicates between the basement and the stable-yard. The dairy, laundry, coach-houses and stables are all large, as is usual in good Irish country houses, there being stabling accommodation for about sixteen horses. At the foot of the hill there stands a very romantically-situated ruined chapel by a holy well, called St. Patrick's Well, where there is an ancient cross. A stream of water rushes from this well and is full of trout, and flows through the grounds into

the lake or pond of Marlfield Distillery. The well is about four feet deep and about seven feet across, and the water bubbles up with extraordinary clearness, never being known in the slightest degree to diminish in quantity. Pilgrimages and patterns (pardons) were continually held there, and the spot became a favourite one for popular gatherings, which in times of agitation have caused us anxiety. On the other side of this stream is the kitchen-garden, which is very large, of about four Irish acres, and surrounded by a very high stone wall of about twenty-two feet high.

The house was the property of Mr. John Bagwell, who lived at Marlfield, an adjoining estate, and who was M.P. for Clonmel for many years. It had been built by a Mr. Sparrow, who hoped to surpass Marlfield, but on his failure it had been purchased by Mr. Bagwell. My father only took the house together with the land immediately round it, amounting in all to about twenty-five Irish acres.*

My father and mother returned to London, paying a visit on their way to Mr. Fiske, who gave my mother the picture in pastels of a young American officer, by Sir Thos. Lawrence, now hanging in the drawing-room at Oaklands.

I was born on November 1, 1835, at 6, Connaught

A. R. P.

* 1 Irish acre = 1 2 19 English.

10 Irish acres = 16 0 31 English.

Square. As the house had to be given up in December, we moved to Abingdon Street, where Miss Smith was living, my father's old Sunbury friend, and I was baptized on January 20, 1836, at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

I was named Pownoll after my father, and William after little Sir William Osborne. The sponsors were the Rev. Richard Warde, Vicar of Yalding, Kent, the Rev. William Russell, Rector of Shepperton, Lady Osborne, and Miss Smith. My mother tells me that when I was five or six weeks old, she, my father, Miss Smith, and George were walking in Hyde Park with the nurse carrying me. Two ladies walked in front in blue satin pelisses, accompanied by another lady, and followed by a manservant. Miss Smith asked George to call her carriage, but the manservant ordered it back, so that the ladies' carriage might draw up. The eldest lady, however, seeing Miss Smith was lame, stopped the servant, and begged that our carriage might come first. It turned out that the ladies were the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria.

My father and mother then moved to Oaklands, and here began a new phase of my father's life. The establishment with which he opened Oaklands was in itself a singular one. It was necessarily large, for a home had to be made for my father's two sons and two daughters, one of whom, Matilda, was blind, and required a separate attendant. Besides these, my father took to live there a young lady named Louisa Adams, to whom he was guardian. She was daughter of his brother-in-law, Colonel

George Arnold. As my father had to provide for the possibility of a young family, he was so careful to avoid unnecessary expense that he determined to invite his friend Miss Eliza 'Abingdon' Smith, as she now called herself, to come and live at Oaklands, paying her share towards the common expenses. As Miss Smith had lost her aunts and brother, and was now alone in the world, and was much attached to my father, she agreed to do this, and accordingly she came, and had a bedroom, with the library as a sitting-room, assigned to her, and she brought with her a maid, a coachman, a pair of horses, and two carriages. Thus there were in all about eleven women servants and three men servants living in the house, and three men outside, of whom the coachman and the gardener each lived in one of the two entrance-lodges. My father took Oaklands from March 25, 1836.

Over such a household my mother had now to preside—not at all an easy task for any lady, but especially difficult for one of her age and bringing up. She was at this time twenty-seven and a half years old, good looking, fair, with a quantity of auburn hair, which measured forty-eight inches in length. A piece of silk that length has been preserved as a mark of its measure. She was slight, and of middle height, very bright and clever, and very active, fond of riding and dancing and amusement generally. Her education, however, had been neglected, and for a considerable part of her life she had been left to her own society, as I have described, filling

her imagination with Ossian and the old books of all sorts she could find at Newtown, wandering alone about the grounds, and riding fearlessly any of the numerous horses in the stables. At the same time, as Lady Osborne's sister, she was in the habit of meeting the various persons who visited my aunt, hearing their conversation and opinions, and picking up all the information that was gained from the very intellectual society in which they mixed in London, Paris, and elsewhere. The effect produced by all these various influences was a rapid development of her intelligence, coupled with great originality and natural wit, but without that discipline of the mind and thought which forms so important a part of true education. She was most attractive, most warmly affectionate and self-sacrificing, but almost entirely ignorant of the prosaic duties of housekeeping which her position now demanded of her. During my father's life, however, she was considerably freed from all such cares by his taking them upon himself, his experience and business-like habits solving every difficulty, and his tastes making such occupations a second nature to him. Still her position was a most difficult one. There were my father's children growing up, the eldest being blind; there was Louisa Adams, also, a young lady growing up, with her disposition to be considered.

The chief difficulty, however, consisted in the presence of Miss Smith, a very remarkable personage, who, as I have said, at my father's request had come to live with us.

Miss Smith was nearer to my father's age, and had known him previously for some ten years, and now, because of her position, she claimed a distinct portion of my father's time and attention. She was an invalid, with many peculiar habits and requirements, living on cold coffee and round rolls of brown bread, made for her specially, which she ate soaked in vinegar, with French mustard. She ate vegetables soaked also in vinegar, but scarcely any meat. The only fruit she cared for were lemons, which she ate as others eat oranges, but without sugar. She was very clever and highly educated, knowing a fair amount of Latin and Greek, and having a large library of valuable books. She was a person of iron will, by which not only her mind triumphed over the weakness of her small body, but she managed also to influence others and obtain her own way to an extent which it is not easy to describe. She was a person of the deepest religious convictions and the strongest affections, and she soon became very fond of me; and partly from affection, and partly, no doubt, as an occupation, she began to teach me. I spent a great deal of my early life in her library or in her society, and I speak of her with the utmost gratitude and affection, as one who was more than kind to me until she died; but she was a sore trial to my mother, and it is difficult to understand how my father did not foresee that this must be so when he made the arrangement that she should live with them.

My father was very precise and methodical in his

habits, and all members of the family were required to be very punctual. At eight o'clock family prayers were held every morning, winter and summer alike, and again at 9.30 in the evening. All the servants attended, no Roman Catholic being taken into our service except on that condition, nor in those days did they raise any objection to it. Luncheon was at one, and dinner at six. The bread was home-made; my father kept plenty of cows for milk; and every Saturday he bought in Clonmel Market meat enough for the week, for in those days there were no butchers' shops. Water had to be drawn in water-carts from a well near the lodge by a mule to the stable-yard, whence it was drawn off into smaller carts and wheeled up the underground passage to the basement of the house.

My father was very proud of his dining-table, which is still at Oaklands. It is very large, and made of Chicrassi wood, which he had brought in blocks from India. The wood was sawn and made up into a table in Clonmel, and was so hard that it was difficult to cut it, as it blunted and destroyed the saws. It is a rare wood, partly like mahogany, with a mixture of satin wood, and when highly polished, as ours was, it looked exceedingly well at dinner-parties when the cloth was removed, as it was in those days. Dinner-parties were the only parties then, and my father was very particular that his port and sherry should be old, and the very best. The custom in Ireland in those days was that when the

ladies left the dining-room one of the guests asked if they might have the hot water. The bell was then rung, and the butler and footmen, who were awaiting the signal, entered with a large tray of glasses and hot water. Several kinds of very rare old whisky were then produced, and the gentlemen drank each a tumbler of hot whisky-punch, which they brewed for themselves. It was left to the guests rather than the host to ask for punch, as it was so much less expensive than wine that it might have appeared shabby for him to propose it.

Not long after their settlement in Ireland Mr. Arthur Riall, an old friend of my mother's, asked her whether she thought my father would like to be made a magistrate, and on her replying she was sure he would, soon afterwards he received the appointment through Lord Donoughmore. Gradually, as my father's powers and character became known, his position and influence steadily increased; and, remembering the condition of the Irish gentry in those days, it is not hard to understand how valuable an addition he must have proved to the country gentry around. They soon made him a member of every Board, and he quickly made his presence felt upon them all.

Every day after breakfast his gig came to the door, and he drove to Clonmel, where his horse was put up in Grubb's Livery Stables, while he devoted his day to work, dividing his time among such duties as the gaol, the workhouse, the lunatic asylum, the savings bank, and

the Protestant Orphan Society, as well as those of the Bench, at which he was a regular attendant.

My father was very careful to visit regularly all the public institutions, and to personally inspect the clothes and taste the food of the paupers and lunatics, so as to guard against the possibility of abuses or ill-treatment. He did this, however, with such a bright and genial manner, and in such a sympathetic and friendly spirit, that he was on the best of terms with all the officials, who became inspired with his own sentiments on the subject. His lunch, if any, consisted only of a dry biscuit carried occasionally in his pocket, and he never had anything else until his return home in time for dinner at six. Nor did he give up his interest in the Church Missionary Society or the Bible Society. In April, 1837, he went to London, and spent several weeks there attending meetings, etc., and staying with his friends the Pownalls and Longs, the Browns at Clapham, and his connections the Tierneys at Greenwich, and the Robarts'. Even so recently as 1893 an old lady told me she had never forgotten the impression produced upon her when a girl by my father's appearance and kindness at one of the large meetings at Exeter Hall. So in Ireland he continued to use his influence to promote the interests of those societies. Two months after their arrival in Ireland he was speaking at a meeting of the Church Missionary Society at Carrick-on-Suir, and he mentioned, as an illustration of the condition of women in the East, that he remembered, when the troops were

being reviewed on one occasion in Egypt, that a woman passed in front of them with her head and face uncovered, when a soldier went up to her and cut off her head with his sword. A soldier who was seated in the body of the hall jumped up and exclaimed: 'That's true, for I was there!'

My brother, Ramsay Weston, was born on April 10, 1838. The name Ramsay was that of my mother's grandfather, the Rev. James Ramsay, the first pioneer of slave emancipation. The name Weston was that of a brother of my father, and came into the family from my father's aunt, Penelope Tierney, having married as her second husband the Rev. S. Weston, a scientific and distinguished clergyman. By this time changes began in our household. My father's son Constantine had obtained a commission in the 60th Rifles through General Phipps, who was colonel of the regiment. His commission was dated June 22, 1835, Second Lieutenant, Second Battalion 60th Rifles. Unfortunately, when the regiment was in the West Indies, Constantine's health broke down, and he died at Demerara in 1839.

It happened that my father was in London at the time he received the news of Constantine's illness, which distressed him very much. He had gone over to take his second son George to Cambridge, where he obtained a scholarship at St. Peter's College. My father was most kindly received by Lord Fitzroy Somerset, upon whom he called with reference to Constantine. My half-brother

George used to come to Oaklands for the vacations until he took his degree in 1843, and he sometimes brought college friends over with him. I remember one named Corry, and another named Ayre, now Vicar of St. Mark's, North Audley Street. George was ordained in 1844, by the Bishop of Lincoln, to the curacy of Iver, Bucks, near Slough; Buckinghamshire at that time being in the Lincoln diocese. Elvira was placed with a family near Brighton. Louisa Adams continued to live with us, and had a pretty horse to ride called Jessie. Miss Smith gave me a Shetland pony called Thule, which was sent all the way from Scotland to Bristol by road. It lived to a wonderful age, and with its long shaggy coat and mane and tail was an object of curiosity and admiration. Whilst my father was in London my grandmother, Mrs. Smith, died at Newtown Anner on April 17, 1839, aged seventy-three. She was buried at Killaloe.

In 1841 we went to London, and as Miss Smith was staying at St. George's Hotel, Albemarle Street, my father asked her to take lodgings for us in Regent Street, because my mother wished for a lively situation. On our arrival at these lodgings I was given a musical cart, and the noise I made with it, together with the noise of the street after the quiet of Oaklands, almost drove my poor mother distracted.

As there had been some difficulty about the lodgings, it had been arranged that I should sleep at St. George's Hotel with Miss Smith, but at the last moment this plan

was changed. That night, when we were in bed and asleep, St. George's Hotel was burnt down. The fire was caused by a lady's-maid laying out her mistress's ball-dress and setting it alight. Miss Smith was saved, but her clothes, books, and imperials were much injured by fire and water, and I remember how for long afterwards the smell of scorching clung to everything. Had I slept at the hotel, as had been intended, I should certainly have been burnt, for I should have been in the room immediately over that which caught fire. Miss Smith was on the ground floor. Her imperials were packed for travelling, as she and Louisa Adams were starting for the Continent, travelling in her own carriage with a maid and man-servant to Rome and Naples. The Osbornes, too, were abroad.

My cousin, Catherine Osborne, had come of age in 1839, and the occasion was made a great fête. The tenantry and the whole neighbourhood were present. A sort of may-pole was erected in front of Newtown, and the people danced around it. There were 20,000 or 30,000 persons present, but the behaviour of the people was admirable, and there was no drunkenness. I can perfectly recollect being taken to my cousin, who sat in a tent receiving her guests, that I might present her with a little Sèvres china basket as my gift. I am ashamed to say, however, I cried so at having to give it up that she insisted on my keeping it. After this Lady Osborne took my cousin to London, where she was presented, and they then set out on a tour through the Continent, visiting

Paris, Lyons, Avignon, Vienna, Rome, Naples, etc. They travelled most luxuriously. The two ladies drove in a pony-phaeton drawn by a pair of cream-coloured ponies, and were followed by their travelling-carriage, in which they could take refuge in bad weather. They had introductions at the Courts of every country they visited, and they enjoyed the society of some of the most distinguished statesmen and literary persons of the day. It was during this tour that my aunt bought the magnificent Bohemian glass dessert-service which they still have at Newtown. My aunt was very kind and thoughtful, and wrote me several letters at the time, giving me an account of their travels, which I have preserved.

In Lady Burton's 'Life of Sir Richard Burton,' vol. i., p. 63, there is the following account of the English society at the Baths of Lucca at this time: 'In one season the Baths collected Lady Blessington, Count D'Orsay, the charming Lady Walpole, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the poetess, whose tight sacque of black silk gave us youngsters a series of caricatures. There, too, was old Lady Osborne, full of Greek and Latin, who married her daughter to Captain Bernal, afterwards Bernal Osborne. Amongst the number was Mrs. Young, whose daughter became Madame Matteucci, wife of the celebrated scientist and electrician of Tuscany. Finally, I remember Miss Virginia Gabriell, daughter of old General Gabriell.' I may mention that Madame Matteucci has remained to the last a friend of the Osbornes.

After our journey to London we returned to Oaklands, and there, on September 23, 1841, my mother was confined of twins, a boy and girl. As the little boy was very ill, both babies were baptized in the drawing-room privately on October 8 by our rector, the Rev. Richard Maunsell. The little boy was named Robert Constantine, and the little girl Henrietta Sophia, after my father's two former wives. The little boy died the next day, and was buried in Abbey Churchyard, where his grave is at the south-east corner of the church, surrounded by high iron railings.

In 1843 my father's daughter Elvira married Mr. Joshua Williams, a barrister, highly distinguished in his profession as a conveyancer, whose acquaintance she had made when near Brighton. He was a very tall man of over six feet four inches. He was for some time Conveyancing Counsel to the Court of Chancery, and was afterwards a Queen's Counsel. He is well known for his writings, and especially for his book upon Real Property, which is still the standard work upon the subject. On his death, in its obituary notice, the *Times* described him as a giant in intellect and stature. He came over to Oaklands for the wedding, accompanied by his brother Caleb, and they were, of course, called the two spies. After their marriage they lived in Davenport Street, Hyde Park, and subsequently at Stoke Newington. I can remember driving to Abbey Church in my cousin's pony-carriage, and throwing flowers from the gallery upon the bride and bridegroom. One of their children, named

after my father, has since acquired remarkable distinction as an artist. I allude to Pownoll Toker Williams, who was educated at Eton and Balliol, Oxford.

That same year Miss Smith left us, the plan of her continuing to live with us having proved a failure. She at first took a house in Grosvenor Place, and then at No. 4, Connaught Place, London; but soon afterwards she settled ultimately in Bath, at first boarding and living in the family of the Rev. G. G. Gardiner, at 12, Cavendish Place. Mr. Gardiner was then minister of the Octagon Chapel. He afterwards became chaplain at Bonn, and then had the Marbœuf Chapel in Paris until the siege, when he left, and became Rector of St. Leonards-on-Sea. In 1852 Miss Smith went to live at 30, Royal Crescent, Bath, with the Rev. D. Tinling, inspector of schools, and now canon of Gloucester, a son by a second wife of the Admiral Tinling who married my aunt Fanny. When Mr. Tinling left, Miss Smith took the lease off his hands in 1855, and she lived alone in that large house until her death, June 25, 1877.

Miss Smith continued to pay us visits at Oaklands, and I have a lively recollection of taking long drives with her, and staying at Newtown and at Carigbarahane, where my uncle and aunt and cousins the Smiths lived. On these occasions we had four horses, and I remember so well watching them through the windows as we drove along, especially on one occasion coming through Curraghmore, when one of the leaders fell, and threw the

post-boy over the hedge. I also remember visits paid us by Dr. Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin, who was a great friend of my aunt and of my father. He used to come with four horses, as, indeed, people generally did in those days; and when they did not do so, we used to send our horses down to our lodge, and, harnessing them as leaders, helped them up the steep hill from the lodges by which Oaklands is approached. I remember getting up early to walk with the Archbishop and his chaplain before breakfast, and that he was fond of cutting boomerangs, and showing me how the Australian natives threw them. I also used to stay frequently at Newtown, where my aunt was very kind to me. My life, however, was necessarily much spent among the servants both at Oaklands and at Newtown; and as it was impossible to find means of education at home, I was sent to school very early. For this purpose my father and mother took me to London in the summer of 1844, and we stayed with Miss Smith at 4, Connaught Place, until in August I was taken to the Rev. J. A. Barron's, at Great Stanmore, and left under his charge. It was in those days considered a good school, and Constantine and George had been educated there. It was the house now occupied by Dr. Drury Fortnum.

On Tuesday, August 20, 1844, my cousin, Catherine Isabella Osborne, was married to Captain Ralph Bernal, M.P., at St. George's, Hanover Square. Mr. Hume Dick acted as the bridegroom's best man, and Mr. Disraeli attended the wedding breakfast in Hereford Gardens

Captain Bernal assumed the family name of Osborne by sign manual, August 12, 1844, on his marriage, instead of that of Bernal, although from long familiarity with his former name the public continued generally to call him Bernal Osborne. My cousin had been engaged twice before, first to an Italian, Prince Tracassi; but this match was broken off because the Pope refused to sanction the condition on which she insisted, that any children she might have, both boys and girls, should be brought up as Protestants. After this she became engaged to Sir Jacob Preston, Bart., and this engagement so nearly ended in their marriage that the preparations were made, and Sir Jacob spent £7,000 in fitting up his house. My cousin, however, broke it off because he refused to allow her to keep up the old servants of the Irish establishment. Sir Jacob felt it much, and had a fever afterwards. My aunt had a house, No. 11, Hereford Street, Park Lane, at the time of my cousin's marriage. My father was appointed trustee under the settlements, together with Admiral Proby, afterwards Lord Carysfort, a relation of the Osbornes. Admiral Proby left my father very much to his own judgment in managing the Irish estates, and this now afforded him increased occupation and fresh interest. The succeeding years were years of great difficulty, but the care and wisdom with which my father looked after the property brought it safely through them all. He held the trusteeship until July 21, 1855, when he resigned.

