

REMINISCENCES OF A GENTLEWOMAN
OF THE LAST CENTURY.





CATHERINE HUTTON

AT THE AGE OF FORTY-THREE.

(Engraved by J. Smith for the Mineralogical Museum, Birmingham.)

REMINISCENCES OF A GENTLEWOMAN
OF THE LAST CENTURY:

LETTERS OF
CATHERINE HUTTON,

Daughter of William Hutton, F.A.S.S., Historian of Birmingham.)

EDITED BY HER COUSIN,
MRS. CATHERINE HUTTON BEALE,

*(Compiler of the "Memorials of the Old Meeting House
and Burial Ground, Birmingham.")*



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INTRODUCTION.

THE following letters and extracts from letters have been selected from a mass of correspondence which Miss Hutton left behind her, and which, from the lapse of time, have now become historic. Her writings contain graphic accounts of places, modes of travelling, manners and customs, dress, and character. Two of the letters on the Priestley riots in 1791 I had printed a few years ago for private circulation, and afterwards allowed Mr. Dent to print them in his "Old and New Birmingham." With this exception they are all new to the public. Some readers may possibly accuse Miss Hutton of being egotistic, so I give the following quotation from a letter to one of her friends, to disarm criticism on this point:—"Much egotism in conversation is not to be tolerated, but egotism is the soul of a letter of friendship. What can be so interesting to me as my friend's account of herself?" All the persons whose names are mentioned in the following pages are now dead, the last to pass away having been her "young friend," the late Miss Ryland, of Barford.

Permission has been asked for and kindly given by Miss Hogarth for the insertion of Charles Dickens' letters, and the Rt. Hon. the Earl Lytton has allowed me to publish his father's letters.

C. H. B.

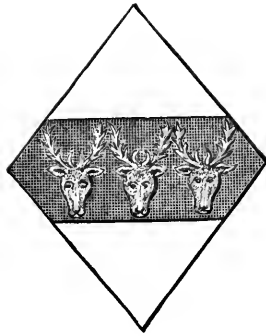
"HIGHFIELD,"

Chester Road, near Birmingham,

July 14, 1891.

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CATHERINE HUTTON:

THE LETTERS AND REMINISCENCES OF A
GENTLEWOMAN OF THE LAST CENTURY.

CATHERINE HUTTON was the elder of the two surviving children of William Hutton, historian of Birmingham. Her father, with characteristic attention to detail, says, in the "History of the Hutton Family," "She was born February 11th, 1756, on Wednesday, a quarter before five in the evening. She came into the world before her time, and perhaps was the smallest human being ever seen. . . . Though she afterwards grew to a proper size, yet she always carried a delicate frame."

Miss Hutton very early showed a taste for learning, and could never remember the time when she could not read fluently. At the age of seven she was, at her own request, sent to a day school; there she learned to dance, and wrote daily letters to her school-fellows, thus showing at an early period of her life a taste for letter-writing. Her mother said that Catherine had every sense but common sense; and her mother's family, who thought all merit was confined to the useful, declared that the girl would never be good for anything. She had, however, given some indications of usefulness, for her dolls, which were

nineteen in number, were all of them clothed, and some of them made, by her own hands.

Dr. Priestley once observed to William Hutton, "A child believes everything to be *real* which is said;" and Miss Hutton *really believed* in the children's books which she read at the early age of five years. In an interesting account of her early days, written by herself at the age of eighty-three, she says :—"At this period of my life I had only two objects of pursuit; these were books and play. I read all Mr. Newbery's gilt books, as they were called, from being covered with gilt embossed paper. These consisted of 'Christmas Box,' 'New Year's Gift,' 'Goody Two Shoes,' &c.; 'Mother Goose's Tales' stood at the head of the class. I trembled for Bluebeard's wife when she was so naughty as to open the forbidden closet; and when I came to her kneeling at her husband's feet, he with his uplifted scimitar ready to strike, and sister Anne looking out from the window, I could read no more. I burst into tears, laid down the book, and exclaimed, 'Mamma, I never will be married.' I firmly believed that every husband might cut off his wife's head with his scimitar whenever he chose to do so; and such was my horror, that it was many years before I dared venture to resume the tale, or knew that Bluebeard's wife was saved.

"Nothing delighted me so much as 'The Tales of the Fairies.' I no more doubted their truth than I did my own existence—nay, how did I know that I was not a fairy myself! It was at least worth the trial, and the trial was easily made! I understood the whole perfectly, except what the mighty instrument which made all the

transformations might be, and I asked my mother what a wand was. She, not being deeply versed in fairy lore, replied, 'It is a white stick.' Is that all, thought I, then I can soon get a wand! Accordingly I procured a green stick and peeled it, and, striking three times on the parlour grate, as customary with the fairies, I commanded the grate to become gold. Not a particle of the stubborn steel would change colour; I found I was not a fairy, and I was rather ashamed of the experiment."

Born in the reign of George II., Miss Hutton only received the very limited school education of that period, but she made up for all deficiencies in after life by her great love for reading. Speaking of the only school she ever went to, she says:—"The school, which till very recently had been the first in Birmingham, was kept by a Mrs. and Miss Sawyer. The mother taught spelling and reading in the Bible, the daughter needlework, useful and ornamental, for sixpence a week. The governess was a kind-hearted old woman, who was obliged, or thought herself obliged, to scold sometimes. None of the scholars liked her; though I fully believe it was for no other reason than that she was old.

"Miss Sawyer might be about thirty years of age; she was very handsome, very lady-like, and very good humoured. Mr. Sawyer, her brother, was a dancing master. The house they lived in was a good one, and a very large room,* which had been added to it, was the grand

* It will be within the recollection of some of the present generation that in this room, 11, Old Square, Mr. Cresshull held his dancing classes. The entrance to this room was very poor, and the Royal Duke might well think it a "mean" place.

assembly room of Birmingham until Edward Duke of York, brother of George III., had danced in it, and remarked that it was a mean ball room for the town of Birmingham. A better was erected soon after.

“After a while I became a pupil of Mr. Sawyer, and no girl ever was or could be fonder of dancing than myself; I used to jump about and cry, ‘Oh, these are the joys of my dancing days.’ Here, too, I learned to sing.

“At ten years old I went to a writing school for one hour in a day, without quitting Mrs. Sawyer’s. My first attempt at writing was copying the printed letters of a battledore or horn-book.* This was my first copybook and I remember being puzzled at the small letter *a*.

“My school days were happy. Little was there to learn, and that little was easily learned. There was no boarding school in or near Birmingham at this time—none nearer, I believe, than Worcester, Stratford, and Lichfield. Many of my school-fellows had been transplanted to Worcester, and I wrote a very handsome note to my father asking permission to go there. My father hated boarding schools, which he regarded as hives of contamination, and he refused to grant my request; but, in compensation, he gave me a handsome chest of drawers; one drawer, by my especial order, being fitted up as a writing desk. This chest *was my own* till July, 1791, when, with its contents,

* Sir Richard Phillips, one of Miss Hutton’s literary friends, tried in various parts of the kingdom to find one of these horn-books, but without success. In the collection of treasures given to Birmingham by Solomon Jevons, Esq., now in the Art Gallery, there is a specimen. The description in the catalogue is as follows:—“Horn-book. Printed. In silver filigree case. Early 18th century.”

which consisted of many clothes, many papers, and a good sum of money, it was destroyed by the rioters.

“During the time I went to school I read at home—the ‘Spectator,’ ‘Tatler,’ ‘Guardian;’ novels, plays, and poetry. I thought Gray’s ‘Elegy in a Country Churchyard’ the most beautiful of poems, and I am still pretty much of the same opinion. I admired Goldsmith’s ‘Hermit of the Dale;’ I admire it now, but perhaps I am not quite so much smitten with it. Percy’s ‘Reliques of Ancient English Poetry’ were my heart’s delight, and my heart has not changed. To the honour of my patience and perseverance, I read the old romance of Cleopatra, eight closely printed volumes, quite throughout. I liked it the better the further I went; but it is probable I am the last person that has read or will read it.”

The following is the earliest letter which has been preserved, and was written in 1769, at the age of thirteen, while on a visit to Kidderminster; it is addressed to her father and mother:—

“Kidderminster, March 4, 1769.

“Dear Pappa and Mamma,—

“I am arrived safe at the end of my journey. I cried for the first mile, and then brightened up. Pray, Pappa, come and see me, I shall be very uneasy if you don’t; but in some measure to make up for your absence, let me have the consolation of hearing from you almost every post. Mr. Symonds has given me an ear of Indian maize, a sort of corn: it is very curious, in the shape of a cone. There are five hundred grains upon one ear when it is perfect,

mine is not quite. We are engaged every day till next Saturday; on Wednesday at home in expectation of my Uncle and you; pray don't disappoint us. I hope you will then cast a short look towards Kidderminster, as last Wednesday you did a long one. Pappa, Mrs. Hill has got a mighty pretty book. I should be glad if you would give me such a one; it is Dr. Young's 'Love of Fame,' a satirical piece. I believe he is a very good author; is not he? It cost 2s. unbound. I shall write to you so often that you will dread post day as I shall wish for it.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

The same year Miss Hutton received the following letter from her father, while she was on a visit at Hales Owen:—

From William Hutton to his daughter, Catherine
Hutton, at Hales Owen.

“ Birmingham, Sept. 7, 1769.

“ Dear Poppet,—

“ We are so connected with Birmingham and Bennett's Hill,* that we cannot yet find time to see thee, though we much desire it. I was confined under a tree at the Shire Ash† last night by the rain, and considered what interest I had at Birmingham, four miles to the right, and what I had at Hales Owen, four miles to the left, but could come at neither.

* Bennett's Hill, Washwood Heath, was the country residence of William Hutton.

† In 1769 William Hutton bought the Shire Ash, 13 acres, of Dr. Hinkley, of Smethwick, for £250. He afterwards sold the timber for £126, and let the land for thirteen guineas.

“At parting I halloed through the woods after thee, and endeavoured to peep over the hedges, but found I was three yards too short. I will penetrate those woods and surmount those hedges but I’ll see thee. Mamma at market, I writing, Tom singing, Martha dressing a goose, a rainy morning, and most of our superior inhabitants at Stratford Jubilee.

“Thine,

“WILLIAM HUTTON.”

Miss Hutton left Mrs. Sawyer’s school when she was fourteen, and at that early age she became the contriver and cutter out of the family linen, and the maker of a considerable part of it.

At the age of sixteen she says :—“I was desirous to become acquainted with the globe I lived on and its various inhabitants, and I seized ‘Guthrie’s Geographical Grammar,’ a work of no small size or merit. I took out the maps and coloured them, and carefully compared each with the description of the country it was designed to represent; the manners and customs of the people I transcribed.”

About this time Miss Hutton began to feel the want of congenial society, and as her mother, partly from ill-health and partly from disinclination, did not care to go from home, her kind friend and neighbour, Mrs. Richards, whom Miss Hutton describes as “a very elegant and accomplished woman,” became her *chaperone* to the various balls, plays, and exhibitions. This lady taught her to play whist, and induced her to learn the guitar, which was

a source of great comfort to her father, who thought no music equal to his daughter's voice with that accompaniment.

Miss Hutton goes on to say, at this time there was "a club composed of eight or ten of the first men in Birmingham, about the standing of my father, who assembled at a certain tavern at nine o'clock in the evening, and separated at eleven. Mr. Ryland,* the elder brother of my father's early friend, was himself my father's friend and neighbour, and now that I was grown a woman he took great notice of me. How proud and gratified I was by his notice! He was a man of superior understanding and extensive reading, liberal and generous; how delighted I was when his features relaxed in smile to me! I loved and honoured him, and I highly respect his son.† Another of the club was Mr. Henn, tall and stately in stature, and with princely manners. [We shall hear more of this gentleman in a later letter.] To Mr. Ryland and Mr. Henn I listened with deference, and I treasured smiles which were not bestowed on all. With my associates in general I took care not to display the little knowledge I possessed; I wished not to be admired, but to be loved; and I was convinced that to be found or thought superior was not the way to be loved."

Miss Hutton says at this time:—"My cares did not prevent me from going occasionally to the play, an amusement of which I was very fond. In 1776 I saw, and have now before my eyes, Henderson in six different characters,

* Mr. Ryland was the grandfather of the late Miss Ryland, of Barford, and one of the sufferers in the riots.

† Mr. Samuel Ryland, the father of Miss Ryland.

Pierre, *King John*, *Falstaff*, *Archer*, *Don Felix* in 'The Wonder,' and *Don John* in 'The Chances,' and oh, how excellent in all! This was the grand theatrical season of Birmingham. Henderson played during the whole of the season. Mrs. Yates played *Violante* to his *Felix*, and *Constance* to his *John*. Miss Young played *Belvidera* to his *Pierre*, and Mrs. Siddons, who was then unknown to fame, *Mrs. Page* to his *Falstaff*. Farren, the father of the present actor, played always; and Yates, who was the manager, occasionally. Oh, what times were these!"

In 1778, when Miss Hutton was twenty-two years of age, she visited London with her brother, for the first time, and then it was that she saw the "School for Scandal," performed by the original company.

Miss Hutton says that these years, up to the age of thirty-five, formed the "hey day" of her life; then the sad events of 1791 took place, which cast a gloom over her for many years. As she was now entering into society, it will not be out of place to describe her person. She was of middle height, with a very graceful figure; she had plain features, but they were lighted up by much intelligence and refinement. Her conversational powers were so great that in London she soon made her way into the most cultivated society, as will be seen from her letters.

The two following refer to her first visit to London:—

"London, April 14, 1778.

"My dear Father,—

"At five o'clock in the morning after I left you and my dear mother I passed through Woodstock, and at six

reached Oxford, where we breakfasted in a room without either fire or comfort.

“When we had passed Maidenhead I perceived myself in the vicinity of London, by the multitude of carriages on the road. I alighted in the City, a good deal fatigued with my journey, stunned with the noise of coaches, and astonished with everything I saw. The next day I walked to the Royal Exchange, amazed at the elegance of the shops, the number of the carriages, and the dress of the people. At night we went to the play, which was ‘Venice Preserved,’ *Belvidera* by Mrs. Barry. The entertainment was ‘Poor Vulcan,’ *Vulcan*, Mr. Quick; *Shepherd*, Mr. Leoni; *Venus*, Miss Brown. Never was so entertained in my life! The playing and singing were enchanting; the dresses and scenes superb. The theatre itself does not surprise me, after having been accustomed to that at Birmingham.

“The next day and Sunday we went into the Park, and walked up and down the Mall almost three hours, in expectation of seeing the King and Queen. At last, after much wishing for, came their majesties in their chairs, preceded by their footmen and yeomen of the guard. The footmen were dressed in scarlet coats, with stripes of black velvet and gold lace; they wore black velvet caps, their hair in bags, ruffles at their hands, and white silk stockings. The dress of the yeomen was of the same materials, but in a singular form, and was calculated to make them look broad and fierce.

“The King looked rather sour, and his face was red and bloated. He looked straight forward, and took no notice

of the people, who all bowed to him as he passed along. The Queen looked placid, good humoured, and a little pale ; she appeared affable, and returned the civilities of her subjects.

“From St. James’s we had a hackney coach to Kensington Gardens, where we saw fine walks, fine lawns, and fine woods, embellished with multitudes of fine people. We were told there had been five hundred carriages here to-day, but were rather too late for the principal bustle. I saw three royal palaces to-day : Kensington Palace, which is a good brick house, but nothing extraordinary ; the Queen’s, which is indifferent ; and St. James’s, which is quite dismal.

“We walked back through Hyde Park and the Mall, and then took a hackney coach to our lodgings. I was much fatigued, and my feet were blistered with walking.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

To Catherine Hutton, at London, from her Father.

“April 16, 1778.

“Thy brother and I, dear girl, saw the postman sauntering up the street, and wished him to enter the door. He passed it. ‘No, nothing from Catherine.’ He returned and delivered thy letter. I need not say we were pleased ; perhaps thou could’st not send a letter that would produce a contrary effect, provided affliction bore no part.

“What numbers of people visit London, and how few see it ! They leave it behind ; thou wilt bring it into the country. Perhaps there is not a place in the universe

more abounding in wonders, or a place where wonders are less observed. One would think our people were hood-winked from the time they left Birmingham till they returned, except while they were asking for money and orders. I shall not find thee like a fly, skimming about without observation ; but like thy dreaded insect, the bee, drawing pleasure and advantage from everything thou touchest. Thou wilt find matter enough to fill the memory, and flow over ; therefore, do not forget thy pen.

“ Thou wilt see St. Paul's, where bulk, grandeur, and elegance are united. One would suppose it too ponderous for the work of hands, and too strong for the injury of time.

“ Westminster Abbey will afford a long entertainment. I do not know a place where more useful lessons may be learned. This is the retreat of greatness when the curtain drops ; an awful collection of the illustrious dead for the last six hundred years ; the chief repository in which Time throws by his best tools when he has done working with them. Here St. Paul's words are verified : ‘ They, being dead, yet speak. ’ One would wish the coffins opened that one might see the dust once so animated. The improvements of the present day arise from the dust of Westminster Abbey, and how do we know that the expectation of reposing in so renowned a place may not have been an excitement to great actions ! ”

In 1779, Mrs. and Miss Hutton, being very much out of health, paid some visits to their friends. First they went to see some of Mrs. Hutton's relations, the Cocks, who

lived at Aston, in Derbyshire ; they were yeomen, and had lived on their estate of sixty acres for many generations, the land producing nearly all the necessaries of life. An interesting account of this "Old Farm House," by Miss Hutton, was given in one of the magazines in the early part of the present century.

The following description of the yeomen of that period is taken from Cassell's "History of England," Vol. III., page 610:—"Perhaps the most pleasing feature of country life was that of the position of the yeoman, or man of small independent property. This class had been increased by the various distributions of great estates ; and it is calculated that at this time one-seventh at least of the population consisted of men with their families who lived on their own little demesnes, producing from fifty to a hundred pounds a year. The number of men who farmed the lands of the aristocracy at that time is affirmed to have been much fewer than those who farmed their own. This independence of condition gave them independence of mind, and it was amongst this class that the strongest resistance to the dominance and intolerance of the squirearchy was found. Many of them during the civil wars and the Commonwealth adopted the Puritan faith, and continued to maintain it in defiance of Five-mile Acts, Conventicle Acts, and Acts of Uniformity. From them has descended the sturdy spirit which, uniting with the same in towns, has continued to vindicate the liberties and manly bearing of the British population."

From "A View of Derbyshire," by James Pilkington, 1789, we read of "Estune Aston (in the Deanery of Derby).

The living is a rectory. Its value in the King's books is £29 15s. and yearly tenths £2 19s. 6d. The church is dedicated to All Saints, and Mrs. Shuttleworth is the patroness. The liberty of Aston contains about ninety-two houses, and four hundred and fifty-two inhabitants. This place is the seat of Mrs. Shuttleworth ; several of her ancestors, the Holden family, have been buried in the church." Reference will be often made to Mr. Shuttleworth, the rector, in the following extracts from a diary which Miss Hutton kept during her visit to Aston :—

“Friday, July 9th, 1779.—Set out in a chaise with my mother for Aston [Derbyshire] at nine o'clock in the morning. Had been ill six weeks ; was still weak and poorly. Passed through Lichfield and Burton, where we stopped only to change horses. From Burton my brother went with us the rest of our journey, through Newton, Repton, Formark, Ingleby, Snarkstone, and Weston, to Aston, and opened the gates for us. The road is delightful between Burton and Newton ; the prospect is charming. Sir Robert Burdett's house at Formark is a noble edifice, and the grounds about it very fine, as are the fields and glens about Ingleby. Got to Aston between four and five, and, instead of being fatigued with my journey, found myself much better for it.

“Sun., July 18.—Rose a little before seven ; dressed for church ; breakfasted ; spent two hours in doing nothing. Went to church ; sat with Mr. Shuttleworth. Mr. Collier read prayers ; Mr. Shuttleworth preached, and made a very good sermon from the words of St. Paul, ‘ Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us.’

Came home ; ate half a cheesecake ; dressed to dine with Mr. Shuttleworth. Went to church again ; Mr. Collier read prayers. Mr. Shuttleworth took us home with him, and introduced us to a Mr. Purcell, a man who inherited an estate of £500 or £600 a year, which he soon spent ; he then made an unsuccessful voyage to the East Indies, and now in his old age lives upon the contributions of his friends. His face proclaims him a drunkard, and his manners at table an epicure. There was also Mr. Silver, who behaved very decent, and said very little. At three o'clock we sat down to table, which was covered with salmon at top, fennel sauce to it, melted butter, lemon pickle and soy ; at the bottom a loin of veal roasted ; on one side kidney beans, on the other peas, and in the middle a hot pigeon pie with yolks of eggs in. To the kidney beans and peas succeeded ham and chickens, and when everything was removed came a currant tart. Mr. Shuttleworth's behaviour was friendly and polite ; he was attentive to the wants of his guests, and helped them to everything they wanted in a moment, without the least appearance of ceremony. He is sensible and lively, and I think the most of a gentleman of any man I ever knew. After dinner we had water to wash, and when the cloth was taken away, gooseberries, currants and melon, wines and cyder. Mr. Shuttleworth asked me for a toast, and I gave him Mr. Rolleston, by whom we had been most elegantly entertained in that very room some years before. At a little before five, my mother, Sally Cocks, and I retired into the drawing room, where I amused myself with reading and looking at the prints till six, when I ordered

tea, and sent to let the gentlemen know it was ready. Mr. Purcell and my uncle went away, Mr. Shuttleworth, Mr. Collier, and Mr. Silver came and drank tea with us, which I made for them. After tea Mr. Shuttleworth and I chatted very sociably about Matlock, to which place he goes to-morrow. At seven o'clock we took leave, after having spent a most agreeable day."

Mrs. Hutton received the following letter from her husband during her stay at Aston :—

From William Hutton to his wife, at Aston, in
Derbyshire.

"Birmingham, July 17, 1779.

"My dear Love,—

"I always thought home agreeable ; here one's wishes tend ; but a week ago when I lost you and Catherine that agreeableness vanished. Nay, home without you had even lost its charms to the poor cat, for she went in quest of you the next evening, and as she has not returned we suppose she did not find you. Tom dare not let the door open for fear Bijou should follow. Seeing me forlorn, Finch* pressed me to dine with him on Sunday. I left home abruptly to hear about two hundred dull sentences at meeting,† after which I took a melancholy walk to Sutton Coldfield. Passing by Aston Park wall I had a full view of our house at Bennett's Hill [Washwood Heath],

* Ancestor of the late Miss Catherine Irene and Miss Lucy Finch, of Edgbaston, grand-daughters of Dr. Priestley.

†Carr's Lane Chapel, where William Hutton, although a Unitarian, attended with his wife, who was a Calvinist.

heightened by the blaze of a western sun ; I fixed my eye upon the window of the south chamber, my tongue moved involuntarily ; if it had produced a sound it would have been ‘ There I am likely to breathe my last.’* On my return I met with Thomas, of Erdington, my tenant. He said farming was at a low ebb ; he wished he rented no more than my four acres ; there was nothing to be got by farming but age and poverty. Before we parted he said : — ‘ You may as well let me have Turner’s land, at Erdington ; I shall make you a good tenant ; will you let it to me ? ’ It is no wonder that we read ‘ The heart is deceitful above all things.’ Here was deceit without disguise. Perhaps half what is spoken is not true ; especially where the speaker is interested. How cautiously should we believe a man’s words ! After six dull days, on Wednesday evening I went to the play. A *lady* behind me in the pit presented me with an orange, and two *ladies* on the bench before tendered me cyder and brandy. Mind that, Goody.

“ WILLIAM HUTTON.”

“ July 21.—Rose a quarter before seven ; walked with Janet to Weston ; breakfasted ; worked a little at my muslin apron. A note came from Mr. and Mrs. Greaves to invite my mother and me, with Mr. Collier, to dinner. Read two of Scarron’s novels, ‘ The Miser Punished,’ and ‘ The Useless Precaution,’ in which there is much wit and humour, but little delicacy. Dressed ; went at half-past two to Mr. Greaves’, where we were introduced to Mr.,

* “ In that house, but not in this chamber, my father did breathe his last, thirty-six years after.—C. H.”

Mrs., and Miss Boothby, of Lichfield. Mr. Boothby's manners bespeak him a gentleman, but he talked very little ; Mrs. Boothby is amazingly fat and clumsy ; she is a woman of very plain sense. Miss Boothby is short, delicate, and rather pretty. A little before three we sat down to dinner, which consisted of three boiled chickens at top, a very fine haunch of venison at bottom ; ham on one side, a flour pudding on the other, and beans in the middle. After the cloth was removed, we had gooseberries, and a remarkably fine dish of apricots. Miss Greaves and Miss Boothby worked at their netting and embroidery, while I was an idle spectator, as I had brought no work with me. Drank tea. It began to rain this morning about eleven o'clock, and continued raining the whole day with great violence to make amends for the long dry season, for there has not fallen a drop before since I have been at Aston. At seven o'clock came home ; Mrs. Greaves lent us their umbrella,* and a servant to carry it. Undressed. Supped. Played at quadrille with our usual party, Mr. Collier, Janet, and Sally. Went to bed at eleven.

"Sun., July 25.—Rose at seven ; breakfasted ; read a newspaper. Went to church ; Mr. Collier preached : his text, 'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul ? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul ?' Janet and I sat in Mr. Shuttleworth's seat, who is not yet returned from Matlock.

* No doubt a very heavy one, requiring a strong pair of arms to carry it. Mr. Thomas Hutton, Miss Hutton's brother, was the second person in Birmingham to carry an umbrella, which was covered with oil silk, as most of the early ones were. The first person to use one in Birmingham was a Frenchman.

After dinner we all took a walk to Dunnington Park. When we came to cross the Trent I, even I, turned heroine, and encouraged Janet and Sally, who were terribly afraid, and wished to turn back again. The park rises immediately from the opposite side of the river ; the ascent into it is extremely difficult ; but we luckily met with Michael Whitehead, clerk of this parish, and one of Mrs. Shuttleworth's postilions, who assisted us in getting up, and walked with us till we came to the Hall, the seat of the Earl of Huntingdon ; there we parted with them, as their business was to taste his lordship's ale and ours to see the beauties of his park. The house, which is an old one, stands in a bottom, surrounded on every side by hills ; the situation, confined as it is, is very fine, as it commands a lawn, several of the most beautiful slopes I ever saw, and a great deal of venerable timber, sometimes disposed in wood and sometimes scattered over the lawns and hills. My Lord Huntingdon has been at much expense in repairing and adding to the house ; and Mich. told me would have built a new one upon one of the hills only it was such a 'nation deal of trouble to come at water.' He hardly ever resides at Dunnington, and I do not wonder at it, though it is one of the sweetest places I ever saw. It is a bad neighbourhood, and though the woods, and lawns, and prospects are some of the finest things in nature, yet they are not companions, and when once they were become familiar, would not satisfy the mind. The case was otherwise with me, to whom all was new and charming. I rambled through the woods with veneration, and looked at the views with rapture. The Trent, winding

just at the bottom, is one of the noblest objects I ever saw, and the rest of the prospect is amazingly grand and extensive. I longed to mount another hill which looks a contrary way, but was afraid of the fatigue and a shower I saw at a distance ; so, with a curiosity but half satisfied, I left this delightful scene and began to descend the hill. We again crossed the Trent in a boat and came to Aston ; drank tea, and gave Mr. Collier an account of our walk.

“Monday, July 26.—When the supper cloth was removed, Mr. Shuttleworth came in, who was that moment returned from his excursion to the Peak. He sat down and eat some of my uncle's cold mutton, in preference to some hot that was preparing for him at home. He had been used to society, and could not all at once endure solitude. He stayed with us till half-past ten.

“July 27.—Went a row on the Trent with my mother, Mr. Collier, and Mr. Shuttleworth. I should have had the honour of being godmother to Mr. Shuttleworth's boat if I could have thought of the name of any water nymph, but I could not.

“July 28.—Mr. Holden, of Darley, called and invited us to Darley Hall. Read some of Swift's letters to Stella.

“July 30.—Read some more of Swift's letters, and as I was intent on my book my brother came in from Birmingham. He looked pale and thin, and brought us the melancholy news of my father's having been very ill. My mother and I were exceedingly shocked at the account, which made us both poorly.

“ July 31.—Rose at six. Assisted my mother to dress ; she is still very indifferent. Breakfasted. My mother, cousin Janet, and the two kittens set off in a chaise for Birmingham, where I sincerely hope they will find my father better.”

On Aug. 1st Miss Hutton and her brother left Aston for Nottingham, to visit Mr. and Miss Newham. In the following extract from the diary she compares the people of Nottingham with the people of Birmingham :—

“ Mr. and Miss Newham, my brother, and I walked along the meadows to the Trent, but did not cross it. The walk was delightful, the evening fine, and, to complete the scene, there were great numbers of genteel people scattered about wherever we turned our eyes.

“ At Birmingham one may walk till one is weary and not see a Christian above the quality of a journeyman draper, or a mantua maker ; but here it is the fashion to walk, and the first people in the town make a practice of it. The women are, many of them, extremely elegant ; I think but few of them handsome ; but there is an air in their dress and their manner that is seldom seen at Birmingham.

“ Read Goldsmith’s Roman History and a volume of Shakespear (Macbeth).

“ Called upon my Aunt Perkins, who showed us several family antiquities, gave me a pair of white gloves, and promised me a calico bed-quilt that was a gown and petticoat of my grandmother’s, and some old-fashioned lace. Made me a cap. Mr. Illingworth called to see me.

“ Aug. 6.—Mr. Will Ryland* and Mr. Bache,† from

* An ancestor of the Ryland family in Birmingham, and a great friend of William Hutton.

† Probably Dr. Bache, a Birmingham physician.

Birmingham, called. They brought a letter from my father which confirmed the account of his amendment. It began to rain, and, as we intended going to the play, obliged Mary and me to take a chair; Mr. Newham and my brother followed on foot. The house is small, but elegant; the performers are some tolerable and some bad. The play, which was bespoke by the stewards of the races, was the 'West Indian,' the entertainment 'Who's the Dupe.' The boxes were quite full, and the company very genteel. Mr. Illingworth came into the box to speak to me, but could not get to me for the crowd. Came home betwixt twelve and one, exceedingly fatigued. I am glad I did not go to the ball, for I find I am not able to bear late hours."

Miss Hutton's next visit was to Sutton-in-Ashfield, where lived the Unwins. In the following letter, written to her brother, will be found a very graphic description of the home of a cotton lord of the last century.

To Mr. Thomas Hutton, Birmingham.

"Sutton-in-Ashfield, August 29, 1779.

"My dear Brother,—

. . . . "Mr. Newham was almost in despair at my leaving them, and earnestly intreated permission to see, or write to me. I steadily refused both; but I behaved more civil to him as he grew more sad, and less teasing. Mr. Unwin's house is built of stone, and on the outside seems fit for a nobleman; but the best rooms are occupied as warehouses and counting houses for the cotton manufactory.

“A shrubbery, which is the seventh part of a mile in circuit, encompasses their garden, from hence the plantation is continued down to a lake and a bath, and beyond are walks cut in a wood. Mr. and Mrs. Unwin, Miss White’s grandfather and grandmother, are plain and worthy people, who visit all the families in the neighbourhood, even the Duke of Portland’s, and yet retain something of their original manners. Their carriage is studded with brass nails; their horses are heavy and bob-tailed; and their coachman’s hair in a state of nature. Miss Unwin is genteel, agreeable, and about thirty years of age. Mr. Samuel Unwin, the hope of the family, is making a tour along the southern coast. I see his books and his prints, his elegant dressing room, I drink his old Hock, and I hear of his Swiss servant and phaeton and pair of horses; so I suppose he is a fine gentleman. Miss Elizabeth White, my friend’s sister, who is on a visit at Mansfield, drank tea here on Sunday. She is a tall, fine girl, rather handsome, and extremely lively. Mrs. Coltman [of Leicester] recommended you to her as a husband, saying you were an excellent young man, and she knew of but one fault you had, which was too great a fondness for fine horses. Elizabeth White laughed, and told her that, if you had no other fault, you were much too good for her. She says that before she saw me, she was prepared to love and fear me.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

The following extracts are taken from two letters from Miss Hutton to her father, written during her visit to London :—

“ London, May 11, 1780.

“ Has my brother told you that we were at Windsor on Sunday? He, Mr. Drury, and I went in a post chaise; saw the terrace, the castle, the pictures; ate a good dinner, for which we paid extravagantly; and came home at night perfectly satisfied with our day’s amusement.

“ On Tuesday evening we were at Astley’s, where we saw such tumbling as would have astonished you. You could not suppose the human frame capable of such agility.

“ If I had made a pathetic invocation to the sun, how charmingly would it come in here! If he will but ‘ Dispel the mist and clear the skies’ this afternoon takes us to Greenwich.”

In the following extracts Miss Hutton describes her first visit to the sea, which did not come up to “ the ocean of her imagination.”

“ London, May 19, 1780.

“ How little, my dear father, when we wrote last did we expect such a glorious excursion to Margate! It was Mrs. André’s plan, and as sudden as it was agreeable. For four hours after we got upon the sea I was miserably ill and in strong hysterics. When we came to the Nore, Mr. Drury, who knew I was desirous to see a ship, said, ‘ Catarine, hold up your head; there is the hulk of the Conquestador, a 74-gun Spanish ship.’ I lifted up my head a moment and had a glance at the Conquestador, the green waves crowned with white foam, and my brother extended on the deck; but it sunk again immediately.

“ We supped at Mitchener’s, and had afterwards a bottle

of wine made into a bowl of negus. Our party consisted of Mrs. André and her brother, myself and my brother, a son of Sir Kildare Burrowes, who is in Mr. André's counting house, and an Irish clergyman.

"I passed three nights at Margate. One day we dined at Kingsgate, one at Ramsgate, and the other at a village called Birchington. Mrs. André was so disgusted with the hoy that she returned to town in the diligence; Mr Burrowes and his friend walked to Dover, and Mr. Drury, my brother, and I went back as we came, except that we came in nine hours and forty minutes, and went back in thirty-six hours."

Mrs. André, the lady to whom so many of Miss Hutton's letters are addressed, was a very beautiful English woman. She was a Miss Drury, daughter of Mr. Dru Drury, the celebrated entomologist, and Fellow of the Linnean Society, who was the supposed lineal descendant of Sir Dru Drury of Queen Elizabeth's time.

Her husband was John Louis André, a merchant, of French extraction, but born at Genoa, and educated at Geneva. The family were Protestants, and had been driven from their country by persecution.

Mr. André was the uncle of the celebrated Major André, the young officer so well known for his sad and lamented death in the American war of 1780. Major André was in his uncle's counting-house with the view of becoming a merchant, but, the war breaking out with America, he preferred entering the army. His body, it will be remembered, was brought over to England and

buried in Westminster Abbey, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory.

Mr. and Mrs. André lived at Warnford Court, Enfield, near London. They also had a house in town, and Miss Hutton, when she visited there, occupied the room that Major André used when he was with his uncle.

The year 1780 was an eventful one in Miss Hutton's life, as she then paid her first visit to Mrs. André, the lady just mentioned, and during her visit the Lord George Gordon riots took place. Miss Hutton does not seem to have been alarmed; her personal experience of riots came eleven years later. The two following extracts are from letters written to her father.

“London, June 2, 1780.

“You have heard of the Protestant Association, at the head of which is Lord George Gordon. They are assembled this morning in St. George's Fields, to the number of 20,000 men, in order to go in a body to the Parliament, and *peaceably* demand a repeal of the Bill in favour of the Roman Catholics; and if their demand be not *peaceably* granted, I suppose riot and mischief will ensue. I saw them march by with bludgeons in their hands and blue cockades in their hats.”

“London, June 6, 1780.

“On Friday my brother saw the mob, which had assembled before the Houses of Parliament, drag Lord Sandwich off his carriage, and dash it to pieces. On Sunday they burnt a Catholic Chapel. What an odd thing it is to support the Christian religion by fire and destruction!”

During all the confusion in London, consequent on the riots, the King's birthday was celebrated by a Drawing Room and a ball in the evening at St. James's Palace, to the latter of which Miss Hutton and her brother went. It was called the Birth-night Ball, and is referred to in one of her letters from London.

Writing in after years to a friend, Miss Hutton says :—"I have seen the nobility of England at a birth-night ball in St. James's Palace [1780]. I have seen the King and Queen move around in the circle, stopping to speak to every individual, and I have wondered what they could have to say.

"I have seen the Prince of Wales [subsequently George the Fourth] open the ball with a minuet, and afterwards dance down a country dance, and I thought him a handsome young man, and a fine dancer."

The two following letters are addressed to Mrs. Coltman, a lady who resided at Leicester, and was well known in the literary world. The letters contain interesting references to Dr. Priestley.

To Mrs. Coltman, at Leicester.

"Birmingham, Dec. 25, 1780.

. . . "I have heard nothing of Dr. Bache* since his arrival in Edinburgh. I think the Genius of Physic might have been propitious to him, if he had wooed the damsel earlier in life, as his own genius points that way ; but I doubt it now, for I suppose she is like the generality

* A Birmingham physician.

of females, who would reject the addresses of a man of his years. I am glad his prescriptions have been serviceable to you, and I hope that, when he comes out with all the regular qualifications of a physician, such as diploma, periwig, and cane, your opinion of his skill will be so much heightened, that you will again come to Birmingham for his advice.

“The celebrated Dr. Priestley has taken up his residence among us for the sake of facilitating his philosophical experiments; and Mr. Hawkes, one of the preachers at the New Meeting, having resigned his place, it has been offered to the Doctor, and it is generally believed he will accept it. If he do so you may expect to hear of my becoming a convert to his religion, for I am very weary of Calvinistical monotony and nonsense. I do not, however, impute monotony and nonsense to Calvin, but to Mr. P., one of his present disciples.

