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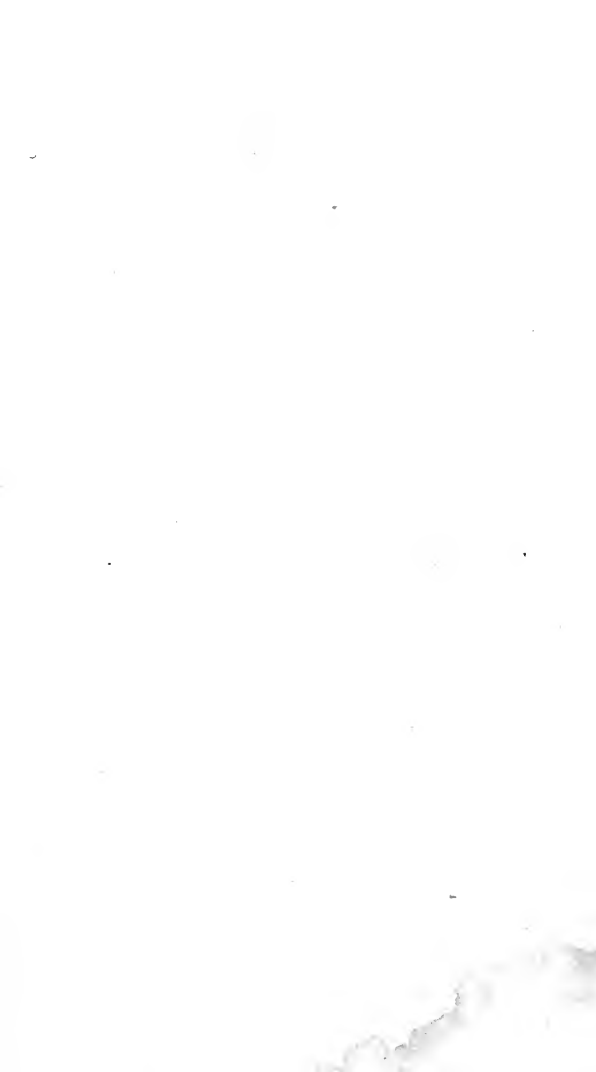
Re Lifford Catalogues

12/6

## LORD LILFORD

1925  
COSGRAVE.—On Christmas Eve, MICHAEL  
COSGRAVE, for 39 years a faithful servant and friend  
at Lilford Hall in charge of the aviaries, aged 65.







*Selford*



# LORD LILFORD

THOMAS LITTLETON, FOURTH BARON

F.Z.S.

PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION

*A MEMOIR BY HIS SISTER*

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

THE BISHOP OF LONDON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THORBURN AND OTHERS

AND A PORTRAIT IN PHOTOGRAVURE

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'I have remarked . . . that all men are, to an unspeakable degree, brothers; each man's life a strange emblem of every man's; and further, that human portraits . . . are, of all pictures, the welcomest on human walls'—CARLYLE

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LONDON

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1900



# INTRODUCTION

By THE BISHOP OF LONDON

I HAVE been asked to add to the following Memoir a few words by way of Introduction. I regard it as a great privilege to be permitted to do so; for there are very few men who left upon my mind so vivid an impression of a noble character as did the late Lord Lilford. In saying this I feel that I represent the great majority of those who knew him; and if I speak in my own person, it is the only way in which this common impression can be conveyed.

Lord Lilford has name and fame as an Ornithologist, but that is beyond my power to appreciate. To me he was a man of remarkable attainments and singular charm, a man whom

to know was a lifelong possession. The impression produced by character is, after all, more permanent than that produced by capacity. It passes into other lives, and is fruitful as an influence long after the results of capacity have perished in the using. It is the subtle yet abiding power of character, as shown in Lord Lilford, that I would try very imperfectly to explain.

When first I met him we were entire strangers, and I did not even know the conditions within which his life was lived. I found a man confined to a bath-chair, a man with a massive head, of great distinction, full of intelligence, bearing traces of that fastidiousness which goes with culture, but chiefly attractive by gentleness and a singular expression of kindness. A very little conversation showed me that I was in the presence of a man of remarkable intellectual power, and we were soon talking with a freedom and a range of subjects which to me was quite unexpected. I soon found that everything I

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knew, or in which I was interested, was within his ken. I had learned that he was a famous ornithologist, but he did not call upon me to follow him into his own subject, and preferred general conversation. We talked of European literature, politics, and society. We compared notes of travel and experiences of various peoples. He told me his own reminiscences with point and brevity. As he did so the pathos of his life was borne upon my mind. In some countries he had travelled in his youthful vigour, a keen sportsman, wandering among the people and sharing their life and interests. To other lands he had gone in search of health, confined within the region of hotels, yet retaining the same keen interest in everything, intent upon picking up all the knowledge that he could. But his mention of these limitations was merely incidental; there was never a note of complaint, merely an explanation why he had not seen or done more. One felt the heavy trial which it must have been to this buoyant and vigorous

nature to see the inexorable trammels of physical disability slowly cutting off from it what it most keenly enjoyed—the opportunity of personal observation in a large sphere, the delight in new impressions, the large sympathy with a perpetually increasing world of nature and man.

These are the qualities which constitute greatness. It was impossible not to speculate sometimes what a man with Lord Lilford's qualities might have achieved if the circumstances of his life had impelled him towards a political or literary career, instead of drawing him from it. He was totally devoid of what is ordinarily called ambition; he was by nature fastidious and reserved. The malady which reduced him to a cripple in the prime of life, gave early signs of its approach. He selected permanent interests which he might preserve despite his physical limitations, and abandoned all the rest. He aimed at making life—as he was compelled to lead it—as full as possible, and

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had no desire to wander into forbidden fields. He had a deep sense of personal dignity, and a genuine modesty which made him shrink from any approach to publicity. But I remember a letter of his to the *Times* about the protection of wild birds, in which he wrote with force and intensity on a subject on which he felt strongly. He did not, however, feel any ambition for literary distinction, even on the subject that he had made his own. He had something of an Athenian's sense of distinction between the functions of a gentleman and an author. In his writings he studiously made no claim to the position either of a man of science or a man of letters. He was content to be an observant amateur, following his own bent for his own amusement. He gave the results of his personal observation with brevity and simplicity, through which the character of the man penetrated, from time to time, with significant charm. But he entirely refused to pose, in ordinary life, as a scientific man. To experts he would talk of

science when it was necessary, but he would not have anyone talk up to him on his subject, and he shrank from even seeming to be a bore. I think I found it almost difficult to induce him to satisfy my curiosity about the birds he had around him. He liked to talk of ideas, as expressed in literature or exhibited in life; but he rarely passed judgment on living people. Indeed, I know no one who was more full of the spirit of Charity. It was pain to him to think ill of another, and he repressed anything like harsh judgment in others. His chivalrous respect for women showed itself at every turn. He had the reward which is reserved for a pure and simple character—the unbounded affection of young people. Few more charming pictures linger in my memory than one of Lord Lilford being wheeled in his chair through his gardens, surrounded by a crowd of children, eager to ask him questions about the birds but restrained by the consciousness that they must not come too near and push against him, all hanging on his



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lips as with quiet humour he gave them information suited to their needs.

I need not recall such reminiscences, which are familiar to those who knew him. A character cannot be recalled by a multiplicity of little traits. Its effect is in itself as a whole, and depends on the fundamental ideas which it expresses. It was impossible to know Lord Lilford and not be brought unconsciously to a clearer perception of the great issues of life. He was a man who showed that he had been sorely tried, and through his trials had reached a beautiful serenity which was manifest in all he said and did. His trials were not merely physical; he had suffered disappointment and loss. But his character was founded on the rock of deep religious principle, and he patiently gleaned the harvest of affliction. In so doing he was helped by the training which comes from habits of scientific observation. He had taught himself to recognise law outside, and so he was able to seek the law of his own life and humbly

to obey it. He possessed the true knowledge which engenders the spirit of discipline ; so he never repined, or complained of the hardships of his lot, but always dwelt on the compensations which had been vouchsafed him—the love by which he was surrounded, the interests which he could always satisfy. I remember him saying to me, ‘There are those who think it dull to live always in the country. I never move from home, and for six months of each year I am obliged to remain shut up indoors. But I never find the time hang heavy on my hands. My books, my birds, my letters, converse with friends, and the business of my estates fill up all my time, and leave me no moment unoccupied.’ Sometimes I had an opportunity of knowing how careful he was in all that he did, how generous and how considerate of others. His correspondence had many ramifications, and his beneficence was boundless. But in this, as in all else, he was chivalrous as well as wise—he did not like his generosity to be known.

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Lord Lilford was a remarkable example of the refining and ennobling power of suffering on a noble nature. Strong in the possession of a simple faith he faced his misfortunes with quiet heroism, so that they only served to discipline his character into greater strength and more abundant sweetness. They revealed to him the abiding possibilities of life, and on these he fastened his attention. He moved habitually in a region where pettiness and commonplace could not exist, and all he did and said was marked by considerate graciousness. I remember one day walking with Lady Lilford by the side of his chair in the garden. In passing through a gate the servant who was pushing his chair steered badly, with the result that Lord Lilford's arm came against the gatepost. Lady Lilford uttered a cry of alarm; I looked at Lord Lilford's face which was twitching with pain; but he said, 'It is nothing, dear; I am not hurt; do not scold him.' It was a trivial instance of the highest qualities which can distinguish a man. Pain

instead of making him selfish, as is generally the case, made Lord Lilford unselfish; he thought of others far before himself. Those who have known Lord Lilford, who have seen that dignified face, with the marks of suffering upon it, but lightened by a smile which came from a soul beyond the power of pain, have surely learned something of the Apostle's meaning when he spoke of the MASTER OF ALL LIFE as 'Made perfect through suffering.'

M. LONDON.

## PREFACE

IT had been hoped that a Life of my Brother, which a distinguished naturalist had undertaken to write, would before now have seen the light, for a competent pen is needed to do justice to the special interests which filled so much of his time and thoughts. But the appearance of this volume having been delayed, the brief memoir which follows has been put together for those who valued my Brother's friendship, and to whom any record will be welcome for his sake.

C. M. D.

KENSINGTON : *September* 1900.



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LETTER AND VERSES RECEIVED BY MY  
SISTER-IN-LAW FROM THE LATE DUKE  
OF ARGYLL, K.G.

‘Argyll Lodge, Kensington : July 14, 1896.

‘Dear Lady Lilford,—May I ask your kind acceptance of some lines I lately wrote on your husband’s most lamented death ?

‘Yours very sincerely,

‘ ARGYLL.’

JUNE 1896.

Tears fall for one whom I have never seen,  
Whose happy accents I have never heard ;  
Yet one whose spirit ever moved with mine,  
In watchful record of each tuneful bird.

Round that fair sea whose sunlit classic shores,  
Send forth their millions through the vernal  
air,  
He ranged in youth to hail aerial bands  
That fly, and light, and sing, and nestle there.

And every note he took, and every line he  
wrote,

Breathed of the beauty of the world he saw :  
A world that seemed a nature like his own—  
A world of love, of reason, and of law.

And when from pain, disabling with the years,  
His feet could follow wandering birds no  
more,

He came to settle in his English home  
With friendly wings around him as before.

Here brooding doves from their deep shaded  
nests,

And plummy cranes from out the heavenly  
blue,

And racing things that run along the sand,  
But keep the ocean ever in their view,

All watched his coming, and his careful glance  
That searched their forms, and listened to  
their call ;

The world of birds was round him to the last,  
In those fair homes he made at Lilford Hall.

Nor failed him then—without which life is  
vain—

The love of woman and her gentle care :  
If peace and joy in Nature can be found,  
That peace and joy to him were centred there.



# LORD LILFORD

## A MEMOIR

### CHAPTER I

History of Family—Third Baron Lilford—His Diary—His Meeting with Goethe in 1826—Appointed Lord-in-Waiting to William the Fourth—Two Letters from Lady Holland's American Aunt in 1769 and 1831—Miss Fox's Diary at Holland House, and Conversations with her Father, 1823 to 1829—Her Marriage to Lord Lilford, 1830—A Dinner at Lord Holland's Town House in Old Burlington Street in 1835.

THE family of Powys is of Welsh descent, but the origin of the surname is unknown.

'I am not able to throw any light on the name of Powys,' writes Professor Rhys, 'but the territory of Powys is usually divided into two parts, known as Powys Fadog and Powys Wynwyn. I am inclined to think that Powys Fadog, for instance, means literally Madog's resting place, or settlement perhaps. But I must confess that I know nothing historically of

any transaction or event which would go to explain that construction being put upon the name.'

It must suffice therefore to know that a fighting, cattle-raiding, presumably Celtic 'clan,' said to trace its descent from the kings of Wales, emerges out of darkness into a glimmer of twilight in the person of its representative in the fifteenth century.

William Powys of Ludlow, born in 1464, bears a tame Christian name, although his surname, derived, we know not how, from the land on which his forefathers dwelt, is stamped for ever as unmistakably Welsh. From this William Powys descended three generations of the Powys family, undistinguished units in the great mass of forgotten humanity, living and dying, in common with the majority of the human race, without other memorial than the more or less fleeting impress of their personality upon the minds of friends and neighbours.

At the end of the seventeenth century we come to a pair of Powys brothers who achieved some measure of legal distinction, became respectively judges of the King's and Queen's Benches, and received knighthood at the hands of William



the Third. Sir Littleton died unmarried. Sir Thomas, Attorney-General in 1687 and the younger of the two judges, married Sarah, daughter of A. Holbech, and after her death Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Philip Meadows. From Sir Thomas Powys the present family of Powys is descended.

In 1687 the attitude of the seven bishops, in declining to allow the celebrated Declaration of Indulgence to pass their lips, drew down upon them the indignation of James the Second, and in the May of 1688 the Attorney-General, Sir Thomas Powys, was ordered to prosecute the recalcitrants.<sup>1</sup> As we all know, the trial ended in the acquittal of the rebellious seven, and the only damage done was to the King's reputation, and possibly to the rafters of the old Hall at Westminster, since, as observes Clarendon, 'when the verdict of "Not guilty" was brought in, there was such a wonderful shout of joy that one would have thought the hall would have cracked.'

<sup>1</sup> The *Dictionary of National Biography* observes that he 'conducted the trial with such conspicuous moderation and fairness as to show his own personal disapprobation of the proceedings.'

Up to 1711 Sir Thomas Powys owned a house in Shropshire, where so many of his race had already lived, but in the above-named year he was induced by a legal friend, Mr. Ward of Wadenhoe, to inspect the neighbouring property of Lilford Manor. The untried attractions of Northamptonshire, or the temptation of residence near one of his most valued friends, outweighed the known advantages of his Shropshire home, and before the New Year's Day of 1712 had dawned Sir Thomas was in possession of his new Midland property.

No doubt, with regard to conditions which man himself can mould, the Northamptonshire of 1711 was different from the county as we know it to-day. But there is no 'new order' in the matter of scenery; flat country must remain flat country to the end of time, and the wooded hills and valleys of Shropshire, with the atmospheric effects which only hill and dale can give, were conspicuously absent from the Judge's newly chosen county.

But probably Judge Powys was not an ardent admirer of beautiful scenery. Wordsworthians had no existence as yet, and the broad lands

and good pasturage of the Manor of Lilford were of as much importance as varied hill views or purple distances. And yet the dwellers on flat lands who have become their lovers can tell of willowed nooks by slow-creeping rivers, of tangled hedgerows away from the highroad, of coverts which the spring celandine carpets, of the thousand small and 'unexpected charms of flat scenery, which are revealed to the sympathetic and endear the 'ugly Midlands' to the Midlander.<sup>1</sup>

The Manor of Lilford,<sup>2</sup> once the property of Deborah, mother of Baliol, King of Scotland, eventually came into the hands of John Lord Willoughby, one of the English warriors in command at the battle of Crécy in 1346. This distinguished soldier seems to have built a house at Lilford, of which no traces remain. The estate, after passing into the possession of

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas died in 1719, and was buried at Thorpe-Achurch, the parish church of Lilford. A lengthy epitaph written by Matthew Prior contains the following sentence: 'Whether he was greater as an Advocate or a Judge is the only cause he left undecided.'

<sup>2</sup> For this account of Lilford I am indebted to the researches of the Rev. Cecil Weston, Rector of Thorpe-Achurch.

various owners, became in 1488 the property of the Elmes family, who for over two hundred years were connected with the place and neighbourhood. It is to an Elmes, or possibly to two members of the family—father and son—that we owe the erection of the house now standing at Lilford.

At Lilford Hall, therefore, the Powys family took fresh root, but no record is left, at the Hall or elsewhere, of the lives of its individual members. The Judge's Christian name of Thomas was passed down rigorously from father to son, and eight eldest sons of that name have occupied in turn the nursery at Lilford.

Thomas Powys, born in 1743, a great-grandson of the Judge, became member for Northampton in 1774, and was one of the batch of peers created during the Ministry of William Pitt in 1797. The new Baron, who assumed the title of Lilford, married in 1772 Miss Mary Mann, a niece of Horace Walpole's correspondent, Sir Horace Mann.

Their family consisted of twelve children, equally divided into sons and daughters. Only one of the sons calls for special remark. Henry

Powys, born in 1788, captain in the 83rd regiment of foot, fell at the siege of Badajoz, during the Peninsular War in 1812.

Heroes of forlorn hopes are not made on the spot, and the courage and self-forgetfulness which distinguished the young soldier from the Midlands must have had exercise in bygone days, at home or at school. He was chosen—to go to his death ; and the light falls on him for a moment, as, with his doomed party, he stands that April night on the scaling ladders raised against the Spanish city. The first to enter, he was also the first to fall. A marble tablet at Thorpe-Achurch, bracketing him with his naval brother Charles, who died of fever in the West Indies, remains as his memorial.

In 1797 the eldest son of the first Lord Lilford married Miss Atherton, of Atherton Hall, Lancashire. Tradition has it that Mrs. Atherton, troubled by some knotty point of law connected with the property of her three daughters, was advised by a friend to apply to Mr. Powys, as a good expounder of legal subtleties. The request was made and granted, and was shortly followed by another, proceeding this time from

Mrs. Atherton's quondam legal adviser. It consisted of an offer of marriage to the eldest of the sisters, by whom it was in due course accepted. The second Lord Lilford was an 'elegant' Latin scholar, after the fashion of the cultivated men of his day, and much of his English verse does not lack melody.

Lady Lilford died in 1820, leaving, as did the first Lady Lilford, twelve children, six boys and six girls. Taken altogether, they were a merry, harum-scarum set, full of the lively spirits which make—at the time and in the retrospect—the charm of early life.

The gift of song, filtering down perhaps from their Welsh ancestry, or imported by their mother and grandmother from musical Lancashire, was bestowed in large measure upon the Powys children of this generation, and the house and grounds rang with songs and choruses. It has been said that when all the members of the family were at home together (an event which sometimes happened), the singers would seat themselves one by one on the Lilford stairs, those on the higher steps taking up some part song, to which their companions farther down

responded, so that a wave of melody rippled from top to bottom of the flight.

In 1825 the second Lord Lilford died, and the songsters were dispersed. Of the sons, the third, Horace, became the beloved Rector of Warrington, and in 1854 Bishop of Sodor and Man; Henry, a major in the 60th Rifles, was the founder of the admirable institution known as the Soldiers' Daughters' Home; while the youngest, Charles, with the 9th Lancers saw honourable service in India. Of the daughters, two found their homes north of the Tweed, and the others were settled in quiet country parsonages.

My father, Thomas Atherton, was born in 1801, and succeeded his father in 1825.

In 1826-27, I see in my father's diary that he went with one of the Listers for a portion of the 'grand tour,' without which the education of a young gentleman of position in those days was supposed to be incomplete. With the exception of a carriage accident near Vilvoorde, which nearly precipitated the young men into a canal, the tour seems to have been an uneventful one. The diary contains a

curious account of the chamber of justice in the gothic Castle of Luxemburg. 'In this room a circular table is placed: in the centre of the table is an aperture large enough to admit a man's head; immediately below this chamber is the donjon, and it was the custom to raise the unhappy prisoner by means of machinery to the aperture in the centre of the table, and present him suddenly in the midst of his judges.'

At Weimar in June 1826 my father writes: 'We sent our names and a letter of introduction from Lady Davy to Madame de Goethe, the daughter-in-law of the poet, and received an invitation to tea in the evening. Our hostess received us at her tea-table in the garden at half-past six, without form or ceremony, yet with perfect politeness. Her conversation was lively and entertaining, entirely void of affectation, and easy and natural. She seemed intimately acquainted with English literature, and spoke in raptures of Lord Byron's poetry. Goethe himself soon afterwards joined us, and we were presented to him. In appearance he is tall, and for a man of 75 remarkably upright.



His countenance is fine and strongly marked, and his eyes even now are full of expression. His conversation was easy and gentlemanlike.'

In 1827 the following account of a continental hospital was recorded in his journal, which may be of interest as showing that the important matters of cleanliness and ventilation had received attention at Munich at that period of the century.

'Munich contains an excellent and most perfectly regulated hospital. It is capable of holding about 1,300 persons. The dormitories, of which we saw two, are neatness itself: they have eight beds, separated one from the other by high wooden partitions. The ventilation, the supply of water, and the attention to cleanliness I have not seen exceeded. The pipes which serve to convey warm air into the different dormitories communicate with stoves on the ground floor. All these are on Count Rumford's plan. The ventilator is a large octangular turret-like erection on the roof of the building, with open valves, through which the air passes and is conducted by large wooden pipes into the interior of the building, where it is admitted into

the different rooms by means of grates. The charge for attendance, food, and treatment in the best set of apartments, which are reserved for persons who are able to pay, is about one florin a day. This noble edifice was founded by the late King, Maximilian Joseph.'

In 1836 my father was appointed lord-in-waiting to William the Fourth and acted in the same capacity to the young Queen on her accession to the throne in 1837.

A handful of notes to my father, in the Queen's handwriting, indicating the order of the guests at her dinner table, were amongst my mother's treasured relics.

Much of the shyness which had prevented my grandfather from making the most of his position and his talents had descended to my father, but of his good looks and charm of manner old friends retained a vivid impression; of his unfailing love and kindness to the small inhabitant of nursery and schoolroom a grateful heart carries the remembrance.

Some time before 1830 my father had made the acquaintance of Miss Fox, only daughter of Henry Vassall, Lord Holland. So much has



ELIZABETH LADY HOLLAND.

From a Portrait by Romney.



already been written about Holland House, its kindly host, its disconcerting hostess, its brilliant society, that I will only give on a later page some extracts from my mother's diary. Meanwhile I have chosen two letters from a bundle of faded papers which lie before me, written by Lady Holland's American aunt, one of the beautiful daughters of Mr. Clark of New York, the first before the American war, the second on the eve of the passing of the Reform Bill.

*From Miss Charity Clark (æt. 22), of New York,  
to Joseph Jekyll, Esquire, of London*

‘ New York : March 31, 1769.

‘ My dear Joe,—Though it is not long since I last wrote to you, I could not refuse the obliging offer of my near neighbour, who promises to deliver this himself. M. Montier is a gentleman of fortune, who with his family has settled in America for life, and only goes to England in order to settle some affairs and return. I have with impatience waited the arrival of every ship from London, in hopes of hearing from you, but

that is a satisfaction I have not had this five months, which I assure you is not a little mortifying to me, who so much value your correspondence. I have been this winter quite a recluse, though the town has abounded in amusements, assemblies every fortnight (the gentlemen having excluded all rank except to the Governor's lady). Lady More could not honour us with her presence, because Miss More should not put her hand in the same hat with her father's brewer, apothecary and daughters, to draw a number. Though the Duchess of Gordon and other fine folks have stooped so low. There is plays twice a week, and though my favourite amusement, I have not seen one this winter. The amusement of an Election I could not withstand, but stayed in town during the time it lasted : it was so warm a one that it is said some of the party ladies pulled caps : others I know had fits on hearing the poor Whigs were like to loose it. Those gentlemen Whigs chose to make a religious election of it, declaring that if the other party got in a frightful creature called a Bishop would be sent for over that would throw down the meeting house and cruelly persecute them.

A poor wretch who gave this as his reason for denying his vote to Mr. Delaney and Jauncey said he could bear to have the bell and steeple pulled down, but when it came to the meeting house, it was his duty to do all he could to prevent it. Such were the ways taken to strengthen their party, but the church proved near three hundred too strong for them. In consequence of this religious election there is a great deal of ill blood in the City. The Whig and the Whip, I am told, have almost expended their fire and 'tis thought will shortly put an end to their papers. While some individuals are amusing themselves with religious controversy, the attention of every American is fixed on England: the last accounts from there are very displeasing to those who wish a good understanding between Britain and her Colonies: the Americans are firm in their resolution of no importations from England.

'The want of money is so great among us that land sells for less than half price: the merchants have no cash to buy bills of exchange, which are now very low: it is feared next year the town will be filled with Bankrupts, this is

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want of paper currency. The papers have abounded with complaints from Boston of the military and of their Governor Bernard. "May Irish ministers who support illegal taxation be deemed illegitimate," and "be excommunicated from Heaven by St. Patrick," were two of a number of toasts drunk by the friends of St. Patrick on the anniversary of the Repeal of the Stamp Act, a day celebrated with much jolity throughout all the Colonies. Though acts as full of oppression have succeeded it, England may do as she pleases, the inhabitants of America will loose their liberties with their lives. I will give you an extract from a paper taken from the Virginia Gazete—"What is the reason the meeting of our assembly is put off till May? Is it to wait with patience to see what steps our imperious Lords and Masters at home will be pleased in their great wisdom to take? Lords and Masters, by the by, who are bought and sold like sheep in the markets. It is well known the country Levy cannot be laid, so as to be collected the next year, if our Representatives do not meet before the time now appointed which will be exceedingly inconvenient to individuals as well as



to the Publick in general. A plentitude of awful sounds, rescinding and showing deference to Acts of Parliament, will be heard on all sides. But I flatter myself such sounds will never chill the generous blood of my countrymen, but I hope they will suffer all ills, even prefer the desperate remedy of the Numantines of old rather than give up a jot of their just rights and privileges, but we are not reduced to this extremity, we have a most extensive and fertile country to the westward.”

‘ For my own part I should not hesitate one moment to leave a plentiful and unincumbered fortune, and travel over the bleak and rugged Alleghanies, and there in the evening of my days, and covered with the skins of beasts, with pleasure survey the rising of a new Empire ; and what may we not expect after seeing that Lord Hillsborough has dared to write to that firebrand G——r B——d that the military is to be called in to the assistance of ye civil magistrate, by which our brothers and fellow citizens of Boston are to be sacrificed to the unrelenting vengeance of that merciless Tyrant. Such cruel and unnecessary indignities are enough to rouse up the

dead to deeds of desperation. Let it not be said that there is a riot act to curb the people of Britain. That is nothing to us, nor is it anything to the purpose. Their representatives conferred this glorious stamp of slavery upon them: thank God, our representatives have not as yet been quite so complaisant. I don't at all doubt that the very Parliament that is now sitting, will before it rises, show us *here* some such kindness, but I hope our courts of justice will never even suppose that to be law which over-sets all law, and that juries if it is found necessary, will be resolutely determined to judge of ye law as well as ye fact. Every American is interested in the fate of Wilks as a lover of liberty: news from Corsica is very pleasing, and the first thing I look for in the papers feeling myself touched for everything that struggles for Liberty.

‘Your very sincere friend,

‘CHAR. T. CLARK.’

*Mrs. Charity Moore (née Clark) on liberty ;  
sixty years after.*

‘New York: December 10, 1831.

‘My dear Sister,—It is with sorrow that I observe the trouble of Britain, and wish I could

know how you are situated in that turbulent land where there seems no place of safety. After all what a Tyrant liberty is, allowing only her own favourites to think, speak or act, punishing with mob and fire those who differ in opinion from her. I wish and yet dread to hear from England for I fear there is yet much trouble before you. We are now celebrating the birth of the Prince of Peace, may the land of Britain find peace and Good-will among its inhabitants. . . .

‘ We had a mild season until within a few days, but it has not been a healthy one. An influenza has been very general, even I have not escaped it. But this day the sun shines so bright, the air appears so pure that it is quite a day of enjoyment. My little Grand-daughters are gone to walk delighted at the idea of going abroad. . . .

‘ I am a slave to my tyrannical cough and cannot stir abroad. I hope this will find you in better health than usual, all your Grandchildren safe and well, Lord Holland free from gout, and Lady Holland quite restored to health. My love to her and all her posterity, Lady Lilford more especially.

‘Farewell my ever dear Sister, may heaven bless and preserve you and yours and speedily restore to Britain peace and good order.

‘Your affectionate,

‘CHAR. MOORE.’

Holland House with its *milieu* would have been stimulating even to a dull mind, and my mother, whose natural intelligence was brought out and strengthened by long talks on all manner of subjects with the father to whom she was so deeply attached, profited by them to the fullest extent. But her charms were not all of the mind. Even Leslie’s picture at Holland House and Sir William Ross’s miniature scarcely do her justice, for an expression of extreme sweetness on a face which yet shows character is apt to mislead the painter, who registers the sweetness and omits the indications of strength.

Miss Fox, from the age of eighteen, kept a journal, which contains the record of many conversations with her father. Here are a few specimens, which, although youthful in style, show intelligence in the writer.

‘Saturday, February 26, 1823.—Papa and

I had a very delightful conversation; we conversed on divers subjects. The French Revolution and Napoleon's character were at first our chief topics. Papa gave me a sketch of the history of the latter, relating his own interview with him in Paris. Then we went on to speak of Washington, a man of the purest character, as papa said, under very trying circumstances. Papa went on to read me some of Dryden's verses, amongst others his satire on MacFlecknoe, and his lines on Death from Lucretius. Papa is very fond of Dryden, and considers that his satire has a more elevated character than that of Pope. Papa said he admired Pope for never having decried Dryden, on the contrary, he always expressed the sincerest admiration for Dryden's talent.'

'*Tuesday, March 26, 1823.*—I talked of the Iliad to papa, and of Mr. Knight's opinion that the Odyssey was not written by the author of the Iliad. Papa spoke of the description of Sisyphus rolling the stone up the hill, in the Odyssey, and of the sudden change of words which pourtray its heavy tedious ascent and its impetuous and rebounding descent.'

' *March* 27.—Talking of Gray's interesting letters, papa gave me an account of Thomas Warton, the author of the "History of Poetry," in which many of his theories appear doubtful, but from which work many have collected material for books on the same subject. We talked of Milton; I expressed my unbounded admiration of his poetry, all of which I have read, save *Paradise Regained*. Papa considered that the faults of *Paradise Lost* were the subject, and the falling off in style towards the end.'

' *August* 11, 1823.—I spent nearly the whole morning with papa. We talked of Plato and Aristotle, and their different philosophies, both pupils of Socrates, but not friends. Plato's system—that of Pre-existence. His notion of virtue very exalted; everything to be forsaken or neglected in the pursuit of perfection. It seems to me a very complicated system, and one I should never have even faintly understood, did papa not happen to have the clearest manner of explaining any subject, however abstruse. In order to exemplify Aristotle's system, papa pointed out that substance and colour were not

identical, being both absolutely unconnected with each other. The substance might exist without the colour, and *vice versa*. Papa mentioned Hesiod, and said he thought he had certainly existed *since* Homer's time. There is a notion that Pisistratus arranged the Iliad, and that until his time it had only been transmitted by memory to posterity. We compared the Greeks and the Romans. I asked whether the former were not the more cultivated nation, while less religious than the latter.'

My mother was also in the habit of recording in her diary the names of those who dined at Holland House, or in Old Burlington Street, the London house to which the family sometimes adjourned in the winter months.

Under date January 1, 1824, the following entry is made: 'Dined down for the first time since I sprained my ankle. Mr. Brougham,<sup>1</sup> Sir James Mackintosh,<sup>2</sup> Mr. Whishaw,<sup>3</sup> Mr.<sup>4</sup> and Mrs. "Bobus" Smith, Grandmama, Mr. Allen,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lord Brougham.

<sup>2</sup> The historian.

<sup>3</sup> A Scotchman, author of various legal and political pamphlets.

<sup>4</sup> Brother of Sydney Smith.

<sup>5</sup> A doctor, and old friend, resident at Holland House.

and Charles<sup>1</sup> were present. The conversation was not very general. Oranges not known in ancient times; a question whether Virgil mentions them, but Mr. Smith said it was without doubt the citron to which he alludes. Papa quoted the lines. There was talk of the injustice of not allowing a duke's son to study the law.'

'*January* 8, 1824.—Lord Grey, Lord Howick, Lord Morpeth, Lady G. Morpeth, Lord J. Russell, Mr. Howard, Mr. Allen, and myself at dinner. Talk of Shakespeare's heroes: Brutus drawn by him less amiably than Mark Antony, for whom one feels most interest. "Venice Preserved," by Otway, spoken of. Lord Grey said it was one of the best plays we have; mamma objected to it as ill-contrived: papa said the character of Belvidera was beautiful, and true to nature. Shakespeare came up again. Lord John Russell thought the Prince of Wales was a finer character than Hotspur, as Hector than Achilles. Papa said it was remarkable that Homer should have made one of his heroes—Ulysses—the greatest liar that ever

<sup>1</sup> General Fox.



was, sporting his falsehoods, too, occasionally when they were quite unnecessary.'