When I returned home at Christmas, 1844, for the holidays, I travelled with Mr. Alan Bailey, an architect, who was now engaged to be married to Louisa Adams. They were married the next year (1845). I travelled to Ireland by Bristol and Waterford, the passage in those days varying from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, and the steamers were wretched pig-boats, which rolled so much as frequently to throw us out of our berths. From Waterford we drove to Clonmel on one of the 'long cars' of Bianconi. We knew Bianconi very well, and I remember his being Mayor of Clonmel. On my return to school after the Christmas holidays, I drove to Dublin with Miss Smith in one day with four post-horses to her chariot. We drove over a pig before entering Kilkenny, and I recollect hearing the clocks strike twelve as we entered Dublin. The next day I was handed over to the charge of the Rev. John Bury Palliser, Rector of Clonmel, who was taking his two sons, Wray and Johnny, to Mr. Barron's school. We crossed by Liverpool, and on our way Mr. Palliser took us to see Harrow School, where he had himself been educated. Mr. Palliser's son, Johnny, was always a great friend and companion of mine.

In 1847 Miss Smith had an extraordinary illness. She was staying at St. George's Hotel, Albemarle Street, London, and was being attended by Dr. Bright, and was feeling very ill and weak, when, one evening, as she was standing before her glass and dressing for dinner, her leg broke of itself at the thigh. Her bones had, in fact, been

weakened by her habit of soaking all her food in vinegar, as I have mentioned before. So great were her spirit and determination, that she insisted upon sitting through the dinner before the doctor examined her. Dr. Bright wished to call in Sir Benjamin Brodie, but Dr. Lavies, Miss Smith's regular attendant, preferred Sir W. Fergusson, and that eminent surgeon attended her throughout. She was obliged to lie upon her back, with her leg in splints, and this, in the state of her health, occasioned the formation of an enormous abscess in her back. This rendered it difficult to treat the leg properly, and the leg made it almost impossible to treat the abscess rightly; so that it seemed unlikely that she could recover, and it was only a question which would kill her. Sir W. Fergusson was so much interested in the case that he postponed his holiday and grouse-shooting to remain and watch her until the worst was over. He said hers was the most serious case he had ever attended. She paid him £200, and Dr. Lavies £200. Her sufferings were aggravated by the great heat of the weather, as she had to lie there all the summer; but her courage and extraordinary powers of will enabled her to live through it and to recover, though her leg was some inches shorter than the other afterwards. She was forty-four or forty-five at the time. She always stooped in consequence. When her leg was set a dose of morphia was given her, and, unfortunately, that led to her continuing to take morphia in great quantities for the rest of her life.

My father came over from Ireland at once to see poor Miss Smith and to help, and my mother came afterwards, but she delayed as long as she could because of the famine which was now raging in Ireland, about which I will give some particulars later on. She also waited until my brother Ramsay had recovered from the measles, when she brought him over. As soon as Miss Smith was better we went to St. Leonards, where my brother George was at that time curate to Mr. St. Quintin, at Bo Peep Church. On our return to London after the midsummer holidays, my brother Ramsay came for the first time to school at Mr. Barron's at Stanmore with me. I remember sitting with him on the rumble of Miss Smith's carriage, in which my father and mother took us to Stanmore, and how unhappy I was.

In November, 1847, when Miss Smith had in some degree recovered from her illness, she insisted on being taken over to Oaklands, and left her bed to be placed in her carriage. By her power of will she successfully accomplished the journey, stopping on the way at Rugby, Liverpool and Dublin. She spent Christmas with us, and after the holidays my brother Ramsay and I returned to Stanmore early in 1848, and my mother went to Dublin. One night my father was awakened by the alarming news that Miss Smith had been poisoned. Her maid, Mrs. Johnson, was in the habit of leaving a morphia draught ready for her to take in the night, and by mistake had poured out the contents of a bottle of morphia, and Miss

Smith had swallowed no less than 24 drachms of undiluted morphia. Perceiving at once what had happened, she showed great presence of mind by awakening her maid and sending her to my father with the prescription in order that it might be known exactly what she had taken. She then deliberately washed and dressed herself to keep herself awake, but unfortunately she never thought of taking an emetic.

On being roused, my father at once sent down to the lodge, which was a quarter of a mile away, and got up the coachman, and sent him to Clonmel for the doctor, a distance of two and a half miles. Dr. Sheil, on hearing what had happened, wisely drove to the chemist, Graham, and brought him with him out to Oaklands, with a stomach-pump and a galvanic battery. They at once applied the stomach-pump, unfortunately knocking out several of her teeth in doing so, and they then obliged her to walk about for the rest of the night, whilst constantly giving her galvanic shocks. The treatment succeeded, and she quite recovered, and, with her usual determination, appeared as usual at dinner the following night.

To counteract the morphia, Miss Smith was in the habit of taking daily a dose of Epsom salts. She had a singular fancy that she could buy this best in Ireland, and she bought a small cask at a time. Once when I as a boy was returning to school, one of these casks was given me to take to Miss Smith. On landing in England, the custom-house officers asked what it contained, and when I

told them they laughed at the idea of a schoolboy taking with him such a large supply, and insisted upon boring the cask to see. They exclaimed with astonishment that the young gentleman was right.

Those years will always be memorable as the years of the great potato famine in Ireland, and terrible indeed were the sufferings of the poor. My father and mother exerted themselves to the best of their power to help the distressed, of whom there were at that time a very great number around Oaklands, as there was then a large village at Abbey, which has been pulled down since the whisky distillery at Marlfield was given up. We made vast quantities of soup, and twice a week all the starving poor came up with cans, and my mother gave them meat, meal, rice, bread, milk and soup. She distributed everything with her own hands, as she could not trust anyone to do it for her, and by doing this out of doors she escaped the fever from which the poor creatures were suffering, which some other ladies caught who did not adopt this precaution. I well remember the strange sight of such great numbers seated under the trees and eating greedily, for they were too famished to wait to carry anything home. My father had a large hand mill put up, and allowed the people to come and use it to grind wheat and Indian corn, which he procured for them at the lowest possible prices. He also employed men to make coffins in our yard, which were carried away in cart-loads, and I can remember the constant hammering. This was neces-

sary, as typhus fever was raging, and the people died so fast they were found dead in the ditches even.

So maddened were the people by hunger that they used to assemble and plunder flour when the farmers were sending it by road or river. When farmers wished to send flour, they applied to the authorities for protection ; a day was named, and a place of rendezvous at which all carts were to assemble, and then they proceeded along the road accompanied by Infantry and Cavalry on each side and in front and rear of them. I well remember these long processions, and how we had to drive our carriage to the side of the road when we met them, and wait for an apparently endless time until they had passed. Upon one occasion, when my father and mother were driving to Killaloe Church for the baptism of my cousin's second daughter, Grace, now Duchess of St. Albans, on September 4, 1848, they were stopped by a man who told them some barges of flour were being plundered on the river near Killaloe. My father tore a leaf out of his pocket-book and wrote on it a message to the officers in command at Clonmel, requesting that troops might be immediately sent. They went on to the church, and there, standing on gravestones, the christening party watched the arrival of the soldiers. The soldiers came very quickly, seated on one of the long Bianconi cars, which were always kept ready in the barracks for such emergencies. My father and mother were now summoned into church and saw no more, but they had the

satisfaction of hearing afterwards that the flour was saved and the barges escaped.

On another occasion a number of carts containing flour were passing along the Cahir Road, near Oaklands, on their way to Clonmel without proper protection, when they were stopped and plundered at the cross road by a mob from the village of Abbey. The people seized the sacks and ran with them down the path by the stream past Oaklands to the village, spilling a good deal of flour, so that the place was whitened. Directly my father heard of it, he went as fast as he could to the village, and told our English butler to come with him, but the man was frightened and turned back. My father got to Abbey, and began stopping the plunderers, ordering every man to lay down his sack. So great was my father's influence that even in their excitement the people obeyed him, but he could get no one to help him, not even the excise officers living near. My father ordered them to lay down the sacks in the toll-house, and placed a man to watch the entrance, but others got inside and threw them out again at the back. At last two drummer-boys, soldiers, came by, and my father sent one of them off to Clonmel for help, and he made the other stand by the heap of sacks, while he himself went round to the cottages where it was concealed, and succeeded thus in saving a considerable amount.

At that time the law was that in case pigs, etc., were destroyed, the sufferer might come upon the Barony for compensation, but in the case of flour being plundered on

the road, the persons living nearest could be compelled to pay, afterwards recovering what they could from the county. As it happened that my father at Oaklands and William Moore at Salisbury occupied the nearest houses in the parish, warrants were issued to require them to pay for the plundering. Both of them resolved to avoid being served, my father, the only person who had exerted himself to stop the mischief, as an Englishman and comparative stranger, without any interest in the country, feeling it a hardship to have been selected for this payment. He accordingly kept indoors, and had the windows of Oaklands whitewashed, or the shutters closed, to prevent the bailiff seeing him ; and if ever he walked out for exercise, he had men stationed at a certain distance round, with large rattles in their hands to give him warning, so that he might have time to escape. The bailiff made several attempts in vain, even disguising himself as a woman, but he never succeeded in serving the notice on my father. On Sundays alone my father was safe, and went to church, but on Good Friday a person might be served, and therefore my father remained at home. Poor William Moore did not know this, and went to church, and the bailiff caught him as he was walking back with my mother in security, as he thought.

It is right to add that Mr. Bagwell behaved in a most honourable manner, for on hearing in London what had happened, he at once came over, and himself paid the money, £100.

To understand such incidents, it must be remembered that the population in Ireland at that time was enormously larger than that to which it has fallen at present, through the effects of the famine and emigration, and there were large villages of which no signs now remain. Abbey, or Marlfield, was one of these. It was inhabited by families who worked at a large whisky distillery belonging to the Jamesons, the buildings of which still exist, although unused. Mr. Henry Jameson lived there for some time, and was a great friend of ours. He kept a pack of beagles, and was very kind to me in my vacations, taking me frequently to ride with him after hares on the mountains.

That same year the country was in a very disturbed state, and insurrection began under Smith O'Brien. I can recollect driving through Clonmel at night and seeing bonfires in the streets. There was a large force of troops in the town, and not only were the three barracks filled with Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry, but some Infantry were encamped in tents. Cannon were also placed at the Main Guard commanding the principal street of Clonmel. In the village of Abbey, or Marlfield, near us, an Infantry detachment of twelve men was quartered, and we can remember how they used to march to church on Sundays with their muskets, and how on the Queen's birthday they came to Oaklands and fired a *feu-de-joie*. My father gave them refreshments. I also remember how we used to go to the top of the house at night to look at bonfires

in the mountains and hear the cries. Smith O'Brien's 'army' encamped on the mountain of Slievenamon above Newtown, and the Osbornes were warned that they might be attacked. Lady Osborne sent off at once to tell my father, and to his amusement her chief anxiety was as to what could be done to save the four large gilt candelabra, some six or seven feet high, of which she was very proud.

Upon one occasion we received news that the wood at Russelstown had been cut down to make pike-handles. The state of things was really very serious, especially for large outlying country houses which could not be protected, and my father now felt that if this news were true it was time for us to think of leaving. Accordingly he told my mother to begin packing up her jewellery and the chief ornaments, while he drove off to the spot indicated to ascertain the truth. He told me to ride to meet him at a particular spot, and thence gallop home with instructions. Accordingly I met him, and to our intense relief we found it had been false news, and there was no occasion for us to leave. Meantime it had become known in the village that my mother was packing up, and a good deal of alarm amongst the respectable people there was needlessly occasioned.

When Smith O'Brien was taken and imprisoned in Clonmel Gaol, Mrs. O'Brien took lodgings opposite the gaol, and Lady O'Brien, his mother, took a house near the river, lower down than the Club. Lady O'Brien was lame, and it was difficult for her to mount the stone stairs

to the cells to visit her son. My father, hearing of this, got Smith O'Brien removed to the hospital, in which there happened to be no patients at the time, and so Lady O'Brien could visit him in comfort, for which they were very grateful. My father also sent our carriage for Lady O'Brien to drive in to the gaol, to save her from the annoyance of the mob who always surrounded her. The people did not know she was in the carriage, as they were accustomed to see my mother drive in it to the gaol for my father.

Smith O'Brien was a rough, rude man, and trying to express his thanks to my father for what he had done for them, he said on leaving: 'I must thank you, Colonel Phipps, for what you have done for me. I suppose the next place we shall meet in will be a penal settlement.' My father did not reciprocate this. Some time afterwards we used to meet Mrs. O'Brien at Kilkee, and for some time she did not allude to the past, but one day she said to my mother: 'I hope you do not think I forget all the kindness, and all Colonel Phipps did for us in Clonmel, but the remembrance of that time is so distressing to me I cannot bear to recall it.' My mother used to ride with Mrs. O'Brien's sons, one of whom was deaf and dumb.

The following letter from Mr. Richard Musgrave (afterwards Sir Richard Musgrave), dated Tourin, September 19, 1849, is an instance of the sort of communications my father received, and shows the state of the

country then. Sir Richard writes from Tourin, Cappoquin:

MY DEAR COLONEL PHIPPS,

We have had a very bad affair at Cappoquin. On Sunday night about ten o'clock two bodies of pikemen made their appearance in the street without the slightest notice. Fortunately a constable had been warned about fifteen minutes previously. He had only time to go to the barrack and tell them to lock the door, and then run to Mr. Slattery's, the head constable. While there, one body of pikemen went to the barrack and knocked at the door. When refused admittance they tried to break in, but the seven police fired both from the upper and lower windows, and beat them off in about ten minutes. The other body of men met the two policemen on town duty only with truncheons. They piked one of them; the other escaped to the hotel unnoticed. Within twenty minutes from the commencement of the attack the streets were empty. Lord Stuart and several magistrates sat Monday and Tuesday, but it is very hard to get any one to speak. The wounded policeman, after three hours, crawled into the barrack and lived till one o'clock Monday night. He swore to two men, 'to the best of his belief.' We have about sixty of the 7th Fusiliers at Cappoquin. I hear they had fires on the hills on Sunday night, but cannot believe that men of any head could have been concerned in the affair, or they would have managed it better. What will the Duke of Devonshire think of it? He has been giving a series of dinners. We had the honour of dining at the Castle yesterday. His party admire the country very much. Lord Burlington and his son are there.

Believe me, y^{rs} very sincerely,

R. MUSGRAVE, J^r.

I can well remember accompanying my father to some of the remarkable trials for murder which unhappily were

so common at that period, and which took place in Clonmel Courthouse. I remember, too, that at dinner-parties our gentlemen friends always carried pistols, and I used to ask them to show them to me. My father himself, as an Englishman unconnected with land, except as trustee of the Osborne property, never was in any way threatened or annoyed. On the contrary, he was very popular with the people, who respected and trusted him, quickly appreciating his uprightness, firm consistency, and strict impartiality.

So popular was my father with the people, that once at a contested election, when he drove as usual to Clonmel to vote, he went unaccompanied in his gig. So great were the crowds he could scarcely drive through the town, and the officer in command of the troops was so alarmed at hearing he had attempted it, that he sent some cavalry to protect him, but they never succeeded even in reaching him. My father, it was well known, was voting against the popular candidate, yet the only hostile demonstration he experienced was that one man threw a stick, and immediately another bystander knocked down the man who had thrown it.

At the same time the people were very ungrateful, being always and entirely led by their priests, as the following incident shows. My mother tried to assist the poor girls in the village, by having them taught to crochet, which was at that time a new taste. My mother fitted up our gardener's cottage for the purpose, got down a trained

mistress from Dublin, and sending the work to friends in England, sold it to such advantage that she enabled the girls to earn money enough to support the starving families. One day the priest appeared. He said he was told my mother was reading the Bible to the girls, and in that case he must close the school. My mother assured him she had never read the Bible to the girls, nor done anything to proselytize them. The priest said the school might go on if my mother would allow Butler's Catechism, a Roman Catholic book, to be taught. This my mother refused, saying the school must be strictly secular. The priest wished then to leave, and said he would write to my mother. She, however, got up, and placing her back to the door, said he should not leave until, before the girls, he took upon himself the responsibility of closing the school and turning them out to starve. This the priest had to own he must do, and the girls hissed my mother. She felt it so much she never could be induced to open it again, and the girls suffered much in consequence.

I remember a curious scene at the wedding of a farmer's daughter named Daniel, living at the St. Patrick's Well Farm near Oaklands, at which I was present. It was in the evening, and on arriving I was taken into a room round which the neighbouring farmers were seated drinking strong whisky-punch. Paddy Daniel, the farmer, took me in his arms and carried me round to introduce me, telling, amidst applause, how good the Colonel was to the people, and how the 'Misthress' up at Oaklands fed the

poor starving people with her own hands. We then adjourned to a barn, where there was a grand supper, most of which my father had sent down cooked from our kitchen. I sat at the head of the table at the right hand of the priest. There was a wood fire in the corner of the barn, and as there was no chimney, the smoke would blow about when the door was opened. Seeing that it made my eyes water, the priest swore he would horsewhip every mother's son of them if they didn't keep the door shut. After supper the table was cleared, and the priest pulled from his pocket a white stole embroidered with roses and put it on. A basin of water was brought, and the bride and bridegroom knelt down and were married then and there by my side. As soon as the ceremony was over, space was cleared by pushing aside the tables, and dancing began. I had to lead off the first dance with the bride; the priest taking our English cook. She was made much of that night, and loudly expressed her surprise when she was informed by Paddy Daniel that he paid the priest £20 for the marriage. 'Why,' said she, 'I could be married into my Church for seven-and-sixpence.'

This was, I believe, the last occasion when these evening weddings were allowed in private houses, and O'Donnel, as the Daniels now call themselves, told me lately they willingly pay these large fees for the sacraments, as they can think of no better way of paying their priests. As an instance of the evils of such an arrangement, I remember that my mother, once visiting a poor family in the village,

found the man in bed, and was told he had been obliged to pawn his clothes for 5s. My mother gave them the 5s. to enable him to get up and work, but soon afterwards, on calling again, she found him still in bed. On inquiry, they told her that one of the children had not been baptized, and the priest refused to baptize it until they paid him the 5s.

My aunt, Lady Osborne, at this time laid out at great expense the large pleasure grounds at Newtown. She did this very much to employ the people, and for a very long time great numbers were kept at work, making those wide terraces, ponds, sunk gardens, etc., which are now so much admired at Newtown.

At the same time many public works were set on foot with a like object, and they are the origin of the large wide roads which now distinguish Ireland. So enormous was the extent of pauperism that the whole population seemed to go upon the rates, which were said in some instances to amount to twenty-one shillings in the pound, and an additional huge workhouse was built at Clonmel in 1846 to hold 2,500.

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Bagwell, whom I have already named, and their family, were always most kind friends and neighbours. Their property, Marlfield, adjoined Oaklands, and he was our landlord. Marlfield House is large and beautifully situated on the river Suir. They were remarkably generous and hospitable, and, at the same time, of superior culture and refinement to the usual

country society of those days. Mr. Bagwell was the popular Member of Parliament for Clonmel for many years. Mrs. Bagwell was very fond of gardening, and laid out the gardens and grounds of Marlfield, which are so much admired. She and my mother became warmly attached to one another.

It was at Marlfield, in Mr. Bagwell's father's time, that an incident really occurred which Lever has immortalized in 'Jack Hinton,' under other names, placing the scene in Dublin. When the Duke of Richmond, then Lord-Lieutenant, went to stay at Marlfield, the Duchess wrote to beg the Duke might not be allowed to drink much wine. In those days of heavy drinking this was a difficult request for a hospitable host to meet. All passed off well, however, until, unfortunately, Mr. Bagwell at the end of dinner told the butler to bring up another magnum of claret; when the Duke exclaimed: 'Don't come up lop-sided' (*i.e.*, with only one). This resulted in the company making a night of it. In the course of the evening the Duke became so friendly with one of the guests, Mr. Jones, a Clonmel attorney, that he told him to kneel down, and he knighted him on the spot. Next day the Duke learnt with sorrow what he had done, and sending for Mr. Jones, apologized to him for having forgotten himself, and expressed the hope he would look upon it as a joke, and forget it. The attorney replied that he should himself have treated it as a joke, but 'Lady' Jones could not bring herself to forget it.

