



CAROLINE FYNES-CLINTON
WIFE OF JAMES WILSON HOLME

Painted by Arthur Hughes

ANNALS
OF
OUR ANCESTORS

SOME RECORDS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF
THE FAMILIES OF
FYNES-CLINTON
AND
MATHEWS (EURE OF WITTON)

Whatever makes the past, the distant or the future predominate
over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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45 PORCHESTER TERRACE.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,

I have collected here a number of portraits, facts and anecdotes of my mother's parents and their families.

You ought to know something of the people you come from, for you resemble them in many ways.

As the eldest grandchild, my recollections take me further back than others of my generation, into the lives of those who went before us and who moved under outward conditions so different from those of the present day, although in nature, mind and person they were exactly like ourselves.

I have tried to set these ancestors before you in their human aspect, by recalling the trivial stories and incidents of which their lives, no less than our own, were made up.

Having no literary gift, I can only state plain facts in a plain way, in hopes that the fascination of the subject will inspire some of you to delve deeper into the rich mine of the past.

These records are necessarily sketchy and disjointed; repetitions are inevitable; slight inaccuracies and discrepancies can hardly be avoided where information is taken from so many different sources.

I think that each one of you, after reading what is here set down of our ancestors, will feel a heightened sense of responsibility, which may be best expressed by the hackneyed words,

“ Noblesse oblige.”

Your affectionate aunt.

ANNA R. CRAIK.

April 1924.

Ms. A. 9. 2. 27. 50 - P.O. 8576 - 6 - 11 - 71 Coed's road

I HAVE received valuable help and information from many of my immediate relations, too numerous to mention individually. I must, however, specially acknowledge the great assistance I have had from my cousin, Rosa Falkner, without whose aid in much of the genealogy and heraldic drawings these chronicles could never have been completed.

Among others to whom I am indebted in various ways are :

Major Cyril Davenport.
Henry Clinton Baker, Esq.
The Misses Lucy and Agnes Hastings.
The Misses Weare.
Rev. Arthur Hoste.
Mrs. Arthur Ponsonby.
Lady Higgins.
Mrs. Scarlett.
Mrs. Hankey.
Mrs. Swainson Allen.
Major John E. Chapman Mathews.
Mrs. Hawksley.
George W. Staunton, Esq.
George Staunton Wing, Esq.
Miss Frances Emma Gordon.
Sir Dennis Readett-Bayley.
His Grace the Duke of Newcastle.
His Grace the Duke of Bedford, K.G.
Her Grace the Duchess of Bedford.
The Society of Antiquaries.
The Directors of the National Portrait Gallery.
The Librarian of the Windsor Castle Library.
The Director of the Manuscript Room, British Museum.
Laurence Tanner, Esq.
Rev. C. W. Fisher, Rector of Wing, Bucks.
The late James Foster, Esq.
Emery Walker, Esq.

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ERRATA

After title of portrait of Rev. Charles Fynes-Clinton, facing page 47, instead of " D.D." read " LL.D."

After title of portrait of Emma, wife of above, facing page 196, instead of " D.D." read " LL.D."

On page 59, line 14, instead of " Frances " read " Francis."

At the head of the Mathews Quarterings, facing page 70, the crest should be " On a wreath argent and sable, a lion rampant argent," in addition to that of Eure as engraved.

PEDIGREES

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PART I

THE CLINTON FAMILY

THE FYNES FAMILY

THE CLINTON ARMS are given here as borne by Henry Clinton, ninth Earl of Lincoln and afterwards Duke of Newcastle.

The quarterings, which should of course be assembled on one shield, are here shown separately for convenience of reference.

Arms (omitting quarterings).—Argent, six cross crosslets fitchee sable, three, two, and one, on a chief azure two mullets or pierced gules.

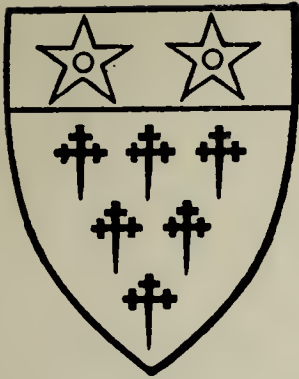
Crest.—Out of a ducal coronet gules, a plume of five ostrich feathers argent banded with a line laid chevronways azure.

Supporters.—Two greyhounds argent, collared and lined gules.

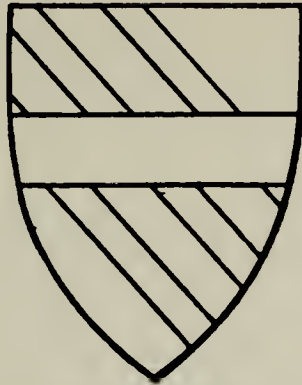
Motto.—" Loyaulté n'a honte."



“Loyauté n'a honte”



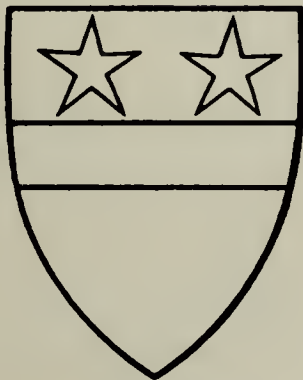
1. Clinton



2. Hatton



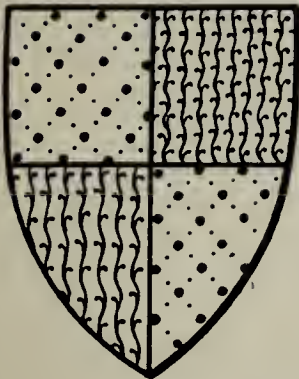
3. Bisey



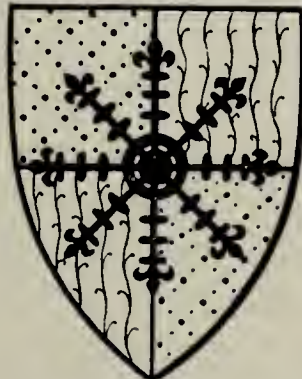
4. Odinsells



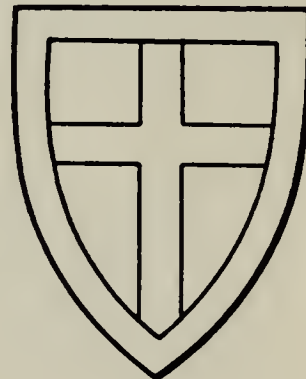
5. Limisei



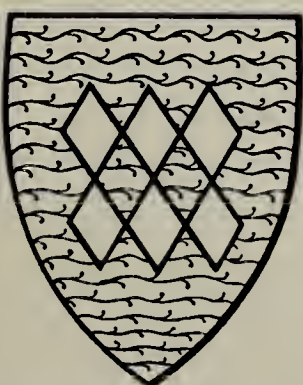
6. Say



7. Mandeville



8. Eudo



9. Maminot



10. FitzWalter

THE CLINTON QUARTERINGS

THE CLINTON FAMILY

It has been said of the Clinton family, "Always in the front rank but never in command," but in spite of this limitation the race in former times was so illustrious and well known that to write its full history would practically be writing a history of England.

Although Geoffrey de Clinton, the founder of the family fortunes only emerged from obscurity in the reign of Henry I., his descendants married and re-married into nearly every noble house in the country throughout many generations.

There are not many castles or priories which one or other of our ancestors did not have a hand in building, or acquired as dowries with their wives or otherwise. In fact, to enumerate the names of all the families connected with the Clintons (and the Eures) for the last eight centuries, would embrace the best part of the whole population—royal, noble, gentle and simple—Saxon, Norman and Dane.

It is indisputable that every Englishman now living is descended from practically every person existing in this country in the time of Henry I. ; that the nobleman in his mansion has an ancestor in common with the man who is sweeping the road outside his gates. This is of course true, but with this difference, that the nobleman can point to each one of his progenitors, knowing that they lived honoured lives, thought great thoughts and did heroic deeds ; knowing likewise that his present high position was won for him by their merits, while the very names of the others are lost in oblivion.

The ancient nobility not only formed a class apart, but inter-married almost exclusively within their comparatively small circle, so that to belong to one family means to be related to all. As the Normans themselves were Norsemen with a French polish, it follows that their descendants have a larger proportion of the old Viking blood in their veins than the bulk of the population who descend from the Saxon tillers of the soil. After the Wars of the Roses, in which the flower of the old

nobility was sacrificed, a new class came to the front, and being favoured by the less fastidious Tudors, intermarried with the remnant of the Norman families, bringing a much-needed infusion of fresh blood into the old stock. These comparatively "nouveaux riches" largely supplanted the ancient nobility, and whereas the Barons had despised any occupation that was not related to war or the chase, the new class introduced a love of art and literature and other refinements of life hitherto confined to the monasteries.

"Blue blood" thus became gradually diffused among all classes of the population, and it is a common thing, as we all know, to meet with noble names borne by persons of the lower orders; I can myself point to individuals of my acquaintance in the humblest walks of life bearing the names of Howard, Percy, Talbot, Mortimer, Nevill, Pelham, Norris, Hussey, De Blois and Tudor. Strangely enough, the names of "Fynes" and "Clinton" are hardly ever met with in this country unless borne by people known to be connected with the family (such as the Lincolnshire yeomen Fynes). I understand, however, that "Clinton" is a fairly common name in America.

Owing to the men being so constantly killed off in battle, heiresses were plentiful, and I must confess our ancestors managed to secure their full share of them.

Marriages in feudal times were matters of pounds, shillings and pence, or rather of rods, poles and perches; the market value of heiress and suitors was carefully weighed and the lady and her broad acres disposed of to the highest bidder, sometimes in early childhood, seldom at more than fifteen years of age.

Through the Clinton family we claim as ancestors :

Alfred the Great,
 William the Conqueror,
 Henry II. by Eleanor of Aquitaine and by Fair Rosamund,
 Henry III. and Eleanor of Provence,
 Edward I. by Eleanor of Castile and Margaret of France,
 Edward III.,
 Philip III., Louis VIII. and St. Louis IX. of France,
 Pierre II. of Arragon,
 Alfonso, King of Castile,
 Harry Hotspur,
 The "Fair Maid of Kent,"
 William Marshal,
 Strongbow,

and also claim kinship with Warwick the "King Maker," William of Wykeham, Lady Jane Grey and Sir Philip Sidney.



KENILWORTH CASTLE, CLINTON TOWER



Through the Eure family we claim descent from :

Charlemagne,
The early Kings of Scotland,
and kinship with John Baliol, King of Scotland ;

while among the common ancestors of the two houses we count :

Geoffrey de Say,
Robert FitzWalter, chief of the Barons,
William de Longespee, natural son of Henry II. and
Fair Rosamund.

The old nobility being so intermingled, it is almost impossible to keep a distinction between the Clintons and the Eures in these records.

Of the twenty-five barons chosen to enforce the observance of Magna Charta, we claim direct descent from no less than eleven.

Through both Clintons and Eures :

Robert FitzWalter (chief),
Geoffrey de Say.

Through the Clintons :

Gilbert de Clare,
Richard de Clare,
Richard de Percy,
Robert de Ros,
Saier de Quincy,
Robert de Vere.

Through the Eures :

John FitzRobert de Clavinger,
John de Laci,
Eustace de Vesci.

The pedigrees might be multiplied and extended almost indefinitely ; those given herewith cover the more important ground.

SOME FEATURES OF THE CLINTON PEDIGREE

The first known member of this family and the founder of its fortunes is Geoffrey de Clinton, born about 1090 : he became Lord Chamberlain, Treasurer and Justice of England in the reign of Henry I. He built the famous castle of Kenilworth in Warwickshire, and owned a large domain there, including the ancient Saxon mill at Guy's Cliff, which is still standing.

Attempts have been made to prove that Geoffrey was descended from William de Tankerville, Chamberlain of Normandy, but there seems practically no doubt that he began life as a scullion in the service of Henry I. : his remarkable talents and character raising him by the royal favour to the highest offices in the state. That this was the accepted theory of his origin is borne out by the taunt thrown at the second Earl of Lincoln by his enemy Savile (quoted on page 16).

THE NAME OF CLINTON

“ Dugdale suggests that the name of this family was derived from the manor of Glympton in Oxfordshire ; but this is an error. The name was undoubtedly derived from the manor of Glington, near Market Deeping, in Northants. The *G* had already been softened into *C* when Ordericus Vitalis wrote in 1140, describing how Henry I. raised up men to a condition superior to their fathers, as a counterpoise to the Norman barons, ‘ such as, among others, Goisfredus de Clintona.’ But in 1121 it was written with a *G* ; for in a charter of that date lately published in the Pipe Roll Charters (being a grant on the marriage of Miles of Gloucester with Sybil Neufmarche) this very Gonf. de Glington (so spelt) appears as an attesting witness.

“ In Domesday it appears that in 1086 ‘ Geoffrey held Glington, Northants, from Geoffrey de Mowbray, Bishop of Coutances,’ and in the ‘ Monasticon Anglicanum ’ it appears that Geoffrey de Glington or Clinton, his son, chamberlain to Henry I. in 1120, gave the church of Glington, Northants (*inter alia*) to the Priory of Kenilworth, *i.e.* he attached to the priory he had established in his wealth, the village church of his native place.



SEAL OF WILLIAM DE CLINTON

EARL OF HUNTINGDON, 1337

Enlarged from 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ diameter

“ From the grants made to the first Earl of Lincoln (of the Clinton family) it would appear that Elizabeth’s favourite general and admiral sought and obtained a grant of this very district of Glington, which seems to show that he at least was acquainted with the site of the cradle of his race, although Dugdale was unaware of it.”¹

King John considered the castle of Kenilworth to be dangerously large and strong for a subject to possess and contrived to get it into his own hands ; it remained a royal stronghold until Henry III. granted it to Simon de Montford, Earl of Leicester.

The direct descendants of Geoffrey de Clinton died out after four generations, and the honours passed to his nephew, Osbert de Clinton of Coleshill, a manor which his celebrated uncle had given him, and which still enjoys the weekly market, the rights of which were conferred upon the town by Osbert de Clinton in 1207.

In about 1298, John, first Baron Clinton, married Ida, heiress of William de Odinsells, and acquired the castle of Maxtoke as her dowry. This castle is still standing and is still inhabited—but no longer by the Clinton family, though the familiar coat of arms is graven in the stonework above the great entrance, and the tombs of the Clintons who lived in it may be seen in Coleshill church.

The shield of the early Clintons was originally “ Argent, a chief azure,” and the “ two mullets or ” were assumed by this John from the arms of Odinsells. The six cross crosslets were added by Sir William Clinton, created Earl of Huntingdon in 1337 by Edward III. His seal shows the Clinton arms as still borne by all branches of the family ; the lioncels of Leybourne, his wife’s family, are worked into the background. His Countess Julian is buried on the south side of St. Augustine’s, Canterbury.

This seal is in the British Museum, and can be seen in the Manuscript Room in Case M, No. 51 ; it has been specially photographed for these records by the courtesy of the Museum officials.

John Lord Clinton and Say (fifth baron, succeeded 1433) was taken prisoner in France and ransomed after three years captivity for six thousand marks. He gave by deed the title, honour and arms of Lord Say, which he had in right of his great-grandmother, Idonea, to his kinsman, Sir James Fynes (or Fynes) ; he married Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Fienes (or Fynes) Lord Dacre of the South ; and their son John was the first Clinton who also bore the name of Fynes.

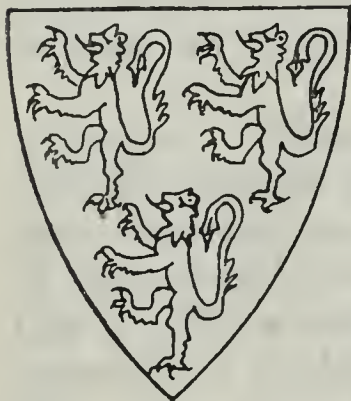
¹ James Wilson Holme, in *Notes and Queries*, Dec. 21, 1889.

The Clinton family is one of a limited number who are entitled to a Badge, a mark of distinction granted to certain noblemen before the fifteenth century. The badge is carried in addition to the arms, crest and other paraphernalia, and appears on banners, accoutrements and the liveries of retainers. Examples of the badge are the rose of England, the thistle of Scotland, the crescent of the Percys and the buckle of the Pelhams.

The badge of the Clintons is a mullet borrowed from their coat of arms, and on a document signed by Edward Clynton, who afterwards became the first Earl of Lincoln, is a seal of which the sole device is the single mullet or badge. This seal was probably worn by him in a signet ring.

FYNES, FIENES, FIENNES, OR FIENLES

The name of Fienes is derived from a village in the Boulonnais district of France, where persons of the name of Fienes are still existing.



In the time of Henry V. a certain Collard Fienes, a Frenchman, took part in a joust of arms at Calais in which he was unhorsed by Richard Beauchamp, fifth Earl of Warwick.

The first known member of this family in England was Sir John de Fienes, a Norman who came over with the Conqueror, his kinsman, and was made by him hereditary Constable of Dover Castle and Warden of the Cinque Ports. These great offices remained in his family till the time of King John, who gave the Wardenship to Hubert de Burgh.

Ingelram de Fienes was a Crusader and fell at the siege of Acre in 1190.

In 1214 William de Fienes joined the Barons against King John and helped to win for us Magna Charta. His son, Ingelram de Fienes, fought on the side of Henry III. at the battle of Evesham.

In 1248 William de Fienes went with St. Louis to the Holy Land, and assumed the cross a second time in company with his brother, Sir Giles, in the train of Prince Edward, but he died in England after all, in 1301.

Sir Giles was grandfather to Sir John de Fienes who married



THE FIENES BRASS AT HURSTMONCEUX
TOMB OF SIR WILLIAM FIENLES

the heiress Maud de Monceux and thus became possessed of the famous Manor of Hurstmonceux in Sussex.

The De Monceux were a Norman family; Drew de Monceux married Edith, daughter of William de Warrenne and his wife Gundrada, daughter of the Conqueror, whom we claim as an ancestor through several channels.

Some historians think that Gundrada was not the Conqueror's own daughter, but the child of his wife Matilda by a former marriage. This, however, would make very little difference to our descent, as Matilda was a very close kinswoman of William, so even if Gundrada were really his step-daughter, it is only referring her and the Conqueror back to a common ancestor.

We also descend from him through King Edward III. and the Mortimers.

Margaret, daughter of William de Fienes, a Picard nobleman (second cousin to Eleanor of Castile, Queen of Edward I., through her mother Joan, Countess of Ponthieu) married Edmund de Mortimer who died in 1304, and was ancestor to Sir Edmund Mortimer, third Earl of March, the father of Elizabeth, wife of Hotspur, from whom we descend through Elizabeth Morison.

Sir William Fienes or Fienles is buried in the little church of Hurstmonceux and is there commemorated by a magnificent brass, from which only the four coats of arms are missing. He married an heiress, Elizabeth, daughter of William Batisford, who survived him for three or four years. The inscription on the brass is as follows :

“ William Ffienles Chiualer qy morust le XVIIIJ jour de Janever l'an del Incarncon nre (Seigneur) Jheu Cryst MCCCCV gist ycy Dieu de sa alme eyt mercie qy pur sa alme deuostement Pater noster et Ave priera VJ^{tt} jours de pardon en auera.”

The lead-lined font in which he was baptized is still in the church and as good as ever after five hundred years.

The two sons of Sir William de Fienes (Fienles) were Sir Roger and Sir James, both men of note.

Sir Roger, born in 1394, built the splendid Castle of Hurstmonceux at a cost of £3800—a vast sum in those days. This is one of the most beautiful ruins in the country, being built of red brick and standing in a wooded valley. It remained in the family until the reign of Queen Anne, and was kept up in a style of the greatest magnificence. It was reduced to a shell in the last century, but is now being gradually restored and partly rebuilt by the present owner, Colonel Lowther. A

description of it before the dismantling is given in the letters of Horace Walpole.

Sir James de Fienes, the second son, was created Lord Say, from whom we descend through both the Clintons and the Eures.

Richard, the son of the builder of Hurstmonceaux Castle, married Joan, daughter and heiress of Thomas, Lord Dacre, and in 1458 he was declared Baron Dacre in right of his wife. The descendants of Joan and Richard were known as "Lords Dacre of the South," to distinguish them from the other branch of the same family, of whom they took precedence and who were designated "Lords Dacre of the North" or of "Gillesland."

The will of Joan, Lady Fienes (above), runs as follows :

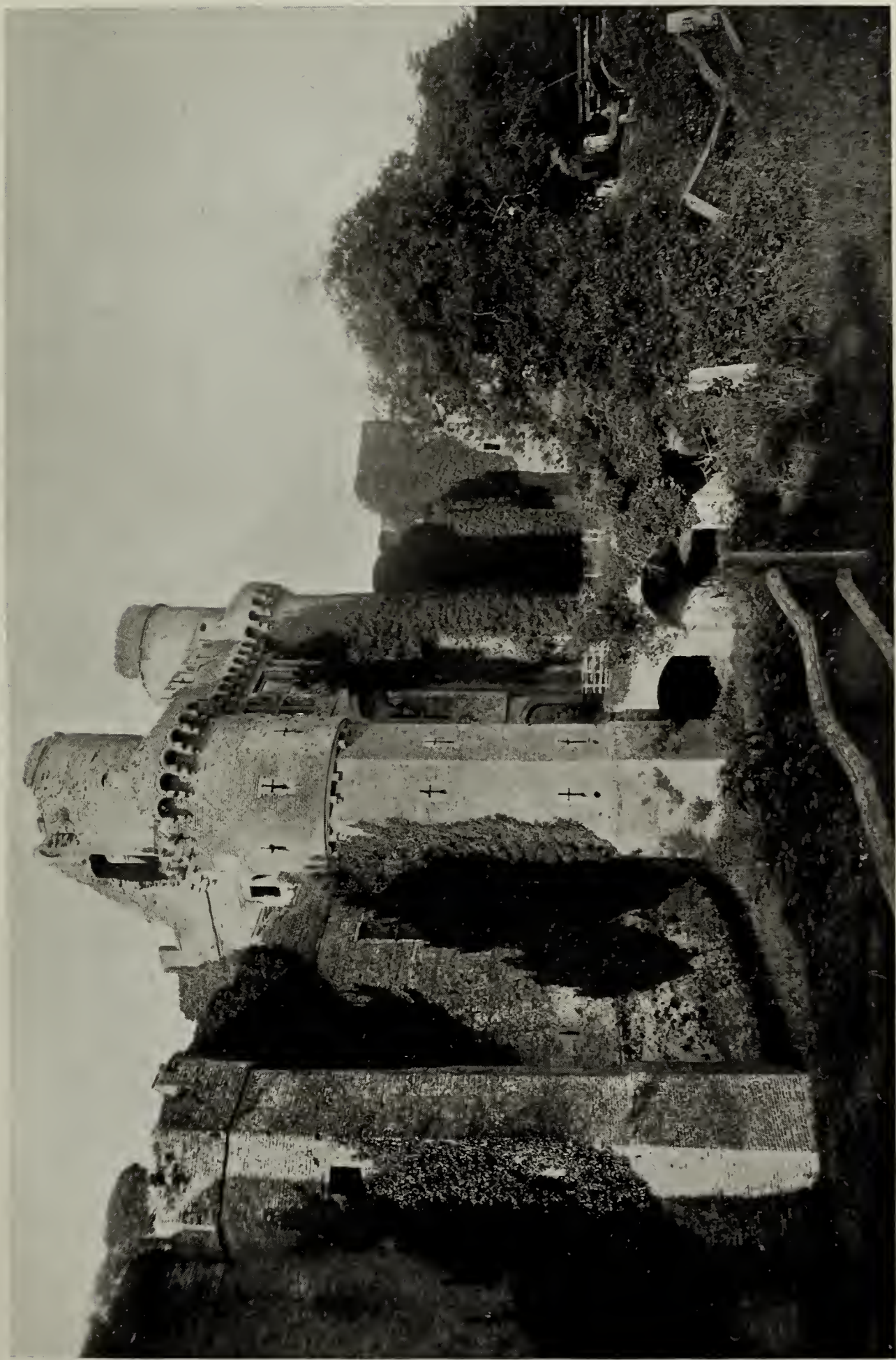
"My body to be buried in the quire of All Saints at Hurstmonceaux, between the high altar and the tomb of Sir Richard Fynes, Knight, my late husband ; to Thomas, son of Sir John Fynes, Knight, to Edward Fynes, brother of the said Thomas, to Elizabeth Lady Clinton and Thomas Fynes, my son and daughter, all my chattels, and I appoint my sons Thomas and William Fynes and Thomas Oxenbridge my executors."

