



Reminiscences of her family life

written by Emma Sophia Bent (Moilliet)

for her children in 1910

© 2006 - This history is copywrited. No reproduction or use of quotations is permitted without the expressed permission of the editor.

Transcribed in 1998 by Harold Murray.  
Rededited in 2006.

## THE MOILLIET FAMILY

Monday, June 17th., 1910

My dear Children ...—You have urged me more than once to write down my recollections of my early life and as I am going to spend a week alone, I will take the opportunity of “living in the past” and trying to do what you so much wish — especially, as having reached the age of 66, my memory may soon fail!

[ Sophia died in 1940 at the age of 96. - ed.]

The scenes impressed on the mind during the first years of one's life are very short but always vivid — nothing ever varies. It is like lifting a curtain for a few minutes and seeing the same faces, the same actions and places, and hearing the same voices and places over again — then we let the curtain fall, with a sigh. I think it will be a little difficult to write down some scenes which, tho' sounding common-place enough are always sacred to oneself.

I was the youngest of my mother's six children and was only three years and ten months old when she died. But it will be best to begin by giving a sketch of my ancestors, on both sides, so you will understand who they are that I may happen to mention and how they are related to you by referring back.

### My Father's Family

My Father, as you know, was descended from the Italian nobility. [In fact, the family descended from Russian nobility, the Prince de Mogilew, who lived about 1200, according to the Moilliet genealogical chart. - ed.] Their name was Moliex, and an account of the family is found in the old book called “Nobility of the World”. Religious persecution obliged them to leave all behind and fly to Savoy. They eventually settled in Geneva with only their name and coat of arms & crest on an old family seal. It was not until my great-grandfather, Daniel Moliex's time that the name was changed, for convenience, after much wrong spelling of the old name, in the town records.

It is also evident that Monsieur Daniel Moliet not only changed his name but lost his social position by marrying Marie Baumgartner (of a German Swiss family that had settled in Geneva), for though they appear to have maintained a good position at Basle, they were not admitted into “high society” in Geneva, and were at last compelled to associate with the shop people (those in trade), or remain isolated. It was, therefore, a most unfortunate marriage!

The Baumgartners had bought “St. Jean”, a house then standing outside the old walls of Geneva and situated on a slight elevation overlooking the Rhone river. I may as well mention — though you already know — how extremely exclusive the Genevese were, even for those days of great class exclusion (the closest of friends had to part if either married beneath his station), for it is the Wife and Mother who raises or lowers the family position in Geneva. I do not know for certain but think it probable that the reason why Mons. Daniel Moilliet sent his son Jean Louis to England, as

a very young man (16), was not only to make his fortune, but to try and raise the family to their former position by a good marriage.

John Lewis [as he later became, ed.] had hoped to enter the navy but his delicate health made that quite impossible, so he started a Bank and Foreign Warehouse in Birmingham - the latter was afterwards managed by a Mr. Green, a most trustworthy man, devoted to the family.

[A version told by Hubert Moilliet was that Daniel gave his son ten thousand pounds, which John Lewis placed in a compartment under his carriage seat and when the ship carrying him arrived in Dover, gave his servant instructions to drive into the country as far as a week's passage would take them, and ended up in Smethwick, now a suburb of Birmingham, where he started the Moilliet Bank. History actually records that Jean Lewis Moilliet set himself up in business in London in 1787, moving north two years later. - ed.]

My grandfather, Mr. J.L. Moilliet, was a wonderful linguist. I have also been told that he was a brilliant conversationalist and a delightful host. He was slight and energetic — in some ways delicate, for he could never touch alcohol of any description — and he must have been kind-hearted for when people came to him for advice in their adversity he would always lend them large sums of money, leaving it to them to repay him at their leisure. He had been dead for some years when I can remember a large amount being sent anonymously to my father and his brother Theodore — who were partners in the Bank — from someone who was able, at last, to repay a loan. This windfall was divided between themselves and their two sisters Emily and Susannah.

But to go back, having made his fortune, my grandfather married Amelia Keir, a scottish lady, and after a few years of married life they moved to Handsworth Hall near Birmingham and not far from Great Barr Hall where Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Galton lived until the death of Mr. Galton's father at Duddeston.

Later, my grandfather bought the old Chateau of Prêgny, situated a little distance from Geneva. Prêgny had belonged to the Empress Josephine [wife of Napoleon Bonaparte, - ed], and I have been told that 16 crowned heads of Europe were once assembled in the grand salon. After her death, it belonged to Hortense, but the Genevese refused her permission to live there so her brother, Eugene Beauharnais sold it for her to John Lewis. I have seen the “Deed” and his signature.

My grandfather's brother Antoine never married but his sister Suzanne, unfortunately married her German cousin Doctor Jean Baumgartner in 1806. “Unfortunately”, because it continued, as you will see, to bind the two families together.

My grandmother Amelia was the only child of James Keir Esquire, of Hill Top, near Birmingham — a clever man formerly in the army, which he left for reasons of health. She had been brought up surrounded by bright and cultivated people and her father was described as a man of “most perfect manners”. She herself was a woman of great intellect, very religious, and with a high sense of duty. I can remember her as rather a tall old lady with a dignified, but gentle manner, calm and affectionate and one who would never swerve from duty.

She seemed to thoroughly appreciate the high and cultivated class in and near Geneva (who now received and welcomed the Moilliets (back) into their “set”. She always appeared glad to return to England and, with the exception of her sister-in-law, Madame Baumgartner, evidently found it trying to have to associate also with a family so different from what she was accustomed—mostly because of their “uninteresting” friends!

Of John Lewis’ children, the eldest John, was an officer in the army and died at 24 at Pondicherry in India. My father James, then became heir. His brother Theodore, later his partner in the Bank, was twice married and had two sons by each—the eldest died young—the other three being Ernest, Frank, and Charles.

Of the two daughters, Emily (Amelia) the eldest married first a Mr. Knight (who died within year from a riding accident), and had a daughter, Philippa. Her second husband, a Mr. Powyce (Powys) and they had two sons, Littleton Alberta and Charles. [One of their children was Reverend C.F. Powys, the father of a literary dynasty in England. He had eleven children. Three were outstanding English writers, John, Theodore, and Llewellyn. Littleton (1874-1956) was headmaster of Sherborne Preparatory School; Gertrude was a painter; Albert was an architect; Marain was an internationally celebrated expert on lace, and Philippa was also a poet and novelist. (Encyclopaedia Britannica) - ed.]

Her sister Susannah married the Reverend Charles Smith of Newton Rectory and had two daughters and two sons - Constance, Bertha, Herbert and Reginald. The youngest member of the family was Albert, who died when only 12 years old and you have read his mother’s account of his beautiful tho’ short life.

It was only a brief time before grandfather’s sudden death that he bought the lovely estate of Abberley in Worcestershire, from the executors of a Colonel Bromley who had died, and was a cousin of my mother’s. Finding the house terribly dilapidated, he had it pulled down. It was rebuilt in the Italian style and the view from the tower [attached to the house and not the Clock Tower built later. -ed], was magnificent. I have been told that it was from walking quickly from church and ascending to the draughty tower when hot, to enjoy the sunset, that my grandfather caught a chill and died suddenly from lung inflammation [ He was only eight days short of his seventy-fifth birthday - ed.] An old woman in the village used to speak of how he had spoken to her and then lightly, as a boy, vaulted over the church gate.

My grandfather died in 1845 at the age of 75, so I was too young to remember him. Mrs. Moilliet lived at Abberley Hall for about twelve years after his death.

### **My mother’s family**

I must now give you a slight sketch of my mother’s family. My great-grandfather, Mr. Samuel Galton, during his father’s life, lived for many years at Great Barr Hall (near Birmingham). His wife was Lucy Barclay and I have been told that she was a beautiful woman, clever and noble-minded and

had a remarkably beautiful voice. The Galtons and Barclays were Quakers, but not of the strictest sect.

All the cleverest people in Europe at this time met occasionally at Barr Hall for what were called “The Lunar Meetings”, but what the butler at the Hall always referred to as the “Lunatic Meetings!” [The Lunar Society met monthly, close to the full moon, in rotation, at the houses of the members, or sometimes at a Birmingham hotel. Members included: Matthew Boulton (silversmith); Erasmus Darwin (inventor); Thomas Day (social reformer); Richard Edgeworth (scientist); Samuel Galton Jr. (gunsmith); Robert Johnson (chemist); Joseph Priestley (chemist); James Keir (chemist); William Small (chemist); Johnathan Stokes (botanist); James Watt (engineer); Josiah Wedgwood (potter); John Whitehurst (philosopher); and William Withering (medicine). - ed.]

After the death of Mr. S. Galton’s father, he moved to the old family house at Duddeston where Mrs. Galton died some years before her husband. Of their children, Mary Anne was many years older than the others and through misrepresentations quite estranged herself from nearly all her family soon after her marriage to Mr. Schimmelpenninck, the son of a Dutch count.

The next two sisters Adèle and Sophia did not marry till late in life and only after their parent’s death as the latter had turned down many offers as being unworthy of their daughters! Eventually, Adèle married a Dr. Booth and Sophia a Mr. Brewin, living with him at “Oaklands” at Yardley, near Birmingham. None of the three sisters had children.

Of the sons, of my grandfather, Mr. Samuel Tertius Galton, was the eldest. I have heard that he was greatly loved by both his family and friends. He married Violetta, daughter of Dr. Darwin of “The Priory”, Derbyshire. She was the aunt of Charles Darwin. [ This was Charles Darwin the naturalist, who wrote the “Origin of Species”, published in 1859. - ed]

Another son, Theodore, died of fever while making the “Grand Tour”. I have heard he was much loved in his family and highly thought of.

The third, Hubert, married his cousin Mary Barclay and lived at Worley. Their only daughter, Mary, became a Roman Catholic, dying at Bath in 1903. Finally the youngest, John Howard, married Isabella Strutt of Derby and lived at Hadzor House (Defined as “Hadzor Hall” on Survey Map [1987] - ed.), near Droitwich, leaving four sons, Theodore, Douglas, Herman, and Cameron.

My grandfather had bought a large house at Leamington, at that time a very fashionable watering place (spa). When his father died he did not move to Duddeston as the city of Birmingham had crept up so close to the old family house as to quite spoil it, so he let it out as a lunatic asylum!

I never saw him as he died before I was born but I have always heard of him spoken with great affection. He was not strong, suffering terribly from asthma, and did not live to a great age. His wife survived him for many years. He left his estate at “Claverdon” to his wife for life but, after a few years, and having sold the large house at Leamington, she gave it up to her eldest son Darwin, who was married three times

without issue, and bought a smaller home at Number 5, Bertie Terrace, Leamington, where she lived to a ripe old age.

Their estate at "Lockston" went to the second son Erasmus, and finally, the property at "Duddeston" went to the youngest son, Sir Francis Galton. [The Encyclopaedia Britannica notes that Sir Francis, a scientist, explorer, and anthropometrist, the comparative study of sizes and proportions of the human body, best known as the initiator of the study of eugenics, was a Quaker and a Fellow of the Royal Society. - ed.] "Duddeston" was an interesting old-fashioned house with a room for the gentlemen guests to have their heads powdered, with a holed wooden partition for them to thrust their heads through so as to prevent the powder soiling their clothes!

Of the four daughters, the eldest Elizabeth, married a Mr. Wheler late in life, and, for many years, lived at Snitterfield, afterwards moving to 3, Bertie Terrace, to be near her mother. She had two children, Lucy, who married a Colonel Studdy, and Edward. She lived to the great age of 97 years and ten months.

The second daughter was my mother. Lucy Harriott, who was the first to marry, becoming Mrs. James Moilliet, and having six children.

The third daughter was Adèle, who married the Reverend Bunbury and died within the year having produced one heir, a daughter Millicent.

The fourth child was another Emma Sophia, who never married and lived with her mother in Leamington where she died eventually at 93.

Darwin Galton married 3 times and died at Clavedon leaving no children. Erasmus Galton, unmarried, lived sometimes at Lockston and sometimes at Leamington where he died from an accident at a good age.

Sir Francis Galton married Louisa Butler and lived at #45 Rutland Gate, London. He also left no children.

I have been told that Charles Darwin was deeply attached to my mother, but being first cousins the marriage was not desirable. [He was deeply attached to Lucy Harriet Galton, but being first cousins, the marriage was considered undesirable and he afterwards married another first cousin on his mother's side, the daughter of Josiah Wedgwood. -ed]

## Chapter One

I will now tell you what I know of my mother and father's married life before I was born. They lived for some years at More Hall, near Birmingham, where their first four children were born.

First Lucy Amelia, then Frances Ann Adèle, with not quite a year between them, and then 3 years later the twin boys named James Keir and John Lewis. They were named after a grandfather and our great grandfather Keir.

As I mentioned, my parents also lived in Switzerland, at the Chateau Prêgny. A large lake on the grounds of their English property was felt to be unhealthy for Adèle, their second child, and so they moved abroad. As I have said, my

parents were much respected in Geneva, they associated with the highest families and had many friends there, but still kept in contact with the less-favoured Baumgartner relations.

Living at St. Jean, my father's aunt Suzanne Baumgartner, had been widowed and left with two children. The son, Antoine, became a doctor and had a son also named Antoine. The daughter married Monsieur Sayous, [sounded Sayou - ed.] a French gentleman of good family and related to nobility. She died of fever after the birth of her only child Jeanne Susanne (afterwards called "Lisy"). Monsieur Sayous married again and little Lisy was so unkindly treated that she lived chiefly with her grandmother at St. Jean. Because of such treatment she was a difficult child to manage. I was told that she stayed with Mother at Prêgny but was never very happy. Little did my mother know, when the young girl was sitting on her knee, that one day that same child, only a year older than her own eldest daughter, would become her children's step-mother!

I must now speak of my mother's faithful maid, Hannah Best, who my children knew in her old age, for she will be remembered often. My dear mother, when a girl, used to teach in the local Sunday School when visiting the Howard Galtons. It was then that she took a great interest in little Hannah. When Mother married, the young girl came to her first as a kitchen maid, but was soon promoted to lady's maid. She was devoted to my mother and was our faithful friend until her death. She used to tell me of her great terror during the first thunderstorm she experienced in Geneva. One cannot help sympathizing for one knows how deafening and continuous is the noise from the echo backwards and forwards from the Jura on one side of the lake, to the mountains opposite and the exceedingly broad flashes of lightning. She told me she ran down to the large salon and held my dear father's arm saying: "Oh Sir, this is the end of the World!". But my parents always reassured her that it was not! She had a severe attack of fever while at Prêgny and mentioned how Mother had nursed her and, with Dr. Baumgartner, had saved her life.

Upon returning to England my parents lived at Selly Hall, again near Birmingham, but the house is no more. It was here that my brother, Tertius Galton, was born, and a year later, myself. I was eleven years younger than my eldest sister and born on December 29, 1844, named Emma Sophia after my aunt.

My aunt Emma told me once how our mother's health seemed to fail after Tertius' birth. It appears she was always subject to attacks of rheumatism after a bout of the fever while at school in Bath. Whether this affected her heart for that reason I cannot say, but she was troubled with dropsy toward the end of her life, at the tender age of thirty-nine.

From what my Aunt Emma, Hannah Best, and others have told me, she must have been a very beautiful character, a mixture of great nobility, sweetness, dignity, and gentleness and inclined to be High Church. She must have been a perfect squire's wife; very helpful to the poor and always trying to raise those who were downtrodden, or in disgrace. She had classes in the servant's hall and with proud Hannah's help,

taught the poor women to cut out and make their own clothes cheaply. She also published small books on easy and cheap cooking for the poor in order to keep their husbands from drinking. I was told that the villagers worshipped her — she was loved by rich and poor alike.

There is a pretty story of how one of my sisters visited a poor woman at Selly Oak years after Mother's death. The old woman was nearly blind, but my sister's voice quite overcame her, sound so much like our dear Mother's. During the terrible bread riots, my mother had bread and soup prepared. Upon hearing that a mob of rioters had set fire to a lady's house not far away, and her own servants rushing in terror to say that men were coming up the drive to the Hall, she calmed them and quietly sent her twin sons (John Lewis and James Keir), to stand on the steps outside calmly waiting for them (Father being away). She then spoke kindly and sympathetically to the mob, asking them to sit down and rest while she ordered the food to be brought. Her brave demeanour and sympathy tamed the savage men completely and after a good meal they went away.

My mother was remarkably clever at perspective and could draw the inside of churches or any such architecture with ease. Tertius seemed to inherit her talent. When at school, her teacher asked her to draw a spiral staircase without any copy, which she did perfectly, to his great delight. I have heard that the three sisters who kept the school at Bath were "worldly" and the whole atmosphere of the school was far from good, but my mother's influence and quiet firmness in what was right completely changed both mistresses and pupils. Her great and life long friend was Annie Broadly, whom alas, I never remember having seen.

## Chapter Two

And now the first memory curtain lifts ...

I am in the nursery at Selly Hall with Tertius. We are watching our small dog "Floss" being washed, and looking like a rat, in a tub before the fire, on a Saturday. He had been given to us by our Great Aunt (Mrs. Hubert Galton).

Again, it is after breakfast and Nurse Weymouth is putting things away in a cupboard, the table cloth not yet removed, and a lump of sugar has fallen on it. Tershy is walking round and round looking at it and sometimes at Weymouth. I am sitting on a footstool by the fire and its the first time that I can remember feeling something wrong and naughty is in the air. I feel very unhappy and wish that Tershy would not walk round and round. At last he seizes the sugar! "Ah! Master Tershy, I see you!", cries Weymouth and obliges him to spit it out into her hand as a punishment.

Again, but a sweeter scene. I am being carried, after being washed and dressed, into my mother's room. She is lying in bed and I can see her dear and noble face, so calm, dignified, and gentle. Nurse puts me on the bed close to her, kneeling, and dear Mother places my hands together and I say my morning prayer after her.

I can remember the garden, the pond, and the stone

pillar at the entrance gate (there was no lodge). Also a big black dog and my father's beautiful Arab horse given to him by his brother-in-law Mr. Knight. I was told that no one could ride him but my father and how a Mr. Townsend boasted he could, but was soon lying on the ground, to the delight of the groom! I was told that Tershy was always passionately fond of music and a small barrel organ given to him by our Aunt was a constant delight to him in the nursery — but I can't remember it.

I have no recollection whatever of my elder brothers and sisters while at Selly Hall, but we left there when I was only three.

The following incidents happened when our parents lived there I have been told.