Every summer we used to go to Kilkee, a wild bathing-place on the west coast, near Kilrush, in the county Clare, on the mouth of the Shannon. My father was one of its first visitors, and at first we had to be content with very rough accommodation in a cabin with a mud floor. At last a hotel and villas were built, and then we used to rent Sykes Lodge, taking a horse and car and my pony. The grand sea, the magnificent cliffs and rocks of that wild coast, and the splendid air were a tonic to mind and body, and my father and mother derived great benefit from these annual visits. My mother made collections of those rare shells which are found on that coast, no doubt carried by the Gulf Stream. My father, who was very fond of natural history, was much interested, I remember, in trying to discover how the Echini, or sea urchins, scoop out holes for themselves in the rocks ; and he had portions of the rocks cut off with the Echini attached to them, and sent them to the British Museum. The authorities there replied that the creature ejected some acid which ate into the limestone rock ; but my father pointed out that this could not be, as the rocks were slate and not limestone. He himself thought it was done by friction.

We used to buy a canoe, as they are called on the west coast. It was a very long, roomy, canvas-strained boat covered with pitch. Such boats are a mere framework of wood, round bottomed, without keel, and very light. A man named Halloran always attended to it for us, and with him I used to fish all day, and catch lobsters in lobster pots,

and large whiting-pollock with a rod and a gaudy salmon fly. Halloran also taught me to swim, and I succeeded at last in swimming across Kilkee bay and back without resting. It is interesting to add that this same man used to take my youngest son out fishing at Kilkee in 1881.

My father had large cases of geological specimens, and stuffed birds, butterflies, shells, and other natural history objects placed round the walls of the hall at Oaklands, with fine horns of the Irish elk, buffalo, rhinoceros, antelope, etc., and he was very fond of showing and explaining these.

I was taken away from school at Stanmore about Easter, 1848, and in August of that year I went to the School House, Rugby. Dr. Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was headmaster, and master of the school-house, and he and his successor, Dr. Goulburn, were always most kind to me. My father took me to school, staying with the Rev. J. P. Rhoades whom we knew well, as he had been Rector of Clonmel. My father had very little idea of how to start a boy at a public school. I can well remember how he gave me a real beaver hat with a looking-glass inside the crown, and how this caused me much trouble from the boys, until, fortunately, it was kicked to pieces in a very few days. My father also gave me a military cloak with a chain at the collar, and as I could never dare to wear this, I had to go without a great coat.

In the summer of 1849 we took a house at Dunmore,

near Waterford, where I made great progress in swimming. We took our horse and car and my Shetland pony. My brother and I looked forward always with delight to our holidays at Oaklands, which has so many attractions for boys. We were very fond of digging in the wood by the little river, diverting the waters of the various streams into different channels, and making lakes and bridges ; in all of which my brother developed considerable engineering skill. My father was very liberal in letting us each have a pony. My sister, Henrietta, learnt early to ride, and as soon as she was old enough my father bought her a riding-horse, and she became a first-rate horsewoman. She was educated at home by a governess. Nothing could exceed the happiness we three children enjoyed together at Oaklands, so that we never cared much to go elsewhere.

My brother Ramsay was to have followed me to Rugby, but my father was suddenly offered a cadetship for him and he was sent to Carshalton, Surrey, in June, 1850, at that time the Government Preparatory School for Woolwich. He was then eleven and a half years old, and he wore uniform from that time. He went to the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, in 1853, and he received his commission August 1, 1855.

In the year 1851 we took lodgings in London, in Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, to see the Great Exhibition. My father walked a great deal, as he enjoyed his visits to the palace exceedingly, and he rather over-

exerted himself. This brought on rather painful attacks to which he became liable afterwards.

My father also took a deep interest in the French Revolution of 1848, which resulted in Louis Napoleon's becoming Emperor in 1852. My father had met him at Interlaken in 1834, and afterwards at Killarney, and Mr. Osborne knew him well. He had even asked Mr. Osborne to join him in his first attempt at Boulogne in 1840. My father took in a French newspaper all this time.

At the end of 1853 I left Rugby, and in January, 1854, I went to the Rev. Osborne Tancock's, incumbent of St. John's, Truro, as a private pupil, until in June I matriculated at Pembroke College, Oxford. That summer, 1854, my father took a house belonging to Lord Dunalley, at Sorrento Terrace, Dalkey, near Kingstown. The Crimean War was then going on, and I recollect our going on board the *Himalaya*, which came in to embark the Scots Grays at Kingstown. The men were in bad spirits, and looked forward gloomily to taking part in what at the time seemed more a struggle with cholera and mismanagement of all sorts than with Russians.

On April 19, 1854, my half-brother, George Phipps, then in charge of Husband's Bosworth Rectory, Leicestershire, married Miss Agnes Bertha Witt, daughter of John Witt, Esq., J.P., of Southampton. They were married at All Saints', Southampton, by the Rev. I. W. Ayre, Vicar of St. Mark's, North Audley Street, and the Rev. C. S. F.

Fanshawe, Rector of All Saints', whose curate George had been.

We had always been on most intimate terms with the Gough family. When the first Lord Gough, then Major-General Sir Hugh Gough, was first offered a command in India, the Mysore Division in the Madras Presidency, he was annoyed, and at first wrote to refuse it. My father, to whom he had mentioned it, invited him to Oaklands, and he came to breakfast, and was so impressed by my father's arguments of the extreme un-wisdom of declining such an offer, that he tore up his refusal and wrote to accept it. It was well for him that he did so, for it led to his appointment as Commander-in-Chief in Madras, from which he was transferred to the command in chief of the China Expedition. About 1843 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in India. When Lord Gough went to live at Lough Cutra after his retirement, his son, the Hon. George Gough, came to live at Rathronan, where Lord Gough had lived previously, and Mrs. George Gough's sister, Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot, lived a good deal with him.

In July, 1854, occurred the extraordinary attempt of Mr. Carden, of Barnane, near Templemore, to carry off Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot. We knew both him and her intimately. He was most eccentric, and was called 'The Woodcock,' from the frequency with which he was shot at by evicted tenants. Mr. Carden had for some time paid attentions to Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot, and he per-

suaded himself that she liked him, but that her family were opposed to him. Both were rich, and the only reason why she refused him was that she did not care for him.

On Sunday, July 2, 1854, as the ladies were returning from church in a covered car, they found Mr. Carden with a travelling carriage and four horses waiting at the lodge gate at Rathronan. He pulled the governess out, and then Miss Arbuthnot. Mrs. Gough was expecting her confinement, and appealed to him as a gentleman not to alarm her, but in vain. Miss Arbuthnot told me afterwards she was lame at the time, so she stood upon her good leg and kicked him with her weak one. The governess also attacked him. Mr. Carden's men refused to help when they saw how matters stood, and one of Mr. Gough's men coming up struck Carden with a stone which he held in his hand and broke the drum of his ear. Carden jumped into his carriage and galloped off, while the Goughs sent word to the police at Clonmel. The mounted police pursued Carden. He had relays of horses all the way to the coast, where Scrope Barnard's yacht was waiting for him; but Carden took a wrong turn, was driven off his line, and one of his horses falling dead, he was captured. An ugly circumstance was that chloroform was found in the carriage. He was tried for this. My mother nearly got into a scrape for letting down by a string a packet of sandwiches to Sam Perry, a friend of ours and one of the jury, during the trial. Carden was sentenced to be imprisoned, and afterwards

my father with the gentry around offered to try to get him out if he would give his word of honour as a gentleman not to annoy the young lady any more, but he declined. On being set free he continued to follow her about wherever she travelled, and always carried a revolver.

We were very intimate with the family of the Pennefathers of Knockeevan, and I well remember Baron Pennefather, the old blind judge. When seated in court he appeared to be asleep, but he was listening attentively, and his charges were so lucid and full of legal knowledge that they were highly thought of. It was, of course, a disadvantage that he could not see, but when this was brought as a charge against his fitness as a judge, it was replied that 'Justice is represented as blindfolded.' My father often took me with him to sit near the judge, and I was thus present at some of the most remarkable trials of those days. We also knew very well Lord and Lady Donoughmore, whose beautiful place, Knocklofty, on the river Suir, adjoins Marlfield. In 1863 Lord Donoughmore appointed me to be one of his chaplains, wishing, as he said, to mark his great respect and regard for my father. We also knew intimately the family of Archer Butler, who lived at Garnavilla, near Cahir, one of whom, the Rev. Archer Butler, as is well known, became a distinguished professor and preacher. By his mother's influence he had been baptized as a Roman Catholic, but at an early age, under Dr. Bell, at Clonmel, he joined the

Church of Ireland, of which he became a bright ornament and an eloquent and powerful advocate. He died on July 5, 1848, at the age of 35.

The two families with whom, besides our own relations, we lived in the most constant friendly intercourse were, perhaps, the Samuel Perrys, of the Barona, and the S. Goold Adams, of Salisbury, near Oaklands, who afterwards lived at Kilmanahan Castle until that property was purchased by Mr. Thomas Watson. My father was very fond of Mr. Samuel Perry, and appointed him to be one of his executors in conjunction with my uncle, Mr. James Ramsay Smith. My father also esteemed highly among his friends Mr. Francis Prittie Tydd, our family solicitor, whose honourable and upright character soon attracted his confidence.

The chief trade and mercantile enterprise at that time in Clonmel was carried on by Quakers, for whom, as a body, my father entertained the highest esteem, and all of whom have never ceased to be our sincere friends. I remember principally the names of the Grubbs, Clibborns, Malcolmsons, Davis', Pims and Fayles. It is impossible to over-estimate the good influence such families exerted, not only by their religious principles, but by the honesty and uprightness of their character and their attention to business. I confess I regret the disappearance of their dress and peculiarities of language.

On February 15, 1855, my father was made a full colonel, the step to date from November 28, 1854.

In the summer of 1855 my brother Ramsay and I went to stay with my uncle at Carigbarahane, and on returning home we found my father and mother in much agitation. Notice of Ramsay's commission in the Royal Artillery had just arrived (it was dated August 1, 1855), and with it the orders for him to proceed at once to the Crimea. This was rather a shock, as he was so young, and, of course, my mother felt it. When he left us to join at Woolwich, my father took us to Glengariff, near Killarney, as a change for my mother. We met the Adamses and Captain De Burgh at Eccles' Hotel, and spent some weeks there, during which I used to sail a good deal with Captain De Burgh in a little yacht belonging to the clergyman, a Mr. Lamb. I remember once rowing to shore and seeing my father standing there waving the *Times* joyfully, and calling out, 'Good news! Sebastopol has fallen!' I cried, 'Hurrah!' caught a crab, and fell head over heels in the boat. The news proved to be untrue. I remember, too, how we were once caught in a storm in Bantry Bay, and were nearly wrecked. We fortunately were able to run into Berehaven, where we remained all night, returning the next evening. My father was very anxious, and sent out boats to look for us.

Ramsay came to see me at Oxford before he left, and on Wednesday, October 24, 1855, he started at 5 a.m. from Woolwich with his battery for Southampton, where they embarked on board the *Thames* transport, belonging

to the Royal Mail Company, fitted up with wooden bunks as a hospital ship. They sailed on Thursday, the 25th. It blew such a gale the vessel had to anchor in Yarmouth Roads. They reached the Crimea safely November 18, 1855. He was posted to Lieut.-Colonel Matthew Chas. Dixon's 5th Company, 9th Battalion Royal Artillery, encamped in the Right Siege Train. During the time he was there they were chiefly employed in blowing up the Sebastopol Docks, which drew upon them the Russian fire. Once, when driving his wagons of gunpowder, General Codrington came and spoke to him, and told him to send forward only one wagon every twenty-five minutes, as the Russians were firing on them. They suffered a great deal from the cold and mud, with dysentery, and sleeping in a tent he had sometimes to wipe the snow off his face at night. He was very young looking, even for his age, seventeen and a half, and a French officer said of him that he was 'très jeune, mais très spirituel.' He was at that time small for his age, and was growing. He returned to England in the *Imperatrice*, arriving at Woolwich in March, 1856. On landing at Woolwich the Queen went to inspect them. Remarking a little trumpeter carrying a Russian ecclesiastical banner as a trophy, she stopped and said, 'Well, my little fellow, where did you get that?' thinking he would tell of some brave action. He answered, 'Please, ma'am, Sergeant Jones gave it me to carry.' My brother received the medal in the Crimea, and was ordered to wear it there

and at Gibraltar and on landing in England, but subsequently the medals were taken away, to his and others' disgust. The medal had been presented on a formal parade in the Crimea, when a number of medals were issued to the Right Siege Train. Though his company left the Crimea before peace or even the armistice was declared, yet afterwards, when the company was in England, the authorities decided to call in all medals given to anyone who had not landed in the Crimea before the 8th or 9th of September, when Sebastopol was taken. This applied to many persons of all ranks and regiments. I went to stay with him at Woolwich, and saw him afterwards in London, where he was quartered at the Tower for a time.

The following is an account of my brother George's preferment, which, at his request, I give in his own words: My half-brother George was his Bishop's curate as priest-in-charge of Husband's Bosworth, Rugby, under sequestration, for three years, till the rector's death in 1856. He then succeeded to that Rectory of £1,020 in glebe rents, with the most delightful people to get on with. He had signed a deed of resignation in favour of the patron's son in the Crimea, who, after the war, would not give up the service. All the same, George declared he would resign after the five years which would have qualified that officer to take the living, although (failing him), my brother was entitled to hold it for life gratis. The patron pressed him to hold it for life, under a new deed, partly for the benefit of the late rector's family. Dr.

Davy's, Bishop of Peterborough, sanctioned this, because no consideration for the presentation had been given or thought of at the time. My father had already assigned to his eldest son out of his own mother's fortune £5,000 for the purchase of a living. This sum was now charged with an annual payment to the patron until the avoidance of the living, after which the principal will revert to the rector's estate. Certainly the parish has not suffered for this sacrifice out of his private income, since he laid out more than a year's pay on founding the schools and restoring the church, and now maintains a choir of forty at his own expense. In short, while the law of the Church was well observed, so was the wise man's great word, 'Leave not a stain in thine honour.'

In the long vacation of 1856 I organized and started a boating expedition, which was then comparatively novel, only one or two such expeditions having been carried out before, viz., those of the *Water Lily* in 1851 and 1852, and of the *Undine* in 1853. Our boat was called the *Waterwitch*, and was built for us by Mr. Wyld, of Lambeth. She was a four-oared gig. Our crew consisted of 1, W. A. Beck, whom I had known at the School House, Rugby, as Towers, but who had since changed his name. He was in the first Trinity Cambridge boat. I was No. 2. No. 3 was James J. Serjeantson, also a School House, Rugby, friend, and at this time in the first Trinity Cambridge crew. He afterwards rowed 5 in the Cambridge University eight. The stroke

was Robert C. Eden, No. 5 in the Oriel eight at Oxford ; and the coxswain was George E. Denis De Vitré, also an old Rugbeian, and cox of the first Trinity Cambridge. We sent the boat by steamer from London to Paris. We left Paris on July 2, and rowed through the Seine, Yonne, Canal de Bourgogne, Saône, Canal du Rhône au Rhin, to near Bâle in Switzerland, and thence down the Rhine to Bonn, altogether about 1,000 miles, without taking the boat out of the water. We reached Bonn on August 16. My father and mother came to London that summer, and took lodgings in Jermyn Street, where I stayed with them while making my preparations. We saw a good deal of Ramsay, who was quartered at the Tower.

This year, 1856, my aunt, Lady Osborne, died. Her health had been failing for some time previously, and she became at times alarmingly absent in mind. Naturally very strong and healthy, she had perhaps overtaxed her powers of mind and body. Left as a widow at an early age, without any experience of business, she at once resisted successfully the attempt to place the property in Chancery, and managed it herself at a time of great difficulty. At the same time she mastered seven languages, and at one time knew the whole Gospel of St. Luke in Greek by heart. When quite advanced in life she continued her practice of bathing out of doors in the pond even in the winter, and at times when the ice had to be broken. She also latterly took lessons in hand-writing, and quite changed her style of writing, although

not advantageously, but she had become dissatisfied with her own way of writing. She was my godmother, and was always most affectionate and kind to me.

After her daughter's marriage she continued to live with her at Newtown, always occupied with kind and charitable works, loved and respected by the whole neighbourhood, and happy in her intense affection for her two grand-daughters, Edith, now Lady Blake, and Grace, now Duchess of St. Albans.

In the summer of 1856 she made a tour in Scotland, taking only her maid with her ; but she rapidly became worse, and on her return to Newtown she died in October from paralysis, in the sixty-first year of her age. Her funeral was a very remarkable sight, as not only the tenantry, but all classes of people in the neighbourhood assembled to take part in the procession as a mark of respect. This was one of the first of those huge Irish funerals I witnessed, but since then I have attended two others as sad and as large in the same churchyard, Killaloan. The service at the grave was read by the Rev. F. Woodward, Dean of Down, and the sermon in the church was preached by her warm friend, the Rev. Henry Woodward, Rector of Fethard.

On my return to Oxford for the autumn term, 1856, I was taken ill and had to go for some weeks to Harrogate, from which I derived much benefit. My illness had been caused by the heat and living during the boating expedition in the summer, and I took advantage of the visit and its

quietness to write 'The Log of the *Waterwitch*,' which my father had printed at the industrial school at Bonmahon, by the boys, under the Rev. D. A. Doudney. The book was very quickly sold at Oxford and Cambridge, and I have always regretted that I did not publish it.

I devoted myself to rowing whilst at Oxford, and the year 1857 was a very successful year for me in boat-racing. I always rowed with John Arkell, afterwards president of the University Boat Club; rowing bow to him in the pairs, 3 in the fours to his stroke, and 7 in the eights to his stroke. In 1857 he and I won the University pairs on June 12. We went up seven places in the eights, rowing in a boat built by Mat Taylor of Newcastle. At Henley Regatta we won the Visitors' and Wyfold Cups, rowing in a very light four, built specially for us by Mat Taylor; and that November we won the Oxford University Fours, rowing in the same boat, and beating Balliol and several good boats. Besides these races, we beat the Eton eight at Eton, rowing in a scratch Oxford University crew, and I won also several college races. I thus held the Challenge University Oar, and four Challenge Cups, and won two medals, two handsome silver cups and two quart pewters to keep; all in one year. I never rowed at Putney, though on two occasions I was asked to do so. My father originally objected to my rowing in racing boats, having been told that rowing men bore a bad character; but afterwards, on finding himself mistaken, he withdrew all objection, and took an interest

in my success, being much pleased when I took over to Ireland the two Henley Cups, which had never visited that country before.

In the summer of 1857 my father and mother took a house at Meadfoot, Torquay, and I joined them there at the beginning of the long vacation. My brother Ramsay was then quartered at the Prince of Wales' Redoubt, Stonehouse, Plymouth, and he visited us, and we went to see him.

On our journey to Ireland from Torquay, travelling by Ilfracombe and Swansea, we were startled at Milford by the guard walking down the train and inquiring for Colonel Phipps. It proved to be a telegram from Mr. Osborne, then Secretary to the Admiralty, offering me a commission in the Indian Artillery. I had always indulged a wish to enter the army, but had concealed it, and now my father advised me to refuse this offer, as he doubted India suiting my health. The temptation was that the Indian Artillery would soon be amalgamated with the Royal Artillery.

I need hardly say how anxiously my father watched the exciting incidents of the great Indian Mutiny. His knowledge of the country, and his faith in the courage and discipline of the Sepoys were shown by his conversation constantly, and he was quite ready to offer his services if his experience could be of any help to the Government. When the question arose of the best mode of transporting troops rapidly from England to India, his reminiscences of

the campaign of 1801, under Sir David Baird, convinced him of the possibility of despatching troops through Egypt to the Red Sea, and the following is a copy of a letter addressed by him to General Sir De Lacy Evans, and printed by the Government at the time.