“My father’s History of Birmingham is just as you left it. I believe he means to publish it, but I do not know when.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

To Mrs. Coltman, at Leicester.

“Birmingham, 1781.

. . . . “I have much to say to you on the subject of Dr. Priestley. I look upon his character as a preacher to be as amiable as his character as a philosopher is great. In the pulpit he is mild, persuasive, and unaffected, and his sermons are full of sound reasoning and good sense. He is not what is called an orator; he uses no action, no

declamation ; but his voice and manner are those of one friend speaking to another. If you will come to Birmingham, I will promise that you shall hear him preach ; for my brother and I have formally become a part of his congregation. I cannot promise to introduce you to him, as at present I have not the honour of his acquaintance ; but I shall lose no opportunity of procuring it. . . .

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

To Mr. D—— at London.

“Birmingham, May 14, 1781.

“I am going to trouble you with a commission. Not to buy me a new silk ; nor yet that highest pinnacle of female ornament, a new cap ; but a fashionable, plain, black riding hat, without either feathers or lace. One might suppose that one plain hat would be very like another ; yet there is a style, a manner, in a London hat which our untutored hats in the country cannot equal. My father has given me a habit of scarlet broad-cloth, and I am ambitious to look as well in it as I can.

“Next to having my hat fashionable, I wish to have it soon ; for I cannot wear my habit without it. Nor is my sole motive the impatience of ‘a child who hath new robes and may not wear them,’ though to this Juliet compares her impatience to see her lover ; but I am going with my mother to Aston [Derbyshire] next Monday, and the habit is as necessary for the journey as the hat is for the habit.

“My brother says I must send you the circumference

of my 'sappy pate,' which, strange to tell, is twenty-three inches. It is the reverse of *multum in parvo*. I forget whether you understand Latin.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

In 1781, Miss Hutton and her brother, Mrs. André and her brother, were all at Margate, where Miss Hutton says, “I was distinguished by the attention of many persons to whom I had hitherto been unknown. I was highly gratified, but I could not imagine why it should have been bestowed upon me.”

In 1783, Miss Hutton paid Mrs. André a visit of ten weeks. During that time they made an excursion to Bath and Bristol. The balls in London which she went to are mentioned in the following letters :—

To Mr. Thomas Hutton, Birmingham.

“London, March 13, 1783.

“My dear Brother,—

“Mrs. André received me with open arms; she is as lively, and as handsome, and as fat as ever. . . . Friday, 14.—I was here interrupted by a note from Mr. J. Woodhouse, saying that his mother and he would call upon us and take us to the City Assembly, whither we were going last night. I had not hoped to dance, for I had been told it was the fashion for the men to let the ladies sit still; but now I felt sure of a partner, and even imagined the compliment had been paid us for this purpose. At half-past seven the gentleman entered our

drawing room, dressed in a suit of pale blue French silk, spotted with pink and green, the coat lined with pink silk plush ; his hair in a bag, a white feather in his hat, a sword by his side, and his ruffles and frill of fine point lace. Much comfort, you may believe, I expected in such a partner ; but very little did I find, for the fine clothes danced every dance with another lady. The spectacle made me some amends, however, for it was the finest I ever saw, the Birth-night Ball excepted. The men were chiefly in dress coats, with their hair in bags ; those who were not, wore cloth coats, trimmed with narrow gold lace, white waistcoats of silver tissue, or ornamented with gold spangles, and the hair in a short, thick queue, with curls flying out on each side of the head. Many of the elderly ladies were almost covered with diamonds.

“The number of foreign faces were remarkable ; and half the names I heard were foreign ; among them was the French Ambassador. The subscription to the City Assembly is three guineas ; there are two hundred subscribers and ten nights, so each night’s expenses are sixty guineas. The subscribers are the first people in the city. The rooms are lighted with wax ; the branches for the candles, the urns for tea and coffee, and the baskets for cakes and macaroons are of silver. . . . My habit is made. It is dark blue, with a buff velvet collar, and small gilt buttons ; my waistcoat white, with gold spangles ; my ruffles and frill Mechlin lace ; my hat black, with feathers, gold lace, and gold fringe. I believe I never looked so well in my life. . . .

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

To Mr. Thomas Hutton, Birmingham.

“London, March 27, 1783.

“My dear Brother,—

“I was when I received yours, as when I wrote last, dressed for a ball, and, as I believed, for the same purpose too, that of seeing others dance ; but I was now prepared for it, being one of those on whom Pope bestows a ninth beatitude, ‘Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.’ I had not, however, always been an idle spectator at a ball, for on Monday I went with Mrs. Montier to the Clapham Assembly, and danced with our friend D——.

“I was two days with the Montiers. She insisted upon my passing half my time with them ; but I have doubts whether she was sincere, as such an invitation should have been sent to me at home. He demanded a week if I could give them no more. I have no doubt of his sincerity, for he is one of the most friendly, generous, and hospitable men I ever knew. I refused both ; for to stay would have been cheating Mrs. André and mortifying myself. The Montiers have a spacious house, elegantly furnished, a plain chariot for his use, and a *vis-à-vis* for hers, and three saddle horses ; gunpowder tea stands open on the table, and Madeira runs about the house like small beer.

“I have been running away to Clapham, instead of going to the London Assembly, where I went the Thursday after, and where fortune proved kinder than my expectation, and sent me a very agreeable partner in the person of a gentleman whom I had met at Mr. Montier’s. Three

balls in eight days! and next Thursday you may imagine me again at the London Assembly, and dancing with our friend Mr. Le Cointe, whom our kind stars have sent over from Flanders. . . . Mrs. André has made up a dress exactly like my new satin. I am glad my Black Prince of horses is well. I anticipate my future rides with pleasure.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

To Mr. Thomas Hutton, Birmingham.

“London, April 11, 1783.

“My dear Brother,—

“I was at the London Assembly last Thursday night, and danced to admiration; that is, to the admiration of myself. Mr. André tells me, however, that I dance like a piece of cork, and Mrs. André that I dance like Madam Catharina; and I really believe I never danced so well, or in such spirits, as on Thursday night. My partner, Mr. Le Cointe, wore a dress suit of deep mourning, a black sword, a *chapeau bras*, and broad-hemmed muslin ruffles, frill, and weepers.

“Did I ever tell you of the London Assembly? I think not. It is at the London Tavern, in the finest room that my eyes ever beheld. The walls are coloured light blue, and ornamented with carvings and paintings; a large recess at the lower end of the room is entirely of looking glass. The curtains and sofas are of pale blue silk, with gold fringe. The middle lustre cost 180 guineas. 120 couples can dance in four sets, divided by ropes. The subscription is five guineas for eight nights, and the

requisites for appearing are a dress coat or a laced frock. After all, it is much less genteel than the City Assembly, to become a member of which requires as great interest as to become a member of the House of Commons. Ladies who are in the habit of frequenting the City generally make it a point to go to the 'London' once in the season. . . . I have seen Mrs. Siddons play *Isabella*, and I made myself ill with weeping. . . .

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

Miss Hutton, in the next few lines, describes her fellow travellers in the coach from London to Birmingham, on her return home from visiting her friends.

“Birmingham, May 13, 1783.

. . . “The man to whom you and Mr. Le Cointe consigned me was beneath all notice. To him were added two young ladies whom we took up in Newgate St., and who were like myself returning to Birmingham; but you have set me above my native clay, at least for some time. One Miss was delicate, whispering and whining, and smiling; all she said was *yes* or *no*. The other was of the true *Brumicham* mould, honest and rough enough. She drank no *tay*, and *daynt* mind travelling all night. This company had its advantages, for it did not put me to the trouble of uttering a single syllable.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

Reference is again made in the following letter to Dr. Priestley. It would have been interesting to have known what he said of Miss Hutton. From the letter we gather

that he praised her very much. Reference is also made to a common mode of travelling a hundred years ago, viz., by a lady sitting on a pillion, which was a cushion or seat behind a gentleman or man-servant.

To Mrs. Coltman, at Leicester.

"Birmingham, July 16, 1783.

. . . . "If you and Mr. Coltman will mount some good and steady horse that will carry two, and favour us with a visit, I will mount my black and accompany you to the Leasowes, once the Paradise of your friend Shenstone, and we will contemplate the classic grove you once copied for him with your scissors. You will find the place occupied by an unpoetical Mr. Horne; but I believe he has taste enough not to alter it.

"Your letter contains the second proof I have that I am spoken handsomely of by Dr. Priestley; the first was so much in my favour that I dare not repeat it. You may be assured it gives me pleasure to be praised by him whom all men praise; but I cannot help confessing that not more praise is due to my talents than to the Doctor's penetration in finding them out; for I have not been in his company more than three times, and during them all I was awed by the consciousness of my own great inferiority. . . .

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

Mrs. André, in some of her letters, makes enquiries after the fashions in Birmingham. Miss Hutton, answering her enquiries in December, 1783, says:—"I have laughed twenty times at your idea of enquiring after

fashion at Birmingham, a place celebrated neither for fashion nor taste. We are showy enough, but nothing more. It is from you I must learn the fashion ; and I request you to tell me how the hair is worn, what hats are worn, what sort of hoops, and whether long or short petticoats."

Evidently, from the following letter, Miss Hutton's enquiries were answered.

" Birmingham, April 11, 1784.

" My dear Mrs. André,—

. . . . " My girdle was exactly what I wished. I wore it at an assembly, where I saw half a dozen ; but no other steel fringe has yet beamed among us. Your directions have metamorphosed a small hat into a large one, and have formed the dimity dress in which I am now writing ; but of all the patterns you sent, none pleased me more than the pattern of the cap. It was not that I wanted it so much as that of the cape, which was necessary to the very existence of my dress ; but it was so good, so considerate, to send it unasked, that for three days I could not help exclaiming, How kind is Mrs. André ! It put me in mind of the soups you provided for me in London, and a thousand other things you did to oblige me, without ever telling me what was your motive. Many people *say* friendly things, but you do them.

" I have had a remarkable instance of friendship here, which forms a good contrast to your own. A new acquaintance, a lady whom I considered my superior in fortune and connexions, became instantly so fond of me that if I expressed a desire to see a book or a paper she

sent it to me. If I were unwell, what could she do to assist me? and a bottle of drops, the best things in the world for nervous complaints, came the next day. When I admired the string on her cane, and the shapes on her shoes, she would make me such a cane string, and such a pair of shapes, in spite of all opposition. When she was absent I received a note every third day ; and when she was present she would not allow me to take a basin of soup from the table, or my thimble from the ground, if I had dropped it, lest I should fatigue myself. You may imagine that I did not sit very easy under these attentions. I was ashamed to receive the services from a lady that I should have claimed from a servant. I was hurt by marks of friendship which I knew I did not deserve, and could not return ; and I was oppressed by a feeling which assured me that her behaviour was not natural.

“The lady continued her visits and enquiries during my illness after I left you. I then heard nothing of her for two months. She lives five miles from Birmingham, and when I wrote to say I would pass a few days with her, she returned a civil, not a friendly answer. You will think it strange and so did I, but a little reflection unfolded the mystery. She had a furious desire to make a conquest of my brother ; she observed his attachment to his sister, and she made her attack through me. This having failed, we are now upon visiting terms, and shall probably end, as we ought to have begun, in common acquaintance, for we were not formed to be friends.

“I have been, unawares, led into telling you a long and, I am afraid, a tedious story ; but the comparison between

your behaviour and that of this lady drew me into the recital. With you there was no studied parade of attentions, yet everything was perfectly to my taste ; no violent professions of attachment, but a behaviour which left me perfectly at ease, and which, while it was in reality the most obliging, did not load me with the weight of the obligation.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

The following letter refers to a visit to Matlock, where Miss Hutton had been several times previously. Although she and her friend put up at the Old Bath, the first house of entertainment in the place, the accommodation, from the following incident, must have been very poor indeed.

To Mr. Thomas Hutton.

“Matlock, August, 1784.

“My dear Brother,—

“Mrs. André and I arrived here through a cloud of dust, which rendered my black habit scarcely fit to show itself at the Old Bath ; thither we drove, however, as I knew I was in company that I need not be ashamed of. The house was full, and we were stowed in a miserable room, with two beds, and without either lock or bolt to the door. Mrs. André had the precaution to place chairs against the door ; but, about midnight, they yielded to the efforts of two post-boys, whom, by the light of the rushlight, we saw staggering into the room, in a state of complete intoxication. I sunk away under the bed

clothes, and left the management of them to Mrs. André, who demanded, in a tone of authority, what they wanted. They replied that they wanted to come to bed. And, drunk as they were, they wanted no more than their own, for the beds were certainly theirs. After some loud remonstrances and threats on the part of Mrs. André, and some hearty curses on their own, they left us in full possession of their dormitory, and our guardian chairs were replaced ; but I was so little pleased with our lodging, and the interruption we had experienced in it, that I declared I would as soon lie at the bottom of the Derwent as remain in it another night. In the morning we changed our quarters for the New Bath, where we are passing our time very agreeably.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

Buxton, at the time of the visit of the Hutton family, was a very fashionable resort for invalids, and for lovers of beautiful scenery, but the accommodation for guests was of a very meagre description compared with what it was a few years later. The Crescent was just built, and the town beginning to assume a more imposing appearance.

To Mrs. André, Enfield, near London.

“Birmingham, July 31, 1785.

“You will be surprised, my dear Mrs. André, after what my father said to you in the winter, and I have said since, that you have not seen him and my mother in town. My father certainly intended you should, but my mother’s health was such that we thought her not able to undertake

the journey. She has been this last winter much worse than usual, and has alarmed us all exceedingly. I dreaded the fatigue she would undergo in travelling all night, and I thought the hurry and noise of London would be too much for her spirits ; I therefore used my interest to get London exchanged for some watering place, and at last I carried my point. I found my own advantage in this alteration, as well as my mother's ; for, if she gained good air and quiet, I gained a journey which I should otherwise not have had ; for I was determined to keep London by me till I could make you a visit.

“ At length we fixed upon Buxton. On our arrival there my father set seriously about the business of climbing rocks and exploring caverns ; and after having taken the altitude of some of the highest mountains by crawling up them on his hands and knees, and diving into the blackest caverns by the help of half a dozen candles, he considered that there was nothing more to be done at Buxton, and that he might be wanted at home ; at the end of four days, therefore, he left us.

“ At Buxton my mother was well, and I was well and happy, and only bathed and drank the water that I might neglect nothing which might contribute to keep me so. I had one gentleman to walk with me, another to speak French with me, and another to teach me backgammon. But to show you that I hate boasting, I will honestly confess that my converser in French was confined to his chair with the gout, and my instructor in backgammon was the father of a married woman.

“ With regard to my walking attendant, I make no

concessions ; he may be as handsome, as sensible, or as polite as you please, for I had him of all these descriptions. Very pleasantly did we pass a fortnight after my father left us, at the end of which time my brother came on my horse, and riding was added to my other amusements.

“ The country around Buxton is very hilly ; it affords little variety, but at first view it is a striking scene. The house we were at is the third in rank ; Matlock has taught me to avoid the first, where equipage and servants are necessary to be well received ; and the second here is the resort of the young and gay, and I thought it would not be agreeable to my mother.

“ I found at Buxton three Scotchmen, who have engaged my heart in favour of their countrymen. One was Mr. Bisset, the gouty gentleman I mentioned before, an invalid of six years' standing, though only thirty years of age, with an emaciated form, but a fine understanding, and a most accomplished mind. He passes his life in wandering from Bath to Buxton, and from Buxton to Harrogate, not in search of health, for that is above his hopes, but of some mitigation of his sufferings. Another, was a Captain Crawford, of the Navy, the son of a baronet ; handsome, generous, well bred, and a fine dancer. The last, though not the least, was Mr. Mollison, a surgeon of Port Glasgow, who had married Captain Crawford's sister. I found such favour in the sight of this gentleman that he earnestly invited me to pass six months with Mrs. Mollison and himself at Port Glasgow, where he is very desirous we should read the Bible through together.

“ Enough, you will say, of Buxton and Buxton people.

It may be so, but I cannot quit them without telling you that I have been to the farther end of the wonderful cavern at Castleton, which is commonly known by a name too coarse for me to repeat. Here, while we stood ready to be ferried over the Styx, our friends, Mr. Mollison and Captain Crawford, from whom we had parted at Buxton, expecting to see them no more, suddenly stood before us. It was like meeting them in another world. They were on their way to Harrogate, and, finding that they could take Castleton on their road, they followed us, and only left the place when we did.

“Another friend I have lost for ever, an elderly gentleman of the name of Henn, superior to every man in Birmingham in manner and acquirements, and inferior to none in understanding. He had been a merchant, but had long lived upon his fortune, and he had ever been more a literary than a mercantile man. He spoke many languages, and his ear was so correct that I believe he never committed the smallest error in any. In his youth he had been very handsome, and he had still the eye of a hawk. Mr. Henn sought my father’s acquaintance, and after he had once spoken to me, he would stroke down his ruffles and adjust his frill, and say, ‘Mr. Hutton, is your daughter at home?’ If my father answered in the affirmative he would come into the parlour, and he soon became so well acquainted with me that there were few weeks in which he did not drink tea at our house. He lent me French books, took a pleasure in correcting my pronunciation of the language, and read to me the whole of some of Molière’s plays, making me read after him.

“Mr. Henn was said to be very sarcastic, and was in general more feared than loved ; but I loved him only, for I never felt his lash. I think you did not see him when you were here ; but his set of acquaintance in London, and Mr. André’s, were the same. The names of Thelusson and Tessier are familiar to me from both.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

The following letters give a graphic description of a journey to Aberystwith in 1787. As a watering place it was then becoming fashionable. Miss Hutton calls it “a poor and petty place,” and such indeed it was. Previous to that time, however, it had been an important walled town, with a strong castle to defend it. The large parish church of Llanbadern-Vawr was formerly an episcopal see.

The site of the Talbot Hotel, where Miss Hutton attended a ball, is now occupied by the corn market ; the present Talbot Hotel was built on the opposite side of the street.

To Mr. Thomas Hutton, at Birmingham.

“Aberystwith, July, 1787.

“My dear Brother,—

“Our arrival here is announced at the top of my paper, but you will expect some account of our journey Through Kidderminster, Bewdley, and Cleobury, we reached the foot of the Clee Hills, and a steep and rugged ascent brought us to the summit, which presented to our

view a rich plain, bounded by high and distant hills, with Ludlow seated on a small hill in the centre. We visited its ancient castle, and then pursued our journey. After proceeding some miles along the vale, we mounted one of the hills which formed its boundary, and then toiled up another, and another. Day was closing, when we saw not a human creature. Night succeeded ; the rains descended and the winds blew, and most acceptable were the lights of the town of Bishop's Castle, when we saw them at some distance before us. At the inn here our floor was of brick, and our fire was to be lighted ; our supper was a pint of sherry made into a posset, and our beds were as hard as the floors of the rooms we occupied.

“From Bishop's Castle we travelled again over high hills ; but we had a most beautiful vale, the vale of Montgomery, on our right. At four miles we crossed Offa's Dyke, and for the first time entered Wales. At nine miles we came to the town of Montgomery ; but instead of passing through it, as we expected, our post-boy turned to the left, up a road as steep as a reasonable roof of a house. If the chaise had broken down, our necks might also have been broken by our rolling down to the roofs and chimneys of the houses of Montgomery. We soon found there was no other motive for mounting this hill than that we might get down again, which we did by running our horses' noses, first into the hedge on one side and then on the other, till our descent was completed, and we arrived at the banks of the Severn.

“We travelled by the side of the river to Newtown, where the master of the inn informed us that we were

forty-three miles from Aberystwith ; that neither chaise nor horses were to be had between the two places, and that he could not convey us without four horses.

“My father agreed to what he could not possibly dispute, and after waiting long for the assembling of the different parts of which our equipage was composed, it drove to the door. The horses were of different colours, from white to black ; and of different sizes, from that of a common horse to a pony. The drivers, for post-boys they could not be called, not driving post, were, one a farming man of forty years of age ; the other, the innkeeper’s son, of thirteen. Our road to Llanidloes followed the course of the Severn, and verdant hills rose so near us on every side that it was difficult to imagine by which way we could escape from them.

“Our inn at Llanidloes was built with brick, so was a house belonging to ‘a squire of five hundred a year,’ who dwells in the town ; the rest were raised and covered with planks. We sauntered to the churchyard and saw the graves covered with wicker work, or neatly paved with small stones. We strolled down to a rude wooden bridge over the Severn, and, as we were only five miles from its source, we endeavoured, but in vain, to catch a view of Plinlimmon.

“Strangers, like ourselves, attracted all eyes ; and among others the eyes of a man in a fustian coat, who did not appear as if, like the rest, he gained his bread by the labour of his hands. This man looked at me with so much attention that I fancied we might meet him the next day with a pistol in his hand, and I took especial care to

avoid mentioning in his hearing the road we intended to go. On my return to the inn I described him to Miss Parry, the daughter, who waited upon us ; and I added, ' This man looks as if he had no visible means of subsistence.' ' Oh, no,' she replied, ' he is a gentleman, with an estate of two hundred pounds a year.'

" In the evening, with the hill above Montgomery full in my remembrance, and the knowledge that four horses were necessary for the hills before us, I went into the kitchen and asked Mr. Parry if anybody ever came back alive from Aberystwith. He said there were some ' fou bonks,' to be sure, but that people did come back alive ; and our head coachman comforted us still further by observing that he had several times, generally once or twice a year, taken people thither in safety.

" Our road the next morning was so narrow that our carriage exactly filled it, but there was not the smallest danger of meeting another. To this succeeded open sheep pastures without a track, and at four miles we came to the village of Llangerrig and the River Wye. For five miles we followed the course of the river, between two ranges of hills which afforded pasture for numerous flocks, and from the hollows of which descended a thousand mountain torrents. Our road was formed on the range to the right, at such a height above the river as not to be frightful, though quite sufficient to dash us to pieces if we had fallen down the precipice. In most places a horse might have passed us if we had met any such animal ; I saw one place where I thought a cat must have climbed the mountain or dived into the river to have done so. There was in no

place any fence to impede the latter means of escaping. At nine miles from Llanidloes we crossed the Wye and left it, my mother and I choosing to walk over a bridge made of two planks rather than drive through the stream. After passing woods and bogs, and driving up the stony channel of a brook, we entered Cardiganshire, and at seventeen miles we arrived at the village of Yspytty Ystwith, where stands one of its inns.

“Till lately the inn at Yspytty afforded little entertainment for man or horse ; it now affords oats as well as hay for the latter ; the former still bring their provisions with them. Not that the innkeeper and his family do not eat, but they eat such food as is not agreeable to travellers. The ground floor of the inn consists of one habitable room, and one for lumber. A fire was blazing on the hearth of the former, and over it was stewing the family dinner, which was composed of cabbages, turnips, and carrots. The only servant, a labouring man, was, in the meantime, eating a bowlful of vegetable broth. The grand ornament of the room was a piece of bacon suspended from a beam ; and a morsel of this, occasionally, made a feast. The hostess desired our coachman to bring her a piece of beef, if he should come up to Aberystwith again this summer. That he will not I believe, and the family will go without beef at least another year, The upper part of the dwelling consisted of one room only, to which I mounted by a ladder, and which I entered by a small aperture left in the floor. This aperture conveyed all the light and air permitted to enter the apartment ; for window and chimney it had none. It had,

however, three beds, one for the master and mistress of the house, one for their servant, and one for the accommodation of any traveller who might be so unfortunate as to be obliged to sleep here. If he sleep between Llanidloes and Aberystwith, it must be here. The entrance occupied one angle of the room, the three beds the others ; and, by a very ingenious contrivance, curtains were rendered unnecessary. The two walls enclosed the head and one side of the bed ; a very neat mat reaching from the roof to the floor, enclosed the other side ; the foot of the bed was left open for ingress and egress, the roof formed the tester. We dined here on some cold tongue and some white bread which we had brought with us, and left the remainder, together with some tea and sugar, with our hostess ; and I considered every mouthful I ate as if it were depriving her of a part of her share of our luxuries. This woman had been a servant in London, and could scold her husband in very good English ; he could only answer in Welsh, and look unutterable things. Poor as from my description you will think this house, and poor as it certainly is, it yet possesses one of the greatest accommodations ever invented by the genius of man—a glazed window ! I believe we did not see a pane of glass from Llanidloes hither.

“A mile beyond Yspytty we came to the Devil’s Bridge, which is thrown from rock to rock over a deep chasm and foaming torrent. The story of its erection is as follows :—A woman had lost her cow, and at length saw it grazing on the opposite side of the chasm. In this situation, whether she applied to the devil for assistance, or whether

he appeared and voluntarily offered his services I am not certain, but he offered to build the bridge on condition of his taking the first living thing that passed over it. The condition was accepted ; the bridge arose, but the woman found that she had dealt with the devil without being a gainer by the bargain. She found, what she might probably have found before if she had sought for it, that if the cow came to her the cow was the sacrifice ; and if she went to the cow it was worse. From this dilemma she happily extricated herself by throwing a crust of bread across the river, and sending her dog for it over the bridge, thus proving that a woman, at least a Welsh woman, can cheat the devil.

“The world is so much improved since the days of the black architect that man has become the better workman, and has built a new bridge exactly over the old one. My father and I stood on the under bridge, with the arch of the upper over our heads, looking down a chasm of about a hundred feet to the river, and no parapet wall to secure us. We afterwards stepped from rock to rock to the river's brink above the bridge, and then went below the bridge till we saw all the falls except the last. The river breaks into beautiful cataracts, intermixed with rock and wood.

“From the Devil's Bridge a good turnpike road led us to Aberystwith, chiefly running over high grounds, with the Rheidol running at the bottom ; and for miles before we reached this place we saw the river terminating, and the town stretching out, in the sea. We were set down at the Talbot Inn, the mistress of which (the wife of Jacob

Jones) is, I believe, too civil to be sincere. My father leaves us on Sunday, and will be the bearer of this long, long letter.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

To Mr. Thomas Hutton, Birmingham.

“Aberystwith, August, 1787.

“My dear Brother,—

“We are shocked at the idea of my father’s having walked all the way to Shrewsbury. In such extremely hot weather, it was at the hazard of his life. We had no doubt of his taking a chaise from Machynlleth, as he would have done from here, if that of Jacob Jones had been at home.

“After my father had left us, my mother and I were allowed only one bed, and were obliged to mount another pair of stairs for that. There remained at the public table only three gay, dashing young men and ourselves, and we desired to have a private room, which was granted us. Here we ate our boiled chicken, or a mutton chop, till it was found that we did not drink a sufficient quantity of wine with it, and a hint was given us of a private lodging. We took the hint and soon after the lodging; and we now have a small parlour, a large chamber with two beds, a very good dinner, and our bread and butter for sixteen shillings a week each. Mutton is half-a-crown a quarter, veal is abominable, and beef is not to be had; ducks and geese are fishy; fish is plentiful, salmon is fourpence a pound; chickens are sixpence a couple, and are excellent. The common people complain that the sea bathers have

raised the provisions to an enormous price. The people we lodge with farm their own estate, and the daughters carry the milk pail on their heads.

“The beach at Aberystwith is covered with loose stones ; the cliffs are bold, black rocks. Bad as this beach is, we are constantly upon it. Betty, the old sea guide, says we ‘walk out of all reason ;’ but my poor mother is walking for her life. I am careless and happy ; I sing to the waves ; and twice I have danced at a ball at the Talbot. The first time, having no creature to go with, my mother was so kind as to accompany me. My partner was a clergyman, who would have been my partner for life, had I been so disposed. We met here a Captain Mostyn, whom we had known at Matlock, and who told my mother that I was the best dancer in the room. At the Talbot at Aberystwith this might be small praise, but he also said that I was the best dancer at Matlock. Nor is the clergyman my only captive. I was one day singing with our window open, little imagining that anyone would be charmed with the voice of the syren ; a gentleman, however, was listening, and was caught. In a place where there are so few persons a trifle serves for an introduction, and this gentleman introduced himself by joining us on the shore, and begging to have the honour of carrying a large bundle of sea weed which I had in my hand. After this he joined us in all our walks, and made some party for us every morning and every evening. At length he told me that he was only eight-and-forty, and that if I would marry him he would keep me a carriage. The revolution which took place on

this declaration is astonishing. I believe the gentleman is eight-and-fifty, and I do not want a carriage, but I did want society, and I was well enough pleased with his till he made this proposal ; afterwards I would have shunned him and could not ; and if I were to stay here much longer his attentions would render the place insupportable.

“The country people for twenty miles round call Aberystwith *town*. I laughed at this, but why should I laugh? True it is a poor, a petty place, but comparison makes all things small or great, and this is great compared with the villages of the country. The women universally wear a petticoat, and a jacket fitting close to the waist, of striped woollen, and a man's hat. A blue cloak many of them have, but it is reserved for dress, and in common they wear a long piece of woollen cloth wrapped round the waist. I have a hundred times seen a woman carrying a pitcher of water on her head, a child or a loaf in this wrapper, and knitting as she walked along. We shall expect my father at his own leisure, and are now assured he cannot walk without holding his horse's bridle in his hand.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

To Mr. Thomas Hutton, Birmingham.

“Shrewsbury, Sept. 7th, 1787.

“My dear Brother,—

“As I was picking up weeds on the shore at Aberystwith, at some distance from my mother, I saw my father join her. No loose pebbles could retard me, and I ran

swiftly till I came up to them. On Thursday morning we left the place, and when we reached the top of the hill that overlooks it, I admired the view ; but it was the only place I ever left wishing that I might not see it again. At ten miles we came to the River Dyfi, or as it is pronounced Dovey. We were here very near its mouth ; and on the opposite side of the river, snugly seated under a hill, we saw the little town of Aberdyfi. Its bells we did not hear ; and, notwithstanding the authority of the song, I doubt whether it has bells ; at least, if it have more than one, it has more than any of its countrymen.

“ We had come into Wales up the Severn and the Wye, and down the Rheidol ; we returned up the Dyfi, which we traced to Machynlleth and Mallwyd. I was become tolerably at ease on the subject of steep hills, for at the top of every one a wheel was locked, and at the bottom of one down went the drag ; but I could not be reconciled to steep precipices without a fence. We had a tremendous one before we got to Machynlleth where my father’s horse took fright at a projecting rock, and ran backwards to the very edge. Our terror is not to be imagined.

“ With some difficulty we procured beds at Mallwyd for ourselves and a large party that was following us, and yesterday we arrived at Welshpool. We had plodded through Wales, never having travelled five miles in any one hour ; and I honestly confess that I like this good old fashion better than the modern one of galloping down hills and on the brink of precipices. At Pool we dismissed the chaise which had brought us from Aberystwith, and having

slept there, we this morning began to travel post. I acknowledge the comfort of level roads, but I feel no respect for the plains of Salop, after quitting the magnificent mountains of Wales.

“We have had friends here who have shown us every object worth seeing in the town, which has fatigued my mother so much that I shall carefully avoid the civilities of our friends in future. We thought of seeing the iron bridge in Coalbrook Dale, but we have already seen too much.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

Blackpool, as described in Miss Hutton's letters, forms a strong contrast to the Blackpool of to-day. The name of the place is not inserted in any of the old maps of the county, which shows that it was only considered formerly as a residence for fishermen.

One hundred years ago the inhabitants of Blackpool numbered two hundred, and the visitors four hundred. In 1889 the population was over twenty thousand, and at least a million of people were brought annually to the place.

During a recent visit I tried unsuccessfully to find out the old boarding house at which the Hutton family stayed, but no one could give me any information respecting it.

To Mrs. André, Enfield, near London.

“Birmingham, July, 1788.

“My dear Mrs. André,—

. . . . “I thank you for your description of the long gauze cloak, which would have enabled me to

make mine correctly if it had not been made before it arrived ; but, having waited a fortnight, I considered that your milliner was very uncertain, that my wanting the cloak to take to Blackpool was very sure, and that if I committed a trifling error there was probably no one who could detect me ; so I made it without a lesson from my good preceptress, and have succeeded tolerably well. It is very full and very elegant, and when it appears it draws all eyes after the wearer. There is nothing like it to be seen in Birmingham. . . .

“You need not fear our attachment to Miss Beaudesert should rival that we feel for you. My brother is less partial to her than he was ; she has written to him several times, without having ever received a line in return ; and as to me, I acknowledge that she is very fond of me, but since I have discovered that I have a brother I regard the extreme fondness of young women towards myself with some distrust.

“On Saturday we set out on our journey, and on Monday evening expect to arrive at Blackpool, where we shall pass two or three months if the place agree with my mother.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

“Blackpool, Aug., 1788.

“My dear Mrs. André,—

“You desire an account of Blackpool and you shall have it. Blackpool is situated on a level, dreary, moorish coast ; the cliffs are of earth, and not very high. It consists of a few houses, ranged in a line with the sea, and

four of these are for the reception of company ; one accommodating 30, one 60, one 80, and the other 100 persons. We were strangers to all, and on the recommendation of the master of the inn at Preston, we drove to the house of 80, which is called the Lane's End.

“The company now consisted of about 70, and I never found myself in such a mob. The people sat down to table behind their knives and forks, to be ready for their dinner ; while my father, my mother, and myself, who did not choose to scramble, stood behind, till some one, more considerate than the rest, made room for us. These people are, in general, of a species called Boltoners ; that is, rich, rough, honest manufacturers of the town of Bolton, whose coarseness of manners is proverbial even among their countrymen. The other houses are frequented by better company ; that is, Lancashire gentry, Liverpool merchants, and Manchester manufacturers. I find here that I have no equals but the lawyers : for those who are my equals in fortune are distinguished by their vulgarity, and those who are my equals in manners are above me in situation. Fortunately for me, there is no lack of lawyers in Lancashire, Preston alone containing fifty ; and there are always at Blackpool some whom I like, and with these I laugh at the rest.

“Good company, like good wine, needs no bush ; the company of this house being, in general, not good, I am its bush. If any strangers of a better sort stray here by chance, they are sure to find me out ; and I have more than once been the occasion of their not seeking other quarters. The master of the house has been heard to

declare that he would keep me for nothing, and save the credit of his establishment, rather than let me go.

“The general observations I have been enabled to make on the Lancastrians are that the Boltoners are sincere, good-humoured, and noisy; the Manchestrians reserved and purse-proud; the Liverpoolians free and open as the ocean on which they get their riches. I know little of the gentry, but I believe them to be generous, hospitable, and rather given to intemperance. All ranks and both sexes are more robust than the people of the south. Hysterics and the long train of nervous disorders are unknown in the county.

“The progress of the arts, even the art of cookery, is from south to north. We have here the wife of the rector of Rochdale, a gentlewoman of the old school, in person and manner resembling a good fat housekeeper, who, I dare say, never heard of a curry in her life, yet is excellently skilled in pickling shrimps, potting herrings, raising goose pies, and flourishing in pastry.

“Surgery is practised in a curious manner by some individuals of the name of Taylor, who are known by the appellation of the Whitworth Doctors. They were originally farriers, and, by a transition easy in the country, they became bonesetters and surgeons; but it is said that they retain such partiality for their first patients that they frequently say to a human being, ‘Howd mon, yo mon weat a bit; yond hoss has ben comn a lung while. I mun goo to it, so yo mun stop till E dun it.’ The success of these practitioners has rendered their village a collection of hospitals, almost every house lodging the maimed or

diseased, and some being erected expressly for that purpose. No patient is visited at his lodgings if he is able to attend at the house of his doctors ; and there, no attention is paid to rank or circumstances, the first comer being first served.

“Glauber salts are bought by the hogshead ; salves are boiled in large furnaces. In the shop stand two jars containing four gallons each ; the one filled with a green digestive ointment, the other with a white cerate ; and from one of these every patient, who is able, spreads his own plaister, on paper, if he has not brought his own lint or rag. On an average, the doctors dress one hundred and forty persons daily ; and on Sundays, the days they bleed gratuitously, the patients are arranged around the room ; one operator opens the veins, another holds the basins, and a third follows and binds the arms. The wives of the doctors compound the medicines, by rule of thumb and finger. A lady who is here has been cured of a cancer by the Whitworth Doctors. Her cure was effected by the application of a powder which they call *keen*, and of which they have two sorts, one red, the other white. The pain occasioned by this powder was excruciating, but it lasted no longer than the patient chose to bear it, for she was furnished with a plaister which relieved it instantly ; but her cure was going on only while the *keen* was operating. The lady bore the pain for one, two, or three hours daily, and probably bore it the better as it was in her own power to put an end to it ; the cancer was totally eradicated, and she married and has children, but her constitution seems to have received a shock, and perhaps she had acted wiser if she had taken a longer time to remove her disorder.

“The manner of this lady is so mild and placid that it seems impossible for any of the storms of life to discompose it. Her behaviour to her husband is complying and submissive, yet she suffers him to retire to bed early, and sits up late herself, playing at cards. She treats her child, a sweet girl of three years old, with gentleness; yet she leaves her to anyone who will notice her. I constantly see that her manner is affected, yet I cannot help fancying that her real self is more amiable. Perhaps I am mistaken; perhaps she has vanity and no feeling. But to return to the Whitworth Doctors.

“Dr. White, a physician of Manchester, said to Dr. John, the founder of the college, ‘Well, how many patients have you killed this year?’ ‘It matters not how many,’ replied John; ‘I kill them cheaper than you.’ Cheap, indeed, does this doctor kill or cure; his terms to those who attend at his house being only two shillings a week, including operations, applications, and medicines. At going away, a patient is supplied with a large quantity of specifics of all kinds, if he choose to take them, for the sum of six or eight shillings. By man and beast, notwithstanding his moderate charges, Doctor John is said to have accumulated thirty thousand pounds; but his riches have not changed his way of life. His bed is fixed in a corner of the room in which he dresses his patients; it is closely boarded on the two other sides, and he enters it by a door which he shuts after him.