Young Antoine Baumgartner was much in England (from Geneva), being educated and my parents looked after him. He was often at Selly Hall. Another frequent visitor was Richie Blair whose father had died and delicate mother lived in Rome. His uncle, Dr. Blair, (not a doctor of medicine) was a very old friend of the family and often stayed at Abberley Hall. We children called him "Uncle Alex". Richie and Antoine were like brothers to us.

Once Dr. Baumgartner, of St. Jean, came to visit my parents and an amusing incident happened the evening he arrived. He remembered our dear Hannah and her illness at Prêgny, so he asked after her and my mother promised to send for her later. We always had family prayers, and the butler having arranged the books for my father and a row of chairs for the servants, held the door open while they all came in. But Dr. Baumgartner, when Hannah entered, could wait no longer. He was a tall, thin man, with long legs and arms and a small, freckled face, with red hair which stood up on end. He was impetuous and passionate and being a foreigner his manners, of course, were very different to ours in England. Directly when Hannah entered the room, he strode up to her with arms outspread to embrace her, exclaiming (in French): "Ah! my dear Hannah! How are you now? etc; etc." He then returned to his chair. Poor Hannah! She was so respected by all the servants as the perfection of propriety — it must have been an astonishing scene to them — and we can imagine what she felt. After prayers Father asked the servants to wait a moment and quietly explained that they must think nothing of what they had seen as it was only the usual manner of foreigners.

Beth-Gallart, the pony, was given to Mother by Mrs. Hubert Galton, for the pony carriage she had had made. It was born and reared on the Galton's estate at Worley and they had made a great pet of it. I was told that when a foal, it was carried into the house to Aunt Hubert! We all learned to ride him and an old soldier came to teach my older brothers and sisters, who later taught Tershy and me.

Once, a sad event happened at Selly Hall and dear Hannah gave me the following account. One morning, when she came downstairs, she was surprised to find no shutters opened. The young kitchen maid was also just up and coming downstairs looking frightened at the unusual silence. Supposing the manservant had overslept, Hannah knocked at his

door, but there was no answer. She opened it a little way and called, but still no answer. The room was empty and the bed not slept in. She then went to the kitchen.

There was a table which was strewn with torn letters. She and the kitchen maid finally opened the larder door and there hung the poor man from a beam, quite dead! Hannah did her best to stifle the young girl's screams and almost carrying her back into the kitchen told her to remain there until she returned. Quietly knocking at my father's dressing-room door, Hannah whispered what had happened — so as not to disturb my mother in her delicate state of health. It was found that a broken love affair was the reason for the poor man's suicide.

Fires were a great trouble to the family for some years. Twice, Selly Hall was on fire, but not much damage was done. One was the bed upon which little Adele was sleeping and they supposed that the governess' candle must have caught the white curtains when she made her last round to see that her charges were safe. Adele was fortunately pulled out just in time and Father, with the servants' help, threw wet mattresses into the burning room, putting the flames out before the arrival of the firemen.

Then one night, just after Christmas, 1845, stones were thrown up at my parents' window. Getting up and hastily opening it, my father heard the sad news that Abberley Hall had burned down. Naturally, his first question was if his mother was safe and the answer came that Mrs. Moilliet and her Christmas guests had been taken to the "Hundred House", an old inn at the foot of Abberley hill, in Witley.

The fire had broken out in the middle of the day, on Christmas Day. Mrs. Moilliet's second daughter, Susanna Smith was there with her husband and children. My grandfather was then dead and the last bills for re-building the house had only just been paid to my grandmother's great satisfaction, when this terrible calamity happened.

The house standing high, the flames were seen from some distance, and in the country news flies quickly. The Dowager Queen Adelaide (wife of the late King William IV), and then living at Witley Court, together with all the neighbours, sent their carriages, offering to take in the Mrs. Moilliet and party, but Grandmother very wisely went to the Inn so as not to offend any of her friends.

The Queen sent all her servants to assist in saving the furniture and lovely pictures collected by my grandfather, while she herself stood at her window weeping at the catastrophe. As the fire had started just above my grandmother's room, many old and interesting things kept there were burnt. Needless to say, my father was quickly on the scene. Afterwards, an uninhabited house was found in the neighbourhood for Mrs. Moilliet, where she lived, while my father had the great expense of rebuilding Abberley Hall.

[Following is the contents of a letter sent by young James Keir and John Lewis to the Dowager Queen Adelaide. The boys were 9 years.--

My Dear Queen Adelaide,

We are James Keir & John Lewis Moilliet & we are Grandsons to dear Grandmama Moilliet whom we love so very much & we have been so very unhappy for her when her house, poor Abberley was on fire, & we want to tell you that we have always loved you dearly because you are so good to everybody & the Poor & to Schools, & have too been the Queen of England, but we love you now a thousand times better since you have been so kind to Grandmama.

We know you my good kind Queen, though perhaps you have forgotten us but Mama took us to see you when you were going to Sir Robt Peels about 5 years ago, & we had new hats too on, & you bowed and smiled at us so kindly.-- Please do you remember us, I hope you do for we do love you with all our hearts.-- We are twins so we both write & we hope you will be happy for ever & ever.

Goodbye my dear Queen. My sisters Amy & Adele love you too, but Tertius & Baby [Sophia] are too little.--

We send our love to you if it is not wrong or disrespectful. We are your affectionate Friends.

James Keir Moilliet

John Lewis Moilliet

Selly Hall

Jan/26 1846

-- ed.]

My mother often visited her mother-in-law, Mrs. Moilliet, who was much attached to her.

Now, "memory's" curtain lifts again ... I see myself standing on a chair looking out at the night sky, in my grandmother's room, for the blind is drawn up for me, the candles are out, and she and my mother are talking by the fire. I am trying hard to blow the stars out! Then Weymouth comes in with a candle. She takes me in her arms and I say "Good Night", but the temptation is too great and I must blow the candle out, which answered better than the stars, and serious looks follow! I do not know whether this was at Abberley Hall, or when visiting my Grandmother in the neighbourhood.

Again, I see several people and I hold someone's hand. We are crowding into a study at Abberley, my father is showing the new "safe" being built into the wall. The floor is not yet finished for there are gaps and work tools about.

And then the curtain falls ...

Mother was very fond of fresh figs which grew plentifully in the hothouses at Abberley, as well as most delicious grapes, and many were the hampers sent to Mother, whose health was now getting worse. My sisters, Amy and Delly, as we afterwards called them, had been sent to Miss Foxe's at Brighton, who kept a very small school, only about seven girls. Amy was a most lovable child, but very high-spirited and daring, and as my Mother could no longer go about it was thought wiser to send the two girls to a place where they could be well looked after. The twins were also at school in Brighton.

The doctors now recommended that Father take a furnished house for six months in Brighton, and move my mother there. So Selly Hall was closed and left in the charge of Croft, our cook. Tershy and I went with our Mother along,

with Beth-Gallart and the pony carriage which, however, Mother was unable to use by now.

### Chapter Three

And now, naturally, the memory curtain remains up for longer periods at a time and I seemed to 'take in' more of my surroundings.

Tershy and I are brought down into the drawing-room on the first floor (our nurseries being at the top of the house). The folding doors are open, looking into the back drawing-room which, made into a bedroom. I can see our Mother sitting in an arm chair, while good Hannah is doing her hair, then adding all the finishing touches to her dress — her watch chain, a brooch, and lastly a shawl when I know she will soon be coming into the larger room. Our mother watches us and talks to us for a while. Father had had a comfortable and very light wicker armchair made with high narrow wheels on each side so that Mother could get around as she liked. 'Til she was ready to come into the drawing-room, Tershy and I were allowed the treat of wheeling ourselves in turns. I can hear my dear mother's voice saying: "Now Tershy dear, you must jump out and let little Sophy get in — its her turn now" — and he always obeyed although pouting a little over it! Then Hannah would come for it, helping Mother in, and then joining us. The folding doors were closed and we had a happy time, for I remember loving her sweet face and dear voice of my mother.

Sometimes, the comfit (candy) box was opened and then we had a scramble at her feet, which was good, for it taught us not to be greedy or selfish. We were told to "give in" to each other, and Tershy, being a boy and the older, to give in to the weak and the younger. It is these little beginnings that teach us chivalry. There is no doubt that the best way to teach children to be just, honourable, and forbearing is during their games and romps, if the parents will join in, or direct.

It was during our stay at Brighton that I first remember just a shadow, almost, of my sisters and a good deal of my twin brothers.

My first great naughtiness happened now. Being carried and put down at the drawing-room door, which was at the far end of the room, a long, low bookcase, running along the end of the wall, was too great a temptation. My dress was always then with a low neck and short sleeves, and my bare arm went so nicely along several books at a time, sending them back with a nice clatter, and it was so pleasant to me to run along pushing at them. Mother told me, gravely, that it was not to be done again! It was then that I can see one of my sisters getting up and rearranging the books. But small children cannot resist sometimes without the help of punishment, so I repeated it the next day and the bare arm had to be slapped a little, and I was made to stand behind a large screen where my howling continued until a "swish" of a dress and a door shutting made me think that I was alone. The howling ceased and soon my mother's voice called me to her. It was

my sister who had left the room. Needless to say, I never did it again!

But my sisters were only a short time with us. I have been told that they went to our Grandmother Moilliet at Abberley Hall so as to make room in the Brighton house for Mother's eldest sister, Mrs. Wheler, and her children, plus a nurse, for our dear Mother was getting rapidly worse and all her brothers and sisters came to see her once more. Strange to say, I have no recollection whatever of them being there. Our twin brothers came every afternoon from school and Tershy and I romped and played with them in the dining-room which I can remember well — also a governess who came each morning to teach Tershy and me downstairs as this was the beginning of lessons for us. She made a magnificent dunce's cap and kept it in the sideboard drawer. It gave us more pleasure than shame to wear it! I think she stayed with us for our early dinner for I see the three of us sitting at table in the little back dining-room. Perhaps it was my first meal downstairs, for I was frightened and could not eat till Weymouth or Hannah was sent for — then everything seemed right again. (Looking back, I think this governess must have come after Mother's death).

Our house was opposite some large gardens at Hove, with a tunnel leading out to the sea front — I believe it is still there. My dear mother seemed gradually to fade out of our lives. We were more upstairs in our nursery.

The curtain lifts and Tershy and I are playing on the landing outside the open nursery door — we had some string and were playing at fishing through the banisters — something annoyed Tershy, for he suddenly flew into a passion and bit my bare shoulder — the only time he ever hurt me in his life. Of course, there was a yell and Nurse flew out, I was quickly carried into the room. Our mother's bell rang and presently Hannah carried Tershy down to her room to be talked to, while Weymouth doctored my shoulder as I sat on her knee. My dear brother never forgot this!

One day, Croft came from Selly Hall to see our mother and brought Tertius and me a large bag of sweets.

At last, a sad, sad day came, though we children did not know what had happened. The house was so quiet. Tershy and I were carried downstairs and again lower to the basement and taken into the Housekeeper's room, near the kitchens. The blinds were all down. Everybody talked in whispers. We were told to be quiet and good, but Nurse forgot to give us anything to look at. The door was shut and we were alone. On a table stood a stuffed fox — also a pair of scissors which Tershy soon got hold of and cutting some of the fox's hair suggesting mixing ours with it, which we began to do. Fortunately, Nurse peeped in and hastily removed the scissors before we were shorn! We seemed a long time alone. I suppose it was the day that our dear mother — who must have passed away — was taken to be buried at Abberley.

It was soon after this that I remember Tershy and I being taken to a photographer to have our likenesses taken in our black frocks and white frills, and told to look at an orange. Our brothers and sisters were taken at this time also.

It was Hannah Best who took us and now had charge of us as, our mother had wished and Weymouth had gone to (take care of) Aunt Wheler's children.

We were obliged to remain at Brighton until the six months had ended.

In the meantime, "The Elms" at Abberley becoming vacant by the death of Admiral Maling (or his widow who had been a Miss Bromley at the Hall), the family left and my Father had all his furniture transferred from Selly Hall to "The Elms" [now an expensive, first-class hotel! -ed]. Our dear mother had so looked forward to living there eventually had she survived and had talked much of the new church which was needed at Abberley, the old Norman one becoming unsafe. But, alas!, it was not to be and she returned only to be buried.

#### Chapter Four

I was now four years old and Tershy five. Henceforth, my life for the next few years was filled with love and care from our dear Hannah. I don't know how to praise her sufficiently. All that could be said would fall short of her goodness. One may truly say that she was a God-fearing woman. She lived to do her duty and was thoroughly conscientious. I never knew her to deceive or play false in any way. Mother had indeed left us a treasure.

Having employed Hannah to try her utmost to influence us all, in the right way, our dear friend never forgot her promise and though in time she married, she never failed to come to us when we wanted her and would go out of her way to meet us anywhere when possible to do so. Never did children have so faithful and wise a nurse and friend, for she never spoilt us and was ever firm but gentle. My children, as well as everyone else, respected her. At my father's wish she was now called "Best" and to enforce respect — to the servants she was always "Mrs. Best", which in those days was a great mark of honour when not married.

But to continue ... my brother Tershy was always my companion and we were devoted to each other. At this time, while "The Elms" was being readied and we had left Brighton, Tershy and I and Best visited our Grandmother Galton at Claverdon. We were walking in the lane, on one occasion, and returned with our hands full of flowers, but some other lovely flowers on the lawn were too great an attraction for Tershy. Before Best could stop him he had darted off and gathered them. Mrs. Galton was very particular about nothing being touched in her garden and Best trembled for the consequence, but never attempted to hide anything we did. Tershy ran straight up to our grandmother and with his sweet, winning ways and lovely blue eyes (like his mother's), thrust the flowers into her face — "Look, Grandmama, what pretty flowers!" — the storm was averted, for how could she scold him! Best apologized.

Again, a little trouble -- I can remember about some especially large strawberries on the bed which were missing, but fortunately Best could exonerate Tershy who, like most boys, loved good things.

Again the curtain lifts — Tershy and I are sitting on footstools, one on each side of the fireplace. We were always told to sit there when Grandmother sent for us. In those days it was the proper place for small children (Mother had not had such strict rules with us, but our great-grandparents were even more strict, we were told). Well, the child that sat stillest was the best, of course! Grandmother would take her horn-made and painted bonbonniere (candy-box) out of her pocket and give us a sweet sometimes. I can see her with her little table by her side and basket with letter and keys, etc. in it.

She was tall, with large blue eyes, had been very beautiful as a girl, and her mother, Mrs. Darwin [formerly Mrs. Chando Pole of Radnor Hall. - ed.], must have also been wonderfully beautiful and graceful. Aunt Emma told me that there was a very beautiful oil painted portrait of my great-grandmother, Mrs. Darwin at Radnor Hall, taken after her second marriage. She showed me the artist's first sketch which my grandmother had of her mother. Mrs. Darwin was taken leaning against a balustrade in the garden, with one arm raised to steady a little child who sat or stood on the balustrade with her arm around her mother's neck or shoulder. It was very graceful. I was also told how Mrs. Darwin used to get up very early every day of her life and take a long walk before breakfast, and how a raw cucumber was always put on the hall table for her to eat before starting. She, one day, caught a chill, and if I remember right, was only ill a few days before her death.

Well, dear Best had much to do when we visited our Grandmother Galton, who insisted that my underclothes should reach down to my ankles, though this had then gone out of fashion! When returning home, of course, my things had to be tucked up again. We were not allowed to be heard at all in the house, or nearby, and often had to walk in our stockings and on tiptoe, as our day room was above our Grandmother's. If a sound was heard, the bell would be rung and a message came to Best. My uncles and aunts would constantly impress upon us that children should "be seen and not heard" — so much so that it made me at last shy of speaking in company and consequently rather reserved with people, though naturally very lively when with my sisters and brothers.

Our Grandmother Galton told us many interesting stories of the family but I fear that I cannot remember them all.

When the memory curtain lifts again ... I see Best, Tershy, and myself in a room at "The Elms". Best is sitting by the high fender in front of the fireplace when Mrs. Davis, the housekeeper, who had been out for the day, comes in to see us. She had brought Tershy and me each a china dog, but alas!, Tershy thought mine the prettiest and threw it into the fire in a passion. I can see our dear Hannah gravely holding his hands in front of her on her knees and speaking so quietly to him until he was himself again, and sorry. She never forgave him until he had kissed me and said he was sorry.

I do not remember very much what happened during our first stay at "The Elms". We had no governess, but I remember a Mr. Lingen used to come and give us lessons in latin.

There is only a very vague remembrance of my sisters, who were fourteen and fifteen, and very lovely girls I have after been told. Our Mother's sister, Mrs. Bunbury (Adèle), came to live with us for a short time with her little girl Milly. She was then a widow and very very good and kind, but unlike Mother, very "Low Church".

I have also a faint recollection of occasionally being taken to the (Abberley) Hall to see our grandmother Moilliet, whose grandchild Philippa Knight, now lived with her there. And bright little Miss Bagot, who was companion to my Grandmother, and managed everything for her, keeping accounts, writing letters, and reading to her, etc. Nice Alice Knowles, her maid, was also a favourite with us — a kind and bright woman who had formerly been with the Blairs, I believe.

Then there was Mrs. Danks, the tall, dignified house-keeper — a very grand person indeed — who would take Tershy and me into her room, near the butler's pantries, to hear the clock, which chimed many times.

Then there was "Blanco", the large, pure white dog with close, curly hair, who was washed once a week and taken to see Grandmother. And the two carriage dogs, covered with marks that looked like eyes. It had been the fashion for dogs such as these to follow behind the carriages. One died and 'Argus' then only remained.

The Hall was a large establishment — about 20 servants — and my grandmother, though partly an invalid, often had many house guests. There was constant communication between the Hall and "The Elms", which were about fifteen minutes' walk apart, by a path across some fields and over a style leading into one of the drives to the Hall. There were two principal driveways with lodges — one called Abberley and the other Stamford (being on the road to that town), as well as back drives and a "bridle road".

I can remember Aunt Wheler coming for a little time with her children. But we couldn't have been at "The Elms" quite a year before it was closed again. It had become evident that the Old Church could not last long — a new one must be built and this would be a heavy expense after re-building the Hall.

My father decided to close our home and send my three brothers to his old tutor, Mr. Walton, the Rector of Handsworth, near Birmingham, who kept a small boy's school, and where he knew they would be well cared for by the vicar's wife. Amy, Delly, and I were to go abroad with my sisters' finishing governess, Mrs. Taylor and, of course, our dear Best. So Tershy and I were parted for nearly two years.

Among other things I have missed out are our dear Doggies at "The Elms", which somehow formed part of our life.

"Turk", the big St. Bernard, so quiet and gentle that he let Tershy and me do anything with him, lived in the stableyard.

"Yarry" was a magnificent Bloodhound, came from the Galtons, who had the best breed of bloodhounds in Gr. Britain. He was so savage that no one dared go near his kennel which was outside the yard gates. One night I heard him baying continuously — up and down the scale as it were — and thought he must be ill, though he often bayed at the moon!

The next morning Best told me he was found dead and they feared he had been poisoned.

"Neno" was a little yellow and white dog, always in the Pantry, with the menservants. We children sometimes enticed him into our playroom.

There was also "Sapho", a beautiful Greyhound, who came one day into the kitchen and ran off with a leg of mutton! But soon after, while the Cook was still crying behind her apron, she heard a dog pattering in and looking up saw a magnificent hare at her feet and Sapho standing in front wagging his tail. So she cooked it instead! Sapho's hiding place was found under some laurels where he now and then dug up his leg of mutton to gnaw at it — but he was too big a thief and had to be parted with.

Poor "Juno" we had for a very short time, for she killed the sheep and had to be shot. I was walking from the Hall with Amy and heard the gunshot and felt sick for some days. "Tatty-Corum" was a little dog we had at Harborne Lodge and was later given to Miss Nash. And "Lady" was my stepmother's dog at Abberley when I married.

[--- The foregoing description of the family dogs was originally placed at the end of Sophie's memoirs. - ed.]

## Chapter Five.

The curtain lifts ... It is night. I see a narrow staircase, down a dark hole! I am in a man's arms and he is going to descend the stairs with me. I feel frightened and look over his shoulder, but Best is close behind with her dear, calm face and saying: "Its alright my dear, I'm coming". I feel reassured and am finally put down in a low room with a shaded lamp on the table where a woman is sitting knitting. All round are low ledges with cushions. The woman rises, takes me after speaking to Best, lays me down and covers me up. I see Best standing and talking to her and then I fall asleep. This is my first experience aboard a steamer.

The curtain lifts again. — We are once more on a steamer going down the Rhine. I watch the castles on each side.

Now my sisters seem to emerge out of obscurity and I see them constantly, as well as Best, and occasionally Mrs. Taylor. The table cloth is laid in the cabin and we have meals. I think it all great fun and very delightful.

I next remember arriving at an hotel in Cologne, then being awake in the night and hastily dressed by Best who tells me that there is a house on fire nearby and they fear for the hotel, so we must be dressed and ready to go if necessary. There is much noise in the street but it is at last safe.

I do not remember our actual arrival at Wiesbaden, where we next went remained for about nine months, but the house is quite clear to me, as well as our rooms and the furniture. It was on a street corner that must have led out to some principal street.

It belonged to two German ladies and we rented the downstairs suite of rooms, all opening one into the other, with no other outlet, which was very awkward. First Best's and my

room, then the sitting-room, then Mrs. Taylor's, and last my sister's.

Few people travelled in those days and only the upper classes. Wiesbaden was much smaller then. Lord Ward (afterwards Lord Dudley), who lived at Witley Court near Abberley, was there at this time, nursing his first wife, a beautiful and unhappy person who died that winter.

There was another nobleman's family staying too, whose children I remember playing with.

Amy and Adèle had a painting master and a harp master — we always took their harp about with us, for all young girls learnt the harp then.

The English chaplain, Mr. Leicester, held church services in one room. Dear Amy was a great attraction to him and he often visited us.

Best and I took long and delightful walks together and once, when we were going to Biebrich to see the lovely conservatories at the Palace (for we had especial permission), on our way back an English gentleman stopped his carriage and drove us home, feeding me sweets, but again, I cannot recollect who it was.

I often fed the swans in the Kurhouse Gardens. In spring there was a mass of cowslips on a little hill there — now covered with trees. Our servant made us lovely wreaths of forget-me-nots. I loved picking the blue cornflowers and poppies on the Biebrich Road — the wild flowers in Germany were so large and plentiful.

My sweet sister, Amy began to give me a few lessons on the piano and we somehow or other got the loan of a lovely little harp from the Palace, belonging to a little princess, and on this I had lessons too — but a sad ending came of it. Our dear father came from England to see us and when playing with me he jumped me on to the table on which the harp stood. Alas! it fell and was broken. I can see the consternation! My sisters, who were in the next room having their portraits painted by a German artist, came rushing in at the crash.

While with us on one of his visits, Father also had his portrait done, but none of these was a good likeness.

One night we were awoken by a great deal of noise and Best carried me to the window, wrapped up, to look at the crimson sky. It was a large fire again, but we could only see the reflection.

Another time, at Christmas, we were invited to see the trees. One was at a school or Charity Institution, for the table was covered with neat packets of clothes and the decorated trees stood all down the table at intervals.

We used to see a poor, thin, invalid man in the house opposite, propped up with pillows, sitting in the window most mornings. In time, he looked worse and worse, and in about a fortnight, all the blinds were drawn, followed by a funeral. The next day, Amy came rushing into our room crying, "Oh! the poor man's ghost is sitting in the window!" We all ran to look, half-frightened, feeling so sure it was him who had died! But we soon discovered that it was his wife who had been taken to be buried.

Another time, when expecting Father again from Eng-

land, we were much alarmed by rumours of war between Germany and some other country (I can't remember where). [In September and October, 1848, during the political crisis caused by the end of the war with Denmark, revolutionary outbreaks by radical republicans in Frankfurt, close to Weisbaden, and in the southwest of Germany had to be suppressed. These uprisings were defeated only with the help of Prussian and Austrian troops. - ed].

For a time we were very anxious, wondering how Father would reach us, and often Best and I went to the principal hotel to enquire for any news. There were no railways farther than Paris then and news took a long time reaching us.

We next heard that the German Army would come our way and be quartered in Wiesbaden — which meant that every house would have to take in soldiers — but to our and everybody's relief, it only passed through the town without stopping. But I can never forget the endless tramping of the soldiers for hours and hours, as they passed the corner of our house. Poor men, how tired they must have been!

Our stay at Wiesbaden was thoroughly enjoyed by me, the remembrance is always a pleasure.

There was a large painted statue of a lion just opposite the entrance to some garden — perhaps placed there to frighten intruders — it was a terror to me and Best soon discovered what I was ashamed to own up to and, holding my hand, she told me to stand and look well at it for some time for it was only plaster and paint, and this was quite the answer.

Good Mrs. Taylor wished me to call her "Auntie" (probably as a greater safeguard to my lovely sisters, who naturally were a greater responsibility), but in childish ignorance I resented it. Meeting Mr. Leicester in the street, he stopped and asked me how "Auntie" was — for she had not been well — but I looked up and said defiantly, "She is not my Aunt!" — much to his astonishment.

My German book of pictures [The Adventures of Strewelpeter. - ed], depicting the sad end of naughty children, was a great delight to me and deeply impressed me with the evil consequences of disobedience!

Shopping in the open air market with Best and drinking delicious concoctions with my sisters at the Kurhouse Gardens and walks to Soninberg Castle, and learning German sentences, fill in my recollections. But at Easter, we all had presents of sugar hares — they were hidden about the room with our names on — and we had to find them. I suppose it was a German fashion.

Now we are travelling in a diligence (carriage) still in Germany. When passing through any village, the people ran beside holding long poles to our windows with bunches of flowers stuck at the top, or bags of fruit. We took them off and threw sous out. There were two compartments in the diligence and we overfilled once. At night I used to lie down across my sister's knees. After some time we seemed to be in another town and I am out shopping with Best. We return to the house, knock and ring, but no answer! Best is very anxious, for Mrs. Taylor and my sisters have gone and we are left to follow with the luggage and how were we to get it out? But Best was never

long at a loss of what to do, so she lifts me up to a window. I manage to open it and crawl in, drop down, and run to open the hall door. The carriage comes and the luggage is taken out. Luckily, the “house-frau” or servant returns, so I need not crawl out through the window.

Again, we are now at Berne and it was a great pleasure watching the bears in their pit. There was no protection around the edge then and Best was always holding me very tight!

We went to other places, but I cannot remember which. I once can see Best and myself stranded on a bridge over a river, for a man shouted to us and some others in the centre of the bridge, to stand still while they were winding our bit of the bridge away from the rest, opening a space through which a large-masted ship or steamer passed through. We were then wound back and joined once more. Another time I can see a river with a bridge of boats.

Now again we separated ... Father came to Switzerland and took Amy and Delly for a walking tour in the mountains, Antoine and Richie going with them, while Mrs. Taylor, Best, and I were settled into a house overlooking Vevee. A quaint little house it was, with a nice garden and lovely hills all round (I even revelled in the beautiful scenery). Two middle-aged sisters owned the house and managed for us. Our rooms were all on the ground floor, and it was summer again.

I can see the place quite plainly in my mind’s eye — the field sloping down to a farm — a cluster of children one evening playing in a hollow. Seeing me standing alone they beckoned to me to join them. I did so want a game and went! But dear, faithful Best soon came and I was fetched up “Those are not your sort, my dear!”, she said.

I ought to mention that we often talked about Tershy and I longed to see him again. Whatever was given to me I wanted Tershy to share. Dear good Best never let me forget my brothers, or my Mother whom she constantly talked about to me, telling me what she would have liked us to do etc. — indeed, she lived so much in my mind that I got to think she must be my guardian angel, and I loved to think she was ever near me, which I fully believed.

During this time, Mrs. Taylor gave me a few lessons each day.

How troublesome the mosquitos were that summer and her grand Roman nose got sadly bitten and she was obliged to keep a rag dipped in lotion on it. I rather offended her by doing the same!

At last, one day, we heard that Father and my sisters would arrive at Vevee for the Vintage Fete while passing that way and if we came into town we might meet. But the crowds were so great that there was not much chance, and I just have a remembrance of the crowds and decorated vines, but I don’t think we met.

Now comes a blank ... Mrs. Taylor probably joined my sisters somewhere when Father returned to England for, when memories’ curtain lifts, Best and I are alone together in a carriage. It is night and we have arrived at Geneva and are driving to St. Jean wondering whether we can awake anyone

to let us in there for it is very late. We stop at a little gate. The driver gets down and Best speaks to him. He goes up a little steep, straight path to the front door and knocks and rings and knocks and rings! At last, the door opens and for the first time in my remembrance I see the strange figure of Dr. Baumgartner. He does look so funny! His thin, lanky figure, in a long dressing-gown, a night cap with a tassel on his head. He gesticulates and waves his arms. Best and I advance and he greets us cordially as we come in.

It does not seem very long before Amy and Delly and Mrs. Taylor join us at St. Jean. Father had arranged with Dr. and Madame Baumgartner (his cousin and aunt), that we should remain with them sometime under their roof, boarding there instead of re-opening Prêgny, my sisters still being too young to superintend a household and Father wishing still to economize for the building of Abberley Church.

We had a private sitting-room upstairs, opening into a smaller one. On the same landing was a small room which Best used as a workroom. I think our bedrooms were on a higher landing, but Cousin’s (as we always called Dr. Baumgartner), was on the first. We had our meals downstairs. Cousin had a violent temper, but I never saw him show it to us. We loved his mother (our Great Aunt), who was a very dear lady. We always called her “Tantie” - you remember she was sister to our grandfather’s Mr. John Lewis Moilliet, and had visited him and Mrs. Moilliet at Handsworth.

I was still very much with dear Best, being so young, and I loved threading her needles, unpacking and helping her when I could with her work, for she made all our things, even our dresses, and in those days there were no sewing machines. It was truly wonderful how she managed and everyone said how nice, fresh and dainty we girls always looked. Cousin would often take me and Best for a drive when going any distance into the country to a patient. Such a curious carriage he had! Made for two only, with a hood, and he drove himself. I managed to fit in somehow and much enjoyed it.

When we walked into Geneva we had to cross a narrow footbridge, a good length, over the Rhone, to the old, high battlemented of the town, where we entered through a little postern door, paying a sou for each person. How I loved the old walls which encircled the town then, and this postern gate. Alas! it is all gone now!

I had my tea with Best in her little workroom and often, when coming in, we would find some nice toast which dear old Tantie had made herself, for, as she said, “I am sure dear Best must miss her English toast!” How sweet it was of her to remember!

My sisters continued their studies and I had a few lessons. Sometimes Tershy and I exchanged letters now. Best and I talked much about meeting him and James and Lewis again and our dear pony, Beth-Gallart.

We had been at St. Jean some weeks when one morning Amy ran down the backstairs (it was the first time she had ventured), to ask Louise for some water or bread for drawing. When she came back she exclaimed: “Why! there’s another girl in the house! Who can she be? I nearly ran over her — she

is sitting on the stairs nursing a cat — we must ask Best”. “Why, my dear young lady, that is your cousin Miss Lisy Sayou”. “But Best”, said Amy, “Why is she not allowed to be with us? We did not know she was in the house. Do go and ask Tantie if Lisy may not come and sit with us?”. After that, Lisy was always there and my sister made much of her.

Poor Lisy — to this day I cannot tell why she was so badly brought up by her father. I can remember her at that time distinctly, being impressed by the great difference in her dress, and the appearance of my own sisters. She looked very, very shabby and wore no corsets, so her figure was terribly neglected. She seemed to take no interest in anything and have nothing to do. My sisters made her love to learn painting and music and when Father came again they entreated him to give her a silk party dress which I remember Best made up and, by degrees, how different she looked!

Well! Winter came on and my sisters were often invited out to parties by our parent’s old friends. I was one day in their room while Best was dressing them. “And is not cousin Lisy going too?”, I asked. Best pursed her lips. “My dear, Miss Sayou does not visit the families your sisters do — she only goes to the shop people”. I was silent and thought it very strange. Of course, I did not understand and Amy and Delly began talking about other things.

I was invited to children’s parties and much enjoyed them. Sometimes I would spend a day with a little girl my own age, Adèle de la Rive.

One day we were told that Cousin was ill in bed, so we were all very quiet. I can’t remember how long he was ill, but one day the door opened and Louise entered with a long face, asking my sisters to come and wish Cousin “good-bye”, as he was dying, she said, and wished them to see him once more. Amy and Delly looked sad and pale, but got up at once and followed Louise. She opened Cousin’s door and behold, there he was sitting in a bath holding a blanket around him with one hand and with the other held out to them — his freckled face very red and his red hair standing up straight! It was too much for Amy — she flew back screaming with laughter, and Delly followed suit. A moment later, Cousin’s voice was heard yelling to Louise to bring his clothes and shut his door and in a very short time we heard he was dressed and downstairs quite well!

In summer we would walk to dear Prêgny and talk to the old man at the farm, filling our baskets with grapes from the vineyards under the terraces. How exquisite was the view across the lake from the old Chateau — such a picture of Mont Blanc, the Saleve, and the other mountains — and Geneva looked so well from there. Also, the old Chateau stood high from the main road. The old old farmer could remember Josephine (Bonaparte). He was a very little boy when she was there, but he told us she liked him to bring her a bunch of grapes every morning to her room.

There are no sweets as good as the Genevese sweets — as I dare say you know — and we especially loved the Marons Glacees. At Christmas and New Year’s Day, Cousin gave us large packets of bonbons. There was a very pretty

walk by the side of the Rhone that we loved and I remember a very steep little bit in the path which went up to a point and then down again immediately and Mrs. Taylor, always without fail, fell down when coming over the point!

My sisters painted a lovely oil painting of the Rhone taken from near here.

I cannot remember much more about this time, but the heat in the summer and the enjoyable walks are still very vivid. The high walls with vineyards, the men and women with the long baskets on their backs, coming down to a point, and basket hooks at the top to catch over their shoulders, the grapes and leaves peeping out, --how pretty they looked! Then I loved to look at the two rivers, the Arve and the Rhone running side by side without mixing their colours, the Rhone so blue and the Arvre so yellow!

When we travelled there was plenty of luggage to take with us, what with the pictures, the easels, and the large harp case, besides our trunks, on the top of the diligences.

I was now six years old (1850), but I cannot say the exact time of our return to England. It must have been winter when crossing the Jura, for we were in sleighs, I in one between Mrs. Taylor and Best — a bank of snow on one side. Our driver, who was walking, got behind a little to talk to the next driver, and our horse got out of the track and over we went into the snow! The men pulled us up somehow, but Mrs. Taylor was much alarmed.

When we arrived in Paris I can see our carriage being hoisted up in the air, with us in it, and placed on a flatcar on the train. We must have stopped somewhere else on the way, for I remember, when going to see some place, being carried up a long hill by a Frenchman, which hurt my dignity a good deal!

I hope I do not tire you with so many small details. When ones heart is in the past one is inclined, I fear, to linger over trivials!

## Chapter Six.

Now we are back in England ...

Best and myself are alone again. We are in Birmingham, at the Bank House, at the top of Cherry Street. I am taken to see my Great Aunt Brewin (Sophia Galton), at “The Oaklands”, Yardley, near the city, a dear, old-fashioned place. The lodge in a high wall covered with ivy and irregular, which encircled the grounds. Best lifts me onto a chair for the dear old aunt to see me better. She is so sweet, gentle, and good — still a Quakeress — her lovely eyes are weak and she always wears a poke bonnet.

Next, we go to the Waltons at Handsworth Rectory to see my brothers. I can see myself sitting on Best’s knee in the drawing-room. The door bursts open and James and Lewis rush in, delighted to see us. It is very strange. I cannot remember the meeting with Tershy. Probably we stayed a few weeks in Birmingham, as I remember going to spend hours at Handsworth playing with Tershy and the little girls (daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Walton).

Next we are staying at Abberley Hall, I think, for I am in the nursery there. It is morning and the stately housekeeper enters, "Good morning, Mrs. Best, Mrs. Moilliet says that Miss Sophy is to choose her own pudding, etc. etc."

Then Best and I are walking to "The Elms" and up the back drive. A light cart is coming along, with a pony, and a youth walking beside. "I do believe that is Beth-Gallart", says Best. "What!, -in a cart!" I exclaimed. "How dare they put him in a cart!". And I ran to the pony. "Beth — dear Beth!". He turned his head at once and stopped, for I threw my arms around his neck and we just loved each other. Best explained to the youth who I was.

For a short time we were all settled in "The Elms" and then, the new Church and its plans were the constant talk. The architect was a Mr. Cole who often stayed with us. It now also seemed there was a continuous flow of visitors, both at "The Elms" and the Hall. Aunt Emma often visited us. I must have been staying at my Grandmother Galton's when Amy laid the foundation stone for the Church, for I was not there, or perhaps I was at Snitterfield with Aunt Wheler, for I remember Tershy and I together there with Best, to the great pleasure of our old Nurse Weymouth, who always remained devoted to us. — I can see Tershy calling through the larder window, before tea, "Spread the butter thick, Weymouth!" and Best, who it was inside, "Ah! I hear you Master Tershy!"

Well! Father came and went constantly between Birmingham and Abberley. Sometimes Uncle Erasmus, or our handsome and charming Uncle Francis Galton (uncle Frank) came. They would ask to see Best and tell her how beautifully she kept us all, much to her pleasure.

During these months I seemed constantly riding Beth-Gallart and watching the building of our dear Church, with my sisters who were also very busy working at the Altar Cloth and carpet etc., for the Communion Table and floor, many friends helping. Amy and Delly took it in turns to attend to the housekeeping, but Delly had most to do with the business of the Church, and with Mr. Cole, Father being so much away.

Mr. Cole was a widower, with a little daughter Mary, two or three years older than myself, who came once on a visit with her father and her aunt.

Mr. Cole fell desperately in love with Delly, to Father's rage — he was an ugly man, but exceedingly clever. Once, when the house was full of visitors and Richie and some others had come over from the Hall, I remember the drawing-room was full of people and it was my bedtime. Amy told me to say "good-night". I went round to everyone, but passed Mr. Cole. However, he seized my frock and said: "Little Sophy, won't you kiss me?". He held me close and I didn't know how I could be so dreadfully rude and naughty, but suppose hearing my sisters and others talk, and knowing that Delly disliked him, and that he liked her so much, made me look up, and pulling a disgusting face, said: "Oh! I can't kiss you — you are so ugly!". Of course, as usual at awkward times, there was a dead silence and I need hardly say my sister's admirers were delighted. I ran out quickly and up to Best's workroom, which was at the top of the house, near our bedroom. She

knew, by my face, that something had happened and I told her. Though telling me it was very naughty and rude, I could see she was glad that "King Cole" had had a snub. Later, when in bed and nearly asleep, someone crept in and whispered, "Little Sophy, you were a good child to say that to Mr. Cole — here I have brought you some cake as a reward!" — and Delly gave me a kiss, but my conscience was not quite at ease!

So many faces come and go at that time. Aunt Howard and our cousins from Hadzor, as well as Aunt Emma and Uncles from Leamington. Then Uncle Alec, Richie, and Antoine, so often there, and Philippa always at the Hall. What merry happy times it was, especially when our brothers were home from school.

We all made a bower in the Valley of Rocks and called it "The Cousin's Bower". This "valley" of rocks was really a long, winding, old quarry which made a lovely winding valley with steep sides, mostly covered with shrubs and trees and winding paths, --now and then coming upon a rustic seat. It was in the private grounds of the Hall. There was also a lovely walk in the grounds nearer the house, called the "Stump Walk". The trees had once been cut low, but had sprung up again to a great height making a high and beautiful archway which looked very lovely by moonlight — there was also a large Rookery there.

Well! there were many parties and pic-nics in the long, open Drag and the two pony carriages, with our friends from the neighbourhood. The old families' rounds were very different in those days!

Our Uncle and Aunt Smith and Cousins from Newton, and Aunt Powys (Amelia Moilliet, Jean Lewis oldest) with their two boys and their tutor (who fell in love with Amy), often came to visit at the Hall. Also Uncle and Aunt Theodore Moilliet, with their boys, Theodore, Ernest, Frank, and Charles.

We were much attached to our old Rector, Mr. Severn, whose father had been Rector at Abberley before him.

Sometimes we used to sit round the fire in a half circle with Uncle Alec and ask him to recite one of Sir Walter Scott's poems to us — which he did all by heart in a wonderful way — he called us the Wreath of Abberley Children.

Archery was much the fashion in those days, with Battledore and Shuttlecock on wet days.

Well, at last the new Church of St. Mary was finished and Father put up a lovely (stained) glass window to Mother in the "Moilliet Chapel". I was away again for the Consecration — probably to make room — for the Hall and "The Elms" were both filled with guests. James and Lewis were than at home and James had to make his first speech at the luncheon afterwards. I was told he spoke very well and there was much amusement when Lewis got up and said: "I am my brother's echo" and sat down!

And now a strange thing happened the day after the Consecration. Early in the morning, a man in the village suddenly noticed the tower of the Old Church was moving and, seeing another man near the church, shouted to him to run back, which he did and none too soon, for the old Norman tower came down with a crash! It had just seemed to wait and

hold its' head up until the New Church was opened! My father made a very pretty ruin of the old Church and years after my brother Lewis, when Rector, roofed in the Chancel and used it for family prayers and occasional services, for the Rectory stood in the churchyard. [St. Michaels' was built on the site of what was originally a Saxon church, by the Normans in the 12th Century and much that is still standing dates back to that time. The decay of the soft (Abberley) stone of which it was built led to its abandonment in 1852 when the new church was built. There is no record of St. Michael's having a tower at this time.

In 1963, volunteers undertook the work of restoring as much of the buildings as possible. It was during this time that five silver spoons were found in the thickness of the walls. These were adjudged to be a "treasure trove" and are now in the British Museum, being valued at £3,000. A Service of Thanksgiving was held by the Bishop of Worcester on June 4, 1967. - ed]

Tershy and I rode together a good deal on the two ponies Beth-Gallart and Billy, when the carriages were not wanted. Grandmother Galton had given up living at Claverdon and had sent us her pony and carriage. She had bought #5, Bertie Terrace, Leamington where she lived with Aunt Emma until her death.

Little Fanny Pearson was my chief girl friend for some-time. She was the grandchild of the Rector of Witley. The Pearsons were great friends of ours and many happy days were spent at the Rectory. There were also the Brocks, the Winningtons, the Melvilles, and many others round Abberley, and Amy and Dolly sometimes visited Witley Court.

The twins' birthday, July 27th., was always the Village School Treat Day, held in the park at the Hall.

Our Grandmother Moilliet was a great invalid, but Tershy and I went to see her sometimes as we were very fond of her. We had many romps with our boy cousins at the Hall, with Miss Bagot often joining us. My favourite cousin was Littleton Albert Powys — a high spirited boy and very chivalrous — he became a soldier and died in the Afgan War. His mother, Aunt Emily Powys (my father's eldest sister), was very lovely. — The first time I can remember seeing her, I was playing on the terraces with Littleton who told me his mother was in the library and we entered through the open window. Directly I saw her I flew to her and jumping on to her knee, threw my arms around her neck and kissed her. She appeared to me so very lovely, like an angel. She always remembered it and said I flew like a bird into her knee.

Our boy cousins were all about our age, so I was not much used to girls. What games we had, at "smugglers", etc.!

My sisters had many offers of marriage, they were so lovely, and how proud I was of them. And what a sweet lovely sister Amy always was. She seemed always helping me, teaching me, or doing something for me.

The services at the pretty old Norman Church were now over and how strange to look back to what they were in the first Abberley days — the old "three-decker", as they called the Pulpit, with the reading desk just under, and the Clerk's

box again just under that. I remember so well the respectable Clerk, Mr. Quarterman, who owned the Village Shop, and how he lengthened out the "Amen's" with a big "H" to emphasize them — sounding thus: "Hah-h-h-men!". He seemed far more important than the Rector! There was a gallery at the west end for the school children and when the hymn was given out (the only music), Quarterman would open his box door and carrying his fiddle, would tramp down the Church in a dead silence — we would then hear him thump up the stairs — then tune his instrument — and start the hymn with a long-drawn note and we sang, with many repetitions of words and lines, after which again a silence while he tramped all the way back and shut himself in his box again with a "slam" of importance! Mr. Levern would not think of continuing the service until then.

Our pew was most unusually placed, behind the Altar and against the East Window. Just a rail and a passage ran on one side of the Communion rails and we opened our door into a room with seats round a fireplace and whosoever sat by the fire had to put the coal on! We could only see the Gallery and the Rector, when he was preaching.

The Rectory was a long, low, old-fashioned house, with an immense kitchen. I can see again Mr. Severn standing by the door after the children's catechizing and giving each of them a piece of cake. He was a picture of a good, kind-hearted, benevolent country rector.

Of course there was a change for the better after the new Church was opened. We had no organ at first, but a large Harmonium which my sister played, and they trained the choir consisting mostly of farmer's daughters.

"The Elms" was far from the Church so we always drove, starting early as my sisters, and the head farmers' daughters, held their Sunday School classes in the Church before service. I was also given three mites to teach, each sitting on hassocks. There were only "dame schools" then, in cottage rooms! Father built the school some years later — his expenses were too heavy just then.

My dear sister Amy had followed Mother's plan of carefully preparing me for the church services before I attended them regularly. She explained the prayers etc; and always let me follow in her prayer-book and hymnal, with her, thus helping to keep my attention up, so I always understood and loved our beautiful prayers, etc.

When Father was at home, he always liked Tershy and me to come to his dressing-room, while he was shaving, and say our multiplication tables, after which he would give us a stick of chocolate. When alone, we would go out before breakfast, with our mugs and a biscuit, which the Butler would place on the table ready for us. We delighted in having the milk frothed into our mugs directly from the cows. I fell one day and broke my mug at the cowhouse door, but Tershy soothed my sorrows and gave me the first drink out of his.

We were allowed to ride our ponies alone and play in our gardens and in a field near the house which had a delightful pond in it for sailing ships. Our games were always historical — for instance, a fleet of ships starting for Troy and when I had a doll it was dragged round the walls of Troy by

its' heels or decapitated as Lady Jane Grey, or Queen Mary of Scotland. I was, of course, expert in climbing trees and ladders with Tershy.

One day every week the County families drove into Worcester for shopping. Carriages were put up for the day and the shopping done first. Then we had lunch and went to the Cathedral service and chatted to many friends in the streets — it was quite a meeting place of friends in those days. We then drove the 13 miles to “The Elms”. In the phaeton, our horses covered the distance in an hour, but the large, heavy landau took rather longer. It did not suit me to be in shut up carriage, so when shut I was allowed to sit with the coachman and often would beg the reins from him.

My sisters visited the poor frequently and helped in the parish.

We always had a tree and a merry time at Christmas, with my brothers who were back from Rugby (school). Also at Christmas old Mr. Quarterman would come one evening bringing his curious instrument of “bells”. We all went into the dining-room and he played it wonderfully to us with his feet and hands.

There were frequent visits to and from Aunt Howard who was much attached to us and we to her, and our cousin “Cam” often came when home from College.

And now my happy childhood becomes a little clouded ...I was seven and Tershy eight, and our Father said we must have a regular Governess. The one found for us was certainly not desirable, and Tershy and I were far from happy with her. My health certainly suffered from her treatment and our family doctor (Dr. Greensil) often attended me. He recommended that I should be much in the air and ride my pony twice a day. My sisters were, of course, too young to see anything unsuitable in Miss Nash.

Our cousin, Lisy Sayou, came for her promised visit to England and my sisters were so pleased to have her and we became much attached to her. She stayed some time with us. And when returning to Geneva another sadness befell me, for Father wished Tershy to go with her - he was to board at St. Jean and go to a school there. This was a grievous separation and when Tershy came to wish me goodbye early one morning, I cried bitterly at the parting, and said he was sorry to leave me alone with Miss Nash.

My schoolroom life now with Miss Nash was still more trying. Dear Best knew she was very unsuitable, but was too wise to say anything to set me against her, though I felt Best sympathized with me. Of course, these little troubles are good for one and teach one to bear the greater ones when they come and I certainly tried my utmost to be good and bear everything bravely, only once losing command of myself, as far as I can remember. Though I have no doubt I was often very trying, notwithstanding my endeavors to be good!

When Tershy and I were in disgrace, we were put in separate spare rooms for the rest of the day. Our sisters, in all innocence would take Miss Nash out with them for a long drive, or a lunch, or a pic-nic etc. If she had been a person of high principles it would have had no bad consequences, but

it was too great a temptation, and we were punished constantly for nothing and when Tershy went to Geneva matters grew worse. My hands were beaten with a round ruler till tears came and then I was put in disgrace and this went on until my hands were so bad I could no longer use them. They were wrapped up and my sisters had to feed me. Our doctor did not know the cause, for if I had complained the treatment would have been worse. However, this little hardship prepared me for my later life by teaching endurance without complaint, and one knows these things are always for some purpose or would not be allowed.

## Chapter Seven

And now another change is coming in our lives ... Father stayed some little time away in Geneva. My sisters went away on a visit somewhere with Best, which they occasionally did, the Housekeeper attending to me while she was away.

One day I was playing in my garden when Miss Nash came up the path with an open letter in her hand. I can see her now, standing and looking rather spitefully pleased at her news. “Well! Now you are going to have a stepmother, Sophy!”, she said. But to her astonishment I was enchanted and exclaimed: “Oh! I am so glad, who is it?” Her face fell, she was so taken aback. “Your cousin, Miss Sayou”, she answered. This news was a real pleasure and I said how glad I was to have a mother.

How different was dear Best's way of telling me when she and my sisters returned. She took me on her knee and told me so gently about it and said how nice, and much better, it would be for me to have a mother and how I must try to love and obey her as my dear Father's wife etc. ... though she, dear Best, I know felt it greatly, for to her, no one was good enough to take our beloved Mother's place.

Well! Now was all bustle and hurry. My playroom next to the library was to be re-papered and furnished for my sisters' boudoir and their old boudoir upstairs was to be Lisy's. At last all was ready and we greeted her and my Father when they arrived from Geneva, married! She seemed very happy to be amongst us again and spent most of her spare time with my sisters in their boudoir. When Father went to Birmingham he now generally took Lisy with him. But I must say that dear Lisy was much too young and inexperienced to be my Father's wife, and in English ways. And Grandmother Moilliet was so greatly against the marriage that she would not receive Lisy for some time, which was very, very painful for our father and Lisy.

Our Galton relatives visited us as usual and there was once again a constant coming and going of visitors both at the Hall and “The Elms”. The Cappers came from Stockton Rectory for a time and I was much with their children.

Once when I was home alone with Miss Nash and James and Lewis, who were home from Rugby, we were as usual riding a good deal - my brothers teaching me to stand on the pony's back. They then got a pole covered with brambles and held each end to teach Billy to jump. We cleared it several

times and I begged them to hold it as high as a five-barrel gate and then foolishly looking back to make sure that they had done so, I lost my seat and coming down on the pommel was thrown off on to the grass. However, I was up again at once and calling for them to catch Billy, being too excited to care, and not noticing that I was bleeding, which they saw. So they ran and lifted me in their arms, carrying me home in turns, where I was put to bed to my mortification! Billy took advantage of his lessons and jumping a good many hedges that night and had to be searched for, and found miles away! To my great sorrow, I was forbidden to jump again.

My father and Lisy had been married some months when Mr. Severn fell ill. A strange clergyman had to come for a few Sundays, while another near Worcester managed to spare his Curate. Father invited him to "The Elms". This was Hesketh Biggs. He came, I remember, with his own dog-cart and man. What a handsome man he was then! When leaving, he asked if he might call sometimes. Of course, everyone knew that Amy was the attraction and in time he proposed as was accepted. Everyone seemed pleased at the engagement.

And now Cameron Galton (Cam) was constantly coming. Dear Cam, how fond we all were of him and I remember once he came over from Hadzor with Aunt Howard and a party of people who wished to see the view from the Hall Tower and we all went with them. There were two rooms called the "tower rooms" and the top one was fitted as a sitting-room. While resting there, Cam carelessly took up an inkstand, admiring it. I don't know what made me say: "That will just do for you, Cam, when you marry Delly!". My poor sister blushed crimson and hid behind the people. Cam looked confused but happy, for it happened he really was deeply in love, but feared that Delly would not have him! Needless to say, after that poor Delly kept out of his way and he had the greatest difficulty finding an opportunity to speak to her. Years after he thanked me for saying it! Their (eventual) marriage was indeed a most perfectly happy one.

So both my sisters were engaged, nearly at the same time, but Cam was still at Trinity College, Cambridge and had to wait. Hesketh, having a living (position) offered to him, would not wait for a double wedding, so first we lost dear Amy and, in a few months, she and Hesketh returned for Delly's marriage. And what a pretty wedding Amy had. There were arches of flowers and a band came and played during breakfast. It was summer and the guests danced afterwards on the grass and in the evening there was a party and charades at the Hall. Hesketh ordered a phaeton from Worcester with a pair of snow white horses and he drove her and himself to the station, dear Best taking the luggage in another carriage. Delly's wedding was also beautiful. Fanny Pearson and I were two of the bridesmaids (9 years old), with baskets of flowers. But how lonely I felt when both were gone and dear Best also, for she went with my sisters for both wedding tours and then remaining with Delly and Cam until her own marriage, two years later, to Mr. Parrott. So now the three dear ones had gone who had so filled my life till now — and Tershy was still away in Geneva.

My dear stepmother was always kind to me, and I was much attached to her, but how different it was without dearest Amy — she was the life and light of the house and all love and sunshine. Lisy came downstairs as usual for Amy's wedding, but when Delly was married she could not appear, from sadness, and remained upstairs in her room all day so that Amy, who had returned from her wedding tour, took her place amongst the guests. Lisy seemed never quite the same again after my two sisters had gone -- but lonely and sad.

About two months before Delly's wedding, Rosalie, Lisy's first child, was born and soon after a Swiss "Bonne" (Nanny) was sent from Geneva for the baby.

Miss Nash was a good deal in the drawing-room with Lisy, who liked her and I dare say felt lonely, so I was much alone in the schoolroom trying to get through my dreary lessons. But I still enjoyed my rides on the dear old pony Beth-Gallart and the baby, "Little Rosy" was an interest to me. I was only allowed to ride in the parish and grounds if alone, but sometimes I would meet Mr. Raymond on his horse and would go some distance with him. Billy and his pony carriage had now been given to Amy, who was first to marry, (as Grandmother Galton had wished), so he was sent to Hawling Rectory, near Cheltenham, where Amy and Hesketh lived.

I remember one day Miss Nash coming into the schoolroom (she was always cross and irritable to me now) and she said in a triumphant voice, taking hold of my arm: "Now, I have news for you — you are to be sent to school!". I could not help being overjoyed and said: "Oh! I am so very glad!". At this she was so angry and gave me a good slap on my arm! — and for the first time I lost control of myself and slapped her back! To my astonishment she said nothing, only looking surprised and left the room again but she tried to have her revenge. Well after this Miss Nash soon left our household, to my great relief!

James and Lewis came for Christmas — our last at the dear old "Elms", but how different! Though we three were happy together. We went early to Church on Christmas Day to try and finish some decorating, but I had got wet and was tired, so they took me to the Rectory instead of staying for the service which, of course, they did. Mr. Severn's old sister was there and said she would take care of me, which she did by trying to stuff me with large mince pies, by a roasting fire, and was most kind. Then my brothers called for me. I think Father and Lisy must have been away for I cannot remember them there. We always went to the Hall on New Year's Day.

And now Lisy seemed no longer happy to live at Abberley or to care for staying there, so Father decided to close "The Elms", take Lisy to Geneva for a visit to St. Jean, and buy a house near Birmingham.

I was to go to school at Miss Gawthrop's in Leamington and be under the care of Grandmother Galton at Emona. My father also, I think about this time [1853 - ed.] or soon after, sold the old Chateau of Prégny. He finally bought a comfortable, old-fashioned house "Harborne Lodge", about five miles from Birmingham, hoping Lisy would be happier there. It was a nice place, with a short drive, good-sized grounds and

gardens, two fields, also a good stables, and a yard.

My dear Stepmother, from her sad upbringing, was quite unfit to take her recognized position in the country at Abberley. This was not in the least her fault, only her misfortune, which I have no doubt Father had not realized before, for while visiting us at Abberley, naturally all things went smoothly with my sister's management. Father also most certainly did not know that he would lose his position in Geneva, together with all his old friends there.

And now "The Elms" is closed, not to be opened until Delly and Cam returned from their long wedding tour in Italy, when they went there for a few months, but their eldest child "Lucy Ethel" was born there. They afterwards took a house at Richmond for about two years.

Father, Lisy, Nurse, Baby and myself are all packed up, and we leave "The Elms" one cold morning and it is never my home again.

I forgot to mention that our cousin Philippa Shirley was married, the same year as my sisters, to Walter Shirley and lived at Oxford.

### Chapter Eight.

I am now ten years old ...

On leaving "The Elms" we went to the Bank House at Birmingham. Antoine came in to spend the evening with us. Dear Antoine! How glad I was to see him again. He was going abroad on some business for the foreign warehouse, I think to Australia, Cousin having given him leave. He dined with us and I sat on his knee while he peeled an orange. He seemed terribly sad that evening. His father (Cousin) was always so unkind to him and now his second home in Abberley was closed. I never saw him again!

The next day, Father took me to Leamington and left me at Miss Gawthorpe's school and what a change it was to be all among girls! However, my capacity for story telling and having a good stock (of them), helped me to make friends — not many, for I had difficulty in understanding their ways, so different to boys!

I remained three years at school, spending my Saturdays at 5, Bertie Terrace, where I was well looked after, being always "tubbed" by my Aunt's maid "Clerk" and then give a stiff cup of Chocolate the first thing! I was sent back at night in a Bath Chair.

My holidays I spent in various places. Abberley Hall with Grandmother Moilliet one winter, with James and Lewis, when we had fun skating. Then at Hawling Rectory with dear Amy and sometimes at Hadzor with Aunt Howard and dear Delly and Cam.

I think it was in the second year that I met Tershy again at Harborne Lodge when Father and Lisy were there with Rosy and Baby Ellen. Just at first how shy Tershy and I were! And Tershy could only speak a little English! But it soon came back and in a few days we were fast chums again. He was now to go to Brighton College.

I usually spent my Easter Week at Snitterfield with Aunt

Wheler and it was rather strange that my future sisters-in-law (Emily and Louise Bent), also spent their Easter Holidays with Aunt Wheler (before my time), when at a large school near there, Warwick I think.

Poor Antoine Baumgartner had been found shot in Australia! And strange to say, Cousin, who had wished him to go out there, was now furious with poor Father and would not speak to him again for some years.

When at Hadzor, I met dear Best again, also at Harborne. She was married now and her husband, Mr Parrott, kept a shop in Stourport and afterwards in Bewdley. I must now call her Mrs. Parrott and no longer Best.

When we were at the Bank or Harborne she nearly always used to come and see us. I used to wonder how she always knew where we were, perhaps Father told her! It was always a great joy to meet.

At Hadzor it was always delightful. I remember a pic-nic, haymaking, and children's parties at the Bearcroft's Rectory. Cam and Delly were always delightful companions. At Harborne, my brother James (now called Keir), had left Rugby and was now in the Bank, but living at Harbourne Lodge with Father and Lisy who occasionally went to Geneva to visit her Grandmother and Uncle at St. Jean. [James inherited almost £250,000 from his father. He seems to have lost most of it in banking and made his eldest son, James Keir, manager at the early age of 19, forcing him to leave school (at Rugby) early. In 1860, Keir became a Junior Partner and Managing Director. [Five years later the assets of Messrs. Moilliet & Co. and Messrs. Lloyd & Co., amounting to £2,000,000, were capitalized to form "Lloyd's Banking Co. Ltd." on 13 April, 1865. -ed.]

Tertius and I once spent a few days at Worley with the Hubert Galtons (brother to Aunt Schimmellpeninck, Aunt Booth, Aunt Brewin, Uncle Howard of Hadzor, and to our Grandfather Tertius Galton at Leamington).

Tertius and I also often went to lunch at Aunt Brewin's, the other side of Birmingham. Lewis was now, after going the "grand tour", at Cambridge, in Trinity College.

Uncle Hubert was such a fine, tall-looking man, so "kingly". In the evening, he dressed in the old-fashioned way with lace ruffles at his wrists etc.

When I was 12 years old our Grandmother Moilliet died at Abberley Hall, [aged 77 - ed]. In the next holidays we went there — my parents putting things straight for the house to be let.

I now come to the end of my three years spent at school in Leamington. Abberley Hall is let, also "The Elms" is let to our old friend Mrs. Pearson, now a widow. Tertius is at Brighton College and Lewis at Cambridge and they spend vacations and holidays at Harbourne Lodge.

### Chapter Nine

I am now thirteen years old ...

It is the Christmas holidays and I am at Harborne Lodge. My father had bought a house at Geneva and was going to settle Lisy and her two children Rosy and Ellen there while

he came to and from England - for Lisy did not seem happy in England. Suddenly, Lisy expressed a wish that I should go with them and Father consenting, took me to Leamington for the day to wish Mrs. Gawthrope [her headmistress - ed] goodbye and give her a handsome present!

So now I once more leave England. We spent a week in Paris to make some purchases and to see dear old Monsieur Sayou, Lisy's father.

How different is the journey this time! The railway through the Jura to Geneva has just been opened and people came in crowds to watch it arrive.

Alas! — the dear old walls and moat (around Geneva) are gone, one pulled down and the other filled up — how ugly it looked to what it used to be — so bare where the moat had been.

We drove to "The Paquis". [Now a popular district in Geneva and close to the UN European buildings. Thus also close to Prégny. -ed] There were still workmen in the house finishing the alterations my father wanted doing. In those days the lake came up to the road which was just outside the garden, and the house was on the Jura side so we had a very good view of Mont Blanc opposite.

Little Rosie and Ellen, my step sisters, were nearly three and two years old and such pretty children, with lovely eyes. They had an English nurse now. There was all the bustle of settling in and then it seemed so strange to me never to go to St. Jean as a consequence of Cousin's quarrel with Father.

Once, he took me for a walk near the house but thinking we saw Cousin standing in the crowd that was watching the trains come in we had to turn back. I was so sorry not to see the place again or "Cousin" or "Tantie".

When we were quite settled, my poor dear father found what a mistake his marriage had been socially, for not one of his old friends came to see him! I noticed how dreadfully sad he was, though always kind to Lisy and me, and I wondered what was the matter.

We had a carriage and one horse and often drove with Lisy, who got out to visit her friends, but Father always sat in the carriage with me and waited — we never got out! I had quite forgotten her friends were "shop people".

Soon, one day, dear old Monsieur Sayou came for a flying visit from Paris, evidently at my father's request. I can still see Father pouring out his troubles to him, in the drawing-room window, and M. Sayou trying to comfort him with his arms around him. He then suddenly said: "I am going off at once to see what I can do — wait till I return!" and went quickly out. I had not heard all and still did not fully understand. In a hour or so he came back joyfully, saying: "Ah! it is settled," he said, "I have succeeded etc."

Then there was much talk about the Dufours, who were related to the Sayous. Father seemed a little comforted and happier and thanked him heartily.

What had happened was this. M. Sayou had begged his cousins, General and Madame Dufour, to receive Father and try to make up for the loss of his other friends. After this, we went constantly in the evenings to the Dufours, sometimes

three times a week. Lisy and I took our work and sat at a table with Madame and her daughters and Father sat by the old General, who would chat with him and read amusing little bits out to us all. They were all dear people and the evenings most happy.

One day, the Dufours were going to have their family dinner — you know what that is — once a year all the relations within reach meet for a long midday meal. Well, we were asked to it. As Lisy was a cousin they could do so. We were a tight fit in their dining-room! (Why do the Genevese have such small rooms?). I was sitting next to Father (Lisy elsewhere), when in came a tall gentleman, rather late. He edged his way up behind the chairs, nodding to everyone as he passed, and suddenly came to my father, when he stopped short, then threw one arm around his shoulder and with his other hand clasped my Father's. The tears came to his eyes and he exclaimed: "Ah! Moilliet! Moilliet! — but you understand — you know how it is!". They both looked much upset — then he sadly passed on. I wondered what it meant, but said nothing, as Father remained silent.

I think it was the next day I went alone with him to see if our boat was being properly painted and the English name, "The Black Douglas", spelled correctly, when he suddenly said to me: "Did you notice that scene at the Dufours?". "Yes", I answered. Then he told me that his marriage to Lisy had lost him all his old friends in Geneva (the same had happened to his grandfather, Daniel, when he married "into trade"), and that the gentleman who had spoke to him was a Monsieur Suetoni, a very great friend. My poor Father! I felt very, very sorry for him.

I now went to a small school at an English lady's every day and in the evenings Father loved me to row "The Black Douglas" with him on the lake. A door in the wall of our garden opened on to the side, close to the lake and where the boat was kept. It was pretty in the evening to watch the men taking their horses to bathe, speaking to them just like children: "Now, once more mes enfants!", and into the lake they went. The Genevese were very kind to their horses, they always shared their bread with them.

There were occasionally English visitors to Geneva who came to lunch or dinner at "The Paquis", which made it a little pleasanter for my father. Mons and Madame Sayous came for a longish visit in the summer, with their son, Edouard, and their very spoiled little girl, Charlotte. Edouard and I were great friends. He had some young friends at Geneva and they would come and row us about the lake at sunset time.

Once there was a large party and I sat between Edouard and another Frenchman who did nothing but abuse everything English and the English tastes which, however true as a rule, was certainly very bad manners!

Father had a lovely Worcester China dessert set, so I was delighted when it came on the table and the frenchman began admiring it tremendously. I let him say all his "say" about it, while Edouard sat grinning on my other side! At last he asked, "Where did Monsieur Moilliet get these now, for you could find nothing like this in England!". "Oh", I said,

“these my father brought from England, they are Worcester ware!”. It was a joke to see his face — he went crimson and never spoke a word more, looking dreadfully crestfallen, and then I felt rather sorry for him.

There were only seven girls at my school, all different nationalities, but unfortunately, English was chiefly spoken. The garden was most lovely there and the lake washed up to the walls. We were allowed to learn our lessons in the garden. In summer we had an early sort of standing lunch of grapes, bread, and chocolate, with dinner at four, when it became cooler.

Once we went on an expedition up the Petit Saleve. I think it was our schoolmistress, Madame Arlaux’s birthday. Father now returned to England for a short time. Winter came again with the horrid “Bise” (wind). We had double windows [even in those days! - ed.], to keep the cold out for Geneva was terribly cold in winter and scorching hot in summer.

It was Christmas again and my dear father and step-mother gave me a watch, much to my delight. “The Paquis” had a nice garden and in summer the orange trees, in tubs down the driveway, looked very pretty. Father settled this place on Lisy who lived there until her death when it was sold by her three remaining children (Ellen having died within a year after marrying Otto Albert Stetter).

My only stepbrother Alfred, was born in 1858. One day, my parents being away, I had tea with the nurse and children, but coming down I found the nurse in a dreadful state. She ran to me and begged me to come to little Ellen who was in a great temper and her face quite disfigured and black with passion. We could do nothing with her and so I suggested leaving her as she was, on the floor, which seemed the answer, for after a while Ellen became quiet and we carried her in but she was still too sulky to eat her tea.

I have often been told that her mother was subject to violent attacks but I can truthfully say I never saw her in any temper and she was most kind always to me. However, Father did not seem to care to leave me alone in Geneva again, so when returning to England in the early spring, he decided to take me with him. --When alone with him, he asked me if dear Lisy was kind while he was away and I assured him that she had been, but he seemed anxious. Also, I was growing up and, of course, he did not wish me to associate with Lisy’s friends.

After about a year’s stay at “The Paquis”, I returned to England with my Father who had made an arrangement with his favourite sister, Aunt Susie, and Uncle Charles (Smith), that I would live with them for a time at Newton Rectory in Suffolk.

Just before leaving Geneva, the old English Dr. Baumgartner visited - he was cousin to “Cousin” of St. Jean - and tried to make peace between Cousin and my Father. I believe it was on that occasion that he succeeded in bringing Cousin to see reason, but we were leaving and I never saw Cousin or Tantie again.

## Chapter Ten

I am now 14 years old (1859).

Newton Rectory was my home for the next three years. It was a quiet, happy life. Uncle Charles (Reverend Smith) was such a good and holy man and Aunt Susie, what can I say of her? You know I adored her. She embodied the virtue of Charity more than anyone else I have ever met with. My stepsister Rosy, years afterward, truly said, that Newton Rectory was like the Gates of Heaven!

My cousins treated me as one of themselves, like a younger sister in fact.

Aunt Susie and I had many talks about Geneva. She was so distressed that Father had lost all his friends there, for he had told her. She still corresponded with Cousin and did so until her death.

My two eldest cousins, Constance and Bertha, were a few years older than me, Herbert was two years older only, and Reginald was my age.

My uncle was very musical and my four cousins sang together charmingly. Connie played beautifully on the piano, as well as the organ, which she always took on Sundays. Uncle insisted on music every evening.

Every autumn, they went to the sea for a month or six weeks and I with them.

During the next year Father was made High Sherriff of Worcestershire and the first time he came to England for his duties I joined him at Worcester at the Star Hotel. Delly and Cam had just returned from abroad then and were staying at Hadzor and often drove over. Delly and I went to the Court one day to hear a trial, under the protection of the Under-Sherriff. Lewis, who was now a young curate, was my father’s chaplain.

When Father came again, Amy and Hesketh were in England. (Hesketh having taken a chaplaincy in Switzerland before, for his health), and now Father opened Abberley Hall (which was not let just then) and both my sisters and their families came at my father’s invitation. This was the last time we elder ones met all together at the same time along with our father, for Tertius came for his summer holidays and I came from Newton, and Keir and Lewis also came for a short time.

We had a very enjoyable time at dear old Abberley and Tertius and I had rides again on some untamed colts we found on a farm - to Mr. Melvilles’ amusement, who we one day met.

The previous winter Cam and Delly had spent at Dresden Court, where Delly was much admired. Her diary all about that time was most interesting. She and Cam and their sweet little children now had their home in Harley Street, London.

Hesketh afterwards had the living [a position - ed] of Rector at Upton Warren, near Hadzor, but he and Amy remained at the Abberley Hall for a time after we others had dispersed. Tertius to Brighton College, I back to Newton, Lewis to his first Curacy at Halesowen, and Keir to Harborne.

Another time father sent me to Harborne for Tertius’ holidays. Once or twice he came to Newton, so we met occasionally.

When I was sixteen, I went to Hadzor for a short visit. Uncle Howard was there and it was Grand Yeomanry Week. How pretty the red coats looked as they drove up the drive. There was a grand dinner in a tent and a ball in another, and I met the Middlemores who were among the guests in the house.

Another time, when at Hadzor, Delly and I caught chicken pox after a day's shopping in Birmingham, so I was delayed some weeks longer at Hadzor, for all Delly's children caught it afterwards! What sweet little children they were, like fairies, and Ewan such a pretty boy, though very delicate.

It was always a happy time at Hadzor, with dear Aunt Howard, and many friends around. The rides with Cam, who was a delightful companion, and drives with Delly in the Shetland pony carriage etc. I loved the peacocks and the great mastiff dogs who came to be fed on the dining-room window sills after lunch.

The beautiful salon at Hadzor was a copy of one of the Vatican rooms in Rome and painted exactly the same on the ceiling by Italian workmen - a lovely room too for music.

One winter I was sent to Bognor Regis and stayed with Aunt Bunbury and Milly for a few months. Newton was very cold and my chest had been unusually bad.

Aunt Bunbury invited Keir and Tertius for Christmas. She was extremely fond of Keir and indeed was always most kind to us all - the most kind of all our mother's relations. I then returned to Newton.

I went one autumn to Brighton with Uncle and Aunt and my cousins and we had an enjoyable ride on the Downs. Uncle always kept a horse at Newton for us girls to ride and Connie and Bertie kindly let me have my turn. We also drove about a great deal in the pony carriage.

Another autumn we went to Harwich, an old-fashioned, pretty place and the shipping was most exciting!

Tertius was now leaving Brighton College and was joining Keir at the Bank, so Father wished me to leave Newton and make a home for him at Harborne Lodge, where he wished me to have a "finishing governess".

I had been there years with my precious Aunt Susie, and was very sorry to leave her, but my education was, of course, much neglected while there. Connie and Bertie were quite out of the schoolroom and Uncle Charles did not approve of girls being highly educated, even in those days.

Father had heard of a finishing governess for me — Mademoiselle Baux, a middle-aged Swiss lady, but of French origin. So I wished the dear ones at Newton farewell but my dearest of aunts was always like a second mother to me. I kept up continual correspondance with her until her death many years after.

## Chapter Eleven.

I am now 17 years old (1862).

You see, I had had a great many changes, more than was good for me. Of all places I had lived, my heart naturally clung to Abberley with the greatest affection, and of course, my real

home.

This next year at Harborne Lodge was very enjoyable. I liked dear good Mademoiselle Baux and much enjoyed our readings together. I have never met anyone who could explain the Bible in such an interesting way, or who knew it so well. She was, of course, a Calvinist but most thoroughly good, a woman of high principles. She was a tall, good-looking woman, evidently belonging to the higher French families and used to mixing with the English nobility. Tertius and I had many pleasant evenings with her.

We always had music first, for dear Tertius could not live without it! Then Mademoiselle would read to us while we painted or carved etc. Tertius could carve beautifully, in stone and wood, and illuminated [painted - ed] as well. I went to Birmingham for music lessons once a week. In summer, Tershy and I would get up early, either to go for a walk or a ride, with Neptune, the Newfoundland dog — you know his picture I painted — or sometimes we painted together.

Keir or Tertius would read prayers and then we had breakfast, after which my brothers would go to the Bank in the dog cart, coming back at five or six.

Now and then one of them would stay at home for the day and we would go for a long ride, sometimes for the whole day, to "Skilts" [Uncle Theodore Moilliet's home -ed], or to Upton Warren to see Amy and back again at night. But dear kind Keir would often give up his day to Tertius who did not seem at home at the Bank. In winter we would sometimes ride after dinner, in the dark, to give Tertius air and exercise, but I often got ill with my chest.

We used to get up very early on Sundays and walk some distance to the church at Selly Oak for our Communion. I then had to hurry back for my Sunday School class, after which I joined Mademoiselle Baux and Tertius at Harborne Church for the morning service. Sometimes we went to the evening service at Selly Oak, so the clergyman there knew us well by sight and I think found out our name, for years later, when Tertius was dining at Claverdon, the same clergyman came to dinner and told Tertius he remembered him and his sister quite well and was glad to see him again. He told Tertius he had twelve sons!

Father liked Amy and Delly to come constantly and visit us at Harborne, so we often had Amy and Hesketh, with their eldest child, Consie, or Cam and Delly with Ethel.

During all these years, I often met dear Mrs. Parrot, either at Hadzor, where my mother and sister lived or at Birmingham or Harborne.

Once Aunt Louie [Louisa Joyce Townsend was Theodore's second wife. -ed] invited Mademoiselle and me to Skilts for a week or fortnight. We also went to Amy's together. We met a Mr. Bridgeman there. He was a nephew of Lord Bradford and later called several times at Harborne. I went to Hadzor for a few days alone to stand as godmother to Violet, Delly's youngest child. The Douglass Galtons were there.

Another time for a short visit alone to Amy, and while there, we heard of the death of Uncle Howard Galton while in

Italy. Cam had to go off at once to join his mother, who was also in Italy, leaving Delly in London alone at Harley Street, so she wired to Amy to come and she took me with her. The Exhibition was just open in London (1862) so Amy and I ventured there one day. Then I had to return to Harborne. Lewis often came over from Hales-owen to see us for a day or two; so we six were constantly meeting.

I did not mention the death of our great aunt Brewin at "Oaklands", she died before I left Newton rectory, leaving her estate to Aunt Bunbury who was now living there. Sometimes I went to see them, and Milly came once or twice to Harborne.

Also, our great uncle and aunt Hubert Galton were dead and their only remaining child, May, had left Worley. So now all our great uncles and aunts on the Galton side were gone. Mrs. Schimmell-Penninck, - the eldest - having died when I was about twelve and at school in Leamington.

Lewis' three-year curacy at Halesowen was nearly up and it was decided that he should go to Abberley as Mr. Severn was just parting with his curate. Lewis was eventually to have the living of Abberley. As my year at Harborne Lodge was also nearly over it was arranged that Mademoiselle Baux should leave and I should "keep house" for Lewis. I often wished I had stayed on for another year at Harborne.

I forgot to mention that Miss Nash was then living at Harborne on a retired governess' pension. I sometimes went to see her, though I never liked her. Mademoiselle Baux went with me once, and again once more alone, but disliked her so much that she never went again. I did not think Miss Nash at all refined, or just in many ways.

Well I wished Mademoiselle Baux farewell and was sorry to part with her. We never met again. We constantly corresponded, when her letters suddenly ceased, both to me and to others of the family, so we concluded she must be dead.

Lewis and I settled into the Curate's House at Abberley (1863). The Hall was still let and dear old Mrs. Pearson and Fanny were at "The Elms". We found good Mr. Severn getting very old, but we sometimes had tea with him. Sometimes Keir or Tertius would come and see us, from Harborne, and Amy or Delly would drive over from Hadzor or Upton-Warren.

And now I was alone with no lady friend or Aunt and I felt much in need of a "mother". I suppose, in these independent days (1910), such a thing as wanting a mother could not be understood, at the "mature" age of 18! But young people were totally different then owing to their bringing up and to the habits of society — so contrary to the present freedom of young girls!

Lewis was as anxious as myself to improve the services at Abberley, so we had the large harmonium moved from a corner in the west end, up to the choir and chose the best voices from the school, to train as well as we could. Father had built good schools by now and Lewis took great interest in the children.

Mrs. Pearson was always our very dear friend and we were often at "The Elms", also seeing much of Fanny with whom I had, from time to time, kept up correspondence. We sometimes got up a riding party. Mrs. Pearson chaperoning

me occasionally to the Winningtons' and others. She was most kind in taking me with her and Fanny, sometimes long distances, to call or dine with someone. Her older brother, Mr. Gibbons, was still living in his sweet, old-fashioned house near Worcester, with a red brick wall round a pretty garden where, as a child, I had played with Fanny.

One evening, Lewis and I went with Mrs. Pearson and Fanny to a dinner party there — the last old fashioned dinner I have seen. The table literally groaned with the masses of dishes and viands (meats). Every gentleman had a dish in front of him to carve as well as those at each end. Then everything was removed — as in the days of my early childhood — and the dessert put on the highly-polished table. Those long dinners must have given the menservants much trouble.

It was a fairly large party and afterwards we went into the curious octagon room in the centre of the house, lighted by a skylight only, which gave good light in the daytime to a mass of lovely pictures in the room, the walls were simply lined with pictures.

Mrs. Sale, the Vicar's wife, was there and spoke much of the Misses Ward — nieces of Lord Dudley — whom I remember riding with as a child once. The eldest was a high spirited girl and Mrs. Sale had her hands full when taking charge of her for a little time.

Lewis and I went sometimes to the Raymonds who were still at Stockton Rectory - one daughter only had married.

I remember a dinner at Martley Rectory where I was being most carefully attended to at all times by a manservant behind my chair, whom I could not see. I wondered who he was! When I came downstairs to go, I found Lewis talking in the hall to old Dore (our Grandfather Moilliet's former butler at Abberley Hall), so then I understood.

The Melvilles were still at Witley and we went sometimes to the Winningtons at Stamford.

The choir practices were rather a tie and very trying in the cold winter evenings, for I never liked to fail attending them whatever the weather was. I often sat, quite rinsing wet, on Sundays too, after walking through the deep snows we had at Abberley.

It was a good thing that Aunt Howard always liked me to come soon after Christmas and stay nearly three months at Hadzor, while Delly and Cam were there. Her four sons divided the year between them to stay with her, with their families, and this was Delly and Cam's time. This was of course a delightful time and dear Amy being so near at Upton-Warren made it so nice. I continued these long visits over the next three years, until I was married — but of course there were other shorter visits, now and then, to Amy, to Newton, Leamington, to the Oaklands, etc.

My first Ball was from Hadzor. Milly went with me and Mrs. Lea, of St. Peters, chaperoned us. It was a very pretty Ball, in a large tent., at the Alsopps on the coming of age of their eldest son. I think it was the second winter that Aunt Howard invited Connie and Bertie Smith, which was very nice for me. There were always plenty of parties and people staying at the

house. Theodore or Douglas came occasionally for a “flying visit” to their mother and sometimes Aunt Emma came. The Bearcrofts and their boys were always great friends.

The little church almost joined the house at Hadzor and the rectory was far away, so Mr. Bearcroft always stayed lunch on Sundays. And after lunch on Sundays Delly’s children remained down in the library and had a romp with Mr. Bearcroft. He then would go and get ready for the afternoon service.

When fine, Aunt Howard always visited the gardens and stables on Sunday afternoon and we went with her. The grooms would be out, but the coachman would be waiting in the saddle-room with a chair for Aunt. Each stable had a row of clean carrots on its window sill ready for us to feed the horses. Afterwards, we went to the poultry, the dogs, and the kitchen gardens where the head gardener, “Dalrymple”, would wait for Aunt and then he would dive into the Apple Room and hand out pears and apples to all. And this was the custom at Hadzor! As the grounds were large it took some time to stroll round, especially as the children were often put on the Shetland ponies’ backs and led round the yard!

There was a splendid Orange House at Hadzor and also a Pineapple House. Uncle Howard had always bred his own Arab horses. “Numa” the mother, was a lovely little creature. There was also “Pasha”, a most beautiful snow white Arab with flashing eyes and a long white tail half stained senna colour. He was quite a picture of beauty, but they would not let me ride him. I usually rode “Fanny”, a pretty showy creature, but safe. Cam and I had delightful rides together all about the country. Once I rode one of the young Arabs, they were so springy and easy-going.

The three large mastiffs were always loose and often accompanied us. There was also a pretty white Roman sheep-dog tied up at the back, he came from Rome and was named “Roma”.

Cam once showed us the immense old-fashioned travelling carriage, with strong wheels, places for luggage, pock-ets, and wonderful contrivances about it. It looked very heavy, but of course four strong horses had always drawn it.

Uncle and Aunt Howard had travelled all over Italy in it at different times before the trains were thought of. They had travelled every year and knew Italy pretty well by heart. Aunt Howard had books and books of her sketches.

Uncle Howard was a great art fancier and he had many beautiful statues copied and sent to Hadzor. There was a lovely “Venus” in the Conservatory. At the end of one walk in the grounds there was an exact copy of the big boar at Florence. The house was full of valuable pictures, many having belonged to Aunt Howard’s father, Mr. Josiah Strutt.

I think it was the first summer at Abberley that Father came to England for a short visit. The Hall was still let. Mrs. Pearson kindly took me in at “The Elms”, so that Lewis could receive Father, and what a pleasure it was to see him again.

One evening he, Lewis, and I were on the top of Abberley Hill, forgetting all about the time, when I heard the “Elms” dinner bell ring! I raced down the hill, then up the long

steep road and down again to the Lodge gates to the house, dressed like lightning, and actually was in the dining-room as the Pudding was being brought in. Of course I apologized profusely and dear old Mrs. Pearson kindly said, “We all know what it is to have your Father back, my dear”.

There was rather a severe shock of earthquake that year at Abberley (the village), but no serious damage. How lovely Abberley was then. Every turn of the road you found another pretty scene and people truly said, “Abberley looks lovely at all times of the year”

On the road to Stamford, by what we called “Stamford Lodge”, one could see the Welsh Mountains in the distance, across the Teme Valley and half-way down that valley, going down a road to the left was Shelsley, where Cam bought a small property and was building “Shelsley Grange”.

I often think he knew his life would perhaps be short and it would be well for Delly to be near Lewis and her father if left alone.

The following winter, I went to Hadzor as usual after Christmas and Aunt Bunbury asked me to come for a week to meet the two Misses Bent, so after some hesitation, it was decided I should go there and then return to Hadzor.

I remember Cam trying to find out who these Misses Bents were, in Burke’s (Peerage book) and other books, and Aunt Howard saying they probably were the daughters of a Mrs. Bent of Derby who had married her cousin, Mr. Rowland Bent—and she was right! Well, I met my future sisters-in-law for the first time and Louie, the younger, somehow took and immense fancy to me.

It was rather strange that Milly’s future aunt was also staying with them and she afterwards met her husband through her, as I got to know mine through the Misses Bents. Later Milly and I were both engaged and married within a week of each other.

But to go back, it was a pleasant visit to “Oaklands” and I met dear Keir there. On returning to Hadzor we got up some tableaux vivant and shadows [literally a “living picture”, or a silent and motionless group of persons arranged to represent a scene. -ed] with the Bearcroft boys which was great fun and went off very successfully. The Middlemores were there, also Uncle Ras and others in the neighbourhood. Amy and Cam managed everything so well, the folding doors from the library into the salon being very convenient for a curtain and the stage was always kept in readiness.

The Algernon Baumgartners invited me to Worcester for the Amateur Acting and Dance, which Sir Robert Peel [son of the former Prime Minister. -ed] got up among the County families every winter and which I much enjoyed. There was also another Ball at the Alsopps to which Cam and Delly took me to. Ernest Moilliet (cousin) also went with us.

Then there was a great discussion on the merits of Anglican and Gregorian church music between Sir Frederick Onsley and Lord Lytton, after the “Meeting of the Choirs” which this year was at Bromsgrove, where there was to be a grand lunch for the County families in a large tent. Sir Frederick stayed with Heskeths and Amy, for this and they invited me

for it. It was very interesting to hear this discussion after lunch. I quite agreed with Sir Frederick Onsley. By the bye, he was said to be a “women hater”, but Amy and I found him very charming and he played to us delightfully on the piano in the evening, and on any subject we liked to give him.

This summer the Misses Bents invited me to stay with them at a house near Abergale, their parents had taken in Wales for few months. Tertius travelled with me as far as Chester and Louie Bent met me when I arrived. I enjoyed my visit, riding and bathing with Louie. We went on excursions to Snowdon, Carnaervon, and Conway, Louis and I riding and Mr. and Mrs. Bent with Emily driving in their pony carriage. Mrs. Bent told me how kind my Mother had been to her as a girl and how they had gone to their first Ball together. She knew all my Galton aunts and uncles as well.

They afterwards wished me to stay a week in their home at Liverpool before leaving them, as Mr. Bent was returning with Emily and Louis, so I went with then stopping for a few hours at Chester to see the old walls and the Cathedral etc. We had left Edward with Mrs. Bent in Wales.

I was then introduced to William (my future husband) and Frederick, who were in Liverpool. William took us on drives in his dog cart and showed me over a large steamer. At the end of the week they saw me off to London where Cam met me and I stayed a little with him and Delly. And it was, I think, during this visit that I went to Godmanchester with them and stayed with the English Dr. and Mrs. Baumgartner and their only unmarried daughter, Emma, who often used to visit us at Abberley. They had such a pretty garden with a river running through. The old doctor took his morning “tub” in the river every morning of his life (his gardener breaking the ice for him in winter!), until he died at a good old age. His wife had been a Miss Knight, related to Philippa Knight's father.

While at Godmanchester, Cam took Delly and me to Cambridge for the day and we saw his old lodgings, then went to Trinity College. It was vacation time and he showed us the Hall and the immense kitchens with the shells all round with the Head Cook Hill's name in each. The fireplaces were enormous.

We then attended a service at King's College Chapel and I shall never forget it, or the exquisite roof. The singing was most exquisite and the echo was just like angels joining in.

A long railway bridge was being mended and it certainly was nervous work going back over it and Delly much alarmed, however we tried not to let her notice it on the return journey.

Well! I was at last back at dear Abberley. Louie Bent constantly wrote to me, she was ever more devoted and begging her father, who wanted to leave Liverpool, to take a house in Worcestershire so as to be near Abberley. They looked at several houses and finally rented Hanley Court, and old-fashioned house, a few miles from Abberley, on the opposite bank of the Teme River, past Stamford.

But before they left Wales Louis and Cam had quite a long correspondence about Welsh ponies and Louis managed to find a very nice pair which were sent to Hadzor where Cam

and Delly were. They thought Welsh ponies would be more suited to hills and useful at Shelsley.

My stepmother's health seemed failing now (1864) and my Father brought her to England as the people at the Hall had left. He and Lisy arrived with the two youngest children, Alfred and Laura, Laura was about four years' old. I think Father was uncertain whether Lisy would be contented at Abberley for any length of time for Rosy and Ellen were left with friends and an English governess at first. I also remained with Lewis for a little time. My father invited Connie and Bertie Smith as Lisy was fond of them, and she seemed happy for a time, but I though she looked far from well and much changed when they first arrived.

Tertius did not seem very well at the Bank so Father thought he might do better as an Estate Agent or Gentleman Farmer. Harborne Lodge was now sold and the furniture brought to the Hall. Tertius came and was placed with a Mr. Best to learn farming, but he often came to Abberley (I think for the weekend always). Rosy and Ellen came and soon had a new Governess, a Miss Byder.

I went as usual to Hadzor after Christmas. My dear father seemed worried at this time, but was always the same kind person to me and I was greatly attached to him. It was not until later that I knew things were not satisfactory at the Bank and that he and his brother (Uncle Theodore) were thinking of giving it up. Also, Lisy's health seemed getting worse and at last she went to Malvern to be under the doctor there for the “water cure” and Father often went to see her there.

While at Hadzor this year we had a severe frost. The pond in the wood was lovely for skating and we had a delightful week of it. The Bearcroft boys, Cam and me, Milly, Mr. Coutts Trotter, Keir, and others, were on the ice the whole day and every day. Cam never ceased skating, except for meals. How we enjoyed it! Dear Aunt Howard was often on the ice and I dare say would have skated better than anyone still, only she considered herself too old. She had still a slight girlish figure and it was not many years before this that she used to get up very early, before people were about, and enjoy an hour or two skating with Mr. Bearcroft. I was told she was a most beautiful skater in her day.

Alas! Alas! All this violent skating had a terrible effect on dear Cam's heart, which was, I suppose, weaker than we knew.

The week's fun was only just over — a thaw had set in — there was an end to our pleasure and an end to poor Delly's happiness. The next morning Delly came down and excused Cam's non-appearance, looking a little upset. Cam could not pour his bath water out as everything fell from his hands! He, himself, evidently understood it was his heart, so just rested quietly and had his breakfast upstairs. I think he came down in the evening the same day but he looked different and something in his face had altered [possibly the result of a stroke. -ed]. He was not really ill at first, but was never the same. Cam used to rise with me occasionally, but very quietly, and as time went on I always felt very anxious when out with him. He lived for more than a year after this but had to be very

careful. It is strange that everyone of the men who had rowed in the Cambridge winning boat (Cam being one during the time he was at Cambridge) all died young from heart disease. The violent rowing must have been too great a strain.

Our father came to Hadzor for a visit (1865). The Bank was now to be given up and sold to Lloyds. Keir did not care to remain there though offered the post of Head Manager, and he wished to travel.

Mr. Severn died at this time (the dear old Rector of Abberley, you remember), so now Lewis, would take his place, but it was thought best that he should go away for a complete change before settling at the Rectory. Keir decided to go to New Zealand and Lewis was to go with him, returning immediately. They were to go in a sailing vessel as the long voyage would be good for Lewis. [See Hubert's Memoirs - They were to go in a sailing packet, when he purchased the schooner "Mary Ira" in March of the following year. -ed]

In the meantime, my visit to Hadzor being ended, I now went to the Hall at Abberley. Keir was going almost immediately and Lewis had to hurry away with him, so I had much to attend to, his things had to be moved to the Rectory. The Bishop appointed a temporary Curate who came and settled into the Rectory with his wife and young family. I called on them and told him how we usually held the services and asked if he approved or wished anything altered. I was much amused to find that he would not have objected if we chanted the whole service, lessons and sermons included, I believe! He was quite an old man, with a youngish wife who seemed very nice.

I shall never forget the first Sunday after Lewis had gone. The poor old clergyman must have forgotten how to conduct a service, or was intensely nervous. I was very sorry for him. He repeated all the prayers twice and gave wrong hymns out and when my choir followed, intoning the Lord's Prayer, he must have thought they were getting ahead, for he suddenly raced through and finished! However, they went steadily on, to my relief. It made me fearfully nervous too, but we managed very well and things went much better the next Sunday. Just at first everything was in confusion in the Parish after Lewis left, as you can see from my letters at that time. However we got straighter at last.

I missed my brothers very much and I am sure my dear Father did also, besides having much to worry him. I used to walk about the estate a good deal with him. He was repairing Mr. Lingen's old house, which had lately been used as a farm, as he thought Lewis might prefer it to the low-lying Rectory — but Lewis preferred the Rectory and remained there until he resigned. Abberley was very lovely now for Father seemed to know exactly what trees to cut down and where to plant. He used to say: "Trees are the great beauty of England". He certainly was a splendid landscape gardener. Fir trees grew so well at Abberley and father had planted many plantations especially of larches, his favourite tree.

We now heard of Miss Corrie's engagement to Mr. Hill of Shelsley Rectory (a widower with a large family). She had been a great friend of the first Mrs. Hill and of my own mother.

I had sometimes visited her at Kidderminster and she came now and then to the Hundred House, which was now a very nice hotel and most comfortable.

The Bents were settled in at Hanley Court and I often spent a few days there riding and fishing with Louie - and they almost kept open house - their rector, Mr. Brown, almost living there.

Cam and Delly had been at the sea and he seemed better. We did not realize there was any danger then. They then came and stayed at the Hundred House to be near Shelsley Grange, which was now nearly finished. They had planned the house entirely themselves and it was a great interest to them. Father then asked them to Abberley Hall but when they came I thought Cam looked worse, he varied, however, very much. Delly was very brave all this time and I fancy dare not face the terrible thought that she might lose him. They were so completely one that it was impossible even to think of them apart, they were such a perfectly happy and united couple.

Lisy was still away at Malvern. Delly drove with me to call on Mrs. Bent at Hanley Court and we found them all in. (When I next saw them there Mr. Bent went into raptures about Delly's beauty and said he had never seen such a lovely woman.) Cam and Delly then returned to Hadzor where their children were.

It was about this time that Monsieur Edouard Sayou paid us a visit, but I did not like him so much as I had when a girl in Geneva. Then the youngest brother of Miss Maria Edgeworth, I thought him rather eccentric. It was interesting, though, seeing one of that very clever and numerous family. My father had known them all intimately, for when a boy, he was sent there to school and I used to sit at Maria's feet while she wrote her novels. (Mr. Edgeworth had married four times, you remember). [He produced 22 children. Maria Edgeworth, 1767-1849, was an Anglo-Irish novelist, chiefly known for her children's stories and for her portrayal of Irish life and the general stimulus this gave to the handling of national and regional characteristics in fiction. - ed].

We had the School Treat as usual on July 27th. The children were always an interest and pleasure and I often went on walks with them. Laura was at this time a sweet, gentle little thing and would often come to me when not wanted in the schoolroom.

Winter came on and Lisy came back for a little and it was so nice having her in the house, but she was often ill with severe headaches. Tertius and I attended to the Church decorations and we got up a Christmas tree for our step sisters and brother which they enjoyed. Dear Rosy was such a nice child and we were all fond of her. Soon after Christmas, Lisy returned to Malvern again.

Tertius and I occasionally took rides together and one day, having gone farther than we intended and lost our way. We came down near Shelsley, but the road was all up (ed. - under rear) for some distance as Cam was having a very nasty steep hill levelled. There was only a narrow footpath left high up, close to a hedge, scarcely room for a horse! What should we do? To go all round by Stamford bridge would make us

terribly late and Father must already be getting anxious. Well! we decided to attempt the path. It was very dark now, but we hoped, by giving quite a loose rein to our horses, they would pick their way safely. Tertius went first and I followed holding my long habit all up so as not to catch in the hedge. Our horses went carefully along — we scarcely breathed! And how thankful were we to get back to the road!

I find it most difficult to arrange the events of this time in their proper order. So many things happened during my last year and a half at Abberley.

Aunt Bunbury and Milly were invited to Hanley Court and it was pleasant meeting them there. Mrs. Hill was also now at Shelsley Rectory and when I was at Hadzor again Aunt Howard invited her and Mary and Melsop Hill.

My father took the children and Miss Ryder to Malvern for a time, to be near Lisy, and I joined them there. We had an enjoyable time roaming over the hills, our legs being well used to climbing the hilly roads of Abberley. My dear Father did not seem well, suffering more from rheumatic gout. I soon left for a promised visit to Hanley Court.

Cam and Delly had now all their furniture from London taken to Shelsley Grange, but they were living at the farmhouse nearby, with their children, only having lunch at the Grange where large fires were kept in all the rooms to dry the house.

This time my visit to Hanley Court was eventful for I became engaged to my future husband William Bent, William going to Malvern to obtain Father's consent. My engagement seemed to give great pleasure to all my husband's family and I had some kind letters from William's aunts at Sutton Hall.

On leaving Hanley Court, I went to Abberley Hall to await the return of my Father and the rest. Dear Delly met me on my arrival and naturally felt my engagement very much and was a good deal upset for she had not seen William yet. I spent most of my time with Delly and Cam, until the others returned. They were arranging the grounds and choosing the places for groups of fir trees, then only three or four feet high but which in a very few years they were enormous trees and most beautiful.

There were many letters to write announcing my engagement and Delly helped me. It was not long before William came again from Liverpool and Father asked him to the Hall. One day we went to lunch at Shelsley Grange and the Mr. and Mrs. Bent came also with Emily and Louie from Hanley Court. I think this was the last time I ever saw dear Cam sitting at table.

There was a round of visits to make and I was always on the move — first to Newton, then to Grandmother Galton at Leamington, who also invited William — we had a large luncheon party and Milly was there with her fiancée, for she was engaged just before me. Afterwards to Amy and Hesketh, with William and I. Another time William joined me at Hadzor, Sir Frederick and Lady Elizabeth Arthur were there, also Richie Blair (whom I had not seen for a long time), and Herman was there for a short time. Later, I visited Uncle and Aunt Darwin at Claverdon.

Then William's aunts at Sutton Hall invited me, I had

been staying at Hadzor and from there went to Aunt Bunbury for a few days. I then went to Sutton Hall, William meeting me half-way between Birmingham and Macclesfield. So I now made acquaintances with his three aunts, Fanny, Maria, and Sarah, who were all most kind. Emily and Louie were there.

On leaving I went to Hadzor again for a short time for our dear Cam, who was getting rapidly worse and weak from nose bleeds. He now only came down to Aunt Howard's boudoir sometimes and lay on the sofa.

I am not sure if it was then, or during a previous visit, that one evening after dinner — it was a lovely moonlit night and warm — we opened the library windows and strolled out below the terrace on the broad walk — a large expanse of grass lawn on the other side with a clump of elm trees in the centre. We were strolling up and down, Delly, Marianne (Lady Galton), with Miss Luce and myself a little in advance. Douglas (Galton) was sitting upstairs at the open window of the boudoir talking to Cam on the sofa. Suddenly, we all stopped, for we all saw at the same moment, two white figures like ghosts, glide along the lawn, under the trees and into the moonlight again. Further on, the lawn dips down a long steep bank to the pond, but they seemed to vanish before reaching the dip. One figure, all along, held one arm stretched out as if pointing in front of her. No one spoke for a few moments, but Douglas had run down and was following them. "Did you see those figures?" he asked, as he quickly passed by. He was at the edge of the slope in a second but there was no one to be seen, though they could not possibly have gone out of sight!

And now our dear Cam (we all loved him so) rapidly failed. A good physician came for a night from London and we were told that there was no hope and dear Delly knew it at last. They made her go out into the air every day. I fancy I can see her now, pacing rapidly up and down the "Boar Walk" in the distance. We felt she preferred being alone and it was a "duty walk".

One day she came into my room, it was just after the physician had left, and she clasped me tight and sobbed and sobbed her poor heart out on my shoulder. I could only love her and give her all my sympathy. It was the first time she had given way and I helped bathe her eyes before she returned to Cam. I was so strongly attached to my brothers and sisters that their griefs were like mine and even now I cannot help the tears coming when I think of poor Delly's great grief at this time.

Cam took much interest in my engagement and liked to look at my trousseau which Delly had, up 'till now, helped me a little in getting — but of course now she had no time nor spirit. I soon returned to Abberley. Amy and Mrs. Parrott came in turns to help to nurse dear Cam, also Marianne and Douglas were constantly there helping.

Our Father was away for a few days when, one Sunday (March 23rd, 1866) after the morning service, when the butler put our letters always in the dining-room, Tertius saw a deep black-edged letter from Hadzor, for Father, so we knew then that Cam had passed away and longed to hear news of Delly.

The next day I had to drive into Stourport to meet my Father and saw by his face that he knew. Of course, I had to be busy getting mourning (clothes) for myself and the children, which he was glad I attended to. Soon he went to Hadzor and had a most touching time with poor Delly before the funeral. Douglas Galton came to Abberley soon after and told me it was Cam's last wish that my wedding should not be put off. Cam had died on March 22nd. and I was married on the May 2, 1866. But his death had thrown such a gloom over everything and Delly's prostration with grief and illness from nursing him after so bravely keeping up, made us all very sad.

Father took me to London later to order my dresses etc., and he bought me a beautiful travelling trunk. With Aunt Howard's generous cheque I bought a travelling bag which has been as great comfort.

All this time Keir and Lewis were abroad. I went once more to Hadzor for a few days only to see my darling sister before my marriage. We almost feared she would die. When I arrived, the children were out with Miss Hunter (their Governess) on the walk under the terrace. They ran and surrounded me as usual, but it was impossible to speak for a few minutes, for seeing them all in deep mourning, poor little fairies, they had indeed lost a good father. Darling Delly looked prostrate on her bed. Marianne Galton was nursing her just then and attending to the children. Aunt Howard looked much saddened and as dear and kind as ever.

Delly gave me a lovely wedding veil that she and Cam had ordered to be made in Dresden and she gave me a pretty message from dear Cam. When returning Marianne drove me back to Abberley on her way to Shelsley, as she and Douglas attended to everything just then for Delly.

## Chapter Twelve

My wedding (1866) was, of course, very quiet, though we had a few relations staying in the house. It was the last "gathering" at Abberley and I was now 21. Uncle Charles and Aunt Susie came, also Amy and Hesketh Biggs, Connie, Bertie, Reggie Smith, Richie Blair and Mr. Gem. Of course, dear Mrs. Parrott (Best) came to accompany me on the wedding tour, as she had done with both of my sisters. I did not like taking her away from Delly just then, when she was in such grief, but Delly, herself, begged me to take her and seemed very anxious I should have her with me.

Our wedding day was wretched and chilly — a dull, leaden sky and constant fine sleet, with not one glimpse of sun. Mr. and Mrs. Bent drove over from Hanley Court with Emily, Louie, Frederick, and William, and a friend of William's as his Best Man. I can not remember if Edward was there.

Everything went off very quietly. Dear Uncle Charles Smith and Hesketh read the service, but Uncle nearly broke down once. Fanny Pearson had had a bad fall from her horse a little time before and was laid up. I had been to wish her and Mrs. Pearson farewell [before the wedding - ed], and little thought that poor Fanny would soon be on her back, paralyzed for the rest of her life!

I had also been 'round to wish the cottagers that I knew 'Goodbye'.

One cannot help feeling a little sad when wishing ones' father and ones' home goodbye. My stepmother was not there, still at Malvern, but she wrote me a kind letter.

Well, dear children, your father and I went to Scotland for about three weeks and then settled down at 1 Deane Road, Fairfield, then only on the verge of Liverpool. Mrs. Parrott left me but I had an Abberley maid at first.

In a short time, Delly moved into her house at Shelsley where Aunt Howard, Amy, Marianne, Connie Smith (now engaged to Richie Blair), all stayed with her in turns, for she was not fit to be left alone for the present. After a little time I also went, as William had promised I should.

Now came the sad news that Abberley must be sold, so my wedding was indeed the last family gathering in that dear home. This was a great sorrow to me in that this lovely place should go out of the family and never be Keir's!

And now again I can not remember clearly the order of events.

But Lisy and her children returned to Geneva and there was a sale of some of the furniture at Abberley. [ Abberley comprised about 2,000 acres, with an income of £3,600 annually. It was sold for £86,000. - ed] Abberley had been bought by a Mr. Jones.

Father searched for another home in England and finally bought Cheney Court, in Herefordshire, an interesting old house, but in very damp condition.

Lewis returned and settled down at Abberley Rectory and was a great comfort to Delly.

In the meantime, your father and I visited Amy again at Upton Warren and also his parents at Hanley Court. Another time, your Father's great aunts at Derby (who had brought his mother up from childhood), invited us and we met Rose and Sophy Rawson there. We also visited the aunts at Sutton Hall again.

There was a good deal of building and alteration to be done at Cheney Court, so Father went abroad again for some time and I think they all went to Mentone (Italy).

Father was visited with his old trouble after moving to Cheney Court, for the house was twice on fire, but happily soon extinguished, indeed such good precautions had been taken that the water did more harm than the fire. There was a mass of lovely carved wood in the library and the billiard room upstairs and the old hall, next to the new one, was all wood. However, the beautifully-built stables were quite destroyed and had to be replaced. This interesting old house had a double wall in places, with a secret passage inside besides other curious outlets. When the moat was being drained (before filling it in), a beautiful knight's silver spur was found, belonging to many generations before and also a man's skull!

Further trouble was yet to come ... Father had only been at Cheney Court a short time when our beloved Church was burnt from the stove behind or under the new organ which my brother had purchased. The beams underneath caught fire, after smouldering for some days, and broken out on a Thurs-

day morning and the alarm given by a labourer working in the fields near. There had been a service on Wednesday evening but no fire was lit and people remarked how warm and stifling the Church was!

As Abberley is seven miles from Stourport and thirteen from Worcester, it was sometime before the fire brigades arrived, but the whole village came with buckets to try and save their beloved church. Lines of people were formed down to the nearest farm and the water passed up quickly, but nearly the whole of the inside was burnt and the east wall cracked.

The new squire, Mr. Jones, though a very wealthy man with no family, would not stir to build a new Church. At first, the services were held in school, then my brother had the nave of the Old Church roofed in. Months passed and nothing was done. At last, a deputation of principal farmers came to Lewis with a long document, in which everyone in the village had signed his or her name, promising to save every penny they could spare, and imploring their former Squire, Mr. Moilliet, to again come to their aid. The farmers begged Lewis to take it to Cheyney Court, which he did and my father consented to re-build the Church, with my brother begging subscriptions from the other County families round.

The old plans were procured from Mr. Cole and the Church in time re-built very much the same as before, except that the pillars now are marble, instead of Abberley stone like the rest, and these were donated by Lord Dudley. My brothers and sisters gave the new memorial window to our Mother.

My eldest child, Lucy Edith, was born on the 14th of February 1867 and my sister Amy was with me and had prepared everything for my first child most beautifully. I did not think she was looking at all well at that time and we all wanted her to have good (medical) advice. Later, I took the nurse and Baby to Hanley Court and afterwards to Shelsley Grange, where our dear sister came for a day to see Delly and me before leaving England again. This was the last time we ever saw our precious Amy in this world.

Hesketh had had another living offered him near Stratford-on-Avon, but the rectory wanted repairing and he and Amy were taking their family to Honfleur, in France, for a few months. While they were there it happened the Paris Exhibition was opened and Hesketh took Amy up to see it. But very soon dear Amy became very ill and was obliged to have a Nurse as well as Doctors. We were very anxious about her. Father and Delly wanted me to go and join her but could not get my husband's consent.

It was in the summer of 1867 and Emily Bent was staying with us. We returned with her to Hanley Court, with the nurse and baby again, but I had not been there long before one day Tertius drove up to the door and begged me to return to Shelsley Grange with him. I feared dear Delly was taken much worse and hurried off leaving Baby at Hanley — but on arriving and going up to Delly's room, she broke the news to me of Amy's death in Paris from peritonitis. It was a great grief to us, but we were thankful that good Mrs. Parrott had gone to be with her a few days before the end and that dear Amy passed away peacefully and happily. I forgot to mention that

Keir, had now returned to England, was staying with Lewis at Abbeley Rectory. Tertius was there as well.

I found dear Aunt Howard at Shelsley and Father soon joined us there for a short visit. Delly also sent for my baby until Mrs. Parrott could arrive with Amy's children from Honfleur. Baby had to return to Hanley then to make room, but Delly begged me to stay a little with her. So now Amy's children and all of us were again in deep mourning.

Walter Shirley had also died a short time before our sister Amy. It was strange that Philippa, Amy, and Delly were all married within 12 months, three of them died within 12 months of each other and years after the other three also died within 12 months.

Aunt Howard was still at Shelsley. I took Hesketh about in the pony carriage to try and amuse him a little. In time, I returned to Hanley Court and then back to Liverpool, taking Delly's little Amy with me for a visit. Dear Keir visited us and your father was always very fond of him.

We constantly had someone staying with us. Once Rosy came, then Reggie, then Connie and Richie Blair after their marriage. Also Louie, after her marriage to Mr. Grasett and Emily sometimes. Aunt Fanny came for long visits to us about twice a year, she and your father were greatly attached to each other and she was an amusing companion.

My second child, Rowland Theodore, was born the following April, in 1868, and the summer that year was the hottest I can ever remember in England. Everyone was nearly more or less ill, especially the babies and the old people. Your father's old nurse "Hibbert", who had lived with us for over three years was very ill and the baby also. I feared we would lose him. Another doctor was called in but he did no good so I wrote to Delly who at once advised taking him to the sea as the best cure for disentry.

Your father was away at Hanley Court, so I asked Edward to come with me and the baby (leaving Edith at Hanley with Hibbert), to see us settled into a hotel at Waterloo. We drove all the way and I sent at once for a doctor there. We found the hotel full of ill babies! Baby was to be out all day close to the sea and then began to pick up and gradually get well. Dearest Keir came and stayed with me for a time, then Emily came. The weather at last became cooler and we could breathe again! Little Edith had stayed at Hanley Court with Hibbert.

My third child, Elizabeth Eva, was born in June, 1869 and when able to travel my Father, who had now settled at Cheyney Court with Rosy, Ellen, and Laura, asked me to bring the baby and Nurse for the christening, which was a grand event — a choral service and a large party for lunch afterwards. My three brothers were there. I had brought young Roly with me, but Edith had gone to her Grandmother Bent where she now chiefly was. Lisy and Alfred were at Geneva.

I remember my brothers launched a new boat that day after the christening and named it the "Elizabeth Eva".

Dear Delly was now much better and also staying at Cheyney Court. On returning to Liverpool, my dear father returned with me for a week, and was very anxious about my

weak health. This was the only time he visited us as his own health gradually, but steadily, failed after settling at Cheyney Court which very damp, though the sheets of water were very pretty. One near the house was filled up. There was a boat house in the other and Rosy and I had great fun racing in the canoes across the length of the water. I also enjoyed some rides with dear Keir again. On one of my many visits to my father, Uncle Alex was there and much interested in little Roly, the fourth generation. He once more repeated poetry to us.

I think my third child was five or six months old when we moved from 1 Deane Road to "Grange Hollies", at Gateacre, near Childwold, as the other house was getting much too small! Rosy and Ellen came for a visit with Miss Hunter, who was now their Governess.

Dearest Delly seemed very anxious about little Ewan and now went to Mentone or San Remo every winter with her children and I attended to her business correspondence while she was away.

Keir's marriage to Miss Sophie Harriet Finley took place soon after this (1874) and he took the management of one of Lloyds branch banks at Halesowen.

Then my brother Tertius married Grace Agnes Shuckburgh and our dear Father seemed left with no kind help just when he was getting feeble and wanted it, for my stepsisters were so young and their mother (Lisy) was constantly in bad health and could be of no use to him or able to teach them how to help our dear father, so I gradually became more and more sad about him.

Tertius and his wife went to live at Leamington, he also taking to the Bank again there, for he had quite failed as a gentleman farmer.

During my next visit to Cheyney Court I went from there for a short visit to Aunt Wheler or to Tertius and Grace and this was the last time I saw my Grandmother Galton, who died at a good age.

All my other children (6), excepting the last one who was the 10th, were born at "Grange Hollies". My youngest Harold Edward Furnival, was born in London on October 1, 1878. My sister Delly was then living in London (having left the Grange) and kindly asked me to come for the event. My health had quite given way some months before and my dear father, then also in London, wished me to stay with him and have my teeth attended to. I was in such a dreadful state of weakness that I afterwards went to my sister's and was under the doctors for a long time.

But to go back - my dear father in time became so helpless and suffering that it was necessary Keir should give up his duties in the Bank and live with him and it was thought best he should remove to London and be under the best advice, so a furnished house was taken and Keir and his young wife and family stayed there with him until his death [1878 at age 71 -ed], which happened about a month before the birth of my youngest child.

Aunt Howard had died a little time before. I only saw her once again, when your father and I were taking our eldest son

Roly to the Bearcroft's School and Aunt Howard asked us to stay at Hadzor. Douglas and Marianne were there then, and among others the two Misses Middlemore and a Miss Strutt. It was delightful seeing this dear aunt once more. She looked a little aged, but as pretty as ever. Roly was then nine years old and always such an engaging child with his large blue eyes and fair hair. It was winter or very early spring and Delly was still abroad with her children.

My father became quite crippled the last three or four years of his life and was obliged to use crutches. We went to Abberley again once, for a short visit to the Rectory, driving there in the low pony carriage, which was easier for him to get in and out of. When nearing our destination, and going up a steep hill, we heard a good deal of panting behind them and, at last, looking back, we saw an old man trying his best to get up to them before we reached the top, so they stopped. The man exclaimed that he had recognized my father after he had passed and was so delighted to see him again that he had tried hard to get up to speak to him. This pleasure at seeing him once more was quite touching. Father had been much liked by his tenants and was a good, kind landlord.

The first Mr. Jones of Abberley (there now have been four since my father sold the estate), was unfortunately not liked from his meanness and some alterations he had made. [perhaps the huge clock tower, commanding the landscape, which remains to this day? -ed].

I forget whether I mentioned that our father gave Cheyney Court to my eldest brother Keir, in his life time when he became so ill and feeble. It was few years only after our father's death in London and when Keir had let Cheyney Court, that it was burnt down by the great carelessness of the tenant. [Keir had moved to Great Malvern for family educational reasons and he rented out Cheyney Court to a Mr. Monson, a relative of Ambassador Sir Edward Monson. The house totally burned under very suspicious circumstances with most of the furniture having been removed before the fire. -ed]. So many of the beautiful pictures which escaped the Abberley fire were now lost forever. Among them was a very lovely view of Geneva and Mont Blanc from the old Chateau Prêgny and the beautiful picture by Calamé, a small copy of which my sister Amy painted for me just before my marriage but had not time to finish the foreground before leaving Abberley.

I must now end my recollections, which have been so hurriedly written. I cannot vouch for the correct order I have placed some of the events and many things are missed out, which will come back to me as I read it over! I fear it will not sound very interesting to you, dear children, and in any case, it must lose the interest of a diary written at the time of the events and when one lives in the actual 'past' ...

\*\*\*\*\*

The previous musings were contained in a memoir written by Emma Sophia Bent (sixth child of James Moilliet) and dedicated to four of her children, Constance, Elsie,

Kathleen, and Harold. The original manuscript is in the care of Jacqueline Murray Moilliet of Calgary, Alberta.

Editorial additions by David Moilliet, Ottawa,

### **Additional Writings by Emma Sophia**

(The following writings by Emma Sophia Moilliet were found at 72 Doods Road, Reigate, home of Constance and Elsie Bent, and are now in the hands of Jock and Alison Moilliet. Copies were made by Rachel Moilliet and sent out to David Moilliet in Ottawa. The various mis-spellings make one believe it was written at an early age.)

#### **“All's Well That Ends Well”**

A Tale by Sophie Moilliet

Dedicated to her dear Grandmama (Bent), in the hope that in her leisure moments she will read over this little book.

### **Chapter 1**

There was, in a little village, an old gray mansion called Worsley Abbey. In this place lived a beautiful couple (they had only been married two years), and their twin daughters Grace and Leah, who were very lovely and much like their mama, whose name was also Grace.

They were living there very happily when Mr. Worsley found that he was obliged to leave home and go to India. He could not bear to leave his young wife and beautiful children and so he took them with him. They arrived safe and sound after a long voyage. Seven happy years passed when poor Mrs. Worsley's health (sic) failed and she died. Now the twins were just eight years old. Their father loved them dearly, but he could not stay in India after his beloved wife's death and so they soon set off back to England. The children's hearts were full of joy at the thought of seeing their English home once again. They had heard much of it but were too young to remember when they once lived there.

It was a bright day when they left India's shining shores. Night came on, the sea was calm, so they were not sick. Next day it was rough, but grew calm again towards evening. Father kissed his dear children and heard them say their prayers before their nurse, old Effie Best, put them to bed. Soon the night grew very dark and the wind rose. The sea became rougher and rougher and suddenly the ship struck a rock and split in two. What was the distress of Mr. Worsley when, on rushing up on deck, to find that he was divided from that part of the ship containing his children. He took a flying leap to the other side but oh!, his foot slipped and down he went, but happily he managed to catch a rope and pulled himself up again.

He flew to his family, who were still asleep like little angels, and seized one in each hand, putting shawls over

them, waking their nurse, and hurrying up on deck to a boat which was fast filling with people. He helped Nurse down and then his sweet children. There was no room for him, so he stood gazing after the little boat which held all he loved on earth and cared to live for and his heart beat furiously as he saw the raging, foaming waves toss the little boat. Soon he thought he saw it upset, but a boat was waiting to take him he saw the raging, foaming waves toss the little boat. Soon he thought he saw it upset, but a boat was waiting to take him and he jumped into it.

Alas, he had not gone far when he spied the lifeless form of the old Nurse floating by, and near her he saw one of spied the lifeless form of the old nurse floating by, and near her he saw one of his children's little nightcaps. Mr. Worsley thought that both his dear children were also drowned and he did not care now for his life. All the joy was gone, his poor heart was broken, and he sat, wishing to die, in a maddened state of mind. The little boat sailed on and on and on, all night, and in the morning they met an English ship and were all taken on board.

Meanwhile, the little girls had been upset near an island and the only other survivor, an old sailor, saved them by carrying them ashore. He put them under a tree. Seeing their shawls floating offshore, he fetched them, made a fire, and warmed the little children.

The next day, a French passed close by and the sailor took a small pistol out and fired off two or three shots to make the ship know he was in distress. And so they were rescued.

All the people on board felt very sorry for Grace and Leah, but there was only one kind gentleman and his lady who could speak their language. Indeed the lady was English and married to a Frenchman of immense riches, who had no children, begged her husband to let her adopt them as her nieces. The gentleman had also taken a great fancy to them and said he would be called their uncle.

The little girls told him that there had been no room for their dear Papa in the boat and that very likely he was dead in the cold sea now. The good Monsieur and Madame de Ruè, for that was their name, gave the good sailor who had saved them 10 sou that he might return to England after they arrived in France.

### **Chapter II**

It was on the first of June that the ship arrived home. The Ruès took the two little girls to their splendid castle which stood only a few miles from Paris. It was an old gray place surrounded by mountains and trees. Here Grace and Leah were brought with all the kindness possible. They had teachers from Paris and were as happy as larks in the air.

When the twins were 18 years old, the Rues took a house in Paris so that the girls could go to parties and see a little of the world. After some time, they all travelled to Switzerland and Italy. They stayed at length in the little Swiss village of Stinen. The scenery was beautiful and the girls were delighted with all the snow.

Often in their walks alone, they met a Roman Catholic priest who always said “bonjour” in a very pleasant voice. One day, as the girls were walking arm in arm in the nearby wood, they saw a dear little cottage near such a pretty chapel. They knocked at the door to ask if they might see inside. The door opened and there was the priest. He looked glad to see them and begged them to let him show off the chapel saying that there was only one thing worth seeing and that was a picture of the Saviour.

The priest talked to them much on subjects of the Bible. He was trying to turn them into Roman Catholics, but they stood firm to their faith. After they had left the Chapel they saw a man rush after them. They found he had come to say there were a great many wild bulls near the place they were going to, and the priest had sent him to tell them of it.

They just turned the corner when they saw one great bull so they ran back in a fright thanking the man for warning them. As they walked home they met a handsome young Englishman leaning against a rock, meditating. He gazed on the lovely girls and thought how very beautiful they were and he watched them walking home.

The next day he met M. De Ruè and they began talking together. M. De Rue liked him so much that he asked him to dine with them that evening. He was very glad to come. “And now”, said he, “you would like to know my name, it is Lord Abber.”(ed. note - of Abberley, no doubt!). “Oh, my Lord”, said Mr. De Rue, “it is very kind of you to dine with us”. But Lord Abber was only too glad to be able to see the fair young Grace again for he thought her even more lovely than Leah. Grace was brighter and merrier though Leah’s soft blue, calm eyes were very lovely and many thought her the sweetest. Well, Lord Abber was very pleasant to Grace and they all liked him very much.

### Chapter III

Lord Abber had now seen a great deal of Grace as he was often dining with them. One evening he came into the house and found Grace sitting thinking. She was thinking of him. As he walked up to her, her cheeks blushed. He was pleased to see it as he thought it showed that she loved him. He put her hand in his and begged her to be his wife. She, after a silence, said she would if her dear Aunt and Uncle would let her. Lord Abber now left her to ask her Aunt and Uncle who said that they would be delighted. He directly went downstairs to tell Grace and remained with her the rest of the evening. They were very happy together and they took long walks about the valleys and hills. Soon they left this place and travelled a good deal about Italy.

It was a bright day when Lord Abber said he wanted to ride to see a church about 17 miles distant from the place at which they were staying. He said he had great difficulty in finding a horse but one man who had got a new, almost wild horse, which he was breaking in, would let Lord Abber have it for the day, if he thought he could manage it. Lord Abber was a very good horseman so he said he would take it. Grace

Well, he went early in the morning through the most lovely country. He found the horse very difficult to manage and soon his hand got tired of keeping him in. The horse flew across a small river and on, on, on, quite the wrong way, taking him miles away from the right road. Soon it grew very dark and he got in a small, narrow valley, when an odd man came riding behind. He heard the man say to his companion who was as odd-looking as himself, in Italian, “He is English” and the other said “He is sure to have a deal of money in his pockets, let us take him, if he struggles we will soon kill him.”

Poor Edmond on hearing these words gave his horse a good lash with the whip, but though he found he was going very fast still the robbers were not long behind him. He lashed his horse furiously, which made the high-spirited animal rush at a furious rate down the valley across the river again and they soon left the robbers far behind. But the horse was in such an excited state that he kicked and jumped about till Edmond was quite exhausted, and at last a furious leap of his horse sent him whizzing on the ground — the horse running away no one knew where. There poor Edmond lay all night. He could not move he was so faint and ill. All at home particularly Grace were very unhappy that no Edmond had appeared. They sent people all over the road to the Church he was going to see, to find if he was anywhere to be seen. Poor Grace could not sleep at all and her sweet sister Leah tried to comfort her but could not. Now to go back to Edmond.

Early in the morning, as poor Edmond was still laying on his back gazing up at the red rising sun as it lit up all the beautiful mountains, he heard a very odd noise. He looked on one side of him and saw an idiot man laughing at him. Edmond gave him some money which made the man very pleased and he began kissing the money and looking very silly, but soon Edmond made him understand that he would give him some more money if he could fetch someone to help him and get him a horse or a mule to go home. He seemed to understand him, and in half an hour a man came past tugging a mule with his hand. Edmond was soon mounted on the mule and went to a little cottage where they gave him some milk and rum which made him much better, then he gave the man a great deal of money and made home on the mule.

Oh how happy they were to see him again. Poor Grace got quite well when she found him not hurt and they were both very happy together again.

### Chapter IV

Winter past,(sic) and they all left Italy and went to France. They stayed at Paris a month and then Grace and Lord Abber married. They spent a little time in travelling about the country and then came home, where they persuaded Leah to join them and go with them to Lord Abber’s home in England. The two sister were delighted to go to England the contry(sic) where they were born. After seeing London they went to Abber Castle were they stayed very happily. They delighted in all they saw. One day Lord Abber said he would take them to see a beautiful little waterfall in a village 5 miles from the

castle. They both said they would walk there, so Leah who had been reading the newspaper put it down and followed Grace out of the room to dress.

It was a lovely day and they walked through green fields and shady woods till they came to a rocky hill. On side of the lane stood a beautiful little cottage coverd(sic) with roses and honeysuckle. They both said, "What a pretty dear little cottage". It stood just at the bottom of the rock by the waterfall. They scrambled up the waterfall rocks, but had hardly time to look at the fall when dark clouds came quickly over the clear blue sky and it began to pour with rain. They all ran to the cottage which was opened by an old Gentleman, who said in a chearful voice, "pray come in while it rains". He gave them seats and when he asked the ladies to put off their bonnets he could not help looking, his eyes were fixed with kindness, on the two beautiful girls.

They talked to him about his beautiful cottage, and he was so pleased at the interest they seemed to take that he said he would tell them his history if it would not make their young hearts sad.—"Ah", said he, "when I was a young man I had everything to make me happy a beautiful young wife, a large mansion, and two sweet children." Here, the poor old man wiped a tear from his bright blue eyes. "Ah", said he again, looking more steadily at the young girls, "my wife was only a little older than you seem when she died. Oh you both look so like her". He seemed to wipe a mist away from his eyes as he looked first on one and then on another. "Well," said he, "I took my wife and children from England to India were my wife died, my sweet Grace, for that was her name". Here Grace looked up and found the old man's eyes bent in deep thought on her. He started as she looked up, oh that look, that look, so like my wife, thought he, and then he wiped his wet eyes which would keep filling with fresh tears. "Well, after my wife died I took my twin girls with me as I was going to leave India to come home".

"And now to tell you of a most dreadful scene which made my black hair grey in a few days and made me old though I was then so young. When we had been only two nights on the ship which was to take us to England" (here Grace and Leah knew it must be their own father who was speaking to them and they looked at each other in astonishment but said nothing), the old man then said "A feirce(sic) storm arose and the ship struck against a rock and split in two. I siezed my sweet children in my arms and took them to a boat which was filling with people. There was no room for me and I got into another boat but I think the boat upset were my sweet girls were for I never saw or heard any more about them".

"I came back to England were I soon found I was quite ruined and only had enough to live on in this small cottage. I felt that I loved this world very much when I was young and perhaps I did not think enough of Him who gave me all my blessings, so God took first one and then another away from my heart till it softened it and made me think more of heaven. The only thing one can set ones heart upon which is not taken away from ones affection. So I thought that it was better when I found myself ruined, that my sweet Grace and Leah were

taken away from me."

Here Grace and Leah started up their eyes filling with tears as they knelt down by their father's (knees) crying out "father bless us for we are your Grace and Leah!"—The poor old father wept like a child with joy, kissed their fair young faces and blessed them over and over again. Then Grace and Leah told their father how they had been saved and taken care of by the kind French Gentleman and Lady. The poor old man's joy was great in the extream(sic). They spent the rest of the day with their dear father.

## Chapter V

And now to finish our little tale by ading(sic) that Leah married a Mr. Cafe and were very happy together. He was the rector of Abber village and lived in a very pretty old rectory covered with ivy, about half a mile from Abber Castle. Lord Abber bought Worsley Abbey. So that Grace often visited the old house where she was born and old Mr. Worsley again lived in his old home and spent some more very happy years in a quiet peaceful old age with one or another of his dear daughters always near him. Monsieur and Madame De Ruè now and then came over to England to see Grace and Leah whom they both loved very much.

## Finis

Note: Also by the same author... "Joys and Sorrows", and "The Two Little Girls".