*' Select Committee on East India. Transport of Troops.
1857-8.*

*'Oaklands, Clonmel,
' 3 March, 1858.*

' SIR,

' I have seen in the papers that you are chairman of a committee of the House of Commons to inquire, amongst other matters, as to the practicability of conveying troops to India in the summer through Egypt and the Red Sea. It appears to me that the question was solved when a large force under Sir David Baird proceeded from India in the year 1801, and landed at Kosseir in May and June ; crossed in nine days the desert to Kench on the Nile ; proceeded down that river, garrisoned Alexandria ; and in the following year, 1802, several regiments returned to India by Suez and the Red Sea, in the month of June. That force, amounting to 5,000 men, consisted of a troop of Horse Artillery, six guns, some field batteries, a troop of Dragoons, and several regiments of Infantry. They had with them guns and small arms, ammunition, camp equipage, baggage, and 126 chests of treasure. The troops generally were very healthy. The march across

the Suez desert from the Lake of Pilgrims, near Grand Cairo, to Suez, was performed in four days with the greatest ease; marching by night and encamping during the day. In June the ships proceeded to India, the wind at that season blowing down the Red Sea. They made a very quick passage. There are probably several officers in England who, like myself, served the whole campaign under Sir David Baird; but I am very willing to give any information on the subject if the committee should wish me to do so. I have marched through the whole of Oude in June and July, and I found the heat much more oppressive than I did in the Suez desert.

‘I have, etc.

‘P. PHIPPS, Colonel, H.E.I.C.

‘Lieut.-General Sir De Lacy Evans, G.C.B., M.P.’

My father also wrote several letters which appeared in the *Times* newspaper at that time, and a correspondence ensued between him and some other old officers, which gave him much pleasant occupation of mind in recalling his former experiences.

Early in 1858 I obtained a clerkship at the Admiralty in Whitehall. Mr. Osborne was secretary to the Admiralty at the time, and he nominated me as a candidate to compete for a vacancy. The examination was held by the Civil Service Commissioners, and to my great surprise I was the successful candidate. I was soon established in chambers in Bruton Street, Berkeley Square. That spring

I frequently rowed at Kingston-on-Thames with Bennett, an old Oxford University oarsman, and together we started the Kingston Rowing Club ; and I undertook to row stroke to their four at Henley. However, Lonsdale and Courage asked me to row 7 in a Leander Club eight, when that club was resuscitated as a club for University men alone, and I agreed to do so, and left the Kingston Club. No sooner had I done this, than Warre asked me to go up to Oxford and row 7 in a University Eight for Henley. I accepted his invitation, left the Leander Club, and went to Oxford and actually began training, when from illness of several of the crew the boat took off, and so my rowing career closed.

I received the greatest kindness from the officials at the Admiralty, but I found I did not like the work or the life of a clerk, and it was during those few months of work at the Admiralty that I made up my mind to be ordained, and to resign my Admiralty appointment. I am sorry to say my resolution distressed my father and mother at the time ; but seeing I was in earnest they most kindly withdrew any objection they entertained, and I resigned, and went to Oaklands to read. I had several interviews upon the subject with my old master, Dr. Tait, then Bishop of London, and he introduced me to Dr. Stanley, his examining chaplain, at that time Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. Dr. Stanley subsequently most kindly advised and directed me in my studies, and allowed me to call upon him as often as I

wished, when he used to examine me so as to judge of my progress. His lectures on Church history first suggested to me the pleasures of reading, and I look back gratefully to his influence at that somewhat critical period of my life.

During my residence in London I made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Shuckburgh Risley. The Risleys are an old Buckinghamshire family. I had known Robert Risley of Exeter College, a distinguished University oarsman, son of the Rev. W. Cotton Risley of Deddington, Oxon, Mr. Shuckburgh Risley's brother. Norris Risley, their son, had been at Pembroke with me, and he introduced me to his family. That summer I became engaged to Miss Elizabeth Dampier Risley, and my father and mother invited her and Norris Risley to Oaklands, where, after some weeks, Norris left his sister and returned himself to England. My father and mother became much attached to Miss Risley, and the summer passed very happily.

At this time my father derived the greatest possible interest and amusement from an Art Exhibition which was held for some time in Clonmel Court-house in connection with the South Kensington Museum. The articles sent from South Kensington were under the charge of Mr. C. B. Worsnop, and he came often to stay with us at Oaklands. He examined my father's collections, and selected various objects for exhibition, my father lending pictures, marbles, and many Indian curiosities. My father was on the committee, and took a leading part in all the arrange-

ments, his knowledge and taste qualifying him especially for such duties. Dr. Hemphill, the principal doctor of Clonmel, a man of remarkable talents and varied gifts and culture, and a friend of our family, also took a large share in selecting objects from the houses of the neighbouring gentry.

My father was all this time in particularly good health and spirits, and exerted himself a good deal. He even walked out from Clonmel to Oaklands once or twice, which he very rarely had done. His smiling face and bright, cheerful manners helped to make any duties which he undertook successful. He was, as I have said, an active member of the Board of Guardians, a magistrate, and one of most, if not all, the Boards in Clonmel. It was a pleasant sight to watch him driving down the street, smiling and nodding to the people, who all respected and loved him, and seasoning his short conversations or remarks always with a little cheerful joke. He was fond of bargaining with the market-women and hucksters, enjoying the ready humour which distinguishes the Irish. He spent a good deal of money in this way, always being of a most generous and liberal spirit, and his habit of regular payments to all the tradespeople was, it is needless to say, warmly appreciated by them.

In October, 1858, the Art Exhibition was closed, and my father was asked to preside and speak upon the occasion, which he did, standing in the open air without his hat. I stood near him, and remember well the applause

with which his words were received. He was fatigued, and caught a chill, which seemed to cling to him and make him hoarse, so that he was not able to read family prayers for some days. We did not at the time, however, think it serious, although at his age we naturally felt anxious whenever he was not well. I was obliged to return to Oxford and attend some divinity lectures, and the letters which I received showed that he was really ill and confined to his bed, attended by Dr. Hemphill. I had been to see Miss Smith at Bath for my birthday, Monday, November 1, and returned to Oxford that night, and the next day, to my intense grief and alarm, I received a telegram summoning me home, and I started at once. At Chester I found my half-brother George in the train, having received a similar summons, and we travelled together, a sad journey.

We found my father hardly conscious, breathing heavily, and wandering a good deal in the fever occasioned by bronchitis. It was obvious that he could not last long, and our anxiety now was that his life might be prolonged until the arrival of my brother Ramsay, of whom he was so fond. Ramsay had been telegraphed for at the same time, but as he was quartered at Devonport, he had to travel up to London, and thence take the Holyhead train. As the hours ran by, our anxiety increased and became hard to bear. My mother had never left my father's side day or night, and my sister Henrietta helped in every possible way which her warm

affection could suggest ; while my cousin Mrs. Osborne used to come from Newtown and sit by his side every day. At last we heard the rumble of the Dublin train, by which we knew Ramsay was to arrive, and soon we enjoyed the relief of feeling that we were all enabled to be together for the awful moment which we so long had dreaded. Ramsay arrived in the middle of the day on November 4, and my father died early next day, Friday, November 5, 1858, in the presence of us all, passing away peacefully without any apparent pain. Unhappily he was unable to speak, and was rarely conscious, but we prayed with and for him ; and as we knelt, my mother guided his hands to give us his blessing.

So passed away one whom it is an honour for any family to reckon amongst its members, and whose high example as a Christian gentleman and officer we who are descended from him must ever strive to imitate. The simple earnestness of his religion, and the warm-heartedness and upright conscientiousness of his character, were apparent in everything he said or did, and the charm of his influence upon all with whom he came in contact was acknowledged universally. The whole neighbourhood felt his loss as one for which nothing could ever compensate them, and their affectionate sympathy for us as a family was beyond the power of words to express.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, November 10, 1858, and afforded an opportunity for the expression of the popular feeling. It is the habit in Ireland for all

friends of the family under such circumstances to show their respect by attending the funeral, or sending their carriages, and the number of the followers is thus some indication of the regard felt. In the case of my father's funeral, the public manifestation of feeling was very remarkable. As our family vault is at Killaloan, the procession had to travel five or six miles, passing through Clonmel. All classes and all denominations assembled to take part in the procession. The nobility and gentry sent their carriages, while the tradespeople and farmers came in cars or on horseback. The singular sight was witnessed of Roman Catholic priests riding in the procession after the children of the Protestant Orphan Society, who were in a carriage. The procession must have been quite one mile long, and as it passed through Clonmel the shops were all closed, and the people saluted it respectfully, lining the streets. The funeral service was read by the Rev. Henry Woodward, Rector of Fethard, a great friend of our family. He preached a very impressive sermon, dwelling on my father's religious character and numerous works of charity, and to show how he added to the justice, for which he was well known, the character of mercy, he mentioned that a gentleman had assured him that my father once spent two hours in arguing against any breach in the rules of a society upon an occasion when an affecting appeal was made to their generosity, but after he had succeeded, he put his hand into his pocket and paid himself the whole sum which was sought for.

Resolutions of regret and sympathy were passed after this by all the public Boards with which my father was connected, and in the present days, when things have so much altered, it is a pleasure to recall the words which then were used.

The *Clonmel Chronicle*, November 13, 1858, reports that at the next weekly meeting of the Guardians of the Clonmel Union, at which Mr. John Bagwell, M.P., was in the chair, and the others present were Alderman Hackett, J.P., Samuel Riall, J.P., Alderman Power, Gerald Fitzgerald, Sub-Sheriff John M. Mulcahy, John Riall, George Greene, W. P. Worrall, William Mahony, P. Daniell, T. Cantwell, Philip Burke, John Barnes, and E. Prendergast, Esqrs., Dr. Scully in attendance, Councillor Mulcahy rose and said : ‘ I think this Board ought not to separate without paying some tribute to the memory of our late brother Guardian, Colonel Phipps. Much as the public institutions in Clonmel have benefited by his zeal and close attention at their different Boards, and by his anxiety to carry out strict principles of impartiality, justice, and charity, there is no Board in this district which has more right to regret his loss than the Board of which we are members. Colonel Phipps has acted here from the commencement ; he has been your eldest son.’

Councillor Greene : ‘ Our *father*, I would say.’

Councillor Mulcahy : ‘ I merely speak in reference to the chair, for we are all regarded as the chairman’s children,

being here under his wing. I really do think that no individual deserves more richly than does Colonel Phipps the expression of regret which I claim at your hands for the loss we have sustained. We all, I am sure, feel a sympathy for his family, and a sympathy for all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. I speak of him now as a public character, and as public men some of us may have thought that in the discharge of his duty he showed a tendency to military precision and accuracy. But whatever he did, he did from an honest motive, and I am quite satisfied that this Union has greatly benefited by his exertions. I propose that there should be placed upon our minutes a record of our regret and sympathy' (hear, hear).

Alderman Hackett : 'I feel great pleasure in rising to second the observations so feelingly and ably made by Mr. Mulcahy. From what occurred between myself and the deceased gentleman, I must say I experienced a great deal of that courtesy and much of that straightforwardness of conduct which characterized him through life. If I ever acted in opposition to his view, I did so from that principle which should not be lost sight of, and it only proved that there were those who "agree to differ." In that tribute of respect I fully concur ; and if I would add anything, it would be to suggest that Councillor Mulcahy would kindly draw up the resolution for the adoption of the meeting' (hear, hear).

Mr. Bagwell, in putting the vote of sympathy from the

chair, said : 'I am quite sure that anything I could say on the subject would be quite superfluous. Every gentleman on this Board is aware of the sincere respect I entertained for Colonel Phipps, both as a private friend and a public man, and I don't think there is amongst us any one gentleman who can take his place. It is with very great pleasure indeed I heard this tribute of respect to his memory adopted unanimously by what might be called the two parties at this Board. During the time of unparalleled difficulty and danger, when it was not an easy task for a man to fulfil his duty, the Colonel was at his post, upright as ever.'

The following resolution, drawn up by Councillor Mulcahy, and passed unanimously, was ordered to be inserted in the minutes :

'That the Guardians of the Clonmel Union cannot separate without giving expression to their feelings of regret for the public loss sustained by the death of their respected brother Guardian, the late Colonel Pownoll Phipps, and of their sympathy with his family on the melancholy occasion. That they are of opinion that the services of the late Colonel Phipps at this Board, and at the Boards of the various Institutions in Clonmel, of which he was so efficient a member, were of the greatest advantage to the public at large, and such as reflected honour upon his head and heart.'

The Board shortly afterwards adjourned.

At the next meeting of the Committee of the County

Tipperary Protestant Orphan Society the following resolution was passed unanimously :

‘The Committee of the County Tipperary Protestant Orphan Society have received with deep and heartfelt regret the intelligence of the death of their esteemed friend and treasurer, Colonel Phipps, and they desire to place upon record on their minutes the high sense they entertain of the valuable and indefatigable labours bestowed by him for so lengthened a period upon the affairs of the Society. His unwearied diligence in promoting its welfare, and the constant and unremitting efforts he made to maintain the Society in full efficiency, and to obtain munificent contributions from every quarter where his influence would have weight, demand the fullest recognition on the part of the Committee, and their grateful thanks, as contributing in a great degree to the present satisfactory state of the funds of the Society. While the death of Colonel Phipps is deeply deplored by all classes of the community, and while the loss will be acutely felt by all, by none is he more truly lamented than by the members of the Protestant Orphan Society.

‘JOHN BAGWELL, Chairman.

‘C. S. LANGLEY, Secretary.

‘Clonmel, 24 November, 1858.’

Copies of these resolutions, accompanied by appropriate and feeling letters, were forwarded to my mother.

Perhaps, however, no communication at this time

touched us more than the following letter addressed to me by Father Baldwin, at that time Roman Catholic parish priest of the chapel in the Irish-town, Clonmel. It was in reply to a letter from me expressing regret that a special invitation to my father's funeral had not been sent to him. Father Baldwin answered thus :

‘Thursday, Nov. 11.

‘In reply to your favour of this morning, I beg you to assure your respected mother, Mrs. Phipps, that a thought such as she apprehended did not for an instant enter my mind, for I am satisfied that the omission was purely accidental, and further, I beg to assure her that I feel much complimented in being in her estimation worthy of the distinguished honour of mourner at the funeral of the good and charitable Colonel.

‘I had the pleasure of his acquaintance many years, and found him the friend of the poor and father of the orphan, always foremost in promoting deeds of charity. I hope he has his reward in heaven.

‘Accept my condolence with his afflicted and sorrowful family.

‘Yrs. respectfully,

‘JOHN BALDWIN.’

From one more letter I must quote—namely, that of my dear old friend and godfather, Mr. Russell, Rector of Shepperton, Middlesex, mentioned previously as my father's friend when he lived at Sunbury :

‘Shepperton Rectory, Nov. 8, 1858.

‘MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

‘In the surprise I feel on receiving your mournful letter, I hardly know whether I ought not to express my congratulation as strongly as my sympathy at your bereavement. Your beloved father has departed this life at a very advanced age, and after a long life of endeavour “to extend our Redeemer’s kingdom” (I use one of his own expressions to me more than thirty years ago), and now he has entered on his rest. I thank you for the information as to his holy, peaceful departure, supplied by you. It comes home to me at my advanced age. I say, “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be *like his*.”

‘The memory of a father who has long adorned the profession of the Gospel, and who has closed his life in holy faith, is a blessing for his children beyond all price. This has been and *is* my blessing. The instruction, the example, and the prayers of my revered father, I reflect upon with gratitude. The same blessing is before you ; and if your life should be spared as mine has been for fifty years surviving my father, you will say, “The memory of the just is blessed.”’

Such testimonies to the general impression of sincere religion which my father’s character produced around him are more than confirmed by his private life, and the letters

with which he enforced on others what he himself felt to be of the first importance.

Writing to my mother from 36, Wimpole Street, London, while I was still a baby, he says :

‘Our little Pownoll is the closing link of the chain which binds us together. It would have been a pleasant chain under any circumstances, but still without him it would have been imperfect. He is now a source of amusement and deep interest ; but this precious charge involves high and responsible duties. His education is *already begun*, his infantile mind is developing its powers already. He is trying it, seeking to know and avail himself of our weak points, and endeavouring to escape control and have his own way. He is, I trust, destined to be your comfort and joy some years hence, and afterwards, when he arrives at manhood, to protect and assist you, and in your old age to be your solace, cheering your declining years, and in every way filling my place, till it may please God to reunite us all in His Presence to serve Him for ever and ever. God in His goodness has accompanied parental duties with many sweet and delightful things, but we must not pick out the latter and neglect the former. I am aware that our joint watchfulness will be much needed. I have some bad habits which you will now have a double interest in cautioning me against, as he will be prone to copy them, or excuse his own by urging that papa is not free from them. I have also naturally an impatient spirit and hasty temper. These failings must

be carefully watched. It may seem harmless to be fussy about the carriage or going to church, or such matters, but the important point is to discriminate between punctuality and a mere spirit of restlessness and impatience. It will be your part to serve me as a monitor. Again, I may sometimes expose myself to hard thoughts even from yourself, when I may think it needful to notice little faults in our boy more strongly than in your judgment the case may seem to require. Unhappily you have allowed yourself to fancy that he is not as closely entwined round my heart as he is round yours; so that I shall labour under some disadvantage. But then we shall daily avail ourselves of free access to a throne of grace, and seek for that wisdom we shall both so much need. My pen is running on, and I have not touched upon the most important point. We must seek to place religion before him as the only source of true happiness. May he witness it in us adorned with Christian graces, and may you, in his tender years, exhibit it to him in all its loveliness and beautiful consistency. But I must check myself. I would gallop away on a subject so dear to my heart as connected with the future happiness and best interests of our child; but we shall soon be able to converse about it, and take sweet counsel together.'

This letter contains many endearing and affectionate expressions, and concludes with the information that he has been adding a codicil to his will to enable my mother

to continue her baby's education without waiting for the payment of the dividends should he, my father, be suddenly taken.

In the same spirit he wrote to me on October 30, 1844, a letter which I received on my ninth birthday, my first half at school.

‘MY DEAR POWNOLL,

‘We have been talking of you, and hope that when you receive this you will be commencing another year of your life with improved health, and thankful for the many mercies God has granted you. I have learnt with pleasure that Mr. Barron speaks well of you, and I trust you will continue to pay attention to your lessons. You will find as you grow older that much of your future comfort and success in life depends on your availing yourself of the opportunity you now have of acquiring habits of study and sound knowledge. One thing is most essential, and that is the blessing of Almighty God, and this is to be obtained by daily prayer and reading your Bible, in order to know what the Will of God is. He has created every one of us, and as He is always good, and always doing us good, we may be assured that all He requires of us is for our good. He bids us to speak the truth—to be kind to one another, and do always what we wish others would do to us, under the same circumstances. This is called a Golden Rule because it is very valuable.

‘We are all looking forward to the holidays, when we

expect to see you at Oaklands, and I dare say you will not be sorry to ascend the hill and have a good run about the grounds with Ramsay and Henrietta. Give my kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Barron.

‘ Yours affectionately,
‘ P. PHIPPS.

‘ Master P. Phipps.’

Again, on October 29, 1853, my father wrote me another birthday letter to reach me on November 1, the year when I was preparing to leave Rugby.

‘ MY DEAR POWNOLL,

‘ This will reach you at the commencement of another year of your life, and I fervently pray our Heavenly Father that you may increase in true wisdom and learn to appreciate more and more the numerous advantages God has granted you. As you grow in age, your responsibilities also increase, and you must now be preparing to encounter all the trials and temptations of a college life, and acquire that knowledge which will fit you to occupy the station God may see fit to place you in. I wish you always to remember that you need daily the guidance of His Holy Spirit, which He has promised to give in answer to the fervent prayers of His creatures. It is, I know, difficult to realize the idea that our souls are as much in need of spiritual support as our bodies are of suitable food. God has given us His revealed Word to guide us in all

difficulties, and more especially in the Psalms may be found something to suit our case at all times. If we reflect, how very busy King David must have been in governing a kingdom and commanding his armies!—how much time Daniel required to govern a kingdom!—and yet how constantly both of them devoted part of the day to prayer. We also read that our blessed Saviour passed nights in prayer! Let these things be often in your remembrance.’