“Other surgeons there are in Lancashire, though of less notoriety than the Whitworth Doctors. I saw in a newspaper, the advertisement of a ‘Noted surgeon,

called 'Ellen Haythornthwaite,' which name, by the way, includes as many letters as can well be crammed into three syllables. This 'noted surgeon,' who lives in the Forest of Bowland, is supposed to be one of the best surgeons in the country. She has performed several amazing cures, given up for being incurable by the Whitworth Doctors and others. This is not to be wondered at, as neither the Whitworth Doctors nor others, pretend to cure cures. Ellen Haythornthwaite goes on to say:— 'As for asthmas, coughs, fevers, and all internal disorders, she will not prescribe a large quantity of drugs, and yet effectually cure, if curable. But as for burns, scalds, fractured skulls, bruises, and all external wounds, she will, in a very little time, make a perfect cure, if they come to her before they are mortified. N.B.—She will take nothing in hand if she finds it incurable. Her charges are also very moderate; only 12d. a week if they come to her. She travels none abroad.'

"There are three things remarkable in this advertisement besides the bad English. This female surgeon cures with little medicine, in a little time, and for a little money. She also furnishes an instance of what I have observed, that the people of the north are not equal to those of the south in refinement, but they surpass them in sincerity; the surgeon of the Forest of Bowland undertakes only to cure what is curable; while the quacks of the metropolis profess to cure all, without distinction.

"Enough of Lancashire surgery. Enough of everything, except that I am yours very faithfully,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

“Blackpool, Oct. 16, 1788.

“My dear Mrs. André,—

“You will be as much surprised as I was to hear that your brother was come into Warwickshire to seek a wife. My brother introduced him to the ladies of Beaudesert, whom he, my brother, had casually mentioned to him. He liked the youngest, declared himself her lover, and then, accompanied by my brother, came and passed a fortnight at Blackpool.

“I have had an offer here, and, for the first time in my life, I have not instantly refused such an offer; but I shall refuse it. The man is handsome, gentlemanly, and agreeable enough; but he has been an officer in the army, and a free liver, things totally out of my sober way. Your brother, who observed his attentions, says I am saucy; I think I am not; but nothing should prevail on me to quit my mother during the time she has to live; and if I had not the objections above mentioned, how could I desire any man to wait for her death?

“I am sorry to say that my mother has not received that benefit from Blackpool which we expected. She improved so much last summer at Aberystwith that my father and I proposed her passing the winter on the coast of Devonshire; and should actually have attended her thither, had it not been opposed by Dr. Withering,* who said that the good which might arise from it was doubtful, that he should not think himself justified in separating my

* A celebrated Birmingham physician and botanist. It was he who first discovered the medicinal use of the foxglove. Dr. Withering was born March 17, 1741, died Oct. 6, 1799, and was buried in a vault under Edgbaston Church.

mother from the rest of her family. To make ourselves some amends, we determined she should stay long here ; but we have been unfortunate. Instead of sea breezes, we have had land breezes laden with the smoke of turf, and my mother has had a violent cold, attended with fever, which has confined her to her room. I have divided my time between her and the party below ; being seldom long with her, and never long away.

“ To the lady who had the cancer succeeded a Quaker lady, who was here with her father. She was rather pretty, rather sensible, very firm, and very positive. One night after supper she entered into a dispute with a gentleman concerning the slave trade. At first I joined her, as I look upon all men as my fellow creatures, be their colour what it may ; but I soon drew off and left the cause to her, who was willing to support it. I determined very early in life never to enter into a dispute. I had never seen one person convinced by his opponent, but I had seen many offended ; besides I always thought it unamiable in woman. Our Quaker thought otherwise, and she displayed much zeal and sound argument, while fifty people were listening with the most profound attention, till the contest grew so warm that the gentleman recollected he ought rather to submit to a lady than quarrel with her.

“ On another occasion I was more resolute than the fair Quaker ; I was taking an airing on the sands, with her and her father, in their carriage, when there had nearly been an end of my letters to you, and, if I had not been with them, I verily think there would have been an end of all the diseases of the father, and all the daughter’s love of

admiration, and all the coachman's wise remarks ; for Moses, who had never been five miles from his own plough before, had, when he was first shown the sea and the vessels, insisted they were nothing but carts on a turbary. Moses was driving us at the edge of the water, and sometimes in it, when the carriage sunk into a hole under the water, and stuck fast. The tide was flowing rapidly, as it does on this level shore ; the lady screamed, the gentleman bewailed his situation, Moses was dumbfounded and immovable ; when I cried with a loud and firm voice ' Turn your horses' heads towards the shore, and flog them heartily.' Moses obeyed ; the horses made a desperate effort, and we were saved.

" All the boarding houses at Blackpool have been gradually deserted ; and yesterday my mother and I dined alone in that room which had contained four-score persons, while the wintry blast howled on three sides of it. To-day my father came to conduct us home, and we shall return by Manchester and Buxton.

" CATHERINE HUTTON."

Although the " Boltoners," as Miss Hutton calls some of the visitors at the boarding house at Blackpool, were a rough sort of people, they were very polite to her. She says : " I was a great favourite with these people, who would have done anything for me, in their way ; one thing they did, I should think, out of the common way. My mother and I slept over the dining room, and one night, after we were in bed, they were so obstreperous below that the noise was insupportable, and, ringing for the chambermaid, I sent her down with my compliments to the

gentlemen, begging that they would not make quite so much noise, as we were immediately over their heads. Not another sound was heard, and I believe they went to bed to oblige me. The next morning, before I could apologise for the liberty I had taken, they were all around me expressing their sorrow for having disturbed us, and their ignorance that they were doing so."

The following interesting account of the Theatre at Blackpool, at the time of Miss Hutton's visit, is taken from "Hutton's History of Blackpool, 1788 :"—"Beauty displays itself in the dance, and in a place dignified with the name of The Theatre ; if *that* will bear the name which, during nine months in the year, is only the threshing-floor of a barn. But even this homely style is vastly superior to that of the ancients ; for the first comedy ever performed was by Sussarian and Dolan, five hundred and sixty-two years before the Christian era, upon a scaffold in the open air ; and the first tragedy by Thespis at Athens, in a waggon.

"I saw the company arrive at Blackpool, and thought the queens of the stage looked as if their dignity was hurt at being caught in a *cart* ; however, they acted for once without assuming a borrowed character. Rows of benches are placed one behind another, and honoured with the names of *pit* and *gallery* ; the first two shillings, the other one. The house is said to hold six pounds ; it was half filled.

"The amusements with which Blackpool is *unfurnished*, and which might be easily supplied, are tennis, shuttlecock, cricket, shuffle-board, and billiards."

Miss Hutton says: "I think it was in 1790 that I saw Mrs. Jordan in all her girlish characters, and in the opposite one of Sir Harry Wildair—all alike, the hoyden and the man of fashion, all perfection. Here ended my theatrical enjoyments, and they could not have had a brighter close.

"I have seen Mrs. Siddons in the splendour of her tragic career, and I have been ill with the tears she has made me shed; but I think I have seen study—art, if you please—peep out in all the Kembles."

"Birmingham, Jan. 9, 1791.

"My dear Mrs. André.—

. . . . "I thank you for your account of the fashions, a subject always interesting to me. In return, you desire a description of our fashions, which I am as little qualified to give as any woman in Birmingham; having never dressed, or seen others dressed, since the mourning for the Duke of Cumberland, save once, that I was at a concert and ball. We were all very fine, but the most elegant women there were those of your own country, the daughters of Sir Benjamin Hamet. These ladies wore dark silk bodies, with long sleeves, and gauze skirts over white. Their gowns came very high over the shoulders and sides of the bosom; and instead of neckerchiefs they had only lace tuckers, standing up all round. They had sashes of black velvet sparkling with steel, and worn, not round the waist, but over the shoulder.

"I had a white satin body with pink satin sleeves, and a spotted book-muslin skirt over pink satin. The muslin skirt had two narrow flounces of the same, bound with

pink satin riband. My cap, which resembled those of the Miss Hamet's more than any other in the room, was of white crape, made very plain, high, and narrow, and had a bunch of barley-corns in the front.

“You will be surprised when I tell you that I have not laid out sixpence in hat or bonnet since I was in London last summer. My beaver hat is my beaver hat still, only I have cut it smaller; and my pink bonnet is yet my best, without any alteration whatever. The one cost me one pound ten, the other one pound six, and I think I have made them do something for their money. Mrs. Bingham had a new hat from Davis's, in Bond Street, last Friday; the brim is exactly a nail in breadth, and it has a fringe of feathers which comes just to the edge. Thus, my dear friend, have I given you some of your own fashions, for ours are only deserving of notice as they resemble yours. I forgot to say that I danced one dance at the ball, the first since I strained my foot, and that I performed admirably.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

CHURCH AND KING RIOTS OF 1791.

It is now one hundred years since the disgraceful scenes recorded in the two following letters took place. Living as we do now in such tolerant and peaceful times, we can scarcely believe that such events could have taken place. The Church and King Riots of 1791 will ever form a blot in the history of our town, and a sad page in the history of our country. These riots shocked all Europe, as being an outburst of religious bigotry and intolerance, chiefly directed against the Unitarians.

Several causes led to them, among which were the following:—The Old Library, now in Union Street, was founded in 1779; some of the members of it attempted to introduce Dr. Priestley's polemical works, to which the clergy of the Established Church were averse; hence arose two parties, and as a natural consequence animosity in both. Another cause was an attempt on the part of the Nonconformists to procure a repeal of the Test Act, which Act prevented conscientious Nonconformists from becoming justices of the peace, owing to their having to take the Sacrament according to the form of the Established Church before becoming magistrates. This Act was not repealed until May 9th, 1828. Certain matters of controversy supplied another cause. Some uncharitable expressions which fell from the episcopal pulpits involved Dr. Priestley in a dispute with the clergy. To dispute with the doctor was deemed the road to preferment. "He had already made two bishops, and there were still several heads which wanted mitres."

Another circumstance which gave great offence to the Church party was the celebration of the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille by a public dinner at the Hotel. Fortunately, Dr. Priestley and William Hutton were not at the dinner. A powerful element of destruction is to be found in all large towns, in the shape of a mob, who care nothing for principles, only for plunder. The leaders of the mob in these riots, shame to say, were the justices of the town, who ought to have known better.

The riots commenced on the 14th of July by breaking the windows of the Hotel, when some one in the crowd

cried out, "Go and burn the Meetings." The mob marched down Bull Street, and in half an hour the New Meeting was in a blaze. At this point it is thought that the magistrates would have stopped the riots had they been able. The Old Meeting was the next building burnt down. This was followed by Dr. Priestley's house, about a mile from Birmingham, which was plundered and burnt without mercy. The destruction of Dr. Priestley's library, philosophical apparatus, and his invaluable manuscripts, which could never be replaced, may be considered a national loss.

On the 15th a mob of about a thousand persons attacked the house of John Ryland, Esq., at Easy Hill, now Easy Row, which was then quite in the country. Here the mob regaled themselves with so much wine, that six or seven lost their lives owing to the burning roof falling in upon them. The destruction of Bordesley Hall, the residence of John Taylor, Esq., with William Hutton's town house, completed the work of Friday, July 15th. On Saturday, the 16th, the rioters commenced with the burning of William Hutton's country house at Bennett's Hill, Washwood Heath, which Miss Hutton has so graphically described in the following letters. The beautiful residences of George Humphrys, Esq., and of William Russell, Esq., were reduced to ashes; and Moseley Hall, the property of John Taylor, Esq., was also destroyed. "The rioters next fired the house of the Rev. Mr. Hobson, and burnt his all; then to Mr. Harwood's, whose house was licensed for public worship; they then plundered the dwelling of the Rev. Mr. Coates, one of the ministers of

the Old Meeting, and the houses of Mr. Hawkes and Thomas Russell, Esq. Sunday, the 17th, was ushered in with the burning of Kingswood Meeting House, the Parsonage House, with that of Mr. Cox, licensed for divine service." The latter part of the day was devoted to an attack upon Edgbaston Hall, the residence of Dr. Withering, who, though a Conformist to the Established form of doctrine, had sheltered some Nonconformists. The timely arrival of the military prevented the destruction of the house, and the mob silently dispersed. During all this time Birmingham was in a state of panic, all the shops were closed; people cried out, and wrote outside their houses, "Church and King," in order to preserve their property from destruction.

Reference is made in Miss Hutton's letters to the Court of Requests (or the Court of Conscience as it was often called), which was a court for the recovery of small debts, over which, as one of the Commissioners, William Hutton presided gratuitously for nineteen years. In the official capacity of Commissioner, he says:—"I studied the good of others, not my own. Three points I ever kept in view, to keep order, do justice tempered with lenity, and compose differences. Armed with power, I have put a period to thousands of quarrels, have softened the rugged tempers of devouring antagonists, and, without expense to themselves, sent them away friends. But the fatal rock upon which I split was, *I never could find a way to let both parties win.* If ninety-nine were content, and one was not, that one would be more solicitous to injure me than the ninety-nine to serve me." The fact of his being a

Commissioner and a Unitarian was sufficient to cause the destruction of William Hutton's property.

That he was a very moderate man in his views, the following quotation from his "Narrative of the Riots," written at the time, will prove:—"Were I to give a confession of faith, I should readily pronounce that every religion upon earth is right, and yet none are perfect, for perfection is not with us. Infinite wisdom has appointed many ways to happiness. The road a man takes is of less consequence than his conduct in that road. The different modes of conducting worship are only ceremonials, which are in themselves indifferent. Every species of religion tends to improve the man, otherwise it is not religion. Should a Jew cheat me, I have no right to charge it to his religion, but to his *want* of religion. He must have fallen short of its principles. If a Presbyterian is accused of lying, he falls short of his profession. If a Churchman is accused of swearing, he will find it difficult to justify himself by the liturgy. Hence it follows that I cannot blame either the King or the Church, though my houses were destroyed in those names, for it was done by people who would have sold their King for a jug of ale, and demolished the Church for a bottle of gin. The few among them who were the instigators better understood thirty-nine bottles of wine than the Thirty-nine Articles. These are the weeds of the Church, the tares among the wheat. The real members of the Church of England disdain every idea of wanton cruelty. If one religion merits a preference to another, that preference ought to arise from an extension of benevolence."

Reference is made in the letters to the destruction of William Hutton's town house. In the last century, many of the leading inhabitants spent much of their time at their town residences during the winter months. Birmingham was then very different from what it is now. What is at present the upper part of New Street then consisted of fields, and many of the houses had gardens at the back of them. William Hutton's town house, which was in High Street, exactly opposite the end of New Street, was very handsomely furnished and fitted up, and contained a valuable library, which, with a fine collection of engravings, was all destroyed. A drawing of one of the chimney-pieces, with a description of the fine old oak staircase, with the inlaid Chippendale balustrade of exquisite workmanship, has appeared in one of our local illustrated periodicals.* At this house Miss Hutton enjoyed the society of many literary friends, Dr. Priestley, Mr. Berrington, Mr. Hamper, Mr. Robert Bage, and others. The riots produced such an effect upon Miss Hutton, that she says, in one of her subsequent letters, "I have for ever quitted Birmingham as a home." We cannot wonder that she ever afterwards spoke in a cynical manner of her native town.

"Birmingham, July 21, 1791.

"My dear Friend,—

"To say that I thank you for your letter would be to use the language of ceremony; you will have a better idea of my feelings when I tell you that the first tears I

* "Faces and Places," June, 1889.

shed during our misfortunes were when I read it. Were I alone in distress, I would instantly fly to Enfield, and shut myself up with you there for the summer; but my cares are due to others, who cannot leave this place, notwithstanding the ill-usage they have met with in it. I wish I could give you a narrative of our sufferings, but I fear neither my time nor my head is equal to it. I will, however, begin.

“On Thursday, the 14th, a number of gentlemen were to dine at the Hotel, to commemorate the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastile. Dr. Priestley admired my father, and frequently took tea with us without ceremony. On Wednesday, the 6th, he drank tea with us, and asked my father to join the party at the dinner. ‘I wish well to liberty everywhere,’ replied my father, ‘but public dinners are out of my way.’ The Doctor then asked Mr. Berrington, the author of the Lives of Henry the Second, and of Abelard and Heloïse, who was also with us, if he would dine. ‘No,’ said Mr. Berrington, ‘we Catholics stand better with Government than you Dissenters, and we will not make common cause with you.’ On Monday, the 11th, the advertisement respecting the dinner appeared again in the Birmingham newspaper; and immediately under it was another, informing the public that the names of the gentlemen who should dine at the Hotel on Thursday would be published, price one halfpenny. This seemed a signal for mischief; but mischief was unknown in Birmingham, and no one regarded it.

“On Tuesday, 12th, I went to Bennett’s Hill [Wash-wood Heath], to pass a few days with my mother. In the

evening my brother came, and told us that a riot was expected on Thursday ; but so little was I interested by the intelligence that it left no impression on my mind. The word *riot*, since so dreadful, conveyed no other idea than that of verbal abuse.

“On Thursday evening, when my brother came, I had not so much as thought of the intended riot ; but he told me, unasked, that a mob had assembled before the Hotel, broken the windows, and hissed and groaned at the gentlemen as they left the house. I heard it as the news of the day, and thought of it no more.

“On Friday morning, at seven o'clock, when I no more expected mischief than if I had been in heaven, my mother came into my room and told me that the Old and New Meeting Houses, and Dr. Priestley's house, were burnt to the ground. I heard it with grief and astonishment, but without any alarm for ourselves, who, I believed, had injured no one. My mother added, ‘Now they are going to attack the houses of the Dissenters.’ I saw in a moment which way her fears pointed, and I said, ‘They cannot injure us. My father was not at the dinner ; and, though a Dissenter, he is a very moderate man.’ ‘Ah!’ said my mother, ‘you forget the Court of Conscience!’

“My mother was much alarmed, and I not perfectly at ease, though I endeavoured to comfort her, till eleven o'clock, when two men, strangers to us, came to tell us that Mr. Ryland's house was then on fire ; that our house was to be the next, and that if we pleased they would assist in removing the furniture to a place of safety. It was now time to act. I employed them to take down valences, and

take to pieces bedsteads, under the superintendence of my mother. I sent my keys to Birmingham by our coachman, with orders to the maids there to secure the plate, linen, and clothes, and I went myself to the houses of three different farmers in the neighbourhood to request them to receive our goods. The first replied, 'No, I've no room here.' The second said, 'Aye, yo' may send 'em.' But a third joining us, and saying, 'But don't you think you bayn't in no danger yourself if you take 'em in?' the friendly neighbour said, 'Why aye, I dayn't think o' that; yo' moan't send 'em.' It then first occurred to me that I was a humble suppliant. Till now I had imagined that anyone who was not of the mob himself would cheerfully assist us to escape the depredations of the mob. The next man to whom I applied allowed me to fill his house and barn.

"We now repaired each to his post. My mother sent different articles of furniture; Ann C——, our maid-servant, and our two assistants carried them, and I received them; till our neighbour would take no more, and I returned home. I now packed up china as fast as two persons could give me the different pieces, and pieces of paper to put between them. My mother's sister, my uncle's wife, and a female neighbour, having heard of the misfortune which hung over our heads, came to tender their services, and the latter took some of our property; so that when our coachman returned, and I ordered him to drive the carriage to the inn at Castle Bromwich, there was nothing left to put in it, except a carpet and some tins and coppers.

“ A farmer’s wife, who lived at the distance of a mile and a half, dressed herself in her holiday clothes, and came in her dung cart, with a party of her friends, to enjoy the spectacle of a house in a blaze ; and appeared in some confusion when she found we were yet in possession of it, and she was obliged to explain the motive of her visit.

“ A sudden panic now seized our neighbour, and he insisted upon our furniture being taken out of his house. My father, finding himself unable to secure our house at Birmingham, came to us accompanied by ten men, determined to defend this ; and the first service they were employed in was to bring back the goods. Exhausted by fatigue, disappointment, and fasting, we sat down in despair, and consigned our furniture to the fate of our house.

“ A hackney coach, which had been sent for, now stood at our gate ; my mother and my aunt got into it ; I spread a sheet on the floor, and having thrown into it such of my mother’s clothes as were next me, I carried it in my hand and followed. Our maid and a woman who had two days’ employment at our house every week, both exceedingly drunk, attended at the coach door, with a hypocritical whine. The maid returned, like the dog, to her vomit ; the woman to plunder. A search warrant has since found our new carpet hidden under her bed, and some earthenware and kettles in her cottage. I might here add that our coachman, by whom I had sent the keys to Birmingham, never delivered them, and stood by while the maids there broke open the drawers, though he had the keys in his pocket.

“Our day had not been distinguished by the common divisions of dinner time and tea time. We had known no hour, we had tasted no food ; I was surprised when I saw the sun near its setting, and it was nine o'clock when we arrived at the house of my aunt's son, with whom she lives. Here we tried to eat and could not.

“From hence we despatched a messenger into High Street, to bring us tidings of the state of our house. These were that the doors were fast, the windows were broken, and a mob was assembled before it, who said that they would not burn the house on account of the adjoining houses. Our next intelligence was that a panel of the door was broken, and the next that the mob had entered, paper was being thrown out of the drawing room windows, and women were carrying out aprons full of our property. This was a dreadful moment indeed. I thought I should sink upon the floor ; but I recollected that I had a mother, and, instead of giving way to despair, I ran to comfort her.

“At one o'clock in the morning we were joined by my father and my brother. My father's men had become intoxicated and refractory, and he had been obliged to abandon the house at Bennett's Hill. Between three and four o'clock we all retired to bed, but not to sleep. Between five and six my aunt came into the room in which my mother and I were lying, and told us that she had been in High Street, where the mob were still employed ; that drawers, wardrobes, and clothes were being thrown out of the windows, and prints being trampled in the street. She added that my father's life was threatened. I rose instantly and went into his room, where I found him

dressed and sitting on a chair. I told him what I had heard, and begged he would let me order a post-chaise to take us to Sutton, a small town about seven miles distant, for I had now only one object in view, which was to save my father. With great difficulty he consented, and at seven o'clock he, my mother, and myself were seated in the chaise. We placed ourselves as much as possible before my father, and endeavoured to hide him as if he were flying from justice, while he was most indignant. 'What,' said he, 'have I been giving my time and my best services to the town, without fee or reward, to skulk from it like a malefactor! Let me go and face the mob, and set them at defiance!'

"Our prayers and entreaties in some measure calmed my father, and we breakfasted at the Three Tuns at Sutton, not having eaten anything since breakfast the day before. After breakfast I set out lodging hunting, and I engaged, at a butcher's, a parlour, just decent, and a bed room far from it, being open to the stairs and roof, and containing two tattered, moth-eaten, stuff beds. I then went to purchase muslin for a nightcap, otherwise my pocket handkerchief must have been the substitute, as it had been the night before. I now seated myself with my father and mother, and we reflected more at leisure on our misfortunes.

"In the early part of the evening my brother had seen a mob advancing to attack our house in Birmingham, and had gone out to meet them, when a bludgeon was raised to knock him down, and he would probably have been killed had not a butcher arrested the uplifted arm

and cried, 'D——n you, don't you know he's Church and King? I went to school with him!'* My brother then represented to the people that they might be much more worthily employed in rescuing the property of Mr. Taylor, of Bordesley, whose house was then beset by another party of rioters, than in destroying the house belonging to him who had never offended them. Mob as they were, for a moment they listened to reason, and from their intended victim my brother became their hero. They placed him at their head, and, with a fiddle playing before him, they marched to Bordesley ; but the moment they saw their fellow mob engaged in the fascinating work of destruction they deserted their leader and joined the destroyers.

“My brother employed and assisted some spectators of a better sort to deposit Mr. Taylor's property in the neighbouring houses till they would take no more. He then returned alone towards our house in Birmingham. In a short time he saw flying feathers, but whether from our beds he knew not. In Digbeth he saw one of our drawing room chairs, which put the matter out of doubt. At the door of Mr. Carless, a respectable druggist, who lives near our house, he saw a bundle of writing paper, worth about five pounds, standing in the street. He took it up, and requested Mr. Carless to allow him to deposit it in his house. This Mr. Carless refused, and the paper was left in the street and destroyed. Exhausted with fatigue and thirst, my brother begged for a draught of water, and this Mr. Carless also refused. My brother's last request,

* This was said to save Mr. Hutton's life.

and I wonder how he had the courage to make it, was for leave to pass through Mr. Carless's house in order to avoid the rioters assembled before ours. This was, of course, refused ; and my brother happily made his way through the mob undiscovered, while they were throwing furniture from the windows into the street. He now joined us, at twelve o'clock, at Sutton. He told us that the destruction of our house at Birmingham was completed, but that the neighbours had prevented its being set on fire for fear of injury to themselves ; that a party of rioters had attacked the house at Bennett's Hill at four o'clock in the morning, and my uncle had prevailed upon them to desist by giving them ale at the village ; that another party had appeared at seven o'clock, and had reduced the whole of the building to ashes. He added that it was no longer safe for him to remain in Birmingham.

“The mischief was now completed, and we encouraged each other to bear it. I had lost all I had collected, all that I had possessed ; but I looked round me and saw my father, mother, and brother, and I was rich. I had been driven from two good homes, but I saw in imagination my mother and myself settled in our humble lodging, my father visiting us every week, my brother occasionally, and I was content.

“At dinner, we thought the mistress of the house waited upon us rather ungraciously, and in the evening she desired us, after some preface, to seek another habitation. The panic had spread to Sutton ! and at seven miles from the scene of outrage, a butcher who had only half a sheep to lose, durst not harbour a family of innocent fugitives !

“We all four sallied into the street, my brother carrying our worldly goods in a pocket handkerchief, and the inhabitants gazing at us as if we were animals unseen before, and directed our steps to the Tuns. The mistress of the house would have lodged us, though I saw she was afraid ; but I told my father that *I must sleep*, and, though I believed Sutton to be out of danger, I thought it was not out of the reach of alarm ; I therefore entreated him to go to Tamworth, to which he reluctantly consented. At the Castle at Tamworth we fared frugally, but were not able to discharge our bill.

“On Sunday morning my father was become quite ungovernable. He said it was madness to be at such a distance from the wreck of his property ; while we thought it little less that he should expose his person ; but, as we could not detain him, we resolved to go with him. We crossed the country to Castle Bromwich, by a road which never chaise went before, and of which we walked nearly a mile ; and the first object that met our eyes was our coachman lolling at the door of the inn, and exhibiting by his livery a sign that either we, or something belonging to us, was sheltered there.

“Here we dined in a bedroom, and spoke in whispers. When we had dined, no arguments or entreaties could deter my father from going to see the remains of his house at Bennett’s Hill, which was little more than three miles distant, and on the road to Birmingham ; and my brother, seeing him determined, accompanied him.

“The champions of Church and King, having destroyed Mr. Taylor’s house at Bordesley, proceeded to

Moseley Hall, which was also his property, and coolly declared their intention of burning it, because it belonged to a Dissenter ; but it was occupied by the Lady Dowager Carhampton, who was of the Established Church, and these nice distributors of justice told her to remove herself and her furniture. The poor old blind woman did as she was directed ; the rioters assisted in loading four waggons with the goods, and ten of them, armed with bludgeons, formed an escort, and were to march through Castle Bromwich. They were now approaching, and the news of their exploit preceded them.

“With much difficulty I got our coachman into our room, which looked upon the road ; the windows were open, on account of the heat, and the curtains were drawn over them. I locked the door, and put the key in my pocket. ‘The rioters are coming,’ said I to the man ; ‘sit down there, and do not speak.’ ‘No,’ replied he, ‘I’ll go down and speak to them ; they none of them know me.’ ‘If they do not know you,’ said I, ‘they may know your livery ; you shall not move.’ ‘I had better go to ’em,’ said he ; ‘they won’t hurt me ; they all know me.’ This I believed, for he had driven a hackney coach in Birmingham. I made him sit down on the bed-side, I placed myself by him, grasped his arm, and answered not a word to all he muttered. My mother, who sat at the bed’s head, was equally silent.

“We heard the waggons draw near ; they halted under our windows ; and never did such language, such oaths and imprecations, assail my ears as I heard from the wretches who accompanied them. They entered the

house, and I heard them swear that they believed some Presbyterian was in it, and they would either burn it or pull it down. I expected every moment that we should be betrayed, either by the people of the inn or my prisoner, and I was prepared for the event. I would have gone among them and said, 'We are only women, and one of us is a poor, sick woman ; you will scorn to molest us. I am the friend both of Church and King ; you see I wear your colours on my head.' I happened to have a blue riband on my cap. Then, as the last and most prevailing argument, I would have presented them with two borrowed guineas, which I had in my pocket, and said, 'here is all our money ; drink our healths.' Fortunately, my money and my eloquence were spared, for we were not discovered ; and, most fortunately, my father had left us, for he would certainly have discovered himself. Two hours we remained speechless and immovable. At the end of this time eight of the rioters went back to Birmingham, and two went on with the waggons.

"Castle Bromwich was too near the scene of action, and I determined to quit it ; I ran downstairs when the coast was clear, and ordered the chaise to be in readiness to take us to Sutton, as soon as my father and brother should return. I found that they were already come, and were talking, over the garden wall, with the master of the house, who thought his own safety concerned in keeping them from the view even of his neighbours. They had found all the people of the vicinity assembled round the smoking ruins of our house at Bennett's Hill, and seeming to consider the place as public property, on which everyone

might trample but the owner. They talked, laughed and amused themselves with the spectacle, while they seemed to wonder at the audacity of my father and brother in appearing among them.

“It was night when we left Castle Bromwich ; we took my father and brother into the chaise on Berwood Common, not together, but separately, for my father was leaning pensively on a mile-stone waiting for us, and my brother had determined to walk on. My powers of language would fail if I were to attempt to describe our feelings when we met a troop of dragoons on full trot, going to the rescue of devoted Birmingham. We put our hands out of the chaise windows, shook hands with the soldiers, gave them money, and expressed our joy in a manner bordering upon extravagance. At Sutton, the mistress of the inn congratulated us, and we congratulated each other, on our safety.

“On Monday morning my father and brother went to Birmingham, and finding, like Noah’s dove, a resting-place for their feet, they returned no more. My mother and I remained at Sutton, where we were not quite so happy as during our transports on meeting the soldiers. Birmingham was allowed to be safe, now they were in it ; but the rioters were supposed to be marching to Sutton every hour ; and I had a pair of horses harnessed, to be put to the only post-chaise of the inn, the moment it came home. Before that arrived, we discovered that the alarm was unfounded.

“On Tuesday afternoon my aunt came in our carriage to take us to her house in Birmingham, which had been

our first asylum. Our coachman had his stable hat instead of a laced one, a dirty silk handkerchief round his neck, instead of a white one, a week's beard on his face, worsted stockings on his legs, dirty shoes on his feet, and was excessively drunk. After he had refreshed himself with some more liquor, I went to him and said, 'John, we have changed our minds, we shall not go to Birmingham till to-morrow morning.' 'But you must go now,' he replied, 'for my master ordered me to bring you.' 'No matter for that,' I said, 'we shall not go till to-morrow.' 'I suppose you think I'm not capable of driving you,' said the man; 'and if that's the case, there's my whip, and d——n me if ever I mount the box again.' My blood boiled, but the riots had loosened every tie of subordination, and the greatest blackguard was the master; I therefore only replied, 'I know you are a good driver, but we shall not go to-day,' reserving to myself, however, the right of making him keep his word about mounting the box, at least after he had once set us down in Birmingham. I had soon the satisfaction of seeing him fast asleep in the stable.

"On Wednesday morning our coachman was surly, but silent, and took us in safety to the house of my aunt and cousin, where we now are. He is already paid and discharged. We are now seeking a home. Many of our friends have given us invitations, and, among the rest your brother; but we have declined them all; for my mother's state of health is such that she must have some little place that she can call her own.

"For some days I had nothing in the world but the clothes I wore; the rest of my apparel, my money, my

letters, my papers, my prints, and my music were gone. Odd things are now coming in every hour, such as have been preserved by our friends, and the servants at Birmingham, or such as plunderers dare no longer keep. Among the former is my guitar, which some imp of mischief was carrying off in its case, when a neighbour bought it for sixpence. My poor Dash was taken home by a servant who had lived with us, and married, and has also been restored to me ; and our cat, with her whiskers burnt off and her feet scorched, was found among the ruins by another, and is now anointed with oil, and fed with a teaspoon.

“ We are all as well as we can expect to be after what we have suffered, which is, as you may suppose, being very unwell. My father and brother are prodigiously fallen away ; I am recovering. Thank Mr. André for us all. I did not intend to write so much, but I have taken one sheet of paper after another, and knew not where to leave off.

“ CATHERINE HUTTON.

“ To Mrs. André, Enfield, near London.”

“ Vauxhall, nr. Birmingham,

“ Aug. 25, 1791.

“ My dear Mrs. André,

“ The place from whence I date this tells you our home, and a most delightful one it is ; but I need not describe it, for I think you have been here. Upon second thoughts I think you have not, so I will tell you that it is a kind of tavern, with a bowling green, orchestra, woods and walks ; and that, during the summer, there is a public night once

a week, on which there are musical performances, as at your Vauxhall, except that they, as well as the company which frequents them, are upon a smaller scale and in a lower style. Here we board and lodge, that is my mother and myself, for a guinea and a half a week the two. My father sups and sleeps here, paying for his supper. We have a spacious dining room, which we are obliged to quit on public nights, when we sit in my mother's bedroom. We choose to eat alone, but do not require a dinner to be provided for us. Upon the whole, we are as comfortably situated as people can expect to be who have lost two good houses.

“Mrs. Lea spoke the truth in saying that my father was re-established in the house in High Street. The rioters demolished all the doors, windows, chimney-pieces, wainscots, skirting boards, and banisters, together with the roof of the house. They then began upon the stairs, and tore up about six ; but they found this work far more laborious, and less amusing, than setting a house in a blaze, and they desisted. To have fired the whole would have produced a glorious scene had not the neighbours prevented it, in consideration of themselves ; but the carrying off paper, and tearing to pieces the inside of a house, proved a tedious and fatiguing business, and they gave it up for better sport.

“On Tuesday, the 19th July, my father got boards nailed together for outer doors, old glazed windows put up in front, and again appeared at business, though in the most lamentable situation imaginable. In the course of a week he had new doors, windows, and grates put up in the

kitchen, new furnished it entirely, and it became the sole eating room for him and my brother, and the cook and the housemaid. In about another week they had got two old bedsteads, and my brother and the servants slept in the house, which they continue to do still. If I were to describe the furniture of their apartments you would for a moment cease to lament the occasion of it to laugh at its oddity. Curtains are a luxury my brother does not know except to his windows, and one of these is blue and the other yellow. A piece of oilcloth hung up serves for a door, and but for this the room would be open to the court, for there is no outer door below.

“What could be the cause of this scene of devastation? ‘The Church was in danger. If the rioters had not destroyed the Meeting Houses, the Dissenters would have destroyed the Church.’ Such was the belief of the *best* part of the mob, and such belief must have been occasioned by the insinuations of their superiors, but the motive of the *greatest* part was plunder, and if the soldiers had not arrived when they did the former inducement would have been lost in the latter, and Church and King would have been involved in one common spoliation with the Dissenters.

“Party spirit had been gradually declining for an age, and seemed totally annihilated in Birmingham, where trade had mingled all its votaries in one mass. The first circumstance which revived the distinction between the Churchman and the Presbyterian was the application of the Dissenters to Parliament for the repeal of the Test Act. No liberal-minded man can deny that every one

who pays obedience to the laws has an equal right to the advantages of the laws ; yet, as the taking the Sacrament in the Church of England was the only impediment in the way of the Dissenters, they might as well have made their consciences leap over it as have drawn down an odium upon themselves. I have said to my father, who joined them—‘ Nothing can be more reasonable than your request ; but the rod hangs over you harmless and forgotten, and I would not revive the remembrance of it.’

“ A circumstance which particularly rendered Birmingham a likely theatre for mischief was the zeal of Dr. Priestley, fervent though not intemperate. Having fully assured himself of the truth in religion, he conceived it his duty to go abroad into the world and endeavour to persuade all mortals to embrace it, an idea which has done more mischief than any which ever entered the erring mind of man. He sometimes, too, in his sermons, glanced at politics—a subject that should never be mingled with religion ; and this treasured up wrath for him against the day of wrath. I look upon Dr. Priestley as a good man, attached to his King and country, and meaning well to every creature ; but, though unintentionally, and himself the first sufferer, he was, I think, one of the primary causes of the riots in Birmingham, by rousing the spirit of bigotry and all uncharitableness in others. He was himself so unconscious of having done wrong, nay, he was so certain of having done only right, that his friends took him almost by force from his house and saved him from the vengeance of a mob who would have torn him to pieces.

“As for my father, he was not one of Dr. Priestley’s hearers ; he was not at the dinner. It is true he thought that laws should bind the actions, not the consciences of man ; but he had no disputes on religion, no opinion on politics. He was the victim of revenge ; he had compelled ten thousand blackguards to pay their just debts, and, at this time of general license, they were let loose upon him.

“That this infuriated mob was originally instigated by *somebody* does not admit of a doubt. Men will assemble and riot for want or oppression, for bread, or for taxes ; but what mechanic will leave his labour, and burn his neighbour’s house, because Church and King are in danger from a few gentlemen dining together to commemorate the French Revolution, if such a notion be not instilled into his mind for such a purpose ? It is said that emissaries were sent from London to induce the populace to riot ; and if so, they were amply seconded by those of our own people who should have prevented it. It is certain that the magistrates mingled with the mob assembled before the Hotel, and instead of keeping them quiet encouraged them to mischief. I believe it is equally certain that they rejoiced at the demolition of the two Meeting Houses, and the house of Dr. Priestley ; and here I believe they would have stopped, and could not. They had put in motion an engine of such power that they were not able to stop its progress.