Elizabeth, daughter of Joan and Richard, married John, Lord Clinton and Say, and thus brought the name of Fynes into the Clinton family.

Arms.—Azure, three lions rampant or.

No one seems able to explain why four or five generations of our branch of the Clinton family chose to drop their patronymic "Clinton" and call themselves "Fynes." They were obliged to sign "Fynes *alias* Clinton"; they bore the Clinton arms and ignored those of Fynes, which are borne by Lord Say and Sele, whose real name is Twistleton. The Herald's College authorities, who have been consulted, say that it is a unique case, and that the Fynes arms, if borne, would have to be in the form of a "podge coat" or small shield superimposed upon the Clinton shield. Possibly our forbears considered Fynes the more honourable name, recognising that while Geoffrey de Clinton was scrubbing the royal platter or polishing the royal pewter, the Fynes or Fienes were firmly established as one of the most prominent Norman families in the State, being related to the Conqueror and allied to a descendant of his daughter Gundrada.

My great-grandfather was known as "Dr. Fynes" until six years before his death. He only resumed his proper surname of Clinton by royal licence in 1821, after it had been completely dropped by his grandfather Kendal and his father Norreys (the third of that name).

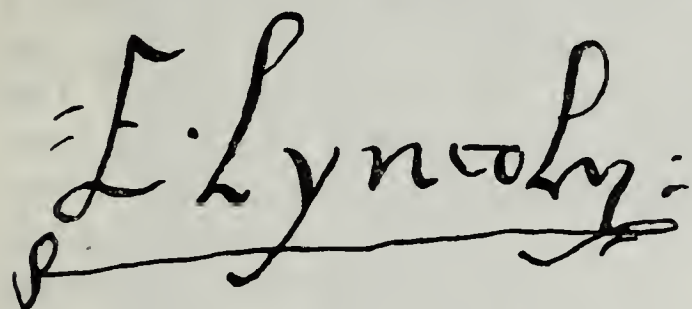


HURSTMONCEUX CASTLE



EDWARD FYNES, BARON CLINTON, FIRST EARL
OF LINCOLN

Next to the original Geoffrey, our most distinguished ancestor is Edward, ninth Baron Clinton, born in 1512, died in 1584,



who held many important posts under Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth. He was knighted in 1545, Admiral of the Fleet in 1546, Governor of Boulogne, Lord High Admiral for life in 1550,

Knight of the Garter, Lord Admiral of England, Ireland and Wales by Patent in 1558, Privy Councillor in 1559, created Earl of Lincoln by Patent on May 4, 1572.

Elizabeth appointed him with others as one of the umpires to confer with the Scots Commissioners in 1568. "Elizabeth ordered her Commissioners to come to London and there continue the conferences. She joined in commission with them some of the most considerable of her council—Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper; Earl of Arundel; Earl of Leicester; Lord Clinton, Admiral of the Forces; and Sir William Cecil, Secretary." (Hume.)

The first Earl of Lincoln acted as proxy for Edward VI. at the baptism of Henry III. of France, born 1551. A full account of his career can be read in Brydges' edition of Collins' *Peerage*. He was three times married; by his first wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Blount and widow of Gilbert, Lord Talboys (a former favourite of King Henry VIII. and mother of Henry FitzRoy, the short-lived Duke of Richmond and Somerset), he had three daughters, of whom Bridget married Robert Dymoke of Scrivelsby; Katherine married William, Lord Burgh (Borough or Brough), Deputy of Ireland; and Margaret married Charles, Lord Willoughby of Parham.

The second wife of the First Earl of Lincoln was Ursula, daughter of Lord Stourton, from which marriage are descended the Dukes of Newcastle, Lord Clinton (Trefusis and Rolle) and ourselves. His children by his second wife were Henry, afterwards second Earl of Lincoln; Thomas, who married Mary Tyrell; Anne, wife of William, son and heir of Sir Francis Ascough of Kelsey in Lincolnshire, Knight; and Frances, married to Giles Bruges, Lord Chandos of Sudeley.

This Lady Chandos, whose daughter Catherine married the

fourth Earl of Bedford, is buried in the Bedford Chapel at Chenies, and her marble effigy can there be seen reclining in an uncomfortable attitude on its side; the Clinton arms are engraved at the base of the monument. The effigy appears in the background of the photograph, over the foot of the tomb of Bridget Hussey (successively Lady Morison, Countess of Rutland and Countess of Bedford).

The homely features of Lady Chandos must have been a great contrast to those of her beautiful young step-mother, the third wife of the Earl of Lincoln. She was known as "The Fair Geraldine," and was Elizabeth, daughter of Gerald Fitz-Gerald, Earl of Kildare, and his wife the Lady Elizabeth Grey, daughter of the Marquess of Dorset. We learn without much surprise that she was not on good terms with her step-daughters or step-sons. Her elderly husband was devoted to her, and she was of great assistance to him in business matters and secretarial work. There were no children of the marriage. She was his sole executrix, and surviving him five years, was buried beside him at Windsor.

"The Fair Geraldine," who was Maid of Honour to Queen Catherine Howard, has been immortalised in the poems and sonnets of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. This talented and unfortunate nobleman, who perished on the block, cherished what is now proved to have been a platonic friendship for the beautiful girl from the time she was nine years old. There are several portraits of her, showing her to have been a woman of very attractive appearance, well formed to inspire a poet and to win and hold the admiration and affection of her husband.

Among the grants of lands made to the first Earl of Lincoln by Edward VI. were the manors of Tattershall, Coningsby, Sempringham (where he built himself a magnificent hall or mansion), Folkingham, Temple-Aslacky, Billingborough, East and West Cloughton, Thirkingham, Thorp, Kirby-Bain, Kirkstead, Roughton, Martin, Thornton, Billingay, Walcot and Burthorp, besides Croyland Abbey and the small manor of Ginton in Northants. He also, according to Camden, "built him a house at Pyriford, Surrey."

It is to be noted that he asked for some of those manors that had belonged to his ancestors in Lincolnshire, and did not forget the little village of Ginton, which he evidently regarded as connected with the dawn of his family's prosperity.

Stourton and Baumber, where some of the later Earls of Lincoln are buried, was acquired by his second son Edward, with his wife, the daughter of Thomas Dighton. The estate was sold at the end of the eighteenth century to Thomas Livesay, Esq., in whose family it still remains.



EDWARD CLINTON, FIRST EARL OF LINCOLN

Drawing by Holbein. Re-produced by permission from the photographic facsimile of the original in the Royal Library.

It was probably by desire of Queen Elizabeth, whose faithful servant he had been for so many years, that the first Earl of Lincoln was buried at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and not in one of the churches on his own estates. His tomb is in the Lincoln Chapel, named after him. When I was a child of seven or eight, I was taken to see his marble effigy there. My parents lifted me up so that I could see the face, and asked me, "Who is he like?" I answered without hesitation, "Uncle Dormer." It is certainly a remarkable resemblance between kinsmen nine generations apart. There are many portraits of the first Earl at various ages which present some features of resemblance to certain living members of his race.

Francis, Earl of Bedford (the third husband of Bridget Hussey), who died in 1584, bequeathed "To my good Lord the Earl of Lincoln, Lord High Admiral of England, a George set with diamonds which the Earl of Leicester gave me."

A contemporary writes of our ancestor: "Always of unspotted report, especially for allegiance, and therefore as singularly beloved in his life, so accordingly bemoaned in his death."

A facsimile of his signature is given above.

HENRY FYNES, BARON CLINTON, SECOND EARL OF LINCOLN

Henry Fynes, tenth Baron Clinton and second Earl of Lincoln, was the eldest son of Edward, the first and great Earl, by his second wife Ursula, daughter of Lord Stourton. Henry had every advantage of education and environment, and accompanied his famous father on some of his diplomatic missions on the continent. He was one of the Commissioners at the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots, which took place two years after his father's death, and he was associated with Lord Eure over the treaty of Breame, but gave great offence by his conduct when on an embassy to the Landgrave of Hesse in 1596. He was made a Privy Councillor, but seems to have taken little part in public life. He was also a Knight of the Bath.

Camden, in speaking of the Earldom of Lincoln having been conferred on the First Earl, remarks, "by whose very honourable son Henry 'tis at present enjoy'd."

The second Earl must have had some good points, although, in spite of the great position and wealth he inherited from his father, little is known of him beyond the unenviable reputation

he left in his own county of Lincoln as a tyrannical, obstinate and quarrelsome person.

He was twice married, both his wives being of the blood royal ; first to Catherine, daughter of Francis Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, from whom the ducal family of Newcastle is descended, and secondly to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Morison and widow of William Norreys, son and heir to the first Lord Norreys of Rycote (and mother by her first husband to the Earl of Berkshire). Our branch of the family descends from this second marriage of the Earl of Lincoln, and most of our royal pedigrees are through this Elizabeth Morison, from whom my generation is ninth in descent.

In the possession of my Uncle Eustace is a parchment indenture bearing the signature " E. Clynton," and sealed by a signet ring engraved with one mullet, the Clinton badge. This document, which is written in Latin and dated Jan. 1, 1556-7, concerns large grants of lands, manors and houses, made by the first Earl of Lincoln to trustees for the use of his son Henry on his marriage to Catherine Hastings. Among other property, mention is made of " the late monastery of Kirkestead, lately dissolved." This afterwards became the property of Sir Henry Fynes and his descendants.

The royal consent was obtained to grants including the Old Park and The Lodge at Folkingham.

Sir Edward Dymoke figures as one of the trustees.

The second Earl of Lincoln had by his first marriage (to Catherine Hastings) three daughters and two sons, the elder of whom was Thomas, afterwards third Earl, and Edward, whose descendants eventually succeeded to the Earldom. By his second wife (Elizabeth Morison) he had two sons and one daughter. The elder son was our ancestor Sir Henry Fynes ; the second son, Robert, was killed by a fall from his horse and left no children. The daughter, Elizabeth, married Sir Arthur Gorges, Knight.

The second Earl of Lincoln died at Sempringham in 1616, and his second wife, Elizabeth Morison, at Tattershall in 1611. (See the article on Morison.)

In a will made by Edmund Sherard in 1608, he states " The Lord Clinton oweth for 1000 kiddes." Kids is still the Lincolnshire word for faggots, and the quantity of fuel here mentioned shows something of the scale of housekeeping at Tattershall and Sempringham in those days.

The following accounts of some of the Earl's violent proceedings were collected and printed from the Lansdown MSS., Collins' *Peerage*, Lodge's *Illustrations of English History*, and the Records of the Lincolnshire Archæological Society :

Edward Clinton
Earl of Lincoln

1584



EDWARD CLINTON, FIRST EARL OF LINCOLN

“ The autocrat of the neighbourhood was Henry Fiennes Clinton, second Earl of Lincoln, who was apparently inclined to ride roughshod over every one who came in his way ; the object of his life to quarrel, and to keep in a state of irritation the country from which he derived his title. It is said that Denzil Hollis, ‘ living much at Irby, used to confront the Earl of Lincoln, who was a great tyrant among the gentry of Lincolnshire, and to carry business against him in spite of his teeth.’ But stout old Denzil died in 1590, and this check withdrawn, the Earl’s conduct increased in violence.

“ Lodge in his records mentions one Roger Fullshaw of Waddingworth (near Horncastle) who, in 1596, prayed for protection against the most horrible outrages committed by the Earl, and says that his conduct savoured of insanity.

“ Before he succeeded to the Earldom, and consequently when he had not yet so much power to oppress, he committed the following aggressions on the Saviles of Poolham.

“ We must premise that Sir Robert Savile, though a knight of good estate, and though his descendants became Earls of Sussex, was nevertheless a natural son of Sir Henry Savile by Margaret Barkston, ‘ his ladie’s gentlewoman,’ which, as will be seen, was not forgotten by the high-born Clinton.

“ These occurrences took place in 1578. They were neighbours, and jealous of trespass ; and on the 13th of June Lord Clinton ‘ with seven men with cross-bowes and long-bowes bent ’ forced himself into the parlour at Poolham Hall, and after threatening words, struck Sheffield Savile, the son, on the head. The elder Savile says that he prevented his son from noticing the outrage, an unusual degree of forbearance under the circumstances ; but there had evidently been some previous misunderstanding, and possibly young Savile had been in the wrong.

“ On the 25th of June following, Lord Clinton, hearing Sir Robert’s hounds hunting in Mr. Welby’s wood, although it was no concern of his, seized five of them and then sent a letter to Sir Robert, threatening that he would hang them before his house ; and, in fact, did hang them, as Sir Robert says, ‘ upon my own tree within my own ground.’

“ Another violent proceeding is described in a letter of the Earl’s friend. Mr. Metham had been previously entertaining Lord Clinton at Metham, and was now on a return visit to Tattershall ; and as he relates, ‘ It pleased him (Lord Clinton) to carrye me with my companye through his park (still surviving in the name “ Tattershall Park ”), unto the chase, where his meaning was to have made sport with hounds and greyhounds (*i.e.* badger hounds), and leading me by, into the meadows, he

showed me certain of the great deer of the chase, such as he kept rather for show than to be hunted.' These would be the red deer (*Cervus elaphus*) still existing then on Hatfield Chase, in the north-west of the county, in considerable numbers. The deer broke away into Mr. Welby's woods, and 'thence as my lord affirmed with an oath, into the mouths of the Saviles.'

"Lord Clinton's attendants followed the hounds, Lord Clinton himself not doing so; but in passing along a lane, he encountered some of the Savile followers, 'in number 20 or 24, the more part having swords, bucklers and daggers, some pyked staves, one a cross-bowe with an arrowe, another a long-bowe and arrowes.' While words were being exchanged, 'ould Mr. Savile' came up, and the following characteristic dialogue ensued:

"'My Lord Clinton, yf thou be a man, light and fight with me.' 'With thee, bastardlye knave,' quoth my lord, 'I will deal with thee well enough, and teach thee, knave, thy duty.' Upon which words Mr. Savile called my lord 'a cowardly knave.' Challenges passed between them and with Sheffield Savile, who withdrawing, as he says, Lord Clinton by the arm, called out after him, 'You a lord, you are a kitchen boy.'

"Sir Robert after their departure, having got hold of one of Lord Clinton's dogs, meant, Metham says, 'to use it with like courtesy as my lord has done his.' Lord Clinton then approached Poolham Hall, and a challenge passed through John Savile to fight six to six, 'which by good entreaty was stayed.'

"Savile says in his narrative that the followers of Lord Clinton were entertained at Horncastle the same day with a buck; and getting hold of an unfortunate tailor, some ten or twelve of them drew their swords and sore wounded him, saying he should 'have that and more, for his master's sake, Mr. Sheffield Savile.'

"The Lansdown MSS. give details of other violent proceedings of Lord Clinton towards the Saviles; how he overran the lands of Poolham with sixty men armed with guns, cross-bows and long-bows; how he ill-treated their servants sent to Tattershall on domestic errands, incited the neighbours to send challenges to them; how he tried to entice into his park the younger Saviles and laid ambushes for them; and various other proceedings which he would not for a moment have tolerated in any one else.

"It redounds, indeed, to the credit of the Saviles that Poolham was not made the scene of retaliation and bloodshed."

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For continuation, see Clinto

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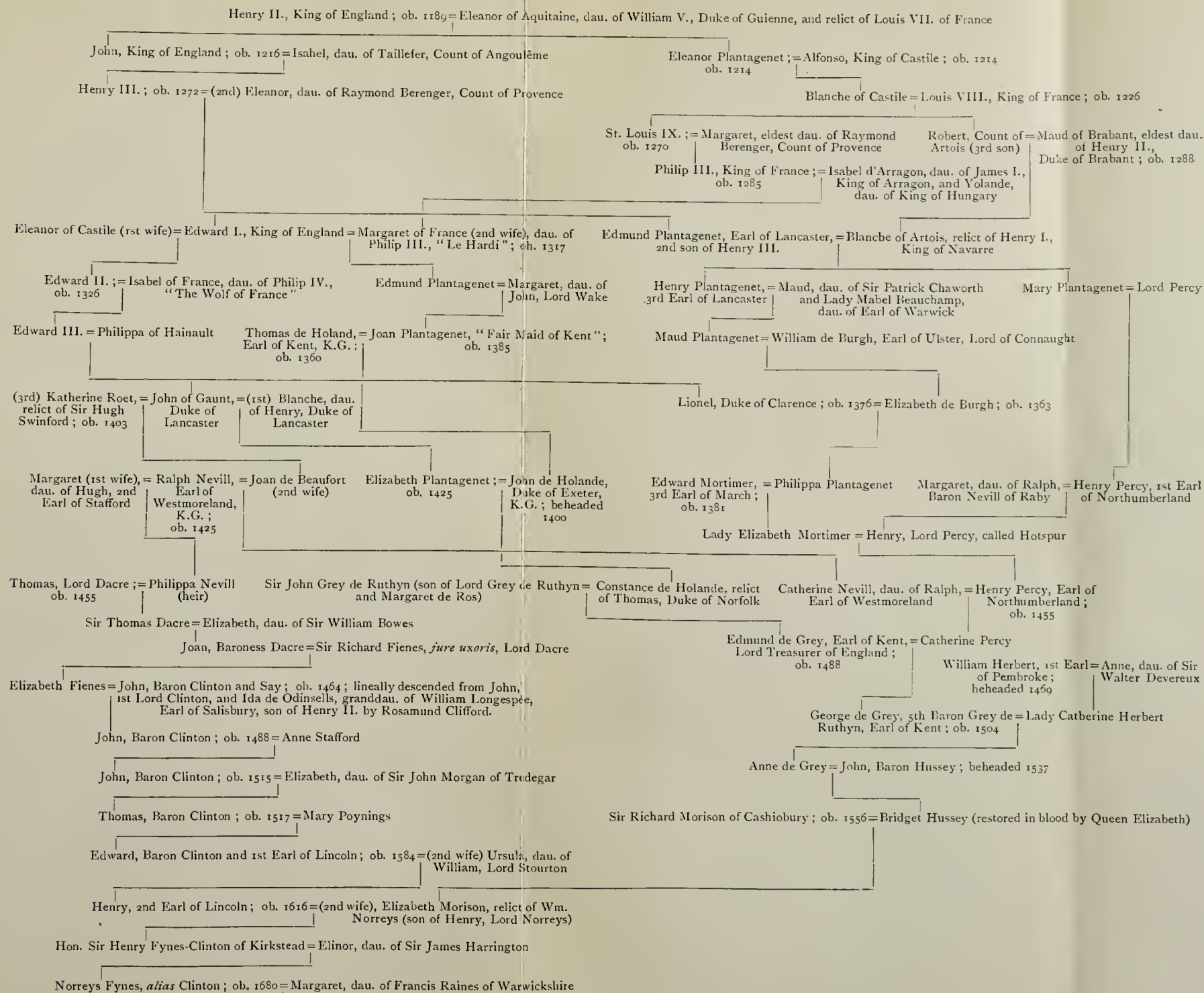
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DESCENT FROM HENRY II., KING OF ENGLAND, AND ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE



(For continuation, see Clinton pedigree.)



THOMAS HOLLES PELHAM, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE. HENRY CLINTON, EARL OF LINCOLN

From the mezzotint by J. Faber after the picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller

THE LATER EARLS OF LINCOLN

Thomas, the third Earl of Lincoln, eldest son of the second Earl and half-brother of Sir Henry Fynes, only lived three years after his father.

He was succeeded by his son Theophilus, twelfth Baron Clinton and Say and fourth Earl of Lincoln, who married Bridget, daughter of William Fienes, Viscount Say and Sele.

Edward his son predeceased him, having married Anne, daughter of John Holles, Earl of Clare. He left a son Edward, who became fifth Earl of Lincoln and thirteenth Baron Clinton and Say, but died without issue.

The Earldom of Lincoln then devolved upon his cousin, Sir Francis Fiennes Clinton, great-grandson of the second Earl of Lincoln, who became sixth Earl and from whom the Dukes of Newcastle descend, and also the branch of Clintons which produced so many famous generals.

The Barony fell into abeyance and eventually passed into the family of Trefusis, where it still remains.

Henry, the seventh Earl of Lincoln, K.G., who was made heir to the extensive estates of the Earl of Torrington, married Lucy, daughter of Thomas, Lord Pelham.

His eldest son George, the eighth Earl, died at the age of thirteen and was succeeded by his brother,

Henry, the ninth Earl, K.G., who became Duke of Newcastle as heir to his uncle, Thomas Pelham Holles, first Duke of Newcastle.

A grandson of the sixth Earl of Lincoln was Sir Henry Clinton, K.B., the general who fought in the American war and won the battle of Bunker's Hill in 1775, but who afterwards surrendered and was largely responsible for the independence of the American colonies. He died in 1795. His two sons were both generals; Sir William, G.C.B., G.C.H., was ancestor to the Clintons of Ashley Clinton, Lymington; Sir Henry, G.C.B., K.M.T., K.S.G., left no children. Interesting portraits of these generals belong to the Duke of Newcastle and hang at Clumber.