If such letters, written for the private perusal of a wife and child, breathe such a spirit of humble, earnest faith, so did his daily life and conversation. Never was there any affectation or display of forcing religious topics in our general intercourse. Upon the contrary, he was remarkable for his brightness and cordiality, with the courtesy of the old régime. But when the occasion demanded it, the sincerity of his religious convictions was at once manifested. He never parted with us as boys when we were leaving home to go to school without asking us to kneel down in the library, and praying that we might receive travelling mercies from our Heavenly Father. He was always most regular in his attendance at church, twice every Sunday in all weathers, and he always walked, until quite in his latter days he was obliged to drive. To see the old Colonel in his military cloak walking through the rain to Abbey Church was an example to any hesitating churchgoer, and his reverent behaviour in the service,

always repeating the responses, though his want of ear prevented his joining in the singing much, was very striking. It was owing to him that we had an afternoon service at Abbey, for the rector refused it until my father appealed to the Bishop. The Bishop ordered the rector to make the experiment, and although he used his influence to dissuade people from attending, the number who came was so great that the rector always afterwards had to continue it.

How often do I now recall to mind those quiet, happy evenings in the library at Oaklands, where we sat latterly on my father's account! His white hair and military stock—his upright armchair in which he sat at the table reading the paper, and French historical works, biographies and memoirs. Now and then he would push aside his book and, drawing near the fire, hum and whistle a few bars of an old French song, and rub his hands and make a little joke, or, when we pressed him, tell us some of his Indian stories and adventures. An innocent, active, bright and energetic life to the end, always occupied, always full of happy interests and benevolent plans, free from the querulousness and weariness of old age. It was indeed a shock to lose him so suddenly, and the loss of such an individuality was to all of us irreparable. Yet doubtless it was better so, better for him and better for us, that he was spared the pains and infirmities of decay either in mind or body. He was always ready for death and expecting it, and it came to him mercifully, while

still young and vigorous, even in his eightieth year. His favourite text may best sum up his life, when he surrendered it to God who gave it, in childlike confidence and full reliance on his Saviour, whom he had striven faithfully to serve to the very end:

‘Lord, Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love Thee.’

A marble slab, with a suitable inscription to my father’s memory, was placed in Abbey Church by Mrs. Osborne, who had begged to be allowed ‘to give some proof of her appreciation of all the fatherly care and trouble Colonel Phipps had taken about her affairs.’

APPENDIX.



THE following extract from the 'Histoire du Tribunal Révolutionnaire de Paris avec le Journal de ses Actes,' par H. Wallon (Hachette, 1881), vol. v., pp. 17-19, gives additional details of the trial of the Marquis de Fautoas, his daughter, and his sister, described at page 37 :

' 25 Messidor, an. ii. (13 July, 1794).—Salle de la Liberté : une fournée des plus mélangées, composée avec tant de hâte que les qualifications les plus essentielles de plusieurs des accusés sont restées en blanc dans l'acte d'accusation.

' En tête, Augustin Hervé, marquis de Fautoas, sa fille Éléonore, et sa sœur Catherine-Michelle de Fautoas, veuve de Beaurepaire, contre lesquels Fouquier-Tinville lance principalement ses foudres :

' Fautoas, ex-marquis, sa fille et la femme Beaurepaire doivent être comptés parmi les ennemis du peuple, de la liberté, et de l'égalité. En effet, une correspondance entre le père, la fille, et la tante prouvent que toujours guidés par l'orgueil et l'arrogance, le peuple qui a fait la Révolution et anéanti les instruments de la servitude et de son oppression n'a cessé d'être l'objet de leurs outrages et de leur mépris. " Je sais," écrit Fautoas dans une lettre du 19 avril, 1792, " l'intérêt que vous prenez à votre compère, le maréchal de la Digue dondaine ; combien vous désirez la fin, dont (dans) la capitale des sabbats Jacoquins."

‘Et il continue en citant assez inexactement un lettre que l’on a au dossier, mais que ne fut assurément pas lue des jurés ni des juges.

‘Suit une autre citation qui n’est pas plus exacte, où des plaisanteries fort inoffensives à l’égard d’un tiers sont présentées comme des attaques contre la nation.

‘C’était en vers surtout qu’ils aimoient à distiller contre la Révolution le fiel de leurs fureurs contre-révolutionnaires. Il paroît que c’est Fautoas qui est auteur d’un prétendu tableau de Paris trouvé chez sa fille Fautoas au mois de mai, 1792.

‘Une autre pièce en vers (No. 16) porte le même caractère d’aristocratie et de haine pour les patriotes :

“ Que le diable a jamais confonde
Des Jacobins la troupe immonde,
C’est très bien fait ;
Mais que partout on les tolère,
Sans craindre de Dieu la colère,
C’est très mal fait.”

‘La fille, de son coté, exerçoit sa verve poétique contre la Révolution : “ Je vous remercie, Mademoiselle,” lui écrit-on le 29 décembre, 1792, “de votre émission poétique. J’approuve les vers fait pour Malesherbes, ainsi que ceux pour Seize (Sèze) et Tronchet. Mais l’épigramme contre Target ne vaut pas mieux que lui. J’ai dans mon portefeuille quelquechose de meilleur.

“ Lorsque Malesherbes prend de Louis la défense,
On dit que c’est Thémis qui defend l’innocence, etc.”

‘Enfin, Fautoas employe dans ses lettres à sa fille le langage de l’injure, de l’outrage, et de la dérision en parlant de la nation et de ses efforts pour résister aux puissances coalisées. Il est évident que la contre-révolution étoit leur seul espoir ; aussi a-t-on trouvé chez Fautoas père tous les monuments de la féodalité et les brevets de ses prétendues charges à la cour, et les titres féodaux des rentes

seigneuriales, et chez sa fille *seule* (ses) armes conservées soigneusement, ce qui prouve et démontre jusqu'à quel point elle comptoit sur le rétablissement des prétendues prérogatives nobiliaires et féodales.

'Voilà tout l'acte d'accusation en ce qui concerne le marquis de Fautoas, sa fille et Mme. de Beaurepaire, sœur du marquis. Contre le marquis, on allégué des lettres et des vers qui ne sont peut-être pas de lui ; contre sa fille, des vers qui ne sont certainement pas d'elle, puisque d'après la lettre originale même et la reproduction imparfaite qu'en donne l'acte d'accusation, ce sont des vers substitués aux siens ; contre la tante rien. Il n'y a d'ailleurs ni de la tante ni de la fille pas une seule lettre au dossier. On a les brevets du père, un cachet armorié de la fille, et de la tante rien ;—et tous les trois ont été condamnés et exécutés.'

' Pièces diverses relatives à la Famille de Fautoas.

' Tableau de Paris.

' SONNET (Mai, 1792).

- “ On ne rencontre dans les rues
 Que députés ou soi-disants,
 Des Brissotins aux mains crochues
 Qui dévalisent les passants ;
- “ Des femmes, des filles perdues,
 Des Jacoquins, des vagabonds,
 Portant culottes mal consues,
 Armés de piques ou bâtons ;
- “ Un soldat fesant sentinelle,
 Qui se sauve quand on l'appelle,
 Des ivrognes au Gros-Cailloux ;
- “ Des scélérats aux Thuilleries,
 Criant contres les seigneuries,
 Voilà Paris ; qu'en pensez-vous ?”

‘ C’EST TRÈS BIEN FAIT ; C’EST TRÈS MAL FAIT.

‘ Sur l’air : “ Chansons, Chansons.”

“ Pour rétablir la paix en France,
Qu’on abolisse la licence,
C’est très bien fait ;
Mais que toujours dans l’anarchie,
Un citoyen passe sa vie,
C’est très mal fait.

“ Si ce roy que tout le monde aime,
Conserve le pouvoir suprême,
C’est très bien fait ;
Mais qu’on lui ôte sa puissance,
Le traitant avec indécence,
C’est très mal fait.

“ Que le diable a jamais confonde
Des Jacobins la troupe immonde,
C’est très bien fait ;
Mais que partout on les tolère
Sans craindre de Dieu la colère,
C’est très mal fait.”

‘ Notons la strophe incriminée plus particulièrement par l’accusateur public dans cette pièce ; ce n’est pas celle qui exprime un vœu pour le maintien du roi ; c’est celle qui envoie au diable les Jacobins. Cette pièce est de la même main que le plus grand nombre des lettres adressées à Mlle. de Fautoas. Elle se trouve à la suite de la lettre du 8 Mai, 1792 (feuille détachée).

‘ Voici la lettre d’où sont extraits les vers cités :

“ Le 29 decembre, 1792.

“ Je vous remercie, Mademoiselle, de votre émission poétique. J’en ai fait part a M. le Maréchal qui, après lecture, m’a dit :

‘ J’approuve les vers faits pour Malesherbes, ainsi que ceux pour Seize (Sèze) et Tronchet. Mais l’épigramme contre Target ne vaut pas mieux que lui. J’ai dans mon portefeuille quelque chose de meilleur. Lisez sans prévention et, si vous pensez comme moi envoyez cela à Éléonore afin qu’elle décide.’ J’ai lu et me suis aperçu que votre compère avait toujours une grande facilité pour brissoter les ouvrages des autres. Je n’ai point voulu applaudir ny contredire sa versification. Je me suis contenté d’approuver son intention de rendre justice au mérite et je lui ai promis de vous en faire une adresse.

“ Lorsque Malesherbes prend de Louis la défense,
On dit que c’est Thémis qui defend l’innocence ;
Et chacun rend justice aux vertus, aux talents,
De Sèze et de Tronchet qui sont les adjudants.
Le gros Target, dit-on, s’est fait républicain,
Après avoir écrit et signé de sa main
Que la France devoit estre une monarchie.
J’ignore d’ou lui vient pareille fantaisie,
Mais quelqu’un qui le sçait et n’en est étoné,
M’a dit que c’est de peur d’estre guillotiné.”

‘ Il plaisante ailleurs sur le maréchal de la Digue dondaine (le maréchal Podagranbos) comme il l’appelle ailleurs (16 Septembre, 1792, pièce 27), sur son amour pour Éléonore, etc. (pièces 9, 10).

‘ Ces lettres fort contre-révolutionnaires, sans doute, que l’on a recueillies au dossier sont écrites à elle et non par elle. En voici quelques échantillons :

“ Le 19 avril, 1792.

“ Je sais, Mademoiselle, l’intérêt que vous prenez à votre compère, le maréchal de la Digue dondaine, et combien vous avez désiré le posséder dans la capitale des Jacoquins, afin de pouvoir rétablir l’ordre et la paix, la tranquillité et l’harmonie si nécessaires au bonheur, à la satisfaction de ceux qui vous entendront jouer du forte

piano organisé. Ne doutez plus du rétablissement de tout ce qui a été détruit. Vous allez désormais jouir du bon maréchal ; secondé par les pituiteux Lutéciens il parviendra certainement au but qu'il désire, celui de donner de bons avis et sages conseils aux ennemis du bien public, afin d'opérer le changement qui doit arriver dans la révolution, etc."

' Dans une lettre du 14 avril, 1792 (pièce 13) :

' "Je vous félicite du beau temps qu'il fait. Promenez-vous mais ne vous exposez jamais aux regards des Jacoquins. On annonce icy que le gouvernement anglican a fait notifier au roy des Français qu'il adhéroit à la ligue des autres puissances pour anéantir l'anarchie Jacoquine, crainte de perdre ainsi leurs colonies." '

*A List of Books referred to, and containing Interesting
Matter bearing on our Family.*

- A YOUNG SQUIRE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By John Cordy Jeaffreson. Two vols. Hurst and Blackett, 1878.
- FIRST IMPRESSIONS. By Rev. John Davies, B.D. One vol. Seeley and Burnside, 1835.
- LIFE OF WILLIAM WILBERFORCE. By his Sons. Five vols. John Murray, 1838.
- MEMORIALS OF LADY OSBORNE AND SOME OF HER FRIENDS. Two vols. Hodges, Foster and Co., Grafton Street, Dublin, 1870.
- LIFE OF BENEDICT ARNOLD: His Patriotism and his Treason. By Isaac N. Arnold. One vol. Jansen McClurg and Co., Chicago, 1880.
- GENEALOGY OF THE FAMILY OF ARNOLD. By John Ward Dean, H. T. Drowne, and E. Hubbard. With Brief Notices. Reprinted from the 'New England Historical and Genealogical Register' for October, 1879. One vol. David Clapp and Son, 564, Washington Street, Boston, 1879.
- LIFE OF ARNOLD. J. Sparks. 'American Biography,' vol. iii.
- STEMMATA BRITANNICA. Part i. Foster.
- BURKE'S LANDED GENTRY. Bickers and Son, 1877.

THE EARLY DIARY OF FRANCES BURNEY (1768-1778). Edited by Annie Raine Ellis. Two vols. George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, 1889.

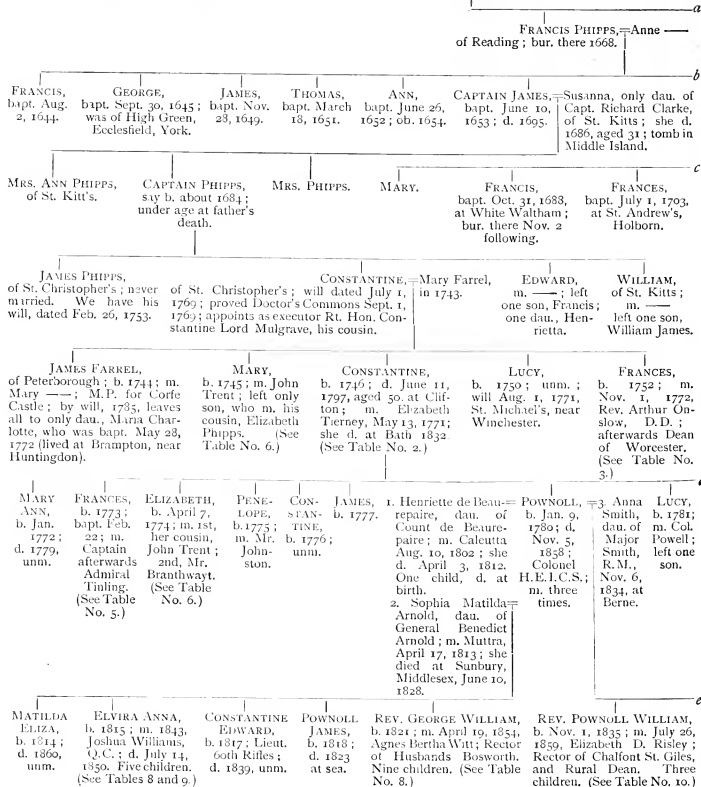
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, vol. xciv., part ii., p. 488 ; vol. c., part i., pp. 268, 271, 293, 371.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, No. clxxxiii., March, 1848, vol. xxxi., 'Slady Castle and its Tragedy,' pp. 346-358 ; signed 'M. E. M.'

JOURNAL OF ROYAL HISTORICAL AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION OF IRELAND, vol. viii., 4th Series, January and April, 1888, Nos. 73 and 74, p. 300. Gabriel O'C. Redmond. Hodges, Faggin and Co., 104, Grafton Street, Dublin ; Williams and Norgate, London.

No. 1.—PEDIGREE OF

COLONEL WILLIAM PHIPPS, Yeoman of Lincolnshire,



THE PHIPPS FAMILY.

raised regiment of horse for King Charles 1602.

PHIPPS.

MARY, bapt. 1654. **SIR CONSTANTINE**, Kt., b. 1656; a twin; m. 1684; Lord Chancellor of Ireland 1711; bur. at White Waltham, Oct. 15, 1723. = **Catherine**, dau. of George Sawyer of White Waltham, eldest son of Sir E. Sawyer; niece of Sir Robert Sawyer, Attorney General and cousin of the Lord Keeper. **ANN**, a twin, born 1656. **SIR WILLIAM PHIPPS**, Kt., born 1651; d. Feb. 18, 1694; invented diving bell 1683; knighted 1689.

THOMAS, bapt. May 26, 1695, at St. Andrew's, Holborn. **WILLIAM PHIPPS**, bapt. 1698 at St. Andrew's, Holborn; d. 1729; bur. at White Waltham, Feb. 6, 1729; m. 1718. = **Lady Catherine**, dau. of Earl of Anglesey and Lady C. Darnley, natural dau. of King James II. = **John Sheldon** of Croydon, marr. sett. dated May 6, 1731; bur. Croydon 1752. **ANN**, bapt. Feb. 28, 1702, at St. Andrew's, Holborn.

RT. HON. CONSTANTINE, bapt. Aug. 22, 1722, at St. Andrew's, Holborn; created 1767 Baron Mulgrave, of New Ross, co. Wexford, Ireland; d. 1775. = **Hon. Lepell Hervey**, Feb. 26, 1743, dau. of Lord John Hervey, son of Earl of Bristol. **JAMES**, born Oct. 19, 1725; bapt. at St. Giles-in-the-Fields; bur. May 3, 1747, at White Waltham. **KATHERINE**, b. 1724, at St. Giles-in-the-Fields; bapt. Feb. 9; bapt. Feb. 22, 1724, at St. Giles-in-the-Fields.

CONSTANTINE JOHN, b. 1744; 2nd Lord Mulgrave; Capt. R.N.; tried to discover N.W. passage; enrolled as Baron Mulgrave, of Mulgrave, co. York, June 16, 1790; m. 1787 Anne Elizabeth, dau. of Nath. Cholmeley, M.P., of Horsham and Whitby, and leaving one dau. English barony became extinct; d. 1792. **HENRY**, Earl of Mulgrave, G.C.B., m. Sophia, dau. of Chris. Malling; succeeded to Irish Barony, but in 1794 was made Baron Mulgrave by new patent, and in 1812 was raised to Viscount Normanby and Earl Mulgrave; d. 1831. **EDMUND**, b. 1760; General; Col. 63th Rifles; d. 1837, unnm. **AUGUSTUS**, F.R.S.; b. 1762; d. 1826; m. Marie, dau. of Peter Thellusson.

ANNA MARIA, b. 1782; d. unnm. **WESTON**, b. 1785; m. 1782; Capt. R.N.; married; d. June 22, 1847, at Newport, Barnstaple. No children. **MARIA JANE**, b. 1786; unnm. **JOHN LYON**, b. 1788; one son. **CHARLOTTE**, b. 1790. **ELVIRA**, b. 1791; d. Guernsey 1875; m. 1st, Rev. R. Hutchings; 2nd, Jas. Carey, Esq. (See Table No. 7.) **CONSTANTINE HENRY**, b. 1797; created 1st Marquess of Normanby June 23, 1838; m. Maria Liddell, eldest dau. of Lord Ravensworth; d. 1863. **COLONEL SIR CHARLES BEAUMONT**, K.C.B., b. 1801; d. 1866; Keeper of Privy Purse; m. 1835, dau. of Ven. Archdeacon Bathurst. Two sons and two daughters. **EDMUND**, b. 1808; m. dau. of Sir Colin Campbell (widow of Hon. Capt. Charles Norton); d. 1857. A son, Edmund Constantine Henry. **REV. AUGUSTUS FREDERICK**, b. Oct. 18, 1809; m. Nov. 7, 1837, dau. of Duke of Grafton; Rector of Euston; Chaplain to Queen; Hon. Canon of Ely. One son and three daughters.

RAMSAY WESTON, Colonel R.A., b. April 10, 1838; m. Sept. 18, 1865, Anne Bumpfylde F. Daniel; she d. Oct. 25, 1885. Four children. (See Table No. 10.) **HENRIETTA SOPHIA** (twin), b. Sept. 23, 1841; m. Nov. 9, 1885, Lieut.-Colonel William Smith. (See Table No. 10.) **ROBERT** (twin), b. Sept. 23, 1841; d. Oct. 9, 1841. **GEORGE AUGUSTUS CONSTANTINE**, 2nd Marquess, b. 1819; m. 1844, dau. of Captain Russell, niece of Dowager Duchess of Cleveland; d. 1890.

REV. CONSTANTINE CHARLES HENRY, 3rd Marquess; b. 1846; Canon of Windsor. One other son and two daughters living.

No. 2.—MY GRANDMOTHER'S FAMILY OF TIERNEY.

TIERNEY, an Irish family.