“The Court of Requests, which had occasioned the destruction of so much of my father’s property, furnished the means of saving a part. The Beadle of the Court

who was also a Sheriff's Officer, shared the plunder of the house at Birmingham, and whatever he and his man could seize was reserved for us in a chamber in his house. I went there, and among broken chairs and sofas I found some welcome bundles of linen ; most welcome to me, for no part of my apparel had been changed during our troubles. Everything was marked with dirt or blood, the tokens of the danger it had escaped.

“ I then dressed and went in search of a home. Some lodgings were so mean that they would *not* do ; others, as we were very humble, would *just* do ; but everybody seemed afraid to admit us. We could have taken a tolerably good house which was unoccupied, but the owner, Mr. B——, a miscreant attorney, a promoter of the riots, refused to let it to us. At length I succeeded at Vauxhall, and, after a stay of four days with my aunt and cousin, we removed to our new habitation, considering ourselves under especial obligation to the master and mistress of the house that they would afford us beds and board for our money.

“ I thank you, my dear friend, for your offered assistance in purchasing for us clothes and goods.

“ The time may come, if we have restitution made, when we shall trouble you ; but at present we want neither, for we have no necessity to wear the one, or place to put the other. I have never, since I knew my own wants, wanted so little as now that I have scarcely anything ; and the reason is that I do not go from home. I have never been in the house of any friend since the calamity happened except that of my cousin, which

sheltered us from it. My father and brother have tolerably well recovered it ; my mother is worse than at first ; and I am neither well nor ill.

“ CATHERINE HUTTON.

“ To Mrs. André,
“ Enfield, near London.”

DR. PRIESTLEY.

A few words about Dr. Priestley will not be out of place here, particularly as he was Miss Hutton's pastor and friend, and the greatest sufferer in the riots. Joseph Priestley, LL.D., F.R.S., the great theologian, philosopher, and chemist, was born March 13th, 1733, Old Style, at Fieldhead, about six miles from Leeds. He was brought up under the care of an aunt, his father's sister, who had married a Mr. Keighley. This pious and excellent woman brought up her nephew in strictly Calvinistic views, but she was far from believing salvation to be limited only to those who thought as she did on religious subjects ; hence, as Dr. Priestley says, “ I was brought up with sentiments of piety, but without bigotry.”

This kind and liberal woman spared no expense in the education of her nephew ; he was sent to some excellent schools, where, by the age of sixteen, he had acquired a good knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. His fondness for books led his aunt to think of his becoming a minister, and he readily entered into her views. In 1752 he was sent to the academy at Daventry, which was free and open to Nonconformists of all opinions.

In 1761 he removed to Warrington, where he married

a daughter of Mr. Isaac Wilkinson, an ironmaster residing near Wrexham. Dr. Priestley's daughter Sarah, who was born at Warrington, afterwards married a Mr. William Finch, of Heath Forge, near Dudley, and became mother of the ladies of that name previously mentioned. In 1767 Dr. Priestley removed to Leeds, and assumed the pastorate of Mill Hill Chapel. While at Leeds, a proposal was made to him to accompany Captain Cook, in his second voyage to the South Seas; but some clergymen on the Board of Longitude, objected to the arrangement because Dr. Priestley was a Unitarian.

In 1774 he had an offer to live with Earl Shelburne (afterwards the Marquis of Lansdowne), nominally as librarian, but really as a friend. The earl paid him very liberally, and provided a house for him to live in, and left him an annuity for life. This arrangement was of great advantage to Dr. Priestley, as he had the opportunity of travelling abroad, and also time for his philosophical studies.

In 1780 he became pastor of the New Meeting congregation, where he continued to officiate till 1791, when all he possessed was destroyed by rioters, and he himself narrowly escaped martyrdom. Dr. Priestley's works are very numerous. He has written on a great variety of subjects, more particularly on theology and chemistry. The last literary work in which he was engaged was the study of the works of Plato and Aristotle, Marcus Antonius, Epictetus, Seneca, and others, in order to make a comparison between the systems of the Grecian philosophers and Christianity.

Miss Hutton possessed the original letter which Dr. Priestley wrote to her father after the riots. It contains a comment on a passage just quoted from William Hutton's account of the riots. It is inserted here, as Miss Hutton says: "I think it shows the doctor's character more than all the volumes he has written."

Letter from Dr. Priestley to William Hutton.

"Clapton, July 7, 1792.

"Dear Sir,—I thank you for the great pleasure I have had in reading your excellent *Account of the Riots in Birmingham*. Though written while the dismal scene in which you were so great and undeserved a sufferer was recent, you preserve the same cheerful and benevolent spirit that distinguishes everything you have written, and even that pleasant humour that always delights me in your works. I think it cannot fail to do good with those who are capable of reading with candour, and some I hope there are of that class in all places, Birmingham itself not excepted.

"You will, however, excuse a few remarks. First, you are too complimentary to myself. Second, you are candid, I think, to an excess; and seem to think all religions as alike, which will make many persons imagine you are an unbeliever. Two opposite systems cannot both be true, and whatever any man deems to be important truths he must wish that others would embrace. Hence you should not condemn the spirit of proselytism. You cannot, indeed, do it without condemning the conduct of the Apostles and Reformers in all ages.

“If you think there is anything worth your notice in this remark, you will shorten one part of your work, which I think will well bear it.

“I often speak of your case as the hardest of any of the sufferers. There was an ostensible and plausible reason for attacking me, but you had done nothing amiss.

“Every trial, however, in which we behave as we ought, will be of use both to ourselves and others. By the help of my friends I have once more furnished my laboratory, and am beginning to work again. If it be a second time demolished I shall not make a third attempt.

“With my best respects to your son and daughter,

“I am,

“Dear Sir,

“Yours sincerely,

“J. PRIESTLEY.”

The first sermon that Dr. Priestley preached after the riots was from the text, “*Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do.*”

At Clapton, where the Doctor found a home, he did not consider himself safe, as the same ill-will existed in London against the Nonconformists as in Birmingham. In April, 1794, he and his wife set sail for America. On his arrival at New York he was welcomed by the Governor, and numerous letters of congratulation were sent to him. Dr. Priestley finally settled at Northumberland, on the banks of the Susquehanna, where his sons had gone before him, and where this truly great and good man passed away on the 6th of February, 1804.

“ By Prejudice and Error forced to roam,
Here found the exiled sage a distant home,
Here mild Religion bade his troubles cease,
And active Genius earn'd the meed of peace.”

In Corry's "Life of Priestley," published in 1804, is a description of his personal appearance. "Dr. Priestley was about the middle stature, or five feet eight inches high. He was slender and well proportioned; his complexion was fair, his eyes grey and sparkling with intelligence, and his whole countenance was expressive of the benignity of his heart. He often smiled, but seldom laughed. He was extremely active and agile in his motions. He walked fast and very erect, and his deportment was dignified. His common dress was a black coat without a cape, a fine linen or cambric stock, a cocked hat, a powdered wig (which, however, he laid aside in America), shoes, and buckles. The whole of his dress was remarkably clean, and this purity of person and simple dignity of manners evinced that philosophic propriety throughout his conduct as a private individual."

A very handsome tablet was erected to his memory in the New Meeting, Birmingham; the inscription on it was from the pen of his friend, the learned Dr. Samuel Parr, of Hatton, who belonged to the Established Church. When the New Meeting Congregation removed to the Church of the Messiah, this tablet was re-erected in that church.

Tardy justice has been done to this much persecuted man by the erection of a statue to him in Birmingham, in a very prominent position. It was subscribed for by the

learned societies and others, and was unveiled on the centenary of the discovery of oxygen [Aug. 1, 1774.]

The doctor is represented as standing in Lord Shelburne's garden, at Bowood, near Calne, in Wiltshire. He is in the act of concentrating the sun's rays upon certain chemicals with a lens which he holds in his hand. Thus he discovered oxygen, or what he described as "an air five or six times as good as common air."

The original lens, which I have examined with veneration, is in the possession of Madame Belloc, great-granddaughter of Dr. Priestley.

"Bristol Hotwells, Oct. 23, 1791.

"My dear Mrs. André,—

. . . . "My mother has been ever since the riots most lamentably and helplessly ill, and I think has been always getting worse. . . . We came here with our own horses, and were four days upon the road. . . . We are situated at a boarding house, where my mother lives unseen by the company, and I breakfast and drink tea with her, and dine and sup with them.

"When we were settled at Vauxhall, I walked to our ruined house at Bennett's Hill. I looked carefully over the ground, and discovered a Balm of Gilead, an auricula, and a wallflower. I took them with me, planted them in pots, bought a small watering pan, and considered them as the foundation of a future garden. Indeed, our spirits, except my mother's, have risen superior to our losses. My father has begun to rebuild and repair his houses, my brother to purchase books and prints, and I to collect costumes and

write journals. My mother alone has sunk under terror and anxiety, operating on a frame already diseased.

“ My head and pen have been employed since the riots in making out an inventory of the things we have lost. It is not finished, and I have brought it with me ; but the subject which at Vauxhall occupied all my thoughts that were not directed to my mother I cannot take up here. I have not yet been able to resume it, but necessity will soon compel me.

“ CATHERINE HUTTON.”

“ Hotwells, Oct. 28, 1791.

“ My dear Father,—

“ We receive your letters with mingled joy and terror. Such is the situation of our affairs, that though we wish, we dread to hear from home ; and a letter from you without your having one of ours to answer almost took away our breath. The intelligence it contains is by no means pleasing, yet we thought ourselves fortunate it was not worse.

“ I am not surprised that Brooke is employed against the sufferers ; I expected it, and so I dare say did he, but I think there is something scandalous in putting on the committee the justices who first lighted the fire-brands of the mob. All the committee whom I know are the professed enemies of the Dissenters, except Mr. Carver, who I believe is the enemy of no man ; but surely such men as Lord Aylesford and Sir Roger Newdigate will not lend their names to injustice. I am decidedly of your opinion that it is better to give up the purposed

prosecution of the justices, and I hope you will support that opinion with all your power. Truth, as Dr. Priestley says, must prevail, but it will prevail sooner if men's minds are left to cool of themselves than if they are kept heated by opposition.

"We intreat you never to go again to the Court of Conscience; it is a duty you owe to yourself and to us. You have devoted every Friday of your life to it during nineteen years, and much of your other time; you have heard a clamour that would have deafened, and breathed an atmosphere that would have poisoned a horse; and your sole reward has been insult and the destruction of your property.

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

To Mrs. Hutton, at the Hotwells, Bristol.

"Birmingham, Oct. 23, 1791.

. . . . "Dr. Priestley comes no more. He has taken a house near London for twenty-one years, provided he lives and the house stands so long.

"WILLIAM HUTTON."

The following letter is from William Hutton to his daughter at the Hotwells, Bristol:—

"Birmingham, Oct. 25, 1791.

"My dear Love,—

"On Monday, Tibbins signed, sealed and delivered over to me the cottage* at Bennett's Hill [Washwood

* The cottage here mentioned was situated on the opposite side of the road to the one burnt down by the rioters. It afforded the Hutton family shelter until their own house was rebuilt.

Heath], and this morning I visited the place to puff as landlord, and to examine what fixtures were mine. The people talked of quitting next week ; I said they might go when they pleased, and I should take rent only for the time they occupied the house. We parted amicably.

“The cry of the whole country is that we sufferers will be denied our demands. I think from a simple advertisement in our last paper that disputes between rioters and sufferers will soon open. The blusterers for the Church bully, and the Church herself stands aloof. A man is unwilling to be drawn into an argument which he cannot support. Report says that a party has been formed to vote that Dr. Priestley should not return, and that the Doctor has said this hurts him more than all his sufferings.*

“Be particular in thy next as to thy mother’s health, and how you both spend your time and like your situation. Does thy dear mother repent going to the Hotwells? I own it was a bold venture, but I could not in conscience omit it. *A propos* of conscience, Archer, my successor, told me to-day that he was not able to conduct the court, but would give it up. He wished I would take the reins. Another man observed that the commissioners did not know what they were doing ; that they could not understand the cases ; and that if I did not return the court

* Mr. Thomas Richards, of High Street, Birmingham, in writing to his daughter at school, Nov. 13th, 1791, says :—“Dr. Priestley offered to come to be with us for a few Sundays at Livery Street Chapel, but many of the congregation thought it better to deprive themselves of the pleasure of his company rather than expose him to the risk of insult from our Birmingham savages.”

would not last a year. This is not true.—I wish you had better weather ; do not spare the horses ; he who wishes to preserve life, must struggle for it, whether at the Hotwells or Birmingham ; we are not in a land of rest. I long and wait for a letter.—No, there is none.

“ Thursday, 27th.—I have received thy letter. I fully expected thy mother would be attacked by a cold ; change of air and circumstances will occasion it in delicate constitutions. You have nothing to fear from the mob assembled to see you set off ; they were exasperated at Thomas dashing his horses among them, but emollient words pacified them. As we are sober people, let us drive soberly. What would I give to kiss those lips which I have often kissed, and hear that music with which I have been often charmed !

“ Thine,

“ WILLIAM HUTTON.”

“ Birmingham, Oct. 30, 1791.

. . . . “ Do not distress thyself about my resuming the direction of the Court of Conscience ; I am as likely to distribute justice while sitting on a bench in the moon.

“ WILLIAM HUTTON.”

To Catherine Hutton, Hotwells, Bristol.

“ Birmingham, Nov. 3, 1791.

“ I am sorry, my dear girl, that I was not understood in conveying Dr. Withering’s remark. He seemed to think it right to use the water ; so do I, but I depend more upon the air. . . . I appeared to-day against Mrs. Parker,

who set fire to the coach-house, with three evidences all clear ; she will be committed. I helped last night to overturn the prosecution against the magistrates, and succeeded. Such a pursuit would only continue the war, and cause us to be again beaten. I want peace, I want money ; but what should I have wanted, had my house and warehouse at Birmingham been burnt !

“Whitehouse told me to-night that I might have possession of the cottage at Bennett’s Hill when I pleased. I mean to have it made ready for the reception of inanimate things, not of living ones.

“The ‘Duke of Ormond,’ who has made so swindling a figure in the papers, was taken yesterday in your dining room at Vauxhall. He is well known here, for we abound with rogues, burners, and pickpockets. Wallis, the constable, had information of his being at Vauxhall, and burst open the door. He knew him, and exclaimed: ‘What, Griffin ! are you there ?’ Ormond, alias Griffin, instantly drew out a pistol, and shot Wallis in the mouth.

“When you return we must be at Vauxhall till the cottage can be made habitable. As to your own house, I do not know in what year it will be finished, but this I know that we have four or five workmen there at play. I think all the windows in the house at Birmingham are replaced, except those in the best chamber, dining room, and library, and some of the doors are hung. Hold thy inventories ready for the mail at an hour’s notice ; I shall start like a race-horse, and run as hard. Priestley and company are recovering ground. Weighty things are said in their favour, without fear ; and nothing is said against them but

what flows from the fumes of strong beer. In the London papers it is asked whether the Dissenters burnt their own houses ; and a Presbyterian parson, who attempted to gain the favour of the Church by preaching a sermon against his brethren, has been torn to pieces by the pen. If truth is to prevail, according to the Doctor's prophecy, I care not how soon.

“Nov. 4.—I am just returned from Bennett's Hill, where six people are doing anything but getting on. In my return I called at Vauxhall, and approached it as a home I valued, a shelter from the storm. The blood of Wallis is yet visible in your apartment. He is in great danger. The ball has been extracted from the mouth ; his tongue was blown to pieces, and four of his teeth are supposed to lodge in the back part of the neck. Berrington has just called ; he is clever. I long to hear of thy dear mother, a name most precious.

“WILLIAM HUTTON.”

“Birmingham, Nov. 14, 1791.

. “I supped with William Humphrys a few nights ago. We were a select company of only seven persons (all sufferers in the riots), and I estimated our joint property at £400,000. The design was to prosecute the superior powers.

“John Ryland and I carried it in the negative, which hurt poor William Russell, who is really a good man, so much that he will resign the direction.

“WILLIAM HUTTON.”

The following description of Irish society in the middle of the last century exactly bears out Lecky's account of it in his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," Vol. II. :—

"Vauxhall, near Birmingham,

"Dec. 11, 1791.

"My dear Mrs. André,—

"We remained at the Hotwells exactly a month, and have now been here three weeks. During the latter part of our stay my mother was what we call tolerably well; and, though since our return she has not been quite so well, we rub on without medicines. She is much obliged by your attention and solicitude, for she well knows that yours are not the enquiries of ceremony. Ever since the riots I have had a mind resigned and unrepining, but I cannot say capable of much enjoyment. I was pleased with the attention of my friends, and particularly affected by yours but I had lost my relish for society, except that of my own family.

"In this disposition at the Hotwells I was civil to the company when I met them at dinner, but I left them as soon as I could, and saw them no more till the supper bell summoned me to meet them again. By degrees I found out that a Captain Jacob was a sensible and agreeable man, and a Miss Chartres a most amiable woman, and that insensibility was melting away. I again felt the charm of liking people, and being liked by them, and I believe the whole *materia medica* could not have done me so much good. I am now returning to my troubles and vexations,

to appointments with lawyers, and conferences with appraisers ; but I mix with a society of a better kind, and I hope I shall not lose my inclination to do so still.

“ Miss Chartres is an Irish lady of good family, but without pretension, affectation, or ceremony. She and I approached each other by a sort of instinct. Her constitution received an early shock. When she was fourteen, and growing very fast, she was bridesmaid to a cousin who married a gentleman who was member for the county of Wexford, and who lived in a style which has long been exploded, if it was ever practised, in England. The family, exclusive of servants, consisted generally of about fifty persons, some of whom were constantly going and coming as if the mansion had been an inn.

“ The company dined at six o'clock and supped at eleven. This was a meal of which Miss Chartres and another cousin of the bride were not allowed to partake, and at this hour their aunt, who was mother to the young mistress of the house, saw her nieces safe in bed, and then retired herself. The young ladies, who had only put on their night caps without undressing, then arose, and joined the company below. The supper was always followed by a ball, two fiddlers and a piper being kept among the train of domestics. At four o'clock in the morning tea and coffee and a hot cake were brought in ; and when these refreshments were taken away the party sang and conversed, and each retired to rest when he pleased.

“ Breakfast stood on the table from nine o'clock in the morning till two ; few persons were ready for it before one, by which time their strength was recruited ; but poor

Miss Chartres and her cousin, whom their good aunt had seen so safely in bed, were obliged to take it at nine o'clock, and had scarcely any time allowed them for repose. For a whole fortnight Miss Chartres never took off her clothes except to change them; and one evening going upstairs, to bring down her cousin, she was so exhausted that she sank on the stairs fast asleep, and her cousin, in coming down, stumbled over her. She has now to lament during her life either her aunt's discretion, or her own want of it.

“I will give you the history of the fine spaniel we brought from London, and whom we called Dru, though it does not redound to my honour. My brother says women have less compassion for brutes than men have, and I am afraid that my example will tend to prove it. Poor Dru had been given away after the riots; he had had several masters, but had always returned to the coachman whom we had discharged. At length the coachman of the Sheffield mail undertook to provide a good place for him at Derby, and carried him thither. One day the dog came with our new coachman, who resembled the old in nothing but the colour of his clothes, to Vauxhall. The man said ‘I have got a fine handsome spaniel here that I can't get rid of; he picked me up in one of the streets in Birmingham, and followed me into a shoemaker's shop, and he will not leave me.’ Dru had never seen the new coachman before, had never been at Vauxhall before, and the clothes the man wore had never been worn by the other. He must therefore have attached himself to our present servant either from the colour of his clothes or the scent of the

horses which they might possess. Dru's sagacity in finding us out procured him a hearty welcome, and he would have passed his life with us had it not been for a habit of his which I thought endangered our lives. At Vauxhall we have no one to open and shut the carriage door but our coachman, who has afterwards to take the reins and mount the box. During this time Dru, who had been accustomed to go with the carriage, manifested his joy by loud and incessant barking at the heads of the horses, which set them off, sometimes while we were getting in, sometimes while the man was getting up, and kept me in continual alarm. Finding that I could neither get him silenced nor confined, I determined to part with him ; and, knowing that he could not be disposed of near home, we took him with us, intending to procure an establishment for him, and leave him behind. Dru followed us nearly to the Hotwells, when we lost him, and could hear no tidings of him during the month that we remained there. On our return, when we came to Alveston, the place where we had last slept on our journey out, Dru stood at the door of the inn to receive us. He had gone back in search of us. He had been there a month, and he had darted out of the door at the sound of every carriage, though he would not move at that of a post-chaise. Though I loved, admired, and pitied the poor animal, I thought these feelings ought to give way to the consideration of our safety. I, therefore, after taking him on to Gloucester, gave him to the hostler there on his promise to sell him to a gentleman who would prize him highly. I hope he has done so, but I cannot help regarding the

desertion of poor Dru as one of the worst actions of my life.

“Immediately on our return I set about preparing our cottage for our reception, and I find this preparation for *a house of our own* so delightful that I am never weary. Neither rain nor snow prevents me from going to Birmingham to make purchases for our new habitation, or to Bennett’s Hill to put things in order. Thither we hope to remove in about a week.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

Miss Hutton blames herself for her treatment of Dru, yet a neighbour, a stranger to her, left her his dog, together with £30 and his gold watch, in recognition of her kindness to dumb animals.

The following letter refers to the trials at Warwick which took place in 1792, for the recovery of compensation for the sufferers’ losses. William Hutton says:—“It is inconceivable what trouble and anxiety we underwent in preparing for the trials to recover our lost property. Every obstacle of human invention was thrown in our way. I was induced to wish I had given up my claim and lost all.

“At the trials every insult was offered to the sufferers that the malice of an enemy could contrive. The two judges, Baron Thompson and the Lord Chief Baron Eyre, were shocked at the foul treatment, and the latter remarked that ‘he had never, in his whole life, seen so much rancour and ill-blood.’

“The verdict of some of the sufferers did not cover the expense of the suit. My part of the expenses of my

own trial amounted to £884 15s. 9d. The sum allowed was paid with as much reluctance as if the sufferers had destroyed their own property. It was two years before we received it; and I am of opinion that we never should have had it at all but for the vigilance of Lord Aylesford and some of the county gentlemen, who seemed determined that the Hundred of Hemlingford should not lie under the stigma of so vile a fraud." The riots demoralised some of the servants of the Hutton family, happily not all. Libellous caricatures were circulated; even Dr. Priestley did not escape ridicule.

To Mrs. André, London.

"Bennett's Hill Cottage,

"April 15, 1792.

"My dear Friend,—

"It was not that I forgot you, or was insensible of the kindness of your last letter, that I did not answer it sooner, for your friendship, and that of a very few other persons, is all that at present attaches me to the world; but my mind and my health have been so harassed and worn out by the part I was obliged to take in the recovery of our loss, that I could attend to nothing else. I have experienced a labour and anxiety that I am not certain either my constitution or my faculties will ever recover.

"I have had inventories to make of our lost property again and again, and I have recollected every minute article in a manner almost incredible. I have had to go over my inventories with appraisers, and with appraisers of our adversaries again. I have had to explain

things to our attorney, and I must say that my judgment was the better of the two. I have had calculations to make, difficulties to solve, and advice to give on modes and methods that were continually varying. I have seen my father bewildered, my brother in despair, while my head was clear and my opinion decided ; and my mother has urged, what was proved in the end, that Catherine was right. But my dear friend, the powers of my mind have been strained beyond their natural pitch, and I question whether they will ever recover their proper tone. Till after this time of extraordinary exertion I never knew what it was to be sleepy. Up, I was thoroughly alive, and in bed sleep stole on unperceived. In speaking I never hesitated, and in writing seldom made a mistake. Now my body has suffered as well as my mind ; I got a low fever, which confined me a fortnight to the sofa, and made me fear I should not be able to appear at Warwick on the trial (where I was to be a principal evidence) to substantiate what I had written. I drank six glasses of Madeira a day, and recovered so far as to be able to undertake my formidable task.

“ At Warwick we found that prejudice ran high against us. At the trial our drunken coachman appeared as an evidence against us, as did also our less drunken woman servant, who had been seen to wear our clothes, and our thief of a washerwoman, though nothing did any of them say to the purpose ; indeed, the man was so intoxicated that he could scarcely speak, and his employers were ashamed of him. Our adversaries either doubted, or pretended to doubt, whether I had ever possessed the apparel

I had lost ; and our leading counsel, pointing to my brother's watch, chain, and seals, said, ' You see the brother has some fine things ; might not the sister have had others ? '

" Thank God, this business is now over, and, if the savages of Birmingham will be quiet, we may, in time, recover our spirits. Our claim suffered a reduction proportioned to those of our neighbours. We are satisfied with the sum allowed us, and should be so if it were only half as much ; for, by the time of the trial, our trouble and vexation had rendered us indifferent as to the event ; we only wished to be rid of the struggle, and sit down in peace. Prejudices here, particularly among the lower sort of people, are violent, and against us. We should live very comfortably in our cottage if we were not exposed to the daily insults of the Birmingham blackguards. They do not injure us, but they frequently alarm us. My father means to resume the rebuilding of our house. You are so good as to offer me your assistance in London, and I will beg the favour of it in the payment of my debts. I owe to Rossignol £2 14s. 6d., for a pair of stays ; Plaggenborg, £6 10s., for a habit ; and Davis, in Bond Street, £1 15s. 6d., for a hat. I have taken the liberty to desire them to call upon you to be paid, and I enclose our banker's draught for £11 for this purpose. Keep the receipts till I see you, which I hope will be some time, though I know not when. My father and brother are pale and thin, but not unwell ; my mother is very indifferent.

" CATHERINE HUTTON."

"Bennett's Hill [near Birmingham],

"Sept 2, 1792.

"My dear Mrs. André,—

"One of the greatest pleasures I yet have left me is the hearing from you, though I so little deserve it. As to Mrs. Richards, I never see her. She came here just after the Assizes to congratulate me on my coming back alive, and I have not seen her since. I called once at Edgbaston, but she was not at home. Indeed, I have for the present given up all the world, at least all my own species; and all my leisure hours, which sometimes make up the whole day, are spent among the vegetable creation. I have for ever quitted Birmingham as a home, and I hate it so fervently that I scarcely go to it above once a month, when business of some kind or other drives me. I always said that my acquaintance would not follow me into the country, and so I find it. In the country, if you will have society, one must do as Mrs. Richards does, hunt people out, press them to come, fetch and carry them, and receive them at all hours. This is so far from being my practice that I invite nobody, and do not return the visits of the few who find me out. But the time does not hang heavily on my hands; my inexhaustible fund of amusement is the garden; there I sow and plant, and weed and water without end, and it does as well as anything else. My father says I shall tire of it. I may, for man was not made solely for a garden, nor woman either; but I hope I shall not tire of this till I have taken up some other employment. Perhaps you will indulge my reigning fancy by purchasing for me

some flower seeds and bulbs. I should particularly like some feathered hyacinths.

"We are not so much insulted as we were, though 'Thee pay sixpence' is not forgotten. I believe this has not been explained to you. Though two other Commissioners sat with my father in the Court of Requests, they escaped notice, as they were placed only, like the apothecary's empty boxes, 'to make up a show.' When a cause was to be heard again, sixpence was the cost, and my father's laconic and Quaker-like way of announcing it was — 'Thee pay sixpence, and come again next Friday.' When our furniture was being thrown out of the windows, the mob above cried 'Who bids for this?' To which the mob below answered 'I'll give sixpence and come again next Friday.'

"The payers of these sixpences imagined, and still believe, that they were put into my father's pocket, though the truth is that they form a part of the salaries of the clerks of the Court. This truth I would fain have persuaded my father to call upon the clerks to declare in a public advertisement, and to add that he had received no emolument whatever, but I could not prevail. My father is content with knowing it himself, and the clerks, who are two very respectable and worthy attorneys, are not anxious to publish it lest they should be remembered in the next assemblage of mob. Our mobility, having tasted the sweets of power without control, and enjoyed the advantages of plunder without punishment, make some of those persons tremble who rejoiced at our misfortunes. Indeed I do not know any man in Birmingham who can be assured that he is safe.

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

“Bennett’s Hill [near Birmingham],

“April 19, 1793.

“My dear Mrs. André,—

. . . . “It is well that I have taken a liking to flowers, for the human species and I have almost entered into a tacit agreement to renounce each other. I looked upon every acquaintance as at an end which was not continued by a morning visit after the riots. This dismissed about two-thirds of the number of my friends, and the remaining third I have noticed so little that in fourteen months I have neither dined nor drank tea in Birmingham.

“Last Monday I broke the spell by visiting the Miss Mainwarings,* and I was found so rusticated, so antiquated, that the first thing they did was to take my cap to pieces and make it up in a different form. Now, mark my resolution. I visited three families on the three following days, and I have engaged myself for two evenings next week.

“Be so good when you write to say something about fashion, that I, who used to be an example, may not be quite a scare-crow.

“Our house advances slowly; we have three joiners and one plasterer at work in it, and we shall go to it as soon as it is fit to receive us, but when that will be is uncertain.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

* The only person mentioned in an old directory of the name of Mainwaring was a lawyer of that name, living at 35, Cherry Street, Birmingham. Probably the Miss Mainwarings were his daughters.

To Mrs. André, Enfield.

“ Bennett’s Hill [near Birmingham],

“ October 23, 1793.

“ My dear Friend,—

“ The people are rioting in Birmingham at this moment because the constables have distressed a man who refused to pay the levy to reimburse our losses. Last night the soldiers wounded about twenty of the mob with their swords ; to-day there are about thirty sent to prison. The populace threaten and assemble ; the soldiers are exasperated and disperse them ; they assemble again ; our magistrates are afraid of them, and dare not order the soldiers to fire. We have our clothes and plate packed, and are ready to be off at a moment’s notice. I have been very unwell, and have narrowly escaped the doctor.

“ CATHERINE HUTTON.”

To Mrs. André.

“ Bennett’s Hill [near Birmingham],

“ Feb. 27, 1794.

. . . . “ You say, my dear friend, that you wish I could leave the miscreants of this country, and live among a better people. Where are these people to be found? Not in London, I fear. The abuse here is over ; at least, I hear nothing of it ; it has had its day, and is now gone to London. Who can speak well of me, if your brother, whom for many years I considered next my own, says I am a Democrat ?

“The words Aristocrat and Democrat are sounds that never reach my ear, nor do I know the modern meaning of them. As I have always understood the words, since I learned them with the rest of my native tongue, an Aristocrat is a favourer of nobility ; a Democrat, a favourer of the people. I am so far an Aristocrat that I should be very sorry to abolish nobility ; because I think it would be unjust to deprive men of their ancient hereditary honours, and because I think this class of men forms a proper barrier between the power of the sovereign and the upstart wealth of his plebeian subjects ; but I am against an aristocratic government, which I take to be that of Venice. I am so far a Democrat that I am a friend of the people while they are under due subjection, and I take offence at hearing them called the swinish multitude ; but God preserve me from being under the government of the people. Of all tyrants, that many-headed monster is the worst.

“As to equality, if by this term is meant an equal distribution of rights and privileges, protection and security, I am for equality. But if an equality of property is supposed, I laugh at the idea. I can believe that Wat Tyler and Jack Straw were for equality ; and I think it possible that a hundred thousand penniless ruffians might be found at any time, who would be for equality ; but I cannot imagine that this ever was the opinion of a man who was worth a hundred pounds, because he must be a loser if it were reduced to practice.

“So much, my friend, for politics. It is a subject I never hear, never speak of, and would not listen to. I do not so much as read a newspaper, lest in these days of

party rage I should be infected by it: great, therefore, must be the sagacity of your brother in finding out that I am a Democrat.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

During the interval between the last letter and the following one, Miss Hutton lost her mother, who died on January 23rd, 1796, having survived the shock of the riots four years and a half. During that time Mrs. Hutton was hopelessly and helplessly ill, her daughter was her chief nurse and the superintendent of assistant nurses. When death had released her from the care of her mother, her kind friend, Mrs. André, sent for her to London. She took her to a ball, but, as we shall read, a ball had no longer any interest for her.

Her father writes, in the history of the family:—“My daughter, whose affection and sorrow were equal to mine, lost her health with her mother. They had been close and intimate friends. This alarmed us both. For her recovery we took a journey in July to Barmouth, in Wales, which in a small degree answered the purpose.”

Miss Hutton, writing to a friend at the time, says:—“Let not woman hope to find a friend like her mother. The love of a husband and the duty of a child are not to be compared with the affection of a mother for her daughter.”

“London, April, 1796.

“My dear Father,—

. . . . “I have been with Mrs. André to the City Assembly, but assemblies are nothing to me. I viewed this as a show, a spectacle, in which I had no interest.

“ There is an interval of thirteen years between this time of my going and the last, and the comparison furnishes me with no very pleasing reflections. The rooms were then excessively crowded. The men were all, with the exception of one individual, dressed in silk, lace, or embroidery.

“ The women had fine shapes, large hoops, and danced gracefully ; and my shape was as good, and my hoop as large, and my dancing as graceful as the best. The women were now beautiful, and well dressed ; but, as to elegance, it is almost lost in fashion. The heads were in the Turkish fashion, which is becoming, but the shape is hidden in the petticoats, and the dancing is a quick, jumping jig. I felt as if I were not one of them. On Tuesday night I am to see Mrs. Jordan in ‘The Country Girl’ and ‘Romp.’ Surely I have not lost my relish for Mrs. Jordan.

“ CATHERINE HUTTON.”

Miss Hutton says of her journey to Barmouth :—
“ My mother’s death affected my health, and here I can give you an instance of my heroism, which probably saved my life. My father and myself, he mounted on one horse and I on a pillion behind a servant, trotted into Wales. This obsolete way of travelling gained us little consideration at English inns ; but in Wales, where riding was a matter of course among women, and riding double (as it was called) a frequent occurrence, we were highly respected, and the size and beauty of our horses excited great admiration. For ourselves, we had an unobstructed view of vale and mountain, rock and river, which charmed us.

“We saw Welshpool and Llanvair, a salmon leap and Dinasmowdu, Dolgelly, and Barmouth, walking for two or three miles at a time with my father, and sending the horses on.

“Barmouth restored me. I had sea air and sea bathing, society when I chose to have it, and retirement in my bed-room when I wished to be alone. I had made my room so nice, however, having obtained a hearth-brush to myself, that it was not easy to prevent it from becoming a drawing-room for the ladies. I rode and walked on the beach, I was a worshipper of mountains, and I knew exactly the points from which Snowdon and Cader Idris could be seen.

“We returned by Bala, from whence we rode out of our way to visit Pont-y-Glyn, a bridge thrown from rock to rock over a waterfall ; and from Llangollen I walked to the ruins of the Abbey Valle Crucis, and the cottage of Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby.”

The following letter was written by Miss Hutton to her brother during her stay in Wales :—

“Mallwyd, July 27, 1796.

“My dear Brother,—

“As I mounted my pillion behind the servant, and set out on the romantic expedition of riding into Wales, you said nothing, but your looks threatened me with all sorts of misfortunes. May Heaven avert your prophecies ! May it keep our horses from starting and stumbling ! Fatigue I dread not, and bad weather I can bear. Before roads were made for wheels, a lady commonly travelled on

a pillion, and can it be less safe now roads are better? You are only unaccustomed to it. So far my noble and spirited animal, though not intended for such double drudgery, has proved that your fears were groundless.

“ At Shrewsbury it was the Assizes, and a bishop was to be tried for a riot. The novelty of the case had filled every house. At length we were fortunate to procure admittance into an alehouse, or more properly speaking a farmers’ inn. I desired to be shown into a bed-chamber, and was conducted to one which I supposed to be the dormitory of the maids ; but the landlady assured me that it was her own, that she was clean and wholesome, and her parents were just and true and upright, and I might with safety lie down on her bed. She added that she had taken us in out of compassion, would give us a broiled fowl and mushroom sauce for supper, and procure beds for us in a private house. Farther, she advised me to be patient, and submit to what I did not like, for she knew we could not do better. Her last argument we could not doubt, for we had tried our utmost efforts to do better.

“ At nine o’clock I was summoned to our broiled fowl, and joined my father in a back room about eight feet square, which smelled so strongly of tobacco that I thought it would overcome my appetite. But I opened the windows, and the fresh air, though mingled with that from the stables, rendered it tolerable ; and, with dirty table-cloth, and knives which deserved to be chained, we made a hearty meal, to which laughter was a better sauce than even mushrooms.

“ Our road from Dolmaen (the stony field) to this

place was between two ranges of stupendous hills, with the River Clifton running at the bottom. We were on a terrace cut on the northern side, sometimes on bridges thrown over streams which poured down from the hills, and sometimes paddling through them. The sublimity of these scenes shook my nerves. The only way in which I could contemplate these towering hills, wooded glens, and rushing waters was on my feet. We sent the servant on with the horses, and walked nearly four miles before we reached Mallwyd, chiefly in the rain, wholly in the mire, but enraptured at every step we took.

“Mallwyd is in the interior of Wales. Here the common people speak no English. The dress of the women is entirely supplied by the sheep of the country, with the exception of two printed pocket handkerchiefs, one worn on the neck, the other on the head and brought to the throat, and tied behind. Over this head-dress, summer and winter, indoors and out, they wear a black hat, distinguished from the men's only by a riband tied round the crown. With garments of flannel and woollen, and this load on the head, shoes and stockings are a superfluity; they march along bare-legged and bare-footed with as little inconvenience as the sheep that formerly carried the burthen.

“The food of the common people consists of oat cake, bread made of rye and barley, butter and cheese, whey curds, and *stirup*, which is boiled whey thickened with oat-meal. That of the farmers' servants is the same, with the addition of a small portion of bacon or salted meat on a Sunday. The universal beverage is buttermilk. With this diet the men are tall and athletic, but thin; the women

are rosy, healthy, and handsome, and the children yet more so. But I think an old woman looks older than in England. Probably the air of their mountains may give health and strength, while youth and activity enable them to breathe it unadulterated, and the closeness of their huts may plant wrinkles in the place of roses when age confines them principally within doors. I entered one of their dwellings, which was miserably dark, with a small piece of turf burning to ashes on the hearth. The floor was in no danger, for nothing but an earthquake could destroy it.