THE DUKES OF NEWCASTLE

Henry, the seventh Earl of Lincoln, married Lucy, daughter of the first Baron Pelham and sister of Thomas Pelham Holles, Earl of Clare and first Duke of Newcastle, who was Prime Minister for many years under George II. and George III. The niece of Thomas, first Duke of Newcastle, was Catherine, daughter of the Duke's brother, Henry Pelham, and she married her cousin, Henry Clinton, ninth Earl of Lincoln. On the death of the Duke in 1768 Henry Clinton inherited his title by special remainder, and "Earl of Lincoln" became second title.

The uncle and nephew were painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller in the famous series of Kitcat portraits, and it is the only one with two figures. The two noblemen are depicted seated in an apartment at Claremont, which was built by the Duke, and in the landscape appears the ancient "Wolsey's Tower," the last remnant of the great Cardinal's Palace of Esher. This was bought by Mr. Henry Pelham, the Duke's brother, who built himself a fantastic residence adjoining the tower.

The Duke and his nephew look highly satisfied with themselves and appear to be the best of friends; gorgeously dressed, they are shown seated at a table enjoying a bottle of something very cheering—perhaps to celebrate the amicable arrangement of the succession to the dukedom.

There are several autograph letters written by the first Duke of Newcastle to our kinsman, Job Staunton Charlton, M.P. for Newark, in the possession of Mr. George W. Staunton. These letters are signed "Holles Newcastle," and relate to the parliamentary elections of 1741 and 1747, and to the management of the Newcastle estates, on which Mr. Charlton is highly complimented, and particularly to the improvements which he suggests to be carried out at Clumber in 1757.

There is also a pamphlet written by the first Duke of Newcastle which would seem to be of a humorous character, as it is entitled "Memorial of the Negotiation between his High Mightiness of Clermont and his Sublime Excellency of Hayes."

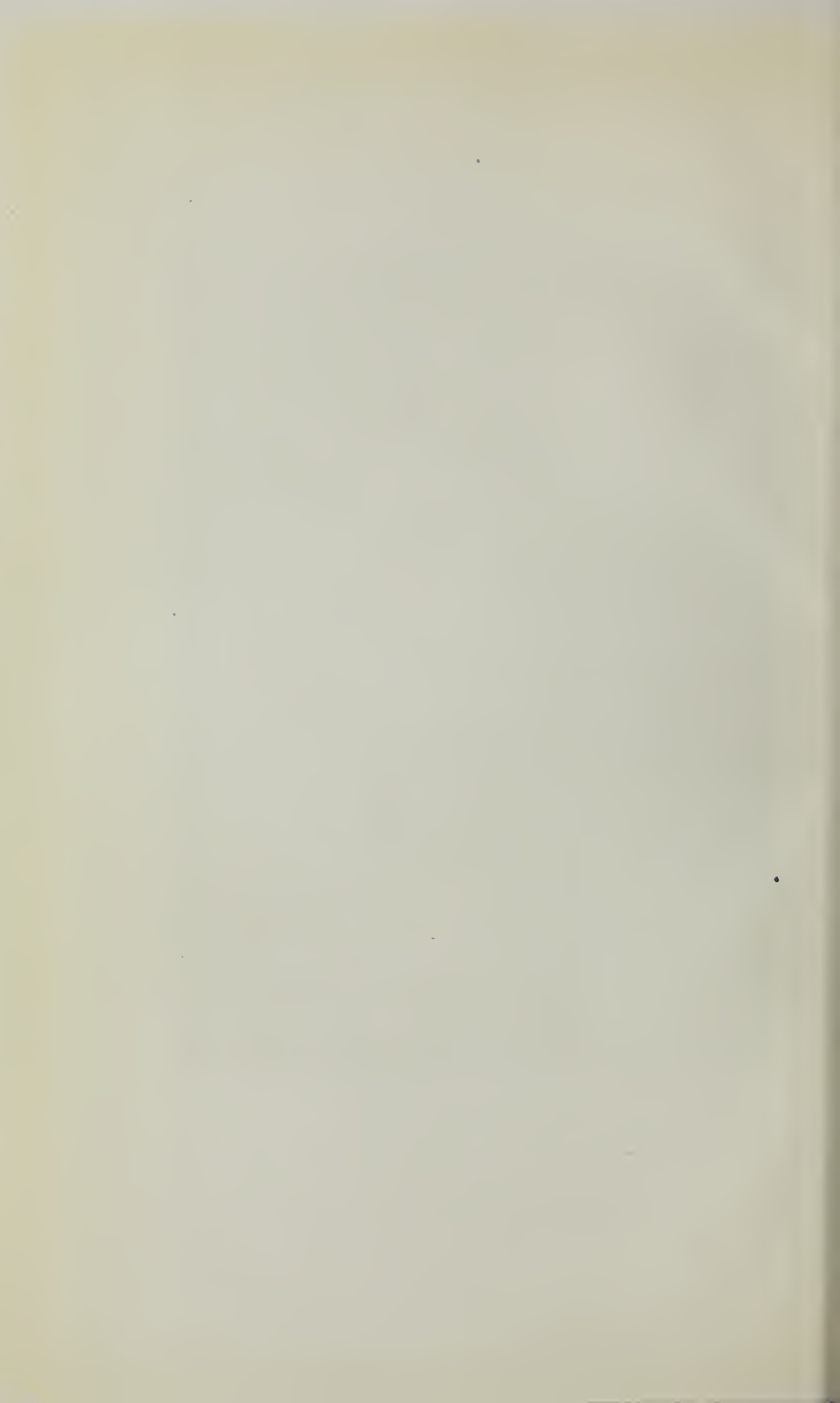
Henry Clinton, second Duke of Newcastle, appears again at a later date, less splendidly appavelled, in the picture "The Return from Shooting," surrounded by the famous Clumber spaniels (now no longer bred there), with a view of Clumber house and lake in the distance. The picture, which now hangs in the hall at Clumber, was painted by F. Wheatley, R.A., about ten years before the Duke's death in 1794.

His grand-daughter Catherine was painted by Sir Joshua



THE RETURN FROM SHOOTING

From the engraving by F. Bartolozzi after the picture by F. Wheatley, R.A.





“ FEEDING CHICKENS ”
LADY CATHERINE PELHAM CLINTON

Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds

Reynolds; the picture, which is one of the most famous of that artist's series of beautiful children, is called "Feeding Chickens." The little girl there depicted was the daughter of Henry, Earl of Lincoln, the eldest son of the Duke, who died sixteen years before his father, leaving that one child, Catherine; she was born in 1776, married Viscount Folkestone (Earl of Radnor) in 1800, and died in 1804.

Thomas, second son of Henry, Duke of Newcastle, succeeded his father as third Duke, but only lived for a year, and his son Henry, born in 1785, then became the fourth Duke. He enjoyed the title until 1851.

The fourth Duke of Newcastle was a man of large ideas, immense wealth and excellent taste. He married Miss Georgiana Elizabeth Mundy, a great heiress. His political opinions brought him into ill repute with the people of Nottingham, where the Castle was one of his principal seats, and the mob attacked the Castle and burnt it to the ground.

Clumber House was then embellished by all the resources of wealth and refinement, and is now one of the most beautiful places in England.

This is the Duke so constantly spoken of in the Journal of great-uncle Henry, who, as well as my grandfather in his younger days, was a frequent visitor at Clumber, while the Duke and Duchess sometimes spent a few days at Cromwell Rectory with my great-grandparents. The Duke seems to have been consulted on every point relating to the family, in which he took a kindly interest. It was by his advice that the name of "Clinton" was resumed by my great-grandfather and his descendants; he presented my grandfather to the family livings, and would have continued his help and interest if my grandfather had not differed so violently from him in religious views, refusing to associate or to allow his wife or children to hold any communication with the ducal family, in what seems to us now an ungracious and unnecessary manner. Great-uncle Henry, however, continued on good terms with his distinguished relative, who died within a year of himself.

It was once reported to the fourth Duke that some objectionable persons were going about calling themselves "Fiennes Clinton."

"What does your Grace propose to do about it?" asked his informer.

"Buy 'em up, buy 'em up," was his reply.

The fifth Duke married a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton.

The sixth Duke married Henrietta Adela, daughter and heiress of Mr. H. T. Hope of the Deepdene, a beautiful place close to Dorking, which was inherited by her second son, Lord

Francis Pelham Clinton, who assumed the additional surname of Hope, and who is heir-presumptive to his brother, the present Duke.

The mansion of Deepdene is now shorn of all the works of art which were collected by the Hope family, and has become an hotel, while the land is being disposed of for building purposes.

The seventh and present Duke (Henry Pelham Archibald Douglas Pelham Clinton) married Miss Kathleen Florence May Candy, but has no children. By his courtesy some of our family have visited Clumber and enjoyed a sight of the house and all the interesting and beautiful contents.

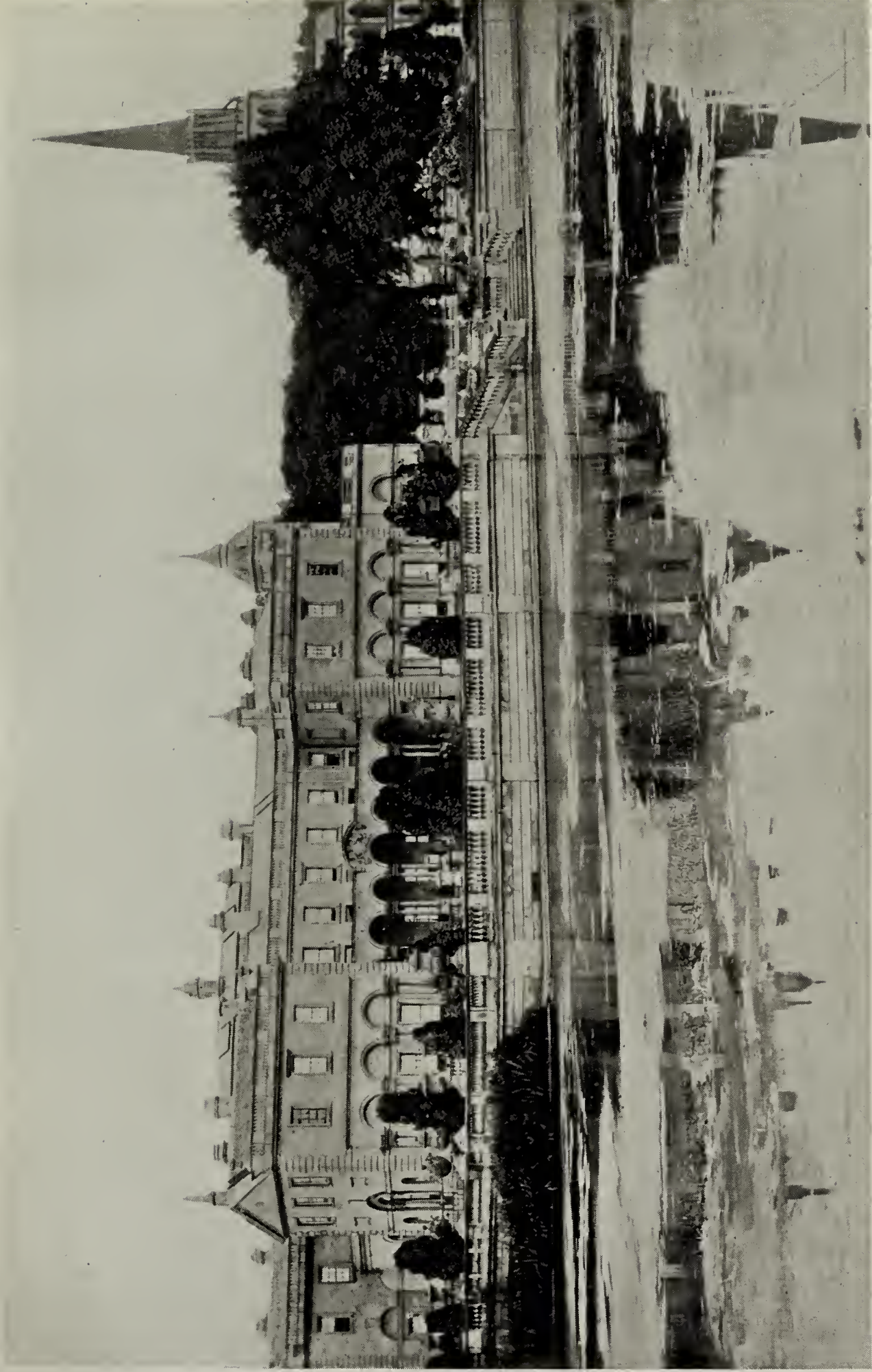
CLUMBER

The ancient forest of Sherwood covered a very large area of Nottinghamshire in the days of Robin Hood. An extensive part of the forest, which included Welbeck Abbey, belonged to the family of Cavendish, Dukes of Newcastle, and was finally divided between their descendants through the Holles family. Welbeck Abbey now belongs to the Duke of Portland, and another portion of the original estate is the property of the Duke of Newcastle and known as Clumber.

The whole valley is richly wooded and some of the old forest trees were famous for their bulk, one being celebrated as the Greendale oak, through which a coach and six was driven in 1727. Others of these magnificent trees were cut down to make the huge roof beams of St. Paul's Cathedral when it was rebuilt by Wren in 1695.

A long, winding ornamental lake lies along the valley and joins the two "Dukeries," and on its banks rises the almost fairy-like structure of Clumber House. It is built in the style of an Italian palace and can hold its own with any of them in the matter of splendid marble halls, corridors and staircases, besides priceless treasures of furniture, china and objects of art of various kinds. Though rich and lavish in its decorations, they have been carried out with such restrained taste that an effect approaching simplicity is produced which is pleasing and restful. The pictures are of great interest and include a good many portraits of our ancestor Edward, first Earl of Lincoln, besides others of the Clinton and Pelham families.

A very beautiful modern church is built close to the house, and there are endless walks by woodland and lake to be enjoyed



CLUMBER

By permission of Mr. Robert Sneath, photographer, Sheffield

when the more formal attractions of terraces and gardens are exhausted.

Visits to Clumber are often chronicled in great-uncle Henry's journal, and my grandfather was very constantly there in his youth. He was treated with much kindness and was on intimate terms with the Duke of his time. I can remember being told about the lake and the "velvet lawns" of Clumber.

Cousin Henry Fiennes-Clinton, late rector of Cromwell, was the present Duke's chaplain till his death.

PART II

SIR HENRY FYNES, *alias* CLINTON
AND FOUR GENERATIONS OF HIS DESCENDANTS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

Very faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several paragraphs and appears to be a formal document or letter.

SIR HENRY FYNES

THE eldest son of the second Earl of Lincoln and Elizabeth Morison was Sir Henry Fynes, *alias* Clinton. He was born in 1587 at Chenies in the house of his grandmother, the dowager Countess of Bedford (Bridget Hussey). He wrote a memoir which is both instructive and amusing; it was printed as a curiosity in 1772 in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and quoted at length in great-uncle Henry's *Memoirs of the Clinton Family*; it will be found at the end of this article.

His life seems to have been largely spent in litigation with various people and in quarrels with his tyrannical father and his brother Thomas (afterwards third Earl of Lincoln). He entered the service of King James I. and was a favourite with the monarch, who treated him with much kindness and wrote two letters to his father, one admonishing him for objecting to Sir Henry's marriage at the age of nineteen with a "Vertuous gentilwoman of an honorable house and family which we well esteeme" (the lady was Elinor, daughter of Sir James Harington and first cousin of Sir Philip Sidney), and the other upbraiding him for withholding some of Sir Henry's inheritance.

According to his own account, he lived "in great love and comferte" with his wife (after one quarrel and reconciliation) until her unfortunate and untimely death at Kirkstead in 1624; a year after which, he injudiciously married a second time—as he puts it, "to my utter ruin and confusion." Thinking to save his pocket, he cunningly made choice of a person in a less exalted position in society, the daughter of a lawyer, Henry Hickman, LL.D., believing she would be humbly grateful to him for raising her to his rank, and moderate in her ideas of expenditure. This, however, was not the case, and "she proved so jealous, so malincholy, so angry, peevish and capsius, so proud and conseated, and so full of divilish and un-reformable humors——" (here the manuscript abruptly ends). Presumably the lady herself entered the room at this point and interrupted the recital of her charms.

From this second marriage of Sir Henry's descended the branch of the Fynes, still extant in Lincolnshire, of the rank of superior yeomen. Some account of this junior branch is given by the late Mr. Conway Walter and quoted below. Several of them are buried in St. Leonard's Chapel at Kirkstead and in the churchyard adjoining.

The house of White Hall, alluded to in the same extracts, was the residence of our own branch, the descendants of Sir Henry Fynes by his first marriage with Elinor Harington.

Mr. Walter writes as follows :

“ I mentioned in a previous chapter the very bad condition of the roads about here ; and there is a still lingering tradition that the last of the Fynes residing at White Hall used to drive about in a waggon drawn by bullocks. This estate, with some other land, of which the writer has been ‘ shooting tenant ’ for more than a score of years, is still in the hands of the ‘ Fiennes Clinton Trustees ’ : but there are Fynes, still in the flesh, living in our midst at Woodhall who, though treading a humbler walk in life, are not altogether unworthy of their high ancestry.

“ (It is a coincidence which seems to merit a note, that on the very day on which these lines were penned, it was the writer's duty to unite in the bonds of wedlock a young woman whose mother's maiden name was Fynes, to her cousin Charles Fynes : their common grandfather, Charles Pelham Fynes, a fine sample of the old English yeoman, having been, as well as two of his sons, the tenant of land held under the writer, and under his father before him, during many years.)

“ It has already been stated that after the dissolution the Abbey lands (Kirkstead) were granted by Henry VIII. to Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk, and that on the death of his issue the King granted them to the Fiennes Clinton family, in the person of Lord Clinton and Saye, afterwards Earl of Lincoln. In this family they remained for several generations until by marriage they passed to the Disneys. In the time of the unhappy King Charles I., families were often divided, one party remaining true to the sovereign and a relative espousing the cause of the commonwealth.

“ But Henry Clinton, *alias* Fynes, remained staunch to his king, providing horse and arms for the Royalist cause. This, no doubt, brought him not a few enemies ; and in consequence he had the great compliment paid him of being granted a deed of ‘ Protection ’ by his grateful sovereign. We cannot give the whole here, but it is entitled ‘ Protection of Mr. Henry Fynes & his Wyfe,’ ‘ Endorsed by Major Markham of ye Lyfe guards,’ and is headed

“ Charles R . . . whereas Wee are informed that Henry Fynes of Christed Abbey . . . and his wyfe are and have been, in all these rebellious times, persons very loyall and well affected to us and to our service, wee are graciously pleased to grant them this our speciall Protection, etc., etc. . . . given at our court at Oxford ye 7th day of February 1643.”

“ A facsimile copy of the original is given in *Linc. Notes and Queries*, vol. 1 (1889), p. 22.

“ To any of his kith and kin who may still be living among us, and they are not few, it may be a pleasure and a pride to reflect that their ancestor of ‘ Christed ’ shewed himself a true man in times when it needed some courage to do so. None of them could have a better motto to abide by in all things, than that of the head of the house,

“ LOYAULTÉ N’A HONTE—Loyalty is not ashamed.”

THE FAMILY OF FYNES, *alias* CLINTON

Sir Henry Fynes had three sons and two daughters by his first wife, Elinor Harrington. His eldest son was Henry, who left only daughters; his second son was Norreys, the royalist who was so nearly hanged for his loyalty by the Roundheads and from whom we descend. His third son was called Harrington, and the following story relates to him and to some old superstition :

“ There is a tradition that Sir Henry Fynes, his father (the son of Henry, second Earl of Lincoln), being out hawking, killed a blackbird with a half-moon on his breast; upon which he said, ‘ Pray God Harrington be well ! ’ By calculation it proved that at the same hour of the same day Harrington was killed. He was basely slain by a pikeman in an orchard, where he had fought with an officer, whom he had either killed or wounded.”

Sir Henry Fynes spent his latter years in his house at Kirkstead, corrupted into Cristed. This manor was settled on him with other property by his father, the second Earl of Lincoln, and was left by him to his second family, the children of . . . Hickman. The grandson of Sir Henry by his second wife was the Henry Fynes who distinguished himself as a Royalist and was granted a special “ protection ” for himself and his wife (see above). He is buried in the Chapel of St. Leonard at Kirkstead. This branch of the family apparently took their

place as country gentlemen for several generations, but afterwards declined until they only ranked as yeomen.

Sir Henry's estate of White Hall, in the neighbouring parish of Martin, was settled on the elder branch of his family, and became the dwelling-place of our ancestors until it fell into a state of disrepair and was pulled down. The estate, however, still belongs to the senior member of our family.

MEMOIRS OF THE HONORABLE SIR HENRY FYNES
alias CLINTON, Knight,

Eldest son of Henry, the second Earl of Lincoln, by his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Morison, Knight, and widow of Lord Norreys.

Written by himself.

Born 1587.

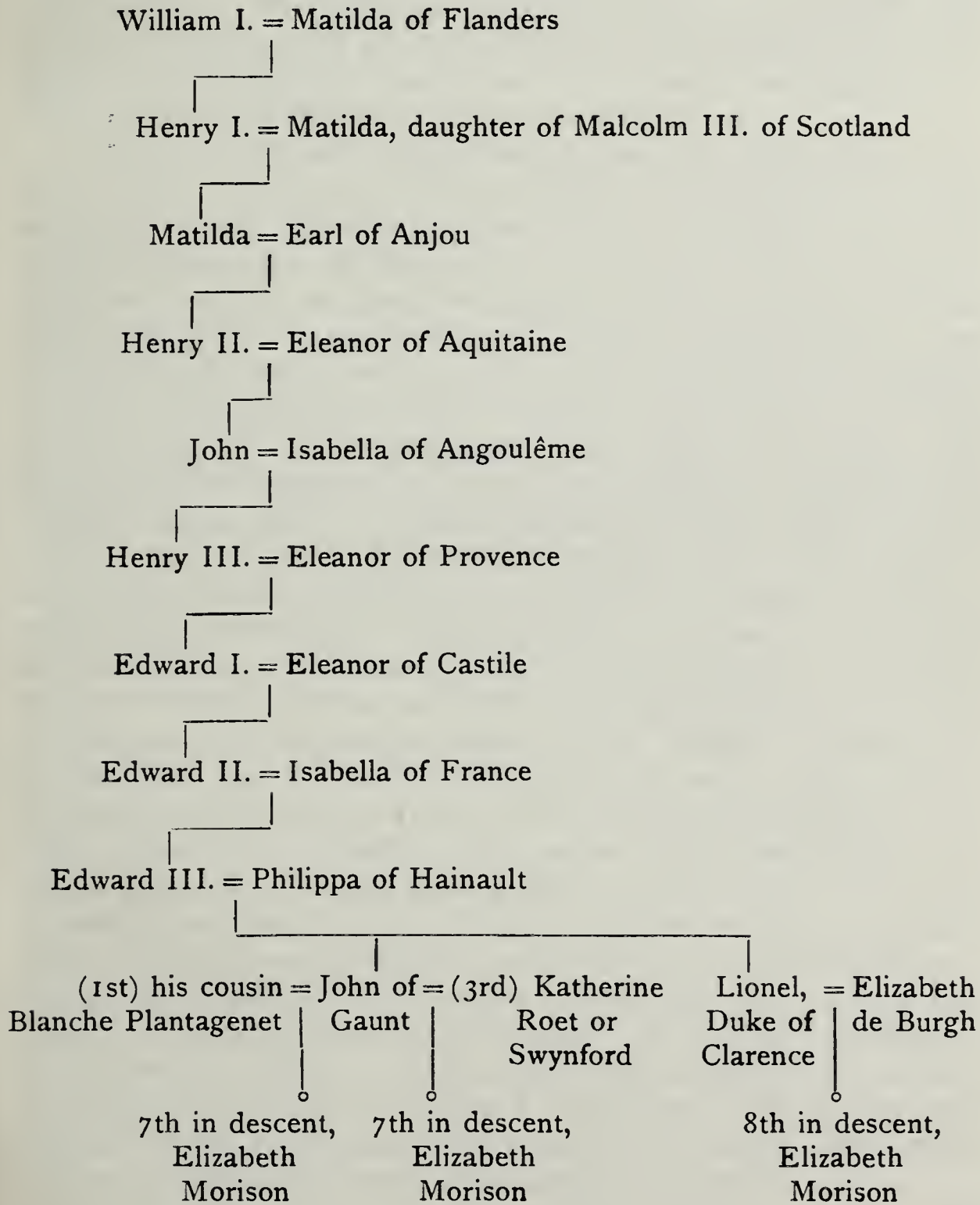
Died 1641.

“ I was borne at Chenis in Com: Buckingham, on Satarday, the last of Septembar, 1587, between the houars of nine and tenn in the morning, as appears undar my mothar's oune hand-writing. George, Earl of Comberland, one of my godfathars, putt me to serve King James, at his coming out of Scotland, whom I served ever after, and I received many good favours from him.

“ I was married the Thursday sennit afore Christmas, in the year 1606, when the last great frost began, to Elinor Harrington, daughter to Sir James Harrington, to which marriage my father's consent being sought, as he would not directly give his consent, so he did not openly gaynsaye it; yet afterwards when it was paste, he, being moved for sum mayntence for me, he made a shew of very great displeasure he had conseaved against me, only to save his purs, and denied to see me. Whereupon my gracious master, His Majesty, writt to my lord my father this letter, some four months after my marriage :

“ Right trusty and well-beloved cossin, we greet you well.— Whereas our servant Henry Fynes, your sonne (as we are informed), hath married the daughter of Sir James Harrington, Knight, with which match you are not pleased, as you have cause to be offended if the same wear had without your consente; yet, the same being paste, and the partye a vertuous gentilwoman, and of an honorable

DESCENT FROM WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR AND MATILDA OF FLANDERS



house and family, which we well esteeme, lett our requeste prevayle thus fare, that you will pass by this offence, and receive again our servant He: Fynes, your sonne, into your favor. And in this you shall do a naturalle part, and give your sonne cause to serve us more cheerfully ; which, if you yeald him, at our requeste, we shall take it acceptably, as both you and he shall perceive. Given under our signett at Westminster, 13th February, 1607.

“ Upon which lettar his lordship, my father, received me into his favor ; and immediately after he made a bargayne with me, and took £500 of my wife’s portion, for which he gave me some lande in presente and some in reversion, as appeares by the date made presently after my marriage.

“ Also my wife and myselfe layed oute and spent, in buying of a cotch and horses, and some plate and apparell, and our charges living in London the first quarter of a yeare after I was married £600 more of her portion ; so that then I came down into Lincolnshire, and had but £400 left of her portion, the hole being but £1500 ; and had not in all the world £100 a year coming in any waye, only £40 a yeare annuity of my mother, and £20 a yeare of my Lord Norreys, my brother ; and had not on foute of land in possession but a lease of a house, with the garden and orchard, in Lincoln, that I held of the Dean and Chapter there, which I bought myself, in which house I lived about five years, in which tyme I employed that little mony I had in buying sum small leases and lands, and gayned much by exchanging and selling of them agayne ; so that I lived there in good fashion and kepte four or five men, besides a huntsboye and my wife hir woman and other mayeds fitting for her ; four or five good hunting and coursing horses, besides hackenies for the hiewaye, and a kennill of fleet houndes, and a caste or towe of haukes and spaniles to them, and served His Majesty in my place in the privye chamber on quarter of the yeare dulye ; in which time also I bought oute a lease on W. Conny had, of the parsonage of Yaxly, in the County of Huntingdon, to which place I went from Lincolne, and found it so commodious a thinge, as I having newly bought a house and land, worth £50 yearly, of Mr. Edward King, Esquiar, called the Tile House, lately George Lathams, Gentilman, being the only freehold that was held by any man in Christed (Kirkstead), besides the hole mannar which my fathar held during his life, the remaynder whereof after his decease he had assigned to me.

“ Then lived I at Yaxly four years and bettar, even untill the time that my fathar died, and kept the same company of men, horses, haukes and doges as at Lincoln ; also then had I a greater charge grew upon me by sutés in lawe ; one sute that I was forced to have with my fathar, or else I should have lost

the most part of my inheritance ; and other sutes with the townsmen of Yaxley for thayr tiths, in all which sutes I prevailed.

“ Also His Majesty, as I was exceedingly bound to him for many favours, so he writt this lettar unto my farthar, when he was fallen out with me without only for getting a decree agaynst him for land, of which he had got the conveyance from my mother :

“ JAMES REX,

“ Right trusty and well-beloved Cosen,—It seems strange to us to be forced to write to a farthar for a sonne, but when parents will breake the bondes of nature, and leave that care of thars that they ought to have, we, that are common parents to all must put those affections upon us, which shall serve to discharge us in our places, and teach them the duty of thayrs. Your sonne and my servant, Sir Henry Fynes, as I am given credibly to understand, receives dalye hard measure from you both, in that you keep from him a great parte of his present mayntenance, and also make spoyle of such woods as he, with his owne money, hath purchased from others, and detain such evidences from him of land given to his mother for a joyntar, and after to himselfe in reversion ; and, as if all this ware not enofe, you wage lawe with him, as if he wear not your sonne, but sum adversary to be utterly undone by you. We are so sensible of the duty of a child to a farthar, as we would not give any respecte to an undutiful childe against his natural farthar ; but since your sonne hath given you no just cause of offence, lett me tell you, if you will forgett you are his fathar, I will remember that I am his mastar, and will neather see nor suffer you unjustly to oppress him ; and do therefore charge you ethar to shewe me just cause why you thus deale with him, or else commande you to righte him in these and such like wrongs as ar made known to us ; which if you shall not doe, we will take that corse that in our regale justis we think fit.

“ And so we committ you to God.

“ My dear and good mother died at Tattershall on Whiston Monday, in the yeare 1611, before I went from Lincoln to Yaxley. My fathar died at Sempringham, of Michaelmas daye, in the yeare 1615, upon which daye before my fathar was dead, Thomas, then to be Earle of Lincoln, my halfe brother, sent on Millington, a servant of his, poste, towards London, to sease of, and take possession of, the houses and goodes at Channonroe and Chelsy ; but I being at Yaxly, near the poste town called Stilton, wher he was to pas, and mistrusting my fathar might die, hearing that he was very like and I not hear of his death, did lay way at the post-house, and word coming to me of Millington his passing by, I touke a hunting horse oute of my stable twoe hours after he was passed bye, and was at Chan-



ST. LEONARD'S CHAPEL, KIRKSTEAD

nonroe that night before him, when I touke possession of all the houses and what was ther, and held it ever after.

“ At my first coming up to Channonroe I was immediately sent for to his Magisty, by means of the Lord of Suffolke, the Lord Treasurer, and the Lord of Somerset the favoritt, then Lord Chamberlain, both which wear my brother Thomas, then Earle of Lincoln’s great frends, and then wear in their full power, but shortly after fell about Overburrie, his being poysoned and other things ; but his Magisty used me very graciously, only save my assurances of the sayd houses, and, contrary to all their expectations, commanded me to go backe to my sayd houses in Channonroe, and louke to my possession of them.

“ As before I was married, so after, I did my lord my fathar many servesses about his Magisty, he having divers sutes agaynst Sir Edward Dymoke and Sir Henry Ascough, then his great enemies ; and on time, at his lordship’s command, did leave a sute worth £4000, and begged a lease which his Magisty had of Horncastle, only to cross Sir Henry Dimoke ; which lease being made to Queen Elizabeth twenty years before by the Bishop of Carlisle, and not inrolled, I was forced to procure his Magisty to write six or seven times to on or other before I could gett inrolled. Aftar it being inrolled, his Magisty passed an assignment of it to me ; I had large promises of my fathar for this, but gott nothing of him ; and the leases being inrolled so long after the date is proved worth nothing also.

“ Now, to goe on, my brother Thomas, Earle of Lincoln, gave himself holy to trobles and sutes, and brought me and my hole estate in question. First he began to complane at the Counsell table, where divers and sundry times by pursuivantes and commands I was brought. When he could not there worke his wicked purposes, he sued me in all the cortes in England, and by making clame of all my land, hindered me so as I could make no commodity of any thing nor lett nor sell any of it ; also he gott all the desperate fellows he could hear of, and caused them to walk fifteen and sixteen in a company, and to make divers and sundry assaults upon me and my servants. Sometimes he came himselfe with them, but always when he had three to on odds. On time I toake his houndes in the feld from him, another time his sword, but at his earnest desire gave him agayne.

“ He so juggled with the justisses, as he had most of them about Tatsall and Cristed to doe what he would command ; and caused divers of my tenants and servants to be indited at sessionesses ; but I thank my God I ovarthrew him in all trials, and had the bettar of him bothe in corte and cuntry, yet had he like to have had a greate advantage of me in the corte of

Wardes, the Lord Knowles, his kinsman, being master of that corte, but that, upon my complaynt, his Magisty called the Lord Knowles and all the corte before him ; aftar which I had fayre proceedings ther also.

“ When he had thus tried all the corses that could be, he sodenly died presently aftar Christmas, in the yeare 1619.

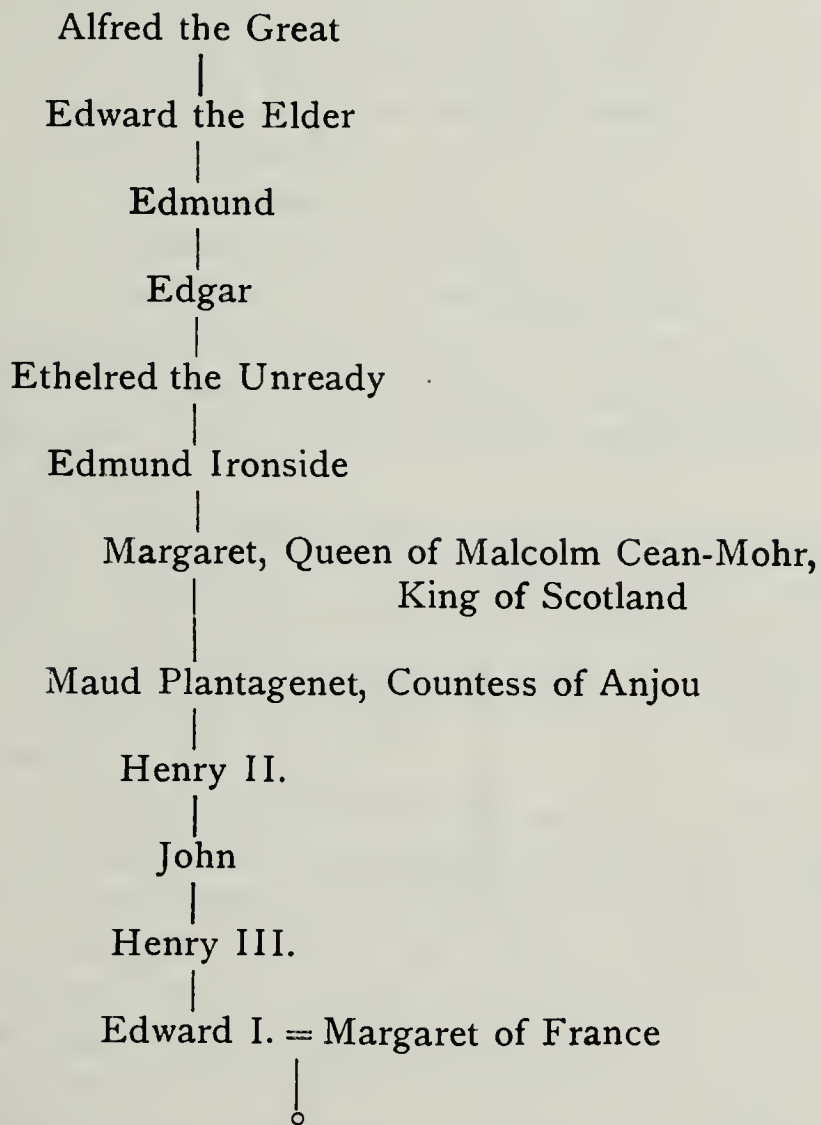
“ The next day aftar the Countis sent for me, and I went to her the day following, with home I was kindly entertayned, and agreed to have peace. The summer following I propounded to the Countis and yonge Earle a fayre corse for the division betwixt our towe lordships of Cristed and Tattsall, which was the chefe cause of difference, and occasion of greatest mischefe, and the hardest thing to be decided betwixt us, it being the dividing of a parke, and the abbye books of Cristed being concealed in thar hands, which was that my lord and her ladyship should sett and mayntayne a partision pale in an indifferent place as we should agree of, ther to be the partision parpetually between us, and what grounds or woods proved to belong to me of his side, the pale he was to bye of me ; and I was to do the like ; and four indifferent gentlemen wear chosen to sett the pienes. All which was agreed betwixt us under our hands and seals.

“ And the Countis and the yonge Earle did accordingly sett a partision pale as it was agreed of betwixt us.

“ Upon all my monies being spente, and my plate gone utterly from me, my wife, after she hath forced my stay in London, both from my profit and pleasure, all the somer, comes home to my house in Channonroe the beginning of August, wher to my great hinderance I was forced to borrow money to mayntayne her till my rentes came in at Michilmas time. Also in these my troubles with my wife, I was forced to give to my Lord of Houldarnes my gray running horse, called Whitmayne, for a gratuity for which I might have had £100, only to continue his favour towards me, and to interced for me to his Magisty, which if I had not done, it had been far worse for me and mine, for ethar A must have been disgraced or have gone beyond see, for which I had provided a licence from the Lords of the Privy Councill.

“ Aftar I found all my kindness, both in lettars and messages, would not prevayle to make my wife leave Lenton’s company in my absence, but by the reverent and grasius George Abbott, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, I was persuaded to staye and receive my wife agayne ; aftar which she, seeing the errors that she had been drawn into, grew to hatred of all them that caused her going away from me, or had any hand in it, and was ever aftar till her death as good a wife as could be in the world ;

DESCENT FROM THE SAXON KINGS



Thence through Lady Joan Plantagenet, Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet,
Lady Constance Holand (Grey de Ruthyn), tenth in descent

Elizabeth Morison

which shewed it was only the evil counsell of that limb of the divill Lenton and his wicked frendes, the Lady Molinex, Askeu's wife, and the rest that caused her to doe all she did ; which she so repented as she thought worse of herselfe ever aftar while she lived, and could never abide to hear of any of them aftar ; and we lived in great love and comferte on of another at my house called Comrer, in County Berks, till I was sensured in the Star Chamber, which was the 9th of Maye, in the 21st year of King James, at which time aftar I was sensured I came soddenly doune from London thithar to hir, and so carried hir of a sodden into Lincolnshire and all my household, only toue or three who I left to keep Possetion ther, who wear shortly aftar putt oute, and the possetion of Comrer taken from me, without any legall trial, by Cranfield Lord Treasurer, and Sir Walter Pie, Master and Attorney of the Corte of Wardes, who wear both the most corrupted judges that ever lived.

“ Then lived my wife and I together all the sumar following at my house at Christed in great pleasure and sportes in hunting etc, and she was to me the lovingest, most comfortable and best wife in the world.

“ Now, she being with childe, was delivered and brought to bedd after Christmas ; and taking some could, as we thought, in her child-bed, both she and her childe died, being a fortnight after she was brought to bedd. I thinking she had been past danger, and she being of the same opinion, I went towards London on Monday.

“ Now, she being dead, I lived almost a yeare, and prospered well in all my affairs, and kept myself unmarried ; and if I had so continued it had been happye for me and all my children.

“ But it pleased God for my sins and offences to putt thoughts into my head of marriage, which turned out my utter ruin and confusion ; for I fell into an opinion not to marry any rich woman, nor any widdoe, and flattered myself with such worldly reasons as I thought were wisdom for choyse of a wife, which wear these—namely, I imagined great women or rich women would louke for great joyntars oute of my estate, and so hurt my children, and would ask great charge to be mayntayned, and their great frendes would overswaye me, and brag of them and their estates, and value of their frendes, and so contemne me and not respect me ; and I thought a meaner woman would be the contrary, and be behoulden to me for raising of her, and so I should live more contentedly in my cottarage ; but I find the wisdom of men's folly with God, therefore I do advise my sonne to be wise in his marriage as concerning worldly mattars, as ritches and his liking be, but for contentment and the disposition of humors, leave those and

all things else that may happen to God, who knowes and guides all ; only pray for those happinesses, and avoyde sinnes ; and pray also that God may heare and give the blessing, and mony as ritche as he can ; for a ritche woman and a great woman I find by suer experience will aske as little to be mayntayned, and give as much contentment, if she be religious and good, as the poorest and meanest, for the ould proverb is true—' Sett a beggar on horsebacke and thay will ride.'

"Howsoever, riches will be comforts, when other things are amis, and save on from many mischiefs. Well, I . . . after my worldly reasons, and married the daughter of Henry Hickman, doctor of the sevell law, finding her at Gainsborroe, at her uncle's, Sir William Hickman's, and brougte myselfe by hir to a worlde of afflictions ; for she proved so jealous, so malincholy, so angry, peevish and capsius, so proud and con-seated, and so full of divilish and unreformable humors . . ." (Here the manuscript abruptly ends.)

He elsewhere says, " I have a decree exemplied which I had agaynste my fathar, who, fauling out with me without cause, and had taken awaye an evidence from my mothar that con-serned her joyntar and my inheritance, and could not be gotten to restore it agayne unto us by no good means or frends that I could make, an being in despair of recovering his favor, I, making the King my master acquainted with it, he commanded to prefer my bill agaynst my fathar and brother Thomas, Lord Clinton ; and I so doing recovered this decree."

This Memoir of Sir Henry Fynes, written by himself, was contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1772 (probably by my great-grandfather), and will be found in vol. xlii. pp. 87, 161-164.

NORREYS FYNES (the Royalist)

Norreys, son of Sir Henry Fynes and his wife Elinor Harington, was a famous Royalist. The family (my generation being seventh in descent from Norreys) had a narrow escape for its existence in a strange incident which befell him.

"Norreys was in the service of Charles I. during all his wars, in which he received several wounds. He was taken prisoner at Northampton by the Parliamentarians and condemned to be hanged as a spy. But Prince Rupert, having taken one Mr. Wright of Uxbridge, obtained an exchange ; and the trumpeter came just in time, the rope being about the neck of Norreys



SARAH
DAUGHTER OF NORREYS FYNES THE ROYALIST



HENRIETTA MARIA
DAUGHTER OF NORREYS FYNES THE ROYALIST

Fynes and he at the gibbet in the market-place, and the 13th psalm singing ; which concluded, he was to be hanged. The Prince sent sixty marks to bear his charges to Uxbridge, and if dead to bury him."

The 13th Psalm is a very short one—the 119th would have given him a better chance !

All his children were born subsequent to this event. He had a large family by his wife Margaret Raines, among whom were his son and heir Norreys, a daughter Sarah, who died at eighteen, and a daughter Henrietta Maria, who died at twenty-six ; their portraits are preserved to us.

He owned the property in Lincolnshire, part of that granted to the first Earl of Lincoln by Edward VI., which still belongs to his descendants, but he seems to have lived chiefly on his property at Wing, where his wife and several of his children are buried.

He was born at Yaxley in 1615, and died in 1693, aged seventy-eight.

EPITAPH OF MARGARET RAINES, WIFE OF NORREYS FYNES
THE ROYALIST, IN WING CHURCH

Here lyes ye body of Mrs. Margaret Fynes Widdow of Norreys Fynes ye son of Sir Henry Clinton commonly called Fynes which Sir Henry was son of Henry Earle of Lyncoln by his second wife who was mother of Francis Lord Norreys Earl of Berks. She had by her second husband six sons and five daughters namely Norreys, Henry, Charles, Henry, Edward and James, Bridget, Sarah, Bridget, Catherine and Henrietta Maria. All her daughters dyed unmarried in her life time two of them Sarah and Henrietta Maria lying buried near her and two only of her sons namely Norreys and Charles survived her. She departed this life on ye 19th day of June the 72nd year of her age and in the year of our Lord 1707.

On a lozenge-shaped brass is engraved :

Here lyes ye Body of Margaret Fines whose monument is set up at ye charge of ye Rt Honble ye Countess of Carnarvon, on ye pillow neare this place her daughter Sarah lyes next ye wall, on ye north side her daughter Henrietta Maria between her and Sarah and her son Charles between ye two pillows in ye walk from ye north end.

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SARAH FYNES

Sarah, daughter of Norreys Fynes (the Royalist) and Margaret Raines, was born in 1668, and died unmarried in 1686. She is buried at Wing, where all that is known of her short life is told on a marble tablet beneath the Clinton arms and crest.

Here lies the body of Sarah a daughter of Norreys Fynes Esq. son of the Honble Sir Henry Fynes of Kirkstead in the county of Lyncolne which Sir Henry Fynes was son of Henry Earle of Lyncoln and brother by his mother to Francis Lord Norreys of Rycott and Earle of Berks. She departed this life the 9th day of May in the eighteenth year of her age and in the year of our Lord 1686.

A note in the register of burials records that she was buried in linnen instead of wool, as required by law, and her father was fined £5.

HENRIETTA MARIA FYNES

Henrietta Maria, daughter of Norreys Fynes (the Royalist) and Margaret Raines, was born in 1677, and died unmarried in 1703. She, like her young sister, is buried at Wing.

H. M. F.

Here lies the body of Mrs. Henrietta Maria Fynes daughter of Norreys Fynes Esq. (by Margaret his third wife) and granddaughter of Sir Henry Clinton commonly called Fynes which Sir Henry was son of Henry Earle of Lyncolne and brother by his mother to Francis Lord Norreys Earle of Berks. She dyd on the 5th June 1703 in the 26th year of her age being much lamented by all who knew her but especially by her mother to whom she was most dutifull.

NORREYS FYNES (the Non-Juror)

Norreys Fynes, son of Norreys Fynes, the Royalist, and Margaret Raines, was born in 1660 and died in 1736. His kind, wise, humorous face looks curiously familiar to us of the present generation, which has produced several distinct "throw-backs" to his type. He was a man of high character and ability and a "non-juror," or one who remained faithful to the House of Stuart and refused to take the oath to the reigning



NORREYS FYNES



KIRKSTEAD ABBEY



ROUGHTON CHURCH

sovereigns of his time, thus debarring himself from any public office—the very antithesis of the “Vicar of Bray.” He married Elizabeth, Mrs. Kendal.

He lived chiefly on the family property in Lincolnshire, in the old Manor House of White Hall, now completely vanished; and is buried in the chancel of Roughton Church beside his wife (Elizabeth Kendal) and several of his children and grandchildren. A white marble tablet on the chancel wall commemorates him and his eldest son Charles, who predeceased him; engraved in remarkably beautiful characters and surmounted by the Clinton arms and crest, it reads as follows:

Here lies the body of Norreys Fynes, Esq., Grandson to Sir Henry Clinton, commonly called Fynes, eldest son of Henry, Earl of Lincoln by his second wife, daughter of Sir Richard Morrison, and Mother of Francis, Lord Norreys, afterwards Earl of Berkshire. He had by his much-beloved and only wife Elizabeth, who lies by him, twelve children, of which Four sons and two daughters were living at his decease, which happened on the tenth of January 1735-6 in the 75th year of his age.

From the Revolution he always lived a non-juror, which rendered him incapable of any other public Employment (tho' by his great ability and Known Courage equal to the most Difficult and Dangerous) than that of being Steward to two great Familys, wherein he distinguish'd himself during his service of 40 year a most Faithful and Prudent manager, of a most Virtuous and Religious Life.

His paternal estate he left without any addition to his son Kendal his next heir. His eldest son Charles was buried here the 26th of August 1722, aged 36 years, whose pleasant Disposition adorned by many virtues which he acquired by his studies in Oxford made his death much lamented by all his acquaintance.

Norreys evidently spent much of his life at Wing in Buckinghamshire, as his mother, his two sisters and three of his children are buried there, and many of their baptisms appear in the parish register. It is practically certain that he was steward of the estates of the Dormer family, Earls of Carnarvon, whose seat, Ascot, was close to Wing, and with whom there were several family connections. The other of the “two great familys” to whom he acted as steward for so many years was probably that of his kinsmen the Earls of Abingdon, descendants of Francis Lord Norreys of Rycote, Earl of Berkshire, half-brother of Sir Henry Fynes.

It is interesting to note that Norreys was born in the year of the Restoration and was a small boy at the time of the Plague and the Fire of London. He lived under six monarchs, but remained consistently faithful to the Stuart dynasty.

There is in existence and in the possession of his descend-

ants a pair of early Georgian silver candlesticks, dated 1717 and engraved with the Clinton arms, which are known as "the Pretender's candlesticks," and are said to have illuminated the table at which the Pretender was entertained by one of our ancestors. Tradition is rather vague as to which ancestor and which Pretender, but the probability is that the "old" Pretender, son of James II., was the guest of his steadfast supporter, Norreys Fynes.

The portraits of Norreys and his children, forming part of the remarkable series here reproduced, were painted by his son-in-law, Thomas Hudson, and it may be noticed that while his sons are all arrayed in the wigs fashionable at the period, Norreys himself wears his own grey locks streaming from beneath a velvet skull-cap.

The arms of the Kendal family are : Party per fesse or and gules.

REV. JAMES FYNES, D.D.

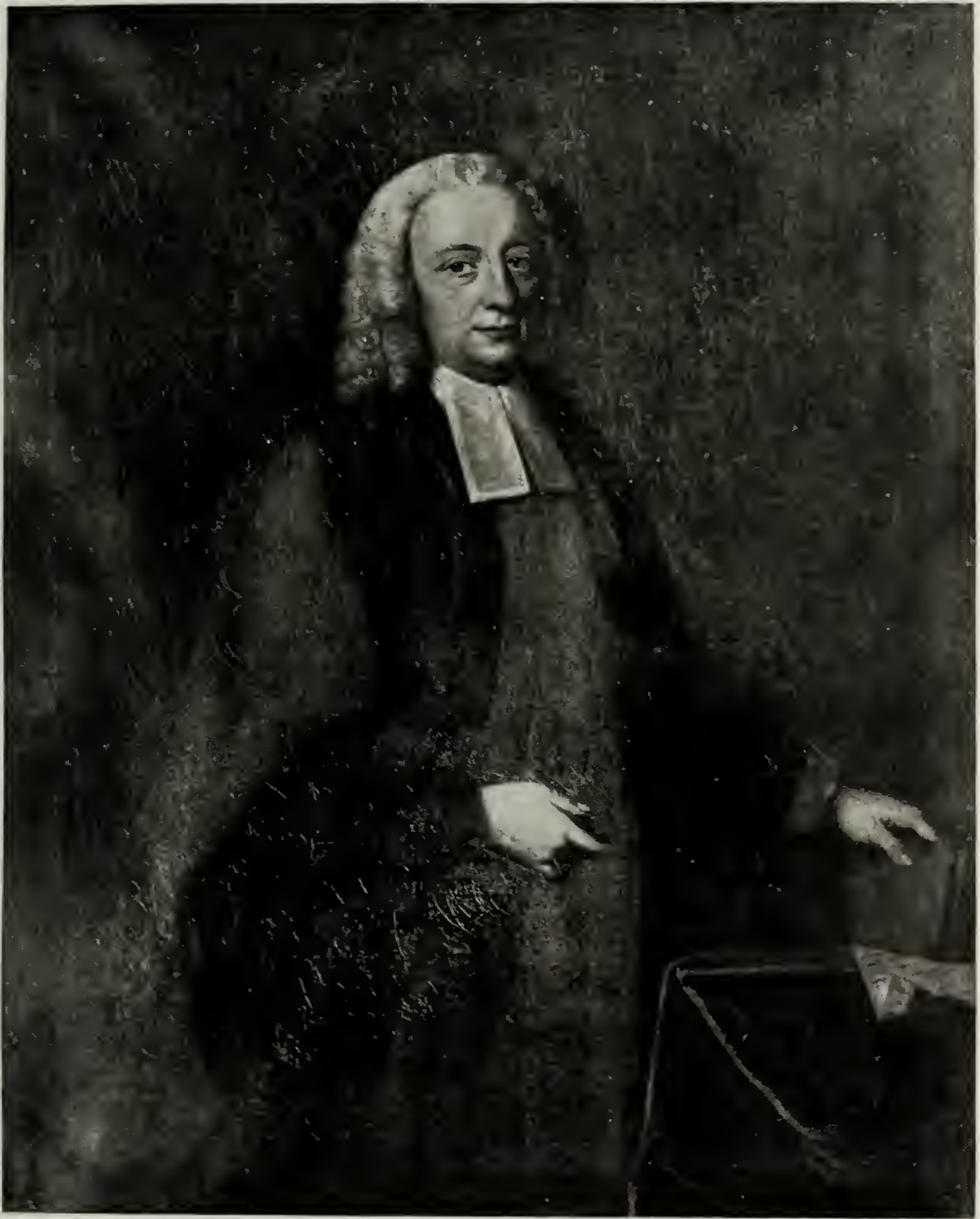
The Rev. James Fynes was the third son of Norreys Fynes (the non-juror) and Elizabeth Kendal ; he was born in 1695, and educated at Charterhouse, afterwards becoming a Fellow of Magdalen, Oxford. He was thirty-eight years Rector of Moretonhampstead in Devonshire, and married Elizabeth, daughter of Dormer Bertie (a kinswoman), but had no children. His monument is in the church at Moretonhampstead, where he is buried.

M. S. Reverendi Jacobi Fynes, alias Clinton, S. T. P. apud Albury in Agro Oxoniense antiqua et illustri stirpe Comitum Lincolnensis oriundi : Literarum rudimenta Scholæ Carthusianæ ex fundatione : scientiam collegio Santæ Mariæ Magdalenæ apud Oxoniensis socius excoluit. In quo Patroni Benignissimi Gulielmi Subinde Vicecomitis Courtenay, et fratris ejus Henrici preceptor fuit. Hujus parochiæ per annos 38 Rector. Obiit April 29, A.D. 1774, ætatis 79.

Painted by Thomas Hudson.

ELIZABETH, WIFE OF REV. JAMES FYNES,

Daughter of Dormer Bertie and wife of the Rev. James Fynes, Rector of Moretonhampstead. Painted by Thomas Hudson.



REV. JAMES FYNES, D.D.
THIRD SON OF NORREYS FYNES



ELIZABETH BERTIE
WIFE OF JAMES FYNES

HENRY FYNES

Two portraits were painted by Thomas Hudson of Henry Fynes, one showing him as a very young man and the other depicting him in later life when he had become a rich and prosperous merchant.

He was the fourth son of Norreys Fynes and Elizabeth Kendal; he was born in 1697, and died unmarried in 1758. His tomb is at Wing, where he is commemorated by a handsome marble tablet on the wall of the church. The Clinton arms and crest appear at the top.

Sacred to the memory of Henry Fynes Esq. late of London merchant who derived his descent from a noble family being the great grandson of Sir Henry Clinton commonly called Fynes Son of Henry Earl of Lincoln by his second wife the mother of Francis Lord Norris Earl of Berks. By industrious application joined to an extensive knowledge in Trade and business He acquired an affluent fortune with unblemished reputation and Dying a Batchelor He nobly distributed the same in amply providing for every branch of his family. This monument was erected with the utmost respect and gratitude to his memory and in strict justice to his character at the joint expence of his relations who so remarkably have felt the Effects of his goodness and generosity. He departed this life ye 4th July 1758 in the 61st year of his age.

Henry is a man of mark in his family from the fact that he is the only Clinton since the days of Elizabeth who has ever made any money. He bought some property at Wing near the paternal residence, which included the old Manor House of Burcott. He seems to have purchased this mansion from the Dormers, who are known to have owned it in 1529; it is now inhabited by Lord Dalmeny.

This property and a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields were bequeathed by Henry Fynes to his sister Elizabeth, the wife of Mr. Gardiner and the mother of Isaac Gardiner, the old man who settled this same old Fynes property on great-uncle Henry Fynes-Clinton in 1811.

Henry Fynes divided his wealth among all his relations, and, as they did not all leave descendants, a considerable share of it fell to my great-grandfather, Dr. Charles Fynes-Clinton. My grandfather inherited a younger son's portion, of which we have each succeeded to an infinitesimal share. It may be, therefore, that we owe the very shoes on our feet to the capacity and diligence of this our great-great-great-great-uncle.

TANKERVILLE AND SUSANNA FYNES

A small brass plate in the pavement of Wing Church commemorates Tankerville, the second son of Norreys Fynes and Elizabeth Kendal, who died at the age of three years.

In the parish register is the entry recording the burial of Mrs. Susanna Fynes from London on September 15, 1729. This was their youngest daughter, and the register states that she was also buried in linen in defiance of the laws of the time. This makes one think that Norreys the non-juror may have carried his principles into other affairs of life besides allegiance to the House of Stuart.

DORMER FYNES

Dormer, fifth son of Norreys Fynes and Elizabeth Kendal, baptized at Wing in 1700, married Catherine Spicer of Exeter, and had a daughter, Bridget. Painted by Thomas Hudson.

MARY FYNES, WIFE OF THOMAS HUDSON

Mary, daughter of Norreys Fynes and Elizabeth Kendal, was baptized at Wing in 1702, died in 1783, and is buried at Wing. She married Thomas Hudson, the celebrated painter, the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whom he seems to have been very intimate.

Sir Joshua Reynolds is said to have presented a fine diamond ring, still in the possession of her descendants, to our great-grandmother, Emma Brough, wife of Dr. Charles Fynes Clinton (great-nephew of Mary Hudson). Painted by Thomas Hudson.

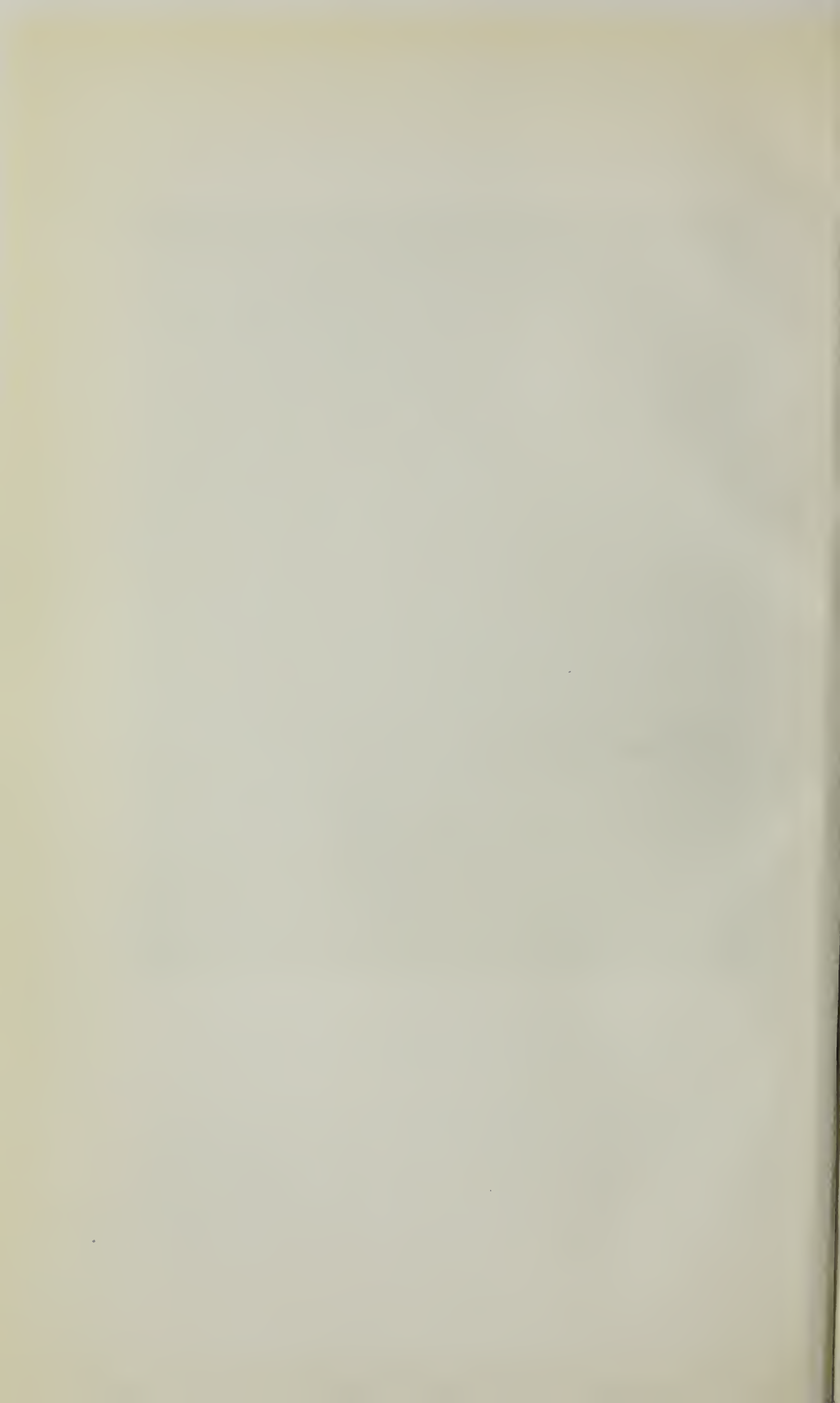
KENDAL FYNES AND HIS CHILDREN

Norreys Fynes was succeeded by his second son Kendal, who seems to have lived at White Hall, and who died of a fall from his horse in 1740. He married Frances Wilkinson, who survived him for twelve years; both are buried in Roughton Church.

Kendal was the first who entirely dropped the name of



HENRY
FOURTH SON OF NORREYS FYNES





HENRY
FOURTH SON OF NORREYS FYNES
(In later life)

Clinton, the names of Fynes and Clinton having been used indifferently by the former three generations. His son Norreys (third of that name) followed him in this, but Norreys' son Charles, my great-grandfather, resumed the name of Clinton in 1821.

Norreys, the eldest son of Kendal, married Martha Thompson, and was appointed Governor of Jamaica, but died before he could take up the post, leaving two sons and two daughters. The elder of these sons was my great-grandfather, Charles, afterwards Rector of Cromwell and St. Margaret's, Westminster.

The elder of Norreys' daughters, Frances, born in 1741, who married Mr. Joseph Turnpenny, was a very beautiful woman, tall, graceful and dark-haired: her portrait on ivory, attributed to Angelica Kauffmann, is in existence and in the possession of her great-great-nephew Major Cyril Davenport.

The two remaining children of Norreys (brother and sister of my great-grandfather) were Kendal, a barrister-at-law, who died a bachelor in 1836, and Martha, who married Mr. Clark and died early.

An account of my great-grandfather, Dr. Charles Fynes-Clinton, is given on page 47.

WHITE HALL

White Hall was the residence of our ancestors the Fynes, *alias* Clintons, for several generations; it formed part of the original estates granted to the first Earl of Lincoln, and was a house of some importance, the moat enclosing an area of more than two acres.

The date of its building is not known, but it was probably an old house when it came into the family. There is no record of Norreys Fynes, the Royalist, having lived there, although it was part of his property, but his son Norreys Fynes, the non-juror, and his large family made it their principal residence, and inhabited it whenever they were not at their other home at Wing. Norreys himself died there in January 1736-7, and his son Kendal succeeded him there for the four years in which he survived him.

Norreys (appointed Governor of Jamaica), the third of that name, my great-great-grandfather, inherited this house with the rest of the property; he had a post in the Exchequer, and was preparing to go to Jamaica, when he died of gout in the stomach in 1757. His mother, who lived till 1752, certainly

continued to inhabit the old house during her life ; she is buried at Roughton. My great-grandfather, Dr. Charles Fynes-Clinton, was born in 1747-8, probably at White Hall, and it is quite possible that he could remember the house.

My great-uncle Henry and my grandfather went to see the remains of the ancient dwelling in 1832, but there is now not a vestige of it left except the traceable site of the moat and mounds indicating some of the walls.

The following account of this estate is quoted from the records of the late Mr. Conway Walter, of Woodhall Spa.

“ Nothing now exists of this former mansion above ground, but the moats and mounds cover an area of more than two acres, shewing that it was a large residence. It is in Martin parish. Within the writer’s recollection there were marigolds and other flowers still growing about the spot, survivals from the quondam hall garth, or garden.

“ This was the home of a branch of the Fynes, or Fiennes Clinton family, whose head, Edward, Lord Clinton and Saye, Lord High Admiral of England, was created Earl of Lincoln by Queen Elizabeth in 1572 ; the present head of the family being the Duke of Newcastle, whose creation dates from 1756.

“ The connection of this great family with our neighbourhood came about in this wise. The line of Lord Treasurer Cromwell having become extinct, Henry VII. in 1487 granted the manor and other estates to his mother Margaret, Countess of Richmond, and in the following year entailed them on the Duke of Richmond. The Duke died without issue ; and Henry VIII. in 1520 granted them to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

“ The two infant sons of the Duke surviving their father only a short time, the estates again reverted to the Sovereign ; and in 1551 Edward VI. granted them to Edward, Lord Clinton and Saye, afterwards, as we have said, Earl of Lincoln. These estates included that of the dissolved Abbey of Kirkstead, and other properties in this neighbourhood ; and among them the White Hall and its appurtenances.

“ When the Earldom of Lincoln, through a marriage, became absorbed in the Dukedom of Newcastle, several of these estates remained with junior branches of the Clinton or Fiennes family. Of the particular branch residing at White Hall, probably the most distinguished member was one whose monumental tablet is still in Roughton church, the ministrations of which church they would seem, judging by entries in the registers, to have attended, in preference to the church of Martin, in which parish the estate was situated.”



DORMER
FIFTH SON OF NORREYS FYNES



MARY FYNES
WIFE OF THOMAS HUDSON

(The lengthy inscription on this tablet in memory of Norreys Fynes is given on page 37.)

“ Possibly, as being a non-juror, he may have thought it best not to attend public worship in his own parish church at Martin, and so have gone with his family to the church of Roughton, where as an ‘ outener ’ he would be asked no questions.”

“ The following notices appear in the Roughton registers.

“ 1722 Mr. Charles fines burried Augst ye 26, 1722.”

“ Madame Elizabeth fines was buered May ye 29 1730.” (This was the “ only and much loved wife ” of Norreys Fynes, and the title “ Madame ” was a recognition of her superior rank.)

“ Norreys Fynes Esq. was buried ye 10th January 1736-7.” (This entry was evidently so correctly made by the Rector himself ; as also was probably the next one.)

“ Dormer Fynes ye sonn of Kendall Fynes Esq. and Frances his wife was baptized Nov. 10th 1737.”

“ Cendal fins the son of Norreys fins was buried June the twenty-foorst 1740.” (Note the Lincolnshire pronounciation “ foorst.”)

“ Frances Fynes, widow of Kendall Fynes buried May 13 1752.”

PART III

“DR. FYNES” CLINTON AND HIS CHILDREN



REV. CHARLES FYNES-CLINTON, D.D.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER CHARLES FYNES- CLINTON, LL.D.

IN his *Memoirs of the Clinton Family* my great-uncle, Henry Fynes-Clinton, M.A., M.P. (author of *Fasti Hellenici*, etc.), brings the family records down to his grandfather, Norreys Fynes (3rd). The eldest son of Norreys was my great-grandfather, Charles Fynes-Clinton, who was born in 1748, and graduated at Oriel College, Oxford; he became Vicar of Newark in 1776, and afterwards Rector of Cromwell, Gamston and St. Margaret's, Westminster, Canon and Sub-dean of Westminster. He married Emma, daughter of Job Brough and Elizabeth Clough, whose pedigrees will be found at another page. The Broughs descend from Hubert de Burgh, and through the female line represent the ancient races of Staunton and Charlton.

My great-grandfather was sixth in descent from the second Earl of Lincoln, and was in very close succession to that Earldom during the minority of the fourth Duke of Newcastle. I was in fact always given to believe that he was heir presumptive for some years, but a glance at the pedigree shows that this must have been an error, and that there was one life between him and the title. He was also in remainder to the Baronies of Grey de Ruthyn, Clinton, Fiennes and Say and Sele. On this account it was thought desirable that he should resume his correct surname of Clinton, which he did by royal licence in 1821, having all his earlier life borne the name of Fynes alone. He was known as "Dr. Fynes," and a street in Westminster is called after him, "Fynes Street."

His religious views are described as "high and dry." He published a sermon in 1798; it cost one shilling a copy, quarto size. He was connected with Westminster from 1788 until his death in 1827.

The Coronation of George IV. took place while he was at Westminster. A temporary building was erected in St. Margaret's Churchyard as a robing-room for the monarch, and

after the ceremony was over, the furniture and trappings of this room and the Abbey became the perquisite of the Canons, who divided the spoil between them. My great-grandfather was Sub-dean, and his share included a number of articles still in the possession of his descendants. Among these I can trace a large royal-blue pile carpet with a pattern of fleurs-de-lys, which I can remember in my grandfather's house in Bedford Square ; a cheval glass, and all the royal-blue velvet and cushions which covered the Coronation Chair. One piece of velvet which covered the arm of the chair bears the distinct imprint of his Majesty's hand, which rested upon it during the service, and no doubt became very hot, on a June day, with the heavy ermine robes he had to wear, and the disquieting fact that Queen Caroline kept up an incessant thundering at the Abbey doors, which had been closed against her. This piece of velvet with the impression of George IV.'s hand is among my collection of curiosities.

The cushions of the chair were in use at Bedford Square ; they were of the blue velvet edged with massive gold braid, cord and tassels, all of which were unfortunately stolen from Carlton Hill, with a number of similar treasures.

The portraits show my great-grandparents in middle life, in the becoming costume of about 1790 ; he is in wig, pigtail and cravat, and she appears with powdered hair dressed very high on her head and a gown open at the throat.

Dean's Yard and the Westminster Precincts are not greatly changed since my great-grandfather and his family spent so much of their lives there. As the spot is so familiar to many of his descendants of the present generation, I will enlarge a little on the subject. The information about the various houses has been kindly given me by Mr. Laurence Tanner, a professor at the College, and not only an enthusiastic lover of old Westminster, but an authority on its history and archæology.

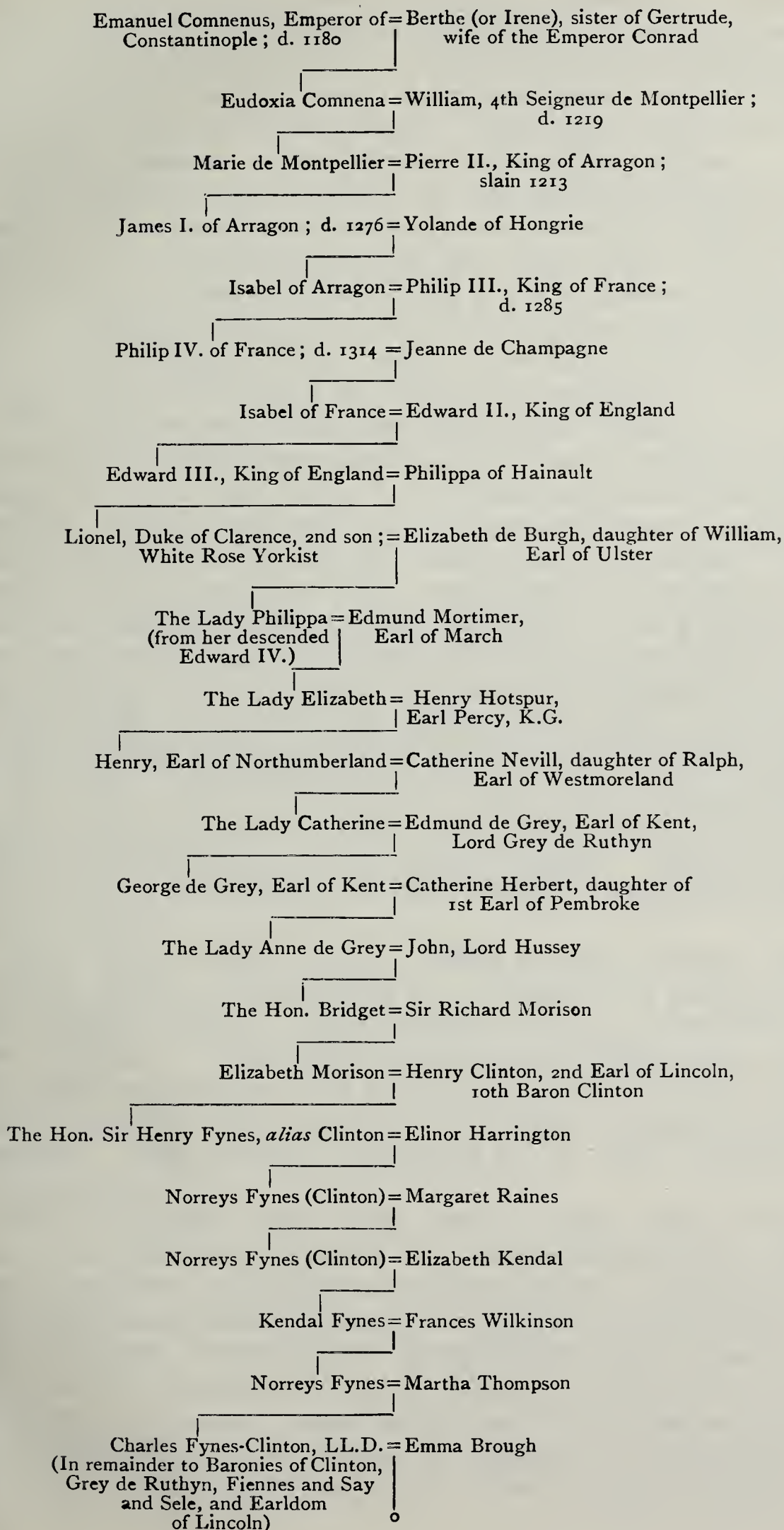
On his first appointment in 1788 as a Canon of Westminster my great-grandfather lived at No. 1 Little Cloisters ; this house has been divided since his time, and part of it forms the Precentor's residence.

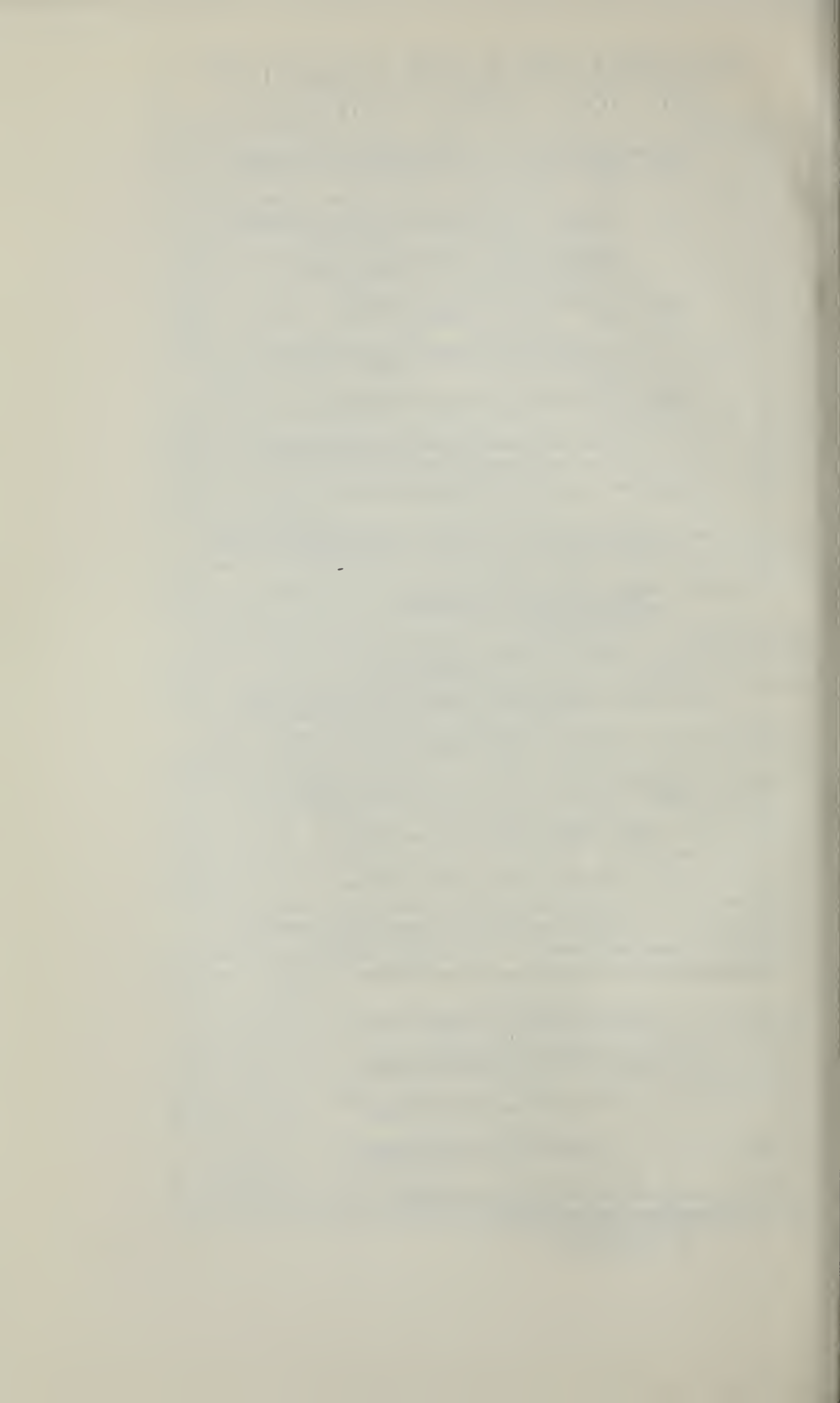
In 1796 he removed to No. 4 Little Cloisters, a charming house looking over the College garden and opening into it (now the residence of Archdeacon Charles). In this house my grandfather, Charles John, was born in 1799, being the youngest of the three sons.

In 1797 Dr. Fynes-Clinton was presented to the living of St. Margaret's, Westminster.

In 1807 the family again moved, this time into No. 20 Dean's Yard, the venerable-looking building on the east side, between

DESCENT FROM THE BYZANTINE AND HOLY ROMAN EMPERORS





the Headmaster's house and the Cloister doorway. It incorporates much of the ancient conventual structure, and is reputed to be very pleasantly haunted by a harmless spectre dating from monkish times, which, however, I believe has retired before the searching beams of electric light. This house was once the prebendal residence of Dr. Johnson's friend, Dr. Taylor.

After thirteen years in No. 20, my great-grandfather exchanged with Archdeacon Bentinck and moved into the house which he had probably coveted for some time. This was Ashburnham House in Little Dean's Yard, a most attractive place, occupying the site of the Prior's house and retaining some of the original walls, which were first worked into an Elizabethan house built in the correct plan of an E.

This Elizabethan house was rebuilt, and formed the town house of the Ashburnham family, being later acquired by the chapter for their own use. It is a fine example of the best Georgian period, and possesses perhaps the most beautiful staircase in London, both for design and execution. The whole house is decorated with remarkably fine carvings and woodwork, besides unique cupolas and pillars. As it faces due south and the rooms are large and perfectly proportioned, it is not surprising that Dr. Fynes-Clinton found it a desirable abode.

His eldest son, great-uncle Henry, lived there constantly during his father's life for months at a time, and remained there for five years after his death in 1827, afterwards acquiring another house in Dean's Yard, as Ashburnham House was probably required for a member of the chapter. Ashburnham House is now the property of the College, and contains the school library.

No. 3 Little Dean's Yard, a house exactly opposite Ashburnham House, was inhabited by a Westminster master, the Rev. Thomas Weare. The windows of No. 3 commanded a view not only of the principal rooms of the larger house, but also continual glimpses of a young girl, Uncle Henry's third daughter Louisa, who grew into one of the "beautiful Miss Clintons." This romantic beginning led to their marriage a few years later.

What a pleasant little family circle it must have been in Dean's Yard in the early part of the nineteenth century! My great-grandfather was yearly in residence there; his daughter, Caroline Frances, was married to the Very Rev. James Webber, Dean of Ripon, Prebendary of Westminster and Chaplain to the House of Commons; his sons, Henry and Clinton, in turn Members of Parliament, each had houses in the charmed spot, and their children were nearly all baptized at Westminster and appear in the Abbey register; while his grand-daughter

Louisa afterwards married "Tommy Weare," as has just been related.

Like so many of their descendants, they seem to have found their chief interest in the society of their own family and a few intimate friends. The seclusion of the Westminster precincts and the remoteness of Cromwell Rectory, where at least half the year was passed, naturally encouraged this exclusiveness.

After my great-grandfather's death, his old butler became a verger at the Abbey, and by way of amusing Mother and her brother Dormer, while staying in their uncle Henry's house in Dean's Yard, the children were turned loose in the Abbey under this man's charge, where they climbed about the Coronation Chair (actually sitting in it the day before Queen Victoria's coronation), got into the cradle beside the infant princess, raced up and down the nave, and did many things that would be thought very shocking now.

My great-grandfather died at Cromwell in 1827, and his widow lived with her unmarried daughters in Cadogan Place. She died in 1831 at the house of her son Henry at Welwyn.

The following account of my great-grandfather appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December 1827 :

"At Cromwell Rectory, Notts, the Rev. Charles Fynes-Clinton, LL.D., senior Prebendary of Westminster and Sub-dean, Minister of St. Margaret's in that city, and Rector of Cromwell.

"He was descended in a direct line from a younger son of Henry, second Earl of Lincoln (who died in 1616), viz. Sir Henry Clinton, who was generally known by the name of Fynes. The same was the paternal name of the deceased dignitary. He was of Oriel College, Oxford; was elected a Prebendary of Westminster in 1788, and was presented to the living of Cromwell in 1789 by his kinsman, the Duke of Newcastle, the chief of the Clintons.

"This venerable person has carried with him to the grave the sincere regret of his parishioners. . . . The continued and gentle operation of a well-spent life is unobserved and unostentatious. Such was the tenour of the life of the departed. In it, however, the charity and goodwill of that religion, of which he was a minister, were not to be mistaken.

"The poor of Westminster will remember the hand that ministered to their wants; and the love of peace and harmony, which guided his actions, and threw their grace upon his demeanour, will not soon be forgotten."

My great-grandparents are both buried in Cromwell Church, where their actual resting-place is marked by an inscription on



HENRY FYNES-CLINTON

the floor of the chancel. My grandparents were laid beside them forty years later.

GREAT-UNCLE HENRY FYNES-CLINTON, M.A., M.P.

Henry Fynes-Clinton, “ Oxford’s biggest brain,” was the eldest and most celebrated of the three sons of my great-grandfather. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, the author, afterwards Lord Lytton, who was a near neighbour of his during his later life, and knew him intimately, wrote of great-uncle Henry (in a letter to his daughter, still in the possession of her descendants) as “ the first scholar in Europe.” It was also said of him that he *thought* in Greek !

One of Fortune’s favourites, he was gifted not only with exceptional mental powers, but with a tall, handsome and distinguished appearance ; in addition to which he inherited his father’s landed property and that of his cousin, Isaac Gardiner. This placed him in the position of being able to pursue his literary avocations without the sordid considerations of ways and means.

He was born at Gamston in Nottinghamshire, one of the livings held by his father, on January 14, 1781 ; but in 1789 the family removed to Cromwell Rectory, which remained their place of country residence until the death of my great-grandfather in 1827, when my grandfather Charles John, the youngest son, succeeded him as Rector.

Great-uncle Henry left an autobiography or journal, which, though chiefly relating to his literary studies, enables us to follow the events of his life from his early years until the day before his death in 1852. This is incorporated in the “ Literary Remains of Henry Fynes-Clinton, Esq., M.A., author of the *Fasti Hellenici* and *Fasti Romani*,” and the whole was edited and published by my grandfather, two years after his brother’s death. It contains a complete list of his published works, all with one exception connected with the *Fasti*. A notice based on the autobiography appears in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and another in *Men of the Time*.

Henry was first educated at Southwell School under Dr. Magnus Jackson, where he laid the seeds of that thirst for scholarship which made him remarkable throughout his whole life, and which his fortunate circumstances enabled him to gratify. At fifteen years of age he entered Westminster School (his father being a Canon of Westminster and Rector of St. Margaret’s), and later on proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford, where he distinguished himself and was made a Student of that

College, as were also, later, his brother Clinton James, and, more than half a century later still, my uncle Arthur Norreys Fynes-Clinton. While at Oxford he wrote a play "Solyman," which was published in 1807; it attracted very little notice, and he seems to have made no second attempt at anything of the kind.

During his early life he looked forward to taking orders and leading the studious and academic life which so strongly appealed to him. A romantic event, however, changed all his prospects. I give the account in his own words:

"1805. In March of this year, a new prospect was opened to me. On the 17th of that month Mr. Gardiner made himself known to my father. He told him, that his nephew being lately dead, he found himself at eighty-one years of age, without an heir by the father's side, to whom he could bequeath his possessions; that he looked around him for the relations of his mother, from whom he had inherited the greater part of his property, and to whose family he was anxious that it should revert. He therefore sought my father who was the great-nephew of his mother, and fixed upon his eldest son as his successor in his landed property. On the 27th of April, I went up to Westminster to be introduced to this new friend and benefactor, and passed two days at my father's house for the purpose of becoming acquainted with him. Mr. Gardiner particularly stipulated that I should not take orders. His desire was that his heir should be a country gentleman, and capable of secular employments. My design of taking orders was consequently abandoned. I returned, however, to my usual literary occupations, and looked upon an academical life as my probable destiny for some time to come."

"January 12, 1811. Obiit Isaac Gardiner. His will put me in possession of a comfortable independence. His landed and freehold property was as follows: an estate in Buckinghamshire, which descended to him from his mother, and therefore originally came from my father's family; a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, also formerly the property of my father's great-uncle; an estate in Essex, acquired by Mr. Gardiner himself."

The property here mentioned included the old mansion-house of Burcott, which had been purchased from the Dormers by Henry Fynes the merchant (a son of Norreys Fynes the non-juror), the one affluent member of the family.

Great-uncle Henry, after spending some months in the Vicarage at Wing, close to Burcott, came to the conclusion that it was not worth his while to restore the old manor-house; he therefore sold it to the Rothschilds, and it is now used by Lord Dalmeny as a hunting-box.



HARRIETT WYLDE
1ST WIFE OF HENRY FYNES-CLINTON

Isaac Gardiner's mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Norreys Fynes and eldest sister of Henry the merchant, who bequeathed the above-mentioned property to her.

At the age of twenty-five the Duke of Newcastle caused great-uncle Henry to be returned as member for Aldborough, Yorkshire, and, to his great astonishment, he found himself an M.P. ; and though his natural tastes did not lie in that direction, he at once laid aside his classical pursuits and devoted himself to the acquisition of other knowledge. At first he took an energetic part in certain debates, notably those of the Catholic question, and seems to have aspired to become a speaker, but this ambition was not realised, as his natural reserve and fastidious choice of language prevented him from speaking easily. He was a member of Parliament for twenty years.

Lack of ambition, and love of learning for its own sake, together with a modest and retiring nature, characterised him no less than his nephews of the next generation. He was, however, naturally of a sociable disposition, and his society was sought and enjoyed by many eminent persons.

In his early life his home was with his parents at Cromwell and Westminster, but on June 22, 1809, he married Harriett, his second cousin, daughter of Dr. Wylde of Nottingham. After six months of happy married life the young couple arrived to spend Christmas at Cromwell, and while they were there my great-aunt Emma (Henry's eldest sister) returned after an absence. Early in January she fell ill of measles, which she must have brought home with her.

The young wife was promptly taken to Mrs. Job Brough's house at Newark (Henry's grandmother), and as no signs of infection appeared, she started with her husband to pay a visit to his old relative Isaac Gardiner, who had made Henry his heir. They travelled by short stages, but, after two days, the disease showed itself and the poor lady and her little baby both died at an inn at a small place called Chesterford, near Cambridge.

On the day of her funeral at Nottingham, Henry was seized with a dangerous illness, in which he was attended by his relative Dr. Storer, father of the little boys who hid in Mrs. Middlemore's drawing-room while my grandfather was proposing to my grandmother. When he recovered he again took up his residence in Dean's Yard in his father's house. The tragedy which had overtaken him on that fatal Christmastide made him dread the sight of Cromwell, and some years passed before he re-visited it.

The effect of this sad event was to cause him to shrink from society and to devote himself entirely to books. He parcelled

out the hours of the day in the most methodical manner, leaving a specified time for food and exercise, only occasionally taking a fortnight's holiday to visit relations or intimate friends. Except for a break of a few months before his second marriage he continued this strictly regulated course of study throughout his whole life.

In the autumn of 1811 he paid a visit to Mr. Welby at Clifton (afterwards Sir William Earle Welby, Bart., whose daughter Penelope later became the wife of his brother, great-uncle Clinton), and then proceeded northwards, through the most picturesque parts of Wales, chiefly on foot, to visit Dr. Majendie, Bishop of Bangor, at the Palace.

Earlier in the year he had made the acquaintance of the Bishop and his family at Dean's Yard, where they had taken a house, and while visiting them there he happened to come on a young girl who was apparently under punishment for some small misdemeanour and not admitted to the dining-room. The result of this interview was his journey to Bangor, after which he made a formal application for her hand, and early in 1812 she became his second wife. She was Katherine, third daughter of Dr. Majendie and mother of Henry's eleven children.

There is very little direct reference to her in the autobiography, but she has left an informal diary, from which it appears that they were truly attached to each other. Mother stayed with "Uncle Henry" and his wife when a girl, and she spoke of her with affection.

After his second marriage my great-uncle purchased the house and estate at Welwyn which had formerly belonged to Dr. Young, author of *Night Thoughts*, a friend of Dr. Johnson, and where a near and intimate neighbour was Sir E. Bulwer Lytton at Knebworth. Here he passed most of his studious and disciplined life, except for some periods he spent, without interruption of his work, in Dean's Yard, either at his father's house or in one he took for himself five years after his father's death.

He became the father of two sons and nine daughters, known as the "beautiful Miss Clintons," with whom it was said that all the Westminster boys fell madly in love! One son and one daughter died early; his surviving son and heir, Charles Francis, after a rather unfortunate career, died abroad in 1844 before he was thirty.

The death of this son is never alluded to in the journal at all, but it must have been the bitterest moment of the father's life. After an unsatisfactory sojourn at Christ Church, Oxford, the boy entered the Spanish army, receiving the Order of St.



KATHERINE MAJENDIE
SECOND WIFE OF HENRY FYNES-CLINTON

From a drawing by Daniel Maclise, R.A.

Ferdinand for his services ; but being still under a cloud at home, a post was procured for him as British Arbitrator under the Treaty with Portugal for the abolition of slavery, at Loanda, a pestilential spot on the West African coast, where it is no surprise to learn of his death after a short time. His portrait, in a frame, stood on his mother's writing-table to the end of her long life.

Did the bereaved father in his hour of grief ever feel any doubts as to the wisdom of his manner of dealing with his erring son ? or was he satisfied that the system was right and only the poor sinner to blame ? I incline to the latter view, seeing that some years later my grandfather, far from profiting by his brother's painful experience, treated his own son Dormer in much the same way and with the same disastrous result.

I must here point out the similarity of great-uncle Henry and my grandfather in the way each dealt with his son. There was a vein in them both of hardness or want of sympathy with the youth of their own sex, though they showed a softer side to their daughters. They themselves seem to have been immune from the follies of youth, and they could not understand how their sons could be prone to them, failing to realise that the almost monastic severity of their upbringing made them more apt to fly to the opposite extreme as soon as they were released from parental authority.

Both the young men when at Oxford—Charles, son of great-uncle Henry, at Christ Church, and Dormer, my eldest uncle, at Wadham—sowed the crop of wild oats which was such an unknown plant to their fathers ; both got into disgrace with their parents and disappeared for a time abroad ; both finally got appointments in foreign countries and died early in consequence. My grandfather had seven sons, but in the case of his brother the fact of there being but this one boy among so many sisters made it proportionately more tragic.

Some of the happiest times of Henry's life were the visits of many months to the Palace at Bangor, the abode of his father-in-law, Bishop Majendie, whose society appears to have been most congenial to him. He enjoyed ample leisure there to prosecute his researches in the Bishop's library, while no doubt his wife benefited by a long spell of peaceful relaxation, surrounded by her young children, in the bosom of her own family.

It is rather a curious coincidence that my cousin, Osbert Henry Fynes-Clinton, has long been a Professor at Bangor College, and is familiar with the very scenes so closely connected with his great-uncle.

Besides his domestic bereavements great-uncle Henry suffered one very severe disappointment. On the death of the

principal librarian of the British Museum, in 1827, his name was recommended to the King, according to custom, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Speaker and the Lord Chancellor, as the person pre-eminently fitted to discharge this office. It being the practice, however, to present *two* names to His Majesty to choose from, the name of a subordinate official of the Museum was mentioned as the other candidate for the post, and by some accident or underhand influence this official was selected and obtained the appointment, to the surprise and chagrin of all who knew my great-uncle's qualifications. It was a cruel blow which only his strong and philosophical mentality enabled him to get the better of.

The most human part of the journal is the account of the illness and death of Henry's fourth daughter Henrietta, who died, aged eighteen years, at Tours, where the whole family spent the winter of 1838-9 in hopes of prolonging her life. The affection of the father here shows itself through the mask of the pedant, and he gives a touching picture of the singularly sweet and earnest character of this beloved child, who was very near to his heart.

The great event of Henry's life and the crown of his labours was the publication of his celebrated work *Fasti Hellenici*, of which a part appeared in 1824, and was followed by six further sections and editions. The *Fasti Romani* was published in two parts in 1845 and 1850. He issued an epitome of *Fasti Hellenici* in 1851, and prepared an epitome of *Fasti Romani*, which was completed and published by my grandfather in 1853, a year after his death. The book created a sensation in the academic world, but with characteristic modesty he does not dwell on this fact, only remarking that it was "well received," and a second edition called for as soon as the first was exhausted.

He used to visit my grandparents at Cromwell every summer, and my grandfather was devoted to him. The only time Grandpapa was known to shed tears was when he received the tidings of his brother Henry's death; he then wept bitterly, to the great consternation of his family.

Great-uncle Henry died at the age of seventy-one, practically in harness, as his wife's touching little diary relates. The MS. of his "Epitome" was in his hands as he sat in his study on his last day on earth, and he filled in his journal within a few hours of his death on October 24, 1852. His wife survived him for many years.

Among his generation Henry Fynes-Clinton looms (figuratively) large and lonely—lonely in spite of wife and children and a wide circle of family and friends. One can almost fancy



CHARLES FRANCIS
SON OF HENRY FYNES-CLINTON

that as his great height—six feet six inches—raised him above the heads of his fellows, so his powerful brain was borne into those lofty realms of learning in which his life was passed. Study was his work, his delight, his recreation. It is difficult to picture either him or my grandfather as boys or young men—certainly the usual pursuits of those ages seem to have left them cold.

We search his autobiography almost in vain for any sign of human weakness ; gratitude for mercies received and resignation under misfortunes are duly expressed in their proper places, but one feels such things were of secondary interest to Plutarch or Aristotle. Like my grandfather, he undoubtedly possessed deep feelings, but they were so carefully bottled up and corked down that only occasional rents in his armour of reserve reveal an affectionate and devoted nature. No flaw appears in his character, and he gives the impression of a highly polished marble statue whose perfection makes no appeal to the emotions. His judgment was impartial and well balanced ; his methodical and statistical habit of mind inclined him to those studies which have made his name famous. His mind was receptive rather than creative ; constructive rather than original. His style is easy, his diction pure. His remarkable memory and grasp of subjects enabled him to collect the mass of erudition on which the structure of his life’s work was raised.

After admiring the stupendous chronological efforts of his brain, it comes as something of a shock to find that he asserted his firm belief that the world was created in 4004 B.C. !

There seem two possible explanations : one, that the subject had not engaged his serious attention—he passes very lightly over the period before Abraham in the *Fasti* ; the other, that he thought it his duty, for the sake of the weaker brethren, to subscribe to the religious conventions of the time, with perhaps a mental reservation, not unlike Galileo’s “ E pure si muove.”

The children of Henry Fynes-Clinton and his wife Katherine Majendie were nearly all born at Welwyn and christened at Westminster Abbey :

1. Anna Emma Katherine, born 1812, married William Baker.
2. Henry Clinton, born 1813, died 1814.
3. Charles Francis, born 1815, died at Loanda, 1844.
4. Anna Maria Isabella, born 1816, married T. Gambier Parry.
5. Louisa Emma Mary, born 1818, married T. Weare.
6. Henrietta Elizabeth, born 1820, died at Tours, 1839.
7. Emma, born 1823, died unmarried.

8. Margaret, born 1825, married J. R. Philip Hoste.
9. Agnes, born 1827, married R. Godolphin Hastings.
10. Katherine Octavia, born 1833, died unmarried.
11. Ida, born 1835, married 1st, H. Burroughs, 2nd James Hollway.

ANNA BAKER

The eldest of their handsome daughters, Anna, married Mr. William Baker of Bayfordbury, a beautiful place near Hertford, built by Sir William Baker in about 1760, with very fine gardens including a Pinetum, or nursery of conifers. They were married at Welwyn in 1836 or 1837, and my grandfather performed the ceremony, he and my grandmother travelling from Malvern, where they were spending the winter.

A couple of years later Anna Baker stayed with her baby "Willie" at Cromwell, where there was no lack of nursery accommodation at that period.

I was taken to visit Bayfordbury in the lifetime of Mr. and Mrs. Baker, and I remember their pride and interest in their gardens, and particularly one of rare and various water plants.

Cousin Anna Baker was then a handsome, stately old lady, but what struck me most was her resemblance to mother (her first cousin).

After the death of his son, Uncle Henry made this daughter his heir, and she succeeded to the Lincolnshire estate, part of the lands granted by Edward VI. to Edward, 1st Earl of Lincoln, including the Manor of White Hall, so long the abode of the Fynes (Clinton) family, who were buried for generations in the neighbouring church of Roughton (pronounced Rooton). This property devolved upon her son William and her grandson Henry Clinton Baker, together with many interesting portraits of certain members of the Fynes (Clinton) family in the eighteenth century, which are here reproduced by the kindness of Mr. Clinton Baker.

The famous collection of Kitcat portraits which came into the possession of the Baker family through the marriage of Sir William Baker with the daughter of Jacob Tonson, Secretary of the Kitcat Club, have their home at Bayfordbury. Among them is only one double portrait, and strangely enough it is the well-known one of the only Pelham and the first Clinton to be Dukes of Newcastle. An old retainer of Mrs. Baker's used to show the gallery to visitors, and when she came to this picture she said: "These are my dear Mistress's posterity!"



ANNA FYNES-CLINTON
(MRS. BAKER)

From a drawing by Daniel Maclise, R.A.



ANNA FYNES-CLINTON
WIFE OF WILLIAM BAKER



ISABELLA FYNES-CLINTON
WIFE OF THOMAS GAMBIER PARRY

ISABELLA GAMBIER PARRY

Great-uncle Henry's second daughter, Isabella, born in 1816, married Mr. Thomas Gambier Parry of Highnam Court, Gloucestershire, who with his own hand, and by a special process of his own invention, decorated the interior of Ely Cathedral and part of Gloucester Cathedral, as well as the church he built at Highnam in memory of his first wife, Isabella Fynes-Clinton.

They had two sons : the elder, Clinton Parry, died early ; the second son was the famous musician, Sir Hubert Parry, who is described later.

The marriage of Isabella took place on August 13, 1839, and the following account of her wedding with Thomas Gambier Parry is taken from the diary of her aunt, Mrs. Frances Lear, sister of her mother, Katherine Majendie, Uncle Henry's second wife. Dr. Lear was afterwards Dean of Salisbury.

CHILWORTH RECTORY, WILTS,
Aug. 12th.

“ . . . I set off with my dear husband on Monday at four o'clock on the outside of the ' Vivid ' (coach), which took us to London by half-past twelve, from where, not without some difficulty about coaches, we proceeded by the ' Rockingham ' to Welwyn, arriving in time for dinner, and were most joyfully and affectionately received by the whole family. As there was not room for us in the house we were accommodated most comfortably at their kind neighbour's, Mrs. Grey, where Frank and I slept.

“ The only guest besides ourselves and the Bridegroom was an uncle of his, Mr. Henry Parry.

“ Isabel looked most lovely, and showed me in the course of the evening a great number of beautiful presents she had received. . . .

“ The following morning, Aug. 13th, a most lovely day. Soon after breakfast the company began to assemble consisting chiefly of different members of Tom Parry's family, namely, his nice old grandmother, Mrs. Gambier, and with her, two daughters and two sons, Charles and Fredk. . . . William Baker also came from Bayfordbury but without dear Anna, for whom it was not considered prudent.

“ Everything looked and seemed so exactly like what occurred, now just ten months ago at their marriage, that it

appeared almost like a reflection of the same thing, only that the service was read by my dear husband. . . .

“ The church was filled with lookers-on and the churchyard too, and the Bride who was splendidly dressed in a beautiful present from Lizzie (her aunt, Mrs. Taylor) looked magnificent, and though evidently feeling deeply, as well as the Bridegroom, behaved with much self-possession.

“ After the service we returned to the house and sat down about thirty to a beautiful breakfast prepared for the occasion ; Mr. and Mrs. Gambier Parry (bride and bridegroom) at the head of the table, and I, as at Anna’s wedding, by dear good old Mr. Cowper, who in spite of increasing age, made it a point to be present and gave Isabel a hundred pounds as he did her sister Anna.

“ After this repast, the company gradually withdrew, all expressing themselves highly gratified, and at three o’clock the Bride and Bridegroom set off in a chariot and four, followed by the thanks and cheers of half the village.

“ Mr. Charles Gambier, his uncle, lent them a pretty little paradise to spend the first few days at, about twenty miles distant, called Hazlewood, where they were to remain till Friday and then proceed to Oxford and Worcester on their way to Gloucester from which two miles distant is the property he has lately purchased called Highnam. . . .

“ Nothing could have passed off better and Mr. Clinton and dear Kate could only rejoice in placing their beloved child in such hands, for without a single exception Tom Parry does certainly appear one of the most delightful, superior young men possible, with a fortune of £10,000 a year, while she has not a farthing. I suppose few girls under these circumstances marry as she and Anna have. . . .

“ *Aug. 16th.*—We took leave and proceeded at seven o’clock outside the Hitchin coach and arrived in Grafton Street in time to take a second breakfast with dear Lady Pembroke, her two lovely girls and Mr. Vesey, who we found busy with preparations for Lady Emma’s wedding.

“ Performed forty-six miles by the railroad to Basingstoke and proceeded afterwards outside the coach, being set down at eleven o’clock at our own gate, met by Henry Mold with a wheelbarrow and lantern. . . . After a comfortable tea I laid down in my bed with a thankful heart and weary body.”



SIR HUBERT PARRY AS A CHILD



SIR HUBERT PARRY

By permission of Messrs. Elliott & Fry

SIR HUBERT PARRY

The second son of Thomas and Isabella Gambier Parry was the most celebrated of all our cousins, Charles Hubert Hastings Parry, the musician. Not only was he such a great composer, but his charming personality and his breezy manner made him popular in every kind of society, from Windsor to Whitechapel. Educated at Eton and Oxford, and taking a musical degree while still a schoolboy, he was made a knight and afterwards a baronet, and might have aspired to any honour had he cared for such things.

I do not propose to give an account of his life or his musical works here, as there are public sources from which details can be obtained ; his life is in fact now being written and will shortly be published. He married the Lady Maude Herbert (aunt of the Earl of Pembroke), and had two daughters, the elder of whom is married to Mr. Arthur Ponsonby and the younger to Plunket Greene, the famous singer.

Hubert Parry was for many years head of the Royal College of Music, where he worked most strenuously and was adored by the students. He never spared himself, and it is a marvel to think how he found time for his wonderful compositions in the midst of his exceptionally busy life. He was an advanced Radical, and was considered almost prejudiced in his dislike of smart and fashionable society. I used to meet him occasionally at the houses of literary and artistic people, and always found him very kind and delightful to talk to, and interested to meet his mother's relations.

His sailing yacht the *Wanderer* lay at Littlehampton, and I have seen him out at sea in her when I have been in the *Chonsu*. He sailed her himself, and she was said to be extraordinarily unluxurious. There was a trace of the Spartan in him, mellowed by a great love of beauty.

His London house was in Kensington Square, and he built a seaside dwelling at Rustington ; he also inherited Highnam Court from his father.

He died after a very short illness at the age of seventy, while in the midst of full work and activity, and was accorded a public funeral in St. Paul's.

His music is a national possession, and has raised the tradition of English music to the highest level it has ever reached. Sir W. H. Hadow has said of Hubert Parry : “ There is no side of our musical life in England which is not the better and the nobler because he has lived.” The portrait of him as a child

was painted by his aunt, Emma Fynes-Clinton (my first cousin once removed).

In Gloucester Cathedral a memorial has lately been erected to him, in the shape of a beautifully designed mural tablet inscribed with a verse written specially for it by Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate :

HUBERT PARRY

Musician

1848-1918

From boyhood's eager play called by the English Muse
 Her fine scholar to be then her Master's compeer
 A Spirit elect whom no unworthy thought might wrong
 Nor any fear touch thee joyously o'er life's waves
 Navigating thy Soul into her holy Haven :
 Long these familiar walls shall re-echo thy Song
 And this stone remember thy bounteous gaiety
 Thy honour and thy grace and the love of thy Friends.

LOUISA WEARE

Louisa, great-uncle Henry's third daughter, married the Rev. Thomas W. Weare of Hampton House, Hereford, J.P. He was at one time a master at Westminster. They have living descendants.

HENRIETTA ELIZABETH

Henrietta, the fourth daughter, died at the age of eighteen, to the great grief of her parents and sisters.

MARGARET HOSTE

The sixth of the " beautiful Miss Clintons " was Margaret, who married the Rev. J. R. Philip Hoste and had a very large family.

AGNES HASTINGS

The seventh daughter was Agnes, who married, at the age of nineteen, the Rev. the Hon. R. Godolphin Hastings, Rector of Hertingfordbury, Herts. They also had a large family and numerous descendants, but both of them died in early middle



LOUISA E. M. FYNES-CLINTON
WIFE OF THOMAS W. WEARE



HENRIETTA FYNES-CLINTON



MARGARET FYNES-CLINTON
WIFE OF J. R. PHILIP HOSTE



AGNES FYNES-CLINTON
WIFE OF REV. THE HON. RICHARD GODOLPHIN HASTINGS



IDA FYNES-CLINTON
WIFE OF (1st) H. BURROUGHS, (2nd) JAMES HOLLWAY



CLINTON JAMES FYNES-CLINTON, M.P.

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life. Agnes survived her husband for five or six years and died in 1872.

You will see in another part of these chronicles that the Clintons and the Hastings were connected in several ways from very early times. The second Earl of Lincoln married first, Catherine, daughter of Francis Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, and his descendants by her are the ducal branch of the Clinton family; our branch descending from the elder son of his second marriage.

IDA HOLLWAY

Ida, the ninth and youngest of Uncle Henry's daughters, was considered the beauty of the family, and as the sisters were all thought so handsome, she must indeed have been a beautiful creature. She married, at the age of twenty, an officer in the Navy, Henry N. Burroughs, who only survived for six months after their marriage. A few years later she married Mr. James Hollway of Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk, by whom she has numerous descendants.

EMMA AND KATHERINE FYNES-CLINTON

These were the only two surviving unmarried daughters of Uncle Henry's large family. They lived together, and spent the latter part of their lives at Farnham and Dorking. They were much loved by their nephews and nieces, and after the lamented death of Agnes Hastings her youngest daughter Agnes was entirely brought up by them.

Katherine Octavia, who was ten years younger than Emma, outlived all her sisters.

GREAT-UNCLE CLINTON JAMES FYNES-CLINTON, M.P.

My great-grandparents' second son was Clinton James, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, Recorder of Newark, and Member of Parliament for Aldborough in succession to his brother Henry. He was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a first-class degree.

Clinton married Penelope, daughter of Sir William Earle Welby, Bart., and died in 1833 at the early age of forty, leaving

one son and four daughters, three of whom died young. The surviving daughter, Mary, afterwards married General Thomas Knox.

He is buried at Denton, Lincolnshire, and in his journal great-uncle Henry mentions his brother's death and funeral, which he attended in the company of my grandfather, Dean Webber, and Mr. John Welby, on January 18, 1833.

Great-uncle Clinton's wife only survived him for a year, and his son Henry was brought up by his grandfather, Sir William Welby, while the daughters had their home with their aunt, Mrs. Webber, wife of the Dean of Ripon. This son was "Cousin Henry," who followed my grandfather as Rector of Cromwell, and held that living for nearly forty years. He always spelt his name "Fiennes-Clinton," and was exceedingly popular in the neighbourhood.

Cousin Henry had a large family, including three sons, none of them now living. The eldest was the Rev. Henry Glynne Fiennes-Clinton of Vancouver, much beloved and respected, and known all over British Columbia as "Father Clinton." He unfortunately caught some illness during an epidemic in 1912, and died through devotion to his flock.

Cousin Henry's second son was Charles Edward, who died in 1888, leaving a son, Edward Henry, killed in France in 1916, whose young son, born in 1913, is now head of our branch of the family.

The third son was Clement Walter, who died in 1919, leaving one son.

One of cousin Henry's daughters, Ida Mary (Mrs. Swainson Allen), has kindly furnished some of these particulars.

GREAT-AUNT WEBBER

My great-grandfather's third daughter, Caroline Frances, married the Very Rev. James Webber, Dean of Ripon, Prebendary of Westminster and Chaplain to the House of Commons. There are photographs of her in existence, and a dignified and handsome woman she must have been, though not tall—in this respect a great contrast to her brothers.

Her father presented her on her marriage with the famous "Nuns' box," a very wonderful piece of embroidery, supposed to have been made by the nuns of Little Gidding, and long kept as an heirloom at Cromwell Rectory. This box has been minutely described in the *Queen* newspaper of June 29, 1889, and its history, so far as it is known, has been written by Major Cyril Davenport (great-grandson of the donor), in whose family it remains.



REV. HENRY FIENNES-CLINTON



CAROLINE FRANCES FYNES-CLINTON
(MRS. WEBBER)

Dean Webber was great-grandson to King Charles II. and Louise de Querouaille, Duchesse d'Aubigny, created Duchess of Portsmouth, by whom the King had two children, viz. the Duke of Richmond, ancestor of the present Duke of Richmond and Gordon (one of whose titles is Duc d'Aubigny) and Mary de Querouaille, Comtesse d'Aubigny, who married Robert Webber. The third son of the last named was the Rev. William Webber, Canon of Chichester and father of the Dean of Ripon, who was the husband of our great-aunt Caroline Frances Fynes-Clinton.

Dean and Mrs. Webber had a large family, but of their four sons only the eldest lived the natural span of life. Edward, the second son, while at school at Westminster, was drowned while boating on the Thames in his seventeenth year and is buried in the Cloisters.

Cyril, the third son, died at eighteen, while Charles, the fourth son, joined the Austrian army and was accidentally wounded in the hand by a pistol exploding ; he came home but never recovered, and died at the age of twenty-six. A daughter also died at fourteen and is buried in Ripon Cathedral.

The surviving son was Fynes Webber, a handsome man with brilliant black eyes. He was Sub-dean of St. Paul's, and once took us into all parts of the Cathedral and showed us many interesting things to which he had access. He used to come to dinner at St. George's Square, and as young people we liked him very much, but were fascinated by a large wen which grew on his forehead and became as big as a bantam's egg. When he had it removed we scarcely recognised him without it.

Fynes Webber left a widow, who seemed to us a very eccentric person, as she was one of the first to dress in bloomers and wear a man's collar and tie. Long before cigarettes were indulged in by ladies, she used to smoke a large meerschaum pipe. She and a friend, both in very short skirts and thick boots, once appeared at my Uncle Arthur's house at Christchurch and were entertained by his wife. They had with them a large object covered with green baize which they placed very carefully on the floor beside them. My aunt could not curb her curiosity, and was constrained to ask them what was in the package. They removed the cover and disclosed a pet monkey in a cage, and Mrs. Webber explained that she and her friend were on a walking tour, and as she did not like to leave the monkey behind, she carried it with her in a cage.

A chancel screen of iron work and a small brass are erected in Cromwell Church to the memory of Fynes Webber.

Dean and Mrs. Webber's surviving daughter Emma married Mr. Davenport (of Bramall), and their elder son, Major Cyril

Davenport, has only just retired from an important post in the British Museum and lives at St. Leonards. I am indebted to him for a number of pedigrees connected with the Clinton family.

GREAT-AUNT GRIMSTON

The fourth daughter of my great-grandparents was Anna Maria, who married Thomas Grimston, M.D., of Ripon. Their only child, Jane Anna Maria, married Lawrence George Dundas of Clobenon Hall, Co. Wexford, and was the mother of five sons and eight daughters ; these were much admired, and many of them have living descendants who occasionally appear.

GREAT-AUNT EMMA FYNES-CLINTON

The two unmarried daughters of my great-grandparents were nearly grown up before Grandpapa was born.

Emma was born in 1784, and died in 1834.

During my grandfather's widowhood she lived with him at Cromwell, which of course had been her home in her father's lifetime, and she was (perhaps naturally) not over-pleased at his engagement to young Miss Rosabella Mathews.