THOMAS TIERNEY of Limerick, Ireland; merchant in London; prize merchant at Gibraltar. On Peace in 1763 went to Paris and resided there till death. Had four sons and three daughters, of whom

SAMNE, m. Abraham Roberts, at Chester about 1774, from whom are descended the present family of Roberts. A daughter of this marriage m. CHAS. THELUSSON. The RT. HON. GEORGE TIERNEY, M.P. for Knaresborough, b. at Gibraltar March 20, 1761; m. July 1789, at Stapleton, Gloucestershire, Anna Maria, dau. of Michael Miller, of Bristol (who m. Mary, sister of Isaac Elton); d. in London Jan. 25, 1830, aged 68. Had one son and two daughters.

GEORGE, Commissioner Greenwich Hospital 1831-65; d. in London 1880, unm.
ANNA MARIA, b. buried in 1791; d. 1864; Mausoleum, Green-d. 1854, unm.)
MADEIRNE, b. Green-d. 1854, unm.)

ROBERT ELTON, ISAAC ELTON, Rector, Whitteston, Somerset; d. 1874; m. 1828, Lucy Caroline, dau. of Sir Chas. Abraham Elton, 6th Bart.

JAMES TIERNEY—ANN —; she died July, 1771, at Bristol. Had three daughters, here placed in ignorance of the order of their ages.

1st, ISAAC—ANN (twice married), =2nd, C. Campdirects to be buried Street, Bath. No child by Philip and St. Jacob, Bristol. Had two sons and five daughters.

ELTON, of Bristol. He was married previously to Miss Peach, by whom he had one son, Abraham.

2, JACOB 3, MARY 5, PENELOPE, m. E. A. m. A. M. Denham Stephens. Mills. 4, SOPHIA, 6, LUCY, m. J. Hope. 7, EMMA, m. Scheldera. W. Rickards.

FREDERICK BAYARD, LADY MRS. STRATHAN. ELVES, twice m.; 1st, Mary Elizabeth, d. 1841, dau. of Sir Chas. Abraham Elton, 6th Bart.

CHARLES ISAAC ELTON, b. 1839; Balliol Coll.; Fellow of Queen's; B.A. 1862; Q.C. 1885; Manor House, Whitteston, Chard, Somerset, inherited from his uncle Robert.

— TIERNEY, GEORGE TIERNEY, settled in and banker at Spain. Naples; d. 1800.

ELIZABETH —CONSTANTINE PHIPPS, m. May 13, 1771, and had fourteen children, five sons and nine daughters.

1. MARY ANN, b. 1772; d. unm.
2. FANNY, b. 1773; m. Admiral Tining.
3. ELIZABETH, b. 1774; m. John Trent.
4. PENELOPE, b. 1775; m. Mr. Johnston.
5. CONSTANTINE, b. 1776; d. unm.
6. JAMES, b. 1777, b. 1780; m. three times, Powell.
7. COL. POWNSOL, b. 1780; m. 1781; m. Col. G. ANNA MARIA, b. 1782; d. unm.
10. CAPT. WESTON, R.N., b. 1785; m.; no child.
11. MARIA JANE, b. 1786; d. unm.
12. JOHN LAYON, b. 1788; m.; a son.
13. CHARLOTTE, b. 1790.
14. ELAURA, b. 1791; twice m.; 1st, Rev. R. Hutchings; 2nd, Jas. Carey, Esq.

No. 3.—DESCENDANTS OF FRANCES PHIPPS, SISTER OF MY GRANDFATHER,
CONSTANTINE PHIPPS.

(Chiefly from Burke. Her marriage mentioned Frances Barney's Early Diary, vol. i., pp. 220, 248, 251, 252.

LIEUT.-GENERAL RICHARD ONSLOW,

2nd son of Foot Onslow, Esq., Governor of Plymouth 1759; d. 1760; m. 1st, Rose, dau. of John Bridges, who d. *sine prole*; 2nd, Pooley, dau. of Chas. Walton, Little Burstard, Oxford.

LIEUT.-COLONEL GEORGE ONSLOW,
Guards, M.P. for Guildford, m. Jane,
dau. of Rev. Thos. Thorpe.

SIR RICHARD ONSLOW, K.B., R.N.,
b. June 23, 1741; created Baronet Oct.
30, 1797, for being third in command at
Lord Duncan's victory at Camperdown.

VEN. ARTHUR ONSLOW, FRANCES, dau. of Constan-
tine Phipps, m. Nov. 1,
1772; she was born 1752.

VEN. RICHARD FRANCIS ONSLOW, 2. REV. ARTHUR
Archdeacon of Worcester, m. July
1815; m. 1812, Elizabeth,
3rd dau. of Sir Ed.
Hon. Andrew Foley, and d. Oct.
23, 1849. She d. May 4, 1860.

3 CHARLOTTE.

4. JANE, b. 1784; d. 1st, HARRIET, 5. PHIPPS VANSTITTART—2nd, LUCY,
1850; m. July, 1810, dau. of Sir Ed.
Rev. Ed. Winnington, m. 1812, ONSLOW, Lieut. R.H.
Ingram, b. 1785; d. Bart.; she d. Artillery at Waterloo; M. Mosse-
May 7, 1851. retired 1824; d. May ley, Esq.,
March 5, 1827. 10, 1867. shed 1839.

RICHARD FOLEY
ONSLOW, b. Sept.
13, 1802; m. July
5, 1826, Catherine,
2nd dau. of Latham
Blacker, Esq., of
Newent, Gloucester.

ANDREW GEORGE,
Lieut. 3rd W. I.
Regt., b. Oct. 10,
1830.

RICHARD, b. 1836.
WILLIAM
ARTHUR, b. 1837.
GEORGE, b. 1839.
MARY CHAR-

LOTTE.
2. ANNE THEO-
DOSIA.
3. CAROLINE.

THOMAS PHIPPS =
ONSLOW, b. 1818;
d. 1850; Capt.
67th Foot.
HARRIET FRAN-
CES, m. Dec. 12,
1833. Vicar
of Claver-

TON ONSLOW, b.
Dec. 17, 1815.
CONSTANTINE
PHIPPS ONSLOW,
b. Jan. 30, 1817.
HENRY ONSLOW,
b. May 5, 1818.

REV. THOS. COM-
MELINE, d. 1842.
CONSTANTIA, m.
John 16, 1826,
John Freeman,
Esq., of Gaines,
Hereford.

ANNE CECILIA,
m. July 13, 1826.
Rev. T. J. Cart-
wright; d. 1856.
ELIZABETH.
FRANCES.

REV. ARTHUR
TON INGRAM,
Rector of Harving-
ton, near Evesham;
Hon. Canon
Worcester; m.
Sophia Mary, only
dau. of Lieut.-Col.
George Arnold,
2nd Bengal
Cavalry; d. 1887.
See Table 8.

REV. PHIPPS
ONSLOW, b.
March 9, 1823;
Rector of
Upper Sapey,
Worcester-
shire; m. 1868,
Jane Sophia,
2nd dau. of C.
W. Martin, of
Belvedere,
Hants.

REV. ARTHUR
ROGERS WIN-
NINGTON INGRAM,
Rector of Lassing-
ton, Gloucester-
shire, MINNIE, d. unm.
ELIZABETH.

REV. PHIPPS
ONSLOW, b.
March 9, 1823;
Rector of
Upper Sapey,
Worcester-
shire; m. 1868,
Jane Sophia,
2nd dau. of C.
W. Martin, of
Belvedere,
Hants.

REV. PHIPPS
ONSLOW, b.
March 9, 1823;
Rector of
Upper Sapey,
Worcester-
shire; m. 1868,
Jane Sophia,
2nd dau. of C.
W. Martin, of
Belvedere,
Hants.

HELEN JANE,
b. March 28,
1870.

REV. PHIPPS
ONSLOW, b.
March 9, 1823;
Rector of
Upper Sapey,
Worcester-
shire; m. 1868,
Jane Sophia,
2nd dau. of C.
W. Martin, of
Belvedere,
Hants.

REV. PHIPPS
ONSLOW, b.
March 9, 1823;
Rector of
Upper Sapey,
Worcester-
shire; m. 1868,
Jane Sophia,
2nd dau. of C.
W. Martin, of
Belvedere,
Hants.

HELEN JANE,
b. March 28,
1870.

I. FRANCIS
PHIPPS
ONSLOW,
Pemb. Coll.,
Oxon; Bar-
rister; b. Mar-
ch 18,
1835; m.
1868, Emily
Gertrude, d. Aug. 17,
1891.
only surviv-
ing child of
Wm. Digby
Seymour,
formerly,
M.P. for Hull.

I. FRANCIS
PHIPPS
ONSLOW,
Pemb. Coll.,
Oxon; Bar-
rister; b. Mar-
ch 18,
1835; m.
1868, Emily
Gertrude, d. Aug. 17,
1891.
only surviv-
ing child of
Wm. Digby
Seymour,
formerly,
M.P. for Hull.

LUCY MAUD,
b. Feb. 9, 1869.
HARRIET KATHARINE,
b. July 8, 1872.

No. 4.—CHILDREN OF CONSTANTINE PHIPPS.

A page copied from my grandfather, Constantine Phipps', letter-book, in my possession, with my notes.

We were married 13 May, 1771.

1. My daughter MARY ANN was born at Clifton, nr Bristol, Sunday, 26 January, 1772. Died at Watton June 13, 1779.
2. My daughter FANNY was born at Brampton, nr Huntingdon, Friday, th 8 Jan, 1773.
3. My daughter ELIZABETH Phipps was born at Exeter 7 April, 1774.
4. My daughter PENELOPE Phipps was born at Exeter 1 July, 1775.
5. My son CONSTANTINE was born at Topsham 10 June, 1776.
6. My son JAMES was born at Topsham th 1st December, 1777.
7. My son POWNOLL was born at Watton Court, nr Totness, in Devonshire, 9 January, 1780.
8. My daughter LUCY was born at Watton Court 11 July, 1781.
9. My daughter ANNA MARIA was born at Watton Court 10 Dec., 1782.
10. My son WESTON was born at Exeter 23 March, 1785.
11. My daughter MARIA JANE was born at Exeter 31 October, 1786.
12. JOHN LYON Phipps, born at Caen, Dept. of Calvados, 20 April, 1788. Son.
13. CHARLOTTE Phipps, born at Caen, Dept. Ditto, 4 February, 1790. Girl.
14. ELVIRA Phipps, born at Caen, Dept. Ditto, 20 June, 1791. Girl.

No. 5.—MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN OF MY FATHER'S SISTER FANNY.

1st, FANNY PHIPPS=CHARLES STUBBS TINLING,=2nd, SARAH BULLOCK, dau. of William Bullock, b. Jan. 8, 1773, at Brampton, Huntingdon. Capt. R.N.; b. 1795; Ad-
d. 1810. niral 1831; d. 1840. of Faulkbourne, Essex. She had six children.

CHARLES STUBBS, b. 1799 at Great Yarmouth; a Lieut. 14th Foot; m. Mrs. Cockesedge, of The Hill, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.	JAMES AMYATT, b. 1802 at Hill, Southampton; Gloucester-shire; d. unni.	FRANCIS BULLOCK, b. 1806; R.N.; Gloucester-shire; d. unni.	GEORGE, MARIA, HENRY, PHIPPS, m. CAPT. APOL- PHUS LATIMER WIDDINGTON, dau. of Sir Charles 23rd Regt. Elton, Bart., of Cleve- don Court, Somerset, both are dead.	CHARLOTTE PHIPPS, m. CAPT. APOL- PHUS LATIMER WIDDINGTON, dau. of Sir Charles 23rd Regt. Elton, Bart., of Cleve- don Court, Somerset, both are dead.	EDWARD DOUGLAS, H.M. Inspector of Schools; Canon of Gloucester; m. Maria, dau. of Sir Charles 23rd Regt. Elton, Bart., of Cleve- don Court, Somerset, both are dead.	nine children.
One dau., died early.	One son, CHARLES (?), m. dau. of Sir F. Stude, Bart., and d. 1880. (?)	EDWARD CHARLES, R.N., 1842, dec.	3. GEO. DOUGLAS, 1844, dec.	5. ALICE, m. Rev. R. Seenfield.	7. RHODA HELEN.	Four children.
His children all dead.	MARIA AUGUSTA, 1843; m. Col. Rawlins, Commr., Cardiff.	4. ROSE CATHARINE, 1846; m. John Sed- ding, architect.	6. JOHN PAER TINLING.	8. BEATRICE.	9. NORAH.	

i.e., Constantine Phipps' letter-book, in my possession, with my notes.

She was an eight months' child and a twin. The other born dead.

She married Admiral Tinling.

Married, 1st, her cousin, John Trent, and 2nd, Captain Arthur Pranthway, 2nd and Dragoon Guards.

Took to India Henriette de Beaurepaire, was engaged to de la Fosse; m. Mr. Johnson; d. unhappy. We have her miniature.

Civil Service in India. Drowned there.

No record.

My father; d. Nov. 5, 1858; Colonel
1. Henriette de Beaurepaire,
2. Sophia Matilda Arnold.

K.C., H.F.I.C.S.; married
3. Anna Charlotte Smith.

Married Colonel Powell; left one son, Colonel John Powell; lived
died unni. at Bath.

Capt. R. N. Once molbed from his likeness to Louis XIV. Married,
Judged in India. Left a widow and one son.

Married, 1st, Rev. Robert Hutchings, Rector of Dittisham, near
Dartmouth; 2nd, Mr. James Carey, of La Bigoterie, Guernsey,
civil servant Cape of Good Hope, eldest son of the Jurat of the
Royal Court; senior branch and head of noblesse of that island.

He was nephew to Lord de Saumarez, and his mother was sister
to General Le Marchant and aunt to Sir Gaspard and Sir Decies
Le Marchant.

No. 6.—MARRIAGES AND CHILDREN OF MY FATHER'S SISTER, ELIZABETH PHIPPS

her cousin, b. 1770; d. Aug. 6, 1796; of Dillington Hall, 11 minister, Some set.

1st, JOHN TRENT, =ELIZABETH PHIPPS, 2nd CAPT. ARTHUR BRANTHWAYT, and Dragon Guards, son of Rev. Miles Brantthwayt, Rector of Stutfkey, Norfolk.

b. April 7, 1774, at
Stutfkey, Norfolk.

JOHN CONSTANTINE,
Major Royal Horse Guards,
b. 1793; d. Dec. 15, 1846;
m. Fanny, dau. of Ed.
Swainston Strangways, of
Aldine Hall, Yorks. No chil-
dren.

CONSTANTINE
ESTWICK, Lieut.
14th Light
Dragoons;
d. unm.

ELIZA JULIA,
m. March 20, 1813;
CHARLES FOX,
CHAMPION CRES-
PIGNY, of Ald
borough, Suffolk.

FRANCIS ONSLOW
(posthumous), b. Feb. 8, 1797;
d. April 10, 1846, Lieut. 14th
Light Dragoons, m. Judith, dau.
of Sampson W. Sober, Esq., of
Parbados. She was born
March 13, 1794; d. 1871.

ELIZA JEANNETTE,
b. April 15, 1808; m. PHILIP
CHAMPION TOKER, of The Oaks,
Ospringe, Kent; Proprietor, Doctors
Commons; d. Feb. 14, 1889, at 42,
Bottervie Square, Folkestone.

CHARLES BUCKLE, PHILIP
JOHN CHAMPION, COL., ROBERT,
b. Oct. 31, 1815; a Warden
d. Jan. 1893; and J.P.
in Elizabeth
Buchanan, of
Montreal,
Canada.
m. three
times, 1st,
Emma
Smith; by
whom one
son, CHAS.
STANLEY;
and, Mar-
garetta
Brown, dau.
of
General
Brown; 3rd,
Frances
Plunkett.

JULIA CONSTAN-
TINE, d. unm.
ELIZA, d.
SON CHAMPION,
unm.,
Jan. 2,
1848.
CON-
STANTINE,
dau. of
W. Capel
b. 1825-
26, 1865; Capt. East Lan-
cashire Regt.
1867.
HYDE, b. July 12,
ALEXANDER, b.
Lieut. North-
ampton Regt.
b. March
1830; Major 33rd
Duke of Wellington's Regt.; d.
Sept. 30, 1877.
EDMUND PHIPPS, b.
1836; Lieut.-Colonel 26th
Regiment Camerounais.
FRANCE ABELIZA, b. April 14,
1838, unm.

JEANNETTE ELIZA, unm. unm.
JULIA FANNY, d. June 14, 1839;
HARRISON WALKER JOHN, Col.
68th Light Infantry; Inspector-
General of Musketry; b. Sept.
18, 1830; m. Jan. 3, 1889, Rose,
dau. of W. Plunkett, Esq., and
widow of T. A. Stoughton, Esq.,
of Owlpen, Gloucestershire, and
Ballyhorgan, co. Kerry, whose
name he assumed in addition to
and after that of Trent, by royal
license.

FRANCIS CONSTANTINE, Major-
General, b. Feb. 20, 1834; d. Jan.
14, 1892; m. 1860, Emily, dau.
of T. C. Martelli, Military Store-
keeper. Had issue:
FRANCIS HARRISON, b. Dec.
26, 1865; Capt. East Lan-
cashire Regt.
1867.
CONSTANTINE HYDE, b. July 12,
ALEXANDER, b.
Lieut. North-
ampton Regt.
b. March
1830; Major 33rd
Duke of Wellington's Regt.; d.
Sept. 30, 1877.
EDMUND PHIPPS, b.
1836; Lieut.-Colonel 26th
Regiment Camerounais.
FRANCE ABELIZA, b. April 14,
1838, unm.

ELIZABETH
EMILIA,
b. Nov. 20,
1831; d.
June 29,
1888;
widow
of W. Lieut.
Mathias,
65th Regt.,
Promoted
Captain;
d. at sea
returning
from New
Zealand.

EDWARD
JOHN,
b. Feb.
21, 1833;
m. Geor-
gianna,
widow
of W. Lieut.
Mathias,
65th Regt.,
Promoted
Captain;
d. at sea
returning
from New
Zealand.

GRACE
MARY
CHAM-
PION,
b. April
28, 1836;
d. unm.
July 12,
1891.

ANNETTE
CHATRY
PHIPPS,
DE LA
FOSSE, b.
May 21,
1838;
m. Col.
ALFRED
DICKSON,
of Berlin
Manor;
Seven
children,
d. Jan. 17,
1879.

ARTHUR
BRANTH-
WAYT, b.
July 18,
1834; d.
Jan. 1,
1865;
Lieut.
Mathias,
65th Regt.,
Promoted
Captain;
d. at sea
returning
from New
Zealand.

GRAHAM PHILIP,
CONSTANCE LE FEUVRE,
BERTHAM, d.
ALFRED WYNN,
LOUISE VEREKER,
RICHARD THOMPSON,
GRACE KILROY.

PHI-
LIPPA
CHAM-
PION m. 1st, Katherine
ORME, Annie Adams,
b. June sister to Rev. Jas.
Adams, V.C.
17, Adams, V.C.
1842, Had issue:
KATIE JOSE-
PHINE, m.
MARY CHAM-
PION, d.
ARTHUR BRAN
THWAYT, d.
and, Laura Fran-
ces Hart, dau.
Wm. Hamilton
Shiroff Hart,
Capt. 105th Light
Infantry and
granddaughter
of Capt. Thos.
Fred Hart, of
1st Life Guards,

ARTHUR
BRANTH-
WAYT, b.
July 18,
1834; d.
Jan. 1,
1865;
Lieut.
Mathias,
65th Regt.,
Promoted
Captain;
d. at sea
returning
from New
Zealand.

PHILIPPA JEANNETTE
CHAMPION,
CONSTANCE VIVIAN,
FRANCES TRENT,
RICHARD EDWARD,
EFFIELD BRANTHWAYT
DE CRESPIGNY,
ANNETTE COLLIN.

This branch has
resumed the DE
Crespigny.

No. 7.—MARRIAGES AND CHILDREN OF MY FATHER'S SISTER, ELVIRA PHIPPS.