“The mountain part of one farm near Mallwyd keeps 3,000 sheep. It is divided into three distinct sheep walks, not by hedges, ditches, or stone walls, but by boundaries drawn by the eye. Such boundaries as these the sheep might easily overleap, but it is the business of one man as commanding officer, and a troop of from fifteen to twenty dogs, to see that they do not. Early in the morning the shepherd climbs the mountain, attended by three dogs; he points out to each his walk, and they immediately go upon duty. They know exactly the confines, and, by always taking that side on which the sheep show an inclination to stray, they oblige them to remain in their proper pasture. But this post is so fatiguing to the dogs that they cannot bear it more than two or three hours, when the shepherd appears again on his stand with three other dogs to relieve guard. He calls and waves his hand, the wearied dogs joyfully obey the summons, and each takes his turn until the flocks retire to rest.

“Invaluable would be a breed of dogs that could thus keep headstrong man within his proper bounds, that would

bite the heels of every sovereign who would invade the territories of his neighbours or instigate other sovereigns to do so.

“Will you not be astonished at the extent of my knowledge respecting the Principality, knowing the short time I have been in it? I’ll tell you. The wind whistled all night among the mountains by which Mallwyd is encompassed, the rain beat upon my casement; I did not quite like the idea of a storm upon a mountain, and I prevailed upon my father to remain here another day. I have spent the rainy part of it in making myself acquainted with the inhabitants, and the fair in acquiring some idea of their country.

“I forgot to tell you that in the churchyard of this village there is a yew tree which, tradition says, is 700 years old. I saw it; it has nine distinct trunks—one in the centre and eight which surround it, and the circumference of the united branches is computed to be upwards of two hundred feet. It is not easy to imagine a spot where a yew tree could have witnessed fewer vicissitudes in the objects around during that length of time. The river, the rocks, and the mountains are immutable; the woods are the lineal descendants of those which flourished when the yew was planted. The houses probably differ little in number and but few of them in convenience. The roads are undoubtedly the same, for nowhere else could they be made to go—they are only widened to admit a carriage.

“Now as ever, my dear Brother,

“Yours affectionately,

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

The two following letters refer to two other journeys into Wales, when the same mode of travelling, with the same horses and servant, was adopted.

“Caernarvon, September 13, 1797.

“My dear Brother,—

“I am sorry that I must confine my good opinion of the Welsh to those who have had little intercourse with the English. An honest Welsh clergyman complained to me that the English mountain hunters had made his country so dear that he could not afford to live in it. Four or five of the principal inns on the great road are kept by Englishmen, who set a bad example to the natives. These houses are only inferior to the best English inns in the trifling circumstances of accommodation, provisions, and attendance; in the material one of expense they are much alike. An instance of English munificence I heard to-day from the poor old barber who shows the castle. He had gone over it with a party of three gentlemen, who had given him three half-crowns for his trouble. He would gladly have scraped the beards of ninety of his countrymen for that sum; but he will think himself ill-paid if the next three gentlemen to whom he shows the castle give him three shillings. The English tourist will improve the country and spoil the inhabitants.

“Provisions are cheap at Caernarvon, but the difficulty is to get them. Meat is plentiful on a Saturday, but it is scarcely to be had on any other day. Poultry is scarcely to be had on any day; fish depends on an uncertain element, and rabbits on the facility of crossing it, as they

come from Anglesey. Potatoes and buttermilk never fail. If you send a servant to market, he must find an interpreter in the street or in the shop. Many of the Welsh, however, are not ignorant of the practice, common to every tongue and kindred, of extorting a higher price from strangers than the current value of the article to be sold. Money will not always purchase what is offered at the door, though it seldom fails. We have had a basket of eggs brought to our door which could only be exchanged for yeast, and another which could only be parted with for old linen to clothe an expected infant. On a market day the country people pour into Caernarvon, on horseback—six women to one man. If the rider be poor, the pony is turned loose in a wide part of the street, from where it is never known to stray; if he be a man of substance he places his pony in an enclosure adjoining the street, and pays a penny for its standing. In either case it waits, ready bridled and saddled, till the afternoon or evening. Oats are a luxury the poor beasts never know—they are meat for their masters; and I believe the horses are never indulged with a morsel of hay while it is possible for skin and bone to pick a scanty subsistence from the ground.

“Public weddings are the universal custom throughout the Principality of Wales. A poor man, in a hollow of the mountains above the lakes of Llanberis, has married his daughter since we came here. He had brewed a quarter of malt for the occasion. The table was spread out of doors, for his house, consisting of one room only, could not contain the company. Forty persons sat down to table at one time, and as soon as these had dined forty

others took their places. My father, who was an invited guest, remained two hours, and during this time he saw about a hundred and fifty persons, two only of whom were English. Not a female appeared in anything but woollen, or without the man's hat, except the mother of the bride, who was cook. The banquet consisted of five rounds of beef, attended by bags of peas and mountains of cabbages. These were placed on the table successively, as fresh company demanded a fresh supply; the dessert was butter and cheese. The guests sat on wooden planks supported by slates, and dined from wooden trenchers. The house served as a drawing-room, and two beds as sofas. A harper made one of the party, and another was expected to assist at the ball.

“At Llanbeblae, the parish church of Caernarvon, I saw a sailor married to the daughter of a shoemaker. The bridegroom marched first, attended by two bridesmen, or, as they are termed, his servants, and followed by his male friends, three abreast. Then came the bride, attended by her two servants, and followed by her friends, the whole of the procession consisting of about forty persons. The town ladies were clad, not like the mountaineers, in woollen, but in printed cotton gowns, white petticoats, and white stockings; but they retained the beaver hat, and, as the morning was cloudy, the blue cloak, which nothing but the hottest sunshine, and sometimes not even that, could persuade them to lay aside.

“During the ceremony, when the clergyman reached a certain part of the service, he stopped, and the sailor stepped forward and laid four shillings on his book. The

parson very composedly gave one of them to the clerk and pocketed the other three, and then, secure of his fee, he proceeded to make the couple man and wife. The ceremony ended, the two bridesmen flew at the two bridesmaids, and each ravished a kiss ; though I must acknowledge it was not without great resistance on the part of the maids. We smiled, and the clergyman, judging from our appearance that the scene was new to us, returned our smile ; such, however, is the established custom at a wedding, and between the godfathers and godmothers at a christening, among all ranks. If the lady can leave the church without receiving a salute she claims a pair of gloves ; if the gentleman succeed, she is supposed to be satisfied.

“ The newly-married couple kept their wedding at a public house near our lodgings, where all who came (and the more the better) dined, drank tea, and danced if they chose to do so, though some came only to dinner, and others only for the evening. Two female friends sat making tea from three o'clock to seven at night ; and at seven o'clock in the morning I saw many persons of the party mounting their horses to return to their homes.

“ You will think these marriage feasts must be ruinously expensive to poor people—just the reverse. Every guest pays a shilling, at least, for dinner, and sixpence for tea, and many give more, even to half-crowns. A considerable sum is thus collected for the benefit of a young couple setting out in the world ; and each, receiving in his turn, is only laying up a fund for his own marriage, or paying a debt contracted at it. If the father of the bride can afford it, he defrays the expense of the

entertainment, and the profit is her portion ; if he cannot, the people of the public house provide it, and she repays them, keeping only the residue.

“ Yours affectionately,

“ CATHERINE HUTTON.”

“ Bala, September 16, 1799.

“ My dear Brother,—

“ I have at last seen Snowdon without a cloud, and I looked at him as if I could become acquainted with every atom of his vast surface ; but he is a giant among other giants, and, as I rode along the base, I should not have known that the object of my contemplation had no competitor in Wales.

“ At Beddgelert is the first visible opening in the mountains. From hence we walked to Pont Aber Glaslyn, a mile and a half distant ; the River Glaslyn descending in perpetual cascades, and foaming among enormous rocks through a chasm between mountains of a stupendous height. The river fills the whole space at the bottom, and the road is cut on the base of the mountains.

“ At Pont Aber Glaslyn, which is the grand pass between the counties of Caernarvon and Merioneth, we entered the celebrated road to Tan-y-Bwlch, which is passed by all sorts of carriages, but which the Welsh themselves say can only be safely passed on foot ; so it was passed by my father and myself, although it is a distance of seven miles. Some of the descents are so steep that it shook my whole frame to walk down them, and I wondered, as I saw the horses led before us, how it was

possible for them to keep on four legs so unequally placed. The road was rugged beyond description—native rocks in steps and ledges—huge stones in holes and ridges. Dirty it can never be, for there is not a particle of soil, or any material of which dirt can be composed. For six miles we saw neither horses, cattle, nor houses, except that from one of the bottoms we had a distant view of the village of Llanfrothen. Sheep we did see, and they appeared to be the only inhabitants of the country.

“ When near Tan-y-Bwlch we passed a cottage. Exhausted by fatigue and parched with thirst, I stopped at the door, showed the woman a shilling, and pronounced the word *cwrro* [*cooroo*]. In vain—she shook her head; she had no such thing, and I gave from compassion what I would have given for a draught of beer. At length we crossed the beautiful vale of Tan-y-Bwlch, and arrived at Festiniog. I never toiled so hard in my life as during the five hours from Pont Aber Glaslyn; I was almost ready to give a proof of the system which declares man to be a quadruped, by crawling on all fours. At Festiniog I could neither eat nor rest, but I drank milk like a calf.

“ The situation of Festiniog is beautiful. It is placed on one of the steep hills that skirt the vale, and mountains rise behind it. It is a neat, compact village, containing a church, two inns (such as they are), and several creditable houses. The lands about it are fertile, and the women not less so; for I was informed that they seldom bring fewer than a dozen or fourteen children each, and sometimes five-and-twenty. Village as it is, Festiniog may be called the metropolis of the mountains; for, in a circumference of

upwards of a hundred miles, there are nowhere so many houses assembled together.

“ I have been very unsuccessful in my designs upon waterfalls in this country. There is a waterfall within half a mile of Festiniog, with two singular rocks rising from it which have received the appellations of ‘ Parson and Clerk.’ These I had promised myself to visit, but my walking muscles were so distended yesterday with the steepness of the Tan-y-Bwlch road that this morning I was scarcely able to get downstairs. There was, however, a waterfall about three miles from Festiniog, and within a quarter of a mile of our road to Bala, which I was determined to see, and I consulted our host on the subject ; he knew the place well, and gave us one of his sons, about twelve years of age, for a guide. It was true the boy could not speak English, but he had often, as his father said, conducted ladies and gentlemen to the waterfall, and we were sensible that it did not need an invocation in this language to make itself visible. The father made a long oration in Welsh to his son ; we mounted our horses, and our guide, as guides should do, led the way.

“ When we had ridden three miles, by our own computation, for other direction there was none, we heard the sound of falling water. The boy was far before us ; we stopped ; my father shouted to him, and pointed to the spot from whence the sound issued ; he motioned to us to come forward, which we did, till the sound of water had ceased and we had overtaken our guide, who then raised his arm for us to go back. This would have been too much in a stage of eighteen miles of mountainous road ;

so we lost the waterfall, and he his reward ; he returned home, and we proceeded to Bala.

“ CATHERINE HUTTON.”

“ Bennett’s Hill [near Birmingham],

“ Dec. 27, 1799.

“ My dear Mrs. André,—

. . . . “ You congratulate me upon having seen so much of Wales, and assuredly no one has been more gratified with the sight ; but the more I know of Wales the more I am convinced remains to be known. To travel post through this country is to fly. The life of a post-horse is everywhere miserable ; but here, if I may be allowed the expression, it is certain death. The mistress of the inn at Llangollen looked wistfully at our horses, which she had seen there two different years before, and said, ‘ Ah ! sir, you can keep your horses ; no horse lasts me above a year and a half.’ This extraordinary speed has, in some measure, been occasioned by the perpetual communication between the two countries during the troubles in Ireland. Men have gone upon business, and *must* make haste ; others have followed and *would* make haste ; Irishmen have d—d the post-boys, bade them drive to the devil, and threatened to shoot them if they should dare to disobey. The example of the mail coach has contributed to this fury of expedition ; it is obliged by profession to fly, and all post-boys endeavour to fly after it.

“ These travellers cannot see Wales. But there are others who bring their own horses and carriages, and travel

slowly through the country for the purpose of seeing it. These see the grand outline, which is sufficient to excite their wonder and admiration; but he who would have a thorough knowledge of it must travel on foot or on a Welsh pony; must be acquainted with the Welsh gentry and clergy; and travel, as with a pass, from one good house to another. So he might be informed of what was worth seeing, and where it was to be found. The common people do not understand English, and they know nothing.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

In 1801 Miss Hutton and her father, with Mr. and Mrs. Coltman, of Leicester, started for the Lakes; on their way they visited Liverpool, where Miss Hutton saw a slave ship, which she describes in the following letter.

At Penrith, Miss Hutton parted from her father; he went to see the Roman Wall, she and her friends to visit the Lakes. Her father walked the whole distance from Birmingham and back, 601 miles, in his 79th year. His remarks on this journey were afterwards published.

To Thomas Hutton, Birmingham.

“Lancaster, July 12, 1801.

“Dear Brother,—

. . . . “On Wednesday we reached Liverpool, by a paved road; the *chemin de terre* which runs by its side not being passable on account of the rains. At the distance of five miles from the town we perceived ourselves in its environs; elegant houses, the retreats of merchants, rose on every side. Liverpool struck me with

astonishment. The Exchange, a superb edifice, not yet finished, faces down a broad, straight street, with handsome shops on each side, and shipping at the end. At the quay my amazement was at its height. Here I saw vessels innumerable ; carts loading and unloading ; warehouses ten storeys high ; the confusion of Babel, and the regularity of a counting house.

“ We passed one whole day at Liverpool, during which we were scudding through the rain and wind. The streets are unequal : the new spacious, the old narrow. The fort mounts thirty-four guns, from eighteen to thirty-two pounders. We went on board a vessel which had ‘ Allowed to carry 365 slaves ’ written on its stern ; it was 110 feet long, and carried sixteen guns. It shocked my soul to see the narrow space in which so many unfortunate people had been crammed together. The man who showed us the vessel seemed not inclined to unfold the mysteries of his calling ; but, in answer to my enquiries, he owned that the slaves were naked and chained together. He said that a certain number at a time were permitted to go upon deck for air, and that all possible care was taken of their health, *because they were the cargo of the vessel, and their owners would sustain a loss if they perished* ; but he acknowledged that the hatchways were shut down every night, and that when they were opened in a morning the stench which arose was intolerable. I enquired if they ever made a voyage without losing one of the slaves. He did not give a direct answer to my question, but he seemed to think this was not to be expected.

“ The country about Liverpool is poor. It is the sea

that maintains it; the town would starve upon the land. We slept at Tarleton on Friday night, and saw, in the chimney corner of the kitchen at the inn, a groom of Lord Derby's sweating under two coats, three waistcoats, and three pairs of breeches, and living upon potatoes and vinegar, to qualify himself to ride one of his lordship's horses at Preston races. Surely this is wickedness in the master and folly in the servant.

"At Preston we saw a thousand carts arranged in order, after having deposited the productions of the country in the streets. At Preston every article upon sale is exposed to view, and the Prestonians say there is not such a market as theirs in England.

"Penrith, Saturday, 18.—My father and I have just parted; he for the Roman Wall, I for Keswick."

In 1802 Miss Hutton went to Malvern. She liked the place and the company so much that she went there annually for thirty-two years. In the following extract she describes her first visit to the Well House, a far-famed boarding house, which many years ago was converted into a hydropathic establishment. She also describes one of her evening dresses, which was exactly similar to those represented in the fashion books of the period.

Here she made the acquaintance of Colonel Barry,* who was considered quite unapproachable by the rest of

* "Colonel Barry had fought in America, where he had been aide-de-camp to Lord Rawdon, and in India, where he was commander at the taking of Pondicherry. His associates in England had been of the highest rank, and the highest literary attainments. He is mentioned in terms of high praise in one of Miss Seward's letters, though she did not at all understand his character.—C. H."

the company, "but he liked polished manners, and could discover the lady in a stranger by the management of her silver fork, and shrunk with horror from vulgarity." This gentleman is mentioned in some of the future letters. At Malvern Miss Hutton made some lifelong friendships.

Extract.—"The first time I went to Malvern I entered the Well House alone, and without attendants, having walked up the hill. The master of the house seemed doubtful whether he should let me in—he would 'enquire of the chambermaid whether there was a vacant bedroom.' 'I have a chaise, a horse, and a servant with me,' I said. This settled the point, and I was conducted to the vacant bedroom. Here I remained till supper was announced, when, dressed in a brown silk dress and a plain straw bonnet, I entered the 'long room,' and took my place at the bottom of the table."

"1802.

. . . . "At Leicester we passed two nights with our friends the Coltmans, a family connexion of nearly fourscore years' standing. Mrs. Coltman, when Miss Cartwright, was held up to me by my mother as the model of all earthly perfection; and I believe she deserved it better than most such models do. She was the friend of Dodsley, Shenstone, and Spence. She knew all things, read all things, and did all things, from sweeping her father's house to writing articles in the *Monthly Review*. Her needlework was unrivalled, her landscapes in cut paper were incredible, and her ingenuity was inexhaustible. With these rare talents, and, in the words of Mr. Spence,

who, by-the-bye, left her all his prints, 'the form of an air nymph,' she had the good fortune to marry a philosopher.

"Mr. Coltman is all that is great and good in human nature, if inviolable integrity, incorruptible honour, and universal benevolence can constitute this in a very circumscribed field of action. His taste for reading, which was always a passion, is now become a principle of his existence. He passes all his evenings in his study, of which he keeps the key, and he never parts with it except to the servant who lights the fire."

Some of the ancestors of the Coltman family were officers in the army of Oliver Cromwell.

"Leicester, August 27, 1802.

"To-day I have had the honour of putting on a great-coat, once the coat of General Washington, whom I look upon as the greatest man recorded in history. I once hoped that Bonaparte would have equalled if not surpassed him; but, when each had made his enemies his footstool, the one displayed moderation, the other ambition. The history of the coat is as follows:—

"A Robert Coltman, grandson of Mr. Coltman's uncle, had a wish to settle in America, and went over to reconnoitre the country. He liked it, and returned to England for his wife and child; but, the American war then breaking out, he again left them behind. It chanced that, in this second voyage, the celebrated Thomas Paine was a passenger in the same vessel; he and Coltman became intimately acquainted; both favoured the cause of the Americans; and it was agreed between them that one

should fight for them, and the other should write for them. Arrived in America, Coltman solicited and obtained a commission. He fought till the war was ended, had then a grant of lands on the banks of the Ohio, and sent to England for his wife and son. This wife, and her conductor, Mr. Hall, you remember to have seen at our house, with our Mrs. Coltman, before they embarked.

“The acquaintance of Thomas Paine and Robert Coltman did not end with the voyage. Paine was at one time an inmate of Coltman’s house ; and, during this time, having visited General Washington, and the evening proving rainy, the General lent him an old great-coat, which he said was not worth returning. The coat remained at Coltman’s house. When his wife and Mr. Hall arrived in America they found that Coltman was dead. Mr. Hall, who had the management of his effects, sent the coat to our Mrs. Coltman’s father [Mr. Cartwright], a most stubborn friend of the Americans, as you know, with particular injunctions that, passing Mr. Coltman, who, as you also know, took the opposite side, and was forced into many a quarrel against his will, it should, after the death of Mr. Cartwright, descend to John Coltman, his eldest grandson, whose property it now is.

“The coat is of fine, thick, dark blue cloth, with a dark blue velvet collar, and was made for a tall man. It is but a blue coat, and a very shabby one, having two large rents in the skirts and the remains of many smaller depositions committed by the moths ; yet I felt more respect for it than I should have done for any imperial, royal, or consular robe in Europe.”

The celebrated Thomas Paine, just referred to by Miss Hutton, wrote, while in America, in the year 1776, a work entitled "Common Sense," of which Burke afterwards spoke as "that celebrated pamphlet which prepared the minds of the people for independence."

In the year 1802, Miss Hutton, while visiting at her father's manor in Herefordshire, went to see Ludlow Castle. She says :—" In the evening we reached Ludlow, which is situated on an abrupt rise in the centre of a beautiful plain enclosed within a circle of magnificent hills and mountains. We visited its castle, and were told by an old shoemaker who lives in a part of it that in his memory the roof was entire ; that the governor, whose salary was given him for the purpose of preserving the building, had unroofed it, and sold the lead, and the only part that was still entire was his dwelling, which he invited us to enter.

"The habitation of the shoemaker was a complete tower, called 'Mortimer's Tower,' from having been the prison of a Mortimer, perhaps the Earl of March. Whoever he were, I dare say our shoemaker is better satisfied with his mansion than its former occupier. The roof of the room on the ground floor, which is now the cobbler's kitchen, is ribbed and Gothic ; the staircase is dark and narrow, and winds round a stone pillar in the centre ; the casements are modern, and admit a cheerful light.

"At Worcester we saw the Cathedral, my brother consenting from complaisance to me ; for, since the devastation of our property in the name of Church and King, he has not so much filial reverence for this regal father and episcopal mother as he had before. We dined on stewed

lampreys and veal cutlets, my brother being curious to taste what killed one of our kings. The dainty was marked seven shillings in the bill, but we had silver forks and fish knives for nothing."

The following extract from a letter addressed by Miss Hutton to Miss Coltman, of Leicester, is inserted to show the alarm felt in this country, at the commencement of the present century, about the threatened invasion by Bonaparte.

To Miss Coltman, Leicester.

. "Who had said she could not visit me now, because her mother durst not let her go from home for fear of Bonaparte's threatened invasion."

"Bennett's Hill [near Birm.], Jan., 1803.

"My dear Anne,—

"I submit, and eat the eggs intended for your puddings. I think as you do, that, if one must die, one had rather die at home; and I think that if one's friends must die also, one should choose to die together; it happens, however, in the present case, that I am not afraid of dying. Whatever it may be proper to make the good people of England believe, at this juncture, I do not myself believe that Bonaparte eats men and women; nor do I think, with my worthy friend Mr. Pratt, that he ransacks graves for their bones. Though the arrantest coward in nature on common occasions, I have always found courage for great ones."

Miss Hutton and her father visited Scarborough for the

first time in 1803, when she stayed there ten weeks. The historian, in his "Scarborough Tour," which he published in 1804, says, "We took up our abode at Crathorne's, in Merchants' Row, joining Palace Hill. These are sounding names, but they are streets of horror. However, I can with safety praise our quarters for cleanliness, civility, and accommodation. The terms were twenty-five shillings a week each, for my daughter and myself, exclusive of tea and liquors, and ten shillings each for a bed. The servant half, or seventeen shillings and sixpence; and the same sum for the horse, including corn."

Their mode of travelling was sometimes by mail or stage-coaches, sometimes by post-chaises, and occasionally Miss Hutton rode on horseback, while her father, who was a great walker, often performed the stages on foot.

In one of Miss Hutton's letters the "Highflier" coach is mentioned as "one of the most respectable heavy coaches in Great Britain." This coach "*flew*" at the rate of a little under seven miles an hour.

Miss Hutton and her father visited Scarborough several successive years, she having derived great benefit from the air.

To Mr. Thomas Hutton.

"Scarborough, June 27, 1803.

"My dear Brother,—

. . . . "I was excessively fatigued before I reached Derby, and I rose the next morning without being refreshed. For the first fourteen miles from Derby, I doubted whether I should be able to proceed to Scarborough.

I then began to mend, and I performed the journey from Sheffield hither without weariness.

“The environs of Sheffield announce a degree of opulence in the inhabitants. Their villas are thickly sown in the last mile, and, though not magnificent, they are *smart*. The houses of the town are of dirty brick, the roofs are covered with dust-coloured stone. The place is busy and crowded, mean and dingy. I saw neither gentleman, carriage, nor gentleman’s servant. The situation, as I looked back on the town, I found to be beautiful, but, covered as it is with dirt, and enveloped in smoke, I rejoiced that I was getting away from it. We went to Doncaster in a mail-coach which partook of the shabbiness of the place.

“At Conisborough, five miles short of Doncaster, is a fine, massive, ancient castle, seated on the summit of a hill, and rising from a venerable wood. At the inn here we were shewn a fac-simile, and also a translation, of a record yet in being, which was written in the reign of Edward the Second, when two neighbouring gentlemen treated the whole parish for fifteen shillings. The mention of a goose for fourpence, half a score of pigeons for the same sum, and, above all, a gallon of ale for three half-pence, makes the country people stare with astonishment. ‘Ah!’ said a man, shaking his head, ‘those were golden days!’ He did not consider, or perhaps he did not know, that he must have laboured the whole of one of those days for twopence, and on one of the present he can earn half-a-crown.

“From Doncaster to Ferrybridge my father walked, and I rode upon Cobler; he taking Pontefract Castle, and each of us a night’s rest by the way. Had either the horse

or I been what we have been, much more of the journey would have been performed in this manner ; but he is too stiff-jointed to carry me safely down hill, and I too weak to walk. Had I possessed the strength I had when I walked to Berkeley Castle, when Captain Jacob said I should make a good soldier's wife, my father would not have gone to Pontefract alone ; I would have viewed the scene of Richard's tragedy, as I had done that of Edward.

“From Ferrybridge to York, we travelled in a stage-coach, and at York we stayed a day. I saw the gates, the walls, the abbey, the churches, and, above all, and above everything, the grand object for which I chose this road in preference to all others, the Cathedral. It is worth coming to York to see this alone.

“From York hither, we came in post-chaises. The road was good, the country in general fertile, the day charming ; I rode at my ease, and could almost have fancied myself well : too soon I found I was not.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

To William Hutton.

“Scarborough, July 26, 1803.

“My dear Father,—

. “The air of Scarborough has overset a portion of Mrs. R.'s heavenly-mindedness. Not that she has ever been absent from a sermon or prayer meeting—Calvinistical, Baptistical, or Methodistical ; not that she has bathed on a Sunday, or walked, except to chapel ; but the prince of this world has set some traps for her, in the shape of flaxen curls and lace caps, which she has not

been able to shun ; and he laid a stumbling block in her way, in the form of a bonnet of three guineas' price, which she has had great difficulty to get over. But if righteousness overmuch be a fault, it must be a fault on the right side, particularly if it steer clear, as that of Mrs. R. does, of all uncharitableness.

“ To-day have arrived two Greenland ships laden with blubber. The masters were both of this town ; the one came on shore and visited his wife and children, took them on board and made merry with them, and then sailed for London, where he was to deliver his cargo. The other was carried on shore in his coffin, and now lies at the house of his mother for interment.

“ The Greenland ships belong to Whitby, Hull, or London ; they sail in March and return in July or August. The wages of a sailor amount only to thirteen pounds, but he may dispose of the intermediate time as he pleases, and this service affords him a protection against being pressed into the King's. These protections, however, are least regarded when most needed ; and at such times, not daring to trust to them, the best hands are set ashore here, and the ships are navigated to London chiefly by old men. There is nothing the poor fellows dread like the King's service, and they cheerfully brave the dangers of the icy seas to avoid it. *The King's service*, they say, *is a wooden leg or a golden chain* ; but they well know that the wooden leg will come when it will, while there are means to keep back the golden chain. In the merchants' service they say they are better fed and better used.

“ CATHERINE HUTTON.”

Extract of a letter from William Hutton to his
daughter Catherine.

“ Aug. 16, 1803.

. . . . “The people of Birmingham are running mad to subscribe to the war. There is scarcely a breath but has the sound of war. We are absolutely military mad. Society is unhinged, trade is gone, and everything else except arms. . . . Our worthy friend Chavasse, riding from Birmingham to Walsall last Thursday night, was thrown and killed on the spot.”

The following extracts are taken from some letters of Miss Hutton's, written from Scarborough, during the summer of 1804. The first describes an unsanitary house.

“ June 22nd.—I went to Burton the first day, suffering nothing from fatigue, but oppressed by heat. A regiment of volunteers was quartered in the town, and the Three Queens could not afford me a bed ; but the mistress provided one for me at a private house, to which I retired at nine o'clock. The house was composed of wood and plaster ; the rooms were low ; the staircase was in the centre of the building, and equally shut up from light and air. On entering my bedroom I found I could not breathe, and I desired the windows might be opened. Mr. Dowdeswell, a bookseller, who occupied the house, entered at my requisition, and pretended to attempt what he knew he could not perform, and then owned that the windows had not been opened since they were painted, and it was not in his power to open them. I then begged that a joiner might be sent for, and said that I would satisfy him for his trouble.

The joiner came, and set to work with his hammer and chisel, and at length declared that he could pull the windows to pieces, but he could not open them. I now submitted to my fate, and leaving my door open, I prepared to sleep in a room which no fresh air had entered in the memory of man.

“ I dozed till twelve o'clock, when I awoke in an agony. I calculated the hours till morning, and I found I could not support them. I rose, and groped my way to the door of a chamber, which proved to be that of Mr. and Mrs. Dowdeswell ; I told them I was dying for want of air, and I begged they would send the maid to me. I replaced myself in bed, where I was sitting, careless of appearances, when the maid entered with a light, accompanied by Mr. Dowdeswell himself. He endeavoured to soothe me ; he begged me to be pacified, and assured me that I was safe ; I told him that I should die. He offered me water ; I told him I must have air. I desired him to send to the inn, and let me know if any person there was yet up. No, he was sure they were all gone to bed. I begged to have my bed laid on the parlour floor, with the parlour windows open. No, the parlour windows would not open. I intreated that I might be allowed to sit in the kitchen, with the kitchen windows open. No, the kitchen was towards the street, and he durst not take down the shutters.

“ I grew desperate. ‘ Sir,’ said I, ‘ nothing could have induced me to disturb your family, if I could have existed without doing so. Be so good as to leave the room while I dress.’ The man obeyed, and, with my habit over my night-gown, my bonnet over my night-cap, and my bundle

in my hand, I marched down stairs, determined to mount them no more, but almost apprehensive that force would be employed to detain me. I found in the kitchen Mr. Dowdeswell, the maid, and two volunteers, lodgers, like myself, who had been roused by what had passed. I addressed myself to one of these, and begged him to accompany me to the inn. He had certainly had his lesson from Dowdeswell, for he replied that, if he did so, the sentinel would bayonet him. 'Then,' said I, 'I will go alone; the sentinel will not bayonet a woman.' Finding I was not to be diverted from my purpose, Dowdeswell opened the door, and the volunteer took my bundle, and offered me his arm. I thought of Cephalus. Never did he woo 'gentle air' with such devotion as I.

"I offered money to my volunteer, but he refused it; saying, when he was out of the hearing of Dowdeswell, that he was sufficiently recompensed by the pleasure of serving me. We passed the sentinel without thinking of his bayonet; we found the waiter and the hostler still up; my protector returned to his Calcuttan Hole; and I, having first opened a window, lay on a sofa in my clothes. I was grateful for the rattling of post-boys, the barking of dogs, the various noises of an inn which never slept: everything was welcome, after a deprivation of air. I could not at the time conjecture the man's motive for endeavouring to detain me; but I have since thought it was the credit of his house, and the consequent advantage to his pocket, which might suffer in the eyes of the inn, by my finding it insupportable. I believe that, if he could have kept me prisoner till morning, I should either have been dead or distracted.

“Is it not astonishing that, in such a situation, I should not have thought of breaking a pane of glass, and putting my nose through the aperture? Violence is so foreign to my habits, that I could not call it to my aid even on such an emergency.”

While Miss Hutton was in Yorkshire she tried to find out the locality of the estate which her great-grandfather refused to travel into that county to claim, although he was heir-at-law. From the lapse of time she was unable to learn anything about it. The estate was near Northallerton.

The next extract refers to the inmates of the boarding house at Scarborough, where Miss Hutton was staying.

“August 26, 1804.—Our house runs over. We sit down eighteen at table, and four more are coming; how we shall find room to get the meat to our mouths I know not. At the top is Mrs. ——, tall, active, animated, and, till Mr. Yorke came, the principal speaker. At the bottom sits the aforesaid Mr. Yorke, who merits a more particular description. This gentleman is well looking, though perhaps sixty. He had the misfortune to be born of a family named Sheepshanks, and, to add to his misfortune, his parents gave him the Christian name of Whittle, which in this country signifies the knife that should carve the mutton. He was handsome, he was rich, he was sensible and well informed, but he could not endure his name; even his daughter did not escape her share of the odium, being called when at school *Sheepy*, and *Lambshanks*.

“Mr. Sheepshanks got an Act of Parliament to change

his name to Yorke, and happy was it that he did so, for his son has since married Lord Harewood's daughter, who might not have been disposed to become the Honourable Mrs. Sheepshanks. This gentleman has four brothers, who still retain the family name, three of whom are well provided for in the Church, and the fourth is his partner as a cloth merchant at Leeds. He has talked Mrs. B—— into the background. His premises and conclusions are very decisive, and I am very cautious in expressing a difference of opinion, as he does not like me for an opponent.

“The intermediate space of our table is filled with ten fine young women, who are ‘a comely sight for to see,’ and two decent young men, who may be acceptable to the young women.

“The Duke of Rutland has been at Scarborough, shaking hands with the forty-four men who send his brother to Parliament.”

The next extract describes Miss Hutton's visit to Hereford Cathedral.

“Hereford, April 24, 1805.

“My first visit this morning was to the Cathedral, believing it would be visible by eight o'clock. The tower is low, but grand, and highly ornamented; the rest of the building, except the entrance, is as little striking as any cathedral I have seen. A part of the edifice fell fifteen or sixteen years ago, and £16,800 have been expended in repairs, under the direction of Mr. Wyatt. How laudable to repair a cathedral! to prevent a beautiful and venerable

pile from becoming a ruin, and disappearing from the face of the earth! but when I hear of painted glass crumbling to pieces in the hands of workmen; the blue firmament and golden stars of the ceiling, and many-coloured prophets and saints, of the walls being hidden with whitewash; when I behold massive columns, twenty-two feet in circumference, covered with plaster; I cannot contain my indignation. Like one of the correspondents of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, I have been in 'Pursuit of Architectural Innovation.'

"The Cathedral of Hereford was a ruin at the time of the Conquest. A part of this is incorporated with the present building, and I had skill enough to single out the short thick columns and low arches, and say, 'These are Saxon.' Norman bishops were the founders of the present structure, and they succeed each other in their stone recesses as they did in their episcopal dignities. The oldest of these is of the year 1095; there are many of the twelfth century, one of whom holds in his hand the model of a spire he raised on the great tower of the church, the only vestige of the spire now remaining."

"Scarborough, Aug. 11, 1805.

"My dear Father,—

"You would like to be here, you say; I should like it, too, and you would like the company; instead of hearing dissertations on caps and patchwork, you would join in the conversation of sensible, well-informed men.

"All the world here expected so high a tide yesterday that the like had not been known in the memory

of man ; it was to rise twelve feet, at any rate, and sixteen if the wind blew strong on shore. I enquired upon what authority this expectation rested, and I was told on that of a prophecy. As I have not an implicit faith in modern prophecies, I pursued my enquiries further, and at length found that the planets were to fight the full moon. Goods were removed from the lower warehouses at Newcastle and Shields, as well as here, and numbers of people rose at four o'clock in the morning to behold so uncommon a spectacle. The mountain, however, brought forth a mouse ; the planets retained their usual peaceable disposition, the tide was remarkably low for a spring tide, and the people stole quietly back to their pillows.

“ We have here a Mr. Nevins, a native of Ireland, who is a Quaker and a merchant of Leeds ; he is a handsome, agreeable, sensible, generous man. The grandfather of the gentleman with whom he passed his youth rented between three and four thousand acres of land in the county of Kildare, under a perpetual lease, at from five to seven shillings an acre ; after payment of the rent the estate yielded an income of £4,000 a year. At the death of the old gentleman, the possession was equally divided among his seven daughters, and the portion of Mr. Nevins' mother is now enjoyed by the son of his elder brother. Mr. Nevins was early initiated in all the sports of the field, and could jump on his horse while galloping. . . . I have no occasion to travel north, as I am gaining strength at Scarborough.

“ CATHERINE HUTTON.”

Extracts of letters from Miss Hutton to her father.

“ Scarborough, August 31, 1806.

. “ We dine twenty-four at Crathorne’s. Among the number are an old clergyman, a lover of eating, reading, and joking, and his wife, who have claimed acquaintance with me from having read your ‘ Roman Wall,’ and your ‘ Scarborough.’ They admire them both, and were very anxious to have seen the author. To satisfy them to the utmost of my power, I shewed them your portrait.

“ Scarborough is crowded with *Spawvers* ; upwards of sixty dine at the Bell, and private lodgings are scarce. For the last three years people have had the fear of invasion [by Bonaparte] before their eyes, and dared not face the sea, from whence it must arrive ; they are now making themselves amends, and I am glad I have a quiet nest to retire to. Though the company is more numerous, I think it is, upon the whole, less desirable ; the additions being chiefly cloth-makers and merchants from the West Riding ; a set of honest, hearty fellows, who undermine the best constitutions in the world and die, by eating and drinking.

“ For magnificence, one should see York races, where Earl Fitzwilliam displays one coach and six, with twelve outriders, and the Earl of Carlisle, two coaches and six, with five outriders each.”

“ High Harrowgate, Sept. 14, 1806.

. “ On Saturday I went to Ripon. To-day has been a day of wonders ; I have seen Fountains Abbey !

Never since I left you, scarcely ever in my life, did I so much wish to have you partake with me any pleasure.

“Fountains Abbey is in the grounds belonging to Studley Park, and no horse or carriage is allowed to come within a mile of it. What could I do? I drove to the gardener’s house, and tried the power of money. It failed, because his lady was at home, and might detect him. I then took out of my pocket as handsome a note as I had been able to compose, addressed to Miss Lawrence, in which I told my name; said I was the daughter of the Mr. Hutton who had written a ‘Tour to Scarborough;’ represented my ardent desire to see the ruins of the abbey, my having come from York solely for this purpose, and my inability to walk; and finally assured her of my everlasting gratitude if she would permit me to be driven in my carriage.

“I sent my note by the gardener, who returned with permission to ride, where dukes and duchesses can only walk, on garden walks as smooth as a floor, and on which every trace of wheel or horse must be speedily effaced by the gardener and his assistants.”

In 1808 and 1809 Miss Hutton and her father were at Coatham, where, she says, “my father is the admiration of a respectable company. The elderly court his conversation, and the young, both men and women, press forward to serve him.”

Their mode of travelling now was the same as that adopted in Mrs. Hutton’s time, viz., by their own “chariot” and horses, the historian not being able now to bear the fatigue of stage coaches. Miss Hutton goes on to say:—

In 1810 we visited Redcar. My father still walks regularly five miles before breakfast, and in the North Riding I am better known than I am at Birmingham. On our return, my brother met us seven miles from home, my dog a hundred yards from the house, the maids at the gate, and the lamb chops were frying over the fire." Miss Hutton and her father when from home generally stayed at boarding houses, as they took so little stimulant, and generally drank milk. When they did put up at an inn, as hotels were called in those days, they always paid for wine but only took milk.

The following appeared in the *Monthly Magazine*, from the pen of Miss Hutton :—

"Died, Jan. 22, 1811, aged 74, Elizabeth, relict of the late Mr. John Coltman, of St. Nickolas St., Leicester, a woman of uncommon genius and taste, though they have been buried in private life. At a very early age her talents procured her the personal acquaintance of Shenstone, Dodsley, and Spence. Dodsley thought a landscape of hers, cut with a pair of scissors out of writing paper, so extraordinary, that he caused it to be presented to Her Majesty. Spence bequeathed her all his prints; some of them, which he had himself collected in Italy, very valuable. Born with endowments that might have distinguished her from the rest of her sex, and qualified her to shine either in a literary circle or an exhibition of the works of painters, Mrs. Coltman devoted her whole time after her marriage to the service of her Maker, the duties of her family, and the mitigation of distress in those around her. It is believed by the writer of this article,

who has known her intimately from twenty-eight years of age, that she never undertook anything in which she did not excel. In the several relations of daughter, wife, and mother, her conduct was exemplary. Two sons and two daughters, who inherit a great portion of their mother's virtues and talents, together with their father's, will bear witness in their hearts to this testimony of a friend."

The Miss Greatheads, to whom the next letter is addressed, were some "tall, elegant young ladies," whom Miss Hutton often met at different places on the north-east coast.

To the Miss Greatheads, Darlington.

"Bennett's Hill [near Birmingham],

"June 28, 1812.

. . . . "I rejoice that you both are tolerably well, which perhaps is as much as such delicate females can expect to be, and I thank Dr. Peacock for it. If I wanted a physician, and could reach him, he should be mine. I like his humour, his integrity, and his frankness, and I do not dislike his hostility to the Bible system. I am so far of his mind, that I have only to see the words *Bible Society*, at the beginning of an advertisement, to skip it entirely.

"Nobody reverences the Bible more than myself; but I question whether its divine precepts have done more good, or their perversion more harm, in this mistaken world; and I would sooner cram the doctor's pills down the throat of an Indian, than the Bible of his adversaries.

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

Nov. 30, 1812.—Miss Hutton, writing to a friend, says :—“ I knew an old bachelor of eighty-nine, who verily believed that Birmingham was the pleasantest town in England ; and Digbeth, where he drew his first and last breath, the pleasantest street in it.”

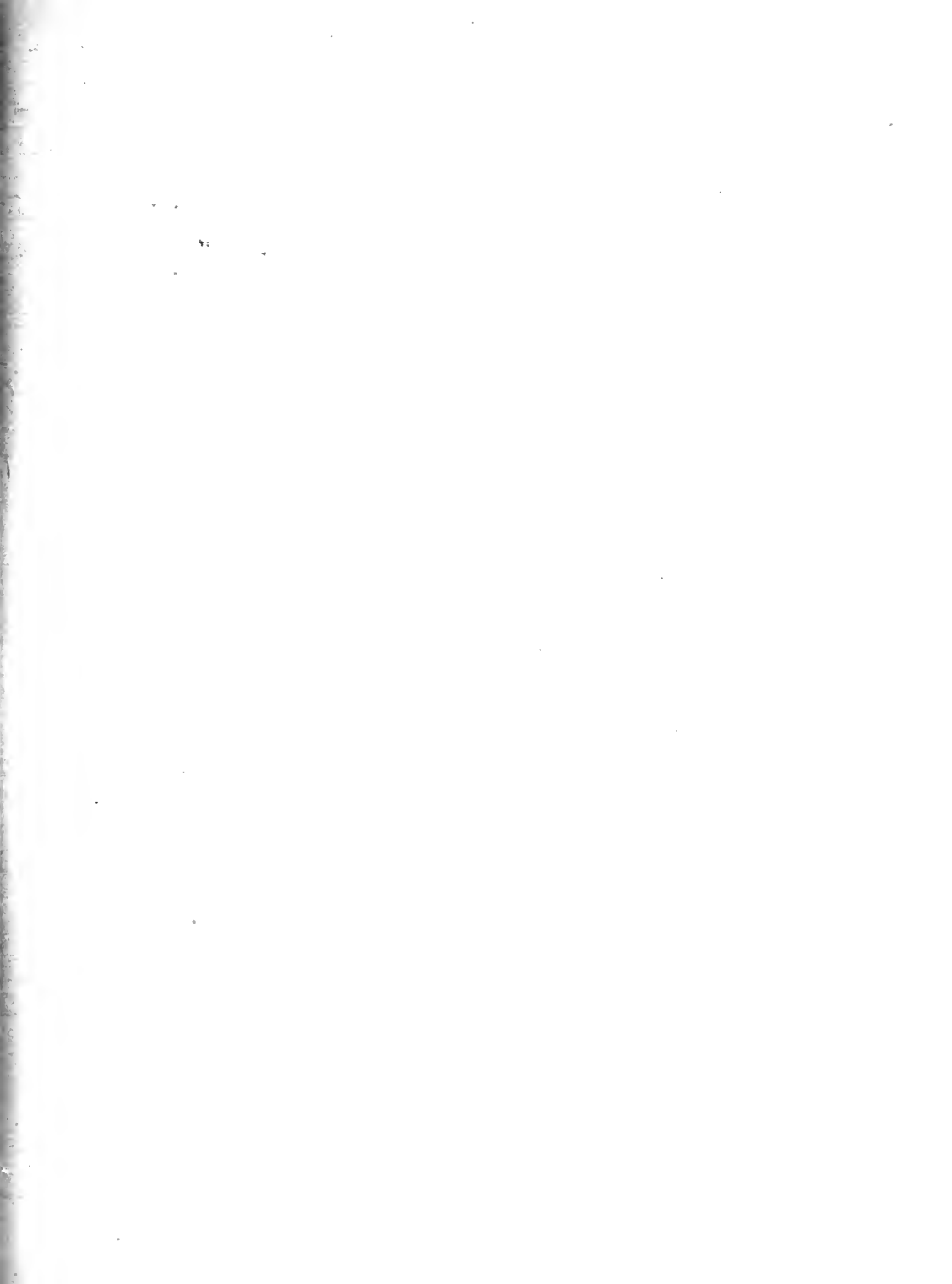
“ Bennett’s Hill [near Birmingham],

“ May 8th, 1814.

. . . . “ The amiable Princess Rustyfusty [Duchess of Oldenburgh] has been at Birmingham, inspecting manufactures of whips, pins, and button links. This, aided by a straw bonnet that projected half a yard from her face, and her jumping in and out of her carriage like a greyhound, has amused the people as much as if they had beaten Bonaparte. *À propos* of Bonaparte, I will send you some lines upon him, from the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, which, though containing only a pitiful pun, are so ridiculous I could not help laughing at them.

‘ Little Nap Horner
Is up in a corner
Dreading his doleful doom.
He who gave t’other day
Whole kingdoms away
Now is glad to get *Elba Room*.’

“ I am told that the Birmingham Mobbites grudge the unfortunate Napoleon even this ; and think he will employ the money allowed him in bribing certain persons to destroy his enemies. Now he can no longer command hosts of men, and hundreds of cannon, they think he will be content with stabbing all those he dislikes. I have said, ever since his fall, that no mischief can happen in the world in which





BENNETT'S HILL, WASHWOOD HEATH
(THE HOUSE IN WHICH MISS HUTTON LIVED AND DIED)

(Illustrated by the Rev. Wm. H. Murray)

he will not be implicated, and that a pretext will not long be wanting to remove him from it. . . .

“I had an old hag came after Ann Yardley’s place. She told Ann that she understood all our servants married ; and she wished to live with us, that she might have a chance herself. . . .

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

The Aston of to-day is a very different place from the Aston of Miss Hutton’s time, when she wrote, “My *neighbour*, Mr. Watt, son of the great engineer of that name, who lives at Aston Hall.” At that time there was an uninterrupted view across the fields, between Aston Hall and Miss Hutton’s house. On those fields a town has now sprung up, three lines of railway have been formed, and volumes of smoke, issuing from numerous chimneys, are fast destroying the fine trees in Aston Park, and injuring those round the house in which Miss Hutton lived.

“Bennett’s Hill, May 22, 1814.

. “Mr. Blount told us, on the authority of Mr. Legge himself, that the Aston estate was going to be sold. In consequence of this information I proposed to my father to make an immediate application for such pieces of land as are most desirable to us. With my father’s consent I wrote to Mr. Armishaw, requesting the refuse of three fields adjoining our ground, and two adjoining yours, and I carried and left the letter.

“Mr. Court, attended by Mr Armishaw and Mr. Perrins, is perambulating the parish to value the lands and buildings, in order to *regulate*, that is advance, the poor’s rates.

I suppose we shall not escape our share of the regulation. I hope you will make it a point to see the magnanimous Alexander of Russia. I understand the people of Birmingham are making great preparations in expectation of his paying a visit to their metals and machinery ; perhaps the metals, or at least the machinery, may return the visit to St. Petersburg.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

To Sir Richard Phillips, Tavistock Square, London.

“Bennett’s Hill, nr. Birmingham,

“Dec. 21, 1814.

“Dear Sir,—

. “I like Mr. Galton and Mr. Attwood as much as you do ; but I like the town of Birmingham rather less. Its inhabitants might petition Government against the Orders in Council, because they silenced their hammers and stopped their lathes ; but I never heard of any objection they had to the property tax or the American War. War has been their principal amusement for more than twenty years. No pleasure ever was equal to beating Bonaparte, and no music to slamming the bells.

“With regard to the arts, I think the genius of the artists of Birmingham is more calculated to paint tea boards than pictures, and that the fate of their exhibition will be to die a natural death. I should not wonder if this happens before they have erected a building for the reception of their paintings ; but, if afterwards, it is no matter ; it will serve for a Methodist meeting house. That

society is flourishing enough to take possession of all cast-off public edifices whatsoever.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

“Bennett’s Hill, near Birmingham,

“May 24, 1815.

“My dear Brother,—

. . . . “We have had a visit from a Mr. Underwood, who was desirous to be introduced to my father, from having read a translation into French of his ‘Roman Wall,’ while at Geneva. He is now the guest of Mr. Blount, who asked my father’s permission to bring him here. Mr. Underwood has walked through half the counties in England, five times through Wales, and once from Dijon to Rome, and has been on the summits of Snowdon, Vesuvius, and Mont Blanc. He is a member of the Antiquarian Society, a geologist, a man of strong understanding, elegant manners, and a great admirer of my father. At first he could see nothing but my father, but I flatter myself that I obtained a small share of his admiration in my turn.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

In 1815 Miss Hutton sustained a great loss in the death of her venerable father, who died on Sept. 20th, at the great age of 92. No one can read her account of his last days without being affected. In speaking of their relation to each other, Miss Hutton says:—“My father’s conduct towards his children was admirable. He allowed us a greater degree of liberty than custom gives to a child ;

but if he saw us transgressing the bounds of order, a single word, and that a mild one, was sufficient to bring us back. He strongly inculcated the confession of an error. A fault acknowledged was not merely amended ; in his estimation it almost became a virtue."

Miss Hutton also says of her father that "such was the happy disposition of his mind, and such the firm texture of his body, that ninety-two years had scarcely the power to alter his features, or make a wrinkle in his face."

One feature in Miss Hutton's character we must all admire, viz., her devotion to her parents. In her young days she had many offers of marriage, but she declined them all, for, as she said, "How could I leave my mother." When she was fifty years of age she had another offer, which she declined for a similar reason, "How could I leave my father."

To Sir Richard Phillips.

"2, Old Cavendish Street, London.

"May 4, 1816.

"Dear Sir,—

. . . . "I honour your Society for the Abolition of War ; but I fear the project is chimerical. Men and horses, dogs and cocks, doves and red-breasts, have always shewn a disposition to fight each other ; and I believe they will indulge it to the end of the world.

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

To Robert Baldwin, Esq. 6, Queen Square, London.

“Bennett’s Hill [near Birmingham],

“June 13, 1816.

“Dear Sir,—

. . . . “Mr. Orme said that the critic had been so much interested in my manuscript of ‘The Miser Married,’* that *she* could not rise from her seat till she had read it through. Mr. Orme said that there never were so many clever women in Great Britain as at present, and that they [Messrs. Longman and Co.] had some thoughts of concentrating the talents of these ladies into one work; to be published periodically, in the manner of the *Spectator*, and placing at the head of it a few celebrated names, such as Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Inchbald, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Hamilton. He asked me to contribute to the work, in case they should bring it forward. To be classed with such writers as Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Inchbald, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Hamilton! What an honour! I could have no objection, if I were deserving it.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

“Malvern Wells, Sep. 3, 1816.

“My dear Brother,—

. . . . “Two circumstances have happened here very unexpectedly. A tall, stately, affable, polite, fashionable old lady, called Mrs. Motte, was here when I came, and had the kindness to come to me on the second evening, to ask if I would join her and some other ladies at a

* A novel written by Miss Hutton.

work table with my knitting. Two days ago having heard she had been to India, and considering that a niece she had with her was called Miss Touchet, it instantly flashed into my mind that she herself was the Miss Touchet who was so many years ago the inseparable companion of Miss Taylor [of Moseley Hall]. True, she was, for I asked her. Can you imagine the Miss Touchet we formerly knew to be now a large made, large featured, heavy, upright woman of sixty-five years of age? I assure you I hardly can, though I have seen her. What a lamentable difference does two-and-forty years make in the best and biggest of us! Mrs. Motte is a widow, never had any children, and lives in Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square. She has left us to-day.

“Now for my second wonder. There lodges in a cottage below, Miss Burney, the sister of the Evelina and Cecilia Burney, herself the authoress of ‘Clementine,’ ‘Geraldine,’ and some other *ines* that I am not acquainted with. This lady had read the ‘Miser Married;’ admired it; and hearing that the fair writer (as the Reviewers politely called her) was at Malvern, was desirous of being acquainted with her. Mrs. Motte did her the honour to introduce her, and the two fair authoresses are become extremely intimate. On comparing notes, we find we touch at many points. I admire both her talents and her manners.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

The celebrated Birmingham physician, Gabriel Jean Marie De Lys, M.D., mentioned in the two following letters, was born at St. Malo, in Brittany, Feb. 7th, 1784. The

troubles in his native country led him to seek a home in England. From one of the letters we gather that Mrs. Brooke was his kind friend and patroness. Dr. De Lys died at Edgbaston, August 24th, 1831, and was buried in a vault under the parish church; a handsome tablet with bust was erected in the church to his memory.

“Bennett’s Hill, near Birmingham,

“Jan. 10, 1817.

. “Dr. De Lys was called in to Elizabeth Reynolds, but too late to afford her any assistance. . . . I was in his company at my brother’s, and he asked leave to introduce to me his patroness, Mrs. Brooke, who was then at his house. . . . I admire both her and the Doctor.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

To Mrs. Brooke, Upton-on-Severn.

“Bennett’s Hill [near Birmingham],

“April 5, 1817.

“Dear Madam,—

. “I believe, dear Madam, there is much in you to honour and admire. Your educating a friendless orphan in such a noble manner, though I know not the particulars, bespeaks a generous and an independent mind, and has long made me desirous to know both you and him. The few minutes I saw you together confirmed the interest I felt before. Where, if you had been a thrifty, prudent woman, determined to lay out your money to the best advantage, could you have met with so good a bargain as the filial affection of Dr. De Lys? I shall never, while I

live, forget his open, honest countenance. . . . If you see Colonel Barry, perhaps he will accept my respectful regards; they have one merit, that of being sincere. I shall consider it as a happiness to be permitted to go to Malvern Wells this summer, and an additional one to meet him there. I look upon Colonel Barry as an oracle; and sorry I was to hear that he said the efforts of the people would throw the country into the hands of the Ministers.

“What an alarming state the country is in! I have not been in Birmingham since I had the pleasure of seeing you there; but I am afraid the people are dying with hunger, and I know that the vicinity is the scene of their nightly depredations. I have twice within these two months, had a considerable quantity of lead stolen from my buildings; and the last time, two nights ago, a beautiful statue of the same metal was carried into an adjoining field, bereft of its legs and arms, and the poor mutilated trunk, too heavy to be taken away, was left upon the ground. I am almost afraid to inhabit my house.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

An interesting allusion is made in the following letter to Cromwell's celebrated ambassador to France, Sir William Lockhart, who married Miss Robina Sewster, a Huntingdonshire lady, the Protector's niece.

“Malvern Wells, August the last, 1817.

Much grain unripe, a little cut, and none carried.

“Dear Brother—

. . . . “I have been a great favourite with a most

elegant and clever woman, who is gone, and from whom I have a long letter. She was a Lockhart, of a Scottish family famed for many things. When Douglas was appointed to carry the heart of Bruce, King of Scotland, to the Holy Land, an ancestor of this lady was the second in command. Douglas died during the expedition, and Lockhart took charge of the heart of his deceased sovereign, which he carried locked in an iron box, fastened to an iron ring which went round his neck. The party was attacked by infidels; Lockhart took his treasure from his neck, threw it into the midst of the enemy, and followed it, crying 'Scots! fight for the heart of your king!' His men rushed upon their foes, obtained the victory, and carried the heart to the place of its destination. For this exploit the Lockharts have supporters to their arms, one of which is a man with the iron box suspended from his neck. Another Lockhart married a niece of Oliver Cromwell, and was one of his ambassadors; and, what is more, I have an impression of an original head of Oliver Cromwell from a seal that belonged to this gentleman, and is still in the family. Another Lockhart, the great-grandfather of *my* lady, collected a number of papers relative to the attempts of the Stuart family, whom he favoured in his heart, and left them to his son, with strict injunctions to publish them, after a certain number of years had elapsed.

"These are now published, price five guineas, by Anthony Aufrère, Esq., the husband of *my* lady, and I have a note from her to her cousin, Dr. Johnstone, of Birmingham, desiring him to lend them to me. The father of Mrs. Aufrère was a general officer in the Austrian

service, who routed the Poles in defiance of the orders of his commander. He then rode post to Vienna and carried the tidings of his disobedience to the Empress Maria Theresa, laying two flags, which he had taken, at her feet, and acknowledging that his life was forfeited. He was made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, which honour his daughter now enjoys, though she does not assume it ; and the two Polish flags were added to the family arms, and are painted on her carriage to this day. . . . Colonel Barry is at Hooton Loo, with the Marquis of Bute. . . . Mrs. Brooke has written to me from Upton, asking me to visit her, which I mean to do, if the weather permits.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

In 1818, Miss Hutton, writing to Mrs. André, says :—
 “I met a lady at Malvern who remembers you when you were Miss Drury. Her name is Buckworth, she lives at Tottenham, is a widow, and is rich. She had with her a very elegant equipage and three servants. Mrs. Buckworth is a woman of very good understanding, great quickness of apprehension, and uncommon ingenuity. She distinguished me by particular kindness.”

1818.—Miss Hutton, speaking of the first visit she paid to Mrs. Buckworth at Tottenham, says :—“I passed two days with Mrs. Buckworth, she showed me three generations of wedding lace ; being the bridal decorations of Mrs. Buckworth, her mother, and her grandmother, who had each a suit of point and a suit of Brussels. They were equally fine ; but the oldest was thick, the second was thin and Mrs. Buckworth’s was cobweb.

“The point alone of the latter cost a hundred guineas. I felt a great wish to possess a scrap of each ; and I regretted much that the grandmother’s suit of clothes, a brocade of natural flowers upon a stone-coloured ground, of which one piece only had ever been woven, and which, at that time of day, cost five guineas a yard, had been given by Mrs. Buckworth to her maid, and was no longer to be seen. I afterwards looked at a fine set of diamonds, and another of pearls, with indifference.”

Miss Hutton, during her visits to Mrs. Buckworth, met many distinguished people.

Jan. 6, 1818.—Miss Hutton writes, “I have read ‘Waverley,’ ‘Guy Mannering,’ and the ‘Antiquary’—What can I read in the form of a novel after these? Not the Burneys and the Edgeworths—I had almost said not the Fieldings and Smolletts—yet such is the difference of opinion, even among persons qualified to judge, that I heard the late Philpot Curran* condemn ‘Waverley’ altogether, and say that the characters were ‘nothing but a parcel of banditti.’ I think the characters bold, original, and inimitable. I think the works of this writer display great learning and genuine humour, and present a picture of Scottish manners that will delight as long as the English language shall be read ; but I also think that the Scottish dialect is more favourable for the characters he has chosen than that of our English rustics would be. The Scottish dialect is almost become classical ; and to me it is become so familiar from reading Allan Ramsay, Burns, and this

* An Irish orator and politician, and member of the Irish bar. Born 1750, died in London, 1817.

author, whoever he be, that I have been upon the point of speaking Scotch to my servants."

To Mrs. Buckworth, Tottenham, London.

"Bennett's Hill, June 21, 1818.

"My dear Friend,—

. . . . "On the Sunday after I left you, Sir Richard Phillips rode to town to ask me to dine at his house at Holloway, with the sister of Sir Robert Wilson, who lives in Paris; the captain of a ship, who had lately seen Napoleon at St. Helena; and various persons who were interesting on some account or other.

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

"Well House, Malvern, Aug., 1818.

"My dear Brother,—

. . . . "I pay my money for the prosecution of Thornton* with reluctance. It has not answered the intended purpose, nor do I think the means proper to accomplish it were employed; but my promise was not conditional, therefore Sam will have the goodness to pay it for me, whenever it is demanded.

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

The following is an account of a very remarkable old lady, residing at Scarborough, to whom Miss Hutton was introduced. The Mrs. Buckworth referred to was no relation to the lady of that name just mentioned.

* The supposed murderer of Mary Ashford.

“ Scarborough, August 19, 1819.

“ Mrs. Buckworth, the wife of a merchant of Hull, has taken me to call upon Mrs. Parkyn, who lives at the end of Merchants' Row. This lady is a native of Scarborough, as were all her traceable ancestors, and she is a walking chronicle of between eighty and ninety years' standing. She has had twenty-three children, ten of whom were born in five years ; that is to say, four double births and two single ones ; and she drives herself in a gig to Scalby, where she has a country house.

“ Mrs. Parkyn's hoards of silver and fine linen can only be surpassed by Solomon of old time. To these are added fine china, which Solomon had not. She has a model of Scarborough Castle in filigree, which was executed by her mother in 1701 ; and she has a fan which was presented to one of her foremothers by Queen Elizabeth.

“ Mrs. Parkyn remembers the time when Merchants' Row was the genteel part of the town, and when Newborough and Long Room Street contained only a few thatched houses. She relates that, when her great-grandmother, who lived in Merchants' Row, was making childbed linen for her grandfather yet unborn, she dropped her needle, and that, at the moment she was stooping to raise it up, a cannon ball from a French privateer flew over her head, passed through the house, and lodged in a house on the opposite side of the street. This side, which you may remember is elevated ten feet above the other, is called Palace Hill. Mrs. Parkyn is a little, lively, active old woman, who stepped on a chair to reach me Queen Elizabeth's fan.”

In the following letter mention is made of Henry

Hunt (commonly known as "Orator" Hunt), the great Radical, who was tried at York Assizes in 1820, "for unlawful assembling for the purpose of moving and inciting to hatred and contempt of the Government." He was sentenced to be imprisoned in Ilchester Gaol for three years.

"Malvern, Aug. 28, 1819.

"My dear Brother,—

"After much hesitation, I do not go to Llandrindod. I would have accepted Captain Tudor's place in the carriage, on condition of my paying half the posting; but this he and Mrs. Tudor would not hear of; and I thought I could not avail myself of the favour offered me, without sacrificing some of the independence so necessary for my health. So, for the second time, ends my purpose of visiting Llandrindod. I am acquainted with Sir Isaac Heard, in common with every other person in the house; but he distinguishes me by his confidence, and has entrusted to my perusal manuscript memoirs of his own life, and of his own writing. Every person here is for stretching Hunt's neck, and if the law will not do it, they are for stretching the law for that purpose. They seem to experience the same kind of panic that we witnessed in London during the riots in 1780; while I, now, as then, am not discomposed, as not being of the same parish. No man here is more inveterate against the Radicals, and their champion, Hunt, than my good humoured friend, Mr. Matson; but such is the prevalence of his good humour, that he smiles while he denounces vengeance against them.

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

To Mrs. Buckworth, Malvern.

“Llandrindod Wells, Aug. 13, 1820.

“ At last, my dear Mrs. Buckworth, I have reached this mysterious place, which so long eluded my attempts to visit it ; and here, now I am here, I shall stay ; but whether I should have resolution to come again, or whether the faithful account I will give you will tempt you to come, I much doubt. The road from Malvern to Hereford is fine, and the country beautiful. The hotel at Hereford is a large house, and, though not well conducted, will satisfy you. From Hereford to Kington is twenty miles ; the road rougher ; the country for the first ten miles, charming. I rattled over huge stones that would have shaken me to atoms, if they had lasted ; happily they did not last. Two tremendously steep hills brought me down to Kington.

“ At Kington I asked if I could have a chaise to Pen-y-bont at eight o'clock the next morning, and was told that I might. Presently after I was told that I might not, and I desired to see the master. ‘ Very sorry,’ said he, ‘ Kington races, both chaises bespoke ;’ but I might go at four o'clock in the morning, or three in the afternoon. ‘ Very well,’ said I, ‘ three in the afternoon.’ But upon consideration, I thought three might be four or even five, the horses could not be fresh, and roads must be bad ; so I concluded to go at four o'clock in the morning. The night before the races no one could think of sleeping ; all were in an uproar, even to the very dogs in the street. I dressed by candle-light, and set out by star-light ; for though it was four o'clock at Kington, it was little past three everywhere else. I was glad, however, that I had light before me, rather than darkness.

“ After getting up a steep hill, I entered Radnorshire. All was wild and dreary ; but the road was not such as either to fatigue or alarm me. Having passed through one of the poorest villages I ever saw, Llanvihangle Nant Melun, I mounted a long and steep hill, a grand barrier of the country. The road then ran along the side of a higher and steeper hill, with a frightful precipice on the left. Here, I confess, I internally exclaimed, ‘ I’ll never go again to Llandrindod ! ’ The rest of the way to Pen-y-bont, which is sixteen miles from Kington, and from Pen-y-bont to Llandrindod, which is five, is up and down, and worn in holes. I am here lodged in a room about 12ft. long and 8ft. wide, with four white walls, and half a casement window. Its furniture a two-post bedstead with printed cotton curtains, a dressing table with a drawer ; a small looking-glass, which makes me look so ugly that, if I thought it was a faithful representation of my face, I should be ashamed to show it ; one good, substantial, wooden chair, and a broken one. There is not a chest of drawers, nor any sort of convenience to hold clothes, save some nails knocked into the walls, in the whole house.

“ I am next to the Dungeon, and two removes from the Salt-box. In the Dungeon sleep two ladies’ maids, and I cannot avoid hearing their conversation, though my door be shut. ‘ The rooms that I have slept in ! ’ cries one, ‘ and to be shut up in such a hole as this. ’ ‘ When I first came here,’ said the other, ‘ they showed me into a room that I thought was my own, and I desired them to show me my mistress’s room ; but they said that was it.’ There

are, I am told, in the new house, which adjoins this, and which, by-the-bye, is built of boards, two rooms of larger dimensions than mine ; but these are reserved for ladies who are so fortunate as to bring husbands with them. It was one of these that the maid took to be her own. My room, as it is, was coveted by Mrs. Touchet, a lady ten years older, and twenty pounds heavier than yourself.

“ The great people are not here ; but the company is, in general, as good as at the Well House, Malvern. With the exception of Miss Newport, whom Mrs. Tudor knows, they are all Welsh ; and, with this exception, they have not quite the polished manners of your society ; but they have a pleasing hilarity of their own. The table is well served, plain and good. The house stands in a dingle ; the ground rises abruptly before it, and soon opens on a common, from whence there is an extensive view of the country. Here are seen wooded or cultivated hills rising behind the house, and a distant semi-circular range of mountains stretching before you. The air upon the common is excellent, the waters in the dingle are said to be so, too ; but I leave it to others to try them. I do not wish for my little carriage here ; but I very much wish I could walk. Such is Llandrindod. I dare not say I wish you to come ; I can only say I should be most happy to see you. Write to me whether you come or not. We get our letters by chance, as there is no post here ; and a newspaper has not arrived since I did ; so we live in ignorance of all sublunary matters.

“ CATHERINE HUTTON.”

To Miss Hutton [daughter of Dr. Hutton],
34, Bedford Row, London.

“Bennett’s Hill [near Birmingham],

“Sept. 19, 1820.

“My dear Isabella,—

. “To have an idea of Llandrindod, you must place yourself on an elevated common, covered with greensward, four miles long and half-a-mile broad. You are here in the midst of mountains, which form a circle round you ; some are wooded ; many are cultivated ; but, towards the tops all are bare. In a dingle which skirts a very small part of the common, rises a spring of saline water, and, near this, a spring of sulphurous water. On the opposite side of the common, a strong chalybeate spring issues from a fissure in the rock. The Pump House is in possession of the two former springs ; the latter is on the common, and near the Rock House. The Pump House is a boarding-house ; the Rock House is a boarding house and inn.

“The history of Llandrindod Wells is singular. Most of the watering-places of our island have been in a state of gradual improvement ; but Llandrindod has experienced a great reverse of fortune. The saline water was in medical use about the year 1696, after which it was neglected and forgotten. In the year 1736, Mrs. Jenkins, wife of the tenant who occupied the farm, and great-grandmother of the wife of the present tenant, observed a light, occasioned by inflammable vapours, playing about the spot. She dug in hopes of finding a treasure, and she found it, in the

saline spring, which has been a source of emolument to her and her descendants to the present day.

“In 1749 several houses were fitted up for the reception of company ; and every farmer added a little parlour and two bed rooms to his dwelling ; but the grand establishment was near the church, which is situated on the side of a mountain. Here was one house so large as to contain a hundred beds, or, as some say, a hundred and twenty ; but I must observe that the Welsh have a faculty of packing beds very close together. Here was a bowling green, a billiard room, and regular balls held ; a pastry cook, a hair dresser, and a toy shop from London. Three or four coaches and six were commonly seen, following each other up the narrow, steep, and rugged road which still leads to Llandrindod Church ; and gaming ran so high that £70,000 was won and lost in one day. In a word, Llandrindod was the Bath of Wales.

“This establishment continued till about the year 1787, when, Aberystwith coming into fashion, it was gradually deserted. It is said, also, that the proprietor, being a Methodist, was scandalised at the diversions of the place, particularly at the high play, and, on this account, he totally demolished the building. It is not said whether these scruples seized him while the immoralities were carried on ; but, if the building were deserted at all, it must have been before it was pulled down. Tradition has not settled the point ; but it is certain that the site of the house and the bowling green may yet be distinguished, and that a few pine trees are all that now remains of this gay resort of Welsh company.

“ The spring, however, was not again forgotten, and the tenant’s house, which is situated in the dingle, continued to accommodate about eight or ten persons ; air, and light, and space were accommodations not required. After the grand building was destroyed, it was thought expedient to add to this, which was called the Pump House ; and an adjoining building was erected, containing an eating room, and four bed rooms over it. The Dean of Brecon dined in the former, as soon as the casements were glazed, with a company of seventeen persons, and named it the Pavilion. In 1805 a second addition was made, and the Pump House now, including a two-bedded room over the coach-house, will lodge twenty-four persons. The principal room in the original farm house is called the *Den* ; two rooms over the Pavilion are known by the names of the *Salt-box* and the *Dungeon*, and in the modern edifice one has obtained the appellation of the *Post-chaise*. In the last generation the company were compelled to go to bed by daylight ; and if the young people petitioned for a dance, the lady of the Pump House replied, ‘ Indeed I sha’nt submit to it.’ I forgot to say that a young man about five feet ten inches in height declared to me that, as he lay down, he could touch all the four sides of the *Post-chaise* at once. . . . After passing four weeks at Llandrindod, and one at Malvern, I came home last Saturday. . . .

“ CATHERINE HUTTON.”

Writing to Mrs. Buckworth, Oct, 7, 1820, Miss Hutton says, “ Miss Thrale I should have liked much

to have seen. Has she any portion of her mother's genius?" This lady, who was visiting Mrs. Buckworth, was the daughter of Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Thrale.

"Barrett's Cottage, Cheltenham,

"Jan. 23, 1821.

"My dear Brother,—

"I arrived here in safety at four o'clock on Monday, and bore the journey tolerably well. I am here engaged in what to me is a life of dissipation, though at Cheltenham it is the quietest life in the world; this I have also borne tolerably well, sleeping better than I have done lately at home. Two ladies, very old acquaintances, and one lady a new one, have been to see me, and to-day we have a party to dinner. I have a constant fire in my bedroom; but I am not, upon the whole, very civil to it, for I suffer it to burn alone. It is impossible for people to be more kind and considerate than Captain and Mrs. Tudor, and, what is likewise much to my advantage, they do not overwhelm me with kindness.

"I am reading the novels of the delightful Miss Austen. All she says are trifles, but all are agreeable.

"Cheltenham is a delightful place now; in hot and dusty weather I believe I should think otherwise.

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

"Swan, Hay, Breconshire,

"Aug. 8, 1821.

"My dear Friend,—

"I am here on my way to Llandrindod, the place

where you have ridden with Mrs. Stewart, laughed with Mr. Touchet, and talked with me, and where, above all, with riding and laughing, you regained your health. Whom I shall find there now I know not, except Captain and Mrs. Tudor.

. . . . "I have been thinking, as I rode alone in a post-chaise from Hereford hither, that, if ever I subscribe money towards the erection of a statue, it shall be to that of Macadam.* Nothing can better prove the utility of his plan than this road, which is composed of alternate patches of new and old ; on the former of which one runs as on a bowling green, while the other grinds one's bones. My bones being rather slightly put together renders me a perfect judge of these matters ; and I do not hesitate to pronounce that the man who mends the roads confers a greater benefit on mankind than the general who slaughters thousands, or the sovereign who governs millions for his own gratification. By the time I leave the world, I suppose no travellers will be fatigued, except horses ; they, poor beasts, are made to be worn out in the service of man ; or their treatment is wide of their destination."

* John Loudon Macadam, the celebrated road-maker just referred to, was a Scotchman, and invented the system of road-making called after his name. For this invention he was, in 1827, granted a sum of £10,000 by the Government, and offered a baronetcy, which last honour he declined. He was born in 1756 and died 1836. In Birmingham, Moor Street was the first street to be macadamised. Now the principal streets are paved with wood, which makes less noise and causes less dust. The turnpike roads before the time of Macadam were rough and rugged, and consisted largely of huge stones and ruts.

Charles Hutton, LL.D., F.R.S., to whom some of the following letters are addressed, was a member of several learned societies in Europe and America. He was descended from the Westmoreland branch of the Hutton family, which had the honour of being connected by marriage with that of Sir Isaac Newton. His father, who was a viewer, or superintendent of mines, gave his children what education his circumstances would permit.

The first school Charles was sent to was kept by an old Scotch woman ; he remained at this school till he had read the Bible through two or three times. This schoolmistress, according to the Doctor's account, was no great scholar, as it was her practice whenever she came to a word which she could not read herself to desire the children to skip it, for "it was Latin." The next school the Doctor went to was a writing school ; thence he was removed to the educational establishment of the Rev. Mr. Ivison, a clergyman of the Church of England, at the neighbouring village of Jesmond. This gentleman, having been presented to a living, gave up his school in favour of Charles Hutton, who was then only eighteen years of age. It appears that his duties did not interrupt his favourite studies, as he devoted all his leisure hours to mathematical pursuits.

An event now occurred which deprived his native town of his services as a teacher ; this was his appointment to the Professorship of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, on the 24th of May, 1773. During Dr. Hutton's connection with the Academy he raised it from a state of comparative inferiority to the highest degree of celebrity and national importance. To his

steady and persevering conduct, for thirty-five years, and his improvements in military science, his country is essentially indebted for the success of the British artillery and engineers in all parts of the world during the latter part of the last century.

Dr. Hutton, soon after his connection with the Royal Military Academy, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

In 1806, owing to ill-health, he was obliged to retire from his labours at the Academy, on which he was granted a pension of £500 a year for life. At his residence in Bedford Row, London, he was constantly visited by an extensive circle of friends.

During the last year of Dr. Hutton's life, as many of his scientific friends wished to possess a correct and lasting remembrance of his features, a subscription was raised, and a very successful marble bust was executed by Mr. Sebastian Gahagan. This bust Dr. Hutton bequeathed to his native town. Dr. Hutton died on Monday, the 27th January, 1823, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, and was interred in the family vault at Charlton, in Kent. The following letter from the Earl of Eldon, Lord Chancellor of England, who was a subscriber to the bust, is addressed to General Hutton, son of Dr. Hutton. From this letter we learn the kind feeling which existed between the Doctor and some of his former pupils.