'1825 (*no month*).—Mr. Plunkett, Lord Stowell, Mr. Grenville, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Luttrell, Lord and Lady G. Morpeth, dined with us in Old Burlington Street. The derivation of words mentioned. Papa said it was useful to have a knowledge of Anglo-Saxon, in order to trace the origin of many words in our language. Mr. Plunkett said *flimsy* was obviously from *film*, conveying the idea of lightness and transparency, yet Johnson had given it up in despair. Mr. Rogers agreed to its being a good guess or conjecture, without its appearing to him very probable. Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, he added, was wonderful, for definition and example; derivation was the weakest part of it, and carelessly done. All ancient tragic and comic writers called to this day Tragedians and Comedians, terms never applied to those of modern times. Someone said Sheridan would not have liked being called a Comedian. Alliteration in poetry discussed. Gray full of it, but concealing it, papa said, much less than Pope, who contrived to bring it in almost without the reader's perceiving it, by making, as Mr. Plunkett

expressed it, a sandwich of it. When well done a very pretty poetical licence. After dinner Mr. Grattan was talked of. Papa said he was a truly great man, so much true philosophy and deep wisdom in all his arguments, and yet nothing laboured or studied. Mr. Brougham's versatility of genius mentioned as extraordinary. His last speech much admired, on Friday last, in answer to Mr. Peel.'

'*September 2, 1825.*—Mr. Adam, and William Adam, his son, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Adair, My Aunts, Papa, Mamma, and myself at dinner. A great deal of delightful conversation, and such as always interests me. Mr. Fox's speeches mentioned. Mr. Adam said he had spoken better since the American War than before. Papa considered that his three best speeches were undoubtedly those on the Sedition Act in answer to Sir William Grant, on the Scrutiny Bill, and on Buonaparte's Wars. The first papa said he thought an extraordinary speech. A very clever man (Sir W. Grant), with a philosophical turn of mind, rises and makes a speech of two hours, which Mr. Fox answers sentence by sentence. Papa related a characteristic trait of

him : when he rose to speak someone making some careless observation on what he was likely to say, Fox turned sharply round to him and said, "What then, and do you think it so easy a matter to answer such a man as Sir William Grant?" He is supposed to have thought his own best speech was the one made upon Buonaparte's Wars, for when Grattan went up to him afterwards, and said, "What an incomparable speech you have made!" Mr. Fox answered, "I do not know whether it is a good one or not, but I do know it is the best *I* can make." Papa says that when he reads the above-mentioned speech on the Scrutiny Bill, he can hear the tones of his uncle's voice as distinctly as when the speech was delivered.'

In 1825-26 Miss Fox was with her parents in Paris.

'Since I have been here, the following persons have been to see papa and mamma : the two Messieurs Girardin (who were pupils of Jean Jacques Rousseau), General La Fayette, M. Molé, M. Lally Tollendal, the two Messieurs Dupin, M. Gérard (the painter), the Duc de Choiseul, and many others. M. Humboldt, the

great traveller in South America, comes here frequently ; he is full of acquirement, and has a great deal of conversation, which would be very agreeable were it less full of parentheses and digression ; M. Benjamin Constant and the Comte de la Valette have dined here also, not to forget M. Barante, the author of the “ History of the Dukes of Burgundy.” I have heard many delightful conversations among the remarkable people who dine here, and I much regret that I have not written them down directly, as I am sorry to find my recollection of them is now very imperfect.’

‘ *January* 16, 1826.—Mr. Adair and Baron Louis dined with us. The latter was Minister of Finance in the time of Napoleon, and seems a shrewd, thorough Frenchman. He gave an interesting account of Louis XVIII. ; he said he was very constant in his dislike of people, and very much the reverse in his affections. *Il avait de l'esprit, et beaucoup de grâce.* The present King (Charles X.), though far from being as clever as Louis, is more to be trusted ; very warm and very constant in his attachments. As an instance of the fickleness of Louis XVIII.,

Baron Louis mentioned that a favourite of the King's, whose name I have forgotten, said, on leaving him, that he would be forgotten in eight days, but he had miscalculated, for he was not remembered beyond two, and supplanted by another favourite. Baron Louis spoke of Napoleon's memory, which was prodigious in the very minutest detail. He worked all along for himself, not for the country. Papa said he thought if Moreau had lived he would have been a most dangerous rival to Napoleon. Later in the evening, M. Benjamin Constant (who is, they say, one of the cleverest men living) came in. The affairs of Russia talked of. M. Constant compared Russia to a well-packed quiet mule, and Constantine and Nicholas to two men, each ceremoniously declining to mount. M. Constant looks very clever, but is not, I should think, an amiable person. Speaking in the Chamber of Deputies was then mentioned. M. Giamboni (a Genoese established in Paris), who was present, said that M. Constant, while others were speaking, composed his speeches on little bits of paper, with astonishing rapidity. M. Constant said such a thing would not appear extraordinary to

an Englishman, as in both houses they spoke extempore. He hopes that it may become habitual here.'

'*January 25, 1826.*—M. St. Aignan, who was a friend of Napoleon, came in. Much talk about some very discreditable memoirs of M. Clermont. M. St. Aignan said there really could now be no safety in conversation, if one was to feel that everything said was marked and set down with a view to publication by the members of society. He praised St. Simon excessively. I have seen Marshal Soult's pictures, which are very fine. He came here himself one evening. I cannot say that I think his looks prepossessing, they are so harsh and forbidding.'

'*January 30.*—I went to the opening of the Chambers, and heard Charles the Tenth speak. It was a very short speech; he dwelt on the excellent state of the finances, and expressed a hope of improving the condition of the ministers of our holy religion, which I should imagine was not very favourably heard by many of his listeners, as terror of the increasing power of the Jesuits is great and universal.'

‘*March*, 1826.—I have seen Talma in private ; his appearance in no wise indicates his tragic powers.’

‘*May* 28, 1826.—Prince Talleyrand has been some time returned from the country, and I have seen him often. I never heard him talk much, but from all I have heard of his conversation it must be most delightful, as he has so much wit, though of too sarcastic a nature to make one feel at ease with him ; his countenance is most singular.’

Miss Fox spent many pleasant days at Bowood, in Wiltshire, the charming country home of Lord and Lady Lansdowne (the former better known for many years in political life as Lord Henry Petty), and the following entry bears date, Bowood, August 9, 1824. ‘We have a pleasant party here : M. and Madame Durazzo, Lord John Russell, Lady Elizabeth and Lord Belgrave, Mr. Rogers (the banker poet), M. Dumont, and Lord Ellenborough. Mr. Crabbe, and his brother poet Mr. Moore, come over occasionally. The former has written a poem, unpublished as yet, for which he cannot find a name. Mr. Crabbe’s manner is very simple and unassuming, and

there is a degree of archness in it, too, which makes it very entertaining.'

Here is another 'dinner talk' at Holland House, August 1824. 'Mr. Rogers at dinner, the conversation took a literary turn, Burns was discussed, Mr. Rogers prefers the "Cotter's Saturday Night," the "Mousie" and the "Daisy" to any of his other productions and confessed he could not understand "Tam o' Shanter." A comparison between Burns and Byron was made: Papa said he thought the former rather a poet of sense and reason, than of genius or imagination. Lord Byron falls off, whenever he makes any attempt at humour. Mr. Rogers said Burns was a poet of sense—Byron of genius—and Scott of cleverness; leaving the poets, Papa said it was a remarkable thing, which no one but Mr. Rogers had yet noticed, that in five cases out of six, Gibbon employs the genitive case. The conversation then turned upon acting, and papa and mamma, and my aunts, as well as Mr. Rogers, all agreed that had they the power of restoring either Mrs. Jordan or Mrs. Siddons to the stage, in their full vigour, it would certainly be the former.'



Holland House was not only an acknowledged centre for the literary portion of society ; it was also a great Whig camp, where the politics of the day were eagerly discussed. The burning question of the years covered by this portion of Miss Fox's diary from 1825 to 1829 was the proposed emancipation of the Roman Catholics from the disabilities which barred their advancement to any position of eminence.

In March 1828 Miss Fox writes : ' The repeal of the Test and Corporation Act engrosses the political world at present. My father made a long and (what was generally considered to be) an excellent speech on the subject : Lord Eldon's arguments against the repeal seem weak even to me. I trust and hope the measure will be carried. Poor oppressed Catholics ! how little our conduct with respect to them tallies with the pure and sublime precepts of that Gospel, in which they and we equally believe.'

In 1829 the great measure was carried in both Houses of Parliament.

Miss Fox records in her journal the passing of the Bill in the House of Lords.

'April 7, 1829.—The Catholic question passed the Lords by a majority of 105. Last Saturday I had the good fortune, the happiness, to be in the House of Lords on April 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, and I was indeed gratified beyond all power of expression. I heard the Duke of Wellington's speech on bringing forward the measure; it was frank, manly, well reasoned, and what from him I did not expect, in parts full of feeling, his description of civil war particularly so. I had the pleasure of hearing Lord Lansdowne, who spoke well, and with great effect; the Bishop of Oxford made a very good speech in favour of concession, the Archbishop of Armagh as good against. The next day we heard the Chancellor (Lord Lyndhurst), who spoke admirably in point of talent, argument, and wit, but he must be a man of nerve to have made so daring, so impudent a recantation of what it seems were his opinions but very lately; his manner I thought dignified and calm; one is forced to admire, to respect him is impossible. The next day we were much amused by a clever, strange, *décousu* speech from Lord Westmoreland. He spared neither friend nor

foe, and let some secrets escape, such as the appointment of Mr. Grant in Ireland, which Lord Sidmouth took up warmly, and professed himself in no wise instrumental in effecting, being absent at the time. Lord Tenterden spoke at length, and most tediously against the measure, when, to my infinite joy, Lord Grey rose to answer him, and he made a most brilliant, eloquent, and comprehensive speech. He considered the question in every possible point of view; his arguments, though perhaps not new, were admirable, and as far as my humble judgment goes, unanswerable, clothed, too, in the most beautiful and forcible language, added to a noble and dignified manner. I was perfectly enraptured. I had never heard any public speaking before, and it has made an impression on me, not likely soon to be effaced. Lord Eldon answered Lord Grey, or rather answered the Chancellor, who had severely handled Lord E. the previous night; his retort upon Lord Lyndhurst was very good and fair, but the rest of his speech was reckoned weak. The first night we heard Lord Winchilsea; he has great fluency and eloquence and feels, I do

believe, most sincerely and conscientiously opposed to the measure. It is supposed, that were these times similar to those of the Gordon riots, he would almost be inclined to play the part of Lord George Gordon over again. Thank God ! there is no such danger now to be apprehended.

‘ The Bishop of Durham<sup>1</sup> the next day made a long and violent speech. The Bishop of Oxford<sup>2</sup> answered the portions of it applying to himself in a very spirited manner. I did not hear my dear father speak ; on Monday, the 6th, he made, I hear, a very good speech on the Disfranchisement Bill, which reads admirably, though ill reported ; I am happy and proud to have lived to see this great measure at last carried, it reflects honour on the minister who achieved it, but I do not think the conduct of the Whigs can be sufficiently admired, their disinterestedness, their magnanimity in not expressing either pique or resentment at seeing what has been throughout their political career, their greatest political object carried by one who

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Van Mildert.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Bagot.

has been, and I conclude still is, their opponent on all subjects but this.'

Lady Holland's matrimonial intentions with regard to her daughter were not shared by the young lady herself, and it speaks well for Lord Holland's powers of persuasion that he induced his wife to abate something of the *chevaux de frise* by which my mother was surrounded.

Otherwise so shy a man as my father could never have run the gauntlet single-handed against an antagonist of Lady Holland's mettle. The engagement was entered into in the early part of the year 1830, and the marriage took place in the following May.

My mother still continued to keep a journal, and there is a record, in 1835, of an interesting dinner at Lord and Lady Holland's, in the house which they were then occupying in Old Burlington Street. My father and mother were on a visit to Miss Caroline Fox at Little Holland House.

'February 28, 1835.—We dined in Old Burlington Street. The evening was very pleasant. Count Pozzo di Borgo, and M.

Mendizabel dropped in. The former recently appointed Minister to this country from Russia, the latter a Spanish merchant who entirely supplied Don Pedro with arms, &c. during his warfare with his brother, Don Miguel. Pozzo gave us a very interesting account of his having been in the battle of St. Vincent, under Lord Nelson's protection. He was also (though a diplomat, and not a military man) at the battle of Jena.'

Under date April 1, 1835, my mother makes further mention of M. Mendizabel :

'Lord Lilford went with Lord Stanley to the House of Commons, and I waited for the former till 3.30 in Old Burlington Street. I found M. Mendizabel there, and the French Ambassador, General Sebastiani, whom I knew formerly in Paris. It seems that the last time the General and M. Mendizabel met was in Spain ; the latter was taken prisoner during the war, by General Sebastiani, and by him ordered to be shot. How he escaped, I confess I did not

<sup>1</sup> General Sebastiani was father of the unfortunate Duchess de Praslin, murdered by her husband in 1847. Lady Lilford had known the Duchess intimately in her girlhood.

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understand, as he speaks French very unintelligibly. It was certainly curious that their next meeting should have taken place unexpectedly, at my mother's house. After they were gone, I read Comus while waiting for my husband, who at last brought the news of the division; 33 majority on the side of the opposition. The Irish Appropriation Question is one of great interest as far as I can understand it. I confess I admire and respect Lord Stanley's conscientious opinion on the subject.'

From 1861 until her death in 1891, my mother lived in Great Cumberland Place. Between her and my eldest brother there existed a strong bond of affection and sympathy, and often by some strange instinct she had a conviction that he was ill, before the actual tidings reached her.

## CHAPTER II

Birth of Thomas Littleton Powys, Subject of Memoir, in 1833—School Days—Letter from Colonel Barclay, a School Friend at Harrow—Christ Church, Oxford, 1852—Letters from Christ Church Friends, Godfrey Webb, and the Rev. F. M. Stopford—Extract from Professor Alfred Newton's Introduction to Lord Lilford's 'Coloured Figures of British Birds'—Letters to Alfred Newton from 1852 to 1858 (Ornithological Rambles in Spain and Sardinia)—Origin of *Ibis* Magazine.

ON March 18, 1833, my eldest brother was born in Stanhope Street, May Fair. His predecessor in the nursery had been a sister, who speedily adopted pretty, motherly airs of protection towards the little new-comer. The name of Thomas awaited him at the font. Only one story of his early years—a characteristic one—need be related here. When he was about five years old, some childish offence made it necessary, in his father's opinion, that he should undergo the time-honoured and time-abused punishment of birching. The corporal chastisement was administered in the dusk of an



autumn evening, in the study at Lilford, and when it was over, and the child was restored to the perpendicular position, he observed with considerable *sangfroid*, 'It did not hurt much; there's a brown owl flying by.'

Somewhere about his tenth year, my brother was sent to Dr. Bickmore's school at Berkswell, on the borders of Warwickshire. This place was the scene of a pretty childish idyll, which he often related in recent years to his second wife. Walking by a wall one day, over which strayed an apple bough bearing a distractingly tempting burden of fruit, he raised his hand towards it. 'Ain't your'n!' said a voice above him, and, looking up, he saw a little girl, clad in a blue frock, and dowered with red hair and a freckled face. Perhaps the honest eyes raised to hers convinced her that, however suspicious the juxtaposition of hand and bough, the owner of the former had no thievish intentions. 'You may take one, if you like,' was the next observation of the small, relenting dragon of the golden pippins. The miller, who was possessor alike of the freckle-faced little maiden and the rosy-cheeked apples, came out on

hearing voices, and ratified the permission granted.

The talk between the two having meanwhile strayed to the subject of bird-nesting, he gave them leave, on further acquaintance, to share this amusement together. The little girl loved flowers, and the boy's heart was given to birds, so the two interchanged knowledge, and made discoveries as botanist and field naturalist.

Meanwhile, Dr. Bickmore's other boys had noticed Powys's frequent absences, and asked him where he went. He did not wish his little six-year-old playmate to be teased or laughed at (perhaps he would not have relished his own portion of such treatment), and, to prevent the boys from invading his favourite haunts in the neighbouring woods, he invented a story of an idol being located there, with fearful powers of destruction. The small boys were properly impressed, but one of the older scholars was as obstinately incredulous as Mrs. Betsy Prig herself in somewhat similar circumstances. My brother offered to conduct the unbeliever to the idol, a weird and grotesque tree stump, the upper part of which he had shaped into some

resemblance to a human face—and, uttering uncouth and blood-curdling sounds of horror, he so terrified and convinced his sceptical companion that the latter fled, trembling from head to foot. But tidings of the rambles of my brother and the little girl reached Dr. Bickmore's ears, and further intercourse was strictly forbidden, with a rebuke to the eleven-year-old naturalist for his 'liking for low company.' The schoolboy and the little girl rambled no more together, but the former caught a glimpse of the owner of the red hair and the freckled face for the last time on the day of his final departure from the school, and the solitary shilling that remained in his purse found its way as a keepsake to his little friend.

With the exception of the late Lord Portarlington, I know of no one of Dr. Bickmore's boys who was a contemporary and friend of my brother's. As regards the old schoolfellow just mentioned, he writes in his diary January 19, 1892: 'I am grieved to hear of the death of Portarlington at Bournemouth. I knew him, in my earliest schooldays under old Charley Bickmore at Berkswell; then used

to see him casually as a Guardsman, about London, in the ante-Crimean days; afterwards as a big, rollicking, good-natured M.P., best known as "Hippy Dawson," and lately I have renewed my acquaintance with him at Bournemouth.'

One schoolboy letter of this period (1845) has been preserved, the spelling immaculate, the entreaties very earnest that he might be allowed to attend his 'grandmamma's funeral.' Lady Holland had died that year, and had left her grandson the collection of stuffed birds at Ampthill.

In 1848 my brother went to Harrow: a stretch of fifty years between that period and the present makes it difficult for those of his Harrow friends who yet remain to furnish any lively recollections of his public school days. But one thing they are unanimous in stating, and that is that in a more or less degree he made naturalists of them all. His interest in bird and beast life was so keen, his power of observation developed so rapidly, that it was impossible to be much with him and not feel drawn towards the subjects to which he gave a

living interest. He collected various animals, including, of course, birds, and was a constant visitor at Goshawk's, the bird dealer in the town. It was as a boy of seventeen that he began to send his first ornithological contributions to the editor of the 'Zoologist,' recording, with the freshness of close personal observation, any matters of interest connected with the wild birds of the neighbourhood.

Colonel H. Barclay, of Tingrith Manor, has kindly forwarded me a few reminiscences of this schoolboy period. 'I cannot clearly remember when I first made Powys's acquaintance, but it must have been very soon after my entrance in Harrow School in mid-summer 1849. I well remember seeing in Powys's locker in his room some little bitterns which he had introduced surreptitiously, and was in much fear of being discovered. I find by the Harrow register that he left at mid-summer 1850, but I thought I had known him longer. He used constantly to be at our house, where he was always welcome, and I can recall his often singing the old Scotch song of "Bonnie Dundee" for the amusement of my mother and

sisters. He had a good natural voice, but generally sang without any accompaniment. In those days I took more interest in entomology, for which pursuit I do not think Powys cared much. Harrow discipline in those days was laxer than now, and, being a home boarder, I had no difficulty in getting my tutor to sign my name as absent from "bill" for trivial reasons, often for riding up to London, or in search of some entomological specimens at some distance from Harrow. After Powys left he went to a private tutor at Lausanne, and we regularly corresponded all the time he was out there; and on his return I remember him coming to Harrow and distributing amongst his friends who cared for them numbers of skins of birds that he had collected in Switzerland. To me he gave a pair of the rare wall-creeper, *Tichodroma muraria*, which I still have in my possession, often reminding me of the days when we were boys together. Recent years have separated us, and I think the last occasion I saw Lord Lilford was in his rooms in Tenterden Street, at the Ornithological Union Club, just after the death of his eldest son. Hearing that

I was in the Club he sent for me, and I did all I could to alleviate the bitter grief that he was enduring.

‘I can only add that all the remembrance of my association with Lord Lilford is a great happiness. I can never remember seeing him at any time uncourteous. He was always happy, unless sorrow intervened, and then his aim was not to intrude his sorrow to make others sad ; and even in the last few years of his life, when bodily weakness prevented him from moving about, those who knew him all tell me that his genial temperament never failed.’

Harrow was succeeded by Christ Church, Oxford, to which college my brother went in 1852. Of course the ruling passion accompanied him there, and he knew the neighbourhood of Oxford, and haunted it after the fashion of the ‘Scholar Gipsy,’ but for the sake of sport and ornithological observation. For the two went always together. My brother was a keen and ardent sportsman, but the love of the gun never overlaid the love of the particular science which accorded with his inborn tastes.

My brother left Oxford in 1855. Of ‘book

work,' in the ordinary sense of that expression, he had not done much, but he had been learning every day from other teachers. He was a good Latin scholar, but his 'acquaintance with the tongue of Hellas,' as he himself said, 'was infinitesimal,' and not even the title nor the wit of the 'Birds' of Aristophanes could tempt him to make much acquaintance with that, or the other plays of the Greek master of comedy. 'I should be sorely put to it, to make anything of the "Clouds" or the "Frogs,"' he wrote to a friend in later years. After all, a mind of great intelligence assimilates almost instinctively what it needs for the strengthening of its particular tastes.

An old friend of my brother, Mr. Godfrey Webb, has kindly sent me a brief account of the 'Tom Powys' of old Oxford days, on what may be called 'his birdy and social side.'

'Tom Powys was a well-known figure at Oxford more than forty years ago, and he had many friends, but not exclusively amongst undergraduates, as was the case with most of us at the University, for his tastes and pursuits brought him into contact with all sorts and con-



ditions of men. Farmers, whose land he used to frequent for snipe-shooting or when he was looking out for some particular bird, naturalists, bird-stuffers, rat-catchers, gamekeepers and strange doggy men, possessors of a young otter or a badger, all had a word or touch of the hat for Mr. Powys of Christ Church. Even at this time his knowledge of the habits of birds and animals was remarkable, and enabled him to subdue the wildness and overcome the timidity of many a strange pet; he had badgers in his rooms, which occasioned some passing difficulties with the College authorities; tame snakes were not infrequently seen by visitors, when nerves were proof against the repulsion which most of us felt for the serpent tribe. He never realised how strange his predilection for curious animals appeared to ordinary mortals, and his kindness of heart, and love of "all things both great and small," made him fancy that other people felt as he did.

'I remember a drive with him in a hansom from Leadenhall Market to Down Street, Piccadilly (where I had lodgings at the time), with an eagle-owl in a large cage on the

roof by the driver, and two armadillos inside with us. He got some rooms opposite mine, and the next morning the Irish slavey was crying bitterly, for she said: "Them scaly bastes have killed the cat," and so they had. He was amused by her complaints, but took care that she was substantially comforted. At this time his spirits were very high, and though the days of practical jokes and street adventures belonged to a former generation, we were sometimes guilty of mystifying respectable old gentlemen by extraordinary questions, or treating puzzled policemen to astonishing statements or complaints. On one occasion, when he acted the part of a foreigner who had lost his way in London, the policeman whose aid I requested, in answer to his voluble French replied, "I 'opes Mr. Powys is well," having recognised him at once from the fact of having been a Northamptonshire Militiaman, which led to fraternising and suitable donations.

'But to return to Oxford, where he made many friends and no enemies. Christ Church men when he joined the College had, and perhaps still have, an inordinate idea of their

own importance, and a corresponding contempt for the less fortunate men who were members of the other colleges; these were spoken of as "Squills," and if a Christ Church man associated much with them it was not altogether approved of by these exclusive undergraduates. Tom Powys's common sense at once revolted against this idea of exclusiveness; besides, he had come up from Harrow with great school friends at other colleges than Christ Church, and Tufnell of Brasenose was a greater friend and a more constant companion in shooting and other pursuits than any one of the Christ Church men. I was also a great friend, but not so intimate as I afterwards became, for I had not been with him at Harrow, as was the case with Tufnell and some other Oxford men.

'This revolt against the prevalent ideas of members of "The House" was perhaps the only thing that interfered at all with Tom Powys's well-deserved popularity, and I rejoice to think that as an "out-college man" I gained his friendship at Oxford, and retained it to the end of his life.

'At Oxford he could not be said to read much,

but he was a good Latin scholar and a master of living languages, at that time so much neglected at the University. He liked to know what was going on in many of the side paths of life, consequently he became an ardent Freemason, and enjoyed the mysteries and good-fellowship of the fraternity. One of the dons reproached him with wasting his time on Freemasonry, and contemptuously added, "I believe the porter of Brasenose is a great authority." "Quite true, sir," said Tom Powys, "and so is the principal;" which quick reply extinguished the sarcastic don, for Dr. Harington of Brasenose was a very great man among the Oxford dons of his day, and Tom happily remembered that he was a supporter of the craft.

'I have referred to his knowledge of living languages, and it was astonishing with what ease he acquired French, Italian, and Spanish, which he never forgot. His musical ear was a help, I fancy, in picking up the language of any people he was thrown in contact with. I went nine years consecutively, long after our Oxford days, to Gaick Forest, where he killed his first stag, and at the end of the nine years I do not

think I knew a sentence in Gaelic, but Tom Powys picked it up from hearing the stalkers' conversation the very first year that he was in the Highlands. I do not mean that he could ever talk it as he could his favourite Spanish, but it was not safe for the stalkers to converse before him, and criticise the badness of any particular shot, without his understanding what they were saying. In the Oxford days his voice was at its best, and his delightful singing at supper parties and other social gatherings will never be forgotten by those of his old friends who still survive him.'

The Rev. F. M. Stopford, another old Oxford friend, sends me the following letter: 'Lilford was keen on birds when at Christ Church, and hired a stable and outhouses for what became the nucleus of his collection. At every spare hour he would go on tours of observation (the district was favourable), and so obtained a larger acquaintance with the subject so dear to him. As you know, his stay at Oxford was not of long duration, and he passed from thence into the Northamptonshire Militia. His friends were many, and of the St. Aldate's Club (Christ

Church) he was a popular and influential member, and we all regretted deeply his early departure.'

Of the time spent with the County militia I have no record, my brother's 'Colonel' and life-long friend, Lord Exeter, who might have furnished me with a few reminiscences of what was a very pleasant period in the former's life, having passed away.

After Oxford days my brother paid visits to friends, principally in Ireland and Devonshire, and came back with memories of joyous days spent amongst snipe, woodcock, and wildfowl. Many were the anecdotes and songs, from Irish or West Country sources, told and sung with correct accent and inimitable humour.

A few years later he carried his expeditions further afield. His old friend, Professor Newton of Cambridge, writes in his introduction to my brother's book on 'British Birds':

'In the summer of 1856 he was able to put into execution the idea he had long cherished of an extended yacht voyage to Southern Europe. Embarking with a friend on the "Claymore," they touched at various ports on the coast of

Spain, making some stay on the Balearic Islands, and visited Corsica and Sardinia. He wrote to me in October of that year from Cagliari, giving a long list of the birds he had seen alive or dead during the cruise. They thence sailed for Sicily, but encountering a violent gale of wind in which the yacht received some damage, they had to put in to Malta for repairs. As the execution of these needed some time Mr. Powys betook himself to Tunis, where he passed two months, enchanted with the zoological wealth of the country and enjoying very fair sport. Thence he proceeded to the Ionian Islands, reaching Corfu on Christmas Day 1856, and there he stayed "off and on" until July 1858, making frequent excursions for sport or natural history to the opposite coast of Epirus or Ætolia, going even so far to the northward as Montenegro. The results of this prolonged residence in those parts were communicated by him to the *Ibis* for 1860—the establishment of which journal he cordially approved, joining the British Ornithologists' Union so soon as he heard of its formation—and while they show with what earnestness he entered into his pursuits, undeterred

by bad weather, fatigue, or sickness, the same series of papers reveals in many a passage that delicate and admirable humour which so markedly distinguished him.'

After a lively picnic (February 16, 1857), in the neighbourhood of Corfu, he writes in his diary of the scenery, 'Far too beautiful for me to attempt to describe, while one cannot be thankful enough to have been allowed to enjoy such air, and such beauty, in very pleasant company.' But neither the beautiful scenery, nor the pleasant company, prevented his careful notice of all the birds within sight.

Professor Newton has kindly allowed me to make use of the following letters, which show how little Oxford examinations or the advent of the Crimean war could interfere with my brother's love of natural history :

*From Hon. Thomas L. Powys to  
Alfred Newton.*

' December 10, 1852.

' Sir,—May I ask you whether you have ever noticed a disease incident to the eyes of owls in



confinement? I have at Oxford 4 Long-eared Owls—2 Tawny, 1 Barn, and 1 Scops-eared—and every one of the Long-eared has been attacked by a disease of some sort in the eye. It begins with a sort of film, which grows thicker and thicker, till the sight is lost. They have all four had it, but have now quite recovered. The other owls have escaped it entirely.

‘Begging many pardons for thus troubling you, I beg to remain, your obedient servant.

‘T. L. POWYS.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford : December 16, 1852.

‘. . . Perhaps it may be interesting to you to know that for the last two or three mornings the keeper and myself have been chasing a Golden-eye Duck on our river here, the Nene, without success, and that about two mornings ago we were joined by a wild Peregrine Falcon, but her efforts were also unsuccessful. Neither of these birds is common here, though one or more of each are generally seen and killed every winter on the Nene.

‘I offered all my owls water often, and none

but the Barn Owls would drink at all, though most of them were very fond of washing. I care myself more for living birds than anything else. I hope you will excuse me if I give you the list of those I have alive at this moment :

‘ 1 White-tailed Eagle, 1 Peregrine Falcon, 1 Hobby, 5 Kestrels, 1 Sparrow Hawk, 1 Kite, 1 Buzzard, 8 Owls, 1 Marsh Harrier, 1 Raven, 2 Magpies, 1 Jackdaw, 1 Crossbill, 1 Brambling, 1 Stork, 2 Night Herons, 2 Common Herons, 2 Spoonbills, 1 Godwit, 2 Peewits, 2 Ring Dotterels.

‘ There is a heronry at Bulwick, the seat of T. Tryon, Esq., in this county. A few herons nest every year in Wytham Wood, about three miles from Oxford. I know of one heronry at Dawyck in Peebleshire, the seat of Sir John M. Naesmyth.<sup>1</sup> I hope you will excuse my saying that if you could by any means happen to get a Short-eared Owl, or Merlin alive, and do not want him yourself, I should be very glad of him indeed.’

<sup>1</sup> This was in answer to an inquiry from Mr. A. Newton, who was at the time making a list of the heronries in the United Kingdom.

*To the same.*

‘Lilford : December 27, 1852.

‘The Golden-eye Duck has disappeared. One of my cousins shot a Tufted Duck a few days ago ; this last is rarer with us than the Golden-eye. I have a good chance of getting you the eggs of great and lesser Spotted Woodpecker and Spotted Crake next spring, if you want them. . . .’

*To the same.*

‘10 Grosvenor Place : July 23, 1853.

‘Many thanks for your letter. I was sorry not to have seen you when you were in town, and made your acquaintance personally. I am sorry to tell you that my little Scops Owl died at Lilford and they threw the body away, so I could not preserve the sternum for you, or the skin for myself. A fine old Marsh Harrier, which I had kept alive for nearly six years, was also killed by a terrier last Sunday. Do you want any skins of Ring-ouzel or Dippers? Both are very common in Merionethshire, where I go to-night. . . .’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford : October 21, 1853.

‘. . . In two days’ shooting at Whittlesea I shot 7 Spotted Crakes, and saw 2 more. I should have great pleasure in sending you one or two more skins if you wish for them, when they return from the hands of the stuffer. I heard from a friend in the Broad district in Norfolk that there are a great many Ruffs and Reeves about : this has been a very good season for them also at Whittlesea.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford : November 20, 1853.

‘. . . I yesterday received a very fine pair of young Golden Eagles, alive and very tame, from Scotland. I have already a very fine White-tailed Eagle alive, and with Mr. Domville’s shall be quite rich in the eagle line. I never remember so many Snipes, but they are very wild. . . .’

*To the same.*

‘Ch. Ch., Oxford : November 30, 1853.

‘. . . I have been lucky enough to get a Double Snipe, Buffon’s Skua, and the Ash-

coloured Shrike all killed near here, and good specimens. . . .

‘I found my birds here in beautiful condition. The Sea Eagle is in magnificent plumage, and my Peregrine is the finest I ever saw, and perfectly tame. I have an offer of a Goshawk alive, at rather a long figure, 6*l.*, trained. . . .’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford : December 24, 1853.