<p>1st. REV. R. S. HUTCHINGS, Christ Church, Oxon; H.E.I.C.S.; Rector of Devon; Persian interpreter; d. at Penang, near Singapore, 1827.</p>	<p>ELVIRA PHIPPS, b. at Caen June 20, 1791; d. at La Bigotterie, Guernsey. He died April 23, 1864.</p>	<p>JAMES GASPARD LE MARCHANT, d. 1885; Vicar of Boreham; Hon. Canon of St. Alban's; Archdeacon of Essex; m. Anne, dau. of Rev. W. Knox, of Clomleigh, Strabane, Ireland.</p>	<p>CONSTANTINE PHIPPS, b. May 29, 1835; Major-General Royal Engineers; m. Jan. 14, 1874; Isabel M. E. Shirley, dau. of Henry Shirley and granddaughter of Sir Harry Verelst Durell, Bart.</p>
<p>ROBERT SPARKE, b. Dec. 18, 1820, at Penang; Hon. Canon of Salisbury; Proctor in Convocation; Vicar of Alderbury, Salisbury; m. 1845; Frances, dau. of C. Hoison, Esq.</p>	<p>ELVIRA, m. MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES MORAY MACLEANE, since deceased.</p>	<p>JULIA, d. 1872; m. COL. GEORGE FOTT, of Todrig and Bormunul, Shields; d. 1878.</p>	<p>LOUISA DE LORENTZ, d. 1891; m. CAPT. H. BANCE, R.N. Two chil. dren, died in infancy.</p>
<p>FLORA SOPHIA, b. 1838; m. Rev. J. CHOLMELKY, Swaby, Lincolnshire, and three daughters.</p>	<p>THOMAS, Major, retired.</p>	<p>CONSTANCE-TINE, d. April, 1875.</p>	<p>EMMA AUGUSTA, m. THOS. JOHN KNOX, Esq., Madras, Civil Service, deceased.</p>
<p>SARAH HOVENDEN, m. 1860. HENRY SLINGSBY BETHELL, nephew of 1st Lord Westbury. Nine sons and six daughters.</p>	<p>CATHERINE ELVIRA, m. CAPT. RICHARD-SON, 35th Regt. (one son and one daughter).</p>	<p>GASPARD LE MARCHANT, b. Aug. 10, 1864; New Coll., Oxford; m. 1888, Louisa, dau. of Rev. C. J. Hunt, of Folkestone.</p>	<p>LEICESTER WILLIAM LE MARCHANT, b. Nov. 12, 1877. CONSTANCE ISABEL, b. Sept. 5, 1879.</p>
<p>SARAH HOVENDEN, m. 1860. HENRY SLINGSBY BETHELL, nephew of 1st Lord Westbury. Nine sons and six daughters.</p>	<p>CHARLES ROBERT, b. April 3, 1847; m. 1881, Lizetta Alkin, One son and three daus.</p>	<p>FRANCES MACLEANE, b. Dec. 26, 1848; d. Jan. 1850.</p>	<p>REV. THOS. CAREY KNOX, b. Aug. 10, 1863; Exeter Coll. Oxford, 1885; Rector of Micosquin, Coleraine.</p>
<p>EVELYN MARY STURIE, m. 1874. Rev. J. A. WILLIAMS, Vicar of Alderminster, Warwickshire. Five sons and four daus.</p>	<p>FRANCES MACLEANE, b. Dec. 26, 1848; d. Jan. 1850.</p>	<p>ARTHUR CAREY, b. May 25, 1850; doctor, New South Wales.</p>	<p>REV. THOS. CAREY KNOX, b. Aug. 10, 1863; Exeter Coll. Oxford, 1885; Rector of Micosquin, Coleraine.</p>
<p>WALTER ARTHUR, b. 1852; dramatic author, New York.</p>	<p>HENRY BURDON, b. Sept. 8, 1854; d. July 11, 1880.</p>	<p>MARION ISABEL, B.A.</p>	<p>REV. THOS. CAREY KNOX, b. Aug. 10, 1863; Exeter Coll. Oxford, 1885; Rector of Micosquin, Coleraine.</p>
<p>AGNES MARGARET, b. 1854; Nun of the Sacred Heart.</p>	<p>FRANCES MARY, b. Dec. 10, 1858.</p>	<p>MORAY, in South Africa.</p>	<p>REV. THOS. CAREY KNOX, b. Aug. 10, 1863; Exeter Coll. Oxford, 1885; Rector of Micosquin, Coleraine.</p>
<p>REV. DOUGLAS, b. 1856; m. 1888, Augusta, dau. of Rev. H. Wightwick; Rector of Codford St. Peter's, Bath. Two daus.</p>	<p>REV. GEORGE CYRIL, b. July 8, 1864; m. 1891, Frances Ethel Openshaw; Curate of Malsham, Wilts.</p>	<p>ELIZABETH, b. 1894, Eva, dau. of John Maclean, M.D.</p>	<p>REV. THOS. CAREY KNOX, b. Aug. 10, 1863; Exeter Coll. Oxford, 1885; Rector of Micosquin, Coleraine.</p>

No. 8.—MY FATHER, COLONEL POWNOLL PHIPPS,

1st, Margaret, GENERAL BENEDICT ARNOLD, dau. of Samuel Mansfield, Esq.; m. Feb. 27, 1767; she d. June 19, 1775, by whom three children. b. 1740-1; d. 1801, at Norwich, Connecticut.

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| <p>1. BENEDICT, b. Feb. 14, 1768; d. Jamaica, aged 27.</p> | <p>2. RICHARD, b. 1769; m. Margaret, dau. of Sam Weatherhead, of Augusta, Canada. Nine children.</p> | <p>3. HENRY, b. 1772; m. Hannah, dau. of Richard Ten Eyck, of New York. Eleven children; only one lived—Mrs. Sill.</p> | <p>1. EDWARD SHIPPEN, Lieutenant 6th Bengal Cavalry; Paymaster at Muttra; b. Philadelphia, March 19, 1780; d. Dinapore Dec. 17, 1813.</p> | <p>2. JAMES ROBERTSON, Lieut.-General, K.H. and K.C.; Aide-de-Camp to the Queen; b. New York Aug. 28, 1781; d. Saling Grove, Essex, Dec. 27, 1854; m. March 21, 1807, Virginia, dau. of Bartlett Goodrich, Esq., of Saling Grove, Essex.</p> |
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| <p>1. MATILDA ELIZA, b. Agra Aug. 29, 1814; blind, d. Ok-lands Jan. 23, 1860.</p> | <p>2. ELVIRA ANNA, b. Agra Nov. 5, 1815; d. at Stoke Newington July 14, 1850; m. 1843, JOSHUA WILLIAMS, Q.C., and had five children. Joshua Williams d. Oct. 26, 1881.</p> | <p>3. CONSTANTINE EDWARD, b. Calcutta March 9, 1817; 2nd Lieut. 2nd Batt. 60th Rifles; d. unm. in West Indies, 1839.</p> | <p>4. POWNOLL JAMES R., b. Barrackpurr Jan. 31, 1818; d. at sea March 1, 1823.</p> |
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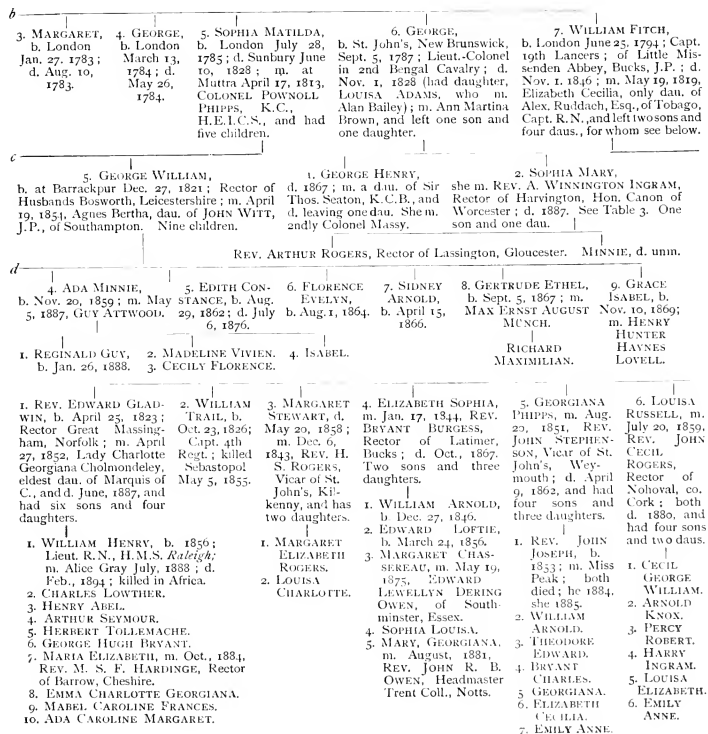
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| <p>1. ELVIRA SOPHIA, b. July 9, 1844.</p> | <p>2. ALICE MATILDA, b. Sept. 16, 1845.</p> | <p>3. GEORGE PHIPPS, b. Nov. 15, 1846; m. Jan. 13, 1875, Edith, dau. of Sir Thos. Tancred, Bart., at Canterbury, N.Z. Three children.</p> | <p>4. ISABELLA FRANCES, b. Feb. 4, 1848; d. Feb. 2, 1872.</p> | <p>5. POWNOLL TOKER, b. May 12, 1849; m. April 27, 1882, Beatrice Anne, dau. of Rev. Frederick Grosvenor (formerly of Dunkerton, Somerset. Three children.</p> | <p>1. AGNES SOPHIA, b. June 3, 1855; m. June 2, 1883, John Carter.</p> | <p>2. EDGAR VIVIAN AYRE, b. Feb. 3, 1857; Surgeon-Captain; m. Ap. 21, 1885, at Cape Town, Edith Beatrice, 3rd dau. of William Fredk. Faviell, of Down Place, Guildford, Surrey.</p> | <p>3. BERTHA MATILDA, b. Sept. 27, 1858; m. CHAS. TEMPLE LAYTON Nov. 13, 1877. Five children.
1. MADELINE BERTHA TEMPLE, b. Oct. 6, 1878.
2. GEORGE VIVIAN TEMPLE, b. Nov. 11, 1879.
3. EVA MARY TEMPLE, b. Jan. 14, 1881.
4. ALAN BERNARD TEMPLE, b. Aug. 20, d. Aug. 22, 1882.
5. NORAH KATHLEEN TEMPLE, b. April 20, 1885.</p> |
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No. 9.—MARRIAGES AND CHILDREN OF JOSHUA WILLIAMS.

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| <p>1, Lucy Strange, m. twice; 1st, Caroline Sanctuary, by whom two girls and four boys; 2nd, Minnie Jago, by whom three girls.</p> | <p>2, Elvira Anna Phipps, m. 1843; d. July 14, 1850, leaving five children.</p> | <p>3, Martha Thompson, d. 1870, leaving one child.</p> | <p>4, MARY WEBB, m. no child.</p> |
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| <p>JOSHUA STRANGE, m. twice; 1st, Caroline Sanctuary, by whom two girls and four boys; 2nd, Minnie Jago, by whom three girls.</p> | <p>ELVIRA SOPHIA, ALICE MATILDA, GEORGE PHIPPS, m. Edith, 2nd dau. of Sir Thos. Tancred. ISABELLA FRANCES, POWNOLL TOKER, m. Beatrice, dau. of Rev. F. Grosvenor.</p> | <p>THOMAS CYPRIAN, m. July 13, 1882, Helen Rosalind Campbell, and has three children.
ORLANDO CYPRIAN, GWENDOLEN META, JOAN VIOLET HELEN.</p> |
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CHILDREN, BY HIS SECOND WIFE.

a=2nd, Margaret, m. April 8, 1779, dau. of Edward Shippen, Chief Judge of Pennsylvania, who d. Aug. 24, 1804, and had seven children.



REV. JAMES RAMSAY, b. July 25, 1733, at Fraserburgh, d. 1789; Vicar of Teston and Nettledsted, Kent; m. 1763 MISS REBECCA AKERS, of St. Kitts.

1. SARAH, b. 1764; m. REV. RICHARD WARDE, Vicar of Yalding, Kent, for forty-three years. He d. March 20, 1840, aged 76, leaving eight children.

2. MARGARET, b. 1766; d. April, 1839, at Newtown, aged 73; buried at Killaloun, Ireland, April 17, 1839; m. MAJOR ROBERT SMITH, Royal Marines. He d. July 2, 1813, at Chatham, aged 59; left three sons and two daughters.

1. SARAH CATHERINE, b. 1791; d. 1874.

2. ANNA REBECCA, d. aged 15.

3. MARGARET RAMSAY, b. 1795; d. 1845, Sept. 26, aged 50.

4. REV. RICHARD RAMSAY, b. 1797; succeeded his father in living 1840; m. his cousin Mary Akers, b. 1802; d. Oct. 17, 1843. He d. Oct. 3, 1857, aged 60. No child.

5. JAMES RAMSAY, b. 1799; d. July 23, 1874; m. Aug. 31, 1847, Marian Emily, dau. of John Scudamore, of Post Office. Had two daughters.

(1) ALICIA RAMSAY, b. March 15, 1849; d. 1858.

(2) MARY JANE, b. Nov. 15, 1850.

6. JANE DOROTHEA F., b. Feb. 25, 1801; m. Wm. Dickinson 1839, H.E.I.C.S., of Geddes Brencley. He d. March 25, 1872, aged 72. She had no child. She d. April 21, 1890.

7. REV. GEORGE AMBROSE, succeeded his brother in living 1857; d. unm. 1859.

8. HENRY DOUGLAS, d. an infant.

1. CATHERINE REBECCA, b. 1796; d. Oct. 10, 1836; m. 1816, SIR THOS. OSBORNE, Bart., of Newtown Anner, Clonmel, and had one son and one daughter.

(1) SIR WILLIAM, b. 1817; d. May, 1824.

(2) CATHERINE ISABELLA, b. June 30, 1819; d. June 21, 1880; m. Aug., 1844, RALPH BERNAL, M.P., who assumed by royal licence name of OSBORNE. He d. Jan. 4, 1882, and left two daughters.

[1] EDITH, b. Feb. 7, 1846; m. Feb. 7, 1874, SIR HENRY ARTHUR BLAKE, K.C.M.G., Governor of Jamaica, and has four children.

1. b. ; d.

2. OLIVE, b. Nov. 5, 1875.

3. ARTHUR, b. Jan. 15, 1877.

4. MAURICE, b. June 6, 1878.

(2) GRACE, b. July 26, 1848; m. Jan. 3, 1874, DUKE OF ST. ALBANS, and has two sons and three daughters.

1. OSBORNE DE VERE, b. Oct. 16, 1874.

2. MOYRA DEVERE, b. Jan. 20, 1876.

3. CATHERINE DE VERE, b. May 25, 1877.

4. ALEXANDRA DE VERE, b. July 5, 1878.

5. WILLIAM HUDDESTON DE VERE, b. Aug. 16, 1883.

2. JAMES RAMSAY AKERS, Lieut. 11th Regt.; b. Aug. 10, 1798; d. Dec. 10, 1874, at Queens-town, Ireland; m. July 8, 1834, CATHERINE RIALI, of Annerville, Clonmel. She d. Dec. 15, 1874, left four daus.

(1) ISABELLA DOROTHEA, b. Nov. 16, 1836.

(2) MARGARET CATHERINE, b. Nov. 26, 1837; m. July 27, 1850, REV. RICHARD HENRY SMYTH, Rector of Carrick-on-Suir. Hed. Dec. 21, 1863, Two daus. and one son.

[1] MARY FRANCES, b. May 28, 1860; m. Aug. 11, 1885, EVAN ST. MAUR NEPEAN, Surgeon R.N.

One dau., HELEN MAY, b. July 28, 1886.

One son, EVAN AUBREY RAMSAY, b. Dec. 19, 1890.

2. CATHERINE ISABELLA, b. Jan. 3, 1862; m. Oct. 8, 1884, HENRY ELEY, Captain Liverpool Regiment.

One dau., MARJORIE KATHLEEN, b. May 28, 1886.

Two sons, HENRY GERARD, b. Nov. 19, 1887; DENIS RAMSAY AKERS, b. Feb. 2, 1891.

[3] RICHARD HENRY, b. Dec. 14, 1863, Surgeon Captain; d. Hong Kong Feb. 9, 1892.

(3) ANNA FRANCES, b. Oct. 16, 1839.

(4) CONSTANTIA RIALI SARAH, b. Nov. 16, 1843; m. Oct. 8, 1872, REV. CANON WILLIAM FREDERICK ARCHDALL, Rector of Glanmire, co. Cork, and has three daus.

[1] ETHEL CATHERINE, b. Sept. 26, 1873.

[2] CONSTANCE HENRIETTA, b. May 8, 1877.

[3] GRACE RAMSAY, b. May 4, 1880.

3. ROBERT, d. infant.

4. STROTHER ANCRAM, Fellow of St. Catherine's Coll., Cambridge; d. at Rome Dec. 7, 1877.

(1) REV. POWNOLL WILLIAM, Rector Chalfont St. Giles, b. Nov. 1, 1835; m. July 26, 1859, Elizabeth Dampier, dau. of Shuckburgh Risley, Esq., and has two sons and one dau.

[1] REV. CONSTANTINE OSBORNE, b. March 28, 1861; Vicar of Cookham Dean; m. Nov. 9, 1886, Jessie Mabel, dau. of Joseph Chalinor, Esq., of Compton House, Leek. Three children:

EVELYN CATHERINE, b. Feb. 25, 1890. [1, 1891.]

JOAN PENELOPE, b. Sept. 20, 1893.

[2] BEATRICE HELEN, b. July 3, 1862.

[3] POWNOLL RAMSAY, b. April 2, 1864; Captain Dorset Regiment.

(2) COL. RAMSAY WESTON, Royal Artillery, b. April 10, 1838; m. Sept. 18, 1866, Annie Foskett Bampfylde, dau. of Dr. Daniel, of Bath. She d. Oct. 25, 1885, and had four sons and two daus.

[1] EDMUND RAMSAY, b. July 3, 1867; d. Plymouth, Aug. 9, 1867. [Feb. 9, 1869.]

[2] MARY, b. and d. Malta

[3] EDMUND BAMPFYLDE, b. Dec. 29, 1869; New College, Oxford.

[4] CHARLES FOSKETT, Lieut. Royal Artillery, b. Sept. 4, 1871.

[5] HENRY RAMSAY, Lieut. Royal Artillery, b. Sept. 10, 1874.

[6] GERTRUDE ANNIE, b. Dec. 13, 1876.

(3) HENRIETTA SOPHIA (a twin), b. Sept. 23, 1841; m. Nov. 9, 1885, Lieut.-Col. Wm. Smith.

(4) ROBERT CONSTANTINE (a twin), b. Sept. 23, 1841; d. Oct. 9, 1841.

MY MOTHER'S FAMILY.

of Fraserburgh.

JEAN RAMSAY, buried at Teston; m. ALEXANDER WALKER, of Fraserburgh, and had five sons and one dau.

- 3. JANE, b. 1772; m. 1795, her cousin, ARETAS AKERS, formerly of the Islands of St. Kitts and St. Vincent's, W.I. He had eight children, and d. 1816, leaving surviving two sons and two daus.
- 1. CATHERINE, b. 1801; m. Oct. 15, 1766; d. Sept. 3, 1787, at Teston, Kent.
- 2. RT. REV. JAMES WALKER, of St. John's, Cambridge; b. 1770; Bishop of Edinburgh and Glasgow 1830; d. 1841, Bishop of Edinburgh and Primus; m. 1821, Madeline Erskine, who d. 1851, and had two daus. (1) JANE RAMSAY, b. 1822; d. 1885. (2) MADELINE, b. 1824; m. 1864, her cousin, HENRY COULTER ERSKINE.
- 3. ALEXANDER, b. 1774; d. 1847; m. and had eight children, of whom four survived. (1) ALEXANDER. (2) WILLIAM. (3) JAMES. (8) MADELINE ERSKINE.
- 4. WILLIAM, Captain in army; wounded at Salamanca (see Lady Osborne's Memoirs, i. 237, 238); b. 1777; d. 1854, at Pit-teween Priory, Fife, unm.
- 5. JOHN, b. 1786; d. young at college at Aberdeen.
- 6. CHARLES, b. 1785; m. left two daus. (1) MARGARET, b. 1811; d. 1881, at Ayr. (2) JEAN, b. 1814; d. 1891, at Ayr.