“ Feb. 3, 1823.

“ Sir,—

“ I request you to accept my very sincere thanks for your communication received on Saturday last.

“ Full sixty years have passed since I had the benefit of your venerable father’s instruction, and that benefit I regard as one of the many blessings which I have enjoyed in life, and of which blessings I wish I had been more worthy.

“ I feel very painfully that I did not wait upon Dr. Hutton personally to thank him for his letter, in which he wrote with such remarkable and affecting kindness respecting Lady Eldon and myself,—both his pupils. I shall preserve that letter as a testimony that a person of his eminence had, through so many years, recollected us with a sort of parental affection.

“ I shall not fail to preserve anxiously the medal which you have been pleased to send to me, and for which I beg you to receive my thanks. To secure to his memory the respect and veneration of his country, this memorial was not wanting ; he will long be remembered by a country so essentially benefited by his life and works.

“ I am, Sir, your obedient and obliged servant,

“ ELDON.”

Similar letters, expressing a high sense of Dr. Hutton’s eminent talents, and the benefits he had rendered to his country, were received from His Grace the Duke of Wellington, and other distinguished personages.

The preceding notes are taken from a memoir of Dr. Hutton in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for March, 1823.

Miss Hutton greatly enjoyed the society she met at Dr. Hutton’s, and among the learned men whose acquaintance she made there, was Dr. Maskelyne, the Astronomer Royal.

To Dr. Hutton, 34, Bedford Row.

"Bennett's Hill [near Birmingham],

"Nov. 4, 1821.

"My dearest Cousin,—

"I received your letter with great pleasure, and read it with greater. Such a proof of health and vivacity quite astonished me! There is not one thought or line which savours of old age. Never mind your saint, you are a match for all the saints in the calendar.

"I am glad you will leave to posterity so durable a resemblance of your countenance as a marble bust; marble may last as long as mathematics; while painting, even that of Sir Isaac Newton, must perish. My brother begs you will bespeak a cast for him; and, in its features, I shall contemplate with pleasure, not the philosopher who will interest all men of science, but my honoured cousin and kind friend. You will do us the favour to enter my name, and that of my cousin, Samuel Hutton, as subscribers."

Extract from a letter to Dr. Hutton :—

"Feb. 11, 1822.

"One of my desultory occupations has been to read 'The Pirate' [Sir Walter Scott's], and this gave me some consequence when I went to Cheltenham, as I was the first person at Captain Tudor's table who had read it, and everyone was anxious to hear of it. When other persons were as well informed as myself they thought less favourably of it than I did. I like the hitherto unknown scenery of the islands, the manners of the islanders, the old

Udaller and his daughters, and even the Pirate, to whom I would have given a happier lot at last. If I must have a witch, I like Norma, because her exploits and predictions are accounted for upon rational principles, a circumstance in which the other fanciful characters of this author are woefully deficient."

To Dr. Hutton, Bedford Row, London.

"Bennett's Hill [near Birmingham],

"July 10, 1822.

"My dear and much respected Cousin,—

. "I have written to Mr. Hamper,* telling him that, from the similarity of their tastes and pursuits, I had mentioned him to General Hutton, who would be glad to see him when he went to town. He sent me a very pretty note in return, which the General shall see when opportunity offers, saying he shall be happy to call on General Hutton, or to see him at Deritend House if he comes into Warwickshire. In this latter case he invites me to be the General's aide-de-camp. Such a mouse as I aide-de-camp to a General officer! It is true, the only enemies to be attacked are antiquarian spiders; and these Mr. Hamper promises to dislodge before his visitors arrive; but Mistress Mouse could as soon face an army as examine Mr. Hamper's antiquities.

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

* Mr. Hamper was an eminent Birmingham antiquary. He resided in Moseley Street, at what was formerly known as the Apollo House, an hotel with beautiful gardens, commanding an uninterrupted view of Bromsgrove Lickey. Mr. Hamper converted this house into a private one, and re-named it Deritend House.

"Well House, Malvern.

"Sept. 27, 1822.

"My dear Brother,—

. . . . "There are here a Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, whom I have known before, and always liked. Mrs. Fraser is particularly kind to me, and takes me out whenever she goes in her carriage. She has given me an invitation to pass a week with her at Kensington, where I dare say that she and her husband live in all the luxury that money can purchase.

"A Mr. Dick who is here has lent me 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' which bears the stamp of the Great Unknown, but is not equal to his best works. The scene is laid in the reign of James the First; and the character of the Sovereign, and the manners, language, and costumes of the times are well preserved.

"Mrs. Ironmonger, whom I met twenty-six years ago at Barmouth, is here. She is the daughter of a celebrated lawyer, Hallen, who lived an age ago in Temple Street. She attaches herself much to me; and, strange as it appears to me, our conversation turns upon Harry Henn, Jem Taylor, and Mrs. Cambden, creatures of another world!

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

To Miss Hutton [daughter of Dr. Hutton],
34, Bedford Row, London.

"Bennett's Hill [near Birmingham],

"Nov. 6, 1822.

"My dear Isabella,—

. . . . "What a forcible and elegant writer is Burke! what a comprehensive view he takes of his subject!

how finely he talks of liberty! but here the cloven foot peeps out. He preaches the wretched doctrine of expedience, and says that too much lenity in a sovereign renders illegal proceedings necessary. Can illegal proceedings ever be necessary, or even justifiable? If laws are defective, amend them; but if they are not to be the rule of conduct, we may as well go to the sovereign's will at once. I have extracted a good deal from 'Burke's History,' and I shall divide it into three parts.

"My cousin's [Dr. Hutton's] opinion of my letters, and yours of my novels—I might say make me vain—but I am not vain, I am only grateful and encouraged. The comparison will make much against myself; yet I have magnanimity enough to recommend for your evening's amusement, when you have dismissed your cousin, the novels of Jane Austen. Jane died at forty. Her novels are pictures of common life, something like mine, but much more varied; and her character is either something like mine, or what I would wish mine to be. Her 'Pride and Prejudice' and my 'Miser Married,' the first works published by either, started together. She died before I had read any of her works, and probably died without having read any of mine.

"Kind regards to General and Mrs. Hutton, Mrs.* and Captain Wills, and Miss Barlow. What a heaven must his own fairy palace be to Captain Wills after the filthy inns of Italy! I am sorry he has travelled so far with so little benefit to his health.

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

* Mrs. Wills was a daughter of Dr. Hutton.

To Mrs. Buckworth, Tottenham.

“ Bennett’s Hill [near Birmingham],

“ Nov. 23, 1822.

“ My dear Mrs. Buckworth,—

“ Buxton is over, and Malvern is over, and you and I have taken to our chairs by our respective firesides for the winter. I am glad you found the company at the former place so good. I went to Malvern late in the season, with hopes to find benefit from the air, but little expectation of deriving pleasure from the society.

“ The company at the Well House did not exceed twelve persons. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, and Miss Halifax, whom I had known and liked, and Mrs. Brown, whom I had known and never could like. Your friend, Mr. Humphrey, and his friend, Mrs. Bernall, were also of the number ; he has a great deal of wit and irony ; she is open and honest ; I was pleased with them both.

“ Another of the company is Mr. Wilton, who, I am told, is well known in town by the appellation of Beau Wilton. This gentleman is seventy years of age, tall, handsome, upright, elegant, the perfect dandy and man of fashion. Add to this, good sense, great information, vivacity, loquacity, anecdote, and repartee. We did not possess this paragon more than four days ; but he was succeeded by another paragon, Mrs. B——. This lady is a widow, and, as she says, forty-two years of age ; her looks say sixty, but I believe the lady rather than her looks, for she has been fat and is now thin, and her loose skin adds years to her appearance. She has lost an eye,

and her shape stands out excessively below the waist ; these are misfortunes, not faults. She wears rouge, which, in her, is both misfortune and fault. Her head is adorned with gold and silver turbans and feathers ; and this person is clothed in dresses trebly trimmed with ribands and lace, the neck shaded only with a tucker ; these were certainly mistakes. Mrs. B——'s voice is more hoarse than anything you can imagine. I objected to its being compared to that of a raven, as it frequently was, for the voice of the raven is much more musical. This hoarseness, she says, is the effect of galvanism, and this voice is in continual exertion. The appearance and manner of this lady excited astonishment and mirth, which could not be concealed, yet we found her clever, and extremely quick, quoting books, repeating poetry, relating anecdotes ; her memory remarkably retentive, and her acquaintance with the great world almost universal. She visited for days at Eastnor Castle ; she had a party of 140 persons at Cheltenham ; and so determined was she upon visiting everybody that she endeavoured to propose herself to Mrs. Tudor, Mrs. Fraser, and even to me, but we got clear as well as we could.

“ CATHERINE HUTTON.”

Dec., 1822.—“ My friend Mrs. Tudor [Miss Cole] died lately at Malvern, on the hill she loved so much. My friend, Colonel Barry, died lately at Bath. He was a man of rare talents, and unbounded goodness of heart. Thus our friends drop like dead leaves from the mulberry tree, till it comes our turn to drop ourselves.”

“To Mrs. André.—Dec. 16, 1822.—You ask me if I have made any new friends. Yes, I have made one, as kind as the Mrs. Tudor I have lost, though not so tried. Her name is Fraser; she is beautiful, unaffected, and to me most friendly. Her husband was an India merchant.”

At Campden Hill, Mr. Fraser's residence, Miss Hutton was introduced to Wilkie, the painter, in 1823.

“July 1, 1823.

. . . . “In going to Oxford, a clergyman, who was in the coach, said on hearing my name, that he had been acquainted with me twenty-seven years ago; and on hearing his, I found that he said truly. On returning from Oxford, a very old and very clever gentleman, who was in the coach, said that he lived in Birmingham. Said I, ‘You know my name, though not me; my father wrote the History of Birmingham.’ The man looked petrified with amazement, and when he recovered the power of speech, he exclaimed, ‘I knew you a young woman! I knew you a little girl! I have lived in Birmingham sixty-seven years. Shake hands for old acquaintance.’ Having done so, I said, ‘I have lived sixty-seven years, but during the last thirty, I have not been visible in Birmingham; and now tell me the name of my old acquaintance. ‘Alston.’ I was astonished in my turn. I had known a handsome man of this name; but time had left of the handsome man and the young woman nothing but the name. . . .

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

Extract from a letter of Miss Hutton's to the Rev. John William Knox.

“ July 4th, 1823.

“ I have just returned from Brighton, and have been so popular at Mrs. Best's boarding house, that, like Romeo, I might have cut myself into little stars ; those persons who were not so fortunate as to get me, got the ‘ Miser Married,’ two copies of which were running through the house. One lady set me to play at backgammon with her husband, to give her an opportunity to read my book—she knew that I was sixty-seven or thereabouts. . . . On my part I was not without *my* favourites. Mr. and Mrs. Izett,* of Scotland, I admired altogether, except the name, which is equivalent to our Zed, and does not please me half so well as the Mackintoshes, and Macnamaras, and Mackenzies of their country.

“ To make some amends, however, the lady's name was Stuart ; and, though the Scotch proverb says, *All Stuarts are not sib to the king*, she is his sib. She exchanged her royal name for that of Izett when she was seventeen, and she and her husband have now lived together thirty-five years. They are people of good sense, great benevolence, and strict piety and morality, and their attachment to each other is quite edifying ; each attending

* Lady Macdonald gave to Mrs. Izett, the lady previously mentioned, a piece of the dress in which Charles Edward Stuart, the young Pretender, escaped with Flora Macdonald as her servant. This interesting relic Mrs. Izett gave to Miss Hutton, and it is now placed in one of the large folio volumes of Miss Hutton's great work on costumes, which will be referred to later on. The page on which the relic rests contains an engraving of the Pretender in his disguise.

to the wishes and comforts of the other, in preference to his or her own. Wedded love, which has the test of thirty-five years, and is of such a species, is honourable in itself, and delightful to those who witness it.

“ Another and another of my admirables were a Mrs. Wyatt, of Arundel, and her niece, Miss Wardroper, of Midhurst. The elder lady is sixty-three, and a widow, with just the countenance, pale, and marked with sorrow, that a widow ought to have. She is generous and kind, patient and mild, and is so little selfish that I fear she will not live long ; for the love of self is so strongly planted in our nature that it seems essential to our duration.

“ Mrs. Wyatt is the fifth in descent from the captain of the ship which brought Charles the Second to England, and to whom Charles presented his watch and his ring. The watch, which is said to be extremely curious, is in the possession of the head of Mrs. Wyatt's family ; the ring, which is composed of very minute chains of gold, she wears herself ; and my finger wore for a moment the ornament which had graced the finger of a king ; I confess, however, that my adoration of kings has a little subsided since I studied their history. Miss Wardroper is all that either fancy or judgment could desire in a young woman of eighteen, unless fancy should desire her to be two inches shorter.”

The following extract from another letter to the Rev. J. W. Knox, evidently refers to the railway system, then being discussed.

“ Nov. 14, 1823.—Your scheme for annihilating space, by paying visits by the steam of our tea-kettle, is excellent,

and scarcely more improbable than that shirts and shoes should have been made by the same agent, as we have been told is the case."

*

"Nov. 14, 1823.

"I have read, and been delighted with, 'Quentin Durward;' and, like all who have read it, I have had a desire to read 'Philip de Comines,' but it has not fallen in my way. I fancy the novel is historical, except the hero, who is one of the finest creations of one of the first masters, and the astrologer and the gypsies, who do not seem essential to the story. I am told by those who know him, that the mind of Sir Walter Scott has a slight twist towards superstition; and this accounts for his 'Meg Merrilies,' his 'White Lady,' his 'Norna,' and other fanciful beings. I have no objection to witches and gypsies, as they impose on the ignorant; but I have a great objection to see their predictions verified by facts. I observe you say, 'the author of "Waverley."' I have fought twenty battles to maintain that Sir Walter Scott was not the author of 'Waverley.' I was convinced of it from internal evidence alone; for the novels appeared to me to contain a discrimination of character, and a strength of colouring, which the poems did not possess. But everybody is against me, and as I cannot fight everybody, I endeavour to believe as they do. I have been told, however, that the King, when at Edinburgh one day and Sir Walter Scott had been dining at his table, sent a bunch of grapes 'to the author of "Waverley;'" and that Sir Walter returned it, keeping two grapes and saying, 'This is my share.'"

April 10, 1824.—Miss Hutton, in writing to Miss Burney, the authoress of “Clementine,” “Geraldine,” and other works, says, “I know not whether to congratulate you or not on your making a part of the family of Lord Crewe; everything depends on the understanding and temper of the persons you are with. If they have sense and propriety sufficient to estimate what they owe to Miss Burney, you will have the gratification of reflecting that you are usefully and honourably employed. When Elizabeth Hamilton consulted Colonel Barry on her accepting such an office in a nobleman’s family, he said, ‘All your talents will be forgotten in the governess.’ This is melancholy, for nothing but superior talents and accomplishments can qualify a woman for such an undertaking, and great is the respect which these demand.”

To Mr. James Belcher, Birmingham.

“My dear Friend,—

“You apologised to my brother for having rendered me an essential piece of service: a service which was so painful to you that I am convinced you would have felt less in dragging me out of a mill-pond, or bailing me out of a prison. And shall I not be thankful to the friend who would aid me at such a cost to himself? I am most thankful. It would be affectation to deny that I was hurt; but to spare the rod is to spoil the child; your just flagellation will mend the old woman, a far more difficult object for improvement.

“I often think of Burns. He had written what he thought a very fine poem; and, in the pride of his heart, he

sent a copy of it to Dr. Gregory. The doctor returned it with almost as many criticisms as there were lines, and every criticism just. Burns, while writhing under the strokes, said, in a letter to a friend, 'I believe in the iron justice of Dr. Gregory ; but, like the devils, I believe and tremble.'

"Wherever I am doubtful, you are sure to hit the place. In this case, I feared my commencement was a history of England ; your opinion has only proved it, and three-fourths of it, cromlech and all, go to the fire. By-the-by, will Anglesey save the cromlech, if I identify it in imagination with the Roman general, female furies, and druids? Do not take the trouble to answer till I see you.

"Remember, when you see or write to Dr. Parr, to say that Catherine Hutton desired her best compliments, and was highly gratified by his good opinion.

"I am in haste, for John is waiting for my note ; therefore I shall only assure you that I am most truly, and most gratefully, yours,

"CATHERINE HUTTON.

"Nov. 18, 1823."

"London, July 11, 1824.

. "I think I ought to tell you that, at a dinner party which we had at Campden Hill, Mrs. Fraser said I was very handsomely dressed. This dress consisted of white silk cap, made by Miss Williams, and trimmed with new Valenciennes lace and satin riband, double frill of the same lace, Urling's net neckerchief double, with

Valenciennes lace ; black satin gown and shoes, with white gloves. . . . Aug. 1.—I have a headache to-day, in consequence of my giving to Mr. and Mrs. Fraser a detail of my actions at the Birmingham riots last night. I dreamt all night of the house in which I was being attacked by a mob, and of showers of cannon balls flying over my head, without my being able to escape from the danger.”

In this extract Miss Hutton mentions her dress for the last time ; she was then sixty-eight years of age.

In July, 1825, died Mrs. André, Miss Hutton’s friend of forty-five years’ standing.

To Mrs. Buckworth, Tottenham.

“ Nov. 7, 1825.

“ I do not condole with you on the disappointment which delayed your grand party. The assembling 250 persons in your house at one time is necessary, because those with whom you associate do the same ; but I should consider it as a necessary evil, and a great one. The only fruits of it which would give me pleasure, and certainly these would atone for the trouble and inconvenience of a crowd, would be the company of Persian noblemen and Indian chiefs.

“ My poor little pug is gone the way of all canine flesh ; I wept as I saw him stretched motionless on the floor, and when I saw him laid in the ground ; but his loss was the less to be regretted as he was asthmatic, paralytic, half-blind, three-quarters deaf, and nearly thirteen years old.”



CATHERINE HUTTON

AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY.

(Engraved by the General Press Birmingham.)

To Miss Hutton, London.

“ Jan. 19, 1826.

“ Remember me very kindly to Mr. Vignoles. He has taught me to wish success to railroads, in spite of my detestation of steam engines—at least to wish success to the railroad between Liverpool and Manchester.”

To Mrs. Buckworth, Tottenham.

“ Bennett's Hill, *near* Birmingham,

“ Nov. 26, 1826.

“ My dear Friend,—

“ I say *near*, because an upstart of a street has arisen in Birmingham which has assumed the name of Bennett's Hill. I believe my name and residence are sufficiently known at the post office ; but, to make assurance doubly sure, and prevent the possibility of missing a letter of yours, I mention the circumstance. . . .

“ CATHERINE HUTTON.”

Miss Hutton, writing to Miss Isabella Hutton, Jan. 23rd, 1827, says :—“ How fortunate that Mr. Vignoles rejected the offer of being engineer of a road of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans! I was your willing instrument in this rejection, and I spoke from the conviction, and with all the force of my mind. I imagine that Mexican gold may, by this time, go to the bottom of either ocean for any benefit derived, or to be derived, from it in England.”

To Miss Coltman, Leicester.

“Bennett’s Hill, near Birmingham,

“March 25, 1827.

“My dear Anne,—

. “What a disgrace to the age is the Leicester election, and the sanction given to it by ministers in their majority of votes! Eight hundred honorary freemen manufactured for the purpose of defeating a free election! And what a disgrace to the clergy that upwards of one hundred of these intruders should be parsons! That this flagrant injustice should be declared by the votes of the House of Commons to be right almost makes me a politician.

“My poor robin is dead! Lived through the January frost, and died or was killed in the thaw! She had been my companion and care from her first feathers to her final disappearance, a period of more than thirteen years, and you cannot imagine how I missed and regretted her. Another is now building her nest on a shelf in my stable, but she is no friend of mine; she does not eat crumbs from my tray, nor sing to me from the holly tree or the sill of my window. I shall never have another favourite.

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

T. Harral, Esq., editor of *La Belle Assemblée*, writing to Miss Hutton, May 20, 1827, says:—“Miss Holcroft has given me a little volume for you, the production of a particular friend of hers, Mr. Charles Lamb, whom you will probably recollect as the author of some

admirable papers signed 'Elia' in the *London Magazine*, and of several poems, &c. He is one of the early friends of Coleridge, with whom he is still on terms of intimacy."

To William Hamper, Esq., Highgate, near Birmingham.

"Bennett's Hill, near Birmingham,

"July 1, 1827.

"My dear Sir,—

"I think I am going to write to you a very long letter; and be it known to you that my letters have sometimes been estimated according to their length. I have been talking to you in every waking hour during the past week, in which week I have read your 'Dugdale;' but I cannot pretend to write, or desire that you should read, one-half of what I have said.

"To begin, however. I thank you for the autographs: that of Lord Ellenborough I particularly wanted; that of Elphinstone, afterwards Lord Keith, is particularly valuable from its relation to Bruce—the decried, calumniated Bruce—who is, in my opinion, the prince of travellers. I am glad you saved the treasure for me, and sent the poor gentleman sighing away.

"I have lately been in London, where I was ill, and since my return home I have been far from well, so that I did not begin your 'Dugdale' till the beginning of last week. Will it surprise you when I say that I have read it through, title page, introduction, life, diary, letters, notes, appendix, and pedigrees, without missing one word, except the Latin? I stand amazed at the industry of the

antiquary, and the almost incredible things that his single life was able to accomplish. His visitations, his journeys from Blyth Hall to London, sixty-two in number, and of three days each, his different journeys in search of ancient writings, his reading, arranging, collating, and, above all, his writing, his actual penmanship, his 'Dugdalii manu,' as you have it, at the end of almost every item in your catalogue of the remaining MSS. at Merivale.

"I do not wonder at Dugdale's perseverance, for I feel myself capable of it in a favourite pursuit, and so, I am sure, are you. It has been said that we are the creatures of education; and so to a certain degree we may be; but are we not more the children of nature? Was not Dugdale's education and yours like that of any other gentleman? Yet one had, and the other has, an irresistible bias, which few men feel, towards an abstruse and laborious, but highly useful, study.

"Every praise that can be due to an Editor is yours, a careful examination, a perfect arrangement, a clear elucidation wherever it was desirable, and never intrusive where it was not. Had you been the independent owner and resident of Blyth Hall, you would have been a William Dugdale. But it is not every antiquary that is endowed with the qualities inherent in Dugdale and yourself. Sir Simon Archer was weary, and withdrew from the labour; and Dodsworth was incapable of using, to any good purpose, the mass of materials which he had collected. General Hutton is, I suspect, somewhat of the latter description; assiduous to collect, but not equal to the task of arrangement and compilation. I fear by this time he is

removed from all earthly pursuits. When I was staying with his sister, in May, he was in a state which I thought precluded all hope ; and I have since heard that his son has been sent for to Ireland, and that it is supposed he could not arrive in time to see his father alive. Miss Hutton has formerly told me that the expense of publishing her brother's collection, engravings included, would not be less than £20,000, and the General has told me that he should leave the task to his son. How he could entertain such an idea I know not, for the son will be only a clergyman, with a moderate fortune and uncertain preferment.

“To return to your ‘Dugdale.’ You have presented us with a curious picture of the Antiquary's home, in his maid servant with 40s. wages, his daughter travelling to London in a stage waggon, his chariot of £23 price, his silver spoons of the new fashion, with a number of other articles. The common spoons were doubtless those with the Apostles on the handles.

“Dugdale mentions in his diary that Maxstoke Castle was robbed on the 9th of August, 1681, and he afterwards mentions money paid for the apprehension of the robbers, one of whom was taken near Uxbridge. My maid is a native of Shustoke ; her father was born at Maxstoke, where her grandfather passed a life of between eighty and ninety years' duration ; and through this channel tradition has handed down the following particulars :—

“The coachman, who had lived many years in the family, and had been discharged, swam across the moat with an accomplice, surprised the inhabitants of the castle in their beds, and bound them hand and foot, except the

fool, whose hands only they bound, and then compelled him to show them where the plate and other valuables were kept. Having taken these, they retreated. How any one could unbind the hands of another when all were bound, or by whom the drawbridge was let down, is not said, but by some means the family was liberated. In the park there was a horse which was so wild that he could not be caught, but, on this occasion, being greatly needed, a hopeless effort was made, and he suffered himself to be caught in a moment. He was mounted and taken in pursuit of the robbers, and when he and his rider came near London the coachman looked back, and exclaimed to his accomplice, "We are dead men, for here's the bald horse!" How much of the story is true I know not. What follows, I believe, is indisputable. Hicken, my maid's grandfather, passed his whole life as a labourer in the grounds belonging to Maxstoke Castle ; and, being once employed with others in cleansing the moat, he and they found various articles of plate, covered with mud, and apparently spoiled, which were supposed to have been dropped by the robbers as they swam across the moat in their retreat.

"You mention Sir Isaac Heard, late Garter King at Arms. I was well acquainted with him, from having met him three several times at the Well House at Malvern. He breakfasted in his bed room, where he transacted his business in writing in a morning ; the remainder of the day he passed in the general society, the gayest of the gay and the youngest of the young, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He talked much, and always rose from table

as soon as the cloth was drawn, and made the circuit of the company, stopping to talk to every person with whom he was acquainted. He breakfasted standing, he wrote standing, and he once kept me standing for a quarter of an hour, holding my hand, and telling me his adventures with a fine, handsome Portuguese lady at Lisbon. I suspect that he had more adventures with fine, handsome ladies than it might be convenient to tell. At Malvern he attached himself principally to the youngest and the prettiest. I had neither of these claims to his notice, but he found or fancied others, for he confided for my perusal a MS. history of his life, written by himself, and intended for publication after his decease. It has never been published, and perhaps it is little loss to the public, for the most interesting part of it was anticipated in *The European Magazine*, in a memoir furnished, I have no doubt, by Sir Isaac himself.

“Standing and listening for a quarter of an hour were so terrible to me that I avoided in future the conversation of Sir Isaac Heard, and contented myself with his autograph, which he wrote purposely for me, in a fine, bold hand. This was in 1819, when he carried *The European Magazine* in his pocket, and lent it to every lady to read his memoir, and when he frequently drew his leg over the back of a chair to show his agility. In 1820 he was obliged to take the arm of his servant in his walks on the hill. In 1821 he was wheeled along these walks in a chair. In 1822 I met his remains, in funeral procession, on their way to Windsor.

“Sir Isaac Heard never mentioned party or politics.

He spoke of George the Third, whom he called his master, and with whom he had been personally acquainted, with feeling and reverence. He offered to show me whatever was most curious in the Herald's Office, but I could as soon have mounted to the third heaven (provided there are three heavens) as have accepted an offer which would have gratified me so much.

"I do go to the Well House at Malvern every year, and, when there, I can talk a little and listen a little, for this simple reason, that I can leave my company (Sir Isaac Heard not holding me by the hand) whenever I please. I am afraid you do not go there; otherwise I might have the pleasure of meeting you there in about a month.

"I have written a great deal, perhaps a great deal too much; I will therefore only add that I am,

"My dear Sir, &c.,

"CATHERINE. HUTTON."

To Miss Hutton, London.

"Bennett's Hill, near Birmingham,

"Feb. 7, 1829.

"My dear Isabella,—

. . . . "We return our best thanks to Mr. Vignoles for his plans of the Oxford canal; and most happy should I be if they could be made productive of any advantage to himself. There is in Birmingham a young solicitor of great eminence, of the name of Joseph Parkes. He has written 'A History of the Court of Chancery,' for which he has received the personal thanks of the Lord

Chancellor, and which has been mentioned in Parliament, with high commendations, by Mr. Brougham.

“ My cousin, Samuel Hutton, is acquainted with this gentleman ; and, as I imagined that he might in some way or other be connected with canals, I asked Sam to take a note from me to him, and show him my plan of the Oxford. ‘ I will take your note,’ said Sam, ‘ and show Mr. Parkes my plan.’ My note said that the plan he would see would be the best evidence of the talents of Mr. Vignoles in his profession of civil engineer ; that his integrity was perfect, and his application indefatigable ; that the improvements on the Oxford canal had been taken out of the hands of Mr. Brunel and placed wholly in his ; and that he had executed a similar work in Anglesey. Finally, I said that Mr. Vignoles was the grandson of Dr. Hutton and my very particular friend, and, that if he should meet with any occasion for a civil engineer, he would oblige me much by mentioning his name.

“ Mr. Parkes had heard of Mr. Vignoles. He was going to London that night, and would have been glad to have taken with him four of his plans of the Oxford canal. Sam gave him his and sent for mine. Nothing has been done yet, and perhaps nothing may be ; but I understand from Sam that, if Mr. Parkes should be employed, he will recommend Mr. Vignoles. . . . I wish our friend joy of her new habitation, and wonder how she managed her numerous family. Did she station her peacocks behind her carriage, hang her pigeons and singing birds in cages on each side, and place her cats in baskets at her feet ?

I have this moment received a letter from Mr. Hamper, who is going to write to Sir Walter Scott, and will ask (from himself) if the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, the College of Advocates, or any other of the institutions of Scotland, would be inclined to purchase General Hutton's collections for a Monasticon of that kingdom, provided they could be obtained on equitable terms.

“ Ever and affectionately yours,

“ CATHERINE HUTTON.”

To Miss Coltman, Leicester.

“ Nov. 1, 1829.

. . . . “ My delight is in netting purses. You will laugh at me, but the contrast of colours, and variety of patterns, please and interest me. I believe I was intended by Nature for a needle-worker. By candle-light I take to knitting needles, and, when I am tired of these, I play at patience ; I know not whether you are acquainted with the solitary game on the cards so called ; it is capable of almost as many different combinations as the alphabet. If I could see to do better things, I should not do this, but nothing, that is not mischievous, is so bad as doing nothing.

“ I have no notion of Arcadia. I think women were brought into the world to make good wives and good mothers ; and I rejoice to hear that Mrs. C—— answers so well the ends of her existence. I laud the makers of puddings and shirts ; I have formerly made abundance of both, and made them well.

“ We live in a bad world, after all, and I think I shall take to Mr. C——’s side of the question, to ‘believe all men rogues till you find them honest,’ instead of your father’s, who believed all men honest till he found them rogues, and sad rogues he did find some of them. A few months ago the lead was stolen from the tops of my door and window cases ; a few nights ago my laundry door was broken open, and what was worth taking away, that is to say, a pair of John’s shoes and three pewter bottles, was carried off ; to say nothing of a stone lately thrown at the windows of the north attic, which broke two panes of glass. At all events, I cannot think well of my part of the world.

“ CATHERINE HUTTON.”

“ Leamington, August, 1835.

“ My dear Brother,—

“ You remember our old friend, Mrs. Fieldhouse, though you were little acquainted with her ; I, who passed a fortnight with her in 1768, knew her to be a woman of good understanding ; she had read much, and had a great taste for poetry. She has been recalled to my recollection by reading the following in D’Israeli’s ‘Curiosities of Literature :—‘Probably Shenstone had an intention of marrying his maid ;’ and, as the foundation of this probability, he quotes the inscription on the back of Shenstone’s portrait.

“ ‘This portrait belongs to Mary Cutler, given her by her master, William Shenstone, Jan. 1st, 1754, in acknowledgment of her native genius, her magnanimity, her

tenderness, and fidelity. W. S.' I have seen Mary Cutler, and I have seen the portrait. Mrs. Fieldhouse, living so near to the Leasowes, was intimately acquainted with Mary Cutler and her master, and she took me to drink tea with the retired housekeeper, who lived in a cottage overlooking her former master's little domain, if it did not form a part of it.

"Mrs. Mary Cutler appeared to be an upright, staid, long-visaged, harsh-featured maiden of fifty—this was about four years after Shenstone's death. The character of her countenance was calm and grave, perhaps melancholy, but not severe. On the ground floor of her cottage were two rooms, in one of which she lived; in the other was Shenstone's portrait and his library, which occupied the whole of the walls. The library had either been given or bequeathed to Mrs. Mary Cutler, probably given. Everything was in the nicest order. I flew to the books, and neglected the owner. I have since repented this. But I might have gained little information; for a girl of twelve years of age could scarcely have ventured to have asked questions, and a woman such as Mrs. Mary Cutler was not likely to be communicative.

"So near a neighbour as Mrs. Fieldhouse, so well acquainted with both master and servant, I think must have dropped some hint if anything existed between them more than high and mutual esteem. I therefore conclude that it is *not* 'probable Shenstone had an intention of marrying his maid.' I believe Mary Cutler died soon after I saw her.

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

The following letter from Sir Arthur de Capel Brooke, Bart., to Miss Hutton will be interesting to Birmingham people, as it contains a very pleasing allusion to the late Miss Ryland, of Barford, when she was young.

The Ryland family formerly lived at the Priory, near Warwick. Winson Hill, also mentioned, was the residence of Mr. Alston, father of the Mr. Alston now residing at Elmdon.

To Mrs. Catherine Hutton, Bennett's Hill,
Nr. Birmingham.

“ My dear Madam,—

“ I write a hurried line 'mid the expiring bustle of the Festival to thank you very sincerely for both your letters. If I was disappointed at not finding you returned from Leamington, I had the satisfaction of becoming acquainted with your brother, who received me most kindly. It would be very flattering to me could I think that I merited the good opinion of so talented and charming a person as Mrs. Lytton Bulwer, whom I have frequently met with in London. I had the pleasure of meeting your friends, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Ryland, on Wednesday at dinner at Winson Hill; during my intercourse with society I have been acquainted with many heiresses, and, with *one solitary exception*, have invariably found them capricious, haughty, cold, and presuming,—the too certain effects of the circumstances which give them their unenviable title. *This exception* is your young and interesting friend, the fair flower of the Priory; and the withering halo, with which the reputation of wealth too surely encircles the brow of a

young female, in her appears to be dispelled by a superior influence : simplicity of mind, sweetness of temper, and unaffected manners never fail to charm, and, when accompanied by personal accomplishments, are irresistible.

“ I am obliged to conclude in haste, and hoping to find you tolerably well to-morrow—believe me,

“ My dear Madam,

“ Sincerely yours,

“ ARTHUR DE CAPEL BROOKE.

“ Winson Hill, October 10, 1834.”

The first of the next two letters is addressed to Prince Napoleon Louis, afterwards Napoleon III. It is a request for his autograph, which was very graciously sent to her, on small-sized note paper, in very small handwriting.

Before Miss Hutton left Leamington the Prince sent her a fine silhouette of himself, referred to later on.

To Monseigneur le Prince Napoleon Louis.

“ Leamington, Nov. 20, 1838.

“ Monseigneur,—

“ I address your Highness to solicit a favour. I am an old woman nearly eighty-three years of age; but a gallant Frenchman will not refuse the request of a woman because she is old. I have formerly written books; but, for many years past, I have been content, as a collector of autographs, to assemble the writings of more distinguished persons, and what I now venture to ask is the favour of yours.

“The annals of your family are unrivalled in the history of the world. I am so fortunate as to possess the autographs of Napoleon, Joseph, Louis, and Lucien,—that of Joseph given to me most graciously by himself on a similar application to the one I am now making to your Highness. I have made every effort in my power to obtain your autograph, and the autographs of Jerome, and any of the Princesses of your family; but they are all unattainable unless you will favour me with your own.

“I could almost worship Madame Mère for her extraordinary talents, and her unparalleled fate—at one and the same time the mother of five Sovereigns—the Imperial Napoleon, the Kings of Spain, Holland, and Westphalia, and the Queen of Naples!

“I venture to offer for the acceptance of your Highness, a purse of my own work, and have the honour to be

“Your Highness’s most respectful,

“CATHERINE HUTTON.”

[Translation.]

“Leamington, the 21 Nov., 1838.

“Madame,—

“On returning last night from a great hunt I found the charming letter that you have been pleased to write to me.

“The flattering manner in which you speak of my family touches me sensibly, and it is with great pleasure,

Madame, that, in satisfying your request, I express to you my thanks for the purse you have sent me.

“Accept, I pray you, the assurance of my sentiments,
“NAPOLEON LOUIS.

“Madame Catherine Hutton,
“Regent Hotel, Leamington.”

Among the manuscripts in the Hutton library there are many letters from Bulwer to Miss Hutton, five of which have been selected as likely to be interesting to the public. The first contains a criticism on “Night and Morning,” the second has reference to “Zanoni,” a copy of which the author sent to Miss Hutton; the third was written after he had succeeded to his estate and become Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.* There are also numerous letters from Count d’Este, Charles Dickens, and Eliza Cook. Miss Hutton sympathised very deeply with the Count d’Este in his unfortunate position, and their correspondence partook somewhat of a private nature.†

* In 1866 he was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Lytton. He died January 18, 1873, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

† Count d’Este was the son of the Duke of Sussex, the favourite uncle of Queen Victoria. “When the Duke was twenty years of age he married, at Rome, the Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of John, the fourth Earl of Dunmore. This marriage took place on the 4th of April, 1793; and the ceremony was again performed at St. George’s Church, Hanover Square, on the 5th of December following. These nuptials, however, being declared contrary to the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act (the 12th of George III., chap. 2), were legally dissolved in August, 1794, without the slightest imputation or reflection on the virtuous character of the lady who was so deeply concerned in this decision.” Count d’Este, in writing to Miss Hutton, says: “You ask why my sister and myself accepted the name of Este—pardon the elucidation, dear Madam—for the same reason that *you* bear the name of Hutton. *Este was our father’s true name.* The family are Estes—of Italian origin.”

To Mrs. Catherine Hutton, Bennett's Hill,
nr. Birmingham.

“My dear Madam,—

“Many thanks for your kind letter. It gave me cordial and sincere pleasure to hear of you again, to say nothing of the gratification I always derive from your critical approbation. What you say of the characters in ‘Night and Morning’ is perfectly true. None are lovable. I meant to take the veil of delusion from much that charms us in life, and then the terrible mixtures of evil and good that pervade both worlds—the outer and inner.

“I don’t remember Sir Redmond. As to the comedy, opinions are divided. It acts well, and has had an almost unprecedented run, but it does not read well in the closet. Possibly the composition of comedy may, as you say, be medicine to a wounded mind, but it depends on the nature of the wound. There are some which no literary exertion can heal. They may be forgotten for the moment, but they still yawn as deep beneath the bandages.

“I do not now live much in London itself. I have a very pretty place at Fulham, on the banks of the Thames, where I will yet hope to welcome you some bright summer day. My address is, therefore, generally Fulham, Midx., and it will always gratify me much to learn tidings of your health and comfort.

“Adieu, my dear Mrs. Hutton.

“Yours truly,

“E. L. BULWER.

“Bayons Manor, April 18, 1841.”

“ London, 1, Devonshire Terrace,

“ York Gate, Regent’s Park,

“ Twenty-third December, 1841.

“ My dear Miss Hutton,—

“ I don’t know why your last letter to me should have caused you any uneasiness, but I *do* know that it gave me much pleasure ; and I am very glad to have this opportunity of telling you so.

“ Thank you heartily for the purse. I had been debating within myself whether I should carry one in America (I never do in England), when the opportune arrival of your pretty present carried the question by an enormous majority.

“ The merriest of Christmases and the happiest of New Years to you! I hope to carry you easily through a dozen new stories at least.

“ Always believe me,

“ With true regards,

“ Faithfully yours,

“ CHARLES DICKENS.”

“ 1, Devonshire Terrace,

“ York Gate, Regent’s Park,

“ Twenty-third December, 1842.

“ Dear Miss Hutton,—

“ I am very glad to have heard from you again, and to have such evidence of your good health and spirits as I

find in your letter ; though I cannot agree with you on the subject of your penmanship, which, in its marvellous plainness, so puts mine to the blush that I should not be at all surprised if, by the time this reaches you, it seems to have been written in red ink.

“ It gave me a great shock at the time, and I am very unwilling to tell you now, that my friend Pitchgan’s card is *printed*. If it had been written, I would have sent it to you.

“ I am the worst correspondent in the known world, for when I have been writing (as I have this morning), I am as anxious to get the pen out of my hand, as a school-boy is. But if you will only imagine what I would say to you, and will lay great stress on my assurance that I have committed the offending picture (it *was* a bad one) to the flames, you will forgive me readily, for this short infliction.

“ Always believe me, faithfully yours,

“ CHARLES DICKENS.

“ Miss Hutton.”

“ Fulham, April, 1842.

“ My dear Miss Hutton,—

“ Many thanks for your most kind and gratifying criticism on ‘ Zanoni.’ It is so much a peculiar and isolated work that I cannot imagine it will please many people, for it is chiefly for amusement that fictions are read, and even very clever people dislike to be called upon to think unawares. It is an agreeable surprise to me to find you are pleased with it, and the more so because it is my own special pet production.

“What you say upon politics is very just. I am glad to be free from their trammels, and I look with dread upon the hazardous experiment of an income tax, which in a time of peace (except with Eastern barbarians) exhausts the last resource of a nation, which ought not to be done except in an European war. And who can say when that may take place, seeing the almost universal hostility of France against us, which I believe the death of Louis Philippe will at once release from restraint. If, like Zanoni, I might venture to predict, I would hazard two assertions that now would be considered preposterous—first, that England will be invaded and overrun by America and France, our navy conquered, and London taken; secondly, that we should drive back the enemy; and that the time will come when the preservation of Europe will force the great Powers to destroy France as a nation, to parcel it out ruthlessly and Polandise it. France must ultimately engulf Europe, or Europe crush France; of this last I am certain.

“We have escaped the earthquake for a time at least, and I hope that the safety of London may yet attract you towards it. Hoping that you recover your sleep and are more free from pain,

“Believe me, dear friend,

“Most truly yours,

“E. L. BULWER.”

Bulwer, writing to Miss Hutton, September, 1842, says:—“My boy is delighted with your father’s memoir, and I think it valuable for boys of all ranks; it is a

combination of adventure and good sense, prudence and enterprise, which form the finest part of the true English character."

Miss Hutton, in her eighty-ninth year, drew up the following curious account of her labours for her friend, Markham John Thorpe, Esq., of the State Paper Office, London. It is a singularly interesting record of her life and occupations. Mr. Thorpe, after Miss Hutton's death, had it printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

This curious account is as follows:—"I have made shirts for my father and brother, and all sorts of wearing apparel for myself, with the exception of shoes, stockings, and gloves. I have made furniture for beds, with window curtains, and chair and sofa covers; these included a complete drawing room set. I have quilted counterpanes and chest covers in fine white linen, in various patterns of my own invention. I have made patchwork beyond calculation, from seven years old to eighty-five. My last piece was begun in November, 1840, and finished in July, 1841. It is composed of 1,944 patches, half of which are figured or flowered satin, of all colours, formed into stars; the other half is of black satin, and forms a ground work. Here ended the efforts of my needle; but before this I had worked embroidery on muslin, satin, and canvas, and netted upwards of one hundred wallet purses, in combined colours, and in patterns of my own invention. I net much still.

"I have made pastry and confectionery as habitual employments. I was my father's housekeeper during twenty-six years, and during the twenty-nine years since his death I have been my own. I nursed my mother

during five years' illness and attended my father during five years of decline.

"I have been a reader from three years old to the present day, and I have read innumerable English books and many French. In reading, I was always directed by my own choice, and that fell upon geography, history, poetry, plays, and novels. Of these I understood everything, and remembered much.

"I have written nine volumes which have been published by Longman and Co., and three which have been published by Baldwin and Cradock; and I have written sixty papers which have been published in different periodicals. I have written—that is, copied—three-hundred and thirty-three songs with the music, some of which I sung every night, during twenty years, to my father, accompanied by my guitar. I have never touched the instrument since his death.

"I have been a collector of costumes from eleven years of age, and I have now 650 English figures and 782 foreign. These are all whole-lengths, generally prints; but some of the ancient ones are drawings from Strutt, by my cousin, Samuel Hutton. The whole have been cut out from the paper by myself without the mistake of a hair's-breadth; and if the engravings were old or bad I coloured them. I then arranged them chronologically, and pasted them on paper. They composed eight large folio volumes. But this is not all. To each volume I have written an index; and to each figure the date and name of the artist. More than this, I have written on each opposite page of the English figures explanations and remarks of my own,

which constitute a history of the habits of this country. I consider this as the greatest of my works.

“ I have been a collector of autographs for twenty-five years, and I am so still. I possess upwards of 2,000 ; and to many of these I have added such anecdotes as I could meet with, some remarks of my own, and all the portraits I could get.

“ I have been a letter-writer from seven years of age, and I now write from three to four letters weekly.

“ I have cultivated flowers with my own hands, and suffered no other hand to touch them. My garden is still covered with flowers, but not of my planting.

“ I have made drawings of flowers, birds, and butterflies, in their proper colours.

“ I have walked much, and danced whenever I had an opportunity. I have ridden much on a side-saddle, and on a pillion behind a servant. I have ridden into Cumberland, Yorkshire, and the extremity of North and South Wales. I have ridden for six months on a handsome donkey—that is, daily, not during the whole time—and I have ridden in every sort of vehicle, except a waggon, a cart, and an omnibus.

“ I have been in thirty-nine of the counties of England and Wales, twenty-six times at London, twenty-one at watering places on the coast, and five inland.

“ Is it enough? It is. I sit in my chair at the age of eighty-nine years and a half, and look back with astonishment on the occupations of my long life. But the solution is easy. I never was one moment unemployed when it was possible to be doing something.”

Miss Hutton gave a copy of the account of her doings to her friend, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, who said : " Your account of your labours has all the air of Franklin's happy vein, with Franklin's solid moral at the close." He also said " that they afforded so good an example that he sent them to Germany to his daughter." Miss Hutton also wrote this account of her labours in Lady Louisa Tennison's " splendid album."

The collection of costumes referred to is truly a great work ; the prints and drawings are so exquisitely laid on the paper, that it is difficult to tell whether they are engraved or pasted on. The whole form a complete history of costume from the date of the early Britons to Miss Hutton's own time. Many years ago this remarkable collection was shown to several London booksellers, with a view to a selection being published ; they all beheld it with admiration, but did not care to venture on the expense of the engravings. Miss Hutton's explanations and remarks form an important part of the work, which was considered many years ago the most complete history of dress extant.

The collection of autographs, mostly letters, is very remarkable ; these are also enriched with historical notes ; they form quite a study in caligraphy. A portion of this collection was exhibited, in 1873, at the annual conversazione of the Midland Institute, Birmingham. The following account of the exhibition is taken from the *Daily Post* :— " In the museum upstairs was a most rare and excellent collection of autographs, lent by Mr. William Hutton, and arranged in glass cases by Mr. Sam Timmins. They

included autographs of English sovereigns and persons of distinction from the time of Henry II. The most noticeable were a charter granted by Henry V. to the Abbey of Regalis Montis, dated Rouen, 1420, in which he, the king, was styled, in addition to *Rex Angliæ*, "heir and regent of France;" an autograph letter of Prince Rupert's; another of Cromwell's; and one of Henry, Cardinal of York, "the last of the Stuarts," dated Frascati, July 6th, 1792. The autographs of the House of Brunswick, and of the Bourbon family, were also on view. Perhaps the most interesting of all were the letters of members of the Bonaparte family. These included the autograph of Letitia, mother of the Bonapartes; a letter of Napoleon I., when Consul, in the eleventh year of the Republic; one of the Empress Josephine, his first wife; letters from her first husband, and her son, by that marriage; a letter of Caroline, sister to Napoleon I.; another of his brother Joseph, and Julia, King and Queen of Spain; of Jerome and Lucien Bonaparte, and of Marie Louise, the successor of Josephine. There was also a curious card of admission to his marriage with his second wife, on April 14th, 1810. Possessing more than a casual interest, was the bronzed silhouette likeness of the late Napoleon III., when at Leamington; as also an autograph letter, when a boy ten years of age, to one of his uncles. Autographs of Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, David Garrick, Foote, &c., were also on view." The bronzed silhouette, just mentioned, was given to Miss Hutton by the late Emperor Napoleon III., when she was staying at Leamington.

“ Nov., 1843.

“ My dear Mrs. Hutton,—

“ Your kind and interesting letter gave me great pleasure, at least as much pleasure as I could feel at a very painful time of my life. I am suffering the deepest anxiety with regard to my dear mother, who has been seriously ill for some weeks, and I feel it difficult to control my feelings, even in alluding to her illness, and my apprehensions. I am far from arrogating to myself the praise you kindly give me of being at least a good son, and yet there is no praise that I could more seem to deserve. No one was ever more attached to a parent, or parent ever merited more from a son. In that one tie is bound up half my life. With it the world has never wholly frowned on me ; without it the world will never smile again as it has done before. But I will trust yet that the cup may pass away ; and, at all events, I will not further inflict upon you the confession of pain with which your own touching accounts of your father’s illness assure me that you can sympathise.

“ I thank you, my kind friend, for your generous defence of me. I have long ceased to care overmuch for the babble and the tattle of strange tongues, and at *this* moment calumny could not wound and fame could not comfort me. But the heart always turns to the shelter given to it in the hearts of others, and it is because your kindness comes from the heart that it is sweet to mine.

“ Be assured of the pleasure I shall always feel to hear of your health and welfare, not ‘once more’ but frequently and for long ; and excuse me if my letter is short now, for my mind is full but of one thing, and this is almost the

only letter I have written (so far as regards at least my own correspondence) for many days.

“ Believe me, my dear Mrs. Hutton,

“ Very truly and cordially yours,

“ E. L. BULWER.

“ 36, Hertford Street, Mayfair, Friday.”

Letter to Joseph Meyer, Esq.

“ Bennett’s Hill, near Birmingham,

“ Sept. 18, 1844.

“ Sir,—

“ I thank you for your kind wishes for my better health. I once dined at a friend’s house in company with Lady Rodney, the widow of the great Admiral. In the drawing room, after dinner, she was enumerating her several personal complaints ; at last she said, ‘ Well, I believe it is eighty-three.’ What amendment can I hope for at eighty-eight and a half ! I could make a catalogue of hopeless evils that would reach from head to foot.

“ Still, I am a rapacious collector of autographs. No sooner is one want supplied than a dozen spring up in its place. I shall be most thankful for any that you can give me, which I have not ; but, perhaps it would be better to let me know what they were, before they were sent ; for my writing people are very many. I send, with this, an impression of my portrait for the copy of my Father’s Life that you intend to present to your Institution.

“ The present edition was a speculation of Mr. Knight, the bookseller, quite unknown to me. I first heard of it

from Mr. MacFarlane, who was to be the editor, and who visited me for any additional information he might gain ; which, in truth, was very little. I asked Mr. Knight for twenty copies, and he sent me fifty. They all went as presents to my family and friends ; and I have since bought twelve, which are rapidly going the same way. I rejoice that your favourable opinion of the work is in unison with that of every other person whose opinion has reached me.

“ My portrait was an after-thought of my own, and executed at my own expense. It has never been sold, to the best of my belief.

“ Believe me, Sir,

“ Your very obliged and very respectful,

“ CATHERINE HUTTON.”

Letter to Mr. Mackinlay.

“ Bennett’s Hill, near Birmingham,

“ March 30, 1844.

“ My dear Mr. Mackinlay,—

“ I answer your wife’s letters to you, and yours to her ; it shows, however, that there is no treasonable correspondence on either part. I have to thank you for the autograph of Monsieur de Jullien, which besides its being that of a remarkable man, is, in itself, a great curiosity. How splendid must the ball be to which such a ticket was the introduction ! This is the age of illuminations and embossments, and they are exceedingly beautiful. Mrs. Mackinlay sent me some pieces of silk in an envelope,

which is preserved among my archives. I am glad you took my two figures of costumes ; I did not dare to offer them to you point-blank. I am under the same predicament now, and with greater reason. Shall I venture to send you a figure from a lady's magazine? You may laugh ; but it will be curious in fifty years, and I sincerely hope you will live to prove it. Yes, I will send it ; and if you look upon it with disdain, I know Mrs. Mackinlay will keep it for her daughter, till she is too old to pull it to pieces ; I have duplicates of the same date.

“I have purchased largely from Mr. Thorpe's recent catalogue ; that is to say, in numbers, not in value ; for I have sixteen for eight pounds one shilling. I suspect some of them will not be found in any other collection ; for who but me would care for the ‘Physician of James the First,’ the ‘Laundress of Charles the First,’ or the ‘Bookseller of Charles the Second?’ I have booksellers from Jacob Tonson and Edmund Curl ; and physicians from Dr. Radcliffe and Dr. Mead ; but my laundress is quite unique. I have a taste for everything that is old. I inherit it from my father ; but I have no taste for old age. I find it requires great patience to make it endurable, and I like youth much better. I would comfort and assist old age, and I have done so, while I was able ; but it always excited compassion. See how badly, how incorrectly, I write ! I who seldom made a blunder ! Surely there is nothing respectable in this ! I fear I am writing nonsense.

“If I frightened Mrs. Mackinlay with my large pack-age, she must take the blame upon herself, for I do not

recollect that I ever lent any of my own books before, except 'The Miser Married,' to Lady Wallace. So far from boasting of them, I never speak of them, and I am now not without my fears that they will lower me in your and Mrs. Mackinlay's esteem. I hope you have had good tidings of your cousin at Buenos Ayres.

"I am, my dear Mr. and Mrs. Mackinlay,

"Your affectionate friend,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

Letter to Joseph Meyer, Esq.

"Bennett's Hill, near Birmingham,

"Sept. 13, 1844.

"Sir,—

"You will think me very unmindful of the promise made for me by our friend Mr. Upcott of sending you a copy of my Father's Life, together with my autograph. Your flattering request has neither been forgotten, nor unappreciated as it deserves; but I have been very ill, and now that I am better, I am waiting to know whether you have had my portrait from Mr. Upcott. It does not belong to the work, but I had it engraved purposely for it, whenever I might choose to present both. If you have the portrait already, to send it would be useless; if you have it not, I shall have great pleasure in offering it for your acceptance.

"I am, Sir,

"Your very obliged and very respectful,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

“ Knebworth, Stevenage,

“ May 6, 1845.

“ My dear Mrs. Hutton,—

“ My visit here reminds me of you—I scarcely know by what chain, except it is the pleasure my poor mother always had in your letters, and her admiration for your powers and patience—so, I write a few lines to ask after you, and to express a hope that the weather which (here at least) is raw and trying, does not affect you. I am still in the discomfort of workmen and in the midst of foremen’s complaints and grievances—still I find pleasure in my occupations—and view my restored towers and extending gardens with a sort of conscientious satisfaction—partly in the hope that they would have pleased (could she see them) her with whom to improve was a moral event—and partly with the feeling that I have met these expenses—(greater than anticipated)—by steady personal sacrifices since I came to the estate. My great object has been to do all, if possible, out of my income, and I think I shall succeed or nearly. I fancy, indeed, that all pleasures require a certain sacrifice of other pleasures ; and a hobby only ceases to be an extravagance when we resign other extravagances, in order to indulge it.

“ I have been reading nothing new—but much that is old. In fact, little worth reading seems published. There is a clever novel, which I must except, called ‘Maids of Honour.’ The author has dedicated it to me, but I think I can praise its talent without being biassed by my vanity. My health has been really benefited by the water cure, and relaxation from mental labour, and is certainly to all

appearances better than it has been for many years. The old intellectual want still, however, breaks out. I look abroad for some subject worth writing upon; but none occurs to me—perhaps so much the better.

“Adieu, my dear Mrs. Hutton.

“Truly yours,

“E. B. LYTTON.”

“My Den, 37, Princes Street,

“Rotherhithe, Aug. 2nd, 1845.

“I ought to have treated you with the sight of my ‘pot-hooks’ long before this, dear lady, but I have been whirled about at a sharp rate, and, forsooth, done rash things (not got married, though). Many of my friends grieved that I could not accompany them to the neighbourhood of the ‘great waters,’ for since the accident to my lungs I have never been able to look at the sea; however, I fancied I was much stronger in my ‘pneumatics,’ and made the attempt by running to Dover, and was delighted to find that old Nep. treated me very kindly. I even went *on* the mighty brine, and grew most dreadfully poetic. I am fond of the ocean, and felt like another creature by its ‘panting side.’ We ran about the coast for a fortnight, and here I am, safe and sound. I am forced to confess that inland air agrees best with me, because I lost all appetite, and forgot the existence of ‘chops and steaks,’ and my cheeks grew very like the cliffs, yet my trip charmed my imaginative faculties and set me dreaming most wildly.

“Allow me to hope, my dear lady, that you are well. How I should like to shake hands with you, but *fancy* that I do so, and believe I entertain very grateful sense of your kindness and favour. Somehow, I am highly blest in gaining the good will of those whose good will I covet. *You* understand my nature, and a word of *heart-spoken* praise is worth a volume of hollow compliment. I am proud that you find something to admire in my little book.

“I wonder if you like one of my own pets, ‘The Daisy.’ I was sitting on the greensward one lovely spring morning, when a lisping playfellow, who had been running about, brought me a bunch of daisies, with the strongest symptoms of admiration possible; the earnest joy, the laughing speech and clapping hands of the child, as he flung the flowers into my lap, awoke my deep thought, and in an hour the poem was written which has gained excessive praise. Tell me if you like it.

“I have been reading Shelley’s ‘Defence of Poetry,’ and am much delighted with it. It possesses refinement of imagination and depth of judgment to an extreme degree. I have also been looking at some American poets, of whom Bryant is my favourite. Longfellow has much beauty, but I strongly suspect he borrows from the German; Whittier is a fine poet, and is, moreover, healthy in his sentiment. You see I am gossiping without ‘order or command.’

“You spoke of Bulwer in your last; never shall I forget reading his ‘Eugene Aram,’ it took firm possession of my heart and brain, and my admiration is yet as deep as at the first impression. He is a great genius and one of my idols, but he tells too much truth to please some

very *moral* people (God save the mark). How much worldly meanness we hide under the cloak of *civilised morality*, I mean the morality of *profession*; but I must conclude, for I have to 'pack up,' as I am just running away to Ingress Abbey for a week.

"Adieu, my dear lady. Pray write when you feel inclined, for it confers real pleasure on your very faithful and honoured friend,

"ELIZA COOK."

One of the last events worthy of notice in the life of Miss Hutton was her reception, in her eighty-ninth year, of the Ioway Indians, brought over to this country by Mr. Catlin in 1844. The following account of the visit is taken from an American work, "The Smithsonian Institution Report," for July, 1885, page 643.

"VISIT TO MISS HUTTON.

"A note was written to me [Mr. Catlin], in a bold and legible hand, by Miss Catherine Hutton, desiring to know 'at what hour it would be suitable for her to come from her house, a few miles out of town, to see the Indians (for whom she had always a great love), so as not to meet a crowd, for her health was not very good, being in the eighty-ninth year of her age.' This venerable and most excellent lady I held in the highest respect, from a correspondence I had held with her on the subject of the Indians ever since I had been in England, though I never had seen her. Her letters had always teemed with love and kindness for these benighted people, and also with thanks to me for having done so much as I had for their character and history. I

therefore deemed it proper to respond to her kindness by proposing to take the whole party to her house, and pay her the visit.

“ Her note was answered with that proposition, which gave her great pleasure, and we took a carriage and went to her delightful residence. We were received with unbounded kindness by this excellent and remarkable lady, and spent a couple of hours under her hospitable roof with great satisfaction to ourselves, and with much pleasure to her, as her letter to me on the following day fully evinced.

“ After a personal introduction to each one in turn, as she desired, and half-an-hour's conversation, they were invited into an adjoining room to a breakfast-table loaded with the luxuries she had thought most grateful to their tastes. This finished, another half-hour or more was passed in the most interesting conversation, containing her questions and their answers, and her Christian advice to prepare their minds for the world to which, said she, ‘ We must all go soon, and, for myself, I am just going, and am ready. When we were about to take our leave of her, she called each one up in succession, and, having a quantity of money in silver half-crowns placed on the sofa by her side, she dealt it out to them as they came up, shaking hands at the same time, and bidding each one a lasting farewell, embracing the women and children in her arms and kissing them as she took leave.

“ This kindness melted their hearts to tears, and brought old *Neu-mon-ya* (the war chief) up before her at full length, to make the following remarks :—‘ My friend, the Great

Spirit has opened your heart to feel a friendship for the red people, and we are thankful to Him for it. We have been happy to see your face to-day, and our hearts will never forget your kindness. You have put a great deal of money into our hands, which will help to feed our little children, and the Great Spirit will not forget this when you go before Him. My kind mother, you are very old. Your life has been good ; and the Great Spirit has allowed you to live to see us, and He will soon call you to Him. We live a great way from here, and we shall not look upon your face again in this world ; though we all believe that, if we behave well enough, we shall see your face in the world to come.' ”

Miss Hutton corresponded with many of her friends until within a short period of her death. The Hon. Mrs. Leigh, half sister to Lord Byron, “one of my best and dearest friends,” as Miss Hutton calls her, she constantly wrote to ; also to Lady Wallace, the late Miss Ryland, of Barford, Eliza Cook, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Harrison Ainsworth, Markham John Thorpe, and others. To some of these she sent keepsakes just before her death. The following letters from the Hon. Mrs. Leigh and Mrs. Knight are in acknowledgment of theirs.

“ St. James' Palace,

“ Feb. 7, 1846.

“ My dearest Miss Hutton,—

“ How very kind you are to send me such a beautiful token of your affection and esteem ! No words could express to you how much I value it as such, and admire

it for its beauty. I shall wear it, and look upon it with grateful remembrance of all the kindness of the donor, whilst I live, and bequeath it to my dear Emily at my death. I have felt so thankful to your cousin, Mr. Hutton, for being so kind as to consider my anxiety for you, and only wish his accounts could be more favourable, and that I was within reach of being of any use or comfort. May God bless and support you, my very dear friend.

“ Believe me always,

“ Your very grateful and affectionate

“ AUGUSTA LEIGH.”

From Mrs. Knight, of Cannonbury, one of Miss Hutton’s literary friends.

“ Oaklands, near St. Albans,

“ Feb. 9th, 1846.

“ My dear Mrs. Hutton,—

“ It is a happiness I little thought of to address you once more, and that on the *ninetieth* anniversary of your birth. I beg to return my grateful thanks and acknowledgments for the very elegant and interesting memento of the regard with which you have been always pleased to favour me; and can only regret that I am not nearer to convince you how much I appreciate your goodness, by soothing the bed of sickness, and sharing with Mr. Hutton his care and anxiety on your account. I feel much indebted to him for his goodness in writing to me from time to time, relative to your illness, in which he knows I take a deep interest.

“ I have heard nothing definite as to the disposal of

our lamented friend, Mr. Upcott's* effects, but am told that it is expected that all that he attached so much value to, when brought to the hammer, will not produce above £1,200.

“ With every sentiment of respect and esteem,

“ Believe me, my dear Mrs. Hutton,

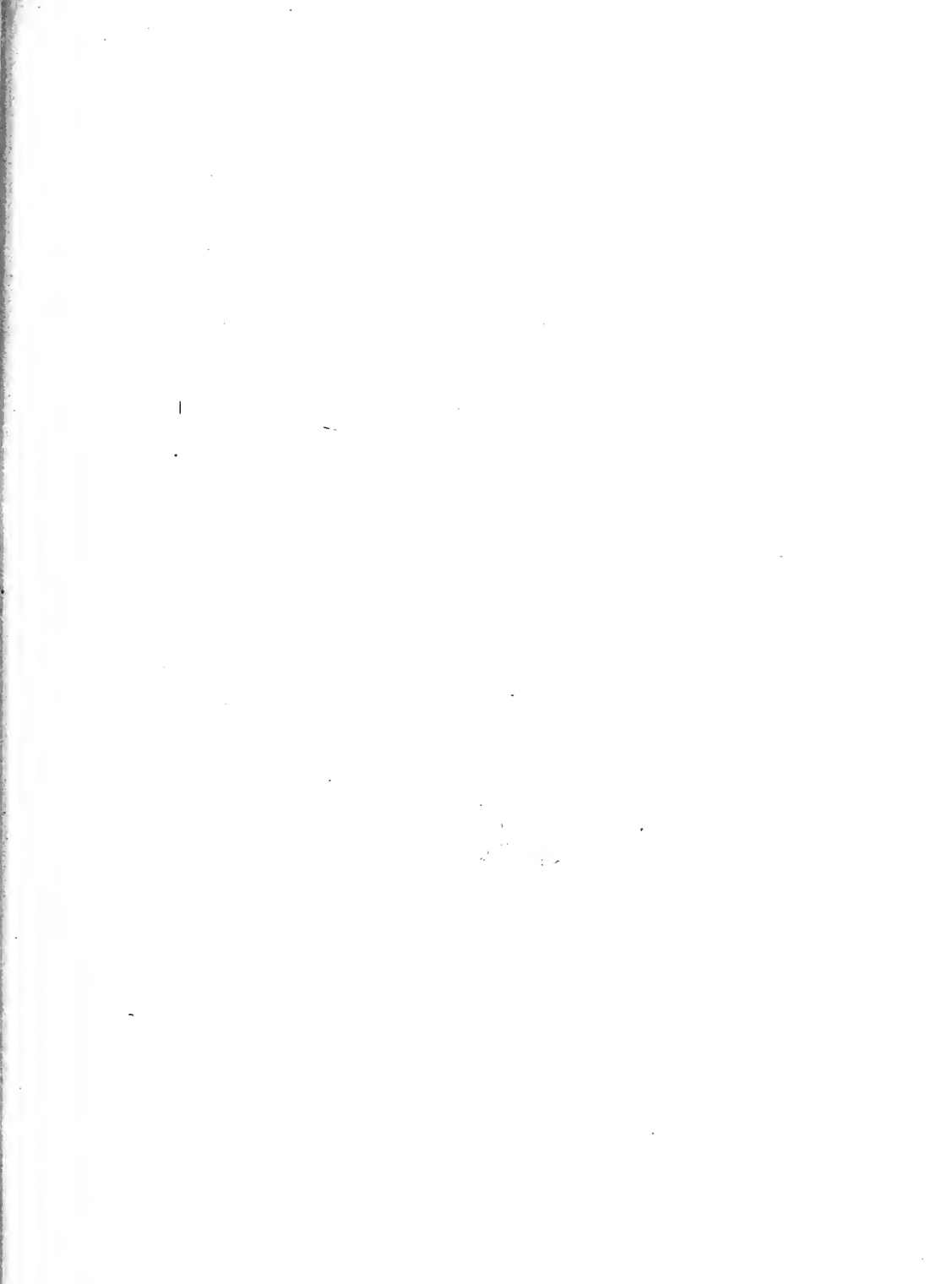
“ Yours very faithfully,

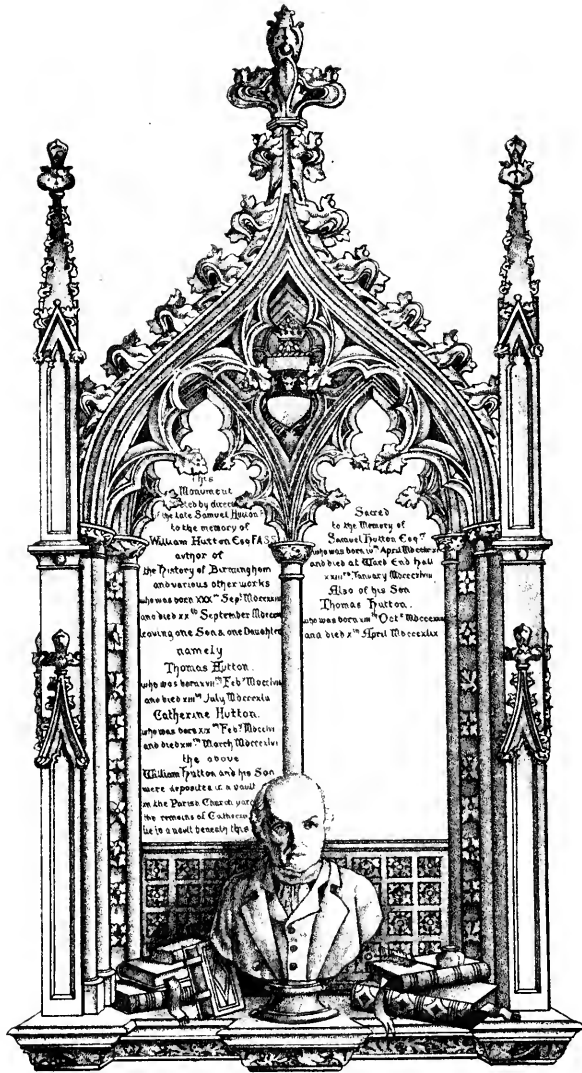
“ HARRIET KNIGHT.”

About three months before Miss Hutton's death paralysis set in, and her busy pen was laid aside for ever. She quietly passed away on March 13th, 1846, at two p.m., aged ninety years, and was buried in a vault under Ward End Church, in which church there is a very handsome Gothic monument raised to the memory of her father. It bears an admirable and spirited life-size bust of the historian, with his “ History of Birmingham ” and “ History of Derby ” on one side, and his “ Bosworth Field,” and other books, on the other, while his inkstand, with the pen laid by, rests on one of these volumes. Behind this group is beautiful diaper work, and above this, divided by the elegant pillar from which the arches spring, are the inscription tablets. In the centre, beneath the canopy, are the arms and crest of Hutton, *argent*, on a fess, *sable*, three bucks' heads caboshed, *or*; crest, a ducal coronet, *or*, pierced with three broad arrows, *sable*, two in saltire and one in pale. The inscriptions are as follows :—

“ This monument was erected by direction of the will of the late Samuel Hutton, Esq., to the memory of William Hutton, Esq., F.A.S.S., author of the “ History of

* A great collector of autographs.





THE HUTTON MONUMENT

IN WARD END CHURCH.

(Engraved at the Bristol Press Birmingham)

Birmingham," and various other works, who was born xxxth September, MDCCXXIII., and died xxth September, MDCCCXV., leaving one son and one daughter; namely, Thomas Hutton, who was born xviith February, MDCCLVII., and died xiiith July, MDCCCXLV.; Catherine Hutton, who was born xixth February, MDCCLVI., and died xiiith March, MDCCCXLVI. The above William Hutton and his son were deposited in a vault in the parish churchyard; the remains of Catherine lie in a vault beneath this church." "Sacred to the memory of Samuel Hutton, Esq., who was born ivth April, MDCCLXXXVII., and died at Ward End Hall, xxiiird January, MDCCCXLVIII. Also of his son, Thomas Hutton, who was born xiiith October, MDCCCXXIII., and died xth April, MDCCCXLIX."

Miss Hutton at her death left a quantity of unpublished manuscript, which is referred to in the following interesting account of her life and death, written by one who knew her, and which appeared in the *Birmingham Journal* for March 21, 1846.

"THE LATE MISS HUTTON.

"Duty to the living, and to the memory of the dead, alike require that an individual so distinguished in many honourable respects as the late Miss Hutton, should not be allowed to pass away from the scenes of usefulness and duty, without her example being held up for the imitation of others, who may be benefited by the shadows reflected from the mirror of truth. She was the only daughter, and last surviving child of the late William Hutton, Esq., the author of that History of Birmingham which all subsequent writers

on the same subject have wisely and properly adopted as the basis of their own compositions. Born in the reign of King George II., she enjoyed only the advantages of such an education as was usually given at that period to females in the middle rank of society ; but the energies of her mind, at a somewhat later time, obtained abundant compensation for every original deficiency. She inherited the firmness of character, the stability of purpose, and all the sound, shrewd good sense, for which her father was eminently distinguished. She wisely chose not to be mingled with the multitude who live, and die, and leave no trace behind. With an ardent desire for knowledge, and great aptitude in its acquisition, she exercised a wise discretion in the selection of her mental exercises. The pursuit of knowledge naturally created a desire for extended studies, and by her own vigorous, unaided efforts, she became remarkably well informed ; and strewing her path with the flowers of literature, she greatly increased the value of the gifts with which she had been amply endowed by nature. Her taste was exalted and refined by intellectual cultivation and the best literary society, including, with very many others, the late learned and eminent mathematician, Dr. Charles Hutton, of Woolwich, and his family. During the last twenty years, she was almost constantly more or less of an invalid, and, as a necessary consequence, lived a life of seclusion in her mansion at Bennett's Hill, near Saltley ; but she was happily wholly exempt from all the peculiarities that too often mark a life of celibacy and comparative solitude. She was always the intelligent, courteous, well-bred lady. Literary composition was her recreation and delight ; and

she acquired much credit by the 'Memoirs of her Father,' which she published shortly after his decease, in 1815. The well-told narrative of this work is so deeply interesting, that few persons have been willing to lay down the volume before reading the last sentence. It has been again and again reprinted, in a variety of editions, and has obtained an enduring place in English literature. She also published 'The Traveller in Africa,' being a condensed account of the various attempts to extend geographical knowledge, and to facilitate intercourse with the inhabitants of that 'land of the shadow of death.' Her pen was likewise very frequently employed on works of imagination, and in the delineation of society and manners in every-day life, and her knowledge of mankind, her good sense, and power of accurate observation, were demonstrated by her novels, each in three volumes, entitled, 'The Miser Married,' 'Oakwood Hall,' and 'The Welsh Mountaineer.' In addition to a multitude of literary essays, printed without her signature being attached, she supplied Sir Walter Scott, at his request, with the materials for the life of Mr. Bage, of Elford, who, in his day, was an eminent writer of fiction. This contribution appears in the Edinburgh edition of English novels, edited by 'The Ariosto of the North.' She was also a very frequent contributor to the best periodical literature of her time; and continued to employ herself, for her own amusement, in literary pursuits to the latest period of her life. Masses of matter, written for

publication, still remain in manuscript ; and amongst other works she produced, more than twenty years ago, a 'History of the Queens of England, Consort and Regnant, from the Norman Conquest downward.' The world would have been much interested, and the writer's literary reputation considerably enhanced, had this production ever passed through the press. Long after this task had been accomplished, publications on the same subject were undertaken by other writers, and have been recently presented to the reading public.

"When she had passed the age of ninety her mental faculties were still acute ; the intellectual sun beamed brightly till its setting, undimmed by the lapse of the greatest part of a century.

"At her age the powerful intellect of the late Lord Stowell was completely eclipsed, and the handwriting of his brother, Lord Eldon, at the earlier close of his life, had become illegible ; whilst her caligraphy was to the last so beautiful that it might have served the engraver for imitation, and the matter of her compositions was equal in merit to the elegant symbols by which it was conveyed.

"She was deeply affected by the death of her brother, which occurred exactly eight months before her own dissolution, after he had spent by far the greatest part of his life, long as her own (within one year), in the collection of a most valuable and splendid library, selected by himself regardless of all cost, and the intrinsic worth of which both he and

Bennett's Hill near Birmingham
September 6. 1845

My dear Miss Croft

Can you give me the
autograph of your worthy Father? a
short letter of no consequence, or a few
lines of any sort. I am desirous to
place his hand-writing in my collec-
tion. With all good wishes,

Believe me

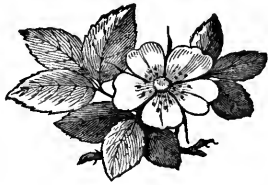
My dear Madam

Your very respectful

Catherine Hutton



his sister most fully appreciated. Her keen and deep feeling of sorrow under this bereavement, brought on, during the last three months of her existence, a paralysis, not of mind but of body, which increased and extended, till at length the dark veil of mortality fell, and she ceased to breathe on Friday, the 13th of March, 1846, in the ninety-first year of her age."





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