‘. . . I called some Golden Plover over my head the other day, and got one. I called some also to-day, but did not let them get near enough before I shot. I never saw them come to call when in such large numbers before. I can almost always make sure of a shot at two or three, when the Peewits are out of the way. . . .’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford : March 31, 1854.

‘. . . I found the 3 red-legged Partridges [sent by Professor Newton] alive and well on my return from Ireland. A pair of Brown Owls which I have at Oxford have laid three eggs. I took a nest of the Long-eared Owl in Ireland containing

3 eggs; this was about the 14th of March; could you possibly manage to get me some young birds of the above species? I particularly want to make a collection of the Strigidæ. The north of Ireland abounds in the Raptores. The Peregrine, Common Buzzard, Marsh Harrier, Hen Harrier, Kestrel, Merlin, and Sparrow Hawk I have seen in a day's walk in Antrim. And they tell me on the coast of Donegal four or five White-tailed Eagles are often to be seen on the wing together. Besides these, there are several interesting birds, such as the Chough, the great Black-backed Gull, Black Guillemot, Purple Sandpiper, &c., to be found all along that coast.'

*To the same.*

'3 Little Ryder Street, London April 21, 1854.

' . . . It is very annoying to have to be out with the Militia when I should like to be bird-nesting in Ireland, especially as our headquarters are at perhaps the dullest county town in England. I shall go down and have a look at the Pied Woodpeckers some day next week. . . . We muster on the 27th. . . . Leadenhall Market

contains nothing but a few Plovers, and some Ruffs and Reeves. . . .'

*To the same.*

'10 Grosvenor Place : June 10, 1854.

' . . . Many thanks for the owls, which arrived safely. I am now rich in owls. I don't know how long I shall be in this detestable metropolis ; I shall now be too late to get any eggs myself in Ireland. . . .'

*To the same.*

'Linen Hall Barracks, Dublin : April 2, 1855.

' Many thanks for your kind promise to do what you can about the Hazel Hens.<sup>1</sup> I would go to the expense of 40*l.* or 50*l.* to get over several pairs in good healthy condition. Their favourite food is birch shoots, wild strawberries, heather, and larch shoots, I believe : at least that is what the crops of those that I saw in Switzerland were filled with. They are an excessively difficult bird to shoot, as they fly up into a thick fir immediately, and sitting close to the trunk are very difficult to distinguish. In five days' shooting in the Jura, I only saw three, all of

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Newton was then going to Norway and Sweden for the summer.

which adopted the above plan of proceeding, but did not escape. I heard, I should think, forty or fifty get up, but could not see them, owing to the thickness of the underwood. I think I can promise you the eggs of Golden Eagle, Merlin, Peregrine, Chough, and Shoveller. I am afraid I cannot accept your offer of the Hen Harrier, as I am uncertain what my immediate destination may be. I shall probably leave the regiment and if possible go to America. . . .'

*To the same.*

'Magazine Guard, Devonport : April 23, 1855.

' . . . The only living pet I have here besides my retriever is a young half-bred wild boar, which I bought at the Dublin Castle show. He is striped longitudinally on the back with alternate red and yellow, shy, and burying himself in straw when tired or lazy. It may perhaps interest you to know that the Buzzard in Cornwall is called a "Kit," and the Hen Harrier a "Furze-kit" or Gull Hawk. Both are far from uncommon, and the real Forky-tailed Kit is now and then seen, and breeds in a large wood seventeen miles from here.'



*To the same.*

‘Lilford : October 28, 1855.

‘ . . . I was very pleased at finding your letter here yesterday on my return from Burghley, where I have been shooting for the last few days. Your trip in Norway must have been very delightful. I have a few rather rare eggs which are quite at your service, amongst others the Common Dotterel, taken in Skiddaw. A very fine young White-tailed Eagle<sup>1</sup> was sent me about a month ago from County Waterford. I had a letter from one of my brother officers at Gibraltar, in which he told me that the Rock abounds in eagles and hawks ; shooting on it is strictly forbidden. . . . ’

*To the same.*

‘Cagliari : October 16, 1856.

‘ . . . We put into Coruña for two or three days : I saw nothing there but harriers and buzzards. The next place we stopped at was Cadiz. They keep a great many of the large Calandra Lark in cages. I saw Griffon Vulture,

<sup>1</sup> This eagle lived until 1898.

Egyptian Vulture, Peregrine, Crane, Flamingo, Stork, Little Egret, Avocet, Stilt Plover, and a great many others of less note. All the time we were in Spain it was too hot to do much in the way of personal research. Near Barcelona I found a great number of Spotted Crake, and some Alpine Swifts. . . .

‘Here in Sardinia I have been out half a day, and bagged five brace of the Barbary Partridge, which is the only species in the island. . . .

‘The country is full of game and rare and interesting birds, and I have made the acquaintance of the curator of the museum, a remarkably civil fellow, who made me a present of a book on the ornithology of the island. We have only been here a few days, and are to start tomorrow. I should like to stay a year here. . . .’

*To the same.*

‘Turin : October 4, 1858.

‘At Corfu, or rather in Albania, I got some good birds though nothing very wonderful . . . but such shooting!. Within a day or two of Corfu are to be found Bear, Wolf, Jackal, Fox,

Lynx, Wild Cat, Marten, Polecat, Hare, Red Deer, Fallow Deer, Roe, Chamois, *Perdix græca* and *cinerea*, *Phasianus colchicus*, Woodcock, Double, Full, and Half Snipe, and every imaginable Duck, except the Scaup. We devoted ourselves to the Wildfowl, and did great things. I was the discoverer of chamois near Corfu in the Acroceraunian Mountains near Khimara; they were well known of in the Pindus range. I start for Sardinia about the end of the month, and do not mean to come back without Bonelli's Eagle, Eleanora Falcon, and Lämmergeyer.'

*To the same.*

'Turin: October 21, 1858.

'My dear Newton,—I have as you suppose enjoyed my travels immensely, but you are also perfectly correct in supposing that my ornithological acquisitions have been very small. The truth is, I do not in the least set up for, or consider myself worthy the name of ornithologist. I love birds with all my heart, but over and over again I have let a valuable bird escape, if I already possessed a specimen, and sometimes even when I did not, if I could clearly make out

the species without slaughtering *mon individu*. I always prefer knowing where to find and observe particular birds to killing them, though I always like to have one specimen. Tunis is a magnificent country, where I would willingly have passed a year, but I had a rampant friend waiting for me at Malta, *et que voulez-vous ?*

‘I do not think that *Aquila pennata* (Booted Eagle) is common anywhere north of Spain. There is a very good ornithologist at Genoa, who has a splendid collection of European Raptores, and he tells me that he has only heard of it once in those parts: it has not yet been discovered in Sardinia. The ibex does not exist in Sardinia; moufflon in abundance and some wild goats, but the only place in which I know of ibex in Europe out of Spain is a glacier not very far from this place, whither I went the other day with the idea of getting a shot. However, on arriving at the village at the foot of the mountain I found that the king, who is a mighty Nimrod, had reserved all the ibex for his own gunnery, and had got a lot of *gardes de chasse* all over the place. I offered the chasseur fifty francs to take me up without a gun to get a look

at the beasts with a glass, but they were expecting the king, who was shooting in another valley, and they would not disturb the glacier, so I was obliged to take after chamois, at which I did not get a shot, but my guide killed the only one he saw, a very fine old buck. I do not at all know what my movements will be, as I am dependent for orders on the home authorities, but my present intention is to stay in Sardinia till the end of April or beginning of May, to try to get the eggs of Lämmergeyer, Bonelli's Eagle, Eleanora Falcon, and *Sylvia sarda*, all of which, if I get them, shall be entirely at your disposition. I should then go to Spain—the northern provinces—to find out what is this graminivorous bear of the Asturias and to persuade myself as to the identity of the Spanish with the Piedmontese ibex. Our minister here, Sir J. Hudson, shot an ibex on the aforesaid glacier about four years ago, before the chase was forbidden.

‘I cordially join in your wishes about the establishment of a good ornithological magazine. I would humbly venture to suggest that it be strictly ornitho- and oological, as I am convinced that one branch is quite enough at a time.

You may certainly rely on me as a subscriber.<sup>1</sup> I had the breast-bone of Sand Grouse and several other birds for you, which my Greek servant chose to sit upon and squash at Corfu. I am very sorry indeed, and used all the Homeric objurgations I was master of—alas! too late. I had the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that some of the bones must have penetrated the flesh of the ruffian. . . . In Albania *Vultur cinereus* of Linnæus is rare, in fact I only saw it once. I say I saw it when I saw a great black vulture about sixty yards off. The Griffon Vulture is very common indeed in winter, and I think breeds in the interior. The Egyptian Vulture comes in early spring, is very common, breeds, and disappears about the middle of September. There is a bird which I fancy must be Lämmergeyer, which is certainly smaller than any specimen I have seen. Of eagles, *Imperialis* and White-tailed are common and resident. *Nævia*<sup>2</sup> very common; Golden Eagle and Short-toed Eagle very local and not common.

<sup>1</sup> This has reference to the foundation of the *Ibis*, the first number of which appeared in the January following.

<sup>2</sup> Spotted Eagle.



A. Thorburn.

EGYPTIAN VULTURE (*Adult Plumage*).

From Spain. At Lalford 1890.





I think I have seen Bonelli's Eagle, but of course cannot be certain at a passing glance. . . . There is a good museum here, and the best taxidermist I know of.

'What is a good book to consult on the quadrupeds of Europe? I find almost every Mediterranean island claims a peculiar species of wild goat. In Candia, I believe, the genuine old wild goat does exist on Mount Ida. . . . I want very much to explore Cyprus some day or other. . . . What is the great hawk they train in the Lebanon to kill gazelles? The Prince of Montenegro told me that there were wild goats in his mountains, but one cannot question a sovereign. I am inclined to think he meant chamois, as the Greek name for chamois means wild goat. I never could hear of ibex in Albania, though I believe they exist in Armenia and the Caucasus. The Albanian name for chamois is Borgheetch, which means snowdeer.

'The Turks ignore their existence altogether, though there are plenty on the Thessalian Olympus. One rare beast in this part of the world is the lynx. The king shot a very fine young one about two months ago near Valdieri.

Let me hear from you as often as you can find time to write: every scrap of ornithological knowledge is most welcome to me. I am only waiting for the arrival of some English powder to start for Sardinia. I have no intention, unless my parents insist upon it, of re-visiting England for another two or three years. I am sick of black hats and conventionalities. Your objections to Spain are, I think I may say, groundless. Garlic certainly exists, but the consumption of it is by no means compulsory. Good-bye; do write to

‘Yours most truly,

‘T. L. Powys.’

## CHAPTER III

His Marriage to Miss Emma Brandling in 1859—Her Death in 1884—Succession to Title in 1861—Aviaries built at Lilford Hall—Visits to Spain in 1864 and 1865—Extracts from Diary in Spain—Letter written some years afterwards to his Brother, the Hon. and Rev. E. V. Powys, on a proposed Tour in Spain—Walk through the New Forest with Tennyson—British Ornithologists' Union in Tenterden Street—Letters to Canon Tristram, 1860 to 1866—Letter from Hon. Stephen Powys—Letters to Canon Tristram, H. M. Upcher, Dr. Albert Günther, Lieut.-Colonel Howard Irby, and Lord Walsingham from 1872 to 1884.

IN the winter of 1858-59, my father and mother rented a villa at Nice, with General and Lady Mary Fox. It was at this place that my brother first became acquainted with Miss Emma Brandling, who was on a visit to Lady Mary Fox, at the Villa Gastaud. She was one of the daughters of Mr. Brandling, of Low Gosforth, Northumberland, a family well known in the North for their possession of more than average good looks. Emma was the youngest, and by many persons considered the most beautiful of

the group. Her picture had been painted by Mr. Watts, and (although it may be a fanciful mind to which such a thought occurs) it seems as if some prophetic insight on the part of the artist, had led him to impart to the beautiful face a look of sadness which did not rest upon it at that early period. Her marriage with my brother, which took place on June 14, 1859, was a very happy one, but to my sister-in-law it was saddened and rendered anxious by the frequent attacks of illness to which her husband became subject. The prophetically sorrowful expression that haunts the eyes in the picture of earlier years, received its full justification in the heart-breaking sorrow that came to her in 1882, in the death of her eldest son, a bright and charming young man of twenty-one.<sup>1</sup> She never recovered from this unexpected blow, and died in 1884.

I have mentioned my brother's frequent attacks of illness. The hereditary enemy, gout, coming from the Fox as well as the Powys side of the family, claimed him as its victim

<sup>1</sup> Her remaining sons are John fifth Lord Lilford, and Hon. Stephen Powys.

from the sixties onwards, and there was scarcely a year in which he was not more or less invalided.

In 1861 my brother succeeded to the title as fourth Lord Lilford, and made use of his added wealth and opportunities by furthering, in all possible ways, the interests of his favourite pursuits. I think it was about this time that he became interested in the subject of falconry, and made acquaintance with Mr. E. Clough Newcombe, who gave him practical instruction in the best methods of carrying out that ancient and historical form of sport. His enthusiasm in this matter never waned, and he did all in his power—besides himself training, with the assistance of Paul Mollem and R. Cosgrave,<sup>1</sup> many a good hawk—to further the practice of the falconer's art throughout the country. His collection of living animals, beginning with a pair of bitterns and other birds, humbly located, not without fear of discovery, in a locker at Harrow, had been promoted at Oxford, by reason of increasing numbers, to a hired stable and outhouses. Now a wider home and more suitable surroundings

<sup>1</sup> Falconers and (in succession) bird-keepers at Lilford.

could be provided for them at Lilford, and aviaries were built in the courtyard, although it was not till within a comparatively recent period that the beautiful pinetum, and the aviaries and ponds in the grounds, were set apart for the land and water birds in which he took so keen a delight.

In 1864 and 1865 he accomplished the visits to Spain on which his heart had long been set. Little, comparatively speaking, was known of the avifauna of that most interesting country, and 'his articles in the *Ibis* paved the way for the more complete investigations so admirably carried out by Lieut.-Colonel Irby, and others.'

The belief in heredity has grown so strong that we have almost come to consider that every taste or idiosyncrasy in an individual has descended to him, like an heirloom, from his two progenitors or their respective ancestors. I suppose I must attribute my brother's intense love of Spain, its people, its language, and its climate to a taste inherited from his grandfather, Lord Holland. The Whig statesman had the same romantic love for that country,

which he occasionally visited; he read its classics with absorbing interest, and translated, for his own amusement, some of the plays of Lope de Vega. He also wrote a life of that ingenious and inventive dramatist, guiltless of the critical insight which is the pride of our day, but sufficiently interesting to be readable.

‘I confess to an infatuation for everything Spanish,’ wrote my brother in one of his *Ibis* articles on Spain, ‘everything except bonds and coupons. I made many friends, and shook off in that country my bitter enemy—rheumatism. I delighted in learning the glorious language and found great enjoyment in riding over the fragrant *dehesas* and rugged *sierras*. The flavour of garlic recalls many a pleasant evening passed in many a Spanish *venta*, listening to stories of *la caza mayor y menor* (the chase of large and small game)!’

‘Spain,’ Professor Newton writes, ‘had been the subject of his youthful dreams by day and night, and after his previous agreeable experience in that country (in 1856 and 1864) it was only natural that he should renew his attempt to become better acquainted with it. The admirable

narrative of his doings there in 1865 may be read, and always with delight, in the *Ibis* for 1865 and 1866, and not a little contributed to his election—by acclamation it may be said—to the Presidency of the British Ornithologists' Union in 1867.'

The following is a passage from his diary:—

'*June 5, 1867.*—The Val de Ordesa' (in Aragon) 'is so splendid that it would be absurd to attempt to describe it. Though several ibex were seen, no one had a shot. I slept in a shepherd's hut on chopped straw, and rested well. This "gentle shepherd" lost two kids yesterday by a bear. A great deal of guitar playing and singing. These Aragonese have very fine ears, and most of them good voices. I was very much taken with a wild air "Las Montañas de Cataluña."' '

'*June 6.*—The whole of this country is most lovely. Magnificent pine and beech, and grand red cliffs soaring up into pinnacles and turrets, and crowned with snow. The sweet smell of thousands of wild flowers, the blue of the sky of old Spain, the birds, the roar of the waterfalls, the solitude, and many other concomitants have



made these last two days amongst the most memorable of my life.'

With the echo of *Cosas de España* in ears and memory I may here mention my brother's facility in the Latin tongues. French, Spanish, and Italian came easily to him, and his accent was extremely correct. He was cosmopolitan to a degree that few Englishmen are, unless they have lived much out of their own country. He did not understand British isolation on foreign soil, and was ready for conversation with any intelligent foreigner who came in his way.

On the steamer that plies between Pauillac and Bordeaux, when we were shut into the crowded passenger saloon on account of heavy rain, and amiability was at a low ebb, my brother, in spite of his lameness, bore the discomfort with great good humour. He at once entered into conversation with a self-important little Bordelais who, with wife and child, was coming up the river. My brother asked questions about the year's vintage, the state of the wine-trade, and other local topics, and the little Frenchman's voluble answers were not

unintelligent, while his naïve view of himself and his family as the centre, and 'la ville' as the nonsuch of the world, amused us exceedingly.

My brother's good ear enabled him readily to pick up some smattering of the Spanish patois, as spoken in the provinces he visited. To a bystander it was interesting to hear the jargon of the Andalusian peasant understood, and to a certain extent joined in by a stranger, who found a pleasure in intercourse with the 'Hijos de la tierra.' To the language of those strange, wandering nomads, the Gypsies, he was much attracted, and in later years of confinement to the house he amused himself with the compilation of a glossary of the Romany tongue.

I do not propose to go into detailed accounts of my brother's various absences from England, or of his life when at home. Of his visits abroad records remain in the natural history articles to which I have already referred, which, in addition to others of a later date, contain the results of his careful observation. He made several yachting expeditions in the

beautiful little 'Zara,' a sailing vessel of some three hundred tons (once the property of Sir Allen Young), and in more recent years in the steam yacht 'Glowworm.' The sea in itself, the bird life that haunts the ocean, and the skill necessary to the handling of ships—all these things interested a man who, with a few exceptions, was interested in everything. He kept a daily log on board his yacht, and picked up odds and ends of marine knowledge from 'sea-dogs' of any nation with whom he happened to be thrown in contact. His combined love of sport and natural history sent him at once ashore at a fresh port, in search of anyone who could give him the information he required.

The following is a characteristic extract from a diary kept in Andalusia on his last visit to Spain in the 'Glowworm':

'*March 30, 1883.*—Heavy showers early, but the sun came out fine and bright about seven. We started up the Brazo del Este, and found that Perico had a fine and dry position for me near the bank on left side, and that there were great troops of bustards in sight out in the

*marisma*. The others mounted the horses and went away inland, I remained in my *puerto* with a stuffed "Barbon" near me, as a decoy, and waited happily enough, watching the various birds, but never thinking of a shot at a bustard as I was out of the beat altogether, not wishing to delay the business by my infirmities, or the digging of a *puerto* for me out in the wet *marisma*. The beaters put up a great many bustards, and a good many shots were fired, but I could not see the result: at last one bird flew most amiably near my "stale" and I knocked it down.'

The following letter was written to his brother, who some years afterwards was contemplating a visit to Spain.

*To the Hon. and Rev. Edward  
V. R. Powys.*

'Lilford: January 3, 1895.

'My dear Edward,—. . . You could not do better than take a run to Spain; about itinerary, all depends upon *when* you go. In the meantime, you should read up Ford's "Handbook"

(Murray, 1855) *and take it with you*. It is quite out of date as a guide-book, but quite incomparable as an exhaustive work on the country, its people, their manners and customs. I should be most happy to lend you this, and another book or two upon Spain, that might be useful to you, and I would lay you out a sketch of route, if you would let me know your probable time of departure and length of time you can spare. All seasons are delicious in the coast regions of Andalusia, but you should not be at Granada before the end of April. May and June are the best months for Madrid, Burgos, Valladolid, Zaragoza, and Leon. With some little notice I could get you a good guide and interpreter from Seville, to meet you at any given point.

‘Your very affectionate brother,

‘L.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford: January 6, 1895.

‘If you start at any time during the next seven weeks I should make for, say, Avignon and Arles, if you have not already seen them, thence to Perpignan, and over the Pyrenees to

Barcelona ; this is the only active town in Spain, full of shipping and trade of all sorts, in a fine position, with nothing essentially Spanish about it. It is well worth going to see the monastery at Montserrat, whence you get one of the most magnificent views in Spain. From Barcelona I should go on and spend a day at Tarragona, a grand old Roman ruin, thence to Valencia, one of the most delightful places in the world, essentially Moorish, with a delicious climate and surrounded by miles of fruit gardens. Thence I should recommend you to take coasting steamer to Malaga. Malaga is a dull town, but has a splendid climate ; thence it is only sixty miles by sea to Gibraltar, but a splendid long two days' ride by land, halting at Estepona for the night. From Gibraltar I should ship for Cadiz, where you will find the typical Andalusian characteristics without much, if anything, of conventional sight-seeing. A stroll along the Alameda by moonlight on a balmy evening at Cadiz is (or was to me) simple enchantment, but I was only twenty-two when I first landed there.

‘From Cadiz to Seville is about two and

a half hours by rail, and if you care to break the journey at Jéres and see the sherry stores, I could give you a letter to one of the big wine merchants. There is an excellent English club, and some good fellows of our nationality virtually rule the place. I never left Seville without a pang of regret, though it is now much modernised and spoilt. Within a drive the thing best worth seeing is Italica, and to get an idea of Andalusian country, another drive to Alcalá de los Panaderos. Cordoba is only four hours off by rail, and the mosque—now the cathedral—is worth walking barefoot from Calais to see. About the end of April I should start for Granada. If you have fine weather, as you are pretty sure to have in May, I do not think you will be in a hurry to leave it. You will find the good hotels in the large towns almost all kept by Swiss or Italians; almost all are poorly furnished, but exquisitely clean, especially in the south, and bread, wine, and eggs excellent and cheap. . . . I know but little of modern guide-books; *Vaya con Dios*, and if you only derive a thousandth part of the delight of Spanish travel that I have experienced, you will be a happy man. Read

Longfellow's little poem, "Castles in Spain"; it exactly expresses the feeling of your very affectionate brother.

‘L.’

When in England, his life was chiefly spent at Lilford, although during the twelve or fifteen years after his marriage he was well enough to pay visits to friends in Devon and Norfolk. His songs and his stories found equal favour in both counties, and his power of making friends congenial to him, with his rarer capacity for keeping them, was a marked characteristic. I find brief records of visits in Norfolk to the late Lord and Lady Albemarle, to the Maharajah Duleep Singh (in the days of the latter's princely magnificence and enormous battues at Elvedon Hall), and to Mrs. Lyne Stephens. A feeling little short of the warmest affection existed between Lord Albemarle and my brother, and although I suppose that even a Scotchman could not have found the remotest blood connection between the families, it pleased the kindly and beloved old man to address the latter as ‘My dear kinsman.’



Somewhere about 1860 my brother met Tennyson in the Isle of Wight. A friendship sprang up between the great poet and the ardent naturalist, and over their pipes, with all interchange of opinion, sometimes in accord and sometimes in dissent, the unconventionality that distinguished them both had full play. The present Lord Tennyson has kindly supplied a letter written to him by my brother, referring to a 'tramp' taken with the poet through the New Forest, in April 1863: '. . . I remember distinctly,' my brother wrote, 'that your father carried with him a little Homer, and I, a Don Quixote. I well remember, too, that he took a great interest in several of the rarer birds to which I called his attention, i.e. the Buzzard, Pied Woodpecker, and Black Game. Besides the charm of his everyday conversation, he told me endless good stories, but what delighted me more than anything else, was his ever-ready sympathy with everyone and everything, not only *nihil humani . . . alienum*, but every beast, bird, insect, tree, and flower seemed to be full of interest for him, as for me.'

In a note to the late Duke of Argyll,

(March 13, 1896) my brother again alludes to this expedition. 'I once had the privilege of spending a week of wandering in the New Forest with Tennyson, who asked me to join him at Lyndhurst. It was springtime and the weather was lovely, and that week is one of the brightest and most purely enjoyable of my (thank God) many delightfully happy epochs in memory.' He ever after felt the warmest regard for the great master of poetic expression, who in sympathetic imagining could follow the lark to where it became 'a sightless song.'

In 1873 my brother took two rooms on the ground-floor at No. 6 Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, which was then the headquarters of the British Ornithologists' Union. Here he stayed on and off when in town, and 'the den,' as it was familiarly called, became known to all his friends. Visitors dropped in during the evening, whist was played, pipes were smoked, and a running talk was kept up on the passing topics of the day, and the never-passing topics connected with zoology. Ladies who were not afraid of a somewhat smoky atmosphere looked in on their way to balls and parties, and were

sure of a kindly welcome, and of one of the prettily turned compliments which are amongst the *Cosas de España*. Mr. Lowell, then American Minister, more than once made his way to 'the den,' and my brother found he had much in common with the author of 'The Biglow Papers.'

During the winter months at Lilford, when my brother was fortunate enough to be at home, and free from gout, acting was one of the amusements of the long evenings. I must again lay to the account of heredity, I suppose, the talent for acting which my brother possessed.

The sons of the first Lord Holland had been taught to declaim from their earliest years, but in the Greek and Latin tongues. These exercises induced a turn for acting, which the old statesman encouraged, and in which amusement Stephen Fox<sup>1</sup> particularly excelled.

A generation later, on the banks of the Nene, Molière found interpreters in the elder members of the second Lord Lilford's large family, and 'Les Précieuses Ridicules' and other plays were acted by them, their father supplying prologues and epilogues. In my brother's case, it

<sup>1</sup> The second Lord Holland.

was not likely that one who could pick up so easily the accent, tone, and gesture of Irishman, Scot, and Devonian, and had so keen a sense of the comic side of things, should be unable to represent a humorous character. He was, in fact, a good amateur actor of the type that can interpret comic scenes with a touch of pathos. The power of so rendering the intense emotions of tragedy as to make them your own, is a gift accorded to few, and to my brother the tragic element on the stage made no special appeal.

In 1865 the once popular plays of 'Lord Lovel' and 'Poor Pillicoddy' were acted at Lilford, Lady Alwyne Compton, the Hon. Mrs. Augustus Legge, the late Sir Percy Anderson, and others taking part in them with my brother. Mrs. Legge writes of this time: 'I recall the enchanting days at Lilford when we all played together, and dear Lilford's singing and acting were quite unsurpassed.'

In 1881 my brother spent a considerable time at Dartmouth on board the 'Glowworm.' My nephew, Stephen Powys, has sent me the following recollections of that time:

'I remember my joy and excitement on

hearing that I was to join my father at Dartmouth, at the beginning of my summer holidays. It was settled rather hurriedly, and my joyful surprise was mingled with a comfortable assurance that I should be able to do absolutely as I pleased, for a week or two, for my father was the most indulgent, as well as the most delightful of companions. There were others there of course, but they were older, and I was only about twelve, and perhaps their "capacity for innocent enjoyment" was hardly so keen as a child's. I think no one had seen his happy nature at its happiest who had not been with him on board ship. He loved the sea passionately, and was never so well as when on a cruise.

'We were alone together on board once, possibly twice, and I remember that my father got up quite early on those summer mornings and began his letter-writing before breakfast. It was my custom to emerge just as he got settled, and hover about the saloon, first of all making chocolate to sustain us till breakfast, and then, I suppose, interrupting and distracting him from his writing. I have no recollection that he ever rebelled; at most he would call me

*touche-à-tout* or beg me gently to keep quiet for a few minutes, until he was ready to be teased and questioned afresh. I think we were very completely in sympathy. Then I have memories of steam-launch excursions up the river, of picnics, and of lingering in the twilight on the way back, while my father sang us song after song, and made the men perform in turn. My father was never in bad spirits all his life, I should think, and his cheerfulness was not of the jarring, hateful type—the resolute mechanical kind. It was really stimulating to be with him. He made friends wherever he went and we had many at Dartmouth. Whole days were spent out in the open fishing for whiting, and we often went ashore in the evenings to our friends, my father making the company merry with his songs of all nations. You have mentioned his facility for Latin languages. I have a special favourite among his songs—the tale, in Sardinian dialect, I fancy—of a father who goes to the fair and buys toys of many sorts for his children; as the articles are enumerated, the noise appropriate to each—cannon, drum, trumpet, sheep, donkey, &c.—is roughly repro-

duced, and you may imagine the rapture which father's rendering of this has always caused me from my youth up. He sang it at Lilford last autumn, I think.'

The following letters, all dealing more or less with his favourite pursuit, were written between 1860 and 1885 :

*From Hon. T. L. Powys (afterwards Lord Lilford) to the Rev. H. B. Tristram, D.D., F.R.S.*<sup>1</sup>

'Lilford Hall, Oundle : August 5, 1860.

'My dear Tristram,—If I get another doubtful fish I will send it to you. Ours is a slow-running, muddy, weedy stream producing pike, perch, eels, roach, carp, tench, dace, bream, rudd, chub, bleak, and gudgeon, and very rarely a trout. Our county is very rich entomologically and for so inland a county not bad ornithologically. I have received a young Short-eared Owl, and five little Bitterns : these last are very amusing, and being young I hope to keep them alive. Those generally sent from Holland to

<sup>1</sup> Canon of Durham.

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Leadenhall Market are old ones, snared round the head, and almost invariably injured about the eyes. I am going to have a son of old Otman's, Oxford's solitary bird-stuffer, here as keeper of the birds. . . .

'Yours very truly,

'T. L. POWYS.'

*To the same.*

'Gaick Forest, Kingussie, N.B. : August 28, 1864.

' . . . I hope, besides the account in the *Ibis* which we have a right to expect, that we shall be favoured with a detailed account of your doings in some such form as the "Great Sahara," which, without flattery of any kind, I consider one of the most interesting and amusing books of travel (and I read a good many) that I have ever met. . . .

'We are having good sport and fine weather up here. . . . They told me that in Andalusia the Great Spotted Cuckoo generally lays in the nests of Spanish Magpie; these latter lived in companies.'



*To the same.*

‘Lilford : August 12, 1865.

‘. . . Your finding the nest of *Vultur monachus* (Black Vulture) in a rock in Palestine is very remarkable. In Spain (at least in the Guadarrama, where this vulture is very common) it breeds *only* in trees. I saw many nests ; there are plenty of suitable rocks close at hand in which Lammergeier and Griffon nest. . . . My young *Vultur monachus*, which we took from the nest, flourishes and is very tame.’<sup>1</sup>

*To the same.*

‘Lilford : November 13, 1866.

‘Can you suggest to me any means of procuring a skin of Pallas’s Sea Eagle ? It is the only European Raptor which I have not in my collection ; I don’t know whither to send for one. . . . You will be glad to hear that I had young Hobbies from three nests this year,

<sup>1</sup> This vulture became one of the most amusing birds at Lilford, often executing a marvellous dance before visitors to the eagle house.

one in Wiltshire and two in Lincolnshire, from all three of which the parent birds were spared.

‘I have a very fine specimen of Norwegian Falcon alive ; he was brought from Norway last year, and has moulted out very clean. It is the first of its species that I ever saw alive, and it is most decidedly a very different bird from either Iceland or Greenland falcon. It has much more of the Peregrine about it in make and appearance. . . . I have two Lanners and two Sakers alive.

*To Albert Günther, M.D., F.R.S.*

‘Lilford Hall, November 7, 1872.

‘Dear Dr. Günther,—I have warmly to thank you for your kindness towards my election to the Zoological Club, to which I have long wished to belong, but did not consider myself worthy.

‘I am hard at work at the Lanner Falcons, of which I have now seven alive.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford, November 24, 1872.

‘I was glad to secure Gray’s collection of Plates, and consider that I did not give an extravagant price for it, but I should have preferred that it should go to the British Museum Library, and particularly asked the auctioneer and Taylor to try to find out if the Museum intended to bid for it, as in that case I would not have opposed them. About the Spanish Lynx, my experience of it is that it is by no means a mountain-haunting species, though it does occasionally frequent hilly country, but the Coto de Doña Ana, and the Coto del Rey are low sandy wastes, overgrown with evergreen, scrub, rosemary, cistus, and dense masses of briars with pines and cork trees, and swamps here and there. And these are its favourite haunts. My little Long-eared Bat is still well, but has become very torpid and does not eat more than two or three times a week. We have still an abundance of flies in the windows. . . . I have a tin pot full of bats from Genoa, besides two bottles of reptiles, bats, birds, &c., from

Spain, which hitherto I have not been able to investigate. . . . I am surprised to find that you determine the bat from Las Alcantarillas, Andalusia, as *Vespertilio noctula*, as it differs very much from my other specimens, and I always considered it as a tree-haunting species, and there is not a tree worthy of the name within several miles of the ruin where it was caught.'

*To Lord Walsingham, F.R.S.*

'Lilford: December 16, 1872.