- 1. ARETAS, of the 18th Hussars, and afterwards of Malling Abbey, Kent, J.P. and D.L., b. 1799; d. 1855; m. 1821, Isabella, dau. of John Larking, of Clare House, Kent. Six sons and five daus.
- 2. MARY, b. 1801; d. 1843; m. her cousin, REV. RICHARD WARDE, Vicar of Yalding, d.s.p.
- 3. CAROLINE, b. 1810; d. 1867; m. 1st, THOS. ALLOTT OSBORNE; 2nd, JOHN, eldest son of REV. JOHN DREW BORTON, Rector of Blofield, Norfolk. He d. March 8, 1881. Five children. (1) JANE RAMSAY, b. 1840; d. 1856. (2) LOUISA, b. 1842; d. 1856. (3) MARY FRANCES, b. 1843; d. 1867. (4) EMILY, b. Nov., 1846. (5) JOHN DREW, b. 1848; d. 1855.
- 4. JAMES RAMSAY, b. 1813; d. 1876; m. Maria Louisa, dau. of W. B. GOODRICH, of The Kookery, Dedham, Essex (she d. 1883). Two sons and two daus. (1) MARIA LOUISA, m. 1864, R. F. W. BEALE; d. 1865, leaving one dau., Ellen, who m. 1862, Arthur W. Mason, Lake Ontario. (2) JAMES RAMSAY, b. 1842; d. April 1864, drowned in (3) WILLIAM HENRY ARETAS, b. 1844; d. 1862. (4) ELLEN MADELINE, m. Aug., 1871, ARTHUR AUGUSTUS SAUNDERS, Lieut. R.H.A., and has

- [1] ARTHUR RAMSAY, b. 1872.
- [2] ISABEL MARGARET, b. 1873.
- [3] CYRIL, b. 1875.

- 1. ISABELLA DOROTHEA, b. 1822; m. 1862, REV. WALTER BLUNT, Bicknor, and who d. 1882.
- 2. JANE MARY, b. 1823; d. 1856, REV. JOHN PHILIP GREEN, of Colombo (d. 1891). Three sons and two daus. (1) ARTHUR PHILIP, b. 1858. (2) ISABELLA FRANCES, b. 1859. (3) EDWARD ERNEST, b. 1861; m. 1891, Edith Mary Antram. One dau., Phyllis Mary, b. 1892. (4) HELEN MARY, b. 1862. (5) GEORGE HERBERT, b. 1863.
- 3. REV. ARETAS, b. 1824; d. 1856; m. 1849, Frances Maria, dau. of Francis Hollis Brandram, of Tunbridge Wells (she remarried 1866, Wm. Whitmore, of Beckenham). One son and two daus.
- 4. ALEXANDER DOUGLAS, b. 1826; d. 1841.
- 5. GENERAL CHARLES STYLE, late R.E.; b. 1828; d. 1887; m. 1851, Henrietta Margaret, dau. of General Despard, C.B. Four sons and five daus. (1) RALPH BERTIE PETER, b. 1861. (2) BERTIE ANGELO, R.N., b. 1864; m. 1893, Violet, d. u. of the late J. Wingfield-Stratford, of Addington Place, Kent. (3) DOUGLAS, b. 1867; m. 1892, Dorothy Ann, dau. of Rev. R. G. Benson, Rector of Hope Bowdler, Nalop. (4) MARY DOROTHY, b. 1868. (5) PETER, b. 1870. (6) EDWARD HENDREY STYLE, R.F.E., b. 1872.
- 6. CAROLINE REV. WM. LEWIS WIGAN (eldest son of J. A. Wigan, of Clare House, Kent, J.P.; Vicar of East Malling, and who d. 1876. Five sons and two daus. (1) RALPH BERTIE PETER, b. 1861. (2) BERTIE ANGELO, R.N., b. 1864; m. 1893, Violet, d. u. of the late J. Wingfield-Stratford, of Addington Place, Kent. (3) DOUGLAS, b. 1867; m. 1892, Dorothy Ann, dau. of Rev. R. G. Benson, Rector of Hope Bowdler, Nalop. (4) MARY DOROTHY, b. 1868. (5) PETER, b. 1870. (6) EDWARD HENDREY STYLE, R.F.E., b. 1872.
- 7. DOROTHY, b. 1832; d. 1851.
- 8. MARY ELIZABETH, b. 1833; m. 1860, BERTIE PETER CATOR (son of Peter Cator, of Beckenham); he d. 1875. Five sons, three daus. (1) RALPH BERTIE PETER, b. 1861. (2) BERTIE ANGELO, R.N., b. 1864; m. 1893, Violet, d. u. of the late J. Wingfield-Stratford, of Addington Place, Kent. (3) DOUGLAS, b. 1867; m. 1892, Dorothy Ann, dau. of Rev. R. G. Benson, Rector of Hope Bowdler, Nalop. (4) MARY DOROTHY, b. 1868. (5) PETER, b. 1870. (6) EDWARD HENDREY STYLE, R.F.E., b. 1872.
- 9. HENRY GEORGE, b. 1830; d. 1839.
- 10. REV. GEORGE, b. 1837.
- 11. DOROTHY, b. 1841; d. 1893. (8) DIANA MARY, b. 1875. (7) ISOBEL MILDRED, b. 1873. (6) EDWARD HENDREY STYLE, R.F.E., b. 1872. (5) PETER, b. 1870. (4) MARY DOROTHY, b. 1868. (3) DOUGLAS, b. 1867; m. 1892, Dorothy Ann, dau. of Rev. R. G. Benson, Rector of Hope Bowdler, Nalop. (2) BERTIE ANGELO, R.N., b. 1864; m. 1893, Violet, d. u. of the late J. Wingfield-Stratford, of Addington Place, Kent. (1) RALPH BERTIE PETER, b. 1861.

- (1) ARETAS AKERS-DOUGLAS, M.P., St. Augustine's Div., Kent; J.P.; b. 1851; m. 1875, Adeline Mary, dau. of Horatio Austen-Smith, of Hayes Court, Beckenham; assumed name of DOUGLAS under will of Alex. Douglas, of Bands, Dumfries; resides Chilton Park, Lenham, Kent. Two sons, five daus. (2) ISABELLA FRANCES, b. 1853. (3) ELEANOR MARY, b. 1855; m. 1875, EDWARD, son of GEORGE WARDE NORMAN, of Bromley, Kent. Two children. (1) ISABELLA AKERS, b. 1879; d. 1883. (2) RICHARD AKERS, b. 1879; d. 1883. (2) MARY SOPHIA, b. 1854; m. 1876, MAJOR HENRY LYALL, R.A. Two daus. (1) HENRIETTA, b. 1880. (2) MILLICENT, b. 1884. (1) ELIZABETH DOROTHY, b. 1852. (2) WILLIAM LEWIS, Clare House, Kent, J.P.; b. 1853; m. Oct., 1893, Laura, dau. of Rev. T. W. Carr, Rector of Barming, Kent. (3) ALFRED EDMUND, b. 1858; m. 1888, Alice Maud, dau. of George Graham. One dau. DOROTHY MAUD, b. 1890. (4) ISABELLA, b. 1858. (5) CHARLES, Ed-ward, b. 1861. (6) GEORGE EDWARD, R.N.; b. 1862. (7) MARGARET, b. 1859. (8) LEONARD DOUGLAS, b. 1859; d. 1869. (9) CATHERINE RACHEL, b. 1867; d. 1879. (10) RUTH ANNES, b. 1865. (11) MARGARET FLETCHER, b. 1864. (12) GEORGE EDWARD, R.N.; b. 1862. (13) CHARLES EDWARD, b. 1862. (14) ISABELLA MARGARET, b. 1862. (15) MARY CECILIA, b. 1862. (16) CHARLES RICHARD, b. 1862. (17) THOMAS KEBLE, b. 1862. (18) JAMES RAMSAY, Capt. Royal Berks Regt; b. 1862; m. 1890, Beatrice dau. of Col. Sir F. V. W. Henderson, R.F.E., C.C.B. Two children. (19) YEAMANS RAMSAY DOUGLAS, b. 1861. (20) L. TITIA BEATRICE, b. 1892. (1) ARETAS AKERS-DOUGLAS, M.P., St. Augustine's Div., Kent; J.P.; b. 1851; m. 1875, Adeline Mary, dau. of Horatio Austen-Smith, of Hayes Court, Beckenham; assumed name of DOUGLAS under will of Alex. Douglas, of Bands, Dumfries; resides Chilton Park, Lenham, Kent. Two sons, five daus. (2) ISABELLA FRANCES, b. 1853. (3) ELEANOR MARY, b. 1855; m. 1875, EDWARD, son of GEORGE WARDE NORMAN, of Bromley, Kent. Two children. (1) ISABELLA AKERS, b. 1879; d. 1883. (2) RICHARD AKERS, b. 1879; d. 1883. (2) MARY SOPHIA, b. 1854; m. 1876, MAJOR HENRY LYALL, R.A. Two daus. (1) HENRIETTA, b. 1880. (2) MILLICENT, b. 1884. (1) ELIZABETH DOROTHY, b. 1852. (2) WILLIAM LEWIS, Clare House, Kent, J.P.; b. 1853; m. Oct., 1893, Laura, dau. of Rev. T. W. Carr, Rector of Barming, Kent. (3) ALFRED EDMUND, b. 1858; m. 1888, Alice Maud, dau. of George Graham. One dau. DOROTHY MAUD, b. 1890. (4) ISABELLA, b. 1858. (5) CHARLES, Ed-ward, b. 1861. (6) GEORGE EDWARD, R.N.; b. 1862. (7) MARGARET, b. 1859. (8) LEONARD DOUGLAS, b. 1859; d. 1869. (9) CATHERINE RACHEL, b. 1867; d. 1879. (10) RUTH ANNES, b. 1865. (11) MARGARET FLETCHER, b. 1864. (12) GEORGE EDWARD, R.N.; b. 1862. (13) CHARLES EDWARD, b. 1862. (14) ISABELLA MARGARET, b. 1862. (15) MARY CECILIA, b. 1862. (16) CHARLES RICHARD, b. 1862. (17) THOMAS KEBLE, b. 1862. (18) JAMES RAMSAY, Capt. Royal Berks Regt; b. 1862; m. 1890, Beatrice dau. of Col. Sir F. V. W. Henderson, R.F.E., C.C.B. Two children. (19) YEAMANS RAMSAY DOUGLAS, b. 1861. (20) L. TITIA BEATRICE, b. 1892.

INTO WHICH FAMILY MY MOTHER'S SISTER MARRIED. MY AUNT,

(1) SIR RICHARD OSBORNE, of Ballyntaylor and Ballylemon, a

(2) RICHARD,

m. Moyra McGrath, of Sleady Castle; sided with the Usurper during Civil Wars; attacked in Castle of Knockmoane by Earl of Castlehaven in 1645, and compelled to surrender; was M.P. for co. Waterford; d. March 2, 1685.

(3) SIR JOHN,

m. 1699, Elizabeth, 4th dau. of Thos. Walsingham, Esq., a granddaughter maternally of Theoph. Howard, 2nd Earl of Suffolk. He d. 1713, without children.

(5) SIR NICHOLAS,

d. 1718; m. Mary, dau. of Dr. Thos. Smyth, Bishop of Limerick, by whom two daus., co-heirs.

ANNE, m. HENRY VEREKER, Esq., of Roxborough.
DOROTHY, m. WM. TAYLOR, Esq., of Moyallow.

(7) RT. HON. SIR WILLIAM,

P.C. in Ireland and M.P.; d. 1783; m. Elizabeth, eldest dau. of Thomas Christmas, Esq., of Whitfield, co. Waterford. c

(8) SIR THOMAS,

b. 1750; succeeded 1783; m. 1816, Catherine Rebecca, dau. of Major Smith, R.M. He d. May 15, 1821, aged 71. Left one son and one daughter.

RT. HON. CHARLES,

Judge of Court of King's Bench, Ireland; m. his cousin, Miss Christmas, and had only dau., who d. 1835; m. to the gallant Major-General Sir Michael Creagh, K.H., who d. Sept. 14, 1860.

WILLIAM,
in Holy Orders,
d. unm.

JOHN PROBY,
d. unm. d

(9) SIR WILLIAM,
b. 1817; d.
May, 1824.

CATHERINE ISABELLA,

b. 1819; m. Aug. 20, 1844, RALPH BERNAL, M.P., who assumed surname of OSBORNE by sign manual Aug. 12, 1844. He d. Jan. 4, 1882; she d. June 21, 1880, leaving two daughters.

(11) SIR DANIEL TOLER,

b. Dec. 10, 1783; d. March 25, 1853; m. Jan., 1805, Lady Harriette Le Poer Trench, dau. of William, 1st Earl of Clancarty. She d. Nov. 17, 1855. e

EDITH,

b. Feb. 7, 1846; m. Feb. 7, 1874, SIR HENRY ARTHUR BLAKE, K.C.M.G., Governor of Jamaica. Three children.

1. OLIVE, b. Nov. 5, 1875.
2. ARTHUR, b. Jan. 15, 1877.
3. MAURICE, b. June 6, 1878.

GRACE,

b. July 26, 1848; m. Jan. 3, 1874, WILLIAM AMELIUS AUBREY DE VERE, 10th Duke of St. Albans.

1. OSBORNE DE VERE, b. Oct. 16, 1874.
2. MOYRA DE VERE, b. Jan. 20, 1876.
3. CATHARINE DE VERE, b. May 25, 1877.
4. ALEXANDRA DE VERE, b. July 5, 1878.
5. WILLIAM HIDDLESTON DE VERE, b. Aug. 16, 1883.

(12) SIR WILLIAM,

J.P. and D.L., b. Oct. 16, 1805; d. July 2, 1875; m. July 22, 1842, Maria, only dau. of Wm. Thompson, of Clonfin, co. Longford. No issue

HENRY, d.

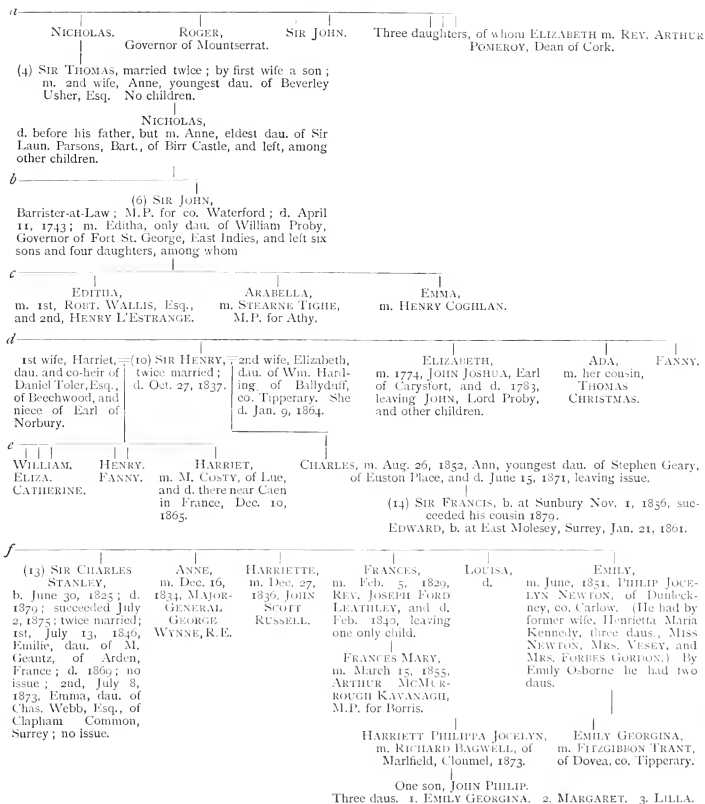
THOMAS FREDERICK, Major Madras Army; m. July 25, 1842, Anne Letitia, only dau. of Hon. and Ven. Chas. Le Poer Trench, Archdeacon of Ardagh; both d. Feb. 18, 1846, leaving one son.

CHARLES,
87th Regt., died. f

OF THE OSBORNES,

LADY CATHERINE OSBORNE, M. 1816, SIR THOMAS, 8TH BART.

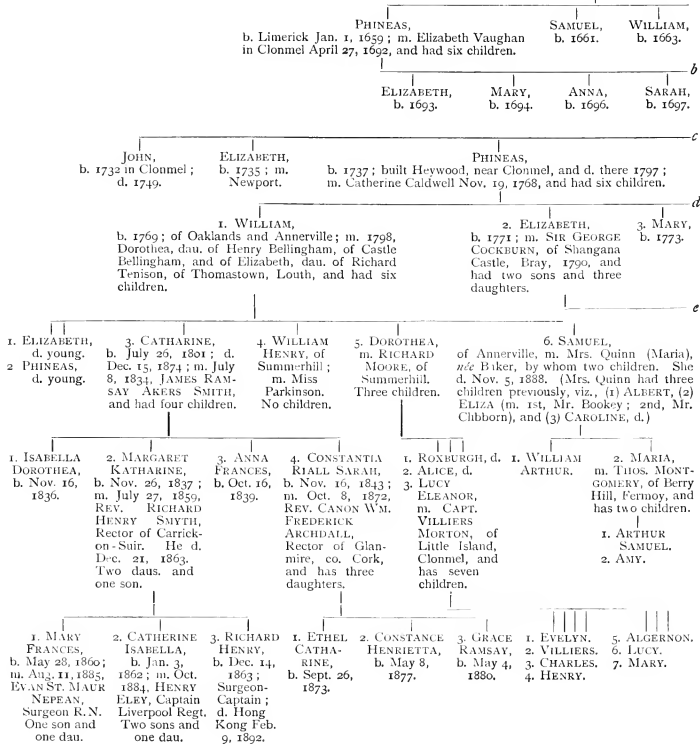
co. Waterford, Ireland, created Baronet of Ireland Oct. 15, 1629.



No. 12.—PEDIGREE

WITH WHICH FAMILY WE ARE CONNECTED BY THE MARRIAGE

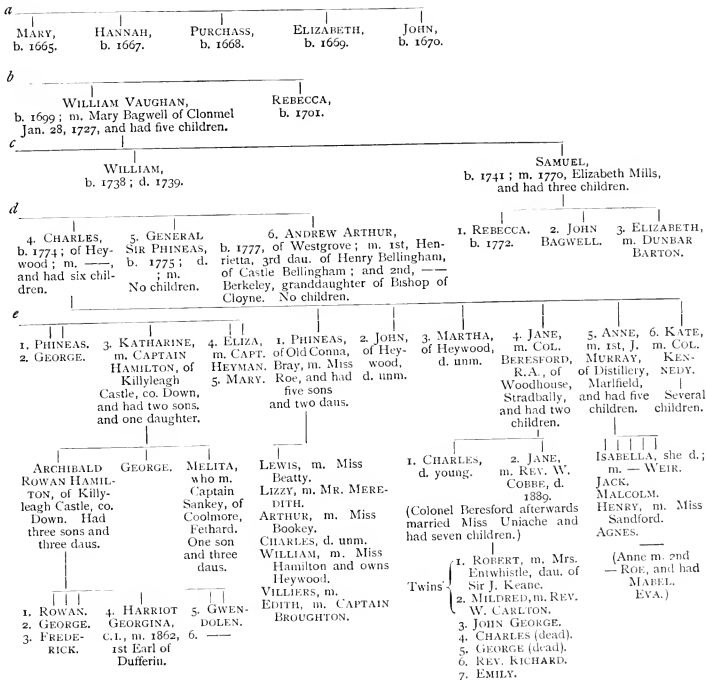
— RIALL, of Limerick,



OF THE RIALLS,

OF MY MOTHER'S BROTHER, MY UNCLE JAMES R. A. SMITH.

had eight children.





N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA

