

THE WOOLNER LETTERS.

Farringford,
July 24th, 1865.

My dear Mr. Woolner,

Many thanks for your kind letter and best wishes for the beautiful Fanny and Mr. Hunt. I trust that the marriage will not only make them happy but add, if possible, to your own happiness and Mrs. Woolner's. Do you know we went round by St. Mary's? We had to hurry back to see Professor Owen so there was no possibility of trying to find Lady Ashburton.

Our boys are with us and well. Great is the joy of having them as you will know. They are very brown and a good deal altered considering the short time. But they keep their old simplicity though somewhat of the old grace is gone, only for a time I hope.

With our love,

Ever most truly yours,

Emily Tennyson.

Fanny...Fanny Waugh 1833-1866, married William Holman Hunt R.A., O.M., 1827-1910. She died and was buried at Florence, Italy after the birth of her first child Cyril Benoni Hunt.

.....

"In the same year that the London Bridge picture was begun Hunt was among those who were summoned to give evidence before a Royal Commission as to the reforms of which the Royal Academy was sorely in need. And not many years after the royal wedding an important event took place in his own life - his marriage in 1865 to Fanny Waugh, one of the daughters of George Waugh, and granddaughter to Alexander Waugh, a Scottish divine who died in 1827. 'Ah' he writes, 'if I permitted myself to linger over the pastures of personal romance which the members of our community traversed, how much greater would be the gleanings of human interest I could bring with me'. We know nothing of the ups and downs which preceded this short but happy union, but his young wife lives before us in the portrait he drew in 1866, a portrait which bears evidence to no little sweetness of disposition and gentleness of character."

.....From William Holman Hunt - a biography by A.C. Gissing.

.....

15 Stratford Place,
Oxford St., W.
June 24th, 1864.

Dear Madam,

Although I have not as yet the pleasure of your acquaintance, I cannot help begging you to do the favour of accepting

a small drawing, which my friend Thomas Woolner - who I gladly hear is soon to call you his wife, will bring you. If you will please me by hanging up this little offering in your future home, you will often, I would hope be reminded that among the many who will wish you and Woolner long years of happiness none do so more sincerely or more hopefully than,

Dear Madam,

Yours very truly,

Edward Lear.

.....Edward Lear writing to Alice Gertrude Waugh, sister of Fanny and Edith.

.....
Farringford,
June 6th, 1864.

My dear Mr. Woolner,

It is indeed glorious news and we are heartily glad to have it. May all your fondest hopes be more than realised. I cannot but think she must be worthy of your choice, and if so, they can scarcely fail of fulfilling themselves. Where truth and love are, the elements of eternal youth grow ever younger in strength; how should it be otherwise? Do not let the marriage be long delayed. You will both come and see us soon. I trust you have found what you want to make a good bust. So many will be grateful to you for it.

A. and the boys are gone today with Mr. Allingham, Edmund Lushington and Mr. Wilson of Beaulieu. They have a lovely day for the old sanctuary of many memories.

All best wishes,

From yours most sincerely,

Emily Tennyson.

.....Letter from Mrs. Tennyson to Woolner on the occasion of his engagement.

THE WOOLNER LETTERS.

"On 1st June, Woolner became engaged to Alice Gertrude, daughter of George and Mary Waugh. She was the youngest but one of the family of six daughters and two sons. Sweet, gentle, self effacing although lovely, devoid of personal vanity and jealousy she was then and always absolutely unworldly. She was hardly more than a girl at the date of her engagement, but her future husband at that age had realized her nature, and held in true reverence her 'lofty young soul' and by her own family she was idolized. The sculptor received a great number of letters of affectionate congratulation from his many friends, showing their sympathetic joy in his happiness".

.....Amy Woolner, daughter of Thomas Woolner and Alice Gertrude Waugh.

.....
117 Marina,
St. Leonards on Sea.
June 11, 1864.

Dear Woolner,

Your letter from The Grange, last Sunday was naturally very interesting to us! My poor wife is still too weak for writing, almost ever: but she and I, and she bids me say so, are delighted to hear of your getting an eligible young wife, - which we are aware is the crown and keystone of all comfortable HOUSEKEEPING and expect will be a very great improvement to you in that and all other respects. Solomon said long ago, "He that getteth a good wife, getteth a good thing", and I never heard anybody contradict him - nor will I myself, by a long way!

In early times I used to hear a great deal of your fair bride's grandfather, Dr. Waugh, oracle of all Scotchmen in that strange London, and much talked of at home among the Dissenting Religious Circles; - an excellent, reasonable and solid kind of man, I do still understand. Whom if a certain young person resemble, it will be well with her and another! Very seriously we wish, to her and to you, all manner of prosperity, and a fortunate and useful life together.

We still imagine there is improvement visible here from week to week, - at least I do, rather more and not less confidently as we go on; and am for my own share at length got thoroughly busy again; which is an immense point in my favour. Everything is lovely exceedingly in these green environs, in this bright sea and sky; - and, till July unkennel London on it, the place is nearly empty of foreign guests. Except indeed a few Gipsies, squatted comfortably in some woody bank, on one's evening ride.

Yours ever truly (tho' in haste)

Thomas Carlyle.

AN INSIGHT INTO THE CHARACTER AND SOCIAL MENTALITY OF
WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT.

VYVYAN HOLLAND (WILDE) WRITES:

'Until I was 35, the only biography of my father that I had read was one by Sherard, and I had only skimmed through that. I took the view that my father had plunged my mother into the depths of misery and had caused her premature death. In this attitude I was, of course, encouraged by my mother's family, upon whom the responsibility for my subsequent upbringing devolved. Time, however, which numbs pain and dulls resentment, has caused me to take a more tolerant view, and has convinced me that my father was more the victim of circumstances than of his own frailty. It is no part of my task to discuss the events that led up to my father's debacle; but had he not had the misfortune to know Lionel Johnson, who introduced him to Alfred Douglas, and if Alfred Douglas's father had not hated his son and used Oscar Wilde as a cat's-paw, a very different story might have been told, and the world might have been richer by many more plays like *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

For many years I had a recurrent dream that I met my father again, rather quietly in a sombrely lit room, and that he spoke gently to me and asked me to forgive him for the unhappiness he had brought on his family.

I do not try to defend my father's behaviour; but I do think that the penalties inflicted upon him were unnecessarily severe. And by that I do not mean the prison sentence; I mean the virtual suppression of all his works and the ostracism and insults which he had to endure during the few remaining years of his life. The worst aspects of Victorian hypocrisy have now disappeared, and today my father would not have been hounded to his death as he was fifty years ago. The self-righteousness of that age was really camouflage to disguise its own hypocrisy, and the people who were loudest in their condemnation of my father were often those whose own lives could least bear investigation. Nothing makes the transgressor so indignant as the transgressions, of a different kind, of his fellow-men; except, perhaps, transgressions of the same kind.

On the other hand, many deeply religious people are naturally cruel and consider that their religious beliefs and practices absolve them from the necessity of possessing any other virtues, particularly charity. When my father was lying battered and broken in his prison cell, a petition was prepared for the reduction of his sentence, but most people were prepared to sign it. Among those who refused was William Holman Hunt, one of the founders of the Pre-Raphaelites, who spent most of his life painting religious subjects, notably *'The Light of the World'*. Holman Hunt's letter of refusal is so typical of the general attitude at the time that I give it in full.

Draycott Lodge,
Fulham,
Novr. 18th, 1895.

My dear Sir,

I have not failed to give myself the fullest oppor-

from feelings of friendly humanity are pressing, to obtain the shortening of sentence on Oscar Wilde; but I must repeat my opinion that the law treated him with exceeding leniency and state that further consideration of the facts convinces me that in justice to criminals belonging to other classes of society I should have to join in the cry for doing away with all personal responsibility for wickedness, if I took part in any appealing for his liberation before the completion of his term of imprisonment, and while such a course might seem benevolent to malefactors, it would scarcely be so to the self-restrained and orderly members of society. I am sorry that in being obliged to refuse signing the petition I am opposing a desire of yours which is evidently prompted by the kindest of instincts.

I am, yours very sincerely,

W. HOLMAN HUNT

This letter was addressed to More Adey, who was a friend of both my parents. It is only fair to suppose that when Holman Hunt wrote this letter, he had forgotten the quotation which inspired his picture "The Light of the World":

'I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again'.

I am constantly surprised by the letters I receive from all over the world, from people in all walks of life, expressing their admiration for my father's writings and for his philosophy; I have even received a letter in Japanese which I sent to the School of Oriental Studies to be translated. Indeed, after the publication of the complete De Profundis in 1949, I received so many letters that I found it quite impossible to answer them all, much as I would have liked to have done so.

Oscar Wilde was undoubtedly one of the outstanding figures of his time; he dominated the literary and dramatic world of the 1890's, but he did it in such a way as to make himself many jealous enemies. His plays, light and airy as they may appear on the surface, are full of deep wisdom. There can be no better proof of this than the fact that when translated into other languages they lose practically nothing.

I myself have seen 'The Importance of Being Earnest' played in half a dozen different languages, and my wife once saw 'Lady Windermere's Fan' acted in South Africa by an all-coloured cast. Oscar Wilde's works are translated into every civilised language in the world. In nearly every European country, including those behind the Iron Curtain, they are standard school and university text books for the study of the English language. And in England itself there is hardly a dramatic society or academy that has not performed my father's plays at one time or another

'The house was often filled with the literary, theatrical and artistic celebrities of the day, which was probably one reason that Cyril and I avoided the drawing room for our games. Grown-up people of that generation were apt to take themselves too seriously. There were exceptions of course notable among them being my father. The Irish people who came to our house were also gay, but there were also a lot of Scottish relations by marriage of my mother's, who neither understood nor approved of my father and his circle; I think that my brother and I felt this disapproval overflowing on to ourselves; I suppose they thought that there was something not quite respectable in being Irish as we were. To my mother's receptions came people of such widely different interests as Henry Irving, Sir William Richmond, R.A., Sarah Bernhardt, John Sargent, John Ruskin, Lily Langtry, Mark Twain, Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Robert Browning, Algernon Swinburne, John Bright, Lady de Grey, Ellen Terry and Arthur Balfour. All the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood were constantly in attendance, and my brother and I used to go to children's parties given by them at their homes and in their studios'.

And this excerpt a little further on:

'During this part of our childhood we spent a great deal of time at Babbacombe, near Torquay, with Lady Mount Temple, who was a great friend of all the Pre-Raphaelites and of father. Her house, Babbacombe Cliff, was designed for her by Ruskin and decorated largely by William Morris and Burne-Jones. In all the living rooms hung pictures by Burne-Jones and Rosetti; these are now in the Tate Gallery, to which they were bequeathed by Lady Mount Temple.....'

.....From SON OF OSCAR WILDE by Vyvyan Holland. Annotations by R.L.H.W....1963.

EDMUND GOSSE AND OSCAR WILDE AND POETS VICTORIAN.

Most of the poets, painters and journalists who called at the little house in Park Street were Irish, though occasionally some temporary celebrity put in an appearance. The beauty of the hour, Miss Craigie Halkett, was one of the exhibits, another being the actress Miss Fortescue, fresh from her breach of promise case against Lord Garmoyle, and very much the fashion of the moment. But when in 1886 Lady Wilde and Willie moved to 146 Oakley Street, Chelsea, her Saturday receptions became so popular and so fashionable that she had to give Wednesday ones as well. People were coming and going all the time, elbowing their way up the narrow stair case, or crushing against one another in fuggy rooms, pushing, jostling, chattering and the street outside was full of handsome broughams. Oscar's increasing fame was the real cause of all this. He contributed to his mother's support, and on his visits always looked to see if there were any bills in the rack at the side of the fireplace, leaving the money for them whenever he had any money to leave. All sorts of celebrities now turned up, political as well as artistic. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ouida and Browning called, and came again. Oscar was not greatly impressed by Browning, of whom he was obviously thinking when he said "Good artists exist simply in what they make, and consequently are perfectly uninteresting in what they are. A great poet, a really great poet, is the most unpoetical of creatures. But inferior poets are absolutely fascinating. The worse their rhymes are, the more picturesque they look. The mere fact of having published a book of second rate sonnets makes a man quite irresistible. He lives the poetry he cannot write. The others write the poetry that they dare not realise". He reverted to this theme on more than one occasion: 'The greatest artists are stupid and tiresome men as a rule. Flaubert was certainly a stupid man. But bad poets and novelists are romantic and delightful'. Though not aware of Wilde's opinion, it is to Edmund Gosse's credit that he should have recorded their first meeting, at which Wilde expressed his pleasure. 'I was afraid you would be disappointed', said Gosse, and got this reply: 'I am never disappointed in literary men. I think they are perfectly charming. It is their works I find so disappointing'.

.....REPRINTED FROM THE LIFE OF OSCAR WILDE BY HESKETH PEARSON.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT

The Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
wrapped up in a five-pound note,
Pound note,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.

The Owl looked up to the stars above
And sang to a small guitar,
"Oh lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are! "

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?
A ring
But what shall we do for a ring?"

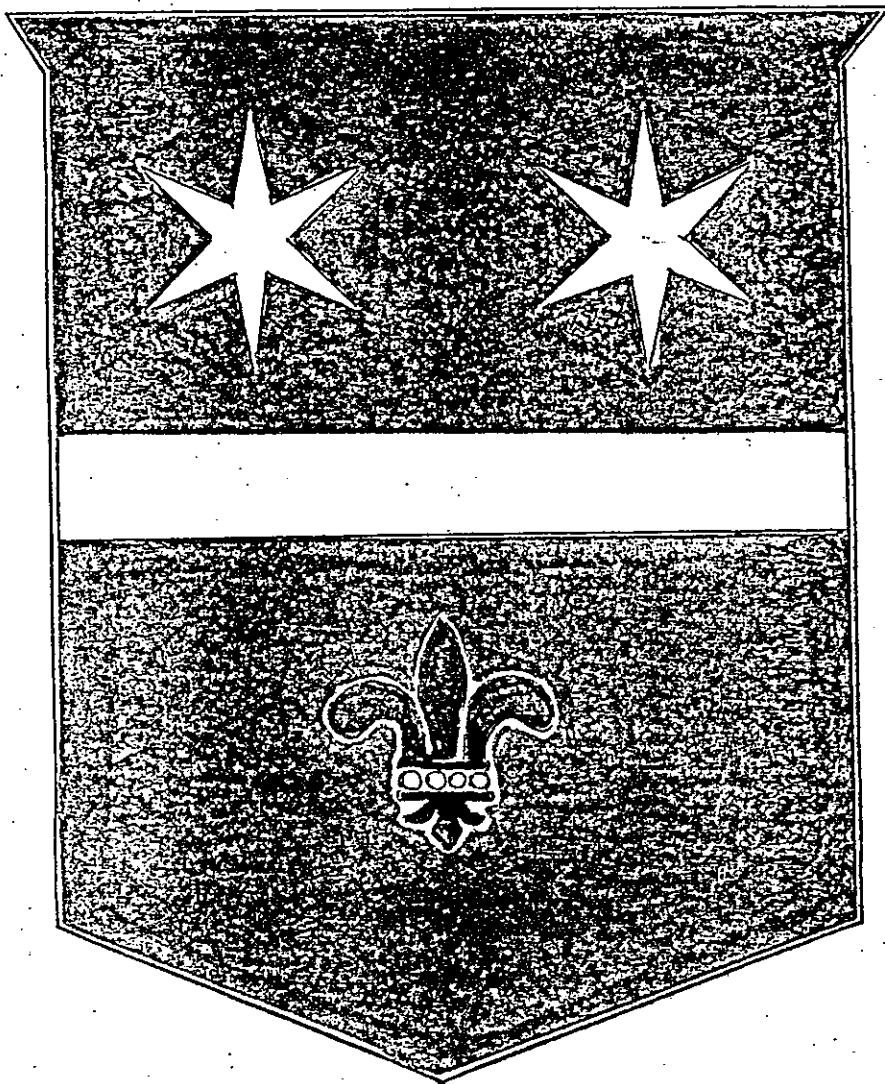
They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggywig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will".
So they took it away and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill,
The hill,
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.

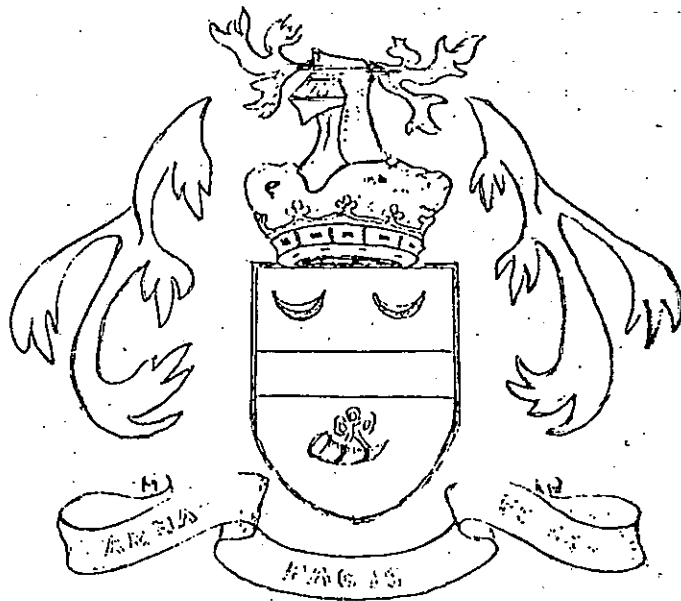
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And, hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

Edward Lear.

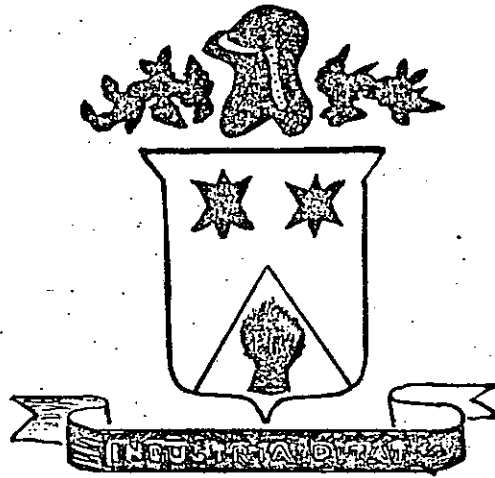
Waugh of Larkshall - 17th Cent.



Azure on Fess Argent Between Two Mulletts In Chief & a Garb
in Base or Fleur de Lys. Guels.
Note Variation of Garb of Wheat to Fleur de Lys



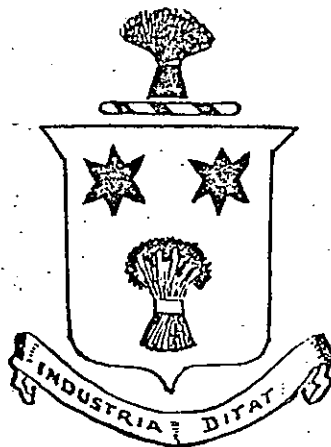
The Arms of Henry Toule who married Dr Alexander French in 1786. The Will Family was granted the above Arms in 1576. Thus "Search for his Coat of Arms in Arms. The Field is Argent in Top Sable in Chief Two Crescents. & in Second in Base a Bugle Horn



ARMS OF THE WAUGH FAMILY

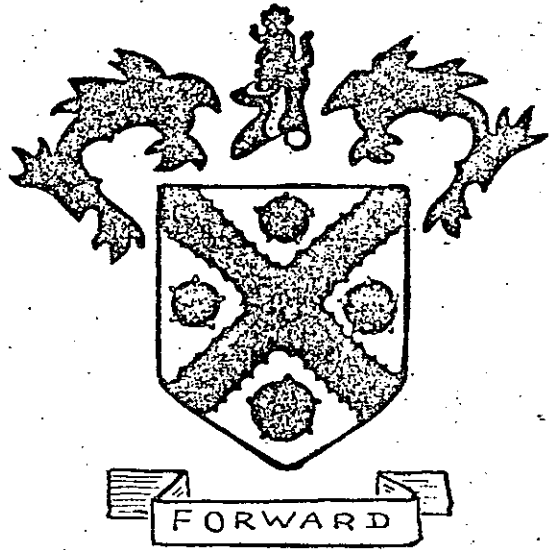


ARMS OF WILLIAM WAUGH OF ROXBURGHSHIRE 1436



CREST OF DR. ALEXANDER WAUGH M.A. D.D. 1754-1827

Napier



ARMS OF THE NAPIER FAMILY. MARY
AND WAUGH MARRIED WILLIAM NAPIER
EVE, SON OF THOMAS NAPIER & SARAH
YASFIELD. MANY AUSTRALIAN WAUGHS
DREW THEIR NAMES FROM THIS UNION.

THE WRITINGS AND LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS OF WILLIAM
NAPIER REEVE.

Being an account of his early wanderings in the English Counties and on the Continent of Europe and complete with observations made during those travels. included also are various little poetic fragments, some originating from his own busy pen and others selected as being descriptive to the theme of his articles. William Napier Reeve was a serious and classical scholar of some note as is evidenced by the fact that he was twice president of the Literary and Philosophical Society. He was also a regular contributor to various Midland papers and periodicals and wrote under several pseudonyms, among which were Mr. Bogle, Father Austin and Bezaleel Bungo.

Mr. Reeve was a solicitor by profession and was concerned much with the political events of his day. His political views were much advanced for the times and anticipated reforms still over a century ahead.

William Napier Reeve was much respected by the citizens of Leicester who erected a fine memorial to his memory. The Guildhall at Leicester contains much of interest regarding W.N.R. and even a century or more after, some of his contributions have been republished by Midland papers, both for their interest and their views.

TWO VISITS TO THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

"Where did the hounds throw off today?" said a young gentleman in the hearing of myself and my father, when I was of the mature age of eleven, and the enquirer somewhat younger. The speaker was the son of a country parson, and my exceeding good friend. I was prevented however hearing the reply, or making any further enquiry on so interesting a subject just then by the presence of my Father, who remembered sotto voce and probably for my exclusive hearing that if he was the father of the lad in question he would let him know where the hounds threw off with a vengeance.

Like the man who had never thought of greasing his horse's teeth, until interrogated thereon by his priest, I was up to that moment innocent of all desire to follow the hounds, but the phrase "Where did the hounds throw off?" and the horror expressed by my worthy father at the inquiry raised a flame in my bosom that burnt fiercely enough until it found vent. In less than an hour, I had not only discovered what was meant by the hounds throwing off, but had determined coute qui coute to witness the operation.

Not very long after this, I and my "Pal" might have been seen going along on the Dunmore Red walking our ponies to save their wind, when no-one was in sight, and breaking into a smart trot when anyone appeared whose inquiries we thought might have been impertinent. The hounds met at Stebbing. We were there an hour or so before the time, and were compelled to sneak about the village lest we should encounter a worthy man (a friend of both our parents) who would, we well knew, substitute a visit to his water wheel for our intended hunt, and that whether we liked it or not.

At length, to our great joy, we saw Mr. Marryatt and rather a numerous field mustering in Lewsey's fallow. The hounds were scarcely laid on before they gave tongue and away we went, full cry, clean through the village. Our ponies were like mad things. We crossed the river twice, and at last, after a capital run, killed in good style. Then came a process we had not calculated upon. In a word, while we were patting our nags and feeling like heroes, the huntsman's cap was called for and a shilling from each exhausted our exchequers.

Sadly and slowly we turned away, our steeds as unwilling to go as ourselves, and we consoled ourselves during the ride home with the remembrance of the exploits we had performed. Such riding we had never even seen before and we now fancied we could understand how it was that our favourite cavalier, Shaw the Lifeguardsmen, had almost killed and eaten all the French cavalry at Waterloo. On returning home, we seized upon a portfolio of engravings representing the different passages of the engagement, and that evening I formed the resolution that I would one day visit the field, and make myself master of the incidents of that memorable day.

I never formed a resolution in my life, but what sooner or later was accomplished; eleven years passed away before I possessed that essential for foreign travel, time and tin, but directly that happy conjunction occurred, off I started for Waterloo.

Thousands and tens of thousands have visited the field, but

done. In the interim there was scarcely any account but what I had studied, and when I cleared the hamlet of Mont St. Jean, and saw the plain stretched before me, I could scarcely believe that this was the first time I had ever seen it, so familiar did the scene appear. I had a good horse under me, a regular charger in truth, but I saw at a glance that the whole field could not be examined in one visit, and that I must choose between the right and left position of the Allies. I chose the former because it included Hougoumont.

Hougoumont, as is well known, was the key of the British right. It was a chateau comprising a strongly built dwelling and substantial outhouses abutting upon an orchard enclosed by a wall and surrounded by a small wood. Here was stationed a detachment of Guards and here the battle began. Jerome Bonaparte at the head of the 2nd Division fiercely attacked it, the British outnumbered retired to the buildings; these being destroyed by shells, they retired to the orchard (the wall of which had been loopholed for musquetry) and despite all the efforts of the enemy, maintained their position throughout the remainder of that dreadful day. The French, hoping to wrest the position from the British by force of numbers, advanced in masses and encountering a fire at arms length fell in heaps.

A modern poet, visiting the field within six weeks after the battle, thus describes the scene it then presented.

Farewell sad field whose blighted face,
Wears desolations withering trace,
Long shall my memory retain,
Thy shattered huts and trampled grain,
With every mark of martial wrong,
That scathes thy towers, fair Hougoumont.

Succeeding harvest have obliterated all traces of the struggle on the field, but in the orchard and offices of the chateau they are still visible enough; there "Cockneys of London, Muscodins of Paris may ponder what a glorious pastime war is".

From Hougoumont I rode to La Belle Alliance and from thence to the hollow way where, tradition saith, Napoleon harangued his Guard previously to their last charge; from thence I gazed over the plain and in my mind could see the opposite heights crowned with the British squares, diminished tho' unshaken. I could hear the cheering of Ney as he led on the victors of Austerlitz and Marengo towards the final charge, and yielding to the impulse of the moment I dashed in my spur rowel deep, galloped up the heights of Mont St. Jean, and coming full pelt upon the hedge which encloses the Belgian Trophy went clean over it into the garden of the keeper, scattering the cabbages and other vegetables like grape shot, and provoking a volley of sacres from the owner who came running up wondering what demoniac was there.

Seven more years past away, and I was again upon the field of Waterloo; this time turning sharp off the left and taking the narrow road that leads to Frischermont. This is a part of the field not visited by everyday travelling. They are content with seeing the Lion, eating an apple at Hougoumont, drinking beer at La Belle Alliance. They are generally fortunate enough to purchase some indubitable relics and return home, humbugged and happy. Here there were no guides to announce

The ground to the right has been completely altered by the formation of the Belgian Trophy but that to the left is, I should suppose, unchanged. The little hedge, which formed the only screen to our troops when in line and which they passed when forming squares to receive the cavalry, still exists and one may see clearly the dispositions of the troops of the Allies and the nature of the attacks of the enemy. Here was the cavalry of Ponsonby and here on the extreme left he fell; here was the fighting Division; here their general severely (some say mortally) wounded at Quatre Bras fell in the thickest of the fight; and here it was that the Duke, throwing himself into a square, made that heart stirring appeal - "Soldiers, we must not be beat. What will they say in England!".