'Dear Lord Walsingham,—I hope you will forgive the liberty I take in thus addressing you without having the pleasure of knowing you personally, but I understand from General Claremont that you would perhaps like to try turning out some Virginian Colins (*Ortyx Virginianus*), for which birds I should say your property in West Norfolk is admirably suited. I have just received a large number, and if you will accept them I should be glad to make you a present of twenty pairs, and can supply you with any number up to one hundred pairs more at 8s. a pair. I have turned out a good many

here, but we have so many footpaths, and consequently boys, besides foxes and other vermin, that they have not done so well as I had hoped they would. They have, however, bred freely, in spite of three most unfavourable seasons. I am anxious to get them established in England, and shall be very glad if you will try some, and let me know how to address them.

‘ Believe me, yours truly,

‘ LILFORD.’

*To the same.*

‘ Lilford : December 19, 1872.

‘ I have just written to John Buckle to say that I will send off seventy pair of Colins on Saturday to Watton Station, and have recommended him if he has a good-sized pen or aviary to put them into, not to turn them out till April. I fancy that in their own country they find a great many berries which do not grow in this part of the world. They are very fond of crushed Indian corn, and, in fact, any kind of pheasant food suits them well. I do not think that they are such devourers of insects as our own grey partridge.

‘I believe you are fond of ornithology (I know you are of entomology) and it may perhaps interest you to hear that I have set up a hut in the Dutch fashion for catching falcons, with Pigeons, Ash-coloured Shrike, and Dutchman complete, and that the said Dutchman caught a fine last year’s falcon on Monday. We have two or three more of them about. I never allow them to be shot or trapped, but my neighbours unfortunately do not take the same view. I fancy that a good many might be caught in our Midland counties in this fashion. We always have several here in the winter months, and in the winter of ’52-’53 when I was at Christ Church and constantly on the shoot about the river, I find by my notes that I seldom passed a day without seeing one or more about Godstone, Eynsham, Islip, &c. &c.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford : December 30, 1872.

‘Here the wildfowl are no doubt the attraction’ [to falcons]; ‘we always have a good many ducks when we have a flood, and there are

a good many just now. My brother-in-law, who was up the river with a punt gun a few days ago, saw two falcons, one of which put in two ducks to a ditch close to him, and made two fine stoops at some herons, bringing them down to the water.'

*To Albert Günther.*

'R.Y.S. "Zara," Brixham, S. Devon: July 7, 1873.

'I have to thank you very much for your interesting letter which I received a few days ago at Southampton, where I am sorry to tell you I was laid up on board this yacht for about three weeks. I heard from Lilford a short time ago that one of our neighbours, a clergyman rather interested in natural history, had had a bat (*V. noctula*) brought to him alive, which the bearer assured him he had seen struck down by a hawk: I have no reason to doubt the story and suppose it was probably a hobby, possibly a kestrel; it was between 8 and 9 P.M., and I know the former species flies late. We have beautiful weather, and enjoy our sea life very much. Is there any possibility of your paying

us a visit on board soon for a few days? We should be most happy to see you, and can offer you a good berth. We have a small trawl net, and plenty of lines.'

*To the same.*

'Toulon : December 21, 1873.

'It seems an enormous time since we arrived here, as we only stayed four days in Paris and two nights in Marseilles. The yacht had a fearful passage and was weather-bound in Port Mahon for about ten days; she only arrived here this day week, and has had to go into dock for repairs. In the meantime, I have had a sharpish attack of the enemy, and though now much better I fear that I shall be too crippled to do any good in natural history for a long time. Our two elder boys arrived here from school yesterday, and are very well. During the week or so before I was attacked with gout we drove about the country a good deal, and I don't think I ever saw any place so entirely devoid of bird life; there are, it is true, a good many gulls in the harbour, but inland one sees nothing but a very few sparrows and



an occasional linnet; enormous numbers of chasseurs kill or frighten away everything. . . . You would hardly credit the trouble I have had about getting leave to carry a gun: no objection to the fact of my doing so, but the difficulty about finding the correct official, and the rare occasions upon which he was at his post.'

*To Lord Walsingham.*

'R.Y.S. "Zara," Toulon: December 22, 1873.

'Yours of the 15th only reached me yesterday. I have no Colins to dispose of this year; in fact, I find that the foxes and mowing machines in Northamptonshire are too strong for me and them, and I am reluctantly obliged to give up turning out any more, though they did right well as far as laying goes, and the climate seems to suit them. You in West Norfolk are not afflicted with foxes to any extent, and agriculture is a secondary consideration. I am very glad to hear that these little birds have succeeded with you, but were I you I should turn out a few every season. I enclose a letter I received yesterday from Jamrach. Ten shillings a pair is too

much to give for a large number. I am very glad to hear that some of your friends are taking a fancy to them. I consider them a sporting little bird, and they are, I think, excellent food. Mrs. Lyne Stephens and the Maharajah have turned out a good many that I sent to them, but the latter tells me that they have disappeared. Perhaps his country is too dry for them. I shall be only too glad if I can be of any use to you about these birds.'

*To Albert Günther.*

'R.Y.S. "Zara," Genoa: January 24, 1874.

'We left Cannes on the 19th, but had no wind till the early morning of the 22nd, and only got in about 7 A.M. on that day; however, the voyage, though very slow, was very pleasant, beautiful warm sunshine, and the coast scenery most lovely. I am glad to report a very great improvement in my health, though I am very lame and cannot go up and see the museum and Doria, which I very much regret. The local collection of birds is excellent, and beautifully stuffed by one De Negri (now, I hear, dead)

whom I used to know years ago. This is a perfect place for migratory birds, and as everybody carries a gun, many come into the market, and thence into the museum. I have had great sport in Sardinia at the torch fishing. All this part of the Mediterranean is void of *good* fish; *here* the absence of fish is proverbial: "*Montagne senza alberi, mare senza pesci.*" However, it is a most beautiful and interesting old town.

*To Lieut.-Colonel L. Howard Irby, F.L.S.*

'R.Y.S. "Zara," Naples: February 10, 1874.

'Querido Amigo,—At Genoa I made acquaintance with the Marchese Giacomo Doria, an excellent naturalist and most pleasant fellow. He had large collections of his own of local birds, beasts, reptiles, fish, &c., and also a great many collected by himself in Borneo and in Persia. He agreed to present all these to the municipality of Genoa if they would find house-room for them and appoint him curator, which they consented to do. He has a most charmingly fitted up museum, with a good garden; the greater part of his foreign collection is in

skin, but there is a very fine local collection of birds, beautifully set up by a girl who is devoted to her work, and works exclusively for him. Their great ornithological rarities are Audouin's Gull, some rare Buntings, *Falco Eleanoræ*, &c. They have a fine specimen of Francolin killed in Sicily, and obtained by Doria from a local collection in that island. Doria gave me Salvadori's book on the birds of Italy, very well done and most interesting. . . . We went on to Spezia, a magnificent bay, about the finest scenery I ever saw; there were many gulls—Mediterranean Black-headed, Mediterranean Herring, Laughing Gulls, and a few common gulls. From Spezia we went to Leghorn, where we only stayed one day, which day we employed in going to see Pisa, a beautiful and very interesting town. I saw the tomb there of old Savi, the *Bewick* of Italy, but with a much greater knowledge of birds. From Leghorn we came on here, arriving on Saturday last, having had some rattling breezes, going sometimes eleven knots, with occasional dead calm and heavy seas. . . . The swarms of fishing-boats are astonishing; I have been out in the gig this morning trying

for gulls, but they seem to know exactly the range of the gun, and *pues nada*. I have an aunt, Lady Holland, living here in a most charming house; she is most hospitable, we go there to-night to dine and sleep. . . . Come out as soon as you can, you may as well see a new country as go to Gib, and I sadly want a pal.

'Yours ever,

'L.'

*To Albert Günther.*

'Lilford: August 24, 1874.

'I was very sorry not to be able to go on with you at the bats and lizards, but though I am an idle man, my time was so fully taken up by a thousand little things in London, that I found it useless to attempt giving two or three hours to the beasts in pickle. . . .

'I sent a young *Felis pardina*<sup>1</sup> for the British Museum, addressed thither, to you some days ago. It arrived alive, very tame and in good health, but died in convulsions about four days after its arrival.'

<sup>1</sup> Spanish lynx.

*To the same.*

‘Bank Hall, Preston : October 9, 1874.

‘. . . I am glad to hear that there was great exaggeration about the damage done by the explosion at the Zoological Gardens; it was quite sufficiently terrible as it was.

‘I should think it likely that my *Falco Eleanoræ* in the new Raptorial house was killed or escaped.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford : October 3, 1875.

‘. . . The only autumnal migrants that I have yet seen are merlin and jack snipe. I expect ring-ouzel and bramblings every day. On the other hand, I know of two woodpigeons’ and two stockdoves’ nests with eggs. . . . Dresser showed me two specimens of the new Georgian Grouse, also a new Pipit from Petchora, obtained by Seebohm.’

*To Lieut.-Colonel Howard Irby.*

‘Lilford Hall : October 4, 1875.

‘I have seen a woodcock carrying her young one; it was done by the agency of her legs, but

I cannot say how. My belief is that they tuck them between the tarsi and the breast. In sorting a lot of the old Amptill collection here the other day, I found a *Muscicapa albicollis* labelled "Coldfinch"; this was in all probability a British-killed bird. . . . On Wednesday Jones insisted on my going to shoot off hares, so I sent for George Hunt and we bagged 33 hares, 1 rabbit, 9 partridges, 2 woodpigeons, and 2 jays. George Hunt vows that he killed a solitary snipe which fell the other side of the river; he had no dog. He certainly gave a good description of the appearance of the bird, which he had never seen before alive. I shot a woodpigeon out of the boat, with his crop crammed with beechmast; this is early for that food. I saw a merlin on Friday, jack snipe on Thursday, redwing to-day, and heard brambling, and saw three tawny owls near aviary.'

*To Albert Günther.*

'Bewsey Hall, Warrington, November 7, 1875.

' . . . Spain appears to be the special home of *Aquila pennata*<sup>1</sup> in Europe. We saw no less

<sup>1</sup> Booted Eagle.

than fifteen nests of that species in Andalusia in the first ten days of May 1872, and it is also common in Old and New Castile.

*To Lieut.-Colonel Howard Irby.*

‘Lilford : December 6, 1875.

‘I had a very good four days’ shoot at Lynford, 445, 554, 816, and 863 head ; 13 woodcocks out of 25 seen. On that Saturday Jones and Donald bagged 7 teal, 2 golden plover and 7 snipes ; it was a nasty day, and I dared not face it. They described snipes and fowl of all sorts in hundreds. On Monday I went to see ; there must have been in one spot about 500 in number, ducks, teal, and widgeon. I got three shots at teal, and bagged 4. Saw a flight of about 15 dunlins, and a fine old haggard falcon. On Tuesday I shot 2 golden eyes, male and female, near the loch. Sir L. Loraine bagged only 1 duck and 2 snipes, but he puts in shavings instead of powder. We have many bramblings and siskins about. Jones reports goosander down the river ; I heard wax-wings on Friday. They got 9 woodcocks at Bulwick on Thursday



out of some 20 seen. I was to have shot there Friday, but was stopped by rheumatism. We have snow a foot deep, and more coming.'

*To the same.*

'February 3, 1876.

'*Ay de mi el buitre!* I don't know why it should be an escaped bird. I have often wondered that we do not see vultures now and then in this country; there are no end of Griffons in the Pyrenees about Irun and San Sebastian, and a strong slant of wind from E.S.E. or thereaway ought to bring us an occasional straggler.'

*To Albert Günther.*

'Lilford: October 4, 1876.

'... I suspect that my snake is a variety of *T. natrix*—as he has the yellow mark behind the head; but I only had a cursory look at him, and could see nothing like *T. viperinus* about him. As soon as I can sit up again comfortably and handle my snakes I will send you a good specimen of *Z. carbonarius* and *C. leopardinus*. In the meantime I shall be very much obliged if you will ask Holland whether he could keep

a large number of non-venomous snakes on deposit. . . . I suppose Irby has got back to his forest, where he can shoot at large.'

*From Lady Lilford to Dr. Günther.*

'Lilford : October 24, 1876.

' My dear Dr. Günther,—Lilford thanks you for your letter of the 21st, but he is quite unable to answer it, being still so ill. I have simply given orders that *all* the snakes are to be sent to Mr. Bartlett, and you will know best what to do about them.'

*From Lord Lilford to the same.*

'Lilford : December 11, 1876.

' I have had a long and severe attack from which I am, I hope, at last, surely but very slowly recovering ; but I cannot walk, and am confined to two rooms upstairs. The worst of it is that the fingers of my right hand are so twisted and crumpled up that I could not hold a gun, much less pull a trigger. Paul Mollem told me the other day that he saw four birds which "*should* be waxwings." We have had great floods, and some time ago there were a

great quantity of dunlins in the meadows. I have not been out of the house since August 31.'

*To the same.*

'December 21, 1876.

'I only know what goes on in the dovecot in Tenterden Street from casual friends who happen to drop in there, e.g. Irby and my boy Tom, who wrote that my room was full of White Falcons, Snowy Owls, and Long-tailed *Skewers* [*sic*]. . . .

'All my pheasants are crossed either with *Phasianus torquatus*<sup>1</sup> or *Phasianus versicolor*,<sup>2</sup> and the heaviest birds I ever saw were the first cross between those two species, both parents being considerably less than *Ph. colchicus*.<sup>3</sup> I have several Reeves' Pheasants out in the coverts.'

*To the same.*

'September 20, 1877.

'We have taken a house at Algiers for the winter, and shall be starting in October. I am so crippled that the prospect of seeing a country

<sup>1</sup> Chinese pheasant.

<sup>2</sup> Japanese pheasant.

<sup>3</sup> The old English pheasant.

new to me has lost its attractions, but I must hope that my friends' expectations for the benefit I am to derive from the climate may be realised. . . .

'I have a pair of Scops Owls, very tame and most charming pets; I know that they will die if left at Lilford, and hardly know what to do about them. Would you care to be troubled with them? They require moderate warmth and not too much food, for they are very voracious; they will eat beetles, moths, flies, and birds, as well as any sort of meat, but they require a good deal of casting, i.e. fur, feathers, and small bones. I have three beautiful specimens of the Blue-crested Guinea Fowl from Mozambique.'

*To the same.*

'Villa Linda, Algiers: January 23, 1878.

'We have had a great deal of cold wet weather, and I did not feel any benefit from the change, but lately the weather has been bright and beautiful, and I am a great deal better, though I cannot say I like the place; it is too French and artificially civilised to suit my taste. We reared last year at Lilford about

seventy Reeves' Pheasants, and turned them out. They are very hardy and excellent eating, but my brother complains that they do not rise high and give such artistic shots as the other species. . . .

'I am very glad to hear that the Crown Prince of Austria is an ornithologist. Is it alive or dead that he wants *Aquila adalberti*?<sup>1</sup> In the latter case I shall be glad to offer two skins for his acceptance; in the former I have no doubt that I can get him as many as he wants next year. There are several interesting birds to be found in the neighbourhood: for instance, *Parus ultramarinus*, which is the Common Tit of these parts; and the chaffinch peculiar to the country, *Fringilla spodiogenys*. I have had great pleasure in making the acquaintance of the Abbé Armand David, the Chinese missionary and naturalist; he is spending the winter here for his health, and is a very pleasant man with a great store of ornithological knowledge, and a great deal of modesty. . . .

'Excuse this horrible scrawl, but the French never could make paper, ink, or steel pens, and

<sup>1</sup> Adalbert's Eagle.

I never could write properly. I find many of our summer birds passing their winter here, blackcap, chiff-chaff, &c. You would be delighted with *Sylvia melanocephala*,<sup>1</sup> the typical bird of our gardens.'

*To the same.*

' Hammam Rhira, Algeria : May 15, 1878.

' . . . I have sent home alive a pair of *Ixus obscurus*<sup>2</sup> which is common in many parts of this country, but does not nest till June 1. My total list of birds obtained and seen only amounts to about 140 species, but I am of course very limited in my powers of locomotion, and the state of my hand prevents my using an ordinary gun. The climate, however, has done me great good. We leave this place to-day on an expedition to the cedar forest of Teniet el Hâd.'

*To the same.*

' Bank Hall, Preston : October 6, 1878.

' The Crown Prince of Austria most graciously sent me a beautiful miniature of himself; I am glad to hear that he had a successful trip on the

<sup>1</sup> Spanish blackcap.

<sup>2</sup> Dusky Bulbul.

Lower Danube. . . . Seebohm told me that he was to do the warblers for the "British Museum Catalogue." I believe that we could hardly find a better man than Shelley for the Sunbirds, if he will undertake it. We have had some fun at Lilford with a Peregrine Tiercel which began to take partridges well, in spite of our big fences.'

*To the same.*

'SS. "Glowworm," R.Y.S., Cadiz: February 12, 1879.

'Du Bocage was exceedingly kind in showing me over the Portuguese collection at the Museum. I cannot call it a very fine one, but the interesting part of it to me is its difference from the Spanish ornithological fauna, which is certainly remarkable. We arrived here on the 2nd, having had a fearful day on our passage, and now we are prevented by bad weather from attempting to cross the bar at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, on our way to Seville. There are great tidal flats here swarming with birds, Herons, Spoonbills, Curlews, Redshanks, and many other waders, but they are almost impossible to get near, as the waters are so shallow, and the muds not to be travelled over.

Swallows are here now in plenty, and I am surprised to find two species of Tern—Sandwich Tern and Little Tern—at this time of year.

‘I am exceedingly glad to hear of the election of Flower. I do not think you could have chosen a better man.’

*To the same.*

“Glowworm,” Seville : March 6, 1879.

‘The swallows increase in number every day, and storks have been nearly a month in the country, and are beginning to select their nesting-places on the church towers. Tom shot a hoopoe some days ago. This is unusually early. I see a great many cranes and wild geese now on their way north. . . .

‘I am very glad to hear of your Royal Society Medal.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford : September 6, 1879.

‘The gales we have lately had have driven in all sorts of sea birds. About a fortnight ago a fine Scoter was shot near here. Last Sunday a young Green Shag was caught on a church



tower near Market Harborough and brought to me alive, and this morning George Hunt sends me a Manx Shearwater shot by him not far from Thorpe. J., I am sorry to say, shot a very fine male Hobby some time ago, and there is another about the plantations above his lodge.'

*To Lord Walsingham.*

'SS. "Glowworm," R.Y.S., Dartmouth: July 18, 1880.

'Dear Walsingham,—I received yours of the 15th here this morning. I am glad to find that you like my notes; they were written for publication in the "Journal" of the Northampton Natural History Society, a young but flourishing association which is already doing some fairly good work, especially in botany, entomology, and geology. You can imagine my delight at an escape after nearly nine months shut up in London, six of which were passed entirely within doors. I find myself once more in "mine ain gude ship," on my favourite element. I don't know if you have examined the Wildfowl Act Amendment Bill; I see no objection to it, except that it is perhaps open to the charge of

over-legislation, but I think if all wild birds are to be protected by law during a certain season, subject to the discretion of the owner of the land which they inhabit or frequent, it is illogical not to protect their eggs in the same way. I don't know when it is to come up to us, or whether I shall be able to be in my place when it does, but shall be glad to hear from you whether you agree in my views about eggs, and whether in case of my unavoidable absence you would take the trouble to move an amendment on the subject.

‘Believe me, yours very truly,

‘LILFORD.’

*To the same.*

‘SS. “Glowworm,” R.Y.S., Brixham: July 22, 1880.

‘Thank you very much for yours of 20th. I am sorry you do not see your way to doing anything in the present Bill towards the preservation of eggs, as without that all bird protection Bills must be futile, but no doubt you are better posted up than I am in how much the B. Public will stand. The prices given by certain collectors for certain eggs—I don't mean those

of Great Auk—will induce people to run any risks, and whether the first bird came out of an egg, or the first egg out of a bird, I think that to deny the protection to birds in the shell which we propose to afford to them when out of it is, to say the least, illogical. However, the Bill is a move in the right direction.'

*To the same.*

'Lilford: October 24, 1880.

'I am exceedingly sorry that you had the trouble of coming down early and finding me gone. I did not expect this additional proof of your friendship in wishing me God-speed; all I can say is that I never spent a pleasanter week indoors and afield than in your happy hunting grounds. Fine weather, the best of good company, good sport—what more can the heart of man desire? We saw our first woodcock yesterday, and fieldfare the day before. I saw a Rough-legged Buzzard at Lynford, and a neighbour killed five Golden-eyes while I was away on our river. All this looks like severe weather in North Europe, which I hope will crowd your mere with wildfowl.

‘Your East Anglian is still ringing in my memory, and was renewed the other day by H. Upcher, but I find great difficulty in acquiring it, as my acquaintance with the Devonian impedes me.’

*To Albert Günther.*

‘Neuenahr: June 26, 1882.

‘. . . We had a fairly successful cruise in the Mediterranean and procured twelve fine specimens of *Larus audouini*<sup>1</sup> in the Straits of Bonifacio, but could not obtain their eggs, for as fast as they were laid they were carried off by ravens, and as the nesting-place was at some distance from our anchorage, and the winds often tempestuous, we could not forestall the black robbers. Our other ornithological success was finding *Melizophilus sardus*<sup>2</sup> in great abundance, and obtaining nests and eggs thereof, also a pair of young falcons from the nest alive, which I believe to be *F. puniceus*.<sup>3</sup> I also brought home a turtle, which I see has safely arrived at the Zoological Gardens; I should be

<sup>1</sup> Audouin's Gull.

<sup>2</sup> Blue Rock Thrush.

<sup>3</sup> Mediterranean Falcon.

glad to hear to what species it belongs. It feeds readily on small fishes, and nothing else.'

*To the same.*

'Neuenahr: June 30, 1882.

'About Audouin's Gull. I should like to know whether the Museum has a specimen or not, as I have given one to Dresser, promised one or two to the Cambridge Museum, and offered two to Prince Rudolf of Austria. . . . I have every reason to bless the waters of Neuenahr, though I fear that my left knee has become permanently contracted. I do not find the place dull, as when it is fine I can get out, and there are plenty of birds to watch, and I have tried a little fishing. Did you know that there is growing wild hereabouts a Californian flowering plant which is found nowhere else, I am told, in Europe, *Colonia grandiflora*? No one knows how it came here; it is abundant, and very pretty. The only drawback to enjoyment here is the immense number of noisy overdressed people. . . . I have no doubt that Mr. Powell is right about destroying rooks with a view to protecting other birds. I am very

glad to hear of your success with the collection at the British Museum.'

*To the same.*

'SS. "Glowworm," Dartmouth: July 24, 1882.

'I have been down in these well-beloved parts for some ten days; the weather has for the most part been very mild and wet, and I have only been able to get out twice to the whiting grounds, but on my way hither from Torquay we caught eleven Ling weighing 200 lbs. The Mackerel and Bass are evidently waiting for fine weather to come in along the shores. In the meanwhile, by the unbounded hospitality of Sir Henry Seale and his family, I have a most delightful home ashore, about two miles from Dartmouth, high up, with lovely views. I am, thank God, better than I have been here for years; add to this that Devon is my favourite province, that there is a very tame Scops Owl presented by me to one of my fair friends in the house, and three young Blue Rock Thrushes, a Grey Lag Goose, and a Herring Gull from the Mediterranean on board, and you will judge for yourself as to my happiness. I need not say how the said happiness

would be increased if you could come down and spend a few days with me.'

*To the same.*

'Lilford: October 13, 1883.

' . . . The chief point of ornithological interest was the appearance in our valley of an Osprey on August 23. I saw him closely on the 24th and 25th, and he was last seen on the 29th. I could have murdered him easily, as I had my gun across my knees in the punt when he came within fifty yards of me, but I spared him and had the delight of seeing him soar over the park for ten minutes, and on the following day make two plunges at fishes on another part of the river.'

*To the same.*

'Lilford: October 19, 1883.

' . . . George Hunt not only was at home but saw and fired two (luckily impossible) shots at poor Pandion<sup>1</sup> the evening before I saw him. However, I must do George Hunt the justice to say that although he is making a collection

<sup>1</sup> The Osprey.

of Northamptonshire birds on his own account, and might on two subsequent occasions have easily killed our feathered friend, he abstained from doing so at my earnest request. I feel no doubt about your being quite right about the interbreeding of the Shag and Cormorant. I have just received notice from Hanover Square of the safe arrival at the Gardens of six snakes from Southern Spain' presented by me, and I have a most delightful letter written in Spanish by their captor, describing the difficulties of capture and shipment.'

*To the same.*

'Lilford: October 24, 1883.

'I received yesterday from Liverpool the first living specimen of *Falco Sacer*<sup>1</sup> which I have had for some time; it is a fine female in very fair plumage. Cross, the Liverpool dealer who sent me this bird, declares that it came from Africa, a term which in the mouths of the dealers I have found generally to mean the Barbary coast, where, as far as my experience goes, the Saker is exceedingly rare. The farthest

<sup>1</sup> Saker.



westerly occurrence of this species in Europe is a bird which was shot near Cagliari many years ago, and is now in the museum there. But Africa may mean Egypt, where the Saker is occasionally found. If you should go to the Gardens, will you inquire specially for me after a young Asturian bear which arrived there in a very sickly condition some days ago? I want you very much to come and instruct us in vermin shooting with the aid of *Bubo maximus*;<sup>1</sup> an epistolary friend of mine is training one of these birds to take rabbits by moonlight.'

*To H. M. Upcher, D.L., F.Z.S.*

'Lilford Hall: October 23, 1884.

'My dear Upcher,—I am very glad to hear of your grand sport with the birds.

'We have done well for this grassy, fox-hampered, footpath, and cur-dog-cursed country, having bagged over one thousand brace and left plenty.

'I have only heard of two woodcocks as yet in this neighbourhood. Have you heard of the massacre of rarities at Cley by one P——?

<sup>1</sup> Eagle Owl.

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J. H. Gurney, senior, tells me that this P—— got sixteen *Cyanecula suecia*<sup>1</sup> in a short space of time. . . . We have been having some splendid flights with old "Vesta," whom F. Newcome probably knows and admires. She is the most knowing falcon I ever saw, and if she gets bored by "putting in" without killing, goes off and takes a pigeon, wild or tame, on her own hook with the greatest ease. Yesterday whilst she was "waiting on" at a great pitch, she was vehemently assaulted by a female merlin, the aerial evolutions of the two noble birds were lovely to see.

'Nothing would delight John more than a day or two in Norfolk; he would soon make a real good shot.

'Ever yours, very truly,

'LILFORD.'

*To Canon Tristram.*

'My dear Tristram,— . . . I am very glad that you are so much pleased with my coloured plates; personally I am not fully satisfied with many of them, but I think that I may fairly say

<sup>1</sup> Blue-throated Robins.

that they are as yet unrivalled: be that as it may, they are the best that I can obtain for money.

‘The only remarkable ornithological fact that I have to communicate is that my old Blue Rock Thrush, taken from the nest in May 1882, moulted in September last very thoroughly into a plumage much resembling, but rather an exaggeration of that of a nestling bird, all the breast and flank feathers edged with dirty white, and the plumage of these parts unusually downy and thick. I have some other pleasant cage birds—Alpine Accentors (quite new to me in captivity), Azure, Crested, and Boreal Titmice, Shore Lark and others.

‘Yours very truly,

‘LILFORD.’

## CHAPTER IV

His Marriage to Miss Baillie Hamilton in 1885—Description of Lilford Hall—Letters from 1886 to 1896. To Mr. Warner, the Schoolmaster at Lilford; to Mervyn Powys; G. E. Lodge; Mr. Cullingford, Taxidermist; Archibald Thorburn; Dr. Drewitt; Miss Schletter; Hon. Lady Higginson; Duchess of Bedford; Rev. Canon Tristram; Lieut.-Colonel Howard Irby; Dr. Albert Günther; Lord Walsingham.

IN 1885 my brother married Clementina, the eldest daughter of Ker Baillie Hamilton, Esq., C.B. Perhaps no one craves more for sympathetic companionship than a man who is cut off from the ordinary pursuits and amusements of healthy manhood, and when to such a deprivation are added frequent attacks of pain and hours of discomfort, a woman's tender watchfulness and unselfish devotion are blessings of untold value. It is a trite saying that nursing can be brought to perfection through the inspiration of love, and my brother proved its truth. His diaries abound with expressions

of loving gratitude for a devotion which never varied with occasional fluctuations of health. Nor did love inspire good nursing alone: my sister-in-law became an observer, and though her actual knowledge of ornithological matters might be limited, any statement of hers could be relied upon for its accuracy.

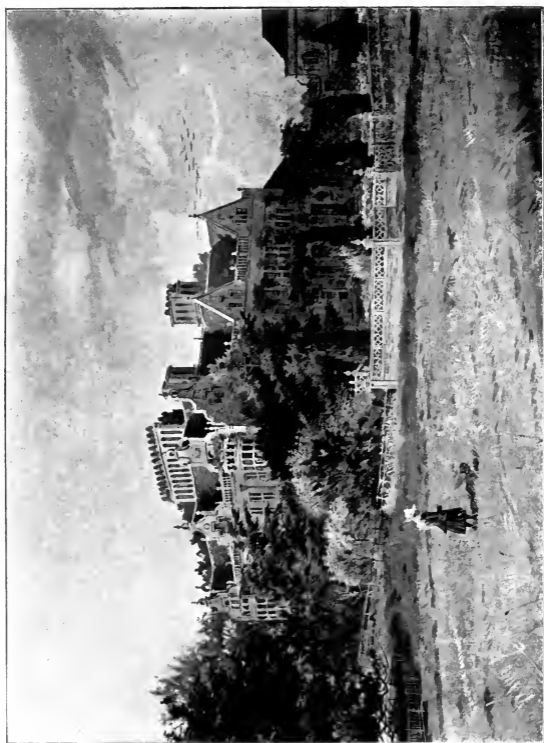
The following lines were written by my brother to his wife, Clementina Lady Lilford, who had been requested to sit for her portrait:

Nor Sun, nor limner's art can give  
Thy Heaven-lit smile and features,  
The light in which I breathe and live,  
My blessings and my teachers.  
Seek not, Sweet-heart, for pictures then,  
For those complete and whole  
As sent by Heaven to comfort me  
Are printed on my Soul.

I have mentioned the building of Lilford Hall in the earlier pages of this memoir. It seems here a fitting place to give a brief account of the country home to which my brother was warmly attached, and for which he longed, in days of exile at Bournemouth. Lilford has none of the glories that distinguish so many of

our old country houses. It is of comparatively small size, containing about thirty rooms, not counting those occupied by servants, and can boast no past inmate of note. There are no apartments tenanted in bygone days by makers of English history, no treasured Caxtons of priceless value, no exquisite *livres d'heures*.

And yet, although one cannot trust a pen which hardly knows how to write of the old home in fitting terms of restraint, it is at least safe to say that, even to strangers, and without any extraneous sources of interest, the grey time-mellowed house has a charm all its own. Even so fastidious a critic as Lady Holland, fresh from the attractions of Holland House, and not too well disposed in any sense towards the house of Lilford, found much to admire in the cheerful aspect and 'liveableness' of my mother's country home. One visitor, it is true, on being taken by the latter through the flower and kitchen gardens to inspect the school and the exquisite white-tiled dairy, the round ending with a walk through the lynchies overhanging the river, uttered no word of praise but only







repeated expressions of wonder at the large growth of nettles in the wood!

The house, which is built of grey Ketton stone, and has a S.S.W. aspect, is 'set,' as Mr. Robinson writes, 'in noble woods' and stands well above the river Nene. The pleasant ante-room, library, and billiard-room lie nearly to the east, and catch all the glow and sparkle of the morning sun. The dining-room, which contains portraits of Sir Littleton Powys, and of his brother Sir Thomas Powys, and a good copy of the 'Concert' by Giorgione, has festoons of fruit and foliage over the fireplace, carved in pitch-pine by Grinling Gibbons. The disfiguring whitewash which covered them was removed many years ago, but their effect is slightly marred by the addition of gilding.

The study, on the left hand as you enter the hall, has recently undergone a process of restoration, and the beautiful oak panelling, which experts pronounce to belong to the Elizabethan period (being rough hewn and not sawn through), is now allowed to appear in its former condition. Upstairs, over the dining-room, and also facing the front, is the beautiful

room with a bow-window which was of use on many occasions as the stage-room. But of late years, although used as recently as 1895 for acting purposes, it was occupied by my brother as his winter quarters. The stage platform remained, but was raised and extended so as to enable the occupant of the wheel chair to see across the carriage road to the river, and the old grey bridge which crosses it. There, too, his quick eye could catch sight of and identify any bird within his range of vision. The room made a worthy setting for its owner. The decorative panels on the walls were painted by the admirable bird artist Mr. Wolf, and represent various birds of prey. A likeness exists, or is supposed to exist, between many of us and bird or beast of different kinds, and it was scarcely giving the imagination a very free rein to detect some resemblance in my brother—in the finely shaped head, aquiline nose, and keen, bright eyes—to a grand representative of the nobler class of 'Raptores,' in which he took so keen a delight.

His winter quarters were shared by many feathered companions in cages. There in the

sunny bow-window was to be seen the Teydean Chaffinch, a species only found in the high zone of the Peak of Teneriffe, two Breeches Parrots, and a Hoopoe. The Black-collared Grackles had a distinguished stranger of their own kind beside them in the Chestnut-winged Grackle, the first bird brought alive to England, from the neighbourhood of the monastery of Mar-Saba near Bethlehem; the favourite habitat of the species being the caverns and fissures of the cliffs in the gorge of the Brook Kedron.

North America, South India, Brazil, and Madeira furnished their quota of feathered beauty in the Blue Jay and Blue Robin from across the Atlantic, the Indian Green-leaf bird, the Brazilian Troupial, and the Madeiran Blackcaps. Gould's Finches, the Pied Rock Thrush, the Bulbul from North India, and the White-crested Laughing Thrush from the Himalaya, in common with their companions, sang, chirped, or twittered according to their vocal gift, and revealed sundry lovely markings of wing or tail as they plumed themselves in the sunshine. Of the Orange-flanked Parroquets from Ecuador one had become

extremely tame, and looked upon his daily visits to the breakfast-table as a right, making special love to any new-comer, taking sips of tea here and there, and unlawfully robbing the buns of their raisins.

In front of my brother stood his writing-table, and there, on what a Presbyterian would call every *lawful* weekday morning throughout the year, he wrote some scores of letters, answering correspondents, giving help and advice where needed, and conferring benefits with open hand and closed lips. Letters of warm thanks from numberless recipients of his bounty found their way, at once, to the waste-paper basket, and of many kindly deeds even my sister-in-law remained in ignorance. Beside him stood the revolving bookcase, ready to his hand and containing books relating to his special studies and others of general interest. Well-written books on sport gave him great pleasure, and literature dealing with the various countries of our globe—except perhaps Africa, which continent had less attraction for him than it deserves—occupied a foremost place in his reading. Books which gave the results of their writer's

wanderings with modesty and accuracy, and without 'brag,' had a great interest for him, and with the authors of some of them he made personal acquaintance, or entered into correspondence.

The language that had secured his early love, found, of course, a place of honour on his bookshelves. 'Don Quixote,' in various new editions, appeared there in due course, but perhaps the old well-worn Spanish copy, with a list, in his own hand, of the famous books which had wrought havoc in the brain of their more famous reader, remained his chief favourite.

When in the harbour of Vigo the pitiless rain came down day after day and visits ashore were impossible, my brother, in the saloon of the 'Glowworm,' which more resembled a naturalist's den than the ordinary yacht 'drawing-room,' read and re-read the old story with appreciative comments, and spoke with the familiarity of friendship of the noble hidalgo and his proverb-making esquire.

One of the latest additions to his bookshelf in 1896 was a book on 'Ethnology,' by Professor Keane, edited by Dr. Guillemard, and

given by the latter to my brother. The subject was one which had not till then come within the range of his studies, and it was pleasant to hear his expressions of interest in the new field of inquiry presented to him.

Although my brother was not a scientific botanist, and did not enter into questions concerning the structure of flowering or other plants, he yet knew a good deal about them in an indirect way; for his intimate knowledge of the class of birds that make plant-stuffs their staple food included acquaintance with the materials for their bills of fare. During happy summer hours, spent in fishing on the barge which had been made for his use, 'bouquets' were brought to him of the river plants from either side of the Nene, and his list of 'flora' amounted to about ninety specimens. His memory was naturally retentive, and quickened by practice it had become an extremely useful ally. The resident sub-agent at Lilford found that it was scarcely necessary to bring my brother plans showing portions of the estate where improvements were in contemplation, since every inch of the ground was well known and

remembered by the landlord who was debarred from personal visits.

One indoor recreation my brother had, his interest in which never flagged or abated. This was the game of whist, and as the result of constant practice and close attention, his memory for the fall of the cards became absolutely unerring. Often in the morning, when the rubber of the night before and all its incidents had departed from the recollection of partner and adversary, leaving not a wrack behind, he would comment upon the defunct game and its missed or improved opportunities.

In 1885 he had begun what he frequently and playfully alludes to in his diaries as his 'great work'—the 'Coloured Figures of the Birds of the British Islands.' A great work it is, if one takes into account the interesting letterpress, and the beauty of the original illustrations, very well reproduced, on the whole, by the lithographer's art. Yet inevitably these lose something of the charm and artistic grace that distinguish, in particular, Mr. Archibald Thorburn's work, since no process has yet been invented which shall convey the subtle touches due to the painter's

individuality, along with the faithful line-by-line reproduction of the work itself. My brother took great pleasure in his portion of the undertaking, verified the foreign names of the birds with his usual precision, and gave useful hints and criticisms in the matter of the figures. Alas! that the hand, so active in spite of its crippled condition, and the brain, so readily responsive to the demands made upon it, should have been laid low before the work was completed.

Such were the interests and occupations of days spent in the house; out of doors during the summer months he had pleasures of another kind. Lilford Hall, as I have already mentioned, stands on slightly rising ground above the river Nene, a sluggish stream whose waters, stocked with many kinds of fish, have afforded amusement—and, in some cases, involuntary immersion—to the Powys children of successive generations. My brother's bath-chair was drawn on to a strongly built barge, and in this manner he was enabled to spend many hours on the river with a fishing-rod. One of the attendants was at hand to bait his rod, or render any other service that so crippled a



fisherman might require, and it speaks well for the master's kindness, and the man's devotion, that the latter after my brother's death told my sister-in-law that he had taken charge of the fishing rod to keep for her, for he 'couldn't bear' the thought that anyone should use it now 'his Lordship was gone.'

On land the bath-chair had other offices to render to my brother. The terrace, facing nearly east, is laid out in the somewhat formal style prevalent in the fifties, with neat beds of brightly-coloured flowers, and a regiment of Irish yews on the lower walk whose bulky forms somewhat disfigure that portion of the foreground. They had one merit: their small brightly-coloured berries possessed a great attraction for Redwings and Thrushes, and it was a pleasure to my brother to watch the birds on raiding expeditions, in search of these dainty morsels of food. A mixed border of plants—fair to sight and sweet of scent—lies close to the house, and makes up to a considerable extent for the stiff little parterres of a bygone taste. The terrace, however, had other sights than those of summer flowers.

On the grass above the lower terrace, stood, on wooden blocks, about half a dozen or so of the most beautiful of the Raptors, Greenland Falcons and others, while a small aviary contained two or three pairs of Owls. But these were only specimens of the wealth of bird life that abounded near the house and about the grounds. As you stood in the courtyard, or in any place adjacent to the aviaries, you were greeted with sounds unknown to the Lilford gentry or village folk of some forty years back. Calls, 'boomings,' whistles, cries loud or soft, all the varied vocal expression that can be produced by that wonderful organism a bird's throat, were vibrating in the air around you.

It was my brother's delight to make frequent tours of inspection in his bath-chair of the aviaries and of the pinetum at the back of the house, where the graceful cranes went through their dances, or stretched their wings to the sunshine. It was a help to those interested in bird lore, and a stimulus to others who knew nothing of the subject, to have so competent a guide.

In the autumns of 1886, 1887, 1888, and 1889, my brother took a house at Bournemouth for



*George E. Lodge.*

GOSHAWK BESIEGED.



the winter months, but his heart was always at Lilford, and he longed for his return in the spring.

The following letters from my brother were written between the years 1886 and 1896 :

*To his nephew, Mervyn Powys, at Cambridge.*

‘ 45 Brook Street, London : May 9, 1886.

‘ My dear Mervyn,—The Grasshopper Warbler is by no means a rare bird, but the nest is very difficult to find. I should imagine that most of those found in the Fen are discovered by mowers when cutting the grass. If your Montagu Harriers are really nesting in said Fen, the nest might easily be found by watching the male bird with a binocular, as he feeds his wife without alighting by hovering for a few minutes, and dropping food to her on the nest. In any case I hope the parents will escape, as this sort of bird is becoming much too rare in this country. It is impossible for me to form an idea as to what the mysterious white eggs brought by Ward may be, especially as you do not tell me in what sort of locality or nest they were found. Robins,

especially about Lilford, often lay white eggs, but they have no right to be round; you will find as you go on that birds' eggs vary so infinitely that it is impossible to correctly identify them in many instances without seeing the parent bird at or about the nest. I received the three Black Terns from Irby in very good condition. He did not tell me of the cook's desire to dish them up. I can imagine his feelings on the subject. It is very warm and trying here in London; if I were a Cambridge undergraduate in robust health, I should be spending most of my spare time in, on, or about the banks of that classic stream.

‘Your very affectionate Uncle,  
‘LILFORD.’

*To the same.*

‘London: May 27, 1886.

‘I am very glad to see that you are taking seriously to ornithology. If you take to collecting birds, I hope that you will not attach undue value to specimens because they are killed in the British Islands; this is a most fatal mania, and tends to the destruction of many interesting

birds that are only rare because they are murdered immediately on their arrival. The poor Hoopoe is an instance of this; many are slaughtered on our coasts every year simply for the benefit of the local bird-stuffers, who charge a high price because they are killed in our country. This bird is common in many parts of the Continent, and from a scientific point of view its visits to this country cannot add to its value. I heard rumours many years ago of a bird-stuffer in Cambridge (not Baker) who used to go up to London and buy many of the birds alive in Leadenhall Market that come from Holland, such as Purple Heron, Night Heron, Little Bittern, Spoonbill. This artist used to keep these birds out of sight, kill them one by one, and display them in his shop as having been freshly killed in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, and obtain from the British-bird maniacs something like 150 per cent. on the price he had paid for them. If you mean really to take to ornithology you cannot do better than constitute Alfred Newton as your Gamaliel, and adopt the fourth edition of Yarrell as your text-book, but I hope that you will extend your interest beyond our

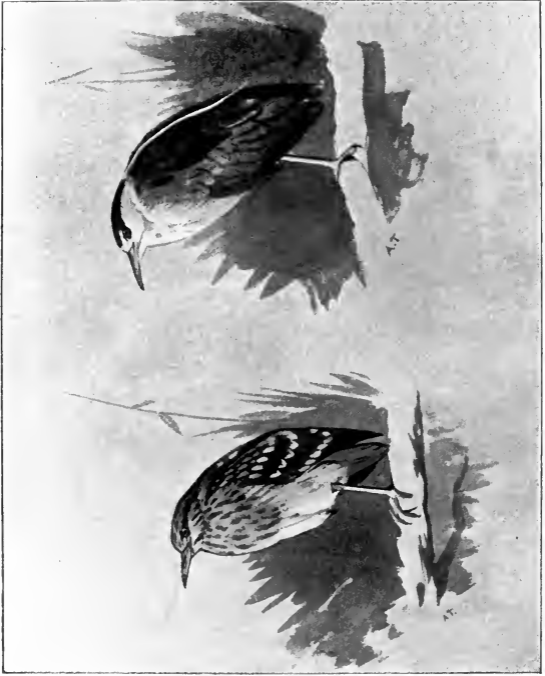
shores, and take up, at all events, the birds Europe. I have never seen the Cambridge Museum, but understand that it is very good—one of the best in England . . . . I think with Yarrell, White of Selborne, and any recent ornithological works in the library in Cambridge, you ought to make a good start, but there is nothing like personal observation in the fields and woods, and let me recommend you to keep notes of what you see and hear, and consider nothing too trivial to jot down. You can at any time see five Great Auk's eggs, to say nothing of a very fine specimen of the bird and a skeleton, at No. 6 Tenterden Street; these are the property of your affectionate, and I hope revered uncle.'

*To the same.*

'Lilford: July 15, 1886.

'The chief news here is the appearance of a Night Heron on Tuesday evening, seen by Irby pretty nearly exactly in the same spot near Aldwinkle where I saw one in 1868. I am very anxious to preserve this bird alive; there is no reason he should not live happily through the





A. Thorburn.

YOUNG AND OLD NIGHT HERON. At Irlford 1887



summer months on our river, as George Hunt is away.

‘I hope to get the third number of my book out before very long.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford: August 4, 1886.

‘The idea of an owl trap is perfectly repugnant to me, still more that of a buzzard caught therein. The owls are distinctly beneficial to man from the number of rats and mice that they destroy. Did not your respected uncle get the owl put into the protected schedule? When I knew Wales, alas! a long time ago, buzzards were by no means uncommon either in N. or S. Wales; but gamekeepers do not discriminate, and for the most part their masters do not care, and reckon as vermin everything that is not game, so that I suppose the buzzards are disappearing in Wales as they are elsewhere; but I am glad to hear on good authority that a pair of Kites still linger in the county of Carmarthen. The latest about the Night Heron is that he has often been seen by Hall about dusk, fishing in the Wadenhoe mill-pool, and within the last

two days by Dr. Drewitt. Cosgrave took three young Hobbies from a nest in Barnwell Wold on Saturday; these are the first that I have ever obtained from that particular locality.

‘Tom Burroughes tells me that a stork has been seen at Ketton.’

*To the same.*

‘Bournemouth: December 13, 1886.

‘If you want to kill ducks at evening flight, and bag them, you *must* have a retrieving dog; it is a crime to leave them to the mercies of the foxes and crows. I would rather use No. 6 shot than 4, but I think that 5 is the right thing. You will find that the ducks will soon shy the fighting-spot after being shot at for two or three nights. If there are any partridges their first evening call is the best signal for the right moment to be at the fighting-place. . . . If it will not make you unhappy to see a crowd of ducks without shooting, go and see the decoy at Coombe Abbey, Lord Craven’s place.’

*To Mr. Warner.*<sup>1</sup>

‘Bournemouth: January 21, 1887.

‘I am much obliged to you for your letter of 19th, and your natural history notes. I only wish that others about Lilford who have more time at their disposal, and better opportunities for this sort of observation, would keep a diary, with accurate dates and localities, for as a rule I never hear of these things till my return to Lilford; not always then, for dates and other particulars which have special interest for me are forgotten. Stretton is a good observer, and Cosgrave has a good knowledge of birds. I don't think that anyone else knows a “hawk from a heronshaw” except the gamekeepers, who look upon everything that is not game as vermin, though I hope and believe that I have now persuaded them to spare the owls, about the most useful of British birds. . . .

‘I am afraid that the weather must interfere a good deal with attendance and school progress, but I hope to hear as favourable a report as one can fairly expect in such circumstances.’

<sup>1</sup> For many years the schoolmaster at Lilford.

*To the same.*

‘February 22, 1887.

‘I have to thank you for another instalment of your observations. I will ask Porter to send you a copy of the book that I mentioned; in the meantime you are most welcome to borrow any books that you like from my zoological library. For the latest and most correct information about British birds I recommend the *fourth* edition of Yarrell, but the figures are not coloured and most of them indifferent. For very good account of habits, and tolerable coloured figures, I should advise Meyer’s “British Birds” in seven volumes, but a good many new species and a great deal of new information have been brought to light since this book was published. For really beautiful and correct coloured illustrations of British birds, you will find Gould’s great work on that special subject in the library, but the books are so large that you would require a boy to help you to carry them from the house. It would be a treat for any intelligent and deserving pupils to be shown through *these* volumes, and you are quite at liberty to use them in that way if you think well.’

To F. Dawtrey Drewitt, M.A., M.D.

‘ Bournemouth : May 20, 1887.

‘ My dear Drewitt,— . . . The misguided Puffin<sup>1</sup> reached me safely this morning, and I have by second post received your letter about it, for which I am obliged. I have sent a notice to the *Morning Post*, the correct channel for information of the arrival of distinguished travellers to the West End, and I have written a note of the occurrence to Harting, the Ornithological Recorder for Middlesex, asking him to notice it in the *Zoologist*. A young Puffin was picked up not very far from Thrapston last January, and sent for me to Cosgrave, who managed to keep it alive for about a fortnight. . . . I have been very well of late, but, like Sterne’s Starling, “I can’t get out” . . . .

‘ Yours very truly,

‘ LILFORD.’

<sup>1</sup> The puffin to which this letter alludes, mistaking rows of London houses for its native cliffs, one night in May flew down a chimney of No. 45 Brook Street, a house my brother had lately occupied. There is an account of it in *British Birds*, vol. vi. p. 96.

*To the same.*

‘Lilford : July 7. 1887.

‘I am much obliged to you for your letter, and the magazine and engravings ; I had seen some of Mr. Lodge’s work before. His drawings are admirable ; I must try and make acquaintance with him.

‘My good friend, F. H. Salvin of falconry renown, writes that a man bathing in a canal near Guildford was suddenly attacked by twelve stoats and badly bitten in the thumb, but a passer-by came up, and after killing three of the vermin the others took to the water and escaped.

‘My nephew Mervyn is much delighted with Shetland and the birds, and seems to have found most of the eggs for which he went. I have just had a huge barge sent up from Peterborough, into which my chair can be bodily wheeled with me in it.’

*To the same.*

‘Bournemouth : November 20, 1887.

‘I am much obliged to you for your note of 17th, with information about Crossbills. They



are tempting birds, but with 2 Nutcrackers, a Hill Mynah, a Bush Quail, 2 Bullfinches, a Shâma, Old Sardo,<sup>1</sup> and 12 Mud Lizards—*Molge Waltlii*, we have about as much as Mrs. Milne can well attend to in addition to an adult specimen of *Homo arthriticus*. I heard from Irby of his campaign in Trafalgar Square. I am expecting some good birds from Malaga. They are coming by ss. "Mogador."'

*To George E. Lodge, F.Z.S.*

'Lilford: April 24, 1888.

'Dear Mr. Lodge,—I presume that when you wrote that the Shahin looks very like "Barbary Falcon" you referred to the birds which are often sent to Leadenhall Market from Mogador, and I believe that these birds are truly of the species to which that name was given by old English writers on falconry, but they are decidedly not the *Falco barbarus* of O. Salvin (of *Ibis* 1859, with plate by Wolf). These hawks from Mogador are a small race of

<sup>1</sup> A very tame Blue Rock Thrush, for thirteen years his constant companion.

true Peregrine which is common almost throughout the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean, and is *Falco punicus* of Le Vaillant and of J. H. Gurney, Esq. (*Ibis*, 1882). I can see very little difference between *Falco barbarus* (Salvin) and this Red-naped Shahin (*F. babylonicus*) except in size, but the latter is the prevalent Eastern form. Salvin's *F. barbarus* seems to be uncommon everywhere. I have seen a great many *F. punicus* from Mogador, but only two of *F. barbarus*. *Falco babylonicus* never has a blue head. . . . I have a fine male Saker, but have little belief in this species for falconry in *this* country; they require great open plains to show themselves to advantage.'

*To Archibald Thorburn, F.Z.S.*<sup>1</sup>

'Bournemouth: May 20, 1888.

'Dear Mr. Thorburn,—I quite see the force of your remarks about the Berlin lithographic firm as to heaviness and thickness of feather lines, but I am on the whole fairly well satisfied

<sup>1</sup> This and the following letters to Mr. Thorburn show the keen interest my brother took in the 'Figures of British Birds,' and his continual endeavour to have them as true to nature as possible.

with them, and after ——'s miserable travesties of your drawings, these look perfect.

‘Believe me, yours very truly,

‘LILFORD.’

*To Mr. Cullingford.*<sup>1</sup>

‘Lilford: August 8, 1888.

‘I received your letter, and the stuffed birds arrived safely this afternoon. I am very much pleased with them all, and you have been wonderfully successful with the re-stuffing of the old ones. . . . I do not think that better specimens of stuffing and mounting from skins can be seen than your Spotted Eagle and the Harriers.’

*To F. D. Drewitt.*

‘Lilford: October 14, 1888.

‘I have seen but few of the continental zoological gardens, but am well aware that ours are in comparison very defective in arrangement

<sup>1</sup> My brother towards the end of his life had the pleasure of seeing a large number of his bird skins, which had been badly stuffed, admirably re-arranged and set up by Cullingford, the taxidermist, of Durham. Mr. Cullingford writes of my brother, ‘I received the utmost kindness from his Lordship; his memory will always be dear to me.’

and many details, though the collection is quite unrivalled in the number of species. . . .

‘I hate varieties and albinos, but am the happy possessor of two milk-white jackdaws from Germany, to say nothing of the sandy badgers that you wot of.’

*To Lieut.-Colonel L. Howard Irby, F.L.S.*

‘Fontmel, Bournemouth: November 8, 1888.

‘We had a successful journey hither, and a lovely day for it. I hope that this change has brought some stuff into Tiree, but if you are not satisfied with over twenty couple of snipes in a day, I am afraid that you will find it hard to satisfy yourself in British localities. This N.E. wind was foretold at Lilford by the appearance of a fine young male Golden-eye shot on the 3rd, and by two Jack Snipes snared at the decoy. I have no news worth telling. A readable article in the *Ibis* is “Winter in South Spain,” by Abel Chapman. I have lately become possessed of two (to me) interesting birds, both to the best of my knowledge new to our Northampton list, viz. Spotted Redshank,

young male shot at Canon's Ashby on August 28, and not by any means badly stuffed by an artist at Banbury, and a Rosey Pastor, male shot by Colonel Cottingham, R.A., in his garden near Weedon on September 12, and recorded in one of the October numbers of the *Field*. It is miserably ill-treated by some local malefactor, but by no means a bad specimen, and in the hands of Cullingford of Durham, to whom I have sent it, will I hope turn out a very fine bird. Father Jamrach has sent to me at Lilford two more Nutcrackers, and hither two very beautiful Glossy Starlings from West Africa. I have got a letter out of Stark with a promise of detailed notes on his Spanish bird experiences. I am putting together all I can gather on birds of Spain from my own experiences, your book, the local catalogues, Arevedo, Chapman, Saunders, and others.'

*To the same.*

'Bournemouth : November 20, 1888.

'The absence of Pintail in Tیره is certainly remarkable, all the more so as they are common enough in certain parts of Ireland in winter; the

great outward move of Scoters certainly is on our east coasts. I hear of 9 or 10 woodcocks seen in one of the Drayton coverts. Stark<sup>1</sup> has just sent me another batch of Spanish bird notes, containing certain things quite new to me and highly interesting. Cosgrave tells me that the Shag which has been at Lilford for more than four years has during the last week for the first time assumed a crest. Surely this is an extraordinary time of year for this adornment. . . . I believe that the Purple Heron whose capture was announced in the last issue of the *Field* was that which I turned out at Lilford in July.'

*To F. D. Drewitt.*

'Bournemouth: January 20, 1889.

' . . . We have had four lovely bright days here, Starlings reappearing in force after a long absence, Blackbirds in full song, Song Thrushes piping up, and Coal Tits very busy and vociferous. We hope that you may be able and willing to run down to us here for a Sunday whenever it may suit you to do so. . . . Can you get for

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Stark's sudden death at Ladysmith, and his pathetic request, 'Take care of my cat,' are fresh in everyone's memory.

me the locality, date, and approximate number of Sand-grouse mentioned to you by Mr. Hamond? I see that several have been recently killed in Norfolk.'

*To Lord Walsingham, F.R.S.*

'Lilford : October 16, 1889.

'Dear Walsingham,—During my winter's imprisonment at Bournemouth I took up the study of the Romany tongue, and found a great deal of interest therein. Borrow's books, "Lavengro," "Romany Rai," "The Gypsies in Spain," and the "Romany Lavo Lil" are most interesting, and I had his vocabulary transposed for my own use, rather a work of supererogation, as a very fair vocabulary of Romany-English and English-Romany by Smart and Crofton is in existence. So many authors have gone into details about the origin of the tongue, and the manners and customs of this very extraordinary race (who are fast dying out as a pure-blooded people in Europe), that it is not for a beginner to attempt authority on the subject, but I will, if you care to have it, very willingly lend you a list of books, some of them most amusing. . . .

I have had all my Romany books bound in the old Romany-Zingari colours. . . . I am very glad that you like my last number.

‘Yours very truly,

‘LILFORD.’

*To F. D. Drewitt.*

‘Bournemouth: November 28, 1889.

‘If you have any time for bird-collecting in Egypt I should be greatly obliged if you could preserve for me any of the Chats or Wheatear family of birds that you may meet with. If you should be able to do this, it would add greatly to the value of the specimens if you would affix a little card-label to each with sex, date, locality, colour of irides, beak, legs, and feet indicated thereon. The birds of Lower Egypt are well known. I strongly recommend you to ask Porter for a copy of Shelley’s “Birds of Egypt,” and hereby beg you to accept the book as a little memento of me.

‘I hear that ——— has lost all his ancient sporting energy; at all events he now prefers the pursuit of long-tailed poultry and the brown rabbit of commerce.’



*To George E. Lodge.*

‘Lilford : December 22, 1889.

‘If you have not yet sent your article on “Vermin” to the publishers, I hope you will insist upon the fact that in England no bird of prey is now sufficiently common to do any appreciable amount of harm to game, except the sparrowhawk. The Falcon will, and does, kill Grouse, but I would pass over that fact as gently as possible, without denying it (there is harm in overstating one’s case); but you may safely rest the Falcon’s claims to protection from a sporting point of view, as a bird that affords the very highest class of sport to those who have the true sporting instinct. The Kestrel will poach on young game at the coops occasionally, but may well be defended on account of its beauty and the great good it does in destroying field-mice, voles, and noxious insects. The Merlin can do no real harm, and the Hobby needs no defence.’

*To Archibald Thorburn.*

‘Bournemouth : January 14, 1890.

‘. . . I have this morning received your letter and the drawings. The Snowy Owls cannot be improved upon, but I think that the Squatting Grebe, admirable in attitude and colour as it is, must have been figured from a specimen not fully adult, or losing the nuptial plumage, as the “horns” in an adult bird are decidedly greyish. The tippet is longer than in the picture, and its outside margin black or nearly so, the edges of the feathers on back have greyish margins, and the breast and fore-neck should be of quite glistening snowy white; the legs and feet are a shade too light-coloured, though of the right style of green. I am by no means really satisfied with the razor bill, though I think it is improved.’

*To the same.*

‘April 20, 1890.

‘I am sending you with the drawings two of Baillon’s Crakes’ skins. In habits and attitude they exactly resemble the Little Crake. Both

these skins were adult males. If you can borrow a young bird anywhere I should like a figure in the young plumage; the principal difference is that in the young bird the chin and upper part of the neck are nearly white, and the lower neck and breast barred with brown; bill like that of Little Crake.'

*To F. D. Drewitt.*

'Lilford: May 18, 1890.

'... Stretton brought in a Hawfinch's nest with five eggs yesterday, taken near the aviary, the first sitting of eggs I ever had from this neighbourhood, though many young birds have been brought to me at various times. . . .'

*To Archibald Thorburn.*

'Lilford: July 31, 1890.

'The drawings and plates arrived this morning. I have nothing but unqualified admiration to bestow upon them, and Mr. Lodge, who is at least as good a judge of birds as I am, and an infinitely superior critic of art, is entirely of my opinion.'

*To the same.*

‘Lilford: August 31, 1890.

‘I would rather have the bill of Great White Egret made bright yellow as *I* never saw a European specimen with a black bill, and I have just come in from having a look at my three-year-old bird here, who has the entire bill bright yellow, rather deep-lemon colour. Your irides and cere are all right; legs might be a shade greener, i.e. less grey. Black Kite perfect. . . . Does not the brown cap in adult Brown-headed Gull come rather too far back behind the eye? I like the attitude of the bird stretching its wing in the background greatly. I shall be much obliged if you will put in hand Curlew, Waterhen, Guillemot, and Brent Goose if they are in good plumage now; but all these water birds and waders are at their best in dead winter, or at pairing time.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford: October 17, 1890.

‘I have this morning received four proofs, with your original drawings, from the Queen Square ladies. I think these proofs all excellent,

far superior to all but a few of the later ones from Berlin. The only defects that I can detect are that the breast of Grebe is hardly silvery-white enough, and the colour of the irides in principal Snowy Owl figure rather too dark.'

*To F. D. Drewitt.*

'Lilford: October 30, 1890.

' . . . I was never at Biskra . . . but *the sport par excellence* of the North African desert is hawking Houbâra Bustards, Sand-grouse, Gazelles, and Hares; but I suppose that the French make the Sheyks go to a "bureau" for leave to keep a falcon, to another for a licence to ride, to a third for a *permis de chasse*, to a fourth for a Government stamp thereunto, and to half a dozen more for leave to use hoods, jesses, and bells, to be allowed to buy bacca, &c., &c. . . .

'I saw Redwing on September 24, Brambling and Grey Crow October 8. A Woodcock, the first of the season, was shot by Cosgrave close to our boathouse on October 20. . . .'

*To Archibald Thorburn.*

‘Lilford : November 22, 1890.

‘The four new drawings are quite beautiful ; the only criticisms I would offer are that in the Bustard picture the distant groups of birds look too dumpy, i.e. short-legged and, if I may use the term, not dignified enough in attitude for this very stately species. Professor Newton has offered me the loan of a specimen of Sabine’s Gull in full breeding plumage, and I will ask him to send it to you, in case you should find that any alterations would improve your figure, which is very beautiful as it is. I should be very glad if you could introduce a Tern in first young plumage into the background of the Tern picture.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford : January 20, 1891.

‘I am sending you to-day four skins of Pomatorhine Skua from the coast of Norfolk, and a skin of Ross’s Wedge-tailed Gull lent to me by Professor Newton. You will probably be able to borrow a more fully adult P. Skua than any of these from Dresser, but there are

some good varieties of plumage in these. If you do not think that three figures would crowd a plate too much, I should like to have the most fully adult bird that you can procure as the principal foreground figure, the most uni-coloured bird of those sent in the near background, and one of the strongly *barred* birds on the wing. If this is too much for one plate we must have two, with adult and strongly barred young one in first, and two of most widely divergent types in the other, a flat sea-coast scene.

‘In Ross’s Gull I should be glad if you could make the wedge-shaped tail as conspicuous as possible, and the breast may be brilliantly rose-coloured. An Arctic-sea scene with cloudless pale-blue sky and broken ice-floe, *not bergs*, will best suit this plate.’

*To Canon Tristram.*

‘Lilford : March 31, 1891.

‘Thank you very much for your friendly thought in reporting progress up to Colombo, in your letter posted at that port on the 8th. Since the lighthouse has been established on Alboran, I fear that Audouin’s Gull has had but

a poor time. . . . A. Newton has managed to get two silver medals of Zoological Society awarded, in my opinion most properly, to the owners and protectors of Great Skuas in Shetland. . . . Wheat-ear and Chiff-chaff arrived here this morning. . . . I shall expect a brood of Steller's Sea Eagle alive before the summer is out; he who obtains *Lacerta Simonyi* alive can obtain anything. More power, good health, long life, and all sorts of good things to him, including a happy return to his native country.'

*To Archibald Thorburn.*

'Lilford: April 29, 1891.

'I return the two drawings, and should be glad if you will put them in hand with the Berlin people, who are keeping me waiting for many plates. I am very sorry to hear that your pictures have been crowded out at the R.A., and wish that I could think that equally good ones had been crowded in.'

*To the same.*

'Lilford: July 18, 1891.

'I should prefer Eared Grebe *on* the water, and the drawing taken from an older specimen,



without the white spots on the cheek. I think that a figure in the background in the plain young or winter dress might well come in.'

*To the same.*

'Lilford: July 24, 1891.

'The two Guillemot pictures and the Little Egrets are quite perfect, but I find that the naked space between the eye and the beak in my Egrets is tinged with a shade of green. Do what you like about any alteration, as the slatey tint without green is no doubt correct in certain stages of this species. I believe that you took the original sketches from life *here*, and no doubt the birds may have changed slightly since you saw them.'

*To the same.*

'Lilford: August 16, 1891.

'I consider the last batch of drawings all but perfection. The Griffon could not be improved. The Grey Lag is excellent, but to my eye rather too plump. The Cormorant is perfect, except that the cuneate shape of the tail might be more indicated. The Wood Sandpiper is the only one that I can really find fault with; he ought

to be *on the ground*, his legs are rather too long, and his whole coloration is too light. I should guess that the specimen from which you took the drawing must have been a young bird in autumn plumage. There should be several Wood Sandpipers in my drawers in Princes Street, from South Spain.'

*To F. D. Drewitt.*

'Lilford : September 22, 1891.

' . . . I have a good many new and very interesting things here, and wish that you could run down for a Sabbath and have a look at them—*inter alia*, the first Great Black Woodpecker that, as far as I know, has ever been seen in this country; you would be interested in observing that in this bird the pupil is not in the centre of the iris, being a good deal nearer the gape than the occiput.'

*To Archibald Thorburn.*

'Lilford : October 5, 1891.

'The Snow Goose is excellent. I may say the same of the Quails, but should like an old male in spring plumage with a dark chin. Mr.

Walter Rothschild has, through Dresser, offered to allow me to have a drawing taken from a Spotted Eagle in his possession recently caught in Essex; I believe that the bird is at Tring. I should be glad to have a drawing from a British specimen.'

*To F. D. Drewitt.*<sup>1</sup>

'Lilford: November 22, 1891.

' . . . This morning arrived the contents of the gizzard of *P. martius*. I wish that I could obtain these black ants for my bird, as I used to do through Father Jamrach from Germany; but he assures me that the big men in that country have found out their value for pheasant rearing and as food for black game, and will not allow the foresters to collect them. Where did you find the bird? I have once or twice come across a specimen in Leadenhall Market, sent over in ice with parcels of Norwegian game. The note of *P. martius* is very remarkable, and may almost be called musical; at all events, it suits the surroundings. Rough-legged Buzzards are fre-

<sup>1</sup> In answer to a letter accompanying a packet of black ants taken from a Great Black Woodpecker killed in Norway.

quent this year; it has been a great lemming season in Scandinavia, and these buzzards and many other Raptorial birds follow the hordes. I heard from a friend who has a shooting near Trondjhem that Snowy Owls were breeding in great numbers on the field. He sent me two young ones, and a young Rough-legged Buzzard alive. Snowies were a drug in the London market. I received two more Rough-legged Buzzards the other day from Valkenswaard, in Holland, where they were taken by the mynheers engaged in catching falcons for our club and others. Grey Phalaropes have swarmed all over the West and South of England; the ss. "Tyne" passed through hundreds swimming gaily in the middle of the Bay of Biscay six weeks ago. . . .'

*To Mr. Cullingford.*

'Lilford: February 3, 1892.

I have the remains here of what was in its day a very fine collection of British birds; many of them are in good preservation, though very badly mounted. They have been stuffed nearly a hundred years, but I fear that most of them

have "hard bodies." Besides these, I have many odds and ends collected in my school and college days, not worth much, but too good to throw away. I should be very glad if you could manage to come here for a day or two, and look through the lot.'<sup>1</sup>

*To F. D. Drewitt.*

Lilford: March 24, 1892.

' . . . Thanks very much for the Japp Falconry book just received. . . . A Peregrine (female) stooped at a wooden decoy wood-pigeon on the ground near this some years ago, knocked it from its peg, and broke her leg in so doing. . . . '

*To the same.*

Lilford: May 29, 1892.

' . . . About Ringed Plovers a good deal has been urged in favour of the existence of two well-marked distinct races of our common *Ægialitis hiaticola*. On this subject I, knowing nothing, will only say that I do not consider the theory as "proven"; but that some of these

<sup>1</sup> The collection alluded to in this letter was left to my brother by Lady Holland.

Plovers come to our shores whilst others are sitting, I know to be a fact, as it is in the case of wood-pigeons and many other northward-bound birds. I envy you your bird show at Abbotsbury and on the Chesil bank. We cut out the little Woodpecker's nest on Thursday. It contained five eggs, of which we removed three.'

*To the Hon. Lady Higginson.*

'June 12, 1892.

' . . . As you do not blame me for, but merely allude to the fact of my long epistolary silence towards you, I will not attempt a defence except so far as reminding you that *I* wrote last ; in fact, I never leave any letter unanswered for more than a day or two, and am far too fond of receiving yours to omit replying to them almost invariably by return of post. Don't take this as in any sense intended reprovingly. You have, of course, no end of things to think of and write about, both on duty and pleasure, and all I have to say is that I hold very precious the kindly remembrance that prompts you to write to me at all ; I only wish that I could show

my gratitude by sending you anything worth reading. Don't believe that I write too much, the fact being that when I *can* get out I do not write nearly so much as I ought, but it is also true that there is hardly a day in which I cannot find some all but absolutely necessary writing, enough to fill up the whole of my waking hours ; this I look upon in my crippled condition as the greatest blessing, but it certainly does very seriously interfere with my reading no end of books that I feel I ought to read. . . .'

*To the same.*

' December 13, 1892.

' . . . You ask why there are no Crows at Bournemouth, and rather surprise me ; if you mean Rooks, they are probably feeding in the water meadows and on the ploughed lands of the Avon and Stour valleys and roosting near their feeding-grounds, but a good many used to *nest* in and about Bournemouth ; as for Crows *proprement dits* every man's hand is against them, but there was a nest generally in a scrap of pine wood to the right of the road just before you come to the dip to Boscombe. There are not

likely to be more than a pair or two about at this time of year, and they no doubt are busy questing for prey along the shore during the day. There were a pair in the spring of 1887 in the firs between your present abode and that of Mrs. D—; they had a nest, but I could not discover it for want of locomotive powers.

‘There—dear lady, you have set me upon my hobby, and are punished accordingly.’

*To F. D. Drewitt.*

‘Lilford : February 14, 1893.

‘. . . The feathers that you enclose<sup>1</sup> are without any doubt from Reeves’ Pheasant, of which species I know that a good many have been turned out in Inverness-shire.

‘The Crested Tit is very local, and may be found in one glen and be entirely absent in the next, under apparently exactly identical conditions.

‘We have had a lot of Bewick’s Swans haunting the valley of the Nene for some time past, and I heard yesterday that two Whoopers

<sup>1</sup> From a forest in Inverness-shire.



and a Mute Swan had been shot out of a lot of eight near Water Newton, down river. . . .’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford: July 24, 1893.

‘. . . I can report well of myself, thank God; I spend the mornings in my barge, but the fishes of Nene are very obdurate this year. You will be interested to hear that I have a third young Lämmergeyer, and a mate for the Madagascar Lemur. . . .’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford: December 8, 1893.

‘We have thousands of wood-pigeons in our big woods. I grieve to say that the Lämmergeyer is creating a certain amount of strained feeling. He inspires terror among the cage birds. . . .’

*To Canon Tristram.*

‘Lilford: January 3, 1894.

‘Thank you very much for all your good wishes just received. I need not, I hope, assure

you that they are most cordially returned by all here who know you, for yourself and all who are dear to you. . . . I hope to have a pecuniary share in organising an expedition to Kolguev this next summer.'

*To Archibald Thorburn.*

'Lilford: January 17, 1894.'

'The black feathers inside wing of Pratincole are not in my opinion too dark for a fully adult bird. In the plate of the Cream-coloured Courser the shadows hardly *can* be too black for the desert sun and sky.'

*To F. D. Drewitt.*

'Lilford: February 16, 1894.'

' . . . You will perhaps be interested to hear that my Highland keeper, Donald McKay, came down this morning with news that he had tracked a badger into a short stone drain in one of our woods last night, and found the blocking intact this morning. I sent Cosgrave up with him and they brought down a big badger weighing 24 lbs., alive and uninjured. I could

not very well get a look at it, but know that he is now, according to my order, taking his pleasure at liberty in the Lynch. Add to this the discovery that we have a brood of young otters in the long drain that runs from the small aviary pond to the river, and you will readily understand that my mammalogical satisfaction is great!

*To the same.*

‘Lilford: March 22 1894.

‘. . . The Swiss hills were good in my time there (1850) for certain species of birds, and ought to be better now, as I understand that there is a rigid bird-protection law. I used often to see Ospreys about Ouchy in the Spring, but never heard of their nesting thereabouts, though there are many likely localities on both sides of the Lake. It would be early for an Osprey, but if your bird was not of that species it was very probably the Serpent Eagle, “Jean le Blanc” (*Circaetus gallicus*). Both this bird and Osprey would look nearly pure white from below, at a height in the air. But the Osprey’s wings are long and comparatively narrow, with

a peculiar bend when extended, while those of *Circaetus* are broad and rounded thus :



‘ You ought to have seen Crested Tit and Crossbill. The Waxwings were, of course, “casuals.” The Honey Buzzard and Goshawk both breed in the Canton de Vaud; Little Bittern is not uncommon on passage, and may breed, for all that I know to the contrary, in the reeds at the head of the Lake. . . . You will be interested to hear that last night Cosgrave brought in alive the first Northamptonshire specimen of Barbastelle Bat that I have yet seen. It has, however, been recorded by Jenyns as having occurred in this country.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford: April 12, 1894.

‘ Summer birds are arriving fast. The following have now put in an appearance here: Chiffchaff, Wheatear, Cuckoo, Wryneck, Swallow, Redstart, Willow Wren, Tree Pipit, Blackcaps,

Nightingale, and Sedge Warbler; all well up to time, and some exceptionally early. The Australian Peewits have brought off three lovely little birds from their four eggs. The Raven sits hard, and I am happy !'

The following letter makes mention of the Society for the Protection of Birds, in which my brother was interested from its foundation. I remember receiving a brief letter from him, containing this exhortation: 'I beg you to become a member of the Society for the Protection of Birds, of which I enclose you a circular from its excellent founder, Mrs. Phillips; send half-a-crown, and keep the rules.' The prominent rule of this valuable Society as regards womankind, is that they should refrain from wearing the feathers of any bird not killed for food. My brother's eye would travel upwards to the hat or bonnet of his visitor of the generally humane sex, and might there descry an 'osprey' or a bird of paradise plume, a hat composed of the wings of gulls, or, even worse, a feathered decoration from the owl, a bird held by him in the highest esteem. And if such were the case, he would put in

a plea for mercy to the birds from 'the fairest of creation,' with a graceful hint that where Nature had already given so much, little extra decoration was needed. The personal influence of the pleader, combined possibly with the implied compliment, certainly gained him some converts, whose headgear, in consequence, underwent a considerable change for the better.

*To Miss Annie Schletter.*

'Lilford: April 24, 1894.

'Estimadísima Doña y Señorita de toda mi consideracion,—There is no harm whatever in wearing ostrich feathers, as these birds are farmed for feminine adornment, and suffer only temporary inconvenience from being plucked at the proper season. What *we*; and I hope now *you*, will do your best to discountenance, is the destruction of thousands of lovely and harmless creatures at home and abroad for the sole purpose of putting money into the pockets of feather-dealers, and feathers on to the heads and other parts of sometimes innocent, but always ignorant, women. I say ignorant because I do

not think so ill of your sex as to believe that they would knowingly promote the present barbarities of this sort. Join, "an you love me" (I have no right to presume this) the Bird-protection Society.

. . . . .

'I must confess to such delight in the drama that I never care to read newspaper accounts or criticisms of plays, though I am always delighted to hear what anyone of intelligence thinks of anything new. I suppose that your view of art . . . is the true highest, but I confess that I think that the feeling that one has done one's best in art or anything else is very considerable reward, and failure only shows, in such cases, that one's best is not good enough, and certainly is a great help in making one select the line for which nature has adapted one.

'I am going to ask an impertinent question that you need not answer unless disposed to do so. Have you ever failed to please an audience in any part into the study of which you had thrown your whole mind? I do not for a moment doubt that you may have often failed to satisfy yourself, because with your love for

acting you probably set a very high standard of art in view ; but, without wishing to flatter you in any way, I cannot understand your failing to satisfy an audience in any character into which you thought it worth while to throw your soul. . . .

‘ As an old broken-down player myself, I dare say to you, be content with your best, but always strive to satisfy yourself as far as possible without overtaxing your physical powers ; it is of no use asking you to spare your mental powers whilst they are in their fullest development, but as an honest friend I will say, Treasure them whilst you may.

. . . . .

*To Canon Tristram.*

‘ Lilford : April 27, 1894.

‘ You are, as ever, most welcome to my rooms at any time, when vacant. . . . I should imagine that your woodcock’s nest only wants looking for. There *should* be young by this time, and the old birds should be seen every evening, passing to and fro and croaking, perchance carrying their young. My ravens have a family of three about ten



days old. I hear that Cullingford showed you my White Redwing.

‘ . . . I have a lot of Pratincoles for the first time.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford: August 26, 1894.

‘My most interesting live-stock acquisitions of late have been a batch of *Caccabis melanocephala*<sup>1</sup> from Aden, and a splendid Wattled Crane, the one species that was lacking in my collection of Cranes, now complete.

*To F. D. Drewitt.*

‘Lilford: October 13, 1894.

‘Thank you very much for your letter and the basket of *Tringæ* from Portland and the Chesil beach. There can be no harm in taking tribute of these migratory hordes of waders on our coasts in autumn.

“Here-mice”<sup>2</sup> for bats is almost pure Anglo-Saxon, quite new to me, though “Rere-mice” I

<sup>1</sup> Black-headed Partridge.

<sup>2</sup> Used by quarrymen in Portland.

have often heard ; the derivation *vide* Skeat, is the Anglo-Saxon *hréremús*, from A. S. *hréran*, to agitate = flutter, and *mús*.

‘ When I was at Weymouth, or rather at Portland, in the old “Zara,” in April 1876, the bay was full of Great Northern Divers, and so was the harbour of Santander in November 1878. The Grey Phalarope will ride out any amount of sea. *Eheu!* I received on Wednesday the corpse of a splendid adult female peregrine from a fruiterer at Peterborough, who told me that he was informed that it was a “Humming Buzzard” (*sic*)!!’

*To Lieut.-Colonel Howard Irby.*

‘Lilford: October 19, 1894.

‘ Donald McKay assures me that a very large eagle flew within a hundred yards of him, hotly pursued by *Corvi* on Monday last, just outside Souther Wood. A Little Auk was brought to me alive, but dying, yesterday morning, picked up at Luddington, about six miles from this, on Hunt’s frontier. I am glad to hear that Meade-Waldo promises some notes. Drewitt’s Sand-

piper, that rather puzzled me, turns out to be Curlew Sandpiper, but in (to me) rather unusual phase of plumage. Snipes are becoming so scarce in these parts that it is worth recording the fact of two "full" and a Jack having been shot the day before yesterday. Many Golden Plovers, myriads of Peewits and Starlings, are passing southwards daily.'

*To F. D. Drewitt.*

'Lilford: January 24, 1895.

'I am very glad to hear that you are to have a holiday and to spend it in such an interesting trip. The Duke of Hamilton will remember our Bustard-shooting expedition in the *marisma* of the Guadalquivir in 1872; and I beg to be very kindly remembered to him.

'The special thing that I want from Tenerife is the Teydean Chaffinch (alive), *Fringilla Teydea*; it is found upon the Peak of Tenerife only, and there only in one zone. Ask for one G——, at Orotava, who knows all about the birds of the Islands, and has committed ghastly atrocities in plundering nests of Cream-coloured Courser,

Houbâra Bustard, &c., in Fuerteventura. The two Canarian Pigeons are worth looking after, and if any of the Duke's crew can effect a landing on that rock off the Island of Hierro, and capture some of the big lizards (*Lacerta simonzi*), they will earn the gratitude of all naturalists. . . . Hundreds of Little Auks on the Yorkshire coasts; two picked up here, and brought to me. . . .'

*To Canon Tristram.*

'Lilford: February 1, 1895.

'I am altogether opposed to the Egg Protection Bill; the attempt to protect eggs by name seems to me to be utterly futile, and, possibly, very mischievous. The only possible use of the Bill practically would be to protect certain places to which the public have free access, such as certain breeding-places of Terns and other shore birds. You and other distinguished ornithologists may have no moral doubt about the species of any given egg, but would you swear to the specific identity of any egg of British bird off which you had not seen the parent bird fly? I certainly would not, and it is just this conscien-

tious doubt that will lead to no end of vexatious prosecutions. . . . I consider the Egg Bill as applied to private property a possibly very unfair interference with private rights, and in any case a very difficult measure to administer with justice. With regard to Peewits, their eggs have a distinct commercial value, and if landowners do not care to protect the eggs, they must take the consequences. Peewits have increased enormously with us since they were protected by law in the breeding season, and nowadays I get double the number of eggs that I used to do in former years, both in this county and in Lancashire. If the eggs are carefully taken with a view to the increase of the birds, there is no fear of serious diminution of the breed. Any healthy female Peewit will lay twelve eggs, of which eight or nine may be taken, leaving her three or four to hatch out. . . .'

*To F. D. Drewitt.*

'Lilford: February 18, 1895.

'Thank you very much for yours of the 7th, begun at La Coruña and finished in Vigo Bay,

received this morning. . . . We have had the most severe spell of weather that I ever recollect for a continuance in this country. The glass has been down to below zero on several occasions, and since January 23 we have never had less than six degrees of frost. Our river and flooded meadows are hard frozen, and swarming with skaters. There has been a regular storm of Little Auks on the coasts of Yorkshire, Lincoln, and Norfolk; some thousands have come ashore about Scarborough, and the mouth of the Humber. Two hundred and ninety have been recorded as picked up in Norfolk alone; seven have been sent or brought to me, all picked up in this neighbourhood, and I hear of others. A good many Waxwings have been killed; two have been sent to me. I know Santander well, every inch of the harbour and creeks and the surrounding country, and I may almost say the same of Vigo. Poor old Sankey<sup>1</sup> came from a nest in a low cliff in a creek of the harbour of Santander, just over a small cave full of maidenhair fern. I remember well both the plants of which you send a sketch. . . .'

<sup>1</sup> The old raven at Lilford.

*To Lieut.-Colonel Howard Irby.*

‘Lilford: February 21, 1895.

‘It is absurd to protect game eggs all over the country, and in my opinion still more ridiculous to attempt to protect them by name. The only possible good of this Act is to protect eggs of birds that breed in commons or public grounds, shores, coasts, &c. To pass an order to protect birds on private property is an unwarrantable interference. I am very clear about what ought to be done in such counties as ours for instance, i.e. to leave the Bill entirely alone. The utter futility of protecting eggs by name is obvious, as I do not believe one County Councillor or beak in five hundred would know the egg of a house-sparrow from that of any other small bird, and I am quite certain that no honest “birdy man” would swear to any egg without seeing the parent bird leave it; moral conviction is one thing, but an oath to any statement is another.

I have two supposed Brännich’s Guillemot here, one of them the Scarborough bird exhibited by Harting to Linnæan Society, and the other the Cambridge specimen belonging

to Rev. Julian Tuck. I confess myself puzzled, but I can only say that I see precious little difference between the birds.'

*To F. D. Drewitt.*

'Lilford: March 8, 1895.

'... The weather was very bad when we were at Lisbon, but the river above the town was swarming with geese, ducks of many sorts, and some snipes. I fancy that the Lesser Black-backed Gull breeds upon the Berlengas. I agree about the Portuguese, but the king is a good fellow and a keen birdy man. I hear of disastrous floods in Andalusia. Here we have had a tremendously long and severe frost, only now slowly going. Comparatively few losses in the aviaries.'

*To the same.*

'Lilford: April 2, 1895.

'I am very glad to hear of your return. I hope that you were not seriously damaged in the Bay. The hurricane of the 24th played havoc with our best-beloved trees, but this is too heartrending a subject for me to dwell upon, and it seems that many of our friends and



neighbours are much more seriously damaged than we are. The birds that you mention were Crag Martins that frequent the Rock at Gibraltar, and only migrate from inland precipices to those of the coast of the Mediterranean in winter. I am glad to hear of a good stock of Apes. The principal zoological events of late here have been a flight of eight Whoopers about March 16 and 17, the shooting of an adult Grey Hen on the 18th at Wigsthorpe Wold, and the birth of a lovely little Afghan calf. . . .'

*To Lieut.-Colonel Howard Irby.*

'Lilford: April 29, 1895.

' . . . I have no doubt that D. Ratcliffe is right about Nutcrackers in the Coto; the bird must breed somewhere in Spain, and, as we know, is subject to occasional erratic fits after the manner of the Jay and, I believe, the Magpie. . . .'

*To the same.*

'Lilford: May 2, 1895.

'I have next to nothing to say that is worth putting upon paper, but I never like to let an old-established correspondence drop for want of

fuel on my side, so thank you much for yours of April 30.

‘I am glad to hear that Griffons are still in force in Andalusia ; I am told that they and all other Buitres have been poisoned by wholesale in many parts of Spain. Our weather has turned cold and gloomy, and I have not been out of the house lately. There are four healthy young ravens in the nest, about the size of rooks when they first show outside their nests. Do you know of any good man or women who would care for one of these Angelitos? My Moritos<sup>1</sup> will not nest or lay ; an old Night Heron sits upon two eggs, and the first egg of Mohino<sup>2</sup> was laid in one of three nests of that species. I am glad that you took *Arvicola amphibius*<sup>3</sup> to the dear Herr Doctor’ [Günther]. . . . ‘I had a letter yesterday from sailor Kennedy at Karâchi ; he tells me of an expedition up the Euphrates to Baghdad, and first-rate sniping and francolin shooting in the Garden of Eden where Tigris falls into Euphrates. He encloses a twig of the Tree of Knowledge, but not enough

<sup>1</sup> Glossy Ibis.

<sup>2</sup> Blue Magpie.

<sup>3</sup> A water rat found by Colonel Irby in an Eagle Owl’s nest in Spain.

to strike ; a few cuttings would be priceless in this country ! . . . Kennedy is sending me two of the vast *Galapagos*<sup>1</sup> from Aldabra. . . .’

*To the Duchess of Bedford.*

‘ Lilford : May 6, 1895.

‘ I congratulate you sincerely on the addition to your herd of reindeer, and trust that the new arrival will thrive. I envy you the Moose, but I have no proper range for them. I do not know if you have had any experience with these beasts, but I believe that they cannot get on well without water deep enough to cover their bodies in the summer time. I know that they specially love water lilies as food, and are very fond of browsing upon young birch, alders, and other swamp-growing trees and bushes. I shall be intensely interested in hearing how yours of this species get on. If you can establish a herd, you will deserve the gold medal of the Zoological Society. I have long tried in vain to get some of the European Elks, but had I been successful I intended to have given them to a friend who had a wide range of moss and swampy woods in Ireland.’

<sup>1</sup> Spanish for Tortoise.

*To F. D. Drewitt.*

‘Lilford : September 24, 1895.

‘I was only once at Lowestoft for a day, from Yarmouth, where I spent a very pleasant three weeks in 1862 ; but I have seen Fritton decoy, and well remember the abundance of adders on its banks, and the many “Loons”—Great Crested Grebes—on its waters. I heard of the murder of the Spoonbill at Breydon, but was glad to hear that six others escaped. I have figured the Yarmouth Caspian Plover in my book. . . .

‘I subscribe to the Breydon Protection Society, but they do little good. So long as the British Bird collectors go on, so long will every scarce bird find its way into the hands of local dealers, spite of law and decency. I went out on the river yesterday, but the water is so low and weedy that I could do nothing. To-day is one of the hottest days of this marvellous September. . . . A seal was killed off Yarmouth not long ago.

‘Do not forget to run down for a night or two whenever it will suit you ; I have two



F. D. Dineath.

SUMMER ON THE NENE--THE BARGE.



Tenrecs from Madagascar that alone are worth coming to see. . . .’

*To the Duchess of Bedford.*

‘Lilford: December 31, 1896.

‘No bird of the genus *Corvus* with which I was ever acquainted could justly be called “well behaved” from the standpoint of equity or morality, but most of them are amusing villains, and there is considerable variety in the style of their delinquency. I have suffered many things at the beak and claws of a tame Rook, but for deep depravity without a redeeming point give me the Grey or Hooded Crow. But I have trespassed too long upon your grace, in every sense of the word.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford: January 6, 1896.

‘How will it be if you carry out your gracious intention of sending me *two* photographs of yourself, and I find them both really like you and keep the two? Possession is nine points of the law, so you see what you *may*

have to expect from the crippled old freebooter (not corvine) upon whom you are good enough to smile indulgently. I once had eight Red-billed Choughs flying about here, at perfect liberty, and perfectly tame. A friend—one of the men (of whom you have, no doubt, met several) who always have the best horse, the best dog, the best boots, &c., &c.—was staying with us on one occasion, and told me that he had brought with him two boxes of perfectly unique cigars, “*the best known,*” of course, but not quite dry enough for smoking, and where could he most conveniently expose them to dry in the sun? It was the height of summer, and I could not think of a better place than the dressing-table in his bedroom—on the second floor, with a S.E. exposure; he spread the cigars accordingly, and went out for the whole day. You may imagine his feelings on going up to dress for dinner, and finding that the Choughs had paid a domiciliary visit to his room and not left one cigar, the whole room being virtually smothered with snuff, *beakifac-*tured by these lovely birds, and dispersed by a gentle breeze from the window!



The smaller of my Giant Tortoises died, I grieve to say, this morning. My latest acquisition of much importance consists of two "Tufted Ombres" (*Scopus umbretta*), very curious birds, related to the Storks but, roughly speaking, about the size and something of the same colour as the Glossy Ibis; they came to me from Bechuana-land, where they are known as Hammer Kopf, from the shape of beak and crest. I believe that only one of this species has ever been seen alive in England, before my two arrivals."

*To F. D. Drewitt.*

‘Lilford: February 10, 1896.

‘Thank you very much for the excellent photographs of Arab falconers, safely received yesterday. [From South Algeria]. . . .

‘If the Kaid has any true Sakers it would be very interesting to know whence he procures them, as we at present do not know of their breeding in North Africa, or, indeed, anywhere to the westward of the Lower Danube. I am convinced that there are two distinct races of Tanager in North Africa. Any information upon Algerian falconry would be most interesting.

‘How many species of Falcon are used? Are the young Falcons taken from the nest, or caught on passage? I imagine that the French have about exterminated the Barbary Deer: the only true *Cervus* in Africa which formerly existed in forest country on the Algerian-Tunisian frontier. This would be a treasure at South Kensington. You will be sorry to hear of the death of my female *Testudo elephantina* (Giant Tortoise) a few days ago. I presented her to the Cambridge Museum.’

*To F. D. Drewitt.*

‘Lilford: February 25, 1896.

‘Yours of 13th reached me on the 18th. I heard nothing of the lizards<sup>1</sup> till the 23rd, when I received a notification from the General Post Office in London that they were detained there, as it was against the rules to forward living animals by post. Upon this I wrote to Sclater and have heard from him that the three animals are all alive, and proved to be a strictly Algerian form. I am much obliged to you. I have presented two of them to the

<sup>1</sup> Thorny-tailed Lizards sent from South Algeria by parcels post.

Zoological Society. The little Brown Martin that you tell of is no doubt *Cotyle Rupestris*. The Rock Dove is no doubt *Columba Livia*.<sup>1</sup> Tunis must be a very altered place from what it was in 1856, when I was there. The great Baheira lagoon was then a constant source of delight, swarming with Flamingoes and wildfowl innumerable. The few birds that I got there were a Tawny Eagle, and the curious Spiny-tailed Duck (*Erismatura Leuco-cephala*). After a spell of extraordinarily mild weather we are now having a bitterly cold snap. Forty-five wild swans were seen about ten miles from this on Friday last, and two considerable flocks of geese on the same day close to Oundle. . . . A pair of Storm Thrushes are busily building in the Pinsapo immediately in front of our bedroom windows.'

*To the Duke of Argyll.*

'Lilford Hall : March 3, 1896.

'Dear Duke of Argyll,—I am greatly obliged to you for your very interesting letter, and can most sincerely sympathise in your attack of our

<sup>1</sup> The Rock Dove was obtained in the Aures mountains. Its crop was found to be full of the seeds of bitter apple (*Cucumis colocythis*).

mutual enemy, which has entirely crippled me for the last eleven years. I am greatly delighted to find that you are pleased with my "Birds of Northamptonshire."

'Your failure with the Nut-hatches was very remarkable. I was once at Inverary with my father for some days, as a tourist, and should have thought that it was made for Nut-hatches; but they are curiously local in their habitat, e.g. they swarm hereabouts, but at a place in the south of this county that I hear of, are almost unknown.

'Your account of the Dipper with the Flounder is delightful. I wish that our Nene was suited to these charming little birds.

'*À propos* of the Dippers fishing, are you aware that the Grey Wagtail wades into gravelly shallows and captures small fry?

'I sincerely hope that your present attack will soon pass off, and that I shall have the pleasure of reading you, as I cannot hear you, on the Eastern question.

'Yours very faithfully,

'LILFORD.'

The following extracts from Lord Lilford's correspondence with Dr. Günther are given in connected order, and independently of the chronological sequence of their predecessors, as their interest seems best preserved in this way.

‘Hawthorn Hill, Bracknell: July 3, 1885.

‘Dear Günther,—This is a decidedly “birdy” spot. I have seen and heard fifty-one species from my window and my chair, in the garden of half an acre. . . .

‘I trust that your visit to Wadenhoe will be without prejudice to a visit to Lilford in September or October. You will always be, as you always have been, most welcome.

‘Yours most truly,

‘LILFORD.’

*To the same.*

‘Bath: November 8, 1885.

‘. . . I used to correspond with the British Diplomatic Agent at Muscat. He sent me two Beatrix Antelopes and two Muscat Gazelles, which I presented to the Zoological Society. Any Raptorial birds from that part of the world would be of special interest to me. . . .’

*To the same (from Lady Lilford).*

‘ Bath : December 1, 1885.

‘ I am sorry to say Lilford has some pain in his right wrist ; he therefore asks me to write and thank you for your last letter. . . . The Nut-crackers are altogether delightful, very quaint in their ways, perfectly tame, and intelligent. . . . Lilford thinks that you will be glad to hear that twenty ducks have been caught in the newly-made decoy at Lilford. . . . ’

*To the same.*

‘ Lilford : October 6, 1886.

‘ We came from London hither on July 1, and have certainly had most wonderful weather.

‘ My general health has greatly improved, but I cannot walk or even stand. I have received some interesting things alive, among them a *Picus Tridactylus*,<sup>1</sup> a bird that I never saw alive before, and a very lively, tame, and sensible fowl it is. . . . We have had no one except members of the family staying with us on account of my

<sup>1</sup> Three-toed Woodpecker.

infirmity and my Lady's constant and untiring devotion to my comfort and requirements, which prevents our entertaining guests as we could wish to do. Fazakerley was here for a long time, and fished constantly with patience, and much long-suffering from flies, gnats, and bad tackle. His principal exploit in the fishing way was the capture of four chub weighing twelve pounds.'

*To the same.*

'Bournemouth : October 31, 1886.

'I find a bird-stuffer here with two healthy specimens of *Coronella lævis*.<sup>1</sup> He tells me that they took small lizards freely throughout the summer, but they have now given up feeding. He talks as though there were no difficulty in keeping them alive, in a state of torpor, through the winter. Possibly you might like to have them, and, if so, I should be most happy to send them to you. I believe that there are some Firecrests in our garden here ; I have not actually seen any, but have heard a note that I cannot attribute to any other species.'

<sup>1</sup> European Smooth Snake.

*To the same.*

‘Bournemouth: November 13, 1886.

‘I saw two swallows flying to windward along the edge of the cliff to-day. Have you received any mammalia from Cyprus? I cannot remember if I presented a Cyprian Hare; my impression is that I did not, but I remember a hare from Crete which I think I gave to the Museum. If you have any of the family of *Lepus* from Cyprus, I should be glad to know to what species they belong. We killed a good many, and found them by far the best hare for the table of any we had ever tasted, while the *Lepus Mediterraneus* of South Spain and Sardinia is uneatable. The hares of Cyprus differ much in general appearance from this species, and from *L. timidus*.’

[The skin of a Spanish hare sent by my brother to the South Kensington Natural History Museum, was found by Mr. de Winton to be a new species. It has been named *Lepus Lilfordi*.<sup>1</sup>]

<sup>1</sup> See p. 280.



*To the same.*

‘Lilford : August 21, 1887.

‘Dr. Guillemard is here, and although he is much disappointed with the ornithological results of his visit to Cyprus, he has brought back some beautifully preserved skins and very much helped our very scanty acquaintance with the avifauna of the island. I did not expect anything new, but only wanted to find out what is to be met with ; but I think that we have, if not a new species, a very remarkable sub-species or race of *Parus*, allied to the Coal Tit.’

*To the same.*

‘Bournemouth : November 12, 1887.

‘. . . I have known a Sprat Loon (*Colymbus septentrionalis*) with a red throat-patch, killed in our Wash, the estuary of Nene, Welland, and Ouse, and once shot one of the species in Plymouth Sound in April, with a full red patch which had evidently been borne throughout the previous winter. I am glad that the voles are of the supposed rarer British species *A. glareolus*.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bank vole.

From what I can make out this species is quite as common about Lilford as *A. agrestis*. . . . There were no less than three bears at Lilford last night, owing to a mistake of Cross of Liverpool, *hinc illæ lachrymæ*—rapidly drying.’

*To the same.*

‘Bournemouth : April 7, 1888.

‘. . . One of my Golden Eagles is sitting on one egg at Lilford ; she laid another, but broke it. She is nearly eleven years old and laid for the first time last year, but broke the egg as she had no nesting materials. This year there is a good nest, made by the birds themselves. . . . About *Pterocles arenarius*<sup>1</sup> I have found them hardy enough as far as cold is concerned, but they will not stand damp footing. In the winter months I should shut them up at night with a couple of inches of dry sand on the floor of their place. I have just invested in three pairs of them. *Pt. arenarius* is a much hardier bird than *Pterocles alchata*<sup>2</sup> and I kept several of both species for more than one winter. One would naturally suppose that birds that can

<sup>1</sup> Black-bellied Sand-grouse.

<sup>2</sup> Pintailed Sand-grouse.

abide the winters of La Mancha and New Castile could stand anything.'

*To the same.*

'Lilford: July 5, 1888.

'Meade-Waldo has presented me with a pair of *Columba bollii* alive, from the Canary Islands, and a nest with three eggs of *Erythrospiza githaginea*<sup>1</sup> from Fuerteventura. He had wonderful success altogether. . . . I have had all my Cyprus birds sent down to me here, and am making a selection for S. K. Museum, as I understand that you want Mediterranean birds, and I know that Cyprus is badly represented in all collections.'

*To the same.*

'Lilford: August 16, 1888.

'A beautiful old male Crossbill was sent to me yesterday, shot in the Rectory garden at Tichmarsh. This is a *very* rare bird in this county, and the first ever obtained *here* to my knowledge. One of my latest acquisitions is a young Spotted Crake, snared without injury by

<sup>1</sup> Desert Bullfinch.

the decoy man, and already quite tame and impudent. . . .

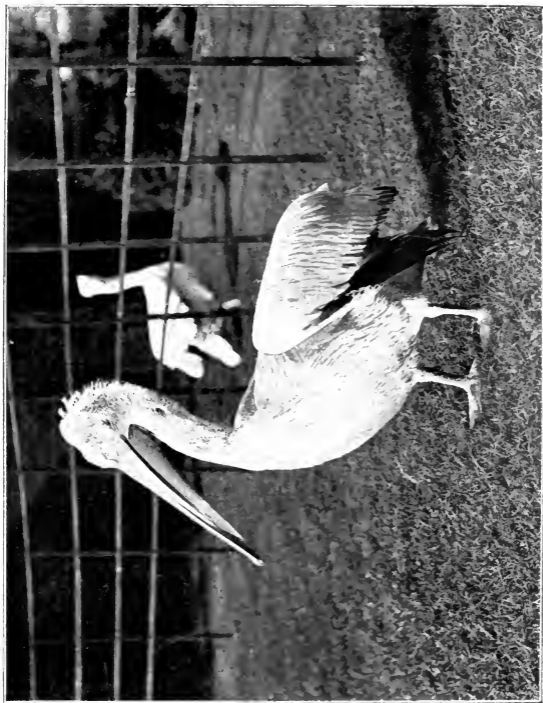
‘The wild, or rather tame, fowl on the water in St. James’s Park, years ago were maintained or supposed to be maintained by a Society which bore the name of ‘ornithological,’ with the prefix of the definite article. I paid a sovereign in the year 1853 to a gentleman who called himself secretary of the said Society, but the only member that I could ever hear of besides myself was dear old William Yarrell. I kept a Serpent Eagle, several Marsh Harriers, two Stone Curlews, and other birds on the island at the Westminster end of the water, under the charge of one Allen who lived thereon for many years with his wife, in extreme comfort and enjoyment, and I have reason to believe that I now, in my own person, represent the Ornithological Society, and am duly proud of my solitary grandeur, and all for *one* sovereign!’

*To the same.*

‘Bournemouth: November 6, 1888.

‘Shortly before leaving Lilford I received two young *Pelicanus crispus*<sup>1</sup> from my friend

<sup>1</sup> Crested Pelican.



*Photo, Duchess of Bedford.*

CRESTED PELICAN.

Sent to Lilford from the Danube by Sir Percy Sanderson, 1889. Now at Woburn.



Sanderson, H.B.M. Consul at Galatz. He sent a third also, which I deposited in the Z. Gardens; would they like him at Kew?<sup>1</sup> . . . I do not think freshwater fish by any means a necessity for our European pelicans; those that I have at Lilford are fed almost entirely on cheap sea fish.'

*To the same.*

'Bournemouth: April 2, 1889.

'We have a blackbird's nest in our compound here, on a very slender fir-tree, too high up for human examination; but no bird has a chance of rearing its young to maturity here on account of the numberless cats, many of which live in what — would call a "feral" state. I can hardly express my horror of that word, though it has the support of Alfred Newton, Sclater, and other great men.

'My Golden Eagles at Lilford are sitting upon two eggs, and the Black Vulture upon one. A pair of Ring-ouzels have just finished building in the aviary, nearly two months earlier than last year. The Coal Tit is the only common

<sup>1</sup> This pelican became a well-known and respected inhabitant of Kew Gardens.

*Parus* here; the Great Tit is not rare, but I have never observed or heard a Blue Tit about these gardens and shrubberies.'

*To the same.*

'Lilford: June 23, 1889.

'I heard of the nest of Montagu's Harrier before it was taken . . . and I am very glad to hear from you that there are other pairs in that district. This year I have had the ponds at the back of the house enclosed and rendered fox-proof, and have now a fair collection of "fowl" thereon, augmented on Saturday last by four beautiful adult male Shovellers, who were good enough to drop on to our decoy and listen to the charmer at once. . . .

'We fed some sixty of our Natural History Society in a tent yesterday, but the only remarkable zoological statement was from one who had been to the top of the Eiffel Tower in Paris last week, and said that he found a pair of swallows nesting there. . . .

'Eustace Radcliffe, personally unknown to me, was prompted by a generous spirit to make me a present of a fine *Falco sacer*.'





FLAMINGOES AND WILDFOWL ON A POND AT LILFORD.



*To the same.*

‘Lilford: June 26, 1889.

‘I have this morning received ten Flamingoes from Port Said, all but one in very good condition. If this lot thrives for a month I shall have some to spare. They are very easy to keep, only requiring shelter from cold winds and snow in the winter; they do not require more water than enough to give them a good daily bath in summer. I will very gladly present you with a pair, or give them to Kew Gardens if they care to have them.’

*To the same.*

‘Bournemouth: December 17, 1889.

‘I am reading poor Prince Rudolf’s book. He is full of mistakes about Spain, as might be expected from his five or six weeks’ rush through the country. He credits me with a statement which I certainly never made, and contradicts Saunders on a point on which the latter is perfectly correct. The whole book, as far as I have read it, is the hasty production of a very keen and intelligent, but hasty and

impetuous boy. I hope that the reviewers will be charitable. Of course I am no judge, but I should guess that for a translation the work is as good as it can be. Is it not so?'

*To the same.*

'Bournemouth: January 27, 1890.

'To a scientific man as you are, the utter confusion in ornithological order must be most perplexing and irritating. It is sufficiently so to me who have no pretensions to science, and the bitter animosities amongst the classifiers are most distressing, but, as Tennyson says, "I know my words are wild." . . . Seebohm has always been more than civil and obliging to me personally. I have a high opinion of him as a bird man, and when he chooses he is a very pleasant writer.'

*To the same.*

'Bournemouth: March 21, 1890.

'There can be no doubt that Booth's Collection is very much better where it now is than elsewhere. I do not know what the testamentary alternative is in the case of the Brit. Museum

authorities declining it, but if I were a trustee I should most unhesitatingly decline it under the condition of building a new gallery, and yet it ought to belong to the nation. I have no belief in any municipal body, except for blunder making. The main interest in the collection is that it shows what can be done by one man in the way of bird-slaughter, and by another or two in the way of taxidermy; and if the trustees could shirk the conditions of removing it and building a new gallery, I should say accept it and appoint a curator.'

*To the same.*

'Bournemouth: April 9, 1890.

'I hear that the lizards arrived safely at the Zool. Gardens; Meade-Waldo told me that they are found only upon a high isolated rock in the Canaries, upon which it is always dangerous and often impossible to land. . . . I should very much like to see Pelicans on wing about the London parks; there is no reason whatever that this should not be. The Crested Pelican is very hardy and may be made perfectly tame, but he must, of course, have his regular supply

of fishes. I hear that Storks and Cormorants have been introduced into St. James's Park, so good-bye to Goslings, Ducklings, and, I should rather fear, to Dabchicks, also. On the other hand *Pelicanus* is perfectly harmless as regards other fowl, and his ways and manners are a joy for ever.'

*To the same.*

'Bournemouth: April 15, 1890.

'Meade-Waldo sent me some time ago a beautiful Tit from Hiero, much larger than the other so-called species from the Canarian group, in appearance a sort of cross between *P. major* and *P. ultramarinus*. As far as M.-W. knew at the time, this race is confined to the island, on which he found it in abundance. . . . I am in correspondence with the Deputy-Ranger of Hyde Park about the introduction of Pelicans upon the Serpentine, but it seems that the difficulty is the expense (!!) of maintenance.'

*To the same.*

'Bournemouth: May 1, 1890.

'On the whole the wildfowl in St. James's Park have done well, and would do much better

Nov. 28/90.



LILFORD HALL,  
Oundle.

My dear Günther

I am glad that the Books  
reached you safely.

One of the more remarkable  
facts to my quasi philological  
mind in connection with this  
historic Golden Eagle is its name -  
which I have seen variously rendered  
as "Beancot" "Barkut" "Bescot"  
and "Berecut", because a word  
which I should render in English  
spelling as "Bawncut" is commonly  
used by the Welsh to denote  
a large slow-flying bird of

very, notably. Circus aeruginosus.

I am very delighted to see such favourable notices of Stephen's performance in the newspapers as I know that whatever he undertakes, he does with all his heart and strength.

I should certainly pick up the Spoonbills at night, and by day also when the winds are very cold. On the coast of Albania where we find a poor

family in the severe weather of 1857-58 they seemed to



suffer very much from the cold, and  
I secured one at Vigo in Jan<sup>y</sup>  
1878 that was quite tame from  
cold and starvation. It is, I  
am told (for I do not go out)  
quite a delight to see some  
Señora morena - the Asturian  
Bears revel in the snow, rolling  
in it, eating it, and making  
snow-balls.

With my wife's kind regards

Yours very truly  
Lilford



without Storks, which I am told have been introduced there; but the Serpentine is really a fine sheet of water, and under judicious management, without going so far as my salt-water scheme, might be made into a very valuable and interesting vivarium. . . . I think that the yellowish-brown colour of the legs of Ruffs does not vary much with age or sex. My theory is that the young males of the previous year all carry a white ruff to begin with, and would have it fully developed now, as far as it goes, but it is never so full as in older birds. In winter plumage size is the best distinction, the females being generally  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 inches less than the males.'

*To the same.*

‘Lilford: July 2, 1890.

‘I have a thriving brood of Azure-winged Magpies, hatched a few days ago. One of my Teydean Chaffinches is sitting hard upon one egg, and I have a Snowy Owl sitting upon six. . . . I fear that I shall not live to see Gätke’s book on Heligoland.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford: August 31, 1892.

‘The disappearance of the Waders in the S.W. of England is very remarkable; I had heard of it before. From Great Yarmouth, on the other hand, I hear of an unusual abundance of this family. I can only presume that some meteorological cause is at work, that has produced a change in the ordinary migration routes.

‘I have twenty Marbled Ducks alive, so far as I know the only living specimens that have ever been seen in captivity in *this* country.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford: October 30, 1892.

‘I am rejoicing in the very recent acquisition of another Great Black Woodpecker. We have five young Barbary mice, all doing well, and now feeding themselves. A pair of Little Owls brought up and took off a brood of four from a hollow tree in Wadenhoe. I have no positive evidence as to more events of this sort, but have good reason to believe that other broods were hatched out in the neighbourhood.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford : May 16, 1893.

‘We had a very fine morning’s sport here yesterday with the Bucks Otter Hounds, killing a small but very game dog-otter opposite the big plane-tree, after nearly three hours’ work. It was a lovely day, *mihi cretâ notanda*, for otter hunting was *the* sport that I preferred to all others, and I was able to see the whole of the hunt yesterday, from find to finish, from my chair.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford : September 15, 1893.

‘I have received a consignment of seven *Caccabis melanocephala*,<sup>1</sup> eight *Francolinus rubicollis*, and four Singed Sand-grouse. They were all shipped from Aden. The Partridges are very rare birds in confinement. I never saw more than one in that circumstance—in the Jardin d’Acclimatation at Paris. I have received seventeen sacks of dried locusts from Larnaca, not very fresh but much appreciated by more of my birds than I can well enumerate.’

<sup>1</sup> Black-headed, red-legged partridges. They afterwards lived in a wild state at Lilford.

*To the same.*

‘Lilford: January 27, 1894.

‘A point in Spanish ornithology which ought to be cleared up is the reported existence of *Caccabis saxatilis*<sup>1</sup> in Galicia. No British bird-seeker in Spain has met with this bird. . . .

‘I am quite certain that some birds acquire a great liking for human society, and for certain individuals of our race, quite apart from “cupboard love.” My Lady, who has marvellous attractions for horses, dogs, and other animals, has at this moment a bullfinch reared from the nest which is never quite happy when she is not in the room, and greets her *more Pyrrhularum* with his best songs and bows and waving of tail whenever she speaks to him. With me and most other people this little bird is absolutely savage, and hisses, scolds, and attempts to peck if his cage is approached. I shall be exceedingly glad to take a ton of locusts prepared in the same way as the others, and stowed in sacks as before.’

<sup>1</sup> Greek Partridge.

*To the same.*

'Lilford; April 16, 1895.

'I should say without actual knowledge that the Burrowing Owl would be a specially good mouser. My birds only hatched out one of four eggs, but their breeding operations were much interfered with by the introduction of "Prairie Dogs" into their compartment. . . . I am in anxious expectation this afternoon of the arrival of some *Amydrus Tristrami*,<sup>1</sup> straight from the monastery of Mar-saba, near Bethlehem.'

*To the same.*

'Lilford: July 2, 1895.

'We had a most exciting otter hunt here on Saturday last, finding the animal in the long drain that runs from the pond and debouches into the river just above our solitary plane-tree; he was quickly bolted by a terrier and for nearly four hours constantly viewed and steadily hunted, but I am not sorry (except for the hounds' sake) to say that the gallant beast eventually and most mysteriously beat us and entirely disappeared, to fight another day.'

<sup>1</sup> Golden-winged Blackbird.

*To the same.*

‘Lilford : September 28, 1895.

‘I have two very interesting little Tenrecs from Madagascar ; they are tail-less and present a curious combination of Shrew, Hedgehog, and Swine in manners and appearance.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford : December 7, 1895.

‘Castang sent me yesterday a living Fulmar, the second only of this species that I have ever seen alive. It feeds well on small fishes put into a pan of salt water, with a mixture of cod-liver oil.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford : January 2, 1896.

‘It is most kind of you to write as you have done about my “Northamptonshire Notes” ; nothing could give me greater pleasure than the assurance that this *opus* of mine recalls pleasant memories in the mind of an old and highly-valued friend, and a genuine lover of birds into the bargain. I can honestly accept any amount of appreciation of the illustrations. The letter-



press is merely food for babes—not unwholesome, I trust, but wholly unscientific.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford: January 18, 1896.

‘I have for the last twenty years turned out many of the “Hungarian” partridges here in early February, with most satisfactory results. . . . I find that the great majority of Golden-eyes imported by Castang are in miserable order, and if put upon the ponds at once, wash themselves to death. I have, however, managed to keep several alive by not allowing them access to more than a small pan of water for the first ten days after arrival. . . . My most interesting acquisition in the bird way lately is a fine male Regent Bird.’

*To the same.*

‘Lilford: April 8, 1896.

‘I heard last from Irby at Granada that the whole of Andalusia is dried up, and that there are no insects or flowers. Drewitt has returned from Tunis with a nice small collection of birds. The lizards<sup>1</sup> are at Zoological Gardens.

<sup>1</sup> *Uromastix acanthinurus*.

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He has brought a hare<sup>1</sup> and skull from Biskra, which I hope he will send to South Kensington, also a good specimen of *Zorilla Vaillanti* (Loche); this I take to be rare in N. Africa. . . . As I suppose you are aware, *Morisco*, as applied to the Great Bustard, has nothing whatever to do with *Moro* a Moor, but is a malversation of *Marismeno* from *marisma*.'

<sup>1</sup> This hare, which was presented by Dr. Drewitt to the Cambridge Museum, was described by Mr. G. E. H. Barrett Hamilton as a new species (*Annals of Natural History*, vol. ii. No. 11, p. 422), and named by him *Lepus pallidior*.

## CHAPTER V

Some Extracts from Lord Lilford's later Diaries—Birth of his Grandson in 1896—Death in June 1896—His Services to Ornithology—His Liberality—Letter from H. E. Dresser—Recollections by Dr. Drewitt.

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'Fair Soul, who in this faltering age did show,  
 Manhood's true image, constant, courteous, pure,  
 In silence strong to do, and to endure;  
 'Neath self-suppression, veiling inner glow,  
 Justice at one with gentleness.'

LIMITATION, in some direction, seems to be the condition on which most human lives are held. *Chi vo, non po ; chi po, non vo*, which, in lengthy paraphrase, may be rendered 'Who has will, has not power ; who has power, has not will.' The limitation lies in the circumstances, or in the want of desire. My brother was one of those 'who willed, but could not,' and the limitation arose from the hampering effects of ill-health. To a man with a ruling passion, and a passion which in his case would have made his life an

outdoor and a roving one, this limitation must have been especially trying. But through constant wearying attacks of illness, through years when the discomforts of a helpless condition gradually grew upon him, he possessed his soul in patience; his mental strength grew with the curtailment of physical power, and his endurance was fortified by the carrying out of an extremely old-fashioned prescription—a simple faith in God. He asked for patience, and he received it. In the prayer-book he constantly used, where the fly-leaf contains the Lord's Prayer in Spanish, the last page but one has a brief petition in the following words: 'Merciful Father, teach and strengthen me to bow without complaint, or inward repining, to Thy chastening hands, for the sake of Thy beloved Son.' Many passages in the Psalms and Collects are underlined, and on his Churchless Sundays he never omitted to read the services for the day. There grew upon him, in the later years of his life, a reverent love for the Church in which he had been brought up, coupled with a large-heartedness which that love does not always adopt as its yokefellow.

These are extracts from his diary :

' *December 31, 1893.*—So ends 1893. One of the most sad of my life, from the loss of my two dear brothers in April and July respectively, and one of the most grievous to the best interests of England from the depression of Agriculture and Trade of all sorts, the disastrous and appalling catastrophe of the "Victoria," the Coal Strike, and the progress of Socialism and Anarchy. Personally, in spite of our family griefs, I have cause for infinite gratitude to Almighty God for general good health of my C. and self, for the splendid summer that allowed me to be out so much, for the miraculous progress and recovery of our dear sister M., and for the countless everyday blessings that one thinks of too little when young and active, but learns to value with advancing years. I only humbly pray for more thorough thankfulness and content for the New Year. Ornithology has been much advanced. In my own collection of live animals I have had many deplorable losses, and some few valuable acquisitions. I have, chiefly through the kindness of Mr. E. A. Burton, of the Lodge, Daventry, become possessor of some welcome additions to

my collection of the birds of our county and neighbourhood. The game season has been fair, rather above our average, but evidently less productive than the season of 1892. A very dry year such as this 1893 is seldom super-excellent for game, and Snipe and Wildfowl have hitherto been remarkable from their scarcity.'

'*November 15, 1895.*—Cosgrave reports the death of the Spanish Ichneumon sent to me last year by the Comte de Paris, and brought in the corpse of one of the Black-headed Partridges; I sent the Ichneumon to Walter Rothschild. Far worse than these losses is the death of poor old "Sardo," my Blue Rock Thrush, taken by me from the nest in 1882 on S. Stefano, Straits of Bonifacio, my constant, quaint, and most amusing companion ever since, and a charming singer, beloved of my C. since our marriage; he died (as I believe) chiefly of old age, and was singing vigorously this morning. I shall never have his like again.'

'*December 31, 1895.*—So ends the year 1895, which has been one full of mercies to me, mingled of course with some great sorrows and the usual small annoyances; but the general good health

of my wife, and other untold blessings wholly undeserved, fill my heart with thankfulness to the Almighty. The death of my dear old friend Exeter<sup>1</sup> was an irreparable loss to very many besides myself. The splendid summer, the measure of health with which I have been blessed, the endless proofs of remembrance received from old friends and new, and the acquisitions to my living collection, are an aggregate of good that go far to wiping out personal griefs and will cause me to look back with intensified gratitude to God upon the Old Year.'

The year 1896 opened for my brother much as its predecessors had done. All his indoor occupations interested him as much as usual, and with the exception of some severe twinges of pain in the spring he was, to all appearance, in a fair state of health.

Perhaps some dim prevision of a life not realised, some scarcely conscious intimation of a coming change, which visits those who are gradually being led towards the place of shadows

<sup>1</sup> Marquis of Exeter.

which we call Death, mingled, during the last few months, with my brother's ordinary lines of thought; for he spoke to my sister-in-law, in a manner not usual with him, of his wishes on certain points, and dwelt on the recollection of serene days of happiness spent with her.

On May 8 his first grandchild<sup>1</sup> was born at Lilford, and more welcome even than the appearance in his morning-room of a consignment of rare and valuable skins, was the sight of the bundle of flannel that contained the precious little heir. During the beautiful May weather he was out as usual in his bath-chair, and was able to attend the otter hunt of May 30.

It was in the early morning of June 3 that he was seized with the malady which he most dreaded, the pitiless influenza, which had already attacked him a few years previously with great severity. He made a fair rally however, in spite of a relapse some ten days after the original attack, and seemed to be holding his own up to June 16. But that day chanced to be the most overpoweringly hot one of a hot and dry summer,

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Thomas Atherton Powys.



and he had not sufficient vitality to resist its effects.

On the morning of the 17th a fatal attack of syncope set in, and about four o'clock in the afternoon he passed into the life whose law is progression in all knowledge, and where faithful service finds its choicest reward in widened possibilities. It is not possible, nor is it needful, to describe the dark shadow that the news of his loss threw over the place and neighbourhood. The radiance of summer beauty lay over the grey old house and the brightly coloured flowers, and the sun sparkled on the slow-moving river, as in happier seasons. Yet it seemed to sorrowing hearts as though the light itself were dimmed, and the passing shadows deepened. Deep regret and sympathy were felt throughout the country when the news became known. Neighbours near and far had either visited, or knew by report, the old country house on the Nene, and the unique personality and surroundings of its owner had excited an interest even in those who had no personal knowledge of him.

'You would hardly believe how the sad news has affected all classes,' wrote the Rev. F. M.

Stopford, Rector of the Lilford living of Tichmarsh. 'Hardly anyone but has felt it as a personal grief; even the Radical papers have kindly notices.'

Letters poured in expressive of the personal loss sustained by the writers, and case after case came to light where the left hand knew at length what the right had been doing. Mr. Devereux, of St. Mary's, Hoxton, told a story of ever-ready help continued anonymously for years, and a poor student of natural history could point to a meagre bookshelf enriched by the gift of copies of the 'Coloured Plates.' And those were only isolated instances of the many acts of kindness dictated by a warm heart to a crippled hand.

The services he rendered to the science of ornithology only ended with his life. Professor Newton writes: 'His promise to defray the cost of a plate in each number of the *Ibis* was more than literally fulfilled for the rest of his life.' He was not only the President, but the mainstay of a Natural History Society formed in his own county, and exercised a discreet generosity in supporting almost every scheme that made for

the progress of zoology. 'On a good case being made out his pecuniary help was always forthcoming and never stinted in amount.'

He commissioned Dr. Henry Guillemard to investigate the zoology of Cyprus, and partly furnished the means for Mr. Trevor Battye's expedition to the island of Kolguev. Many museums have been enriched by his liberality.

From his collection of birds' eggs no fewer than four Great Auk's eggs were given away during his lifetime.

He had, for some years past, felt a strong wish that a work dealing with the European mammals should be given to the world by someone competent to undertake the task, and, owing to his personal liberality and support, the scheme seemed likely to be carried out. Mr. Oldfield Thomas, of the British Museum, Cromwell Road, writes to me October 27, 1896: 'Your brother put at my disposal a sum of £50 a year for the improvement of our collection of European mammals, and this quite unofficially and privately, without any formal acknowledgment and merely for the advancement of science. For many years he had a great wish

that a general work should be published on the mammals of Europe, and it was on my telling him that specimens must be collected in large numbers before such a work could be prepared, that he offered to assist in the way I have mentioned.'

The following is from Mr. H. E. Dresser, F.L.S., author of 'Birds of Europe,' an old friend of my brother's :

'The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W.: March 29, 1900.

' . . . When writing the memoir of your late brother, Lord Lilford, I hope you will lay full stress on the fact of his extreme generosity and kindness of heart to those who were deserving and in need of assistance. I have on several occasions acted as his almoner in order that the recipient should not know from whence the assistance came, and I think I have already given you full particulars of at least one instance of his disinterested generosity. He was always ready and most willing to assist any young naturalist or explorer who was hampered for want of funds, and I think I have told you how generously he came forward and offered me

substantial pecuniary assistance when I was writing and publishing, at my own expense, my work on the "Birds of Europe," and which then threatened to be a losing concern. That I was able to weather the storm without his kindly proffered assistance does not make me less grateful to him, for it gave me fresh courage to proceed with the work when I began to feel somewhat downhearted.

'You can perhaps best testify to his sweetness of disposition, but I cannot help recalling how I have seen him sitting with his hands swathed in cotton wool, when suffering from a severe attack of gout, and at the same time conversing as pleasantly as if he were in perfect health, when so many men, under similar circumstances, would be using somewhat strong language.

'I remain, yours sincerely,

'H. E. DRESSER.'

The following recollections are from one who knew him well, who was with him through many attacks of serious illness :

‘I well remember our first meeting. It was at dinner in Upper Brook Street, in 1882.

‘There was something very attractive in the strong handsome face and gentle voice, and in the self-forgetfulness of one who, though obviously ill and in pain, was interested in everyone around him and in every subject but himself.

‘There was an especial charm, too, in talking to one who seemed to be on friendly terms with strange birds and beasts—who was as familiar with a Lämmergeyer or an Imperial Eagle as with a Sparrowhawk; who “knew them at home,” as boys at Winchester used sometimes to say of familiar friends—quite a different thing from knowing their stuffed skins in a cabinet, and productive of a different type of naturalist.

‘In after years, when I had the privilege of knowing Lord Lilford much better, it was easier to understand the attractiveness of his character in the extraordinary calm, the unselfish gentleness under conditions which most of us would have found intolerable. For although under Lady Lilford’s constant care

and devoted nursing, attacks of illness became less acute and life more bearable, scarcely a day was passed without pain, and there was no escape from utter helplessness.

‘ Few even of his friends knew how complete this helplessness was, and under what difficulties existence was carried on. They scarcely realised that during the last ten years of his life he was not only unable to stand, but even to turn from side to side without help, and that the only possible exercise was taken in a bath-chair, into which and out of which he was lifted in a sheet by his servants.

‘ Yet he accounted his life a happy one—happier than that of most—and he was continually employed, either in untold acts of kindness—often to mere strangers—or in preparing the two beautiful works on ornithology by which, when those who knew and loved him are no more, his name will chiefly be remembered.

‘ And through it all there was no thought of self-advertisement, no wish for notoriety. He seemed free from all the meaner aims and ambitions. There was no consciousness even of social position.

‘Nor was there ever a murmur at his helplessness and pain, nor an angry word for a servant who might hurt his sensitive limbs, but perfect courtesy for all, even for the tiresome and the ignorant; courtesy and consideration which came from the wide understanding of a great heart. Courtesy which almost enabled him to “suffer fools gladly.”’

‘As a field naturalist few can have been his equals. As a rule we are too energetic, too hurried, to be good observers. But Lord Lilford had the rare power of being still. In Nature all things come to those who can wait, and to those only. We are apt to forget that in the open air hundreds of creatures see us of whose existence we are unaware; that hundreds of others hear us; that while we think ourselves quiet and observant, our movements, our footsteps, our voices are for ever betraying us.

‘Lord Lilford was the great exception to this rule. He could be still. And so the squirrels would come to his feet, the moorhens would nod and chuckle round him, and the kingfisher would settle on his rod. And he in the meantime, from the prison of his bath-chair,



would reap that rich "harvest of a quiet eye." Always in sympathy with Nature he could see the faint footprint of an otter on the bank, and know the bird on the horizon by its flight, or the little hawk far overhead by its cry.

'One instance among many I will give of his natural history instincts. In the summer of 1886, news was brought that a small hawk with sharp wings and a cry like that of a Wryneck, had been seen a few miles away. Lord Lilford not only decided that it was a Hobby (a little falcon which comes and goes with the swallows), but that it had a nest in an oak-tree in a certain wood; a wood with which, unhappily, he could have had no recent acquaintance.

'The next morning, between three and four o'clock, Richard Cosgrave, the head falconer, went in search of the nest. I happened to be at Lilford and went with him.

'How little do we see of that heaven-sent time, the top of a midsummer morning, when the dew is fresh on the grass and the breath of the country is sweet, and all creatures are our friends! That morning the birds we passed seemed hardly afraid of us, and a fox trotting

slowly home after its night's hunting stopped and turned to stare.

'It was always Lord Lilford's favourite time. In earlier life he was often at the riverside before the world was well awake.

'No woodman had yet disturbed the wood; so the nest was soon found—in an old crow's nest, on the top of a high oak tree, just as Lord Lilford had predicted—and three young Hobbies were crouching at the bottom of it.<sup>1</sup>

'All through that summer one of the most delightful things in the world was to watch them "at hack"; free to fly where they liked, ever ready to return to the falconer's whistle. At one moment dots in the blue sky, at the next light as Ariel playing round our heads.

'No one knew better than Lord Lilford the beauty of the flight of a sharp-winged bird, and until the time came for these rare little falcons to go South they were a continual delight to him.

<sup>1</sup> 'The accompanying photograph shows them on their arrival at Lilford, still covered with "down," and with new "jesses" on their legs. In another two of them are seen sitting on the falconer's hand, their long feathers grown and their training over.'



*Photo. F. D. Breed.*

**HOBBIES.**





*Photo. by F. D. Dressitt.*

HOBBIES ON FALCONER'S HAND. SEPTEMBER 1886.

From Nest at Lilford, July 1886.



‘And they, on their part, must have been sorry when one September day it was found that they had obeyed the inexorable law of migration, and had left the good food and the thick elms of Lilford, to march with their tribe.

‘For mere falconry they had not been a success, even under Cosgrave’s careful training. The feet and claws of a Hobby are too small to be very dangerous to other birds.

‘Lord Lilford used to say that sometimes they caught bats in the evening, but that they generally fed on large moths and cockchafers. Degenerate falcons Hobbies seem to be, who have resigned their rightful pursuit of ornithology to become entomologists!

‘Many other Falcons were to be seen at Lilford. Every visitor to the house knew them on their blocks under the cedar.

‘Trained Peregrines were always there, and varieties of Peregrines from all parts of the world; though the oak, and the elm, and the bonnie beech tree grew too well in Northamptonshire to permit much hawking, except with a short-winged Goshawk.

‘Wild Peregrines, too, every winter followed

the wild-duck to the valley of the Nene and found sanctuary. No keeper shot or trapped them, and Lord Lilford himself used to say :

“ I would rather see a fine stoop and kill by a wild falcon than shoot fifty brace of partridges to my own gun.”

‘ Two beautiful Greenland Falcons were at Lilford in the eighties. Great calm birds full of dignity.

‘ Lanners, too, were generally to be seen on the terrace—near relations of the Peregrine—but with the light and dark markings less clearly defined. One missed the dark head and the broad black moustache and narrow black bars of the old Peregrine. In England they are not now considered good hunting hawks. But Lord Lilford was always interested in them. In the good old days of falconry the Lanner had a great reputation among falconers ; but when the world for its sins was cursed with guns and gun-powder, falconry died, and now the Lanner’s name is almost forgotten.

‘ All Lanners come from the south ; Lord Lilford’s were brought from Spain and Morocco. He believed that there are two unrecognised



varieties—one with a paler head than the other. Possibly one reason why the Greenland Falcon and the Lanner neither live long nor fly well with us, is owing to the fact that each comes from a very different climate to that of England, and requires greater skill in training than the nineteenth century possesses. On the Sahara the Lanner is the favourite falcon of the Arabs. An Arab sheik who kept falcons in South Algeria once told me that he preferred the Lanner to the Peregrine. His Lanners flew excellently and were so tame that two of them would sit side by side, unhooded, on my arm. In Egypt, too, a Lanner dashing after a dove-cot pigeon or calmly flying across the Nile with a Pied Kingfisher in its claws, followed by a screaming crowd of the victim's nearest relations, are sights not to be forgotten.

‘The god Horus, the emblem of the morning, evidently has the head of a Lanner. There was every reason why one who knew as much of the history of birds as Lord Lilford should reverence the Lanner.

‘I well remember his delight on seeing four Lanner's eggs which I brought him from a nest

on one of the Pyramids. Lanners must have nested there in the time of Abraham.

‘ Many only know our large birds of prey from those seen in Zoological Gardens—drooping, dejected, draggle-tailed, dirtier often than a London sparrow in December—with no protection (save the bars of the cage) from snow or rain, or August sun. To such it was a revelation to visit Lilford. There, in the eagle-house, Harriers, Buzzards, and Kites in perfect plumage would fly round Lord Lilford’s head as he was wheeled into the enclosure. A Tawny Eagle would quietly sit on a branch close by him, and an Egyptian Vulture which had not lost any of its small allowance of self-respect, with bright yellow face and clean feathers, would march up to the wheels of the bath-chair.

‘ In the separate enclosures the Black and Griffon Vultures danced and curtseyed as if they enjoyed life, White-shouldered Imperial Eagles of different ages sat side by side, and Golden Eagles nested. Across the courtyard sat a White-tailed Eagle, Irish born and English bred, the oldest inhabitant of the aviary. It arrived

at Lilford during the Crimean war and lived until 1898.

'It was an instance — probably an unusual one — of a bird living much longer in captivity than it could have lived in freedom. Unlike the Golden Eagle, which has its nest in a Highland deer forest and is protected by the owner, the White-



*Young Lammergeeys  
at roost  
Lilford. 1893.  
J.D.D.*

tailed Eagle (the Erne, the Sea-Eagle) haunts the sea-coast, and has been the target of every

skin-hunting shore-shooter and bird-stuffer, until it has been practically exterminated. This bird, at all events, escaped that fate.

‘But of all the sights of Lilford, perhaps the most startling was that of two Lämmergeyers flying round the house, or over the deer park. Gigantic birds, larger than any Golden Eagle, fierce-eyed, and bearded like goats: so harmless that neither deer nor Indian partridges in the field were alarmed when the great shadow of their wings passed by; but so fearful looking that when one of them descended, like Lucifer, on the neighbouring village of Pilton, the women and children fled to their houses, and fastened windows and doors.

‘It was often a pleasant surprise to see in the aviaries birds which one only knew from a stuffed skin or inaccurate drawing. The Avocet, for example—now one of our rarest visitors—is generally known from an engraving in which a black-and-white bird, apparently the size of a stork and the shape of a soda-water bottle, is standing bolt upright. But all preconceived notions of the Avocet had to be changed when a flock of these beautiful little birds arrived

from Spain, and could be seen running like Sandpipers round an aviary pool and fishing for food with their graceful *retroussé* bills half under water.

‘The Bittern is another instance. Whether in an engraving or seen as a stuffed skin in a glass case, it is generally standing upright—fierce, open-billed, its tawny mane spread, looking rather like a lion. There were several Bitterns at one time or another at Lilford; curious skulking birds, evidently trusting to their colour to escape observation when approached; then generally crouching; always motionless, sometimes with bills pointing to the sky, and with long thin necks drawn out until they exactly imitated dead sticks with brown mottled bark.

‘One evening at Lilford I had the rare chance of watching a Bittern when uttering its wonderful “booming” note. It was about an hour after sunset, not too dark to see it. The head was slowly lowered until it touched the ground, which it tapped once or twice. Then a double note was repeated two or three times—the first a faint distant grunt, the second a loud hollow sound, something like the lowing of

an ox. It could have been nearly imitated by drumming with the fist on an empty barrel.

' Much more could be said on such a fascinating subject as the bird-life of Lilford, but a more competent authority, Professor Newton of Cambridge, has already shown in his excellent introduction to Lord Lilford's book on "British Birds" how greatly ornithologists are indebted to the author. I only write as one who must be for ever grateful for what I learnt from Lord Lilford, both as a man and as an ornithologist.

' The word "auspicious" is said to be derived from the words *aves* = birds, and *spicere* = to look at; Lord Lilford's happy life, a pleasure to himself and a source of pleasure to others, helps us to believe in the truth of that derivation.

' F. DAWTREY DREWITT,' M.D.



Oystercatchers. Lilford. 1892.  
 " A Lecture " F.D.



*Photo, F. D. Dyeatt.*

GREENLAND FALCON. Lilford 1886.





## CHAPTER VI

Lord Lilford's Notes on his Aviaries at Lilford—Fragment of unpublished Article—*Lepus Lilfordi*—Finis.

ON special days during the summer months the grounds at Lilford were thrown open to visitors from the neighbouring towns. The day's outing was most popular, and streams of excursionists from Northampton, Peterborough, and other smaller towns, added to their knowledge of the feathered world by the inspection of the aviaries at Lilford. On these occasions, in spite of my brother's politics, which were sufficiently indicated by his playful signature of 'yours Torily' in letters to intimate friends, a Northampton cobbler from a Radical club had as good a chance of a ticket of admission as any workman of Conservative views. It is pleasant to add that the privilege was never abused, by either Radical or Tory.

The following notes were written by my

brother for the Natural History Society at Northampton, and were read at one of their meetings in 1894 :

*NOTES ON LIVING ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTION  
AT LILFORD*

‘ . . . I will begin by a cordial invitation to all present who may care to see my collections,



PALE VARIETY OF HONEY BUZZARD  
AT LILFORD 1892. PEN-AND-INK  
SKETCH.

to pay them a visit in May, June, July, or August, simply asking that any who are so disposed will write to me direct, giving name, address, and probable number of party. . . .

‘ It is probable that some of those present have already visited Lilford, and to these I sorrowfully announce that my old

raven, whom they will remember as one of the most amusing of our living creatures, went blind some years ago and died last year.



A. Thorburn.

BITTERN.

Lilford 1887. Sent from Norfolk 1895.



His companion of later years is quite as amusing, but not quite so familiar and sociable as the "late lamented," whose name he constantly repeats and has apparently taken to himself.

'One afternoon in November last I heard these ravens making a very unusual clamour close in front of the house, and on looking out of window perceived that they had got hold of, and nearly killed, a Peregrine Falcon. I sent out a servant, who secured the falcon without difficulty. We found that it was an old wild bird suffering from a sort of asthma known to falconers as the "croaks," and somewhat poor in flesh. I would willingly have tried to keep this falcon alive and restored it to liberty, but the ravens had injured it so severely that it was only common mercy to kill it. How and why it allowed itself to be seized and worried by its antagonists we can never know.

'Our Spanish Bear will also probably be remembered by any who have come to Lilford during the ten years that she has been here; I am glad to say that she is still well, though occasionally subject to rheumatism resulting

from an injury to one of her legs on her journey to this place. In connection with this animal a rather amusing incident occurred some years ago. I was anxious to provide her with a companion of the other sex, and having heard of several of these in the possession of a dealer, during my absence from home entered into negotiations for the purchase of a young male from Russia. The dealer in question accepted my terms without sending me a reply, and the next news of the matter that reached me at Bournemouth was a telegram from Lilford announcing the arrival there of a *female* bear, without any previous warning or advice of despatch. Upon this I telegraphed to the dealer, saying that the animal sent was of the wrong sex and would be returned to him at once. It will hardly be believed that on receiving this message my enterprising friend sent off a second bear to Lilford without notice, and again a female!—so that for one night there were three she-bears on the premises.

‘My old bear is very good-tempered as a rule, but on one or two occasions has shown great fury to strangers without any apparent

cause. She is now so accustomed to solitude as regards her own species, that I should hardly like to introduce a younger and weaker bear of either sex into her company. It is perhaps worthy of note that this bear is particularly fond of the leaves of the elm, but either wholly rejects or shows no liking for those of any other of our common trees.

‘My collection of *mammalia* is small. Perhaps the most interesting of this order of animals to the general public now living at Lilford, would be the Ruffed Lemur from Madagascar, a beautiful nocturnal animal allied to the family of monkeys, with fine long black-and-white fur. Two Collared Fruit-bats have been here some years, but as these beasts spend the whole day hanging head downwards from the top of their cage, I can hardly expect that the ordinary visitor should care much about them; their bodies are, roughly speaking, about the size of a moderate-sized common rat; the outstretched wings would measure about three feet, perhaps more, from point to point. This species breeds annually in the Zoological Gardens, whence I procured my specimens. It

is found in Egypt, Palestine, and Cyprus, where it commits great ravages upon dates and other fruit.

‘I have living specimens of the four European species of Dormouse, but have nothing of any general interest to record about them except that one species, known as the “Garden Dormouse,” does not exhibit the drowsy tendencies of our common English Dormouse or the two others of this family in the daytime, but is always remarkably active, and ready to bite and scratch whenever handled. We have during the last two years bred a good many of the exceedingly pretty striped mouse of Africa, known as the Barbary mouse, from a pair procured for me by a friend in Morocco.

‘We have not taken the trouble to make special pets of any of these mice, but they are not only very tameable, but also capable of a considerable amount of education. A lady<sup>1</sup> who paid us a visit last year brought one of these little animals with her, and had taught it to sit up on a doll’s chair, open a little cupboard and take sugar from a drawer, hold up and drink

<sup>1</sup> The Honourable Mabel de Grey.



milk or tea from a tea-cup, sham dead at her command, and perform other tricks; in fact this mouse displayed quite as much intelligence as an average lady's lapdog, in his degree.

‘ Although we have had many losses amongst my birds of prey, some of the oldest denizens of our aviaries are of this class, in fact the most ancient living creature in the collection is a White-tailed or Sea Eagle, taken from a nest in the south of Ireland in the early spring of 1854, and therefore now very nearly forty years of age. It is only of late that she has shown any signs of old age in a certain lack of activity that causes her to remain much upon the ground instead of perching, but she is still in very fine plumage, and it would, I think, be extremely dangerous for a stranger to venture into her compartment.

‘ This species of eagle has been so persecuted and killed down in its former breeding-haunts in Scotland and Ireland, that I may say with certainty that, at the outside, not more than three pairs now nest in the United Kingdom. A few stragglers visit our country irregularly on passage, probably from Norway, and meet with

no mercy; being, with few exceptions, shot or trapped at once, and almost invariably recorded in the newspapers as "magnificent specimens of the *Golden Eagle*."

' This Golden Eagle is far more common in Scotland than the Sea Eagle, but fortunately seldom travels to any very considerable distance from its mountain haunts. Northamptonshire is one of the few English counties that can lay claim to an occurrence of the Golden Eagle within its limits, whilst nearly every English county is guilty of the blood of the Sea Eagle. A very fine immature female of this latter species was killed at Oakley, near Kettering, in February 1891, and I am acquainted with several other occurrences in Northamptonshire. In my opinion there is no sense or reason in the destruction of an eagle in our country, but so long as *British* bird-collectors offer long prices for specimens slaughtered within the limits of the four seas, every loafer with a gun will very naturally shoot every feathered thing that offers him a chance.

' Mr. Cosgrave, my chief in charge of the Lilford collections, assures me that the birds

which afford most amusement to our numerous visitors are a Black and a Griffon Vulture which have been here since 1865 and 1867. They were both taken in my presence from their respective nests in Spain. The former bird is a female, and for the last twelve or thirteen years has regularly made a large nest and laid from one to three eggs annually. Since the Griffon (of whose sex I am uncertain) has been in the same compartment with this Black Vulture, it has annually taken a share in making the nest, and displayed quite equal ferocity on the approach of human visitors. The first egg is generally laid during the first week of March.

‘As I considered the pairing of these two birds—though extremely improbable—as not entirely impossible, I have once or twice left the eggs in the nest, but, although assiduously incubated by both birds, they have invariably proved infertile. However, for months after the eggs have been removed the Black Vulture, when anyone approaches the front of the compartment, goes through a variety of most grotesque antics that provoke the most stolid

of visitors into roars of laughter, and must be seen to be believed in. At all events, I should be extremely puzzled to do them adequate justice with pen and ink. During this performance of its companion, the Griffon Vulture frequently assumes very absurd attitudes of defiance—possibly of admiration—but does not take any very active part in the “show.”

‘ We have two fine Bearded Vultures, or Lämmergeyers, one of which (with a companion that has died very lately) enjoyed complete liberty, since its arrival here as a nestling, till a few days ago, when I was obliged to have it caught up and confined on account of its insisting on making the roof of the house its roosting-place. I extremely regret this necessity, as the sight of these large birds soaring about the place, generally pursued by a cloud of rooks, was certainly unique in England, and afforded to me, who am well acquainted with the Lämmergeyer in its native haunts, a constant source of interest and pleasant memories of localities that are still, to a great extent, unspoiled by man.

‘ These birds of mine were very tame and perfectly harmless ; indeed, with the exception of a



A. Thorburn.

LÄMMERGEYER (*Adult Plumage*).  
Lilford 1887. Brought from Spain 1878.



few playful attacks on trousers, gaiters, petticoats, and boots, I never heard of any malice on their part towards any living creature. Their natural food consists of carrion and garbage of all sorts, tortoises, and other small reptiles, and I hold the many stories that are current on the Continent of their carrying off children, lambs, and kids, as very nearly, if not entirely, mythical.

‘ Amongst the most beautiful of our recent acquisitions in Raptorial birds is an adult white-bellied Sea Eagle from Australia. This is the first of its species that I ever possessed, and its strikingly contrasted plumage of pure rich grey and white renders it a very great ornament to the collection. I have many other eagles of great interest to myself, but not calling for special notice in notes intended for a more or less *public* meeting. Of my favourite birds the owls, I have at this time of writing some twenty different species alive. I may mention as special varieties amongst them, a very fine Nepaul Wood Owl, a South African Eagle Owl, and four Ural Owls. I believe these birds to be the only living representatives of their respective species now in England.

‘Whilst on the subject of owls, I may add that for several years past I have annually set at liberty a considerable number of *the* Little Owl, properly so called (*Athene noctua*), from Holland, and that several pairs of these most amusing birds have nested and reared broods in the neighbourhood of Lilford. It is remarkable that although this species is abundant in Holland, and by no means uncommon in certain parts of France, Belgium, and Germany, it has been rarely met with in a wild state in our country. I trust, however, that I have now fully succeeded in establishing it as a Northamptonshire bird, and earnestly entreat all present who may have the opportunity to protect and encourage these birds. They are excellent mouse-catchers, and very bad neighbours to young sparrows in their nests; therefore, valuable friends to farmers and gardeners. The nest of this owl is generally placed either in a hollow tree, at no great height from the ground, or in vacant spaces in the masonry of old buildings. The parent birds are very bold in defence of their young, and a neighbour of ours has had his hat knocked off by one of these Little Owls





*A. Thorburn.*

**MONTAGU'S HARRIER.**

Black Variety (with black iris) from France. Lilford 1893.



as he passed near the ash-tree in which there was a brood of young—a fact of which he was quite unconscious.

‘I confess that when this story was originally told to me by a third person I had my doubts as to its truth, but last summer I had an opportunity of inquiring from the aforesaid neighbour, who assured me that not only was this story perfectly true, but that he had been again attacked last year in a different locality by a Little Owl that no doubt had young ones in the roof of an old church hard by. These Little Owls are very easily tamed if taken in hand whilst quite young, and besides their taste for mice are very efficient in the destruction of cockroaches and other beetles.

‘I cannot help once more taking up a text that I have, I fear, worn almost threadbare already; it is—never destroy or molest an owl of any sort. I consider all the owls are not only harmless, but most useful, and the Barn, White, or Screech Owl as perhaps the most serviceable to man of English birds. I think that farmers and gamekeepers have discovered that in destroying owls they are murdering their

best friends, but as long as women persist in disfiguring themselves by wearing owls' heads and wings as ornaments, and dealers will give a price for these birds to make up into screens, for which they find a ready sale, so long will the idiotic destruction of owls continue.

'To revert to the collections at Lilford, we have a large number of caged birds of many different species, amongst which I may specially mention, as sweet singers, a Blue Rock Thrush that we took from the nest on the coast of Sardinia nearly twelve years ago, and two of a small dark race of Blackcap from Madeira that have passed five winters at Lilford, and are both singing in the room in which I am now writing.

'I must not forget the very beautiful Indian birds commonly known as "Shâma," of which I have two. The natural notes of this bird are very varied and powerful—many of them extremely sweet—and they readily imitate the songs of other species and, indeed, almost any other sound that they can compass. To those of you who care about birds, and are not acquainted with the Shâma, I may say that this bird is larger than a Redbreast, to which it has a cer-

tain resemblance in shape, but it has a tail longer in relative proportion than that of our Common Magpie. Roughly speaking, the upper parts of the plumage, head, and throat are glossy black, the breast of a tawny orange colour, and the long tail black and white. No more charming cage-bird than this can be found ; but, alas ! it is not very long-lived and very susceptible of cold and damp.

‘Another cage-bird worthy of notice, from its rarity, beauty, and pleasant song, is the so-called “Teydean” Chaffinch. The natural habitat of this species is strictly limited to a high zone of the Peak of Tenerife. It has never been met with elsewhere. I may briefly describe this bird as considerably larger than our Common Chaffinch and of a general fine grey colour.

‘I have recently lost another bird of great interest from its rarity and the locality from which it was forwarded to me. I allude to the Chestnut-winged Grackle (*Amydrus Tristrami*). This bird, the only one of its species that has ever been seen alive in this country, is of a family allied to the Starlings and Crows, and

was procured from the neighbourhood of the monastery of Mar-saba, not far from Bethlehem. The monks protect and encourage these birds, which become quite tame and nest in the caverns and fissures of the cliffs in the gorge of the "Brook Kedron," and similar localities in Southern Palestine. Mar-saba is somewhat difficult of access, but frequently visited by tourists in the Holy Land, to whom the bird to which I am referring is generally known as the Golden-winged Blackbird. Canon Tristram tells us that the male has a loud and melodious whistle, but my bird was a female, and almost silent.

'Amongst my most beautiful cage-birds I must note two species of South American Jay, the Common Blue Jay of North America, the so-called "Blue Robin" from the same country, the Green Leaf-Bird from South India, and a Troupial from Brazil.

'In what we at Lilford specially designate as *the* aviaries I have a considerable variety of birds from different parts of the world. Amongst those most likely to arrest the attention of visitors unlearned in birds are a group of

Avocets, with their curiously delicate up-turned beaks, their plumage of pure black and white, and their long grey legs and half-webbed feet. These pretty and interesting birds were formerly common in certain parts of England, and bred in considerable numbers upon the coast of Norfolk, but have now become scarce from the persecution of gunners and egg-stealers. My Avocets were sent to me from Holland.

‘ We have also several Sea Pies, better known perhaps as Oyster-catchers, and a good many other small wading birds such as Curlew, Godwits of both species, Ruffs and Reeves, Redshanks and Knots. The antics of the Ruffs during May and June are most amusing.

‘ As I believe that the breeding of the Wood-pigeon in captivity is not a common occurrence, I mention that a pair of these birds nested and laid four times last year in the compartment of the aviary nearest to the house at Lilford, and reared three young birds to maturity. I have a fine pair of the Wood-pigeon peculiar to the island of Madeira (*Columba trocaz*), and many of the very beautiful Crested Doves of Australia, which breed freely in the bushes of the aviary.

Another very brilliantly plumaged bird of the pigeon family is the green and gold Nicobar Pigeon, but this bird has no attraction except the brilliancy of its plumage; it is sluggish, and often remains crouching under a bush for hours together.

‘ Some fine Purple Gallinules or Waterhens, with red beaks and legs, are pretty sure to attract notice. The birds of this family now in the aviary are from Cochin China.

‘ We have four species of Ibis—the brilliant Scarlet Ibis from South America, the black and white Sacred Ibis from the Upper Nile, the Australian Ibis that very closely resembles it, and a small flock of the European Glossy Ibis. These last-named birds were sent to me from Spain, and it may amuse some of you to hear that in the winter of 1892 I sent out a list of birds to an agent in Seville, who has for some years been in the habit of collecting live birds for me. In making out this list I wrote opposite to the Spanish name of the Glossy Ibis (which is not in most seasons a very common bird in Andalusia), two Spanish words that might be liberally translated as meaning a



good many. My amazement may be imagined when I inform you that in June 1893 I heard from my agent aforesaid that he had ninety-five of these birds awaiting my orders! I told him that I did not want more than twenty or thirty at the outside, but he nevertheless shipped sixty of them from Gibraltar, all of which were landed alive and in good condition in London, and twelve of them forwarded to Lilford.<sup>1</sup> These birds have a very peculiar habit of taking the sun by elevating one wing to its full extent towards the sky and drooping the other to the ground in an attitude that I have never seen in any other bird.

‘In the central division of the aviary are a small flock of Alpine Choughs, very active and noisy birds, with black plumage, yellow beaks, and red legs. Many of this species have nested and laid eggs in their compartment, but in the few instances in which the eggs have been hatched out, the parent birds have abandoned their young.

‘I have had many of that beautiful species

<sup>1</sup> Many of these were given by my brother to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, where they have continually nested and reared young ones.

the Red-legged or Cornish Chough, but although they thrive well in complete liberty, I have found it impossible to keep them in health in the aviary for any length of time.

‘Other most lively and amusing inmates of this part of the aviary are the Nutcrackers—rare and irregular stragglers of the Crow family to our country, but common enough in many of the forests of Central and Northern Europe. These birds, in their native haunts, commence laying in March, whilst the snow still lies deep upon the ground. Whether from this or some other cause it is, comparatively speaking, only of recent years that the eggs of the Nutcrackers have become generally known to ornithologists, and I had offered a high price for the living bird to English and foreign dealers for thirty years before I could obtain even one of them. During the last few years I have been offered many more of these birds than I require. The seeds of various coniferous trees, especially those of *Pinus cembra*, are the favourite food of the Nutcracker.

‘The farthest division of the aviary, divided into three compartments, I have devoted principally to aquatic birds, amongst which a small .

group of Flamingoes are perhaps the most remarkable, not only from the beautiful roseate colour of the upper parts of their wings, and their extravagantly long necks and legs, but also from the extraordinary and apparently unnatural positions that they constantly assume. On one occasion a damsel who visited the Flamingoes with a large party, on seeing these birds, was heard to exclaim to her mother: "Oh, ma! do just look at these great geese. Wouldn't they just make fine giblets!" We have never put the necks of these birds into culinary use, but the flesh of their bodies is tolerably good eating, and there is a tradition to the effect that their tongues were considered great delicacies by the epicures of Old Rome. I have seen many acres of marsh thickly covered by Flamingoes in Southern Spain, and the effect of the rising or setting sun upon a dense flock of these birds on the wing is indescribably beautiful, giving at a distance the effect of a floating roseate cloud.

'A Pink-headed Duck from India in this part of the aviary, is one of the rarest birds in my collection. During my forty years of live bird collecting I have only obtained three of this

species. The present survivor is a female, and by no means a handsome or conspicuous bird.

‘A small flock of Marbled Ducks from Spain are worthy of notice as exceedingly rare in living collections, though common enough in Andalusia and North-West Africa. Perhaps the most beautiful of the web-footed birds in this portion of our aviaries are the Japanese Teal, but with these little ducks, as indeed with almost all others of the duck family, we have been grievously disappointed in our hopes of nests and eggs. In fact, with regard to the two last-mentioned species, I am not aware of the production even of a single egg. We have a fine pair of the Blue-wavy or White-necked Goose from North America, and of the White Snow Goose from the same country.

‘In the central aviary will be found two very beautiful species of small Herons—the Little and the Buff-backed Egrets. My specimens came to me from Spain, but the latter bird is very abundant also in Egypt, and is constantly pointed out by the guides to British tourists as the Sacred Ibis of the ancient Egyptians—a bird that has for many years been almost unknown

in Lower Egypt. These Egrets are most adroit fly-catchers, and my birds feed themselves to a great extent on these pests during the summer months.

‘I have at this moment a Dominican Gull that has been here for more than twenty years, and has reared several broods of young hybrids, produced by a cross with the common British Herring Gull.

‘An Australian Thick-knee, or Stone Curlew, is a very great favourite with us, from its tameness and quaint attitudes. This is a handsome bird, considerably larger than the Thick-knee or Stone Curlew of this country, with a delicately contrasted plumage of various shades of brown and buff, and brilliant yellow irides.

‘In the courtyard, in a wired enclosure adjoining the domicile of the bear, are two of the Great Skua (*Lestris catarrhactes*), a dark-coloured bird of the Gull family; these birds were sent to me from the island of Foula, in Scotland, which island is, with the exception of one other locality in the same group, the only British breeding-place of this species. A few years ago an enterprising youth at Birmingham issued a

circular, proposing the formation of a syndicate whose members should invest various sums as shares in a fund to enable the advertiser to visit the Orkneys and Shetland Islands to collect birds' eggs, the plunder to be divided according to the respective amount of subscriptions. The eggs of the Great Skua were specially mentioned as likely to be the most valuable result of this looting adventure.

‘In the interest of birds in general, and this bird in particular, I at once sent the circular above mentioned with an indignant protest to the Editor of the *Times*; Mr. Wilson Noble, M.P. for Hastings, with whom I had no acquaintance or correspondence, did the same, and a strong leading article on the subject of the destruction of rare birds appeared in the *Times* simultaneously with these communications. The result of all this was that the editor of one of the leading papers in Birmingham received an evening visit from the author of the circular, who, in fear and trembling and dread of incarceration in the clock tower at Westminster, begged that his advertisement might be withdrawn from circulation, and confessed that it

Great Skua.  
*Larus caudatus*  
Foula 1891  
Drawn from life at Skye.



GREAT SKUA FROM FOULA, LILFORD 1891.





was only a scheme to obtain funds for a private holiday-excursion to the north for egg-collecting.

‘These Skuas were sent to me in charge of a native of Foula, a small island that lies at some eighteen miles distance from the mainland of Shetland; this individual had never seen a tree worthy of the name till he took the train from Aberdeen on his way to Lilford, and although he spoke excellent English, was evidently of pure Scandinavian descent, and to me as a naturalist more interesting even than the birds that he brought with him. The proprietor of Foula who sent me these Skuas is very anxious to protect the breeding birds, but the high price offered for their eggs by unscrupulous collectors often, I fear, proves too great a temptation to the few inhabitants of this rocky and unproductive island.

‘The old Skuas, or “Bonxies” as they are called in Shetland, are very powerful and courageous birds, and in defence of their young will attack not only eagles and other birds of prey, but also any four-footed animal and even human beings. They live principally by robbing other gulls of their prey, and, as I was assured

by the Shetlander before mentioned, frequently catch and devour the smaller gulls themselves ; for this purpose their sharply-curved claws are well adapted.<sup>1</sup>

‘In the next enclosure to the Skuas is a group of Great Bustards from Spain—all birds of last year. This fine species, as most of you are probably aware, was formerly well known and not uncommon as a resident in various parts of England, notably in the open districts of Norfolk, Suffolk, the downs of Sussex, Hampshire, and Wiltshire, and the wolds of Yorkshire ; but enclosure, high farming, and the increase of population have driven the bustards away, and in England nowadays we are only occasionally visited by a few stragglers, that very rarely escape the fate of all uncommon birds. In Spain the Great Bustard is still very numerous, and is not much molested by the natives, who do not esteem its flesh highly. On this subject I cannot do better than refer any of those present who may be interested in sport or natural

<sup>1</sup> There is an entry in my brother’s diary dated August 31, 1891 :—‘ I received from Shetland, as a present from Scott of Melby, two young Great Skuas taken from a nest in Foula by one Thomas Umphray, who came hither with them. He tells me that about forty pairs have taken off their young on that Island this year.’

history to a work entitled "Wild Spain," by Messrs. Abel Chapman and W. Buck.

'In conclusion of our round of inspection at Lilford, we next come to what no doubt will prove to ornithologists the plum of the collection, in an enclosure in the park behind the house, known as the "Pinetum." Here we have a pond with various species of ducks and a pair of Crested Pelicans taking their pleasure thereon, but the main interest centres in the large collection of that very graceful family—the Cranes. Till within a month ago I was the proud possessor of specimens of all the known species of this family save one—the Wattled Crane of South Africa—but, alas! my three beautiful Stanley Cranes all drooped and died within a week, leaving a lamentable gap in the beautiful group.

'The rarest of these Cranes is the Hooded Crane from Japan (*Grus monachus*), and unfortunately the only individual of this species that I have been able to obtain broke a leg last summer, but is in perfect health; this is not a very striking bird, either in colour or size, when compared with other cranes. In my

opinion the very acme of bird-beauty is reached by the Manchurian, or Sacred Crane of Japan, that is so commonly represented in Japanese paintings and embroidery, and I think that the Great White Crane of North America comes as a very close second in elegance of shape and grace of movement. But all the cranes are beautiful, from the stately Sarus of India that reaches to a height of six feet, down to the Demoiselle of about the size of a thin goose.

‘ Before leaving the Pinetum I must relate an occurrence in connection with birds that amused me vastly at the time, and may raise a smile now. A visitor to Lilford who evidently took a great interest in our birds, was just leaving when he suddenly turned to his conductor and said: “By the way, I saw in the papers some time ago that Lord Lilford had given a very long price for an egg of the Great Auk; I trust that he was successful in hatching it”! To those present who are aware that the Great Auk has been virtually extinct in this world for some fifty years, I trust that the humour of this inquiry is apparent.

‘I fear that this chat and the constant but inevitable use of the first person may have wearied many present; to those whom it may have interested I can only repeat the cordial invitation with which it commenced.

‘LILFORD: *February 22, 1894.*’

This fragment was written by my brother shortly before his death. It was possibly the beginning of an article for a magazine :

‘It is only fair to the general reader to warn him or her that the following lines contain neither stirring adventures nor sensational episodes of any kind, nor, indeed, will he find any poetic descriptions of picturesque or romantic scenery.

‘Having thus warned off my “public,” I will invite any brother naturalist of the age that we vaguely denominate as “certain” to cast off some forty years thereof, and accompany me in imagination, gun in hand, for a ramble along our ancient river, let us say in any January from 1848 to 1855 inclusive. I warn him that he will have to content himself with a very modest numerical bag, but I shall confidently hope to

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show him a few phases of English bird-life that are now uncommon and, indeed, only casual at the period to which I wish to carry him with me in memory. I must explain that the incidents that I purpose to relate belong to no one special day, or indeed, to any particular year, but that all of them have occurred to myself personally in the localities of which I treat, and might without improbability have happened in a day's walk at the season above mentioned.

‘ We will, then, turn out after a cup of coffee at daylight, and providing ourselves with warm clothing walk along the meadows on the right bank of the river in its downward course, which is a good deal impeded by sheets of treacherous ice, but still has many reaches of unfrozen water. The snow lies thinly on the ground, but under the high trees between the house and the river the dead leaves are visible, and we are certain to see a considerable congregation of birds of various species seeking their breakfast. Chaffinches are the predominant and perhaps most conspicuous members of the assembly, and it is more than probable that a few of their northern cousins, the Bramblings,

may make themselves scarce from under the beech-trees on our appearance. Several Black-birds are certain to be there and make off with a loud chatter, whilst Robin Redbreast and Hedge Sparrow carry on their search for food without troubling their righteous minds about us. Before reaching the river, at perhaps two hundred yards from the house, we shall, if we keep our eyes open, notice Nuthatches, a Tree-creeper or two, many Tits of at least three species, and very probably a Little Spotted Woodpecker, all employed in a close examination of the branches and twigs of the grove of high trees under which we pass on our way to the boathouse island, which is connected with the mainland by a wooden footbridge over a back-water. Two or three Waterhens, and probably a "Jenny" Wren, will be about the mouth of a small drain near this bridge, and a lovely Grey Wagtail may be there in company. By the way, I would ask my ornithological friends why we should persist in giving the above name to this pretty bird, whose most striking colour is bright sulphur yellow when in full dress? "Yellow" has been very properly applied as a distinctive

appellation to Ray's Wagtail, but grey is the distinguishing dress of the young of the Common or Pied Wagtail, and it strikes me that Long-tailed would be by far the best name for the bird now called "Grey." This bird only visits the neighbourhood of our home in autumn, and a few pairs linger about our streams till April.

'It will be well to cross over to the far side of the little island (which is thickly overgrown with shrubs), and have a look down the river for any "fowl" that may be on the water. . . .'

More than a year after my brother's death, it was found by Mr. W. E. de Winton that some specimens of Spanish hares, presented by my brother to the Natural History Museum at Kensington, belonged to an undescribed species.

Mr. de Winton says: <sup>1</sup>

'It seems perfectly incredible that this well-marked species, by far the most strikingly coloured member of the genus, should never have been described.' . . . 'I have connected with this handsome species' (*Lepus Lilfordi*) 'the

<sup>1</sup> *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, February 1898, p. 154.





J. Smith

SPANISH HARE, *Lepus litfordi*.  
From Specimen in Natural History Museum, South Kensington.



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name of the late Lord Lilford, in memory of the extreme interest he took in the mammals of Europe, and in recognition of the gracious help he was always ready to give in assisting this branch of zoology.'

The work I planned is finished; I have endeavoured to give some faint impression of what my brother was. Of necessity this is an incomplete account of him as a naturalist. That task remains for abler pens. My object in writing has been twofold. 'Get a good idea of Zion' says the writer who penned the 48th Psalm, 'mark her towers, her houses, her bulwarks, that ye may tell them that come after.'

How soon in a family do the generations that come after forget! A noble and useful life passes away, and there are left a few memories, possibly a picture, and a handful of letters; but as a rule the succeeding generations know little of the bygone ancestor, whose life was full of strength or sweetness, or shone with a light that never failed through times of trial or suffering. It is to keep such a memory alive in

the family to which he belonged that I have written this short record of my brother's life.

And for those outside, a revelation of patient industry, pursued under conditions that might well excuse indolence, always has its value, and the example of a richly fruitful life acts almost with the regularity of a law in stimulating others to the production of a harvest of good and conscientious work of which they had perhaps considered themselves incapable.



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