I was six hours upon the field and my steed began to show symptoms of fatigue. I was also reminded that I had had nothing since the morning, and had a long ride back to Brussels before me. I therefore retraced my steps to the village of Waterloo, deferring my visit to Plandenoit and the inspection of the Prussian attack, to another period. I shall however, I feel sure, one day be there again.

And now then, why speak of my two visits to the field of Waterloo; the description of the same such as this might have been given without calling the attention of the reader to this particularly. True, but in that interval I had learned to think. I had seen much of France and Frenchmen; I had seen that monarch who now rules the destinies of France (long may he do so) and who well deserves to bear Agamemnon's title, King of Men. On my first visit I seemed to hear nothing but the clangour of trumpets, the shouting of the captains, and half exclaimed "T'were worth ten years of peaceful life, one glance of their array". On the last I looked at La Haye Sainte and remember that there no quarter was given. All within the house were bayoneted. I saw Hougoumont at a distance and shuddered at the fate of the wounded who, unable to escape, saw the flames crackling around them and perished with the shriek of agony and the blasphemy of despair.

Pooh! says one. "We can't have a glorious victory, without something of this sort and these fellows were only food for powder". Well, well, we have exulted for more than quarter of a century on victory; let us think a little of men. "Food for powder", say you? Costly food indeed! Never was greater gallantry, never was the courage "to do or die" more nobly displayed than at Waterloo. And that not by the British only but by their Allies and their Foes. The Germans who held the farmhouse at La Haye Sainte still held their post though their ammunition failed. The door was burst in, they with the bayonet and at length, overcome by numbers, died to a man. Let the loss sustained by the Black Brunswickers tell of their daring; and for those whose courage has been scoffed at by their friends let an enemy speak. He says, when speaking of Quatre Bras, and the attack led on by the bravest of the brave (Marshal Ney) - "The shining bravery of the Prince of Orange and the Belgians suspended our success".

For the foe, I gladly return the fitting answer to Count Sebastiani's generous speech and say - "If I were not an Englishman I should wish to be a Frenchman". Never was more chivalrous

courage, never was ardent patriotism and devotion to their leader more nobly displayed than by the French at Waterloo. The Old Guard, when even they were driven back, formed in the valley like lines of Adamant to shelter the younger and broken companies if, haply, they might rally again or to check the pursuit if the day were lost. Volumes have been filled with the achievements of our soldiers. To record the deeds of their antagonists would require volumes also. "Without courage there can be no truth and without truth there can be no virtue." Let this be considered and then only can we estimate the price of such a triumph as Waterloo. We console the widow of Ponsonby and the bride of Dr. Lancy with the assurance that they died in their duty but what shall console us! What might such men have done for us, had lived instead of died in our service. Their gentle spirit, their undaunted spirit, and their high souled patriotism devoted to the welfare and not the destruction of men. They died as warriors and have achieved fame. Had they lived and lived thus they would have served immortality.

"In the service of mankind to be
A guardian God below! Still to employ
The minds brave ardour in heroic aims
Such as may raise us over the grov'ling herd
and Make us shine forever - this is life."

.....A sketch published in the Chelmsford Chronicle November 1842 using the signature of "A Rambler in Essex".

William Napier Reeve Papers.

LORD BEACONFIELD'S BIRTHDAY 21 DECEMBER, 1879.

I drink his health today - and if a cloud
Make the scene gloomy, or the light obscure
I raise my glass, and call his name aloud
Strong in my Leader's leading to endure
Whatever Fate, may in it's mission send.
If ill - I will not palter weep or howl
But wait the good time coming - wait and then,
Raise high to Benjamin, the flowing bowl.
To Benjamin the Ruler! Man of Men!
To him, the Counsellor! to him the Friend
To him, the mighty Statesman - in whose name
England may rest secure - secure her well earned fame.

.....Published in the Leicester Journal. December, 1879.

From the papers of William Napier Reeve.

HIMN FOR THE WANDERER.

Thou who led'st thy people is'rael,
Safely through their dang'rous way,
Giv'st them token of thy presence,
Fire by night and cloud by day.
On the ocean
Be the wanderer's guide and stay.

Thou can'st hold the mighty waters
In the hollow of thy hand.
Rav'ring gales, and mighty tempests
Come and go at thy command.
Oh then, guide them.
Guide them to their wish'd for land.

Far remov'd from friends and kindred,
Far away from those they love.
May they never feel forsaken
While they have a friend above.
Heavenly Father!
On to them a father prove.

.....4 March, 1843. Prior to William Napier Keever's departure for Italy.

The Rambler in Essex.

"About half a mile beyond the Foley house we meet the first line of trees on the Gosfield Park Demesne; the road is only visible for a good bow shot, and nothing can be seen on either side until we reach the first gate on the left. Then one may see over the valley the grey tower of Gosfield Church and much of the park but the view is only for a moment. The thick plantations again shut out all prospect except that right ahead. We drive on until we reach the plantations on Mr. Sparrow's Estate and there halt I pray you. The view is certainly comprised within a hundred yards. It is bounded in front by those old and moss covered pailings and a curve prevents the road from being further seen; but what a curve. It forms completely that which is known in a painting as the "Line of Beauty" and serves as a subject for discussion until we come upon a still finer specimen a mile or so beyond Gosfield.

We must proceed, however, for there is another view still more beautiful that only awaits the turn of the road to reveal it; there we have it - now scoffer of Essex look there! Are you a painter? Paint that scene, do it justice if you can! What an amphitheatre of foliage for the background, while in the front is that ancient bridge, its battlements hoary with age. I am glad it is not removed yet. I really trembled lest I should see some great ugly wooden railed parvenu in the place of my esteemed acquaintance: don't talk to me about danger - what if a horse should shy a little - there are many worse places for a spill than

b) Dr. Tweed was a well known surgeon in those parts and very clever at setting broken limbs.

There is really no time to chatter about them now, but if I were painting this scene and left out those cottages on the left with their white gables and vine covered walls; nay, if I omitted the very smoke which, on such a day as this, curls gently upwards and is itself in harmony with the scene, I should deserve to be kicked. I remember taking a ride hither some twenty years ago - I was a schoolboy then. It was, as it is now, October; it was, as it is now, bright and sunny weather. How well I remember it! As today, the stillness was broken only by the rippling of the water and the cawing of the rooks. I got off my horse and from excess of pleasure, sobbed like a child - as I was.

But we must now descend the hill towards Sible Hedingham. What a pretty village it is but how much prettier a little care and attention would make it. It has more than it's share of Gentlemanly Houses. How a little trelliswork here and there, a clematis or two or a cluster of roses would improve it. Still, even now the village is beautiful. I never knew before how beautiful for it is twenty years at least since I was here last and it is only by comparison with the villages of France (amongst which I have lately spent all my leisure time) that I learn to appreciate these of Old England, and especially those of my own native County.

Our destination, however, is Castle Hedingham and it lies about a mile and a half further. We drive gently down Bunn's Hill and along the Sudbury Road, losing sight entirely of the castle and the town until we turn sharp to the right and then it lies before us in all it's glory. What a noble old fortress! There's no Saxon work here, I'll be sworn; it's Norman from the foundations to the topmost battlements! Such a castle was the stronghold of Front de Boeuf, when he lorded it over his Saxon neighbours. Such a castle, in its ruins, was his tomb when assailed by Richard the Lionhearted and the bills and bows of English Yeomen. Oh that wicked little watchtower that even now looks mischievous! We talk of the good old times - good times doubtless - the Law of the Lion is good law - for Lions!! But for the flocks and herds give me the Petty Sessions and the Rural Police. But as a relic of those days when the Barony of England assembled in Parliament clad in complete steel, as a memorial of the time when the startled Monarch demanded of the Senate "Am I your prisoner?" and received for an answer "No, you are our King!" I would freely sacrifice all I have, begin life again if need were, as a hedger and a ditcher, nay, beg for the remainder of my days, if this were necessary to preserve this noble ruin. It is not only that I would preserve to my countrymen and strangers the pleasure, the delight of gazing upon it as it stands even now proudly in decay, the little town at its foot and belted as it were with woods to preserve it from unhallowed intrusion. It is in these days, aye and forever, I would preserve as sacred every remaining memorial of those men, who, unmoved by the smile or frown of Royalty, replied to its solicitations - "Nolumus leges Angliae mutare."

.....Fragment of a sketch published in the Chelmsford Chronicle under the above title in October, 1842.

THE ROYAL ART UNION.

There is this difference, however, between a lottery and an art union, that in the former, the many lose their money altogether in the latter there is no loss at all. Each subscriber at once receives the value of his subscription and the chance of a prize into the bargain. But more - in the first the gain of one is the loss of the others, in the last the gain of one is the gain of all.

Yes, the gain of one is the gain of all. True, the prizeholder carries off his picture but the painter remains. He remains who has created that beautiful object. He remains to create others still more beautiful. Assured of admirers and still better of purchasers, he devotes himself with renewed ardour to the profession that he loves. The grim visage of want ceases to haunt him; bright, happy ideas return - images of beauty steal softly over him rushing to his easel. He calls them into visible existence and at length produces a picture that crowds gaze upon with rapture.

Well, says one - and what then? - What then! Is not this gain? Say, for instance, that at a single exhibition 20,000 people look back upon that picture and each spends but three minutes in examination. Here are 60,000 minutes of happiness, a thousand hours, a hundred days of ten hours each - and of uninterrupted pleasure! Is this no gain for society but it travels onward and attracts new gazes and new admirers, it lives from generation to generation affording pleasure not to thousands but to millions and conferring not hours but years of happiness. Is this nothing? Why, if I could envy a human being in this world it would be a Leonardo! A Guido! A Raphael the Divine!! Yes, if to impart happiness be happiness, what must have been theirs? What anxiety, what misery have not been for a time forgotten; what base and sordid ideas for a time (perhaps for ever) repelled and what holy and generous emotions excited in the contemplation of their glorious works!

"Public happiness is private happiness!" So said one, well qualified to judge, the venerable Obertin. He then who would be happy, let him try to render others so, let him have this thought before him as he adds his name to the subscribers - "I am a patron of art". Let him say "I am trying to add to the happiness of society; I am one of those whose united efforts may give to the English School, painters who may read the mighty man of old" and when hundreds and thousands press forward to gaze upon the sunny lands - Capes of an English Claude or the sublime productions of a modern Murillo - then he will feel that this is his gain, this the true object of the association.

And for the painters? - aye for our painters - for our Titians (for we will have them yet). Kings shall again stoop for their pencils and feel that they exalt themselves while they pay homage to art.

BEZALEEL BUNGO.

.....Extract from a letter printed in the Leicester Journal and reprinted in the Midland County Herald...November, 1943.

THE CABMAN OF LUCCA.

He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds, and loves; the general orb
of life and being.

.....Akenside.

There are not many travellers who would go far out of their way to visit Pisa: and yet the fine old city has attractions for all classes; for the learned it's University; for the curious it's Leaning Tower; there is the Duomo with it's pictures and marbles; there is the Baptistery with it's bronze gates and the Campo Santo with it's tombs and it's frescoes.

A treatise has lately been written to prove the superiority of modern painters, and especially of one of our own day, over all the painters of antiquity. A bold attempt perhaps, but as the works of Zeuxis and Apelles exist only in tradition, not quite so hazardous as the comparison between Wyatt and Phidias.

But as that comparison has been made, and what is more, sworn to, one may venture to praise a living sculptor, and that even after having seen the Venus of Cleomenes and the Perseus of Cellini and it was after having gazed at these as the beautiful should be gazed at, that the two Englishmen stood before a tomb in the Campo Santo of Pisa.

It was the tomb of a Physician, or rather an oculist of the town. His life had been long and useful and this monument had been raised by his fellow townsmen to his memory, for that memory was blessed. The sculptor had chosen as illustrative of the deceased that passage in the book of Tobias where the blind man's eyes are opened. The choice of the subject was good, the execution worthy of the sculptor and that sculptor was Thorwaldsen.

It was indeed an exquisite group. In the centre was old Tobias leaning on his staff and calmly submitting his sightless eyeballs to the touch of his son. By his side were two spectators, Anna and the Angel, both intently observing the operation but the difference in expression well marked in each. In the first hope mixed with apprehension, in the latter the confidence of foreknowledge and the benignity of an Angelic Spirit, but the principal figure Tobias himself - who shall rightly describe the grace and beauty? The arm extended, the finger just touching the eye of the patient but so lifelike, so gently that the spectator held his breath as he gazed at it last a breath should disturb, while the countenance glowed with youth and beauty and with the additional lustre that the power and the will of doing good imparted to it. But why attempt to describe that which must be seen to be valued aright. Courteous reader, go to Pisa and judge for yourself. It is worth the journey, believe me.

There are not many miles between Pisa and Lucca, if one is disposed to cross a sort of ridge or offshoot of the Appenines which separates the states of Lucca and Tuscany and as the ascent and descent of the mountain are together less than a league, it is a common mode of transit. Our travellers had taken this route and, having ridden to the foot of the mountain, they strapped their knapsacks to their shoulders and right cheerily commenced the ascent.

expatiated upon it's beauty. Their discussion, however, was speedily interrupted by a peasant who, accosting them rather abruptly, begged them to engage his vehicle to take them to Lucca when they had crossed the mountain. Both our travellers were a little annoyed at having their conversation thus broken in upon and declined to engage him. The fellow, however, seemed as if he would take no denial. He followed them closely as they climbed from point to point, now expatiating upon the goodness of his cattle and now attempting to please by pointing out a fine prospect or a short cut.

He was a pertinacious dog in truth and the younger traveller, whose discourse upon Thorwaldsen and the fine arts was so rudely interrupted, very speedily lost his temper. But it was of no use. He tried his hand at cursing in Italian but failed altogether. He desired his companion to bid the fellow go to the deuce, to go and hang himself, to do a hundred disagreeable things but his friend declined to act as interpreter and they all arrived at the foot of the mountain together.

By this time, however, the younger Englishman was furious. He declared that he would not hire the fellows cart were there none other to be had and that he would walk to Lucca if he got a fever by doing so.

There was no other vehicle and they proceeded on their journey on foot. The poor cabman looked rather sad as they passed by the door of his hut but bade them God's speed notwithstanding.

For a hundred yards or so they strode on in silence, the temper of the younger keeping him up against the burning sun of Italy. But the elder, whose head had begun to ache, remonstrated so strongly on the folly of the proceeding that with a bad grace his companion turned back and agreed to hire the vehicle. A few steps brought them to the door of the hut and the poor cabman ran out with a smile to greet them, courteously inviting them to enter and rest while he harnessed his horse. The elder at once accepted the invitation and entered. The younger, according to the established rule in pet, remained in the dust and heat outside.

It was evening of the same day and our travellers were sauntering on the grassy ramparts of Lucca. The heat of the day was past, its labours were over, men, women and children rambled hither and thither in search of enjoyment and the scene and the season seemed alike to aid them. It was a lovely scene in truth and the younger Englishman, who had by this time recovered his good temper, in truth there was nothing just then to ruffle it, gave utterance to some benevolent sentiments with great self complacency and as if his practice and precepts were quite in harmony. "Stay" said the elder. "Let us talk of business. How much did you pay the cabman?"

"Four pauls" (about 2/-)" and for a five miles ride, moderate indeed."

"Moderate indeed" replied the elder. "And when you add to this his walk over the mountain and back in search of a customer, you must admit that the money was fairly earned. But what will you say when I tell you that this labour was not for himself after all, but for a sick neighbour, the owner of the cab and those entreaties which offended you so much were persisted in because

upon your compliance depended the food of the day. Too poor to give money, he gave what he could, his labour. Could the physician of Pisa do more? His good deeds however are recorded in marble, the others regarded by abuse. (rewarded by you I mean). I know what you would say" continued he, seeing his companion about to speak "that if you had known all this you would have acted differently; but is this benevolence you are so fond of talking about a mere imitation of others so that you must witness a good deed before performing the like yourself? Besides this in truth has nothing to do with the matter. The man's industry was the same, whether it was for himself or for others and for that alone he was entitled to respect. You are a great philanthropist, I believe, and ten to one that when you arrive in Naples you will treat me with a lecture upon the Lazaroni and the evils of idleness, though he today sought not alms but employment was so ungraciously repelled. Just as in England a well fed householder will grumble lustily at the poor rates and the idleness of the poor and yet roughly drive from his door the humble vendor of Button's Lucifers or other small wares and who, if a poor pedlar instead of a wealthy merchant, is at least a man and as such entitled to civility. Come, my friend, let us learn something from this work of Thorwaldsen's beyond the mere knowledge of his genius and from the history of Tobias something more than the good deed portrayed. Few are honoured with such a tomb for few attain such eminence in his art. Few can emulate the oculist but all can imitate the man. Speak of him to the poor of Pisa and they will tell you, not of his exalted genius, or of his wondrous skill, but of his kind look, his gentle smile, his cheering voice. It is these that the poor love to remember, for these that they bless his memory. So with Tobias himself. Give alms of thy goods, it is said, and let those that have goods give alms. But there is something more than this and addressed to all the rich and poor, to all with the look and voice of humanity. Never turn thy face from any poor man - and then better than sculptured marble or the loudest applause of men - then the face of the Lord shall not be turned away from thee.

FATHER AUSTIN.

.....Printed in the Leicester Journal 26th January, 1844.

From the papers of William Napier
Reeve.

THE GARDEN OF GENOA.

He who happiness would win,
Must share it -----

I was sauntering one day with a friend in the environs of Genoa (my friend Macarius) when looking otherwise than straight before us we accidentally stumbled against an old gentleman. Our apologies were instantly tendered and received with so much amenity that we were tempted to repeat the offence for the sake of again asking pardon. He was one of those happy beings who seem to have the knack of bottling up sunshine, so that they always have a stock ready for dull weather. The very furrows of his face were fixed into a perpetual smile, the index of unvarying good humour. He was evidently a resident of the place for in a crowded promenade, scarce one escaped his greeting; and so much did his cheerful looks operate upon others that walking behind him was like keeping in the light of a sunbeam - it was like moving in an avenue of smiles. "I will make that man's acquaintance" said Macarius, "if I tread on his toes eight days a week".

The next day we went to examine a garden which was, and deservedly so, one of the lions of even such a city as Genoa. Approached through an avenue of roses and myrtles and with a thick fence of the latter as its extended boundary, it consisted of a succession of terraces rising one above the other and each filled with the choicest flowers and the most beautiful shrubs. The ascent from terrace to terrace was each marked by some different contrivance; now it was by marble steps adorned with statues and orange trees then by an inclined plane through an avenue of vines. Next through some cavern in the rock with rugged bars and desolate contrasting so strongly with the beauties just passed through that one felt tempted to go back, until a cleft in the rock showed that newer and still surpassing delights were above. At each stage the view around was altered and became more extensive and more beautiful, until, as we rose to the highest we could no longer repress our loud exclamations of admiration and delight. It was a scene to look upon with rapture - a scene to treasure up in memory. Lofty mountains formed the background, the nearest points crowned or rather bristling with fortresses, within whose circuit, and seemingly secure within whose protection, were the villas of the Genoese nobility. Nearer still was the Public Garden with its sparkling fountains and its avenues of flowering acacia. Below was the city of palaces and beyond all, the blue Mediterranean with the white sails glistening in the dark waters. On the highest terrace but one was erected a pavilion containing a library and a museum and several other apartments; these, as the owner was within, we should have left unvisited had he not issued from the door as we were passing by. Our recognition was instant and mutual. It was the old gentleman we had trodden upon the day before and he now came forward to bid us enter with all the kindness of an old acquaintance.

He and Macarius were soon at home with each other. He had been shut up in the town with Massina in the year 1800, just before the battle of Marengo when dogs fetched high prices for the table, cats were delicacies, and rats not to be had for love or money,

and as Macarius had been in Lord Keith's Squadron and helped to bring all this about, they began to retrace their early days and spin yarns. While they were talking about starvation, I began to fancy I knew or was likely to know what it was like in reality, and in order to turn the discourse, broke in upon it somewhat uncommonly by admiring the garden, but expressing my surprise that the public was admitted so freely to it. (uncommonly should read unceremoniously)

I shall never forget the old man's face as he turned to answer - "Why, 'tis the quota I contribute towards the happiness of my fellow townsmen! It is beautiful and I love to think how many have enjoyed its beauty; it brings me in no returns of gold and silver, but it supplies a revenue of sweet thoughts and happy recollections when I think of the pleasure I have felt in it, and remember that the same pleasure has been enjoyed by hundreds besides. As for the injury the garden may receive from visitors, it is easily repaired. If it be by accident, accidents will happen and if it be by design it makes me sorry for the mischief doer. That is all. And happen as it may it is little indeed compared with the wretchedness I should feel in possessing such a place as this and keeping its beauty to myself.

"I understand", said Macarius, as we returned to our lodgings, "what it is that makes the old man's face so smiling. He is constantly affording pleasure to someone by means of his garden and as by law of nature, pleasure imparted to others is always shared by the giver he has positively no time to be miserable. And, if by giving way to a change or try what blue devils are like he must begin by shutting up his garden.

I was reminded of the occurrence by passing through the recreation ground the other day and noticing several score of persons heartily enjoying themselves there. Now if my friend Macarius be correct in his ideas of the mental mesmerism, a Burgess of Leicester afflicted with the spleen may cure himself by leaning over the fence for half an hour, observing the games going on in the territory of the corporation and thinking he is a member of it has contributed to the pleasure he witnesses. Let him try the recipe and if that does not take effect speedily, let him catch hold of a cricket bat and toss up for first innings... Mr. Editor, what say you?.....

FATHER ABSTIN.

.....Printed in the Leicester Journal June 7th, 1844.

THE FIELD OF MARENGO.

The chief has fallen - but not by you
Vanquishers of Waterloo!

Who of all the despots banded
With that youthful chief competed?

Who could boast of France defeated
Till lone tyranny commanded?

Till goaded by ambitions sting

The hero sunk into the king

I suspect that I have something of the vagabond in my composition for I have a great aversion to travel as a gentleman. I remember trying to experiment once and sharing the travelling carriage with a companion for a hundred leagues or so. It was the dullest period of my life. I like to strap on a knapsack, don a shocking bad hat or at least one that takes rain-water as a thing it is accustomed to and with a stout pair of shoes on my feet and a good staff in my hand take to the road and the adventure it affords. I owe to this propensity many a pleasant recollection, amongst others the following -

Rambling one summer about Piedmont in company with Macarius we determined to visit the field of Marengo and trace out as well as we could the details of the battle in the vicinity and happening to make some enquiries of the place from an old monk whom we had overtaken he offered, not only to accompany us thither, but to serve as guide over the field of battle.

We could not help noticing our companion as we walked on together. His was a stalwart form and years had passed over him whitening the few locks that were visible but seemingly without impairing his strength. As we talked of Napoleon and his Marshals the old man's eyes kindled and his step became firmer and his stride more measured. We conjectured, and a few enquiries brought out the fact that the old churchman,

"...had been a warrior bold
And fought in Spain and Italy".

We arrived late in the evening at the village of Marengo and he kept us up half the night drawing diagrams of the movements of the Austrian and French Armies that we may more easily comprehend his description of the fight on the morrow.

We were up with the sun for it is no trifle to examine the field of Marengo on foot and we had nothing else to trust to. But the campaign of 1800, the passage of the Alps and the triumph of Napoleon on this spot had so often been the theme of our discourse that we felt and feared no fatigue however lengthened and laborious the inspections of the difficult positions might prove.

"Observe", said the monk as we left the cabaret, "We are now in the village of Marengo. It washeld by Victor and his Corps while the headquarters of Napoleon were at Saint Juliano, nearly two leagues distant. Right before you is the road, which crossing the River Barmeda, leads direct to Allesandria. It was over the bridge on that river and along this very road we are looking upon that the Austrians came pouring at break of day and advanced to the attack of the cluster of houses around you."

Once in the right track and there was no difficulty in tracing out the main incidents of the conflict. This was the village then where the first encounter took place, where the Austrians, by force of numbers, overwhelmed the division commanded by Victor, and after a sanguineary struggle drove out the French at the point of the bayonet and in such confusion that the plain was covered with fugitives and the cry was "All is lost". And in truth matters looked ugly for the Tricolour. Victor's division in confusion and nothing left to check the victorious Austrians but the corps of Lannes. A single corps against an army! The

"Now look to your left," said the monk, "There as far as you can see the whole Austrian line extended and then having formed it, old Melas moved forward intending to sweep the remaining French from the plain. Lannes was compelled to give way of course but seldom indeed has a more splendid example of enduring courage been presented than on that day. He fell back three quarters of a league and took three hours doing it and though grape and cannister from 80 pieces of cannon tore his battalions in pieces, he reformed them under the very guns of the enemy and gave time for Napoleon to come up to the rescue. Well might Napoleon style them "The granite column of Marengo".

We were now in the thick of the combat and there was little left of the churchman but his frock and cowl. "Waterloo" said he, "was the day of the soldiers, Marengo of captains and they who value military glory as worth the price it costs - (I was glad to hear him say this) - and delight in dwelling on the actions of those who have achieved it may surely find in the events of this campaign and of this battle that ended it that he who planned the first and won the last was, despite his Zamma, the Hannibal of the day! The foremost Captain of the Age. What can be more grand in the consideration of physical bravery than this backward movement of Lannes? What more inspiring than the change which the arrival of Napoleon, accompanied by little more than his staff, instantly produced? The division of Victor rallying at once, new courage inspiring those who had almost yielded and men and officers fighting once more - not for life but for victory."

We were now tracing out the line of the retreat of the French and the monk bade us not to fail to notice the effect which the movement of Saint Cyr, along the right bank of the Barmeda and on the left of the enemy, cutting him off as it were from the river, must inevitably produce if the hourly expected arrival of Dessaix and his fresh troops should occasion a check in the Austria advance.

Melas fancied that the day was his own because a portion of an army, in its whole strength not half equal to the forces under his command, had given way before him. He left the pursuit to General Zack and returned to Alessandria content with the laurels he had gained and leaving to his second in command the opportunity of gathering a few on his own account.

The column that marked the spot where Dessaix fell is no longer there. It is not needed. Who will ever speak of Marengo and forget Dessaix.

Our monk knew the spot well and as we stood there we pictured to ourselves that General receiving the startling intelligence that, miles away, the First Consul with his few forces was sustaining the brunt of the whole Austrian Army. That they whom he had been despatched to observe were behind him and that his presence was essential to victory, if not to safety. The rapid counter march; the anxiety, deeper as the thunder of the cannon grew louder, the hurried greeting as he and his leader met and their hasty farewell as he went to the scene of that victory, which he asserted was still to be gained, and to meet that death which was to embitter even such a victory as that.

Then, as we moved on, we pictured

driven in the morning from Marengo, the left of this village already occupied. What remained to the Austrian than to crush the feeble foe before him?

What indeed but Dessaix! And when he fell, Kellerman! They who sneer at cavalry as opposed to infantry, let them think for a moment of Kellerman and his five hundred horsemen bearing down with loosened rein upon the Austrian column. Six thousand grenadiers and led by the Austrian General in person! Onward they rush, and sabre a la man they split the column asunder as the lightning renders the oak, and in a moment Zack and all his staff are prisoners.

"I was there! I was there!" said the monk. "I saw that glorious charge. Oh honour the chivalry of the Republic. And now" he said "taking up the theme for St. Cyr. He makes his music to be heard and it is attractive if not altogether agreeable; and Austrian cavaliers begin to look over their shoulder a little and speculate how much longer that bridge will be open to their retreat which they had crossed so gallantly in the morning...Not long gentlemen. Faith it is a race between you and St. Cyr already.

Away rattle the Austrian cavalry and ten thousand horsemen are galloping over the plain in utter confusion, overturning in their flight all that they meet and rushing while they may into Alessandria to tell Melas what had happened.

I can't say how many miles we walked that day. A great many however, for the sun was going down as we entered the city of Alessandria. A flask of the wine of Asti however revived us and we were ready for another cruise forthwith.

"Where are you going to", said the monk as we bade farewell to him.

"Anywhere" was the reply.

"Then go" said he "to the Pass of St. Bernard. You have seen where my Captain fell. Go and see where he lies buried; go and see the tomb of Dessaix."

"Yes" said Marcarius, "we will see there living heroes as well as the memorial of the dead".

FATHER AUSTIN.

.....Published in the Leicester Journal June 21, 1844.

From the papers of William Napier Reeve.

GIBRALTAR.

There are many days in our existence which stand out as rocks in the dull current of years and in looking backward on our course these meet the eye and preserve their associations whether of the sublime or the beautiful, the joyous or the wretched.

Such in my life will be this morning. For nearly fourteen days have we been running from Falmouth, encountering foul winds and calms and all sorts of disagreeable weather. Yesterday we were off Cape St. Mary and with the light wind that then wafted us along, calculated upon passing through the Straits sometime on Sunday. As the day declined, however, the wind freshened and at midnight we were going seven or eight knots. At five o'clock this morning I was aroused by Mr. French and begged to turn out of my hammock for that we were not only in sight of land but nearing it so rapidly as to be changing its bearings every minute. Hastily dressing myself I ran upon deck and to my delight saw land on every side. On our left was the coast of Spain, Cadiz on our quarter and Trafalgar on our beam, while to the starboard rose up the coast of Africa and mountains that seemed fitting indeed to be the pillars of Hercules, the portals of the ocean. What a variety of emotions are crowding upon me. The blue Mediterranean, that sea so entwined with classic story. That sea which I have so longed to gaze upon will, in a few hours, be open to my view, but even the anticipation of this cannot overcome the sensation of the moment. The glorious land of Spain! It lies before me, mountain piled upon mountain, gilded by the sun that like a chariot of fire comes rushing along the path we are treading while the mists of the valleys, rising as he rises and spreading half way up the hills or above one range and below another seem like smoke from a line of musquetry. Africa, further from our view presents mountains still more - precipitous - one in particular rises like a colossus. The sides are wrapped in thick clouds and the head stands up dark and clean in the loom of the morning. What a land is Spain! No wonder the Moors wept when they left it.

From the ship as we pass rapidly by appear not a single range of hills but hills upon hills, ridge behind ridge telling of such valleys between as would make Adam cease to regret the loss of Paradise were its physical beauty all that he lost. The sun now gathers more power, the mists become more dense but in a short time the struggle between them will be over and the view of this choice spot of Earth be laid open in all its glory.

7 o'clock.

11 o'clock. The mists are now entirely dispersed and rapidly running in with the current and a light wind we are now between the shores of Europe and Africa. With the same glance we can see parts of these two quarters of the globe - on the left is the little old Moorish town of Tarifa surrounded by a wall and so small that one can see three sides of it at once. It is a pity, one would think, that a little air is not let into the town by the removal of this same wall. It might have been an effective defence against darts and slings but I should fancy that a single nine pounder placed on any one of half hundred positions above and near the town would soon rattle it about the ears of the inhabitants.

What a magnificent scene is now set out before and around me. The mountains of Spain and Barbary, sometimes thrusting up their rugged and barren peaks, at others swelling gently upwards and clothed in green from the base to the summit. Add to this a sea rippling in a breeze which moderates and makes delightful those sunbeams which would otherwise drive us below for shelter. From hence I shall date my travels as begun. All the discomforts of the voyage shall be forgotten for it is well worth enduring all - aye and ten times more than those to gaze upon such a scene as this.

I had hoped to have set foot ashore at Gibraltar but it was not to be. I had omitted to stipulate for this at London and now the breeze and the current are both urging us forward too rapidly to think of heaving to. But we had a good view of the rock and the town - as much as was possible to have without putting in. Coming from the north west we make Ape's hill very early, but Gibraltar, which is nearly opposite, is concealed by the Spanish Coast until we have Tarifa on our quarter. Then the renowned neck of land rises up like a giant and every half hour alters its bearings and its aspect. As we passed across the Bay of Gibraltar, we saw plainly Algeciras and St. Roque and many vessels lying at anchor. Among them were three men of war, a line of battleship and two frigates and as we came closer and closer we saw the Union Jack floating gallantly on the breeze and waving over the bastions below. Some months ago I should have exulted in the prowess of my country and hailed her flag with delight thus waving at the extreme point of Europe but now, as I gazed upon it and then upon the arid rock, I saw in it that symbol of war and its consequent misery which I hope some day will cease from the surface of the earth. One looks at Gibraltar and sees a dense population on a spot of land which, on every account, must be scanty in comfort. One looks at the vast expenditure of its defences, the expenditure of gold, of labour and of skill and sighs to think on what this gold, this toil and this skill are expended.

On the opposite coast we were in full view of Ceuta, one of the late conquests of France - a safety valve some say in her Algerine Possessions, and this town amongst others is to be held by the price of blood. The French are a military nation and love Glory, or at least they say so, but I looked upon these conquests and thought how many of her sons had laid their bones in this sultry clime and then remembered the entry of the Algerine Regiment into Paris. I remembered the attack on its gallant and royal leader and I hope was able to estimate military glory to some degree at its real value.

As the day declined we entered the blue Mediterranean and, shaping our course along the Spanish Coast, lost sight of Africa. The sun went down behind the mountains of Spain and such a sunset I have never witnessed before. I cannot describe it but I would fain note down a few of the peculiar traits that I may recall to the memory when time has somewhat effaced its impressions.

The sky was clear and serene, two clouds only were visible and they were long thin lines in the westward, sloping until they ended in points, the light in the upper line being mellowed as the sun went down. It seemed like a pencil of light, or as one of

the passengers called it, the down of an angel's wing. The lower cloud was thicker and its upper edge was deep purple while the lower, upon which the sun now almost below the horizon, cast a most vivid light like ruddy flames. As the sun sank lower the colours became deeper until the purple changed into black and the golden into crimson and for a few minutes into scarlet. It has indeed been a lovely day and a long day and with so much to attract the eye and to compel the attention, one feels really fatigued with gazing. There is no wind to disturb the sea, this being like an unruffled lake, and I retire to rest satisfied with seeing.

SUN RISES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Copied from rough notes made at the time. Ship "APOLLO"
April 23, 1843.

On deck this morning at three o'clock to see Venus rise. She came up like a lamp, shedding her rays upon the waters with a long line of light, though the moon was high in the heavens. The sun rose a little before five o'clock and I note this as a most glorious sight - the most glorious I have ever seen. I have seen the sun rise before but I have hitherto been content to behold it with the naked eye. This morning I used the telescope and it makes me feel that all the sun rises hitherto have been seen as with the eyes of a purblind man and their transcendent beauty more than half unknown. I thought the sunset of yesterday beautiful, and so it was, but oh! if I had gazed at it through the telescope, I feel that I had trifled away its beauties by looking at it with the naked eye only.

But this morning! How can one hope to describe it. At first all was dark. Thick clouds hung over the horizon with the faint gleam of daylight only denoting where the sun would rise. Five minutes have passed and the light becomes distinct, a pale cold ray but it continues not so long, changing as the clouds changed last night. The black becomes purple and the light takes a golden for its silvery hue; five minutes more have passed and it shines like polished brass and while the rays of light are diffused more and more around one spot appears so bright that one is fain to ask whether the sun be risen or not. The polished brass becomes burnished gold, the surrounding clouds black, purple, crimson or scarlet as they are nearer or further from the point of radiance. The light breeze becomes more and more intense and at length uprises the glorious sun like a giant rejoicing to run a race. Oh, what a sight is a sunrise. How does it sink into nothing the feeble pageantry of man. How it makes one smile at his vain attempt at grandeur. Contrast the two ... A sunrise and the lord Mayor's Show.

Saturday May 6th 1843.

A spanking breeze and the ship, nearing her port, makes all alive; in fact, too restless for sleep. I found it out for myself at any rate and turned out of my hammock at half past three in the morning. We were running under the most northern ridge of Corsica and in the dull light of the morning we could faintly

discern the mountains, hardly distinguishable from the clouds that hung around them. In fact, their snowy caps were the only sure mark of their presence.

The sea was roaring and foaming under our bows as we looked ahead for sunrise. It was a dull morning and a wall of cloud seemed to bank in the horizon eastward, while in the west and southward were thin fleecy clouds hanging in the sky. As the sun rose these all assumed a roseate hue, growing more and more pink until the sun was just above the horizon when their colour all faded before his intense brilliancy. I could not help calling to mind a passage in the Iliad as translated by Pope.

"The saffron morn, with early blushes spread
Now rose refulgent from 'Tithonus' bed.
With new born day to gladden mortal sight
And gild the courts of Heaven with sacred light."

These clouds were the early blushes of Aurora and the Beauty of the description was then perceived and realised by me for the first time.....Ah, the secret of life is "living in union with nature."

.....These observations were written during a voyage from London to Leghorn. I left London on Thursday, 23rd March, 1843 and arrived at Leghorn on Sunday 8th May, having been driven into Falmouth by bad weather for eight days.

WATERLOO AND RAILWAYS.

"On! On! was still his stern exclaim -
Confront the battery's jaws of flame
Rush on the levell'd gun
My steel clad cuirassiers advance
My guard, my chosen, charge for France
France and Napoleon! "

It is many and many a year since I first set foot on the field of Waterloo, but it seems of yesterday only. I fancy myself again passing through the Namur Gate and leaving Brussels far behind me, as once in the sunny days of autumn I galloped through the forest of Soignies. I was then, in everybody's opinion but my own, a mere child and felt as a child, thought as a child and had few ideas but those derived from the tuition of elders. By them I was taught to cheer lustily on the anniversary of the battle and to regard it as one of England's proudest days. I was to have no feelings in connection with it but those of joy and triumph and I was now pressing forward as fast as my steed could carry me to the scene of those glorious deeds.

I pulled up for a time at the village of Waterloo to rest my horse and pay a visit to the tomb of Lord Anglesea's leg and of the other victims of the fight. Then riding forward gently through the hamlet of Mont St. Jean I was soon in the field of battle and as soon surrounded by men who could point out anything

that I wished to see, and also sell me anything as a relic that I wished to possess from a flint gun to a cannon ball.

I was a match for the dogs however. I was fresh from school and had not read my bible and tales of wars for nothing. At my school we were taught to read both and, at any rate, I had not forgotten the latter.

I cared nothing about a guide. I seemed not to want one for the whole scene was at once before me. There was the road to Frischermont....There then was the left of the British - that straggling screen, which I at times pushed my horse through and at times leaped over for the fun of it, was the screen and the only screen of Picton and his fighting division. Further on was the cavalry of Ponsonby and in the valley below was the chivalry of France and England.

Once again I moved back to the main road where La Haye Sainte rose before me and I began to examine it with increasing interest. This then was the farmhouse, this the very place that the Germans held back all attacks until their powder failed and then died like trumps to a man .. Lucky fellows! Their monument towers conspicuously over the plain side by side with that of Sir Alexander Gordon, an aide de campe to the Duke of Wellington and a brother of the Earl of Aberdeen.

They were all killed but what then. "Your country loves you, Sir, your Majesty King George III loves you, your memory is honoured, revered, respected, everybody's fond of you and grateful to you". This then had not been written by the immortal Boz but they were precisely my sentiments and if a feeling of sorrow arose for a moment at their fate I stifled it almost in the words of the sarjeant "We must all die some time or other".

Of course I visited Hougoumont. This place has matters of special attraction, where some traces of the fight have been preserved and an interesting place it is if one may judge by the thousands of visitors whose names are written on the walls of the chapel. Amongst them are the names of gallant knights and gentle dames, of old and young clergy and laity, of men and maidens and I wonder if there is one amongst them who would have foregone the laurels of Waterloo if that would have spared the poor fellows who were unfortunately roasted alive here during the conflict. I know that I would not have done so for one ... Pooh. Pooh, that is all natural to such a victory as this ..

Dulce, et decorum est pro Patria mori.

But the crowning pleasure of all was the ride to "La Belle Alliance" and after drinking a mug of ale to the health of Wellington and the confusion of the French, both then and forever, to proceed slowly to the covered way where it is said that Napoleon took leave of his Guard ere they advanced to the last charge. I remember pulling up my horse and gazing at the opposite heights until I seemed to have visibly before me the ranks of old England...Diminished but unbroken and calmly awaiting this attack, the last and most terrible of all. I seemed to hear the cheering of Ney as he lead on the victors of Austerlitz and Marengo and, plunging in my spurs rowell deep, I rode furiously forward to the place where those men were stationed - they who

Copies

were to change these old warriors from tutors into scholars and to teach them and their leader, the bravest of the brave, what it was to turn their backs to a foe.

For the courage ... What of that? It enhanced the glory of the victory. I had heard the fight described by an eye witness. "As the column advanced", said he "it seemed like a body of men pressing forward and never gaining a step. The British cannon swept them away." I had read in another account that the canister, grape and schrapnel rained upon them at fifty yards distance. Still they came forward and then Lord ...altoun's exciting cry .. "Now my boys. Now is the time" and the British bayonet finished what shot and shell had left undone.

I had not the time at that visit to proceed to Planchenoit and trace out the movements of the Prussians. I was sorry for this, as in the little books supplied to us by kind aunts and indulgent grandfathers, the pursuit after the battle was particularly dwelt upon. I remember some of the words to this day ... "General Bulow had so judiciously placed his division that the pursuit was kept up all night and the road was for miles from the scene of battle strewn with the dead and the dying".

The question of merit due to the Prussians has been and is, even now, a vexed question. It was the subject of discussion amongst us boys at school, but as this and similar histories were generally read the last thing at night, we had little time for discussion, for reading prayers followed so closely afterwards. We, none of us, however, wished to rob old Blucher of all praise.. No! No! He was allowed on all sides to have the pleasure of the night work.

It is impossible for me, however, to examine the scene of the Prussian operations at that visit. I had already spent six hours upon the field and my steed, at any rate, had had enough of it. "Never mind" said I, "I shall come here again some day". And so I did, but years passed away in the interim and I had become a man and learnt to think for myself ere I again saw the field of Waterloo.

REMINISCENCES OF THE FIELD OF WATERLOO. PART 2.

Ere he can lisp his mother's sacred name
Swells with the unnatural pride of crime, and lifts
His baby sword ev'n in a hero's mood
This infant arm becomes the bloodiest scourge
Of devastated earth, whilst specious names
Learnt in soft childhood's unsuspecting hour
Serve as sophisms, with which manhood dims
Bright reason's ray and sanctifies the sword
Upraised to shed a brother's innocent blood.

Mr. Editor.. "Have you seen the print of the Chelsea Pensioners reading the gazette of the Battle of Waterloo?"

"Of course I have. Who hasn't?"

"Well, well. So much the better. What is it all about?"

"Why it portrays the exultation of the veterans at the exploits of their countrymen. 'Tis a grand picture. Men are cheering, handkerchiefs are waving, glasses are uplifted, boys and girls alike are uproarious. In fact it is a general huzzah."

"Exactly so and that is all I saw in the picture. For many years and hundreds of times I gazed at it, for 'twas a picture I loved, when one day my eye rested upon something until then entirely overlooked. A little waiting child. A poor little creature whom its mother, in her anxiety to see the news, was crushing to a standard and whose piteous little cry was unheard in the exulting clamour around it. Sir David Wilkie was a sly fellow. Did he mean to teach us something by this? Those shouts would cease, those huzzahs would end, and then, then Mr. Editor, then and not until then, the little cry would be heard and heeded.

On my first visit to Waterloo, I was so taken up with the glory of the fight, that I had no thought of the attendant misery. I could only listen to the shouts. I had no ear for the wailing. But on my second visit I was not alone as I rode over the field. One was at my side, who looked to me for protection, and there was one younger still who looked to us both for light (start not my friend. It was before I assumed the tonsure). Priding myself not a little upon my knowledge of the battle I conducted my companion from place to place, from position to position, pointing out the scenes of chief interest, those where the slaughter had been the greatest, and as we were well mounted, we followed for a few miles the line of the French retreat towards Genappe and Charleroi.

We had with us an account of the campaign of 1815 written by a French officer. On our return to Brussels that evening I read portions of it to my companion. One passage was as follows:

"We continued our retreat to Charleroi. The further we advanced, the more difficult it became. When halting for a moment, I heard cries and moanings at our side. I went to the place and found they came from a ditch on the roadside into which two large waggon loads of wounded men had been overturned. These unfortunate people tumbled in a heap under the waggons that were upset upon them, implored the compassion of those who passed by but their feeble voices, drowned by the noise of the carriages, had not been heard. We all set to work and succeeded in extracting them from their tombs. Some were still breathing but the greater part were stifled. The joy of these poor wretches affected us to tears, but it was of short duration, for we were forced to leave them."

I laid down the volume and looked at her who was listening to me. The same thoughts were passing through the mind of each. The roar of the cannon, the shouts of the combatants had ceased, now could be heard the groans of the wounded and dying. The huzzahs were over. The cry of the child, the still small voice of humanity now made itself heard and compelled us to listen to it.

We looked at each other. We the parents of a little child. We to whom it had been entrusted and upon whose future happiness our own example and instruction would have so much influence and our consciences then and there demanded of each - "What have you been doing today?"

Our consciences made the demand and gave the reply. We had

as it were, to its quintessence and we had exulted in the remembrance of it. We had traversed ground made drunk with human gore. We had stood where men, lusty in life but one moment, were the next writhing in their death agony; or, but just before, in the pride of health and strength had sunk down scorched, maimed, blasted, ruined wretches, receiving then destruction at the hand of those whom they had never injured and dying in the attempt to kill those who had never injured them. We had added our names to the visitants of the Chateau Goumont. - What was it? An Aceldama! Nay worse. For the miserable beings who fell there, had in their last moments seen the flames slowly creeping around them, unable to move. Their last hours must have been a time of unutterable torture. Their last cry the shriek of agony or perhaps the blasphemy of despair. We had come to see where all this had occurred and we had exulted in the exploits of our countrymen. Though these were part of them we had triumphed in the deeds of that day.

Fane would we persuade ourselves that we were glad on account of the political results of the battle, or the peace that it gave to Europe. Our consciences sternly and plainly told us that we lied if we said so. We were glad at the battle itself, we were glad it had been fought, not for the results, but as showing the prowess of our Nation. It was the fight itself we had rejoiced in and we should have been sorry if the Treaty of Paris had not been preceded by the Battle of Waterloo. Yes, it was the battle. The carnage of men, the day which brought death to thousands unprepared to die, and therefore, if we believed what we were taught, their eternal ruin also.

It was this that we Christians, as we called ourselves, Christian parents, God help us, had exulted in calling to remembrances.

Father Austin.

Reprinted from the Leicester Journal ... 1843 ...

From the papers of William Napier Reeve.

THE TUSCAN PEASANT

"In minds, the very inhabitants have taken the true of their habitations, - cabined cribbed and confined and overlaid as it were with every noxious quality."

- Leicester Journal -
(Published November 1, 1844)

The above sentence, as you will perceive Mr. Editor, is taken from the leading article in the Journal a week or two since; an article which does credit to the head, and heart of its writer; to the last as abounding in charity to the first as abounding in the charity which ennobles; for as the Vicar of St. Mary's has truly said - "There is a charity which ennobles, there is also a charity which degrades".

Permit me to place before your readers, one more of my recollections; not altogether inappropriate to the sentiment I have prefixed to this paper, but happily its antithesis; showing in truth what true the mind of the labourer will take, despite constant toil, and too frequent privation, when his dwelling place is at least amid the pure breezes, and his eye can rest, if it will, upon the beauties of this glorious world.

I have been a rambler, as I told you before, and one of those lucky ramblers, who can go on when they like, and, if they find their resting place agreeable, bide there as long as it pleases them. With this preface you will easily believe that sojourning with a friend for a time in Italy, we were often tempted to linger in the villages and pleasant places on the banks of the Arno. On one occasion, having been rather longer on foot than usual and somewhat hot and dusty, we stepped into the cottage of Italian peasants, and having asked for a little milk were told in reply that the goats had not yet come down from the hills, but that if we could stay half an hour or so, we should have some and welcome. In less than the time named the goats arrived and then, sending our hostess to purchase some bread for us, we prepared to make our breakfast in earnest.

The cottage we had entered was one of humble appearance, but a merry laugh from within had at first attracted us, and the welcome with which we were received was just in accordance with it. The mistress was a fine hearty woman, apparently about forty years of age with half a dozen buxom wenches of her own and as many more of her neighbours and gossips about her. All were busily engaged in making Tuscan plait and hands and tongues were working away right merrily. There was something so pleasant in the party that, when our breakfast was over, we felt less disposed to stir than ever and, to make a short story, agreed to stay and dine there. About noon the house was cleared of all but its own inmates, the door closed, the cloth laid and the dinner put on the table. It consisted entirely of boiled beans, plenty of them, but nothing more - when however we held out our plates for a supply, we were told that something better was coming for us, and presently a dish

of boiled cabbage, or something resembling it in taste sight and smell was set before us a choice viand, and intended for us alone.

Before however we had commenced, the door opened, and in walked a fine looking peasant, one who evidently had more business in the house than we had, or at least he seemed to think so, for glancing with surprise at the live strangers seated so cosily amongst his family and apparently quite at home, he turned to his wife for an explanation. It was given in two words and a hearty welcome from him, the Lord and Master of the mansion, as speedily accorded; for our part, not to be out done in courtesy, we sent out for a flask of wine and long before dinner was over our acquaintance had ripened into friendship.

"Stay here all night" said the peasant. "Sleep in my cottage, and, this afternoon you shall go where we will see what your country men miss who roll about from town to town in their carriages and keep only to the highway. You are fond of fine prospects you say so let me be your guide for once. You shall pay me the half day's wages that I shall lose by waiting on you, but no more; I would not even ask this of you, but we are very poor as you see".

That afternoon I mark with a white stone and I wish, Mr. Editor, that I could bring before your readers the scenery that under the guidance of our new companion was that day spread in succession before us. Often and often in our walk did we linger to look around us, and to ask of each other whether anything could be more beautiful, until, at last having gained the summit of a hill, we came upon the terrace of a ruined convent and then our guide himself halted and bade us look around and below us. Oh what a glorious view it was! It comes before me now, fresh and vividly as I seek to recall it to memory. It was about an hour before sunset, and the glare of the midday sun had given way to that softened light that Claude so loved to shed over his pictures - it was Italy that we were gazing upon! It was the valley of the Arno spread out before us; for miles and miles we could trace the course of the river; on its banks were glistening villages, on every side were towns castles and mansions, adding to the pleasure we felt in knowing that there were thousands to share it; while like a Queen among her subjects full in view, though eight or ten miles distant, was the City of Flowers, the ever lovely Florence; its stately dome rising clear and high in the pure atmosphere, and Fiesole beyond it.

But why attempt to describe it; it was something to be felt not talked of; it was one of those scenes that overwhelm us by the very intensity of pleasure, producing as has been well said in reference to a scene of somewhat similar character, Rouen and the Seine from Mount St. Catherine, "An inflation of the breast, a tingling of the blood, a perceptible waxing of the principle of animal life, a disposition to shout as we were wont in the brave joy of boyhood".

And now then for our companion and guide - did he seem like a

I should fancy that I had taken from the poor man a recreation at once healthful to his body and his soul; had helped to drive him to the ale house and beershop, and whenever I happened to encounter a poor drunken wretch reeling home to his miserable dwelling I should say "This is perhaps part of my work!"

Oh how heartily Mr. Editor do I concur in every sentiment of that article I have referred to. It is a duty, and a solemn duty too, to help forward the general civilization of mankind and I firmly believe with you that the conviction of this is forcing itself upon the mind more and more every day. I exult in the noble subscription for the Manchester Park. It is a "good beginning" and a good example. It will, I doubt, not be followed elsewhere and in our own town amongst others. We shall find more pleasure yet in opening our pleasant places than in closing them to all but ourselves. We shall begin to think of the pleasures of the poor as well as of their labours and, by promoting their happiness, shall find that we have increased our own. We shall awake to the knowledge that the greatest of all luxuries is "the luxury of doing good".

Yes Mr. Editor we shall, ere long I trust, have recreation grounds all over the Kingdom and so far from stopping up old footpaths, we shall have our rich men acting as Sir Walter Scott did, who cut a pathway through his plantations and instead of warning off all trespassers wrote up like a trump as he was "The nearest way to Jedburgh".

Father Austin.

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concerned for the fee? - No indeed! Familiar though the scene was to him, he had not lost the relish for its beauties; we marked him as he stood gazing with delight around him, and felt how much such an enjoyment must, in its possession, purify and elevate the soul. He stood there like a man having a right to the respect of others, as having learned to respect himself. We returned with him to his cottage, and in accordance with his invitation stayed the night there; he gladly giving up his bed to us, and we as willingly taking it. He pleased to confer and we willingly to receive an obligation from him; and when we parted the next day it was with mutual regret, for we had met with something that does not always fall to one's lot to notice; a family as poor as they well could be, every member of it working and working hard too for such fare as they had placed before us, and yet not only preserving a cheerful face, but saying boldly that they were happy.

Now here, Mr. Editor, was an instance of the minds of the inhabitants taking the hue of their habitations. They had their pleasures in spite of their poverty, pleasures for which it needed no money in their dwellings. Why is it not so with our labourers, our artisans, our mechanics? How is it that the love for the beautiful which is implanted in the breast of every one at his birth which, in truth, is part of our nature is so "overlaid with every noxious quality" that it might as well never have existed? - Why? - Because they for whom the labourer toils have hitherto cared for his labour only; and been utterly heedless of that recreation which policy as well as humanity and justice should have secured to him. Because this duty of the Master had been hitherto forgotten when the money payment was made and the responsibility of wealth accumulated by the few from the labours of the many had been utterly lost sight of; nay worse than this: What is there to invite an artisan to a walk in this country? - Would he retire for a day to his native village to refresh his mind by strolling once more over the haunts of his childhood and over the meadows that, in his youth, had been free to all. Alas too frequently the owner of those fields (in the very arrogance of his extensive possessions) has deemed the footpaths "useless". A road perhaps runs hard by - that is good enough for the wayfarer. He is a great man and none dares oppose his will, the path is stopped by order of "Quarter Sessions" and fine and imprisonment with the utmost rigour of the law, are threatened to him who dares to put his foot where his father and his father's fathers had once walked fearless and unquestioned.

A useless footpath! - such a thing ought to be deemed impossible. The footpath over the meadow is the reserved right of the poor. Let it be a deduction from the value of the field; - what then; it is the "tithe which should be dedicated with gladness!" It is the sacrifice of a first part given to the creatures of him who has bestowed the whole. A useless footpath! - let it wind hither and thither, let it be twice as long as the highway that leads to the same place. What of that? He that planned it made it for the enjoyment of his fellow man and to tempt him to the evening stroll when his day's work was done. I would sooner break my leg any day than be concerned in stopping up a footpath.

I should fancy that I had taken from the poor man a recreation at once healthful to his body and his soul; had helped to drive him to the ale house and beershop, and whenever I happened to encounter a poor drunken wretch reeling home to his miserable dwelling I should say "This is perhaps part of my work!"

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Father Austin.

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THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD.

"The great ones of the earth are not
Upon its rolls of fame
The World its heroes has forgot
Who most deserve the name"

Songs of New Zealand...Emily Reeve
(W.N.R.'s sister)

When Macarius and I last coveted your attention Mr. Editor, we were parting from the jolly old Monk who had guided us over the field of Marengo and wending our way to the pass of St. Bernard to see as he bade us, the tomb of Dessaix, and to make acquaintance with the living heroes that were to be found near it. We trudged on merrily through Asti, Turin and Ivrea till we came to Aosta, the last town on the Italian side of the Alps. There however we were delayed first by a recent fall of snow which rendered the road impassable and then by a fever, which laid me on my back for a while.

It is Harriet Martineau I think (God's blessing be upon her) who has pointed out in one of her beautiful works how much longer lived is the memory of pleasure than of pain - how cordially do I agree with her! During my forced stay at Aosta, my personal sufferings were considerable, the days were dreary in the extreme, and I was impatient as I could be, to be gone, but all recollection of this has passed away or can only be recalled by a strong effort of memory; it needs no effort however to call to mind the glow of pleasure that thrilled through me as I stood in the dawn of the morning under the clear sky, felt the mountain breeze upon my cheek, and in the full vigour of health again, prepared for the ascent of the Alps.

Aosta is itself a town standing high in the world. It is the last stage that the carriage can reach and the river Dora, which passes through it, is a mountain torrent and rushes by like a mill-race, but it is not too elevated for the vine or the olive. On the contrary the vineyards are rich and its vines esteemed. These vineyards, however, are quickly left below the traveller who, scarce clear of the town, ascends into a region too elevated, and too cold for their existence. In less than half an hour we had left the town so far below us, that though the course of the torrent could be distinctly seen, its roar could be heard no longer. Higher we ascended and the vines were exchanged for chestnut trees; higher still and these gave place to pines, higher still, and even these ceased to grow. Nothing was round us but rock; nothing of vegetation but the lichen.

After about five hours toil, we arrived at St. Remi; a cluster of houses situated at the highest point to which a wheeled carriage can ascend and from whence the traveller must proceed either by mules, or on foot. It is on the verge of the perpetual snow, and nothing green can flourish there. Desolate however as the place

seemed the inhabitants had their festivals and gala days. When we entered the street, it was echoing with the roar of a feu de joie; the Bishop of the diocese was there and huge limbs of pine trees, brought from a thousand yards below and planted in the street for the occasion, showed the anxiety of his people to do him honour.

Here mules are to be hired to carry the traveller as much further onward as the snow will permit; and here are engaged those hardy guides who are to carry his baggage, and pilot him on his way when the mules can proceed no further. Their pay is all fixed by tariff, the slightest infringement of which subjects them to severe penalties, a wholesome regulation, as the traveller would otherwise be quite at their mercy. As it was for three mules, one for each of us and the third for our baggage, with two guides to attend us, we paid twenty francs and well earned we thought the money before we had finished our journey.

We soon came upon the snow, first in small patches, through which we passed easily. These patches, increasing in extent and depth as we proceeded onward, until at last after an hours riding we were fairly compelled to halt. The snow was up to the bellies of the mules, and though we whipped them up again and again they plunged and floundered in the snowdrifts and could go on no further. We were compelled to dismount ourselves and unload the sumpter mule; our guide pointed out a little hut or cantine some hundred yards distant and told us to make our way thither as we best could. We were now on the heights of the Alps, and in place of the vines we had left in the morning, saw nothing but snow around us; it was in many places up to our waists and it was with no small fatigue and difficulty that we reached the cantine.

Here we rested until our guides had brought up our trunks, and finding that they intended to stay a little, and that the path to the Monastery was marked out by stakes stuck in the snow, we started off by ourselves. It was an hour's walk they told us.

It was a terrible pull up the mountain, in some places we climbed on our hands and knees sending masses of snow rolling beneath us at every step and slipping back ourselves two out of every three paces. The air was so thin that respiration became difficult and the least exertion made us puff and pant, so that we could not take a dozen steps without resting. We kept on however, and at last having surmounted the highest peak, the Monastery lay about a mile off. Everybody has heard of the dogs of St. Bernard, and when we were within a hundred yards of the walls, three of them came bounding forward, baying around us, and seeming as if ready to devour us. They were of the size and strength of lions and their aspect was so threatening that we halted in alarm, until a friendly voice hailed us, and bade us pass on and never mind them. We advanced forward, when their seeming ferocity ended at once and they accompanied us, with the utmost docility and kindness to the building.

It was a very bad season, and the snow was lying deep at

through, and a servant who met us, glancing at our feet, led us into a warm chamber, and in a trice stripped off our wet shoes and stockings. Then rubbing our legs till they glowed again, he placed before us warm worsted stockings and light shoes, and afterwards leading us to the Refectory, he informed us that dinner would be served at six o'clock, and asked what we would take as a cheerer in the meanwhile.

Father Austin..(Published in the
Leicester Journal August 16, 1844)

THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD. (Concluded)

In the service of Mankind to be,
A guardian God below, still to employ
The minds brave ardour in heroic aims
Such as may raise us o'er the grovelling crowd
And make us shine for ever - that is life.

.....Thompson

We had time before dinner to pay a visit to the tomb of Dessaix; it is the most elevated in the world. It stands, as the French say, 'on this lofty point above the clouds; as the advanced monument of their glory'.

"So much for the dead warrior" said Macarius. "Now let us see the living heroes I told you of - heroes whose courage surpasses that of Lannes in endurance, that of Kellerman in action. But first let us survey their battle field and learn what it is they encounter."

We stepped to the threshold of the door and looked out in the darkening horizon. Snow everywhere! Snow covering precipices and concealing ravines! One trembled for the wanderers who missed the track even in daylight and sunshine, but in the storm and darkness, with the snow falling thick around blinding the eyes and obliterating the track - to go forth into the midnight darkness, and have the hurricane in regions like these - what name shall we give to the men who dare to do it? If he, who rushes upon armed men seeking to kill and amid the clangour of trumpets, the shoutings of thousands and all that can drown reflection and make excitement into madness, forgets or disregards the chance of meeting himself that fate he designs for others. If he be styled a hero, what name shall be given to those who go forth alone and in silence and darkness encounter perils that the boldest warrior would shrink from - hazarding their lives to save - not destroy their fellow men? What shall we say to men who choose such an abode as this, where in addition to all external dangers, is the certainty that the human frame itself cannot long exist in such a region, and that they who volunteer to mass the hospice of St. Bernard, volunteer into a service not only dangerous, but deadly.

Dinner was announced, and we found three Monks waiting in the refectory to welcome us. Two others joined them in the course of the evening, and with ourselves, made up the whole party. We could not but look at our entertainers. All were young, for pleurisy diseases of the lungs and other ailments, terminating in rapid consumption, are the invariable concomitants of this mountain abode. The garrison there must be effective men, not invalids. They must have frames capable of enduring fatigue, as well as nerves to meet danger, and when the first give way fresh men must supply the place of the disabled. The Monks at table, one and all, seemed men just fitted for their work. There was one scarcely more than a youth, but the fire of his eye spoke of the undaunted spirit within: he was a man for deeds of daring. Napoleon would have chosen him to lead an infantry troop, or to lead his cavalry on to the squares of Picton at Waterloo, which I suppose, was much about the same thing.

After a most delightful evening (for these Monks, being the hosts of all nations, are as intelligent as they are brave and hospitable) we retired to rest shivering as we passed through the corridors and, though bedded in down, unable to sleep for the intense cold. At six o'clock, our guides entering our chambers requested us to pack up our portmanteaus that they might proceed onward ere the frozen snow was melted, and thus secure a hard road. Then appointing as our place of rendezvous a little Swiss Town some twelve miles on the other side of the Mountains they started off on their route leaving us to follow at our leisure.

An hour or so later we descended from our chambers and entered the Chapel of the Convent. The youthful Monk I have referred to was performing the morning service and as he stood at the altar clad in the Sacred Vestments, and lifting up his voice in prayer and praise one could feel that intense devotion mingled with the other energetic elements of his character. Could it in truth be otherwise with him or with the others? Some influence overwhelming and irresistible must have led them thither. What influence could it be? Patriotism, tut! Patriotism leads men to kill, not to save; it teaches them to strike as well as die for their country and avoid the latter if they can. - Fame? - Who knows a monk individually or thinks of him but as one of a number? Wealth? Their vow is poverty and the food and shelter they so liberally afford, is given without fee or reward. Philanthropy? Age in part, but not philanthropy alone. That virtue has existed since man was created, but it was not so until Christianity.

Christianity was preached so that the Hospice of St. Bernard was erected - No! There is but one motive that can animate the Monks of St. Bernard. They are followers of him who taught that religion is love; they practise the religion they profess, and then call them by what names you will, they are the true heroes of the world! How can it be otherwise if heroism be the absence of fear. It is "perfect love that casteth out fear" -

Friends of Mankind - Farewell! Your occupation perilous as it is may be envied even if it be closed by such a fate as you seek to avert from others - Let us picture to ourselves the dying monk. He lies exhausted in the snow which will soon cover him and hide even the place of his sepulchre. He dies like a hero in the conflict, but his last wish is not to "Read the Gazette of the day". He envies not Dessaix his monument! He is content that the time and place of his death should be unknown, that his name and memory should perish.

Let France raise separate trophies or National Mausoleums for her illustrious dead! His last words, ere he yields to that torpor which he knows is the sleep of death, are, not those which form the inscription of the Pantheon, but those which are inscribed on the portals of a humbler cemetery - "I know that my Redeemer liveth" -

Father Austin....From the Papers of
William Napier Reeve ... Published in
the Leicester Journal August 23, 1844.

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THE CHRONICLES OF OUR FIRESIDE.

We may once more speak of our own fireside. We are once more beneath our own roof. On the eight day of April, 1845, we left the lodgings which had afforded us such a tranquil asylum on our first coming to Leicester and took possession of the sweet little dwelling which we call our home. May the blessing of God be upon it.

This has been the longest winter ever known. The frost commenced in November and continued with very short intervals till the end of March. On Christmas day John and James Waugh walked over to Bradgate Park with me. Groby Pool was frozen like a rock and several hundred persons were on it. On Good Friday I drove James to Ashby de la Zouch (March 21st.) The ice was still there and a few persons skating upon it.

This has been a most fearful winter for murders, and executions. Two women, and, I should think, nearly a dozen men have been executed since January, and at the present time, one woman, and two men are under sentence of death. The Home Secretary is Sir James Graham. There is no hope of amendment while he remains there, but I trust the day will come, when these judicial murders will be merely a matter of history....April 14, 1845.

YEARLY RETROSPECT 1844.

December 1845

I should have written 1844. I am referring only to the Year that has gone.

I desire to praise God for all mercies of it, for the continued health of my beloved wife and child, for the social happiness we have been permitted to enjoy during its progress.

I began the year a poorer man than I have been at any former year. I am as poor now, but the past has been the happiest year of my life. And why? Because I am not conscious of having done injury or unkindness to any human being during its progress, because deeply sensible as I am of my own unworthiness I can humbly look to my Heavenly Father for his protection and favour, and rely implicitly upon his wisdom in all the events of the future.

Death has removed from our circle a dear friend. His end was peace. May those who he has left be comforted. Poor Sarah! And we value still more than ever the gift of life, and improve it for each other while we are spared..

These friends have visited us in our humble dwelling and made the voice of joy and gladness to be heard therein - Mr. & Mrs. Waugh, Mr. Home, Mrs. Lincoln, John, James and Bessy, Dr. Price, Emma Price, may the blessing of God be upon them.

If I were to enumerate all from whom we have experienced kindness, the list would be numerous indeed. God bless and preserve them.

Our beloved friend and pastor has been a friend indeed. Oh how thankful we are to be placed where we can see and hear him, may the favour of God encompass him as with a shield and shower down blessings on his roof and the dwelling beneath it. Through him we have made several pleasant acquaintances and with him enjoyed much that renders life delightful.

The new year commences with altered relations in business calling for increased exertion on my part. As my Master is my friend, I trust to render him faithful and effectual assistance.

My principal wish for the coming year is that I may be employed in the service of God and in the promotion of the welfare of my fellow men. I feel it indeed a privilege when I am at all permitted to render them service and, laying it down as a rule, that my efforts for the good of others are to be made in the way of conciliation rather than reproof I conclude with a prayer most necessary for me.

Set a watch, oh Lord before my mouth
Keep thou the door of my lips!

William Napier Reeve...December 29, 1844.

WILLIAM NAPIER REEVE....1811-1888

His Journal for the years 1843-1887 entitled.....

"MINE AND MINE ONLY"

Transcribed in the year 1962 by T.N. Waugh and R.L.H. Waugh.

William Napier Reeve was a Justice of the Peace, and Clerk of the Peace for the County of Leicestershire, Election Agent for Lord John Manners, and twice President of the Literary and Philosophical Society; also served the office of Under Sheriff. He was a solicitor by profession, and a partner in the firm of Freer, Reeve, Blunt and Rowlatt, of Leicester City, where he lived after spending some time of his early professional life in London. He celebrated his Golden Wedding in the year before he died, probably from cardiac asthma.

His wife Mary was a daughter of the Waughs of Hornsey, whose sons emigrated to Australia and New Zealand. He had one daughter, Isabella who married Alfred Francis.

The Journal gives an account of domestic affairs in the Reeve household, family migrations and his views and some of the facts of political and economic events in England and Europe during his life-time.

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy namePsalm 103. (W.N.R. makes frequent use of this psalm throughout his journal.)

INTRODUCTION.

This is the journal and yearly retrospect of William Napier Reeve, a solicitor of Leicester, who married our great, great aunt, Mary Anne Waugh. He was close to family circles of the Waugh, Napier, Harvey and Reeve branches and consequently a valuable contact in the progress of the family and its fortunes during the 19th century.

The original journal, beautifully bound in white leather and embossed with gold ornamentation, is now in the hands of the Ashwin family of Adelaide, direct descendents of his sister, Caroline.

As a link with the past the "Yearly Retrospect and Chronicles of the Fireside" is invaluable for several reasons. Firstly it gives an insight into public reaction to the events of the day and particularly as the writer was heavily involved in political issues. Secondly we have a window into Victorian family life by the hand of one who lived in those times. Although now remote and far off by modern standards, the present generation cannot help but feel slightly envious at the warmth, family feeling and extreme affection shown throughout this journal. Thirdly the journal is written in a style not unlike that of the great Victorian, Charles Dickens. The version which I have has unfortunately been abbreviated but I do hope to be able to add the text in its entirety at a later date. The expressions, Aunt Lincolne and Aunt Cooper, using the surname rather than the Christian name, had a practical application, for the Victorians who had strong family ties and who were prolific progenitors. Finally, W.N.R., as we have all come to know him by virtue of this journal, was a very good living man. One must remember this when reading through some of the quaint and rather tiresome religious passages. On occasions when he stood to lose heavily by the deeds of other family members he never raised one word of reproach e.g. The Oyster Company in Ireland. His home was always open to ^{the} traveller and one can imagine the warmth, friendliness and good will existing therein.

As regards those in the Antipodes the journal is of tremendous interest for we learn, first hand, much of our forefathers and events leading up to their migration to Australia. The gold rushes, the sailing ships and their long and fearful voyages and the place names are all there. The unfortunate brother, Joseph Reeve, - "THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL JOE" - provides a sad and almost Victorian climax to the tale.

We find mention of the birth of our grandfather, William Alexander Harvey Waugh on the Berry Park Estate, "Hunter's River". N.S.W. who grew up to be a sturdy Australian pioneer and founder of Guy Fawkes Station. Also recorded is the birth of William Napier Reeve Waugh, his godson, probably at Port Macquarie, who founded Taloumbi Station. Far removed from the home at Leicester but nevertheless a time of transition in which the culture and gentility of the old world was to have such a profound effect on the shaping of Australia. One can only conjecture the tremendous

yearning of those early settlers for their homeland and nostalgia for times they had known in their youth. Some found the break too great and returned as W.N.R. records. Others stayed on in the Colonies to found new nations.

I have enjoyed my association with this journal and am grateful in the extreme to those members of the Waugh family - cousins and second cousins - who made it available to me and who have assisted me so tremendously in its publication.

.....Richard Leslie Harvey Waugh.....
November 13th, 1962.

NOTE WHEN READING:

W.N.R. had little discrimination in the use of capital letters by our present day standards; neither had he much regard for punctuation. Some capital letters have been retained where used in the Journal, and added where necessary in religious passages. Punctuation has been freely inserted. As much of the writings as possible appear 'in extense'; in the lengthy passages of political tone a paraphrase has been made and some of the religious themes have been curtailed. In the original Journal may be found complete transcriptions of prose or poetry, which have impressed W.N.R., with extracts from various publications of the day.

In spite of this, the transcription still retains much of its original value and interest, for those who have descended from the family members mentioned here. Page numbers quoted, refer to the place in the Journal.

.....Truda H. Waugh Swan Hill...1962.

THE JOURNAL.

P 11. 1843

....."Blessed is the Man whom Thou chastisest Oh Lord, and teachest Thy Law, that Thou mayest give him patience in the time of Adversity."

Departure for Italy: With my professional income totally destroyed, the entire remainder of my little property put in jeopardy by the proceedings of an unprincipled man with the possibility that his blow will not be relaxed until I am, in the opinion of the world, totally ruined, I desire to take comfort from the above. I do, from my heart bless God for all the suffering he has appointed me to undergo. I pray that I may have still further troubles to undergo, if it be necessary to prepare me for an inheritance incorrupting, undefiled, and that cannot fade away.

March 19th, 1843. Hackney Terrace.

This page is several times referred to, throughout the diary.

P 71. Yearly Retrospect. 1844.

.....These friends have visited us in our humble dwelling, and made the voice of joy and gladness to be heard therein - Mr. and Mrs. Waugh, Mr. Home, Mrs. Lincolne, John, James and Bessie (Waugh) Dr. Price, Emma Price.

P 74. Chronicles of the Fireside. April 14th, 1845.

.....We may once more speak of our own fireside; we are once more beneath our own roof; on the eighth day of April 1845

(3)

we left the lodgings which had afforded us such a tranquil asylum, on our first coming to Leicester, and took possession of the sweet little dwelling which we call our home. May the blessing of God be upon it.

This has been the longest winter ever known, frost commenced in November and continued with very short intervals till the end of March. On Christmas day, John and James Waugh walked over to Bradgate Park with me... There have this year been many murders and executions; two women and a dozen men executed since January.....

P 114. Yearly Retrospect. Sunday evening, 4th January 1845.

.....A year of dreadful weather, we have had fires indoors throughout the year....Margaret Reeve visited Leicester in the Spring. Potato crops have failed, and in consequence there is the beginning of famine in Ireland..My personal income is now sufficient for expenditure...I can truly be thankful for the stroke which took me from London, and deprived me of the means and the wish of acquiring wealth. My Master continues to be my friend, and I am happy in my relation as his Servant. My wife sits by my fireside, delighting my eyes and rejoicing my heart; my child pleasing us both by her dutiful and affectionate conduct. My brother Joe is wrestling manfully in a new Colony, a pioneer of civilisation. My sisters each in their place, happy though under many privations in the performance of their duties. My dear Father and Mother in Law, as ever, kind and generous. The house taken at Hornsey only this season, affords a home for us when we visit London.

P 113. Yearly Retrospect 1846. Sunday evening 3rd January 1847.

.....This year saw the Repeal of the Corn Laws. Lord John Russell is now the Prime Minister following Sir Robert Peel. The potato crop has failed again; the price is now 10d. a gallon, and bread is $\frac{1}{2}$ d. the quarter Household....My wife dearer than ever, is sitting by my side, and I fancy more lovely than when I married her, now nearly 10 years ago, and my child daily improving in knowledge and in affectionate regard for all....Father Reeve becoming feeble....Poor old Joe, still in New Zealand; it is a hard struggle Joe, but there's no such word as "fail" Joe, my boy...Aunt Lincolne and poor Alexander visited. He lives at Earle and has much to endure.

P 117. 1847 Sunday, May 9th.

.....A year of a long winter, high-priced provisions, scanty work, and men looking forward with apprehension to the future. Vast sums of money spent on import of food from America; manufacturers closing mills and putting off workmen - 1000 in Leicester in a week. Irish swarming in to this country bringing famine and fever. Prayers being read in churches for the famine; in Ireland they have long since ceased to hold inquests on bodies dying of starvation.

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P 148. Yearly Retrospect. Sunday January 2nd, 1848 (for 1847)

.....A terrible year. Said by those who remember 1817 to be much worse than that year: £33 million spent on food. Numerous "princely houses" were affected by the financial pressure. Many people were involved in ruin, from the commencement of immense railway works without the means to complete them. In Ireland, things were and are most terrible. Midday assassinations are frequent. A man is denounced and shot and his death celebrated by bonfires.....Parliament passed the Coercion Bill in November, (a contentious issue). The miserable Whigs continue in power by sufferance...Wheat has been 120/- per quarter this year for the farmers. In the early part of the year we seldom had potatoes; rice formed the principal substitute. It was strange to see so familiar a dish banished, and the want of it in Prisons and Work Houses produced a recurrence of an old disease, but one that had been almost forgotten, the Scurvy! There are ten thousand people in Leicester receiving Parochial Relief. Asiatic Cholera rages in London. The deaths were one thousand per week above the average...Ann is not an unimportant member of the household (the servant girl). Sophie Reeve (a sister) visited, also Mr. & Mrs. Waugh and George....Alexander has left Earle, and William Neill, Surrey Street. James is now at the head of the Counting House, and hopes to be married in the coming year. He has been a kind and devoted brother to us. John and Harry are at home, and at present without employment, poor fellows. Of poor old Joe we have heard little, but Mr. Hale, his old employer, is going out again to New Zealand and so "There's no such word as 'fail' Joe".

P 154. 16th May 1848.

.....On February 24th last, a revolution broke out in Paris. Louis Phillipe has refuge in England. It is whispered that he is becoming imbecile. Lamartine is head of the Government. Metternich (Austria), the impersonation of despotism, is also a refugee in England. Efforts are being made to unite all Germany into one Federal Nation...there is trouble over Schleswig-Holstein. I have sometimes wished that I had lived in the stirring times of the French War, but there were never times like the present, and the issue of them no man can even conjecture. The Poor Rates in St. Margarets are 12/- to 14/- in the £1...Men who are receiving Parish pay have struck for more wages; windows have been smashed in riots.....

P 155. Yearly Retrospect 1848. Sunday Dec. 31st.

.....A better year. Mild cholera in England...It is hoped that sanitary regulations will improve as a result. General Radetski rules in Italy. The Pope has fled to Naples. Russia is mobilising in readiness to assist Prussia or Austria if a revolution should occur...Emigration is going on rapidly from England and Ireland to America and Australia ...Sarah talks of opening a school with Mary. Alexander Waugh and his wife and child stayed for a few

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weeks with us; on 15th June sailed for Australia. God keep them. John sailed to Sydney on the 1st September as Surgeon of the "Walmer Castle", emigrant ship. Harry sailed to Adelaide on 10th April, so that three out of six are at the Antipodes. William is residing at Egham - what is to become of him I cannot guess. James is at Surrey St. and married. George still at Leamington. Joe, poor fellow, still doing well; he may keep us all yet. I have visited Bath, Bristol, Gloucester, Wells and Birkenhead. I have been appointed a Deputy Clerk of the Peace, and completed five years with my kind friend and Master.

Note: Alexander Waugh, our great grandfather. Progenitor of the New England and many Queensland Waughs. Dr. John Neill Waugh, from whom Queensland Waugh families are descended. Alex's brother.

P 159. Fireside Chronicles March 1849.

.....On 20th of this month we received a letter from Alexander, dated 7th Nov. last. He had safely landed at Sydney with his wife and child, after a passage which had tried them much dear Alexander writes like a man. He says: "Man, what a land this is. We may say we are penniless but £20 lay at the Post Office for us on our arrival. We are easy in our minds for we are certain whenever we choose to take a berth, of good wholesome living on a liberal scale, with £30 at least in our pockets at the year's end. Make yourself easy therefore on the matter of our substance, for if we be too poor to embark in aught that might increase our fortune, we are free from care about our daily bread, are in all probability secure of good health, are not looked down upon by any for that we labour here, and a matter of no small consequence (to us persons of our taste) are placed, please God, for our lives, in a land where Nature in all seasons will secure success to our attempts at clothing with beauty our cabin and its neighbourhood.".....Alexander with his wife and child have gone to a connection of my father's on Hunter's River. He came down to meet them and at once took them to his house for six months. (WNR writes that he would like to be able to do similarly, and that this would be his reason for emigrating.) I sent a letter from Alexander to Panfield where all is at present dark and depressed, that they might see what a good land lies beyond the swelling flood.

P 161. Yearly Retrospect 1849, Sunday December 30th.

.....Cholera is again prevalent in London; during a visit to Hornsey there were 400 to 500 deaths a day. Great precautions were taken, and there was less panic...a loud outcry for a better supply of water and sanitary regulations; much will subside as the cholera is forgotten. There has been no cholera in Leicester.... Trade has much improved, and the townsfolk who, in 1847-8 were spending all they could spare in Soup Kitchens, have money now for other purposes, and the Museum opened this year; the Cemetery was commenced. Such things will always distinguish this year 1849..

Ireland is in a fearful state, the introduction of a Poor Law rendering the landlords liable to maintain the inhabitants has determined the Land Owners to evict the miserable tenantry whom they have hitherto suffered, or indeed encouraged, on their Estates. The Cottages are pulled down and the people are compelled to burrow into the earth and in holes like wild beasts. The most savage and barbarous nation has less of suffering than the Sister Kingdom. Emigration still continues: Fanny Lincolne (Mrs. Bishop), her husband, children and brother Harvey sailed in the Summer for Port Philip. A friend of mine, Walter La Farque, accompanied them, and Abraham Lincolne and William Napier followed in a few weeks. Dear old Joe is with Mr. Hale. Sarah has tried to establish a little school at Chelmsford. Its success, however, is problematical and she determines in the event of its failure to follow her cousins to Australia...I have visited Backing; my father in his 70th year is still hale and vigorous. We walked together to High Garrett and Mrs. Courtauld's school. Also visited Hornsey to see Mr. and Mrs. Waugh. Alexander, in Australia, has a son born (this the eldest) called William Alexander Harvey. (Our grandfather...RLHW 1962) James Waugh and his wife spent Good Friday with us. They now have a son. This is possibly their last visit of the series over 1844-49. Isabella's tutor is Mr. Caillard. His wife and children Minnie, Ernest and Alfred are Isabella's friends, also the children of the late Rev. Mr. Brown, Euphemia, Annie and Johnnie. The children will perform a little French drama, a scene from Athalie, at the Collegiate School.

P 167. Fireside Chronicles 1850. Sunday December 29th, 1850.

.....Seven years have been spent in Leicester. A very good year for all..Robert Peel died. He was killed by a fall from his horse. A marble bust, valued at 100 guineas, was presented by the working men to the Leicester Museum...There are great preparations for the Exhibition of 1851.. An expedition sailed in the spring to the North Pole to try to discover the lost Sir John Franklin who hasn't been heard of since leaving England in 1845... Farmers are grumbling in the country. Rents are being reduced. Corn is averaging 40/- only. The cemetery was consecrated during the year and the Race Course devoted to the Public. It will be the Leicester Park one day...George Waugh (brother in law) died on 14th July. Alexander is still doing well. John is at Gundagai (Dr. John Neill Waugh) Harry is in California. William and James are at Egham and Surrey Street respectively. Poor Joe remitted £50 from New Zealand. He has many difficulties but meets them manfully. Sarah has removed from Chelmsford to Colchester, and writes hopefully. Mother is very ill: Father has been, but has recovered. I thought I had taken a final leave of him at Backing. My friend, Mr. William Lane, spent several weeks with us. He emigrates to Canterbury next year. My five year engagement with Mr. Freer terminates on Tuesday; he has renewed it on kind and liberal terms. He has always continued as he was at first, and I should be ungrateful indeed, did I not

esteem and love him. Our old servant Annie has left us, and Jane is the substitute. Isabella (B.1838) grows into a woman. I have had more squabbles with the Leicester folk during the past year than in all the previous years I have spent in Leicester, and have earned, I think, the bad wishes of one or two. Come, this will never do, and with the coming year God grant that I may be enabled more than ever to set a watch on my lips as it regards my fellow men, and a watch on my heart as it regards myself.

P 178. Yearly Retrospect 1851. Sunday evening 20th December 1851

An eventful year in the History of Nations and in our own family. The Great Exhibition - Entry fees exceeded \$400,000. The Exhibition was opened by the Queen in person. The love and loyalty of her people were unbounded. The Prince, too, very deservedly the object of National reverence...Prince Albert is God's gift to England.

On the continent the sword is everywhere Master; Austria, Prussia, Russia, States of the Church, and above all, the Felon Power of Naples..Louis Napoleon's soldiers in France massacre people in the streets and their houses. The Electric Telegraph was laid from Dover to Calais, and there is a project to unite Dublin and London. Steam to Australia is now determined on, for they found that gold fields exist there as extensive as in California...In Africa the fearful war is raging there against the Caffirs (with a C).... Lord Grey's obstinacy is costing the land oceans of blood and mountains of treasure, but as Lord Palmerston has just seceded from the Russell Ministry, let us hope that the coming year will see Lord John (R) in Heaven or in the House of Lords, and Grey, Wood and the rest of the clique "sent to right about". My dear father died on March 14th, and I was just in time to receive his last sigh. My dear Mother expired on 20th July. Previously to my poor Mother's death, Sarah and her two children Emily and Kate and my sister Caroline had embarked on the "Lady Flora" for Adelaide, Sarah to become the wife of her cousin Abraham Lincolne; Mary Ann and I were much in London seeing them off, and my Uncle and Aunt Napier, Mr. Reed, Matilda and Elizabeth Lincolne, and Aunt Lincolne came to the ship and spent an hour or two in the cabin, I and Mary Ann receiving them as Host and Hostess. The "Lady Flora" sailed from Gravesend on 17th July (Thursday) and I took leave of my dear sisters there on the 15th. It was a sad parting, but there was much love and hope. The ship had a fearful passage round to Plymouth, in fact encountered a regular storm in the Channel, and the suffering of all on board was great. The vessel remained at Plymouth till 26th, so that the dear voyagers heard of the decease of their poor Mother...Elizabeth, Sophia and May are at Backing, poor girls, there is little indeed left for them, and many an anxious thought does their future occasion me.

Poor Joe has twice remitted \$40 to England and may be coming one day from the lost emigrants - at any rate we will not despair... Visits from Betsy, James and his wife. Alexander has a son born. He is my godson, William Napier Recve Waugh. May we have many years of happy intercourse. (Uncle Reeve) William remains at Egham

and Margaret is as she was. Dear John remains in Australia; he is able to proceed to the gold diggings. Of Harvocy we have not heard for many months nor do we know his whereabouts. Roman ruins have been discovered at Darnet's Hall... Good weather; a most genial autumn, abundant crops and prices are low; we have been obliged to purchase water... Isabella is now almost 14, becoming quite a young woman, a docile, affectionate and excellent daughter. She may one day read these pages when the hand of the writer has mouldered away. She will see recorded here her parent's opinion of her, and she will, I think say that her childhood has been a happy one. Mary has been ill. Jane left through ill health and was replaced by Maria. Aunt Lincolne paid us a visit, and William occasionally a flying visit, coming at nightfall and leaving by the Mail Train. I have met my old friend and cousin Josiah Reeve, and at father's funeral the following friends - Uncle Foster, Henry, Jacob and Jonah Union, and William Cooper.

P 186 Chronicles of 1852.

.....Gold in prodigious quantities is found in Australia. Men are pouring thither, ships are leaving every week in all seasons, but the seamen desert on arrival and the ships are rotting in the harbours; it is computed that there are, at this time, 100 large ships lying idle and deserted in Port Philip. The immense emigration is now telling in the Labouring Population; wages are rising everywhere. In Wiltshire the Agricultural Population, who were receiving 7/- per week, demand 9/- and likewise associated mechanics. The seamen of the steam companies, carpenters, masons, colliers do the same. Labour, hitherto a drug, is now becoming valuable, and the comforts with it; the spirit of the working class will rise accordingly... England will soon be as good a place for the working man as America. In Ireland, the Celtic race is rushing out like water from a siphon - let them go. Priests, Ignorance, Murderers are indigenous till the race be gone. Let the land be uncultivated, a new race will succeed... In Europe, all is dark and terrible. Louis Napoleon is now Emperor Napoleon III - a desperate Monarch - the Press, the Nation, the Assembly at his feet. Radetski, like a hoary tiger, rules over Italy, Tuscany and the Northern States. America and England are becoming more united, free trade is finally and formally established. America's new President (Pierce) is relaxing her tariff, and soon there will be no possible cause of quarrel between the glorious Anglo-Saxon Race. Mighty People - Ark of Human Liberty... The Duke of Wellington died. He was buried on November 10th. It is computed that a million persons witnessed it. All quiet and orderly next day, not a single charge at the Police Offices -- well done, people of London! The Crystal Palace was removed from Hyde Park to be re-erected with surpassing splendour at Sydenham. Men are now agitating for its being open on Sunday. The people are for it, and Parsons against. I vote with the People. From the surplus fund of the Exhibition a piece of land has been purchased at

Kensington for a new Museum and National Gallery; there will be one day a grand building there, but not yet...In Leicester the Waterworks are progressing rapidly. By the close of 1853 we may hope that the water will be brought to the town. Benefits will be incalculable.

During the year we moved from our former house. We had been there for 17 years...We have moved to a better house, and spent rather too much money in the move, but our present home is such a charming little abode that we will right ourselves by strict economy. The weather has been remarkable - a dry, cold, ungenial spring, an east wind for 9 weeks; an intensely hot summer, and the harvest weather wet and muggy. Was it not for free trade we should have high prices and great distress. As it is, we do not feel it much; work is plentiful and wages high. In our own circle, life runs smoothly at present. Isabella is growing into a woman, discreet, docile and deserving - a dear daughter and a good, affectionate child. My sister May increased the happiness of our fireside. Father and Mother Waugh are at Hornsey, Bessie the only unmarried daughter, Margaret having married her cousin William Edward Harvey. James is at Eastcheap, William at Egham, Henry unheard of, John and Alexander still in Australia, but floods have marred the prospects of the first, gold those of the latter. Let us hope - we can do no more! My sisters Sarah and Caroline arrived safely in Adelaide. Elisabeth and Sophia still remain at the old house. Lydia is still at Ipswich. Joe, old Joe, last heard of at the diggings with Abraham Lincolne (Sarah's husband), "There's no such word as 'fail' Joe". Aunt Lincolne is still amongst us. February 27th, 1853.

.....The next entry was evidently made on some available space in the diary, and added in a later year.....

.....At the close of 1876 I had a violent quarrel with a dear friend. Words, words, words...It seemed as if we could never meet again. On Christmas Eve I sent him the following verse (not copied from original diary) and received a reply. (Also not copied, but this was in a rather quaint but constrained vein.)

P 193. Chronicles of the Fireside, January 8th, 1854.

Australia is now one of the great markets of English produce. Thousands have gone thither and millions of pounds worth of gold has been produced. This trade has been good. Abroad, Louis Napoleon is still Emperor of the French; in the present crisis becoming popular in England - anything is better than the wretched Bourbons. Austria, mean and tricking, is getting deeper and deeper in the mire; her part in the war must soon be taken. Let us hope it will be against England. Anything better than the slime of her alliance - war with Austria. Hurrah for Hungary and Italy. Russia is hesitating, i.e. the vacillating king, he must take his part soon. I hope that ere long, England, France and Turkey will be actively engaged in war with Russia, and that the Black sea and Baltic will be scourged of Muscovites, that Italy will rise and take vengeance on her tyrant. Down with

It will be truly one of the Wonders of the World; the Sunday question is still unsettled. In our family many events and some painful indeed have happened. Of these the return of Mr. Berry and his wife to England must be noticed. What a sad termination to a career of so much hope. He begins life again as a lawyer's clerk. She is separated from him altogether and at present lives at Manchester. Poor Aunt Lincoln what a sad closing of life for her; she still lives at my sister's house at Backing, the old house still shelters them. Mary, my poor wife has been a sad invalid. She spent several weeks at Hornsey and more at Brighton with her mother. She is better now, God bless my darling, as she lies before me now with her feet on Isabella's lap. We have been a small but united happy family, save for our sympathy in the suffering of others. Poor Uncle Napier! What a year this has been for him. It has brought the intelligence of the death of his son at Melbourne under circumstances of grief and disgrace - the dissolution of the old firm of Harvey & Napier soon followed. His daughter Lydia has a husband worse than useless, and 5 children - and how they are to live God only knows. What a dark opening does 1854 present. Oh how thankful I am that Mother lies tranquilly in the tomb and has not this grief to encounter.

News from Australia is all cheering; Alexander is getting his head over the water. John is at the gold diggings and doing something; Abraham is full of hope and Caroline has married Harvey Lincoln - what a colony of kith and kin. Joe is at the diggings. Let us hope that Fortune will smile on him, he is a brave fellow! Poor Harry has not been heard of for many months. Dear Aunt Martha died in December, at 80! the last of her generation. So closes the year 1853. Now for War, Slaughter and Revolution. Who can guess at the events of the opening year. God keep us and protect us. - (the usual type of conclusion as noticed after each entry.)

P. 198. Chronicles of 1854. Sunday evening 31st December, 1854.

.....What an eventful year is closing and another opening! War is raging between England, France and Russia. The Allied armies are now before Sebastopol, the Battle of the Alma, Balaclava and Inkerman have shown the prowess of the Parties. The greatest reluctance was shown by the English Ministry to engage in War, the Press teemed with invective and sarcasm against Lord Aberdeen for his delay. Admiral Napier sailed with a powerful Fleet to the Baltic and returned having gone for nothing, because the Russian Fleet remained in the Harbour of Helsingfors and Armstadt, and were unassailable. (then follows mention of the southern European campaign.) On 20th September, the Battle of the Alma^{was} fought and the Army moved on to Balaclava and commenced the siege of Sebastopol, which it was thought would surrender when the fire was opened. This took place on 17th October. The place is still in the hands of the Russians. All Europe is watching the contest. Omar Pasha is to embark with a force of 35,000 men, but for what part is unknown. Intense dissatisfaction prevails at the management of the Secretary at War,

the Duke of Newcastle, and our troops are said to be suffering fearful privations...It is believed that this campaign will bring the Czar to his knees.

Never did a more eventful year commence as that now opening to us (1856). The year just ended (at home) has been a tolerably good one. Due to War and deficient harvest in America, the average price of wheat is 74/-. Farmers are doing well and admit it. Leicester water is brought into town and the value is immense.

Visitors this year have been Aunt Lincolne, Mr. Berry, Mr. & Mrs. Waugh, Bessie and my Uncle Foster.

From Australia, news has been painful at first. Poor Caroline became a widow after a month of marriage. But things are mending. Sarah and her husband are thriving, poor little Kate has died. Joseph is, by all accounts on a fair way to make a fortune. If so, I hope he will aid in supporting the old house at home where my sisters Elizabeth, Sophia and Mary are living by themselves. Alexander sends good news from Port Macquarie; and Jack, dear Jack, is we trust, on his way home. We look for him every day. Of Harry we hear nothing. James is still at Eastcheap; he has three children. William is still at Egham; Margaret at the Wharf, all much as last year. Bessie is still Miss Waugh, Isabella is now Miss Reeve, a dignified, elderly, young person, but very good and kind and affectionate. A good daughter. Mary's health is better. She works hard, poor Polly, for the high cost of provisions for my housekeeping, double Income Tax, too is fearful'.

P 203. Chronicles of 1855.

.....Wheat is above 80/-. A public meeting is to be called for the sake of raising subscriptions for the Poor. In domestic matters there's little to record, save the return of our dear brother John, from Australia. He came to visit me in the Autumn, and we went together to Manchester, Sheffield, Windermere, Derwent Water and Carlyle. I pursued my uncle to Newcastle and Hull, and it was a famous cruise, the best I've had for years. Business supplied much of the funds, and my ever-generous father-in-law the rest. Isabella has been in London for 3 months visiting her Uncle Foster and her Grandpa. I've been to Backing, and the house still stands, and the fire is still burning thanks to dear old Joe still struggling and unsuccessful in Australia. He can manage to make his sisters a present - God bless the Noble Fellow. Income tax is $\frac{1}{4}$ in the £1 but we will endure even worse than this rather than England shall suffer shame or dishonour.

P 206. Chronicles of the Fireside 1856. Sunday evening 4th January 1857.

.....A patched up Peace was made at a Congress at Paris, England unwillingly consenting, but France was becoming exhausted. War is now carried on with Persia. A quarrel has again broken out with the Chinese and Canton has been bombarded...Europe groans under the sword - how long oh Lord, how long?.....

Isabella has left us for Paris where she is at the moment. We miss her sadly, but the separation will not make her love home less....My sister this year to Mr. Fenton! My dear brother John spent a week with us. He wants to rejoice in my success and sympathise in my failure. True and kind he has been. My darling wife is still spared to me, and my friends, and truly do I say "Bless the Lord Oh my Soul, and all that is within me Bless His Holy Name!"

P 208. Chronicles of 1857, Sunday December 27th, 1857.

.....First of all the weather - Never has there been such a year in the memory of man; it has been beautiful throughout, the most lovely genial summer, the most delicious Autumn and the mildest Winter. On Christmas Day we walked about without coats. The harvest was good and grapes ripened in the open in Leicester... Troops were despatched to China to carry on the war, but ere they could arrive the Indian Revolt broke out. The Army of Bengal, nearly one thousand strong - Horse, Foot and Artillery revolted, massacred their officers, destroyed women and children, seized Delhi and proclaimed the descendant of the Great Mongul, Emperor of India. Every mention brought intelligence of further destruction, until the massacre of Cawnpore by the orders of Nana Sahib seemed the climax. The English Government sent orders by steamer to stop the Chinese troops...(See chapter - George Grey...RLW) Before they could arrive English valour had turned the scale; Rebellion was subdued except in the newly annexed Kingdom of Oude. There, a large number of women and children were cooped up in Lucknow and the leaders Sir Henry Lawrence and Major Banks had fallen. Havelock, the present darling of the English nation, advancing to the rescue, fought nine battles in almost as many days, and at last could only cut his way through and join the besieged; there for two months longer he remained until the telegram received this week proclaiming the victorious advance of Sir Colin Campbell, (the Commander-in-Chief) and the relief of Lucknow, and that is all done save to reward the rebels and murderers after their just deserts. (Comments follow on Continental Politics).....

We have learned to believe that there is no love for England in foreign parts. The military prestige of England, diminished in comparison with that of France by the confounded Crimean War, has been more than restored by the events of the last few months. (Comments on rewards for valour received by Havelock and Wilson)... It is already announced that the entire Government of India is to be vested in the Queen, and the rule of the East India Company to end, and thus the prophecy which it is supposed to have lead the Sepoys to revolt, that the Company rule would last 100 years and no more, is fulfilled.

In Commercial matters a deep gloom is over the nation; the banks of America have failed, great merchant houses in England have gone in consequence. The amount of acknowledged failures the other day was \$50 million and the list is constantly increasing. There is no trade whatever in Leicester, and ere long there must be a public subscription for the poor. But this will pass away...

I was appointed County Treasurer, and still hold the post. It is an addition to my income, most valuable and welcome. During the past year I have acted as agent for Lord John Manners in two contested elections, and a stirring time it was. I was often at Belvoir Castle, and it is intended that I shall receive a fee for any labours, but it is earned, whatever it is, for the present vexation in the settlement of Acts is very great. I will never take such a post again in conjunction with another Agent.

During the year our darling Isabella returned from Paris, completing our little circle and as May, our servant girl, got married we have supplemented her place with a new Ann who promises to be as good and valuable a servant as our old Ann Blencome. During this year Aunt Napier died, and her daughter Mary Ann Reed, and her grand-daughter Emma Woolley. The old Peckham house is given up. My uncle is retiring to a little cottage near my old house. Dear Father and Mother, Mr. and Mrs. Waugh and Bessie visited us and went from here to Matlock with Mary and Isabella, but the party was recalled by sad news from Egham, where Wm.Neill still is, and from whence nothing but sad news comes; his wife died in May, leaving poor little 'Bobo', as we used to call her, to mourn the loss of her mother, but the conviction on the minds of her friends is that poor Lizzie's death was a happy release for her. Emily Lambert returned to her mother in Melbourne, having been 2 years in England for her education. Poor Katey died some years ago. Old Joe is still quartz crushing, he has not found luck yet. "There's no such word as 'fail' Joe."

An old schoolfellow visited us this year, Barter, the translator of Homer. I had also a visit from Mr. Weeks, the successor of Chantrey. Poor Aunt Lincolne, I visited her the other day and found her very poorly. She is in her 70th year; she and my Uncle are the last of Grandfather Napier's children. Aunt Foster Reeve died this year; I have seen my Uncle several times. We went to the Crystal Palace together to hear the Messiah. I have seen Aunt Cooper too, the first time for 15 years. I have visited Tolleridge, Mr. Thoroughgood's eldest son has just taken his degree as M.D.; his second son is about to pass his exam as an Attorney. I have not seen one of my sisters during the past year, but the old house still exists, thank God. In business we have been fully engaged in the Elections, the sale of Dixie's Estates, and now the great suit John Fox Bell against the Midland Railways occupy all our thoughts..... And now to conclude, my Home has been happy and prosperous, my wife and child tender and dutiful, my friends kind and obliging... (religious theme follows as before, concludes as for last year.)

P 217. Sunday Morning, 14th November, 1858.

.....The time will come when these pages will be looked upon with additional interest because the writer will be no more, because she who reads them over may have nothing left of her Father but his memory. Or even before that event happens, the

writer himself, in after years, may feel a pleasure in reading the pages of history and recalling thereby, not only what was done in his family and in his neighbourhood, but what he thought and felt during that period.

This is Sunday morning, Isabella has been away from Leicester for many months. She is staying with her Grandpapa at Brighton. Mamma has gone to St. Johns by herself. My sister Lydia has gone to Marseilles with her friend George Ridley...I am alone, a little cold and sore throat keeps me indoors...(then ensue religious lines of thanks for the past years....)

The present time is a period of anxiety for many of our kinsfolk. Henrietta Waugh was married to Mr. Spalding and proceeds with him in a few days to British Columbia. (Comments on the prospect of final meeting with parents before her departure....)

Matilda Lincolne is now on her way to Bombay to marry there. God protect them. (Comments at length on the anxiety of the case of the Midland Railway v. Bell...) Surely God will fight for the right! Surely the right is not with the Elly's - Cold blooded Quakers with no more thought or care than they would crush a snail. The Elder uses efforts to crush a friend that he has known for forty years. Never during my whole professional career have I been engaged in a suit where the stakes were greater....

The coming year is bringing me within sight of the termination of my engagement with Mr. Freer. It brings anxieties. Often do I and my Mary speak of the possible future. Am I again to be in practice for myself? God knows! Yes he knows and let us only keep in allegiance to Him and he will guide us. The Lord is my Shepherd!

P 221, Chronicles of the Fireside, Sunday Evening December 26th 185

.....The weather has again been most beautiful; the crops were gathered in long before 1st September and fruit was abundant. It was one of those genial years that we have in cycles....

Lucknow has been taken. Sir Colin Campbell, now Lord Clyde, is treading over the entire conflagration. The East India Trading Company has ceased to govern India. It is part of the dominion of the Crown and Queen Victoria has been proclaimed Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and the Colonies and Dependencies thereof in Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australasia, Queen of India and Empress of Hindostan. What a title and what an Empire there has been proclaimed amidst the shouts and exultations of the Indians. A new era has commenced, we hope, for this glorious part of the Empire of Great Britain. Things are not well disposed in Europe to Britain.

During the past year our kinsman George Waugh was called to the Bar. At my invitation he came to the Leicester Sessions. I have hopes of his future success though the path upwards is rugged and crowded. He is my protoge. I prophesy good of him and no pains shall be spared to make that path a true one.

Isabella has been away to Backing, Hornsey, and to Brighton with Mr. Waugh, our dear Father. Aunt Lincolne visited us and so did my sister Lydia, and so too my kinsman Tom Wooley, but

I've not seen my sisters this year. The prospect next year is that both Lydia and Sophia will marry and then the old house must be sold. I've visited Holland this year, have been to Delft, the Hague, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Haarlem. I went to obtain materials for my paper on William the Silent. Our great cause, Bell v. the Midland Railway, was heard and decided in our favour. That has given me, I think, 20 journeys to London altogether, what with this, the Shrievalty (C.J. Freer) and the sale of Dixie's land has made us very busy. It has in fact been a capital year. My dear Mary went to London twice this year. She spent a happy visit at Hornsey with her sister Margaret while I was in Holland. We have had very little news of Joe and as little of poor Harry. Henrietta Waugh was married to Mr. Spalding. Religious conclusion. (The author's handwriting becoming indistinct.)

P. 223. Chronicles of the Fireside 1859.

.....France indulged in some threats toward England and the latter rose up like a strong man from his sleep. Volunteer riflemen sprang into existence.. .If the movement continues, by the end of the coming year there will be 100,000 armed and enrolled men. France is thoroughly distrusted and feared and all men believe that if she could invade England, she would. Spain, beggarly and bankrupt. Spain has a little war on hand with the Moors and has, as yet, reached neither honour or glory. Austria and the Pope are in great trouble..... At Home, truly a prosperous year, Crime and paupery are decreasing. We never had a better year and it has been prosperous for me. I shall not soon forget the election of 1859 and the petition against the return of Lord John Manners and Mr. Hartopp. I was Lord John's Agent, and it brought me honour and profit. This year I was at Backing for my sister Lydia's wedding and this year my darling Isabella went to Rynne Rectory. For me, the most important event is the approaching termination of my engagement with Mr. Freer. I propose in a few days to lay before him proposals which will bind me to him and his family to the close of my life. Whether he will accept them remains to be seen. I am most anxious in any case. My proposals are made in all honesty and good faith and, if not accepted, never mind, I hope this year to obtain an increase in my salary as County Treasurer. We shall see.....

My darling Isabella returns in a few days from Rynne. Her womanhood amply fulfils the promise of her youth. My dearest Mary is by my side, loving as ever. Where is there a man richer than I am in wealth that gold cannot purchase?.....(Religious conclusion)
January 1860.

P. 227. Chronicles of 1860.

.....The new year: It has seen the birth of the Kingdom of Italy. Italy no longer a mere geographical expression, as an Austrian Minister once said insolently, but a mighty Kingdom brought into existence by the greatest Hero of the Age. Garibaldi;

and governed by the King of Promise, Victor Emmanuel. There are two or three cobwebs yet to sweep away. The Neapolitan Tyrant, Francis, still lingers in his den at Gaeta and the old Pope clings to Rome....

Austria, bloody, brutal Austria still holds on in Venetia but the coming year it is hoped will see her out. In Asia, Peking has fallen before Sir Hope Grant.... In America, men are watching the coming presidency of Abraham Lincoln and the now threatened secession of the Slave States. Strange if the great American Union does not last a hundred years! We laugh at invasion but still the expenses go on. Our Army and Navy cost last year £30 million, and the Income Tax is 10d. in the £1.

The weather has been such as was never known before. We had no summer at all: the most ungenial year ever known. Our family Chronicles comprise the decease of my poor Uncle Napier and my poor cousin Harry Reeve. I have had a severe illness this year, compelling me to leave Leicester and business for two months.

I went to London and with my dear Mary to Hornsey and found the tenderest friends, I returned in health, and have I hope, derived both mental and physical benefits from the cessation of business. A great event in my life has been the renewal of my certificate as Attorney, preparatory to my new engagement with Mr. Freer for the coming 10 years. This is indeed an eventful period. How many of the dear friends now surrounding us will then be alive? We will rejoice in them while we are here.....

Religious and thankful conclusion.... My dear wife and daughter are by me while I write, Dear Mary! Dear Isabella! and I bless them and call upon the good God to bless them too. Yes, I have indeed reason to say as heretofore Bless the Lord oh my Soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy Name. 20th December, 1860.

P 231. December 29th, Sunday Evening, 1861.

..... It has been an eventful year but all that is past is as nothing to the solemnity of the present time, when men are waiting solemnly for the answer from America to the demand of the satisfaction for the outrage on the British Flag. During the year the Southern States have seceded from the North. Battles have been fought. The North has 600,000 men under arms and its expenditure exceeds £100 million sterling with a Revenue of about 20 million... Meantime the vile Yankee press has been abusing England for not siding with the North, and the Mail Packet "French", sailing from Havannah for St. Thomas, and having on board two Southern gentlemen, was stopped by the Yankee Sloop of War "San Sacinto", and the men forcibly taken from the British Ship. All New York set up one yell of satisfaction, but England dare not and would not fight. The House of Representatives passed a vote of thanks to the Captain of the "San Sacinto", (Capt. Wilkes) and the Secretary of the Navy (Gideon Wilkes) and the House of Representatives justified and praised the deed. The poor, feeble President has said nothing, waiting as it would seem to see what England says, and England speaks like England with one voice "Restore these men or fight". While I write these lines it is believed that

the answer has arrived and that we shall know tomorrow if it be Peace or War. As for the Yankees, they are falling into an abyss of debt and degradation...

Our dear friend Dr. Noble died of cholera in Malaya. I sent Henry Waugh to bring back his remains. However this was found to be impossible. (Henry Waugh had a sea going trading vessel... R.L.H.W. 1962) Our dear brother John Waugh has been at Death's Door. God in his mercy spared him, and he is now in Algiers. (Dr. John Neill Waugh, later of Queensland, was a suspected P.B. sufferer and went to Algiers. It does not appear to have affected him in later life....R.L.H.W. 1962) Harry (Henry), poor old fellow has gone to Sydney with a cargo of English birds.

One great feature of the new Year is the building of a new house. Mr. Winterton has bought one for us and we hope to enter it on our Silver Wedding day, March 23rd 1862. It is a charming house and God in His goodness grant us to spend many happy years therein, as we have in this house. Our friends Mr. and Mrs. Beggs are still dear to us, their sons William and Arthur are trying to establish themselves in Paris. Russell is articled to my old partner's son, L. Walters. My dearest wife and daughter are with me, Isabella happily in an engagement which enables her to remain at home. Thus our little house is a centre of Love and Happiness. Few men die happier than I.

The Festive period was clouded by the death of the Prince Consort. Sympathy of the nation is with the beloved Queen as we close the year sadly and solemnly, but without hesitation as to our duty or appreciation of the result. Never was God so powerful, never in Moral or Physical Strength was he stronger than now. God Save the Queen and bless Our Land!

P 235. Sunday Evening 1863, November 29th.

.....I seem to have omitted my usual entry for the year 1862. The great feature of the year was our moving into our new house in Frebend Street. It was indeed an improvement and an important step. We left a house of £23 for one of £50 per annum. Well, I think we are justified in doing so, the arrangement with Mr. Freer secured me a good income and the old backing house being sold, I wished to have a room for my sister Elizabeth. She, however, prefers to remain at backing. In this house then we spent our Silver Wedding (25 yrs. married) and we (my darling wife and I) exchanged rings. I gave her a diamond ring and I notice the fact simply as praising and blessing the good God, and I turn to page 11 and see the entry there..I remember the long interval between that page and this and I gave my wife her diamond as visible token of actual prosperity...

But now for my sweet house. It has been built according to our devices and I will describe it: It stands at the corner of a street facing south-east. On the east side is a street dividing my house from the Collegiate School, a handsome building with central hall and wings standing in its own grounds and shaded by elm trees of considerable size. Further on is the Master's house and in his garden and in sight of my window is a weeping willow of gigantic size. Opposite...

the view is bounded by clumps of trees of all form and foliage. It is a pleasant place. My house occupies in all 400 yards of ground. On the first floor 3 bedrooms, and two dressing rooms, and above, two capital attic rooms. On the ground floor are the dining room, the drawing room, library, Mary's little room very snug with closets and shelves; the lobby from back door to garden is divided by a swing door covered with crimson cloth. The cellars are famous. It is a charming house and I love it dearly. I have taken it for a lease for 14 years.

Dear John and his wife came here in September on the eve of their departure for Brisbane and John planted a tree as a memorial; (Dr. John Neill Waugh married his cousin Margaret Pasfield Waugh... K.L.H.W. 1962) this and poor Joe's lilies are watched carefully, memorials of dear friends..... The American War is progressing.

P. 283. Chronicles of 1864, January 29th 1865. Sunday Evening. ¹⁸⁶⁵

.....1864 has been without a prominent mark in our domestic history. This has been one of the driest years on record, the Thornton Reservoir is at this time 21 feet below the Weir and the area of water less than 20 acres. My house still continues unfurnished as to the dining room. This year has seen the hall completed, also the study, the kitchen enclosed and paved with tiles and the chimney raised. These have emptied my purse and we have agreed to wait until 1866 before doing any more. Aunt Lincolne has resided with us during winter. She is indeed a wonder during her 77th year and appeared as strong and vigorous as if 10 years younger. Uncle Thomas Waugh died last year, in January, but Mr. and Mrs. Waugh still survive. Each has had severe illness. Henry Waugh has married during the year and is doing well as railway Surveyor. ¹⁸⁶⁴

From Australia the news has been sad. Abraham Lincolne has lost everything and my sister's daughter, Mrs. Isaac, died; her death was attended by circumstances of peculiar pain to her poor Mother, who journeyed from Australia to New Zealand to nurse her and found that she was dead and buried on her arrival. Poor dear Sarah, it is difficult even to imagine her suffering. My brother-in-law, George Ridley, died in Queensland, my sister Lydia remaining however, fighting the battle of life bravely and successfully. Poor dear old Joe sent me a letter from Auckland. He is with his old employer, Mr. Hale, working in a mine. From John we hear good news. Alexander is suffering, poor fellow, from floods. Abraham Lincolne was ruined by drought.

During the year I visited Basking, also Elizabeth and Sophia, and Mary at Colchester. This year concluded the famous suit of John F. Bell and I received from the London and Western Company £20,000. Percival Perry was the Chief Clerk in the Office and received, I believe, £500 per annum. We dined together at the Trafalgar at Greenwich. The next letter I had from him was dated Brussels and it informed me that he had fled the country having lost all, honour included. (see entry Jan. 8th 1854) Yesterday I received a letter from Ostend telling me that he is in utter destitution.

P 242. Chronicles of 1865 Sunday evening, January 7th, 1866.

.....A story of a happy, prosperous year. The weather has been exquisite. Far down into September we were with windows open. Never was there a year of greater floral beauty. Our garden has thousands of roses. This year brought to a close the American War by the utter exhaustion and defeat of the South. America has a debt of \$600 million but she proposes to pay it off in 30 years. We shall see.

Lord Palmerston died this year after the general election. The new ministry with Earl Russell for Prime Minister awaits the meeting of Parliament. Trade has been good, but a calamity visited the land - the cattle plague....

My long servitude ceases and I become a partner with Mr. Freer, the new firm of Freer and Reeve. This year saw the general election. I had the right of Lord John Manners' interest and received a thumping fee, so we had Mary and Charles Wenton to visit us. But before Mary left us, sad news came that our dear father Mr. Waugh was seized with a severe illness and we went to London to see him as we supposed for the last time. He still lingers, but his recovery is hopeless. We have furnished the dining room. Aunt Home died this year. Fanny Waugh married the celebrated painter Holman Hunt.

P 246. Chronicles of 1866. Sunday 30th December.

.....The Thornton Reservoir has been for weeks running over. There were destructive floods in various parts of England. This year our dear father Mr. Waugh died. He expired on 16th January and was buried at Norwood. The same year his sister, Mrs. Underwood, died and my sister Sophia's husband, Mr. Gosling. Our dear cousin Emily Reeve died of cholera in Naples. But the saddest of all is the death of our sweet cousin Fanny, wife of Holman Hunt. She died after her first confinement at Florence on 20th December. Her baby boy is to be called "Cyril Benoni" by his poor mother's desire, the 'son of her sorrows'. Her sister Emily went to Florence to receive her last sighs. Poor dear Fanny, we shall never cease to mourn her.

I have this year been elected member of the Metropolitan Law Society after an interval of 23 years, and a member of the Law Club.

During the Autumn we paid a visit to Bocking and to Dover Castle, where we stayed at the Cliff Hotel.

In Australia, poor old Joe's luck has come at last. He is managing the Kapunga Gold Mine, and digging up gold at last - Go it Joe!

Abraham Lincoln is getting his head above water again. Lydia has married again, her husband being Mr. Robinson, Mayor of Toowoomba, Queensland. John and Alexander are away still. God Bless Them.

P 250. Chronicles of 1867.

granddaughter Lizzie Amy, Mrs. William Neill's daughter. The great event of the year was a visit from Alfred Francis to Leicester. My holiday was spent in Derbyshire with my nephew Spencer Waugh. (Son of James Waugh, see P.161 for 1849...R.L.H.W.)

P 252. Chronicles of 1868.

.....The event that makes the year memorable in the family is the marriage of my beloved daughter to Alfred Francis of Colchester. This event took place on 20th May 1868. She was married at Hornsey Church so that friends of both sides might easily be present. The wedding breakfast was held at the Wood Hotel. A very large party assembled, at which my dear Mother, Mrs. Waugh, in her 70th year and my uncle Foster of the same age were present. Mrs. Waugh was my Mother's bridesmaid at her marriage in 1810. My uncle Foster was my Father's groomsmen. They lived to give us their congratulations 50 years after.

Another event this year was the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society held in Leicester, one of the grandest of its kind, but the heat was intense. My new son-in-law, Mr. Francis, stayed at my house with his young wife after their return from the bridal tour and helped me to do the honours of my house, for the Leicester men were not backward in hospitality. I had the honour to entertain at my table two Cabinet Ministers, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Ward Hunt), the First Commissioner of Works (Lord John Manners) and our excellent friend and client, Lord Berners. I note the circumstance in deep gratitude and refer back to P.11 with heartfelt emotion. Later in the year my dear wife and I went to Colchester and to Bocking to be present at my sister Elizabeth's marriage to her cousin William Cooper. They were married in Bocking Church where his mother had been married 50 years before....

In the Autumn came the election of a new Parliament. I was engaged for Lord John Manners and with Mr. Macaulay agent for Mr. Clowes. We fought the old enemy Trewes. We beat him utterly. The elections were scenes of tumult all through the kingdom. My dear brother-in-law, Harry was my faithful lieutenant. The fury of the contest was greater than ever and as Lord John was too ill to be present in person I had to go round the country speaking for him. The cost of the election to Lord John and Mr. Clowes, £6000.

P 275. Chronicles of 1869

.....My cousin George Waugh was drowned during the vacation at Dartmouth. Our Mother, Mrs. Waugh, and niece Elizabeth Waugh stayed a month with us.

P 259. Chronicles of 1871

.....I have been to Kingsthorpe holding winter audit My dear Mother-in-law still lives, loving and being loved, and with her Aunt Lincolne and Uncle Foster, but the relatives of that generation can now be counted on one's fingers. Here they

(21)

My father's family:-
" Died 1877 uncle Foster (Reeve)
" 1881 Aunt Bright
" 1884 uncle Bright
My mother's family:-
" 1876 Aunt Lincolne (Sarah Napier,
nee Harvey)
My wife's father's family:-
" 1873 her mother (Ann Waugh, nee
Harvey)
" 1873 Dr. George Waugh (Druggist
to Queen Victoria)
" 1881 uncle Young (Rev. Dr. John)
" 1872 Aunt Young (Elizabeth Waugh)
" 1885 uncle James Waugh (Rev.
James May Waugh M.A.)
" 1875 Aunt Sarah (Sarah Waugh, nee
Sarah Syme)
My wife's mother's family:-
" 1881 Aunt George Waugh
" 1887 Uncle Josiah Harvey
" 1881 Aunt Josiah Harvey
" 1877 Uncle Henry Harvey
" 1881 Aunt Mary Durham

(At a later time, dates have been added to this list, subsequent to 1871. R.L.H.W.)

Fifteen left and all very old. Brother Joe and my sisters still live, not one out of the family of eight has died. Of the eight, four are in England, and four in Australia, the six sisters have had nine husbands and at the present time there are the following grand-children living:-

William Reeve - Isabella Francis
Elizabeth Cooper -
Sarah Lincolne - May (or Mary), Owell, Jessie.
Sophia Gosling -
Caroline Ashwin - Grace, Godfrey and Charles.
Joseph Reeve - Elizabeth Barcoe and Agnes Isabella
Mary Renton -
Lydia Robinson - Percy, Napier and Edwin.

Joe has just left New Zealand and gone to Melbourne and we have sent a famous box to him. It contains relics of home, besides other things. It was consigned to Auckland so has some thousands of miles to travel. Sarah, Caroline and Lydia are at Melbourne, Adelaide, and Toowoomba.

This year we have had my sisters Sophia, Mary and Elizabeth with her husband William Cooper (see 1851). My beloved Isabella also stayed with us. This year my wife and I went up to the Crystal Palace to hear the Handel Festival. We were the guests of a friend, a mere acquaintance I had made in business (Mr. Smith). He treated us with sumptuous hospitality. We dined at the Palace on gold plate, all sitting down to dinner, the grandest entertainment I ever was at. This year business took me to Norwich, Lowestoft, and Norwich. I went to Cramen, thence to Hull and Lynn and this made out my year's holiday. We are promised great things in future by our brother Harry, who is one of the directors of an Oyster Fishery lately established in Ireland; we have all got shares in it, and are promised great things. If it turns out well, I may spend my holidays this year in

has been agitated to its centre by the illness of the prince of Wales. For a week he was at death's door and every telegram was expected to convey news of his death. Prayers were offered up everywhere, in Jerusalem by the Jews, in India by the Parsees; God has given him back to the Nation. Let us hope for its blessing....The terrible war of last year between France and Germany has ended. It destroyed the Empire of Napoleon. Thiers is now president of the Republic. The French Princes have just taken their seats in the French Assembly. Who can guess at the future? (The Franco Prussian war...1870-71 K.L.H.)

Sunday evening December 29th 1872.

The last Sunday in the year and according to my old custom I record a few of the events. The nation has been tranquil and prosperous, the long-standing quarrel with America, respecting the Southern Privateers issuing from Liverpool during the American War, has ended by England consenting to pay three millions according to an Award - this is the first time in the history of nations when two great powers submitted their differences to arbitration, rather than to the result of wars and I suppose it is alright. It establishes a precedent for the future and we don't care about the money....

This year will always be memorable for the great trial of Rich-bourne, the case which lasted 113 days and ended in the claimant being sent to Newgate for perjury. He is now stumping the country exhibiting himself and gathering money for the defence of his trial. He is one of the greatest scoundrels in existence; I hope that he may be convicted. Some believe in him, however, and the mob shout after him. He came to Leicester and I went to hear him.....

This has been one of the wettest years ever, 40 inches instead of the average 23....in my last chronicle I referred to the Oyster Company and the promise of great things. In the Spring I was very poorly and could not get well. We had much business, and amongst others, three causes at the Assizes, such an event unknown in our Office. Two of these I lost. This added to my disquiet, so in the summer I took a three weeks' Holyday such as I have never had before. I went to Ballinakell in Connemarra and lived there with Harry on board a yacht. We made excursions every now and then out to sea, but we practically lived at anchor. It was such a complete change that I never had before and the effect on my health was prodigious. Scarcely had I returned when business took me again to Ireland, this time to Cork, so that I became quite strong again. I should have remarked that in the Spring I ran over to Normandy to see M. Bruscuier's son, crossing from Harfleur to Nonfleur; this trip however did me little good, but the Irish tour set me up. Thus I have not been to backing this year and have seen little of my sisters.

My dear Mary was at Hornsey during my stay in Ireland and she has been there several times during the year. Dear Grandmama is still spared to us, though she is very feeble. Aunt Lincolne and Uncle Foster still survive, as do all the old folk mentioned on page 26 (actually this was on page 240)

(23)

This has been the first year of the firm of Freer, Reeve and Blunt and we hope that it has been a prosperous one but we cannot tell till the accounts are made up; we have had a very busy year. It should be a profitable one. It has been marked to me as being one in which I was under Sheriff, the Sheriff being Henry Walford. Certainly I was very pleased at the appointment, but I was anxious lest there should be a general election during my years of office. That, however, is past fearing now. Mr. Henry Walford (the Sheriff) his brother and his chaplain slept at my house during the Assizes and later in the year Lord John Manners became my guest and slept for two nights under my roof. Our young partner, Mr. Blunt, married during the year and so did our niece Lizzie Waugh (to Mr. Harris), William's daughter. Our darling Isabella with her husband paid us a visit in the Spring. We went to the Monastery and to Gracedern. And now the great event in prospect is the Oyster Company. We were promised a dividend in 1873. Instead of this we have had to pay a call and are threatened with another; poor dear Harry is at the helm and this coming week there is a general meeting of shareholders called to consider matters - I wish my shares were in my purse, but still I will not complain - poor dear Harry has been loyal and energetic. I bet upon him.

Sunday 9th November, 1873.

This year has been indeed an eventful year. I had a holiday in August with Alfred... (On return WNR found that his partner Mr. Freer had had a stroke, having been "seized with paralysis" and he died in October...).....and so ended the life of a good man and my friend. Thirty years of friendship without a break.

Sunday evening December, 1873.

And so I am Clerk of the Peace of the County of Leicestershire. The appointment is for life, the salary £1000 a year with other emoluments. I am also Clerk to the Lieutenancy, Clerk of the Asylum, County Treasurer and other minor appointments; that is, my official income alone is more than £1400 a year. I am also head of the firm of Freer & Co. (Reeve, Blunt & Rowlatt). I turn back to 1843 and wonder - thirty years. Who would have thought it possible that a ruined man of that period would attain the position I have done. It has been an eventful year, much of it passed in London, in Parliamentary business and in the great contest between the Great Northern and the Midland Railways. I have been elected a member of the Leicester County Club and have shares in it; I don't say so much as to that I have shares in the (?) Turkish Bath. I like the property. Now for the other side of the hedge, the unlucky Oysters; I believe that we shall have to pay up our full shares and lose every penny. Poor Harry!.... And poor Joe, too. We have had bad news from New Zealand and are waiting anxiously.... So there is light and shade - I am a richer man, but I think not happier than when I was a poor man 30 years ago.....

Of our old relations, few are still living but amongst them are

My old master Mr. Lane is still living, also. This year our old friend Mr. Caillard died. Mrs. Caillard, Minnie and Ernest dined with us as in former days at Christmas time...

Aunt Young (Elizabeth Waugh) and Uncle George Waugh died during the year. John Gregory the Coroner died this year. For three months I acted as Deputy Coroner. We are expecting a General Election in the Autumn, if not before....

Mr. Freer's grandson is now pursuing his studies in London. He will be taken into the firm as soon as he passes...And so ends the eventful year of 1873.

Chronicles of 1874

It has been an eventful year to me. In the early part came the General Election and for the first time election by ballot. The election came as a surprise over the country, in consequence of Gladstone's suddenly dissolving Parliament. In every place almost, he was utterly beaten and Disraeli came into power with a majority that made him absolute master of the situation. He is Prime Minister of England and if his health be spared will be for years... In the spring I heard that my poor brother Joe, being sick unto death, had determined to come to England. I longed for many weeks for tidings of his ship. At last it came and Joe arrived in Leicester on Friday 26th June 1874; I met him at the railway station, a feeble, broken down old man; I hardly knew him. A day or two's rest worked apparent marvels, but our doctor warned us that his disease was incurable - aneurysm of the aorta. On Monday he accompanied me to Walstowe and enjoyed the ride. In the evening Henry Waugh came down to see him, they had not met for 30 years! We dined together happily and joyously, and after dinner Joe went into the garden to smoke a cigar; in about an hour he was seized with pain and difficulty of breathing and presently passed away, dying in my arms. Thus he only lived 10 days after his arrival in England. He told me the preceding day that he longed to die. We took him to his father's vault at Backing and there we laid him by the side of his father and mother. Poor Joe, he was the first of us to depart. He leaves two children, born a few years ago, and his wife who remained in New Zealand gave birth to a daughter a month after his decease....

(Then follows an account of Lady Berner's death and his holiday to the west of England.)

.....Business has been the best ever, the staff has increased and I hope to retire from all except the official business...Poor dear Harry is worrying about these...oysters, the most disastrous speculation to us, as a family, ever known - I shall lose £500, but Harry and John thrice as much and other members of the family large sums....it was an unlucky business, but it promised well. And here we are, Mary and I sitting alone by the fire, talking of the past gratefully and calmly of the future both saying with heartfelt emotion; Bless the Lord....etc.

Christmas Day, 1875.

.....The book is coming to an end, perhaps the story also. but the book contains the record of 33 years: one third of a

century. I wonder what will become of it - as long as my Isabella lives she will keep the story of her father's life, but even when she is gone there may be some of our kin who will preserve this volume. The year that is closing has been indeed an eventful one; our beloved mother, Mrs. Waugh, died on 5th April 1875; on the next day she would have been 85 years old. She was buried at Norwood by the side of her husband. Then the old house was broken up, and the household goods divided. The death of Mrs. Waugh placed some additional resources at our disposal. We determined to complete our house and it has been done; I will not say at what expense but the house is, for a town house, the prettiest I have ever seen...The dining room and library are made one by folding doors...the walls...several coats of paint and spotted with stars of gold...in the ceiling of the dining room is a large star with various colours, maroon, green, gold, etc., from which hangs a rich three-light gilt gas chandelier. The cornice is rich in colour, all handwork...The doors are painted to resemble walnut wood, with mouldings...We have enlarged the kitchens until there is nothing left to wish for. upstairs we have made a beautiful bathroom, containing a geyser bath, a box turkish bath. At the top of the stairs is a little conservatory filled with ferns from the old Hornsey house, this lined in part with plate glass, and the walls covered with cork bark. My house is abundantly supplied with plate and linen, and in my cellar, besides others, I have 50 dozen of port wine. The house belongs to my good neighbour and friend, Mr. Winterton, and he has given me a lease of it for life. So please God, here will I die and from whence will I be buried. During the year our firm has been remodelled. It is now Freer, Reeve, Blunt and Kowlatt. We have added two rooms of the next house to our offices and Kowlatt lives in the upper part. I have relinquished all share in the business beyond my official income. It is a grand old business. It has lasted longer than we can exactly tell, but -

Thomas Freer began in 1790: died in 1841 - 51 years;
 Wm. Freer succeeded him in 1841; died in 1873 - 32 years - total of 83 years. And now the new young head of the firm may easily continue on for another fifty years. During the year, my old friend and Master, Michael Lane, died. I owe to him that I became a lawyer and I had the pleasure of comforting his last days. Ann Lincolne and uncle Foster are still living. I have not seen my sisters this year, but they are well, and with some anxiety as to one, much to be thankful for. Our darling Isabella was with us for some weeks.

Sunday, the last day of 1876.

The principal event of this year that has passed has been the death of our dear Aunt Lincolne. She died in the April, the oldest of any of our family. She was in her 87th year. My uncle Foster still lives, he is in his 86th year; will be 87 if he lives to next July. The year has not been a prosperous one for the Country, Farmers or Merchants. The collapse of Foreign Credit, Russian and Turkish,

has produced a stoppage of trade and now men are looking with anxiety as to what will be the issue of a Conference at Constantinople.....in our business everything has been very quiet, apparently plenty to do, but I have ceased to enquire into details. A certain sum is secured to me and I have no concern in the general profits.

Our dear Harry has been busily engaged during the year in surveys at Kingsthorpe and Setston. My dear Mary's health has prevented us from going away together - I have been once or twice to Matlock but that is all. Kowliatt was married during the year to Miss Sarson (Larson).

We have a heavy suit in hand from my client Mr. Bruxness; the question of whether a Will made by his wife's uncle in 1633 should stand. He was declared lunatic in 1842 and to have been insane since 1834. He died in 1835. The personalty exceeds £100,000 and the real Estates are worth £5000 a year - by the Will all goes to 3 sisters out of 4, excluding my clients - I have offered to take 1/10 instead of 1/4, but though one sister would willingly acquiesce, the eldest (in her 74th year) prefers fighting. If it comes on to be heard, it will be a cause celebre and the last that I shall ever undertake. My dear sister Sarah died this year at Melbourne, her sisters Caroline and Lydia had come, one from Adelaide and the other from Brisbane to see her. It was a happy meeting but in a fortnight afterwards, poor dear Sarah was taken ill and died - there are now but 6 of us left... Peace on Earth - Good will to Men!

1877

The suit was lost by the gross mismanagement of our Counsel. It caused me very much anxiety and distress, and in the spring, I and my dear Mary went to Worthing; we remained there 5 weeks. The rest was grateful to us both. We stayed in the Royal Sea House Hotel, the landlord being the husband of our dear friend Mrs. Carpenter. During the year my old friend William Gregory died, and my dear uncle Foster.

1878.

This Book draws near to the end, so does the life of the writer. It - the book, was bought (made) in the year 1843 - I had sustained a great loss, was poor, and in the opinion of most men, ruined beyond hope. My health bodily and mentally had given way, and in the spring of 1843 I left England to see how far a prolonged absence from the scenes of my anxiety would restore me. I went in a sailing ship to Leghorn. We had very bad weather in the Bay of Biscay and were driven back to Falmouth. Thence we sailed on April 11th and landed at Leghorn on May 9th, being exactly one month at sea without putting foot on shore. My companion and I walked to Florence and Lucca and back to Genoa, and over the Alps to Vevey, and thence home by Strasbourg and Antwerp. I landed in England in July, restored in health but utterly unable to resume my business in London. Fortunately in the following months I came to Leicester a term had never

and became Clerk to Mr. Freer, the Clerk of the Peace of the County - at first at a small salary, but afterwards and for many years, at £300 per annum. But I had heavy life insurance to pay, and family calls, and my life and that of my beloved wife, were a severe and constant struggle. We lived for 7 years in a small house on Temple Row, for which the rent was £20 - then we moved over the way to a house in Regent St., where the rent was £25. Here we lived for the years 1852 to 1862. In the year 1856 I received the first bit of good fortune from the County. I was appointed under-treasurer at a salary of £100, and as I received a larger income from Mr. Freer, the pressure on our means became less. In 1860 I was very ill, so as to compel me to leave business again for 3 months, but I have since enjoyed almost perfect health. In 1862 my friend Mr. Winterton bought two houses, one of which he offered to me at £50 per annum. We moved in to it in the spring of 1862 and have remained here ever since; for 4 years we were only able to furnish two sitting rooms, our dining room remaining vacant. In 1866 I became Mr. Freer's partner, in the same year my wife's father died, from whose estate I received a large sum and the house was furnished. In the year 1873, on Mr. Freer's death, I was appointed Clerk of the Peace, with an income ample for expenditure, and in 1875 Mrs. Waugh died by which I received more money. Then at my wife's wish, I altered and improved the house, furnished it handsomely, and made it what it is now, one of the most complete small houses I ever saw - I would not change it for Belvoir Castle. (It is fairly certain that Alexander Waugh, N.S.W. received a substantial sum from his father's estate, enabling him to buy properties in the New England district.)

(So follows a description of the house)

This year 1878, has been emphatically a sad year. A promising spring lost in a bad harvest, and a succession of calamities beyond measure. The Frigate 'Euridice' went down in a squall off the Isle of Wight, 300 perishing with her. The 'Princess Alice' steamboat went down on the Thames and 600 with her. The Queen's daughter, the Princess Alice died after a short illness, and trade has been worse than known for many years.... All the prosperity of 1872-73 has passed away. Wages are being reduced throughout the land, and yet thousands are without employment, and the worst feature is that England itself is being beaten in the markets of the world by the superior thrift and docility of the working men of other lands. During the year, the Russians pressed on to Constantinople, and seemed as if about to take possession; all Europe remained passive, but England, glorious England, her destiny was not, thank God, in the feeble hands of Gladstone and Bright, but of the mightiest statesman England has ever seen, mightier than Pitt - Benjamin Disraeli - The English fleet went to Constantinople, Indian troops came through the Straits of Malta; and England meant fighting! The wretched crew, Gladstone and his set, with Derby and Carnarvon as renegades, were ready to falter - But the Strong Nation did not faint nor falter! I here record my abhorrence of Gladstone, in whose hands the name of England became the laughing

stock of Europe, and her renown so tarnished as to be lost sight of. But under her glorious leader, Russia caved in, like the bully she is, and England now is England still. A war has arisen in India with the Queen of Afghanistan, urged to it by the Russians, but she is already a fugitive.....Rule Britannia!

During the year my sister Caroline's husband, Mr. Ashwin coming to England for his health, with his son Godfrey, died at sea after a few days, and son Godfrey had to come on my himself. He landed in England in August, and is still visiting his friends. He has been to Leicester, is a daresay, a capital fellow, but speaks little and then in monosyllables. (...This year W.N.R. visited diverse asylums in Wales, and returned to find "my darling" so ill that he telegraphed for Isabella who came with her husband. Further assistance was required, and our sister Margaret came for a fortnight. Mary eventually recovered....)

The events of this year have been the death of the Mayor within 10 days of election, and I had the honour to receive the Duke of Rutland as a guest. Edith Harvey married Mr. Drew. And so the years roll on, I feel I am getting old with the century, and heartily glad shall I be when the time comes to retire from the firm of Freer, Reeve, Blunt and Rowlatt.

1879

.....The year ending has been the most calamitous ever. The worst harvest ever known. Trade has been as bad as it can be: National and domestic calamities, men's hearts failing them. In Africa, a regiment of English soldiers slaughtered to a man by Zulus. (Isandlwana, where the 24th Regt. under Lord Chelmsford fought heroically. One of the great blunders of British military history, ammunition boxes could not be opened because (1) they were screwed down with 9 massive screws each (2) Quartermasters required requisition orders for ammunition at the height of the fighting....R.L.N.W.)

In Asia our envoy at Cabul (Kabul) and all his suite massacred. In our own family poor dear Harry's wife killed on the railway; no sunshine - rain, cold, the very birds have ceased to breed, their numbers diminished. Tens of thousands of acres thrown up by tenants. In our own business, numbers of securities thrown on our hands, with a prospect of a loss to our firm of thousands - what then? Shall we not receive evil patiently? As for England, the strong nation does not faint nor falter.

During the last year my darling has been so ill, as we never saw her before but God has spared the darling to us.

We are upon the eve of a General Election...it is a fight between Disraeli and Gladstone - a fight between the Tories and the Radicals. It will be a desperate battle, and it will influence the destiny of England for many years.

This year ends the decade. In a few weeks we begin 1880. I cannot hope to see the end of it. What an eventful period the last 10 years have been and during it I have become a Clerk of the Peace, and I have just been appointed one of the Magistrates of the Borough. The old people have passed away and I am one of the Seniors.

Easter Morning 1880

.....A most lovely day, but the week is to be a week of fighting - the question for the nation is Beaconsfield or Gladstone.

December 31st, 1880.

.....On Thursday next, the most eventful Parliament of the century meets - Ireland and its wrong doing fills every mind. Gladstone is the leader, and I don't envy him his responsibility, but I say of him and of everyone in the world:

May the blessing, the love and guidance of Almighty God be about each other and all. Laus Deo...Amen.

1887 November 26th

.....My last entry was made in 1880 - I was then nearly 70 years old and thought the story was told. In 1884 I was taken with such an attack of heart asthma, that my darling Isabella and her husband were summoned it might be to my death bed. I recovered however, and my dear son-in-law, Alfred Francis, and I took a loving farewell. We little thought that it was our last parting but he died in a week or two of being the Mayor of Colchester and my darling wife and I went to that town to lay him in his tomb - I have never been to Colchester since and never will. My own beloved daughter came to live with us and is part of our family. During the year 1887 I have been very ill and in April it was supposed that I was dying - My darlings took leave of me as they thought and my death was supposed to be at hand. It has pleased God to spare me and I am now enjoying much health. My memory, however, has failed. I cannot recollect either the names of persons (the next is indistinct) 'or Mary,' 'but Mary'. I am waiting for the close of life feeling in reflection in the past how much more I received than I deserved. All I can say is bless the Lord on my soul, bless the Lord.Amen.

(Author died in 1888)

Elizabeth M. James 1877
1740-1809

Thomas M.
1750-182

Isabella - Margaret - John - Janet ALEXANDER

WILLIAM -
1808-1854
(Died at Raymond
Terrace)

JEANETTE (Died at Mary)
1880-

THOMAS M. Emily NARLEY 1880 at Tenterfield
12/4/1872 - 15/12/1913 20/9/1853 - 15/1/1948

JOHN OXLEY
1847-2

906

William Henry M. Mahel Kingston on 23/6/1923
31/3/1881 - 18/2/1947 28/4/1897-

Marion Francis M. Walter Humphrey, 18/6/1908 at Tenterfield
29/11/1883 - 12/10/1927

Charles - Keith - Gordon - William
(all married)

IAN FRANCIS M. Audrey Elaine JOHNSTON
4/12/1925 - on 10/7/1951

Fredrick Herbert M. Jasmine Webster
9/2/1927 19/4/1919

Patricia
14/5/192

Marilyn Frances Waugh, John William Waugh
11/1/1952 31/10/1954

Timothy Waugh, Duncan Waugh, Simon Waugh

THOMAS
B. 1630

W AUGH m. Janet HUNTER

Adam
B. 1670

W AUGH

THOMAS
1706-83

W AUGH m. Margaret JOHNSTONE

William Crossie

Alexander m. Mary Keill
1754 - 1827 1760 - 1840

Francis O'LEY
1818-1891

JANEY

ELIZABETH

ALISON

(and at Tenbyfield)

W AUGH m. ISABELLA Blair
1826 29.5.1852 - 13.7.1910

Isabella m. THOMAS JOHNSTON
1844

ALEXANDER - M. -
1850 -
1 Son & 1 daughter

(children, Alison, etc. below)

Theresa Jeanette (did not marry)
1887 - 27/12/1963

Marguerite Isabella (Daisy)
11.3.1885 - 10.12.1947

ALEXANDER FRANCIS M. SUSAN (C)
19.8.1892 - on 14/12/19

ALISON

HAROLD

Bruce

Margaret

Elaine

Marion M. Thomas
GANTER
1/2/1928

Stanley

1/1/1954

Sally
Frances

Lester William M. Theobald
6/12/1931

Robert William
1/8/1955

John S.

Can the rivers
at King's Cross
Sydney Ball in
New South Wales

THOMAS WAUGH - m. Janet Spunter
B. 1830-

Adams Waugh m. ?
B. 1870

THOMAS WAUGH - m. Margaret Johnstone
1706 - 1783 1714 - 1789

a. Elizabeth - m. James Hay
1740 - 1800

b. Thomas m. Isabella Orskine. Thomas inherited Annum Cross lands
1750 - 1820 William sold them for £20,000 & came to N.S.W. 1839. See Tentative Waugh.

c. Alexander m. Mary Nell (from Alexander came the
1754 - 1821 Guy Fairfax Waugh)

George (m. Mary Nell) to Elizabeth
1792 - 1866

Elizabeth - Smith
Elizabeth Gallone

to NSW in 1848
m. of Guy Fairfax Waugh

James Hay Waugh
1797 - 1855

Alice Waugh
Evelyn Waugh
(author)

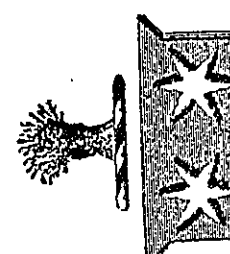
William de
Bookplate of
William Waugh -
(son of Alex Waugh DD)

George Waugh
by Regent St. was
m. of Guy Fairfax Waugh
1801 - 1873

(m. John Young)
1803 - 1873

From his branch
descended Waugh
of Brisbane - the
Noelmers and
Daughters, Fanny
& Edith married
Helman Hunt - artist
m. of Guy Fairfax Waugh

Legend
of
Waugh
family





EXTRACT OF AN ENTRY

IN A REGISTER KEPT AT THE GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, EDINBURGH

under the Registration of Births, Deaths and Marriages (Scotland) Act 1965

William Naugh Son of Thos. Naugh of St. Boswell

and Isabell Crosbie his Wife was Born Feb. 7th

1808.

EXTRACTED from the REGISTER OF Births & Baptisms

for the Parish of St. Boswell

in the County of Roxburgh

GIVEN at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, NEW REGISTER HOUSE,

EDINBURGH, under the Seal of the said Office, the 29th

day of March 19 72

Form No. RG6/14

No. of Application, B56556/71 D.



NEW SOUTH WALES.

Presbyterian BURLIALS in the Parish of Butterwick

County of Durham, New South Wales, in the year 1854.

No.	1214. Vol.106. .
Name	William Waugh.
Abode	Nelson's Plains.
When Died	-
When Buried	24th January, 1854.
Age	46 years.
Quality or Profession (if bond, name of ship).	-
By whom the Ceremony was performed.	Rev. Robert Blain.

I, Jack Hayward Watson,

Registrar General,

do hereby certify that the above is a true copy of an entry in a Register of

Presbyterian

Burials kept at the Registrar General's Office,

Sydney, New South Wales, and extracted this 29th

day of

November, 1971.



Deaths Registered in the District of Tenterfield Colony
 at Tenterfield in the State of
 New South Wales by Frederick Burne District Registrar.

COLUMNS	
1. No. in Register	42
2. Christian name and surname of deceased	FRANCES WAUGH
Occupation	Domestic Duties.
3. Sex and age	Female 77 years.
4. When and where died	Last November, 1891. Sun. yard N.S.W.
Usual residence	
5. Where born	Sydney
Length of residence in Australia	Since birth.
6. Christian name and surname of father	JOHN STREY CULLEY.
Occupation	Surveyor.
Christian name and maiden surname of mother	FRANCES THORPE.
If deceased was married—	MARRIED N.S.W.
7. Where	42 years.
At what age	MARRIED WAUGH.
To whom
Conjugal condition of deceased at time of death	JEANETTE 51.
8. Issue in order of birth (living and deceased)	THOMAS 42
	JOHN 44
	ISABELLE 47
	ALEXANDER 41
9. Name, description and residence of informant	Certified by THOMAS WAUGH Son, Sunnyside.
10. Cause of death	Influenza
Duration of last illness	12 days
By whom certified	DR. ARMSTRONG.
11. When and where buried or cremated	10th November, 1891. Tenterfield.
Undertaker or Superintendent by whom certified	JOHN WILLIAMS.
12. Name and religion of Minister	Rev. J. I. THORP.
Names of witnesses to burial or cremation	Presbyterian Minister. A. STANICK. L. WILLIAMS.
13. Signature of Registrar	Frederick Burne.
Date of registration	13th November, 1891. Tenterfield.

the last saw deceased.

SCOTS ANCESTRY RESEARCH SOCIETY

Trustees:

THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.T. HIS GRACE, THE DUKE OF HAMILTON. K.T.
SIR JAMES FERGUSSON OF KILKERRAN, Bart., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

20 YORK PLACE
EDINBURGH EH1 3EP
SCOTLAND

Director:

Miss PATRICIA M. BAXENDINE, M.A.

Telephone 031-556 4220

B/29862

Ref. No.

AIRMAIL.

26th May, 1972

Dr. I. F. Waugh
P.O. Box 17,
Weston
N.S.W. 2326,
Australia.

Dear Sir,

Further to our letter of 3rd March we have now been able to undertake research on your behalf according to your instructions.

WAUGH.

As you know, prior to 1855 registrations of Births, Deaths and Marriages in Scotland were voluntarily recorded in the old parochial registers (unindexed) of each parish. The old parochial registers of Gordon were accordingly searched, circa 1808 for the birth of William Waugh, but this was not found to have been recorded in this parish.

The old parochial registers of St. Boswells were next searched for the birth of William Waugh, circa 1808, and this was found to have been recorded there as follows:-

"1811 William Waugh son of Thos. Waugh of Lairitburn and Isabell Crosbie his wife was born February 7th 1808."

The

The other children found to have been recorded to the above couple, in the old parochial registers of St. Boswells, were:-

Janet	born 15th June	baptised	4: 8:1801
Alexander	born 25th Jan.	baptised in February	1803
Elizabeth	" 8th May	"	10: 6:1806
Ailison (sic)	born 16th	"	29: 8:1810

The old parochial registers of Gordon, St. Boswells and its neighbouring parishes of Merton, Maxton, Ancrum, Bowden, and Melrose, were next searched, between 1791 and 1800, for the marriage of Thomas Vaugh and Isabella Crosbie, but this was not found to have been recorded in any of these parishes.

The Particular Register of Sasines for Berwickshire and Roxburghshire was next searched for a sasine concerning William Vaugh, between 1825 and 1840, but no relevant entry was found to have been recorded. However, the following sasine was found, concerning his father Trustees', which might be of interest, and the following genealogical information was noted, thus:-

Sasine in favor of Mrs Isa Crosby or Vaugh and other Trustees of ye late Thos. Vaugh.

"At Kelso the sixth day of May in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty two between the hours of ten and eleven forenoon. The instrument of sasine after written was presented by William Smith writer in Kelso to be recorded in the Particular Register of Sasines Reversions etc kept for the shires of Roxburgh Salkirk and Peebles

In presence of me Notary Public and of the witnesses after named and designed and here to with me subscribing compeared personally upon the ground of the subjects after described. Andrew Thomson son of William Thomson, innkeeper

innkeeper Saint Boswells Green near Lessudden as
 Procurator and attorney for and in name and behalf
 of Mrs Isabella Crosbie or Waugh widow of deceased
 Thomas Waugh of Laretburn, the Reverend Doctor
 Alexander Waugh of Salisbury Place Saint Marylebone
 London. John Waugh merchant in Berwick upon Tweed
 Alexander Hay corn merchant in Dalkeith, William
 Crosbie residing in Darnick near Melrose Robert Crosbie
 tailor, Cowgate, Edinburgh and Alexander Crosbie
 residing at Maisondiew near Kelso trustees nominated
 and appointed by the trust Disposition and Settlement

.....

 that the same was granted by the said Thomas Waugh in
 trust only for the uses and ends and purposes and with
 and under the provisions conditions reservations power and
 faculty therein mentioned vizt; in the first place for
 payment and satisfaction of all the just and lawful debts
 which might be resting and owing by him at the time of his
 death and of his death bed and funeral expenses with the
 necessary charges and expenses of executing the Trust
 which expenses should be sufficiently liquidated by the
 accounts of the said acting trustee

.....
 Secondly he appointed his said Trustees to deliver over
 to the said Isabella Crosbie his spouse the whole of the
 household furniture including silver plate bed and table
 linen belonging to him at the time of his death to be
 used and possessed by her during her lifetime and at her
 decease to be divided among the following six of his children
 namely Isabella Margaret Janet Alexander Elizabeth and
William Waugh or survivor of them equally amongst them.
 Thirdly he directed and appointed his said trustees to
 make payment out of his said Trust funds to the said
 Isabella

Isabella Crosby his wife of a free yearly annuity of £40 sterling for her own use and behoof during her life and also to make payment taken of a free yearly annuity of Thirty Pounds sterling for the support and maintainance of John Waugh his eldest surviving son and the like annuity of Thirty Pounds sterling for the support and maintainance of Alison Waugh his daughter during their respective lives

. and after the death of his said spouse be appointed the said several annuities thereby provided to the said John and Alison Waugh to be applied for their support and maintainance by the direction of his said Trustees and upon the sale of his lands of Larretburn taking place he appointed his said trustees to sett apart out of the price thereof the principal sum of two thousand Pound Sterling or such other sum as might be requisite so as the interest thereof might be sufficient for answering the said several annuities and to lay out the said principal sum on proper security taken to the said Trustees themselves for the use and behoof of his said spouse and two children above named in liferent respectively so far as regards the interest thereof and for the use and behoof of the said Isabella, Margaret Janet Alexander Elizabeth and William Waugh his other children, or survivor of them, equally among them. Farthly He appointed his said trustees to make payment out of the proceeds of his said Trust estate of the sum of £300 Sterling of provision to each of his said six children Isabella Margaret Janet Alexander Elizabeth and William Waugh which provision were to bear interest from the first term of Whitsunday or Martinmas after his death and to be payable as follows - vizt. The provisions to his said two sons were to be laid out on proper security for their behoof until they respectively attain the age of twenty four years when his said Trustees are thereby authorised to make payment of such part of the said provisions to

to
/

to his said sons for fitting them out or setting them up in business or otherwise as his said Trustees in their sound discretion might judge and the remainder of their said provisions should be payable upon their respectively attaining the age of thirty years complete or sooner if his said Trustees thought proper and behoof thereby recommending to his said daughters to continue to live in family with their mother until their respective marriages and at a distance of one year thereafter their said provisions should be payable but with power to his said trustees in case they should judge it proper instead of paying over the said provisions to all or any of her said daughters to lay out and the behoof of their lawful children in such a way and manner as the said Trustees may judge proper and exclusive of the jus maritii of the husbands to whom they might be married

In witness whereof I have subscribed these presents written upon this and the ten preceding pages of stamped paper by Ebenezer Mitchell Clerk to George Wilson writer in Edinburgh at Larretburn the 22nd May 1820 before these witnesses Walter Balmer and William Hamilton both weavers in Lessudden"

The Retours of Heirs was next searched, between 1820 and 1840, and the following entry was found:-

"Alexander Waugh at Laretburn, to his father Thomas Waugh of Laretburn Heir in General. dated 14th June 1830."

- 6 -

The 1841 Census Schedules for St. Boswells were next consulted and the following entry was found:-

"Address: Lessudden
Isabella Waugh, aged 70, independant means not born
in the county of Roxburgh."

The 1851 Census Schedules for St. Boswells were also consulted, but Isabella Waugh, was not found to be living there at this date and it was, therefore, assumed that she had died prior to the date of compulsory registration.

The investigation was accordingly here concluded as earlier research had not been requested, and I hope that the information found will prove to be of interest to you.

Photographs (and negatives) of the tombstones in Gordon have been ordered, but are not yet to hand. This is a large table stone and, for the best results, particularly good light is necessary, the photographs and negatives will, therefore, be forwarded under separate cover, in the course of the next few weeks.

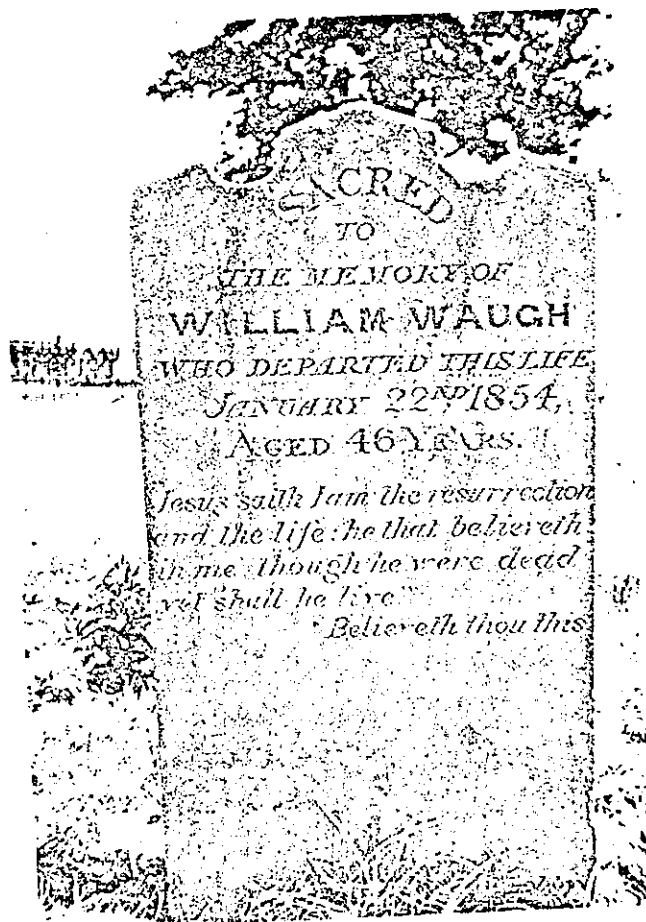
The expenses to date, which include fees paid to the Registrar-General for access to the records have amounted to Eight Pounds Sterling, leaving a balance of £14:95 in your favour. The photographs, and airmail postage on them still have to be paid, and an appropriate refund will, therefore, be sent to you, together with these.

Yours truly,

Patricia M. Baxter

Director

William Waugh son of Thomas Waugh
his wife Isabella Craske, born in Scotland
1808, Died in N.S.W. 1854



Thomas NAUGHT m. Isabella Cooke
1750-1820

William Naught m. Frances Osley
1808-1872

Jeannette
1840

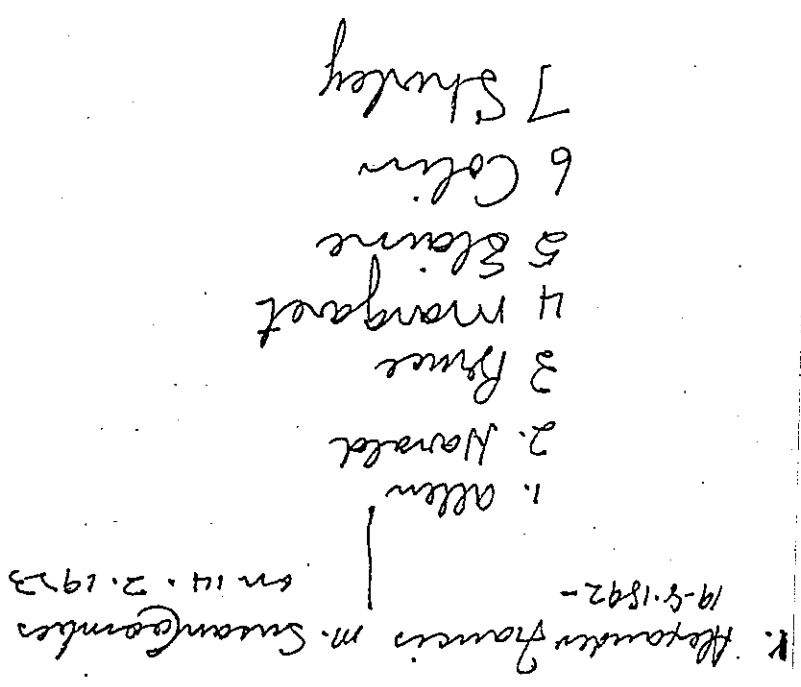
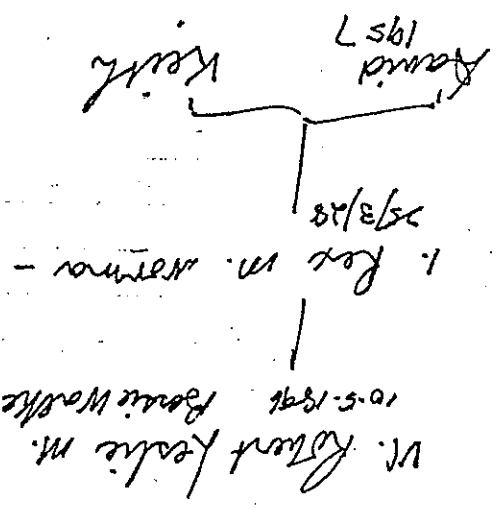
Thomas m. Emily Warley (see other lists)
1842

i. William Henry m. Mahel Kingstons
1881-1947 26.4.1897

ii. Marion Frances m. Walter Hunt
1893-1927

Page 5

a Charles
b Keith
c Gordon
d William
(all married)



III. Thirza Jewett
 1887-1963
 Dies not married.
 IV. Margaret Isabelle "Daisy"
 1885-1947
 Dies not married.

m. Walter Humphrey

Wang (6)

John Oley Wang m. Isabella Mui.
1847-1963

Family

THOMAS WAUGH m. Isabella Croshie
1750-1820

| (8 children - see other sheet.)

William inherited the →
Scottish lands but sold
them in 1839 & came to
NSW - see file.

William m. Frances Oxley
7.2.1809 - 24.1.1852 1913

John Oxley Waugh m. Isabella Muir
1847 - 1962 1852 - 1910

1. Frances Jeanette m. David Dunean
1874 -

2. Maybelle m. ① - Marshall
1876 - 1972 ② - Keeler
③ - Hooper

✓ 3. Alison Elizabeth m. Jack Murphy, Roma, Qld.
1878 - 1971

4. Mary Josephine m. Charles Dunn, Sydney.
1880 - 1923

5. Gilbert Oxley m. Ethel Pembrow
1883 - 1937

✓ 6. Gordon Lindsay m. Matilda Hurty
1885 - 1961

Wangts (5)
TENTERFIELD

From William who left Scotland in 1839 for NM
(1809-1854) married Frances Oley

Thomas - M-Cunby Warley
1842-1913

Isabel m. Thomas Johnston

Isabella

Margaret

John

Janet
B. 8/9/1891

Alexander
B. Feb. 1880

Jeanette (did not marry)
1880

Jeanette did not marry. She was financially independent as Robert Bernard, of North Town left her half his estate after the death of his wife Elizabeth + his daughter + grandson - Robert Waugh Bernard. The other half of his estate was left to the ^{Robert} eldest son of Alexander Waugh, of Roxbury Ave, Scotland. (see will of Robt. Bernard).

Thomas M. Emily Warley
1842-1913 1853-1942

John Ordey Waugh M
1847-~~1913~~
1926

1. William Henry, M. Mahel Kingston
1881-1947 1897-

a. Jan Francis M. Audrey E. Johnston
4.12.1925

a1. Marilyn Francis
11.1.1952

a2. John William
8.10.1954

b. Frederick Herbert M. Jasmine Webster
9.2.1927 19.4.1939

b1. Timothy

b2. Duncan

b3. Simon

b4. Sally Frances

c. Patricia Marrow m. Stanley T. Grinter
14.5.1928 - 1928 - died?

1852-1910

2 Herbert Turner
& Percy
Dawson

2 Dawson
& Walter
Alford

2 Annie
& Nellie m.

2 Jennette Bostel
1878. m. James Conway Ward of Englewood

1. Amy Frances Conway m. W. B. Ross

2 Frank Alexander
Kathleen West

2 Olive Rose

1. Jennie Mary m. John J. Price

1. Joe 1913 -
2. January 1915 -

2 Linda "Sally"
(killed in WWI)
age 17 years

1. John Wiley N. m. Emma West
1927
2. Stephen Thorne
& Beulah John
2. Kenneth m. Margaret Keenan
1928
2. Michael Paul
& James Matthews
& Catherine King
3. Kenneth (unmarried)
1930

1 son and
1 daughter

1850

Harvey Waugh
1849-1901 m. Lucy Nicholas

Waugh (4)

James Harvey Waugh
1828-1954 m. Jeanette Johnston

William Johnston
1776-1954 m. Isabella Cunningham
in Scotland 1815

and family.

A.W. Harvey Waugh m. Lucy Nicholas

2. JAMES HARVEY WAUGH 1849-1944 L
1878 - 1954 "Harry"

M.
JEANETTE Isobel JOHNSTON
1878 - 1957 "Netta"

1. Lucy Frances Harvey m. Wilfred R. Rees
1902 - 1894 -

2. Frank Alexander
1909 - 1976

3. Olive Rose
1913 - 1957

a. John O'Leary N. — m. Pamela Jacobs
1927 - 1925 -

b. Ronald Paul
1925 -

c. Lawson Napier Waugh
1920 -

1. Stephen Thares
1958 -

2. David John
1961

m. Margaret Kleeman
1928

1. Michael Paul
1959

2. James Mathew
1962

3. Catherine Lucy
1964

m. Eric A. James
1911 - 1980

1. Jennifer Lucy - m. John Jeffries

2. "Sally" Linda
(killed in car accident
age 17)

a. Lee
1973

b. Jacklyn
1978

1. Albert Alex³. Nicholas
1876 - ?

m. Olive Rose

a. Cecil

b. Hope (married twice)

c. Lorna m.

d. Noel

e. Madge (died young)

3. Leslie Gordon
1882 -

m. Gertrude GOBLE

a. Jack } twins
Harvey }
1904 - ?

b. Eva

c. Bert

d. Kathleen

e. Richards

f. ? I think there was.

Intercept

is interested.

There is a file on quite extensive - on William Shuster
in the Federalist Historical Society, I make some
extracts when in Baltimore after your age but
make Thomas' daughter, Jim, did you want to make
mainly extract from various volumes of Elizabeth
Historical Records. Some copies of these volumes
is interested.

- 12. Thomas 1838-1927 M. Isabella Wright, daughter of
Northern Neck, Delaware Penn.,
Knox River (no copy Frances Exley)
- 11. Hearn 1834-1905 M. Hanna W. Hearn, married
Isabella Wright, daughter of
Northern Neck, Delaware Penn.,
Knox River (no copy Frances Exley)
- 10 James 1832-1919 M. Anne Isabella Wright, daughter of
Northern Neck, Delaware Penn.,
Knox River (no copy Frances Exley)
- 9 Lewis 1830-1923 M. A. S. Baker
Northern Neck, Delaware Penn.,
Knox River (no copy Frances Exley)
- 8 Swan 1829-1905 M. Henry Baker, Washington River
Northern Neck, Delaware Penn.,
Knox River (no copy Frances Exley)
- 7. Agnes 1827-1918 M. George Henderson, Edinburgh
Northern Neck, Delaware Penn.,
Knox River (no copy Frances Exley)

Alexander Waugh m. 1. Isabella Greene - Smith
 B. 1814 London
 died 1894 Kenilworth.
 m. 2 Elizabeth Gallone.

ALEXANDER WAUGH
m. 1814 - 1894

B. Elizabeth Gallone

7. Isabella Grievé - Smith
1819 - 40

Elizabeth Annie Isabella Grievé
1829 -

James Johnston

1. Alice Isabella 1859 -
m. J. Lyon (11 children)
2. Margaret Emily 1861 -
m. F.H. Oakes (4 ch.)
3. William Alexander 1863
m. Ann Ducat (4 ch.)
4. Mary Elizabeth 1865
5. Leila Agnes 1866
m. F.R.M. Scott (3 sons)

B. William Alex. Harvey
1849 - 1901

Lucy Simmonds Nicholas

1. Albert Nicholas, m. Olive Ross
1876 -
 2. James Harvey, m. Jeanette Johnston
1878 -
 3. Leslie Gordon, m. Gertrude Noble
1877 -
 4. Francis Gilbert, m. Lucy Layton
1884 -
- DA5 Hugh Gordon Harvey was reared with this family - his mother died. He was always called "Bibi".

II. William Napier Reeve
1853 -

maria ^{m.} Caroline Schrader

1. Wm. Napier Reeve Schrader
1880 -
2. Christian Ulric Deyclof S.
1881
3. Alex. Stanley Johnstone
1883
4. Eva Alexandra Reeve
1884
5. Sydney Madeline Kreema
1888
6. Christina Marie Harvey
1893 -

D. William
1854 -

A Rosa ^{m.} Spencer. B. Nellie Johnston

- A1. Charles Alexander
m. Constance Schrader
- A2. DORA - m. William Holtbaum
- A3. Walter Spencer, m.
- A4. David - m. Ethel
- A5 Hugh Gordon Harvey
C Rosa died at his son's birth & he was reared with Harvey's family.
- B1 Isobel - m. Reuben Olsson (sch)
- B2 Thomas.
- B3. Williams m.
- B4. Colin m.
- B5 Donald m.

The names underlined are those used.

H. ANNA ELIZABETH
1825 -

M. Philip & Robinson

1. Emma Elizabeth Bough
1842 -

2. Philip James
1846 -

John and John Wough married
sister, daughter of a Mr. Scholer
The had come to New York from
Germany because of political
difficulties. He had been a
surgeon in the Prussian Army.
He got up, medicine practice
at New York when Elizabeth
Wough was teaching here.

I. ALEXANDER GORDON
1867 -

M. Frances Nicholas

no children. Adopted
3 girls. Rose, Annie, Mary

debt, unmarried
Mary.

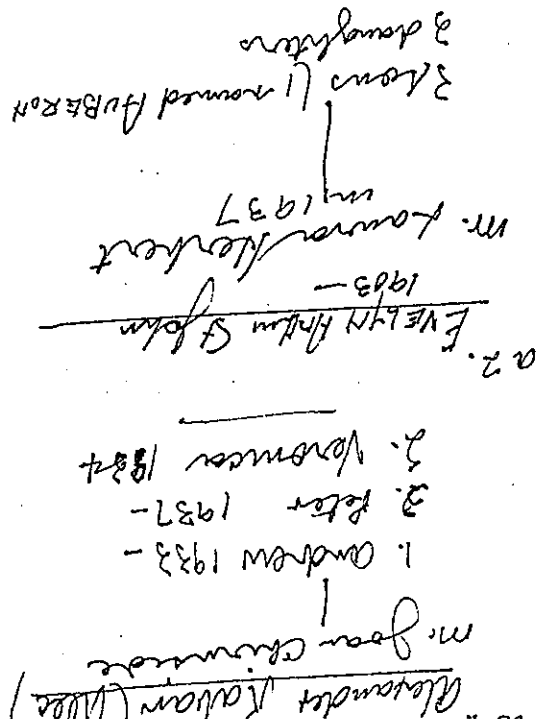
Mrs. Mary Nicholas was the
worker's only child - when her mother
died she was brought up by
her father's sister in N.S.C.
about 1840 married again
and James was of the second
family, hence a half-sister
of hers.
James was a 7th Day Adventist
a well educated woman of
frank and honest views of the Bible
wife covered several languages
Gordon joined her religion
and they were married
the summer of 1850
establishment on Highway
North Shore - they lived here
longer than they could stay
of her life here and died at
her home.

Other Members of the family of Mr. [unclear] and his wife Mary Neill:

- | | | | |
|---|---|--|--|
| <p>i. Thomas (ii. William (see other page))
1797-1864</p> | <p>iii. John
1789-1833
unmarried.</p> | <p>iv. Margaret
1791-1868
m. Robert HOME
1793-1867</p> | <p>v. Mary Easton
1792-1866
m. Thos. Underwood
-1829</p> |
| <p>m. Elizabeth Walker
1792-1862</p> | | | |
| <p>1. Mary Neill
1813-31</p> | | <p>1. Mary 1827-1916</p> | <p>1. Margaret</p> |
| <p>2. Alexander
1814-54</p> | | <p>2. Elizabeth -</p> | <p>2. Mary
1817-</p> |
| <p>3. Margaret
1815-1891</p> | | <p>3. George 1829-?</p> | <p>3. Thomas</p> |
| <p>4. Elizabeth Neill
1817-57</p> | | | <p>4. Jean
1825-96</p> |
| <p>5. Jeane Neill
1818-80</p> | | | <p>5. John 1827-</p> |
| <p>6. Henrietta Musket
1819-90</p> | | <p>x. Elizabeth
1803-1873
m. Rev. John Young
1832</p> | <p>6. Catherine Coventry
1829-1916</p> |
| <p>7. Thomas Scott
1821-94</p> | | <p>1. William
1833-</p> | |
| <p>8. Francis
1822-48</p> | | <p>2. Mary Neill</p> | |
| <p>9. Annie
1824-40</p> | | <p>3. Alexander
1836-1915</p> | |
| <p>10. William
1825-6</p> | | <p>4. Helen
1842-</p> | |
| <p>11. Ellen
1828-96</p> | | <p>5. George
1844</p> | |
| <p>12. John Neill
1829-36</p> | | <p>6. John</p> | |
| <p>13. Isabella
1830-1916</p> | | <p>x From this branch
come the Munros
of Queensland.</p> | |

mfb - Also mentions his children
 by name in his autobiography
 but doesn't give details of
 Europe's family, except Anderson
 who is now a young well known
 writer - first came across it all
 some time ago

- 7. Country 1836 -
- 8. Eve Magdalen 1840 -
- 9. Sabella 1843 -
- 10. Miss Gertrude (from 1846 - 1912)
- 11. Edith Mason 1846 - 1931
- Mr. Johnson Hunt 1875



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SYDNEY

15 October 1937

Mrs. L.F. Rees
Commonwealth Government Offices
Adelaide Street, BRISBANE

Dear Mrs. Rees,

Your letter dated 5 October reached me yesterday afternoon. It had evidently been posted before you got mine on the same subject.

As you have made a direct request for information concerning the family of John Oxley, I feel I should tell you all I know. I recently had a letter from Mrs. K.M. Oxley of Bowral, whom I have not met though I had had previous correspondence with her concerning family papers. She was very concerned about your statement in the Courier-Mail and wanted to assure me that John Oxley was married once only and that his family consisted of two sons. I had been following the correspondence and had made further enquiries in the Registrar-General's Department, so that I might be in possession of all the facts available. I hesitated, however, to tell Mrs Oxley what I found there, as it seemed she had not thought of a possible explanation of the conflicting statements. I have now had another letter from her, which indicates that she has heard of one of the records at the Registrar-General's office concerning the descendants of whom you wrote in the Courier-Mail. I think it will be best if I tell Mrs. Oxley also, exactly what the entries are, but I shall not, of course, make this information available to anyone else. To Mr. Sparks, whose letter was enclosed in yours, I shall reply that I have given you all the information I have.

The records in the Registrar-General's Departments are as follows:-

From the Registrar of Baptisms of St. Philip's Church, now preserved in that office.

1813 Jennet, daughter of John and Charlotte Oxley. Born
8 July 1813. Christened 25 July 1813.

(This entry from a section headed "Parents married or said to be married)

1815 Frances, daughter of John Oxley and Charlotte Thorp. Born
19 January 1815. Christened 12 February 1815.

(This entry from section headed "Baptism of illegitimate children).

1821 Louisa, daughter of John Oxley and Elizabeth Marmon. Born
21 March 1821. Christened 20 May 1821.

(From section headed "Baptism of illegitimate children")

Then, late in the same year (1821) there is a record of the marriage of John Oxley, bachelor, to Emma Norton, spinster. Now, unless there were two John Oxleys, these entries seem to indicate that John Oxley and Charlotte Thorp were not married, although the first entry is under the heading of "parents married" and the mother's name is given as Oxley, in the entry made about eighteen months later her name is given as Thorp and the baptism is registered as being of an illegitimate child.

further, the description of Oxley as a bachelor on the day of his marriage to Emma Norton.

The Deputy Registrar who gave me this information in confidence, told me that some years ago he received a letter from a descendant of one of these daughters and sent her the entry of one of these births and she protested about its being recorded as illegitimate. Mrs. Oxley's letter today shows that a Mr. Arthur Oxley some years ago had information about one of these births registered as illegitimate and had written about it to someone making a claim to be a descendant of John Oxley. Do you think that your story of Oxley's wanting to marry Miss Thorp, her family opposing the marriage and their running away together, marrying and coming to Australia, may be correct in all details except the actual marriage?

There was no Lady Wentworth in New South Wales at that time, or at any time as far as I know. The reference to Lady Wentworth may mean Mrs Darcy Wentworth.

You say "it does appear to be pretty definite that there was considerable ill feeling between the second wife and whoever was responsible for rearing the daughters". Is there any contemporary evidence concerning this, or is it just family tradition?. The Oxley entries in the 1828 Census are confusing. They indicate that there was a Charlotte Oxley with a family, but the ages given do not correspond with the entries in St. Philip's Register, and according to the entry, Charlotte Oxley was born in the Colony. The complete list is as follows:

<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>Free or Bond</u>	<u>Employment and Residence</u>
OXLEY, Charlotte	26	B.C.	Housekeeper to R. Ellem
OXLEY, John	8	"	Lower Portland Head
OXLEY, Francis	6	"	
OXLEY, George	2	"	
OXLEY, Mrs.		C.F.	Widow, Kirkham, Cooks.
OXLEY, John	4	B.C.	
OXLEY, H.M.	2	B.C.	

(B.C. = Born in Colony. C.F. = Came Free)

Charlotte Oxley's age, 26, does not fit in with Charlotte Oxley, mother of Jennet born in 1813, but this age may have been wrongly given.

Under the heading of Thorpe, spelt with an "e", there are the following:

THORPE, Jeannette O.	15	C.F.	C. Packet	1828
THORPE, Frances O.	13	"	"	"

Residence - Lodging at Mrs Dixon's of Parramatta.

These two girls must be the ones who were christened at St. Philip's in 1813 and 1815 respectively. It looks as if they had been sent to England, either before or after Oxley's marriage, and it is significant that they appear under the name of Thorpe, the "O" in each case standing, I presume, for Oxley.

In the Australian newspaper for 20 February 1828, there is a record that

and Aunt Barnard may have been in England. It may be that after John Oxley's death they took the name of Oxley. Mrs. Dixon had two children of her own who, most likely, are the ones mentioned and the Thorpes may have travelled in her care.

If you could make any investigation in England for a record of the marriage of John Oxley and Miss Thorp it might help to resolve the matter, but a runaway marriage, if such took place, might be difficult to trace. If you want a certificate of the marriage of Frances Oxley and Alexander Waugh, I think you will have to apply directly to the Registrar-General. I would have no claim to obtain a copy.

With regard to the records I have quoted, I have seen the actual entries in the Department, and it would not be possible to amplify them in any way. We have no records which throw any light on Oxley's private life, but I understand there are letters to his wife in the possession of some members of the Oxley family. I hope to be in Bowral shortly and, if so, I shall call on Mrs Oxley and see whatever papers she has. The bulk of the records are, however, in the possession of another member of the family, with whom I hope to make contact in the immediate future. I am sorry if this is unpalatable information, but I am sure it is best that you should know exactly what the records are.

As soon as possible I shall look up the Johnstons, Waughs and Evanses, and when you come to Sydney I shall be very glad to give you all possible assistance.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) IDA LEESON

MITCHELL LIBRARIAN

Vaugh.

(a)

William Vaughn, merchant of London
1788-1866 married Ann Harvey.

WILLIAM WAUGH M.
1788-1866

ANN HARVEY
1791-1875

1. William Neill
1813-81
M.
Eliz. Neill Waugh
1817-57

a. Eliz. Ann
1847-1904
M.
J.T. Harris
1846-1909
(10 children)

2. Alexander
1814-94
M.

A. ~~Eliz.~~ Genevieve Smith
Isabella
Eliz. Annie Isabella
B. 1839- ~~Genevieve Waugh.~~

B. Eliz. Gallone

1. Wm Alex Harvey
1849-1901

2. Wm Napier Reeve
1853-

3. William
1854-

4. Mary ("manie")
1857-

5. John Neill Jamison
1859-

6. Eva Alexandra
1863-

7. Laura Elizabeth
1865-

8. Alexander Gordon
1867-

3. Mary Ann
1815-92
M

Wm Napier Reeve
1811-88

a. Isabella Waugh
1838-1919

b. Eliza Roscoe
1842-dead.

3a Isabella Waugh Reeve
1838 M. 1919

Alfred Francis
1825-84

no children.

4. Jeanie Neill

J. Francisco 1878 -

9. Margaret 1822-1906

M. Ed. Harvey

a. William 1854-81

b. Ann 1855-56

c. Edith Harvorne 1857-1943

16. Elizabeth Veil 1853-1912

M. T.C. Webster

1840-1906

a. Thomas Howard 1868-

b. Hugh Colthrop 1869-

c. M. Levent Stella 1871- (Milky?)

10. George 1826-50
11. Isabella Leane 1827-83
12. Harvey
13. Sarah Emily

14. Sarah Harvey
15. Harvey

William Waugh (1808 - 54)

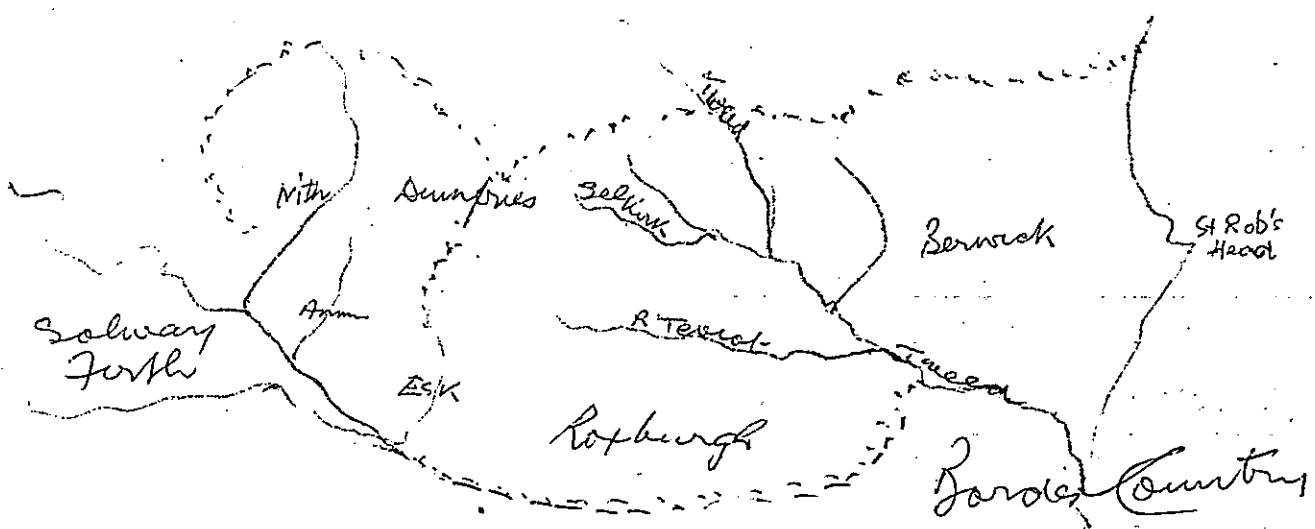
See Maitland Mercury

28 January 1854

(

Dr. Alexander Waugh M.A. D.D. (1754-1827)
 was born at East Gordon, Berwick. attended
 the village school 1766, then school at Earlstoun.
 In 1770 he entered the University of Edinburgh
 in 1777 he went to the University of Aberdeen. Took
 degree of M.A. in 1778. Minister of Newtown, St. Boswells,
 till 1782 when he became Minister of the Scots
 Secession Church in Wells St. London for 46 years.
 Buried in Bunhill Fields, London, 1827.
 He was one of the founders of the London Missionary
 Society about 1795. He ordained Dr. Moffat, the
 father-in-law of Livingstone and was associated
 with Wilberforce in many philanthropic works.
 (See Memoirs of the Rev. Alexander Waugh, D.D.)

(Attach book plates of Alexander Waugh and
 William Waugh, John Keill and
 William Napier Peere.)



This FAMILY TREE was made by Ruth Waugh
 great granddaughter of Dr. Alexander Waugh.
 It was finished about 1916. Additions have been
 made from time to time by E. May White from
 information received from relations in
 England and Australia.

I
 1787
 Thomas 1864

m.
 Eliz. WALKER
 1792-1862

1. Mary Neill
1813-31
2. Alexander
1814-54
3. Margaret
1815-91
4. Eliz. Neill
1817-57
5. Jeanne Neill
1818-80
6. Henrietta Musket
1819-90
7. Thomas Scott
1821-94
8. FRANCIS
1822-48
9. Annie
1824-40
10. William
1825-6
11. Ellen
1828-96
12. John Neill
1829-36
13. Isabella
1830-41

II
 1788
 WILLIAM, 1866

m.
 Anne Hawley
 1791-1845

1. William Neill
1813-81
2. Alexander
1814-94
3. Mary Ann
1815-92
4. Jeanne Neill
5. John Neill
1818-1900
6. Thomas Pasfield
7. James
1821-94
8. Henry
1822-1809
9. Margaret
1823-1906
10. George
1826-50
11. Isabella Jean
1827-33
12. HARVEY
13. Sarah Emily
14. Josiah Harvey

III
 1789
 JOHN 1833

IV
 1791
 Margaret 1865

m.
 Robert HOME
 1792-1867

1. Mary
1827 & 1916
2. Elizabeth
3. George
1829-?

V
 Mary Easton 1792
 1866

m.
 Thos. Underwood
 -1829

1. Margaret
2. Mary
1817
3. Thomas
4. Jean
1825-96
5. John
1827-
6. Catherine Coventry
1829-1916

Dr. George Warrick was
 consulted as well as several
 other distinguished & able
 persons who had previous
 experience in Virginia
 in Virginia. Most of these
 persons were - present

X from his private correspondence
 the names of persons
 who were of historical
 importance

1. James
1833-66
2. James
1835-69
3. Alexander
1836-1915
4. Helen
1842 -
5. George
1844 -
6. John
from the
of the
of the
7. Emily
1848 - ?
8. Elizabeth
1848 -
9. John
1843 -
10. Elizabeth
1845 - 1912
11. Elizabeth
1846 - 1931

1. Anne
1843 -
2. Mary Elizabeth
1842 - 1883
3. James Charles
1842 - 1883
4. Alexander (Dr. M.D. of
1840-1906
(not mentioned))
5. Rev. James Henry Warrick
M.A. B.A. M.D. M.H. M.D. M.D.
College, Oxford. Was rector
of some other. Rector of
about 1843 or Rector of
Cemeter, Warrick, W.Va.
1844-85. From the
Research some also
and Elizabeth Warrick.

1. Eleanor
1822-94

country

WILLIAM WAUGH, son of Thos. Waugh of Lairitburn, Scotland, and
Isabell Crosbie his wife, born 7 February, 1808, died Nelsons Plains,
New South Wales 2 January, 1854.

At the top right hand corner of Ruth Waugh's "Tree" of the descendents
of Dr. Alexander Waugh, M.A., D.D., is a hand written note opposite the
names of Dr. Alexr.'s brother Thomas Waugh (1750-1820) who married
Isabella Crosbie, that "they had a son William who in 1839 was anxious
to sell the Ancrum lands and go to N.S.W. He offered it to his cousin
William (1788-1866) in order to keep it in the family. He refused it and
the place was later sold to the Duke of Buccleugh for £20,000"

The first legal document of any recent date that I have relating to
our family of Waughs is a SASSINE drawn by this Thomas Waugh (1750-1820)
in which he appoints Trustees to take charge of his property and
affairs on his death. A complete copy of this sassine was obtained
by Dr. Ian Waugh through the Scots Ancestry Research Society a few years
ago. An interesting document. On page 3, in the last para, it lists six
of their children amongst whom the estate is to be divided after
providing an annual amount for his wife, Isabella, and for the other two
children- the eldest, John and the youngest, Alison, as long as they lived.
The other sons were Alexander and William, the daughters Isabella,
Margaret, Janet and Elizabeth.

Studying the Will of Robert Bernard, of Hobart Town, 1876, I have assumed
that he must have married that daughter, Elizabeth (though I have no formal
evidence of this) for Robert Bernard states that, after the death of his
wife Elizabeth, and their only daughter, and his grandson, Raymond
Robert Waught Bernard, he left his estate to be divided between
Thomas Waugh, son of the late Alexander Waugh... in Scotland and Jeanette,
daughter of the late William Waugh of Nelsons Plains, N.S.W.

So back to William (1808-1854) who came to N.S.W. after selling the
Scottish lands which had been in the family for at least 600 years.
He would have been a comparatively well-to-do prospective settler, he
acquired land at Nelsons Plains, on the Hunter River, met and married
Frances Oxley (born 1815) almost immediately and died in 1854 after
trying to intervene in a fight between two of his - one, who was drunk,
knocked him down against a rock and he died two days later. An account
of the death of William appeared in the Maitland Mercury of 28 January,
1854, and an account of the trial of the trial for murder of the man
who caused it in in the same paper on a later date. ~~Max~~ Photostat
copies of these were made by Dr. Ian Waugh a few years ago and sent to
me but I have mislaid the file. I assume they could be obtained again
from back copies of the newspaper. The photograph of William's headstone
was also made by Dr. Ian but, with the file I have also lost Dr. Ian's
address. He would be a ^{great} grandson of William Waugh and Frances Oxley.

(The names Thomas, Alexander and William seem to come up in every
generation of Waughs and the only way I can identify ~~them~~ different
men of the same name is to tie dates to them.)

There is not much more that I really know about this William (1808-54),
he would have been strict Presbyterian as all his descendents are
still, probably had introductions to Church people here and must have
made some friends quickly. The Oxley girls arrived back in NSW
from England in 1828 on the ship Cape Packet with Mrs. Dixon of
Parramatta and her home is given as their address. As they were born
in 1813 and 1815 they would have been grown up young ladies when our
William arrived and he must have married Frances shortly afterwards as
their eldest child, my Great-aunt Jeanette was born in 1840. They had

They were Jeanette (1840), Thomas (1842), Isabella, my grandmother) 1844, John Oxley (1847., and Alexander (1850).

I do not know anything of their life at Nelsons Plains, except that when my father's grandfather, Alexander (1814-1894) arrived in N.S.W. in 1848, with wife and child he is said to have "stayed with friends of the family on the Hunter for a few months until he got an appointment as a teacher at the C. of E. School at Port Macquarie". If he did not stay with William he would certainly have met him. So far as I know there was no further contact between these two branches of the family for a couple of generations - until my parents married. They would have been 4th cousins.

After William's sudden and tragic death in 1854 Frances would have been left a widow at 39 with five young children- Thomas, her son and heir being only twelve. I do not know the date when the Hunter property was sold and the family moved to Tenterfield, but any of the Tenterfield family would know this. Frances was dead and the others middle aged before I met any, except my maternal grandmother, Isabel Johnston. G-uncle Thomas had the original homestead called "Laritburn", g-uncle John's place was "Mount Mackenzie" (but later he also had land at Goondiwindi in Queensland) When I was about 5 my mother took me on a visit to g-aunt Jeanette, who had a house at Blackheath. I only remember a small, but rather august little woman with white hair, black dress, beautiful white lace round her throat and a variety of white lace caps. She had "independent means" and everyone seemed to stand a little in awe of her, so did I. If I ever thought of it at all I would have assumed that her income came from her parents and it is only recently that a distant cousin sent me Robert Bernard's WILL and this, of course, showed that her money came from the Scottish Waugh side of her family not the Yorkshire Oxleys.

Thomas and John both paid brief visits to us at Guy Fawkes, mainly to see grandmother Isabel, - I only remember them vaguely as men of courtesy with trimmed grey beards. Later, when I was 12/13 I met two sons of Thomas - William and Alexander, of course) when they came to Armidale to join up for the 1914-18 War. They came through it, fortunately and Will returned to marry and bring his family up at Laritburn, and his grandson and some other members of the family are still there.

I have had correspondence chiefly with Nancy Fox whose address is:
Mrs. William Fox, Phelhampton Crescent, Jennings, N.S.W.
Via Wallangarra, Queensland, 4383.

If anyone wished to follow the records of this branch of the family further I think Nancy would know who to ask about what- and she is interested.

W. Fox
1982