The day the newly-married couple got back from their wedding tour, Emma received them at the Rectory and acted as hostess to the youthful bride in all her pink and white bloom. The next morning when they all met at the breakfast table, the elderly spinster seated herself behind the tea and coffee pots and prepared to "boss the show."

"Emma," said my grandfather, "please to understand that my wife's place is at the head of my table." So she moved with a bad grace, and my grandfather, scenting that trouble was brewing, contrived to bring her visit to a timely conclusion. She never entered the house again, as she only lived a few years after this event.

She was the unfortunate if innocent cause of her young sister-in-law's tragic death, the first wife of her brother (my great-uncle) Henry, the story of which is related on page 53. She seems to have specially devoted herself to her brother Henry and his family in later years, perhaps with the hope of in some way atoning for the unwitting injury she had done him. She finally died in his house at Welwyn.

Great-aunt Emma was a considerable artist, and a large number of her paintings were at Cromwell Rectory up to the



FYNES WEBBER

time of Cousin Henry's death, when I suppose they were divided among his heirs. Other members of the family possess specimens of her original pictures, while a copy of an old master, inherited by my Uncle Arthur, was long supposed to be the real thing, until discovered to be her work.

GREAT-AUNT ELIZABETH FYNES-CLINTON

Known as “ Aunt Eliza,” this unmarried daughter of my great-grandparents was not a favourite with her nephews and nieces. According to them, her appearance was unprepossessing and her manner repelling to children, but she seems to have been liked by my grandparents.

Once when there was a pack of children about the Rectory, Aunt Eliza came on one of her annual visits. The children disliked her so much that I am sorry to say they laid an elaborate plot for her undoing—of course in ignorance of the danger.

A deep drain had been dug in one of the fields, and they expended much time and pains in bridging over a part of it with twigs and sticks and concealing their work with grass, so that it looked perfectly solid. They then induced their aunt to walk in the fields and led her to the trap they had laid ; of course she fell into the drain, and though the poor woman did not break any bones, she must have hurt herself a good deal. The mischievous little wretches could not help giving themselves away by dancing round in glee ; but she won their gratitude and respect by never mentioning the incident to their parents and so saving them from the severe punishment that would have resulted.

The third and youngest son of my great-grandparents, Dr. Charles Fynes-Clinton and his wife Emma Brough, was my grandfather Charles John ; the account of his life will be found later on.

PART IV

THE MATHEWS FAMILY

THE MATHEWS ARMS are here given as borne by my great-grandfather John Mathews, who was the male representative of the Barons Eure of Witton.

They include all the quarterings of the shield of the second Lord Eure.

The quarterings are here given separately for convenience of reference, but of course should be all depicted on one shield.

EURE

Arms (omitting quarterings).—Quarterly or and gules, on a bend sable, three escallops argent.

Crest.—On a wreath argent and azure, two lions' gambes or holding a scallop shell argent.

Supporters.—Two cats quarterly or and azure.

Motto.—"Vince malum bono."

MATHEWS

Arms.—Sable a lion rampant argent quartering Walker, Kaye, Eure and the other quarterings as shown in the drawing.

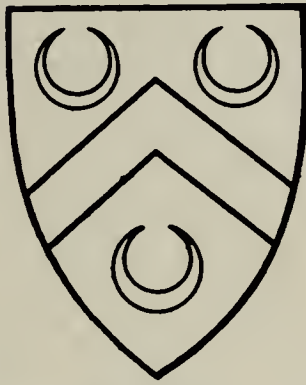
Crest.—On a wreath argent and sable, a lion rampant argent.



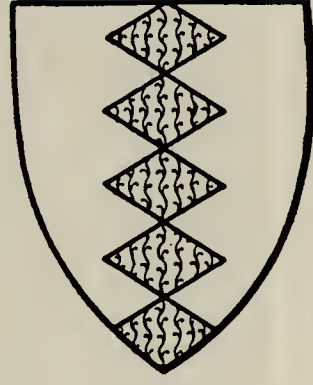
“Vince malum bono”



1. Mathews



2. Walker



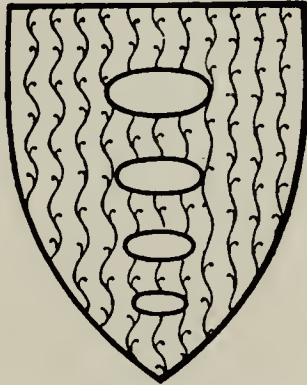
2^a Walker



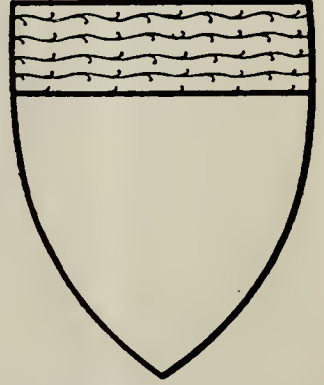
3. Kaye



4. Eure



5. FitzNigel



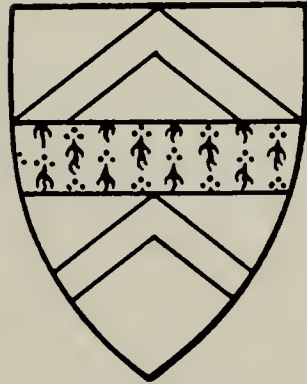
6. Lizures



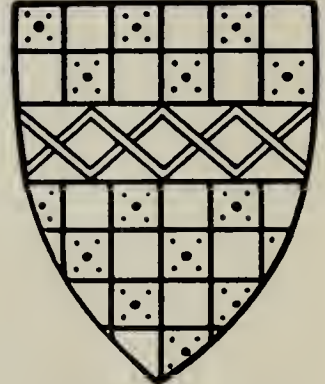
7. De Essex



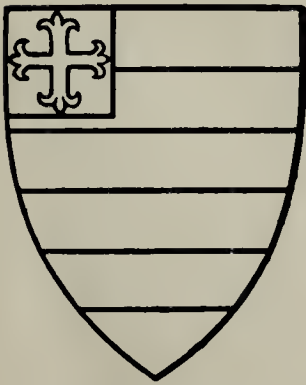
8. De Laci



9. FitzWalter



10. Cheney



11. De Aton



12. De Vesci

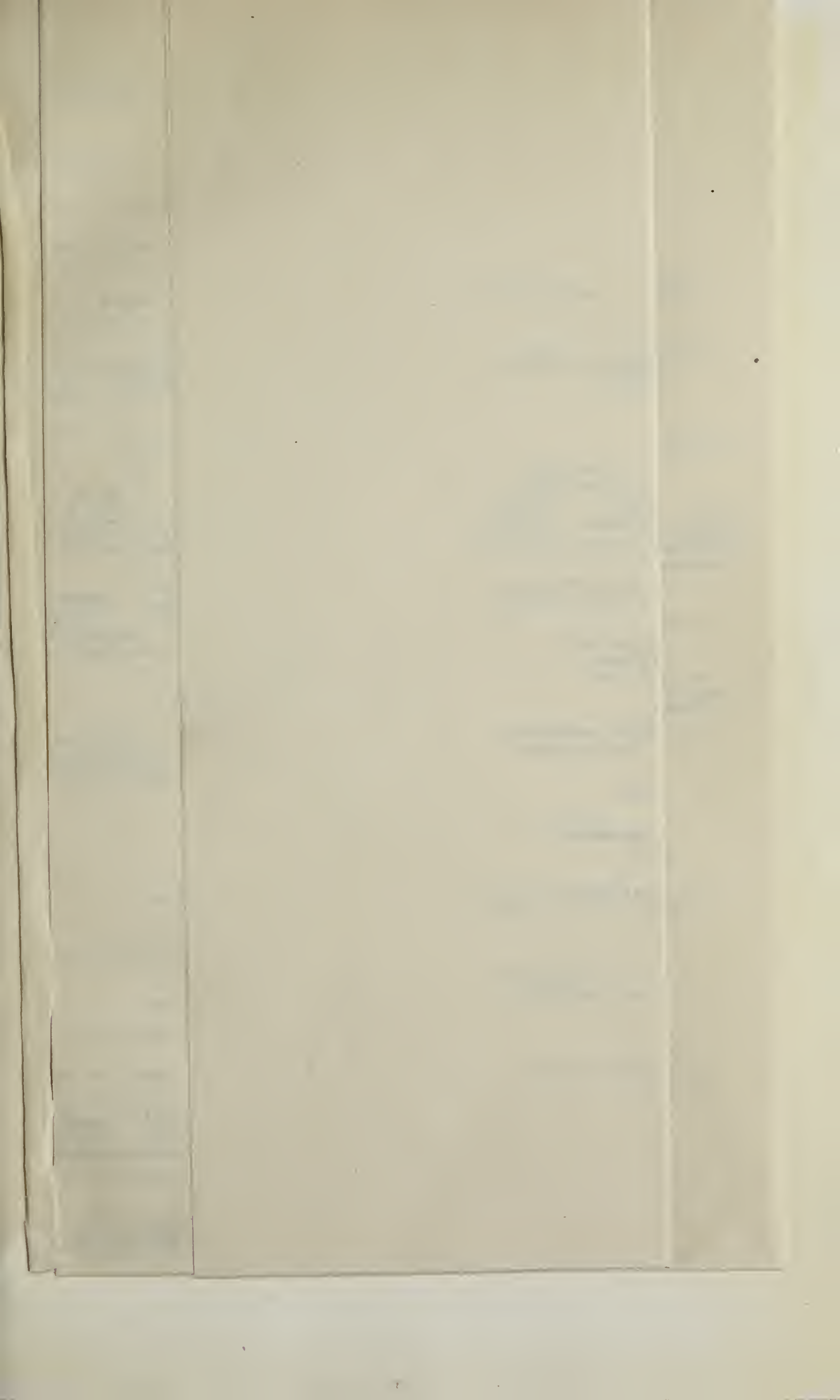


13. Tyson

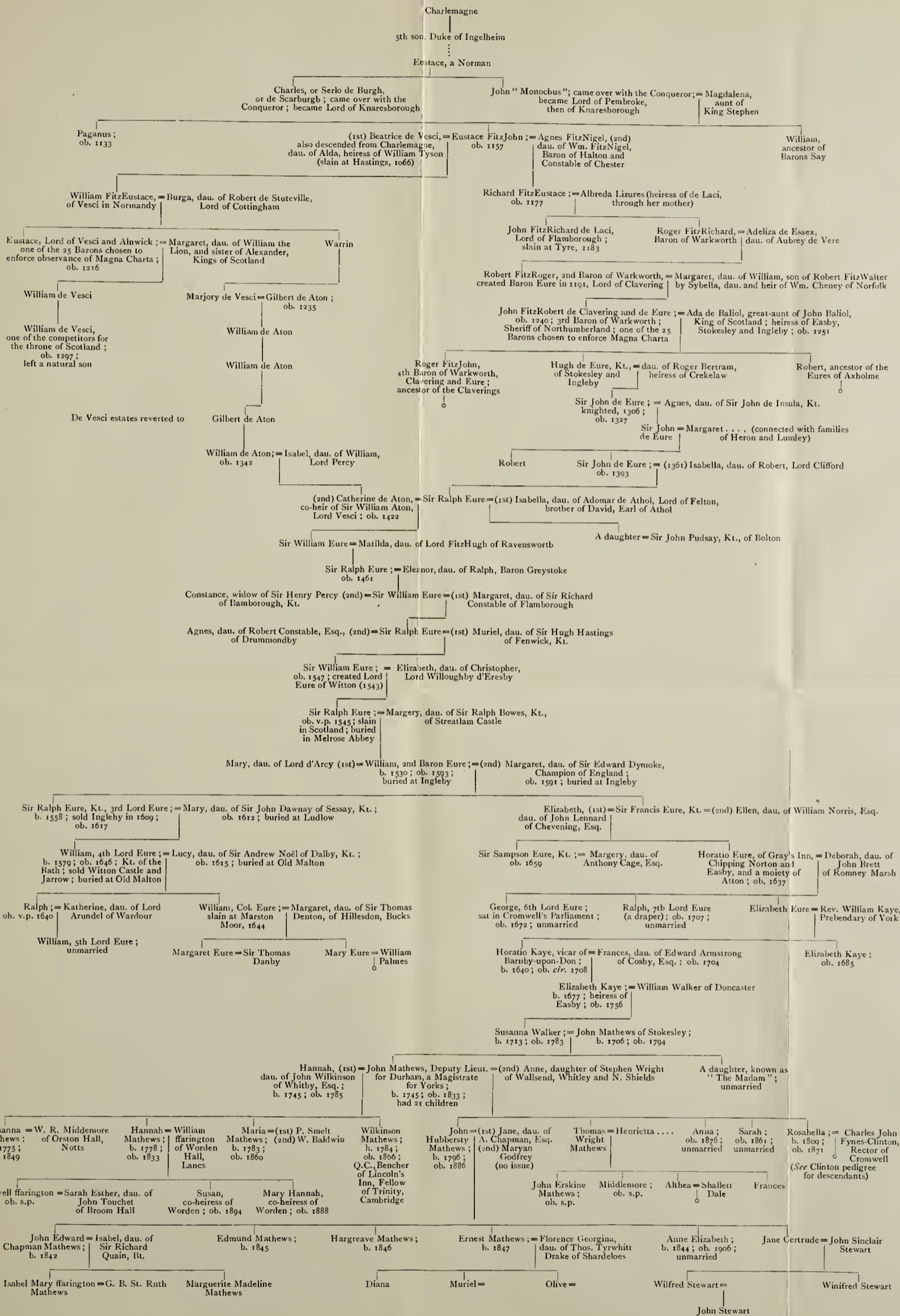


14. Brett

THE MATHEWS QUARTERINGS



EURE OF WITTON (MATHEWS)





JOHN MATHEWE

Extract from a letter from Grandfather Charles John Fynes-Clinton to his daughter Bertha, Mrs. Falkner

June 1868.

“ . . . You asked a question about Mama’s family, which I will endeavour to answer. . . .

“ Your grandfather Mathews was descended by the female line from the old Lords Eure, among whom Eustace was a Christian name. One of the ancestors signed ‘ Magna Charta ’ among the other Barons. The family came over with the Conqueror, and your Uncle has an ancient ‘ Roll,’ as it is called, thus entitled :

“ ‘ THIS is the descent of the right honorable Ralphe, Lord Eure, Baron of Maulton, Lord President to his Majesty’s Counsell in the Marches of Wales, who is heir Male to the noble and ancyent house of the Lord of Clavering, Baron of Werkworth, and from the noble family of Geafry, Lord Tyson, Baron of Alnwicke and Mawton, whose son William was slain at the battle of Hastings, and likewise one of the heires male of the Lord Vesey.’

“ This roll, or pedigree, is 8 ft. 11 inches long and 6½ wide, and shews the descent of Lord Eure from the Lord Clavering, who married Alice, daughter of Henry de Essex, Constable to Henry 2nd.

“ The last Lord Eure died in the time of Anne, without any children, but he left two sisters, from the eldest of whom, Elizabeth, your grandfather and consequently your mother descends.

“ The arms of a Eure who was Sheriff of Yorkshire in 1309-1310 are still to be seen in one of the windows of York Minster.

“ So you see you are descended from *both* parents *nobly* ; you have from both sides what the heralds call ‘ blue blood ’ in your veins. In fact it is supposed, as I have heard, that if your Uncle chose to *ruin* himself by maintaining his claim to the ancient barony of Eure, through the aforesaid Elizabeth, he might gain it. Your most loving Father,

“ C. J. FYNES-CLINTON.”

THE MATHEWS FAMILY

The first known member of the family of Mathewe or Mathews was Tobias Mathewe, Bishop of Durham and Archbishop of York, who flourished between 1595 and 1628. His son was Sir Tobias (sometimes called Sir Tobie), author of several books, who was born at Oxford in 1578 and died in 1655. To this period belong our two ancestors whose portraits are given here, by the courtesy of one of their descendants, my cousin, Major John Edward Chapman Mathews.

Archdeacon Lemuel Mathews flourished about 1703, when he published a book.

George Mathews of Bishop Stortford is next identified, and was either father or grandfather of John Mathews, gentleman, of Stokesley, who married Susanna Walker, co-heiress of the great house of Eure of Witton. This John Mathews was born in 1713, married in 1735, and died in 1794, aged eighty-one. Except the portrait of his wife, Susanna Walker, as a child, nothing personal is known about this couple, who were the parents of my great-grandfather John Mathews (2nd), of whom two portraits and a silhouette are here reproduced.

The descent of my great-grandfather from the Barons Eure, of whom he was the sole representative, will be more easily understood from the Pedigree.

The sister and heiress of the last Lord Eure was Elizabeth, married to the Rev. William Kaye ; her son was Horatio Kaye, whose daughter Elizabeth married William Walker of Doncaster ; these last were the parents of Susanna, Mrs. John Mathews, mentioned above.

(See the articles on Eure, Kaye and Walker.)

GREAT-GRANDFATHER JOHN MATHEWS

The son of John Mathews and Susanna Walker was John Mathews (2nd), my great-grandfather, born in 1745, and father of my grandmother Rosabella, Mrs. Fynes-Clinton.

This John Mathews (2nd) was a most amiable and delightful man, much beloved by his children, of whom he had twenty-one, and by all who knew him. He was heir to considerable estates, including Stokesley and Easby, the ancient manor belonging to the Eure family since the year 1251 ; this was part of the lands brought into the family by Ada de Baliol.

A portrait of great-grandfather John Mathews, now at 45



MRS. JOHN MATHEWE

Porchester Terrace, shows him as he was in old age ; the silver-rimmed spectacles he wore are among the collection of family curiosities (which I hope will be treated as an heirloom). His father had contracted such terrible debts that he was obliged to sell much of his heritage and practise as a solicitor in North Shields, where he was called, in the dialect of the common people, "Torney Mathers." In stature he was small and slight, and apparently short-sighted.

A very rich client—an eccentric old gentleman—was excessively fond of him, almost regarded him as a son and was anxious to make him his heir, knowing that he had been born to the expectation of big estates and a large income and was reduced to a comparatively small livelihood. This old gentleman one day entered his office and announced that he had come to make his will. The will was accordingly drafted, and Mr. Mathews then asked the old man whose name was to be inserted as the heir. "Your own," said the old man. "But, sir," remonstrated Mr. Mathews,—no doubt expressing his gratitude—"I cannot draw up a will in my own favour ; it would be unprofessional and, in fact, would not hold in law." The old client then became very angry, and reiterated that if Mr. Mathews would not make the will, he should not have the fortune. No persuasions could make him listen to reason, and he flung out of the office in a towering passion, got a will made by another lawyer, and left all his fortune to a third party.

Another portrait of Mr. John Mathews, as a young man in a red hunting coat, exists in the possession of Mr. Farrington and hangs on the staircase at Worden ; I give here a reproduction of it, also a silhouette taken when he was an old man. We had a waistcoat of his similar to the one in the portrait ; it was white satin beautifully embroidered with miniature flowers in pink and pale blue ; we used to use it for acting, but it was stolen from Carlton Hill with other relics. He died in 1833, and his mother, who was born in 1831, could just remember sitting on the old man's knee as a tiny child.

He had this curious experience. Once when riding over the Yorkshire moors with a friend, he reined in his horse and said : "It is just about this spot that I lost my ring twenty years ago : I hunted the place thoroughly at the time but could find no sign of it." As he was speaking, he flicked his whip about among the dead leaves on the ground and the ring appeared, stuck on the end of the whip.

There is a monument to him in Tynemouth Church which runs as follows :

In a vault in the adjacent burial-ground are deposited the earthly remains of John Mathews Esq. originally of Stokesley in Cleveland

late of this parish. Who departed this probationary state in the Christian Hope the 8th of May 1833 in the 88th year of his age. His surviving children duly impressed with his many virtues have erected this marble to the memory of their most amiable and venerated Father.

His first wife was Hannah Wilkinson, and his second wife, who survived him for fifteen years, was Anne, daughter of Stephen Wright of North Shields.

Easby, the old house whose loss he never ceased to mourn, is now in the possession of the Hon. Robert James.

“ THE MADAM ”

The daughter of John Mathews (1st) and Susanna Walker was feeble-minded but harmless. My great-grandfather John Mathews (2nd) had the care and support of this sister on his shoulders, and he built her a little house on part of his garden, where she lived with a maid. She was known as “the Madam,” and was the object of awe and amusement to the younger generation. My grandmother (Mrs. Fynes-Clinton), who was an admirable story-teller and mimic, used to imitate the conduct of the poor lady in a very amusing manner. She described herself as a young girl being sent to the little house to ask her poor aunt to dinner.

“ Well, Madam, and how do you find yourself to-day ? ” she asked (having seen her through the window quite well and active).

The Madam (lying back in her chair, with closed eyes and groaning). “ Eh, I’m very ill.” (Groans again.)

Rosabella. “ I’m very sorry to hear that, Madam, because Mama has sent me to ask you to come in to dinner to-day at 3 o’clock.”

Madam (opening her eyes and raising her head a little). “ Eh, what’s that ? I’m much too ill.”

Rosabella. “ I was to tell you that we have got a goose for dinner.”

Madam (sitting up and taking notice). “ A goose ! *A goose*, did ye say ? ”

Rosabella. “ Yes, Madam, a goose for dinner.”

Madam (completely restored, getting up and curtsying ceremoniously). “ Tell your Mama, my dear, with my compliments, that I shall be very pleased to come to dinner at 3 o’clock to meet HIS GRACE THE GOOSE.”

This poor lady was a kind of miser. When she was enter-



JOHN MATHEWS

tained at her brother's house at tea and given a slice of rich plum cake, she could not bring herself to eat it, but laid elaborate plans for carrying it away with her. She would look carefully all round the table to see if she was being watched, then surreptitiously take a large handkerchief out of her pocket and spread it upon her knees; then after more spying round (quite apparent to all at table though they would pretend not to see) she would suddenly whip the cake on to her lap, roll it in the handkerchief and stuff it into her pocket, and then look innocently round the table.

This always occurred, and after her death a large number of these pieces of cake were found among her clothing, and in odd drawers and corners, all mouldering away.

MRS. JOHN MATHEWS No. 1

My great-grandfather's first wife was Hannah Wilkinson, who was born in 1745 and died in 1785. An account of her family is given in the article on Wilkinson. Four of her children survived, one son and three daughters. They were my grandmother's half-brothers and sisters, and were called by her children, "Uncle Wilkinson, Aunt Middlemore, Aunt Baldwin and Aunt ffarington," the Christian names of married aunts being ignored in those days.

GREAT-UNCLE WILKINSON MATHEWS

The only son of my great-grandfather's first marriage was Wilkinson, born in 1784; he was a Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, a barrister, a Q.C. and a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn. He died a bachelor in 1866.

He does not seem to have been very intimate with his father's second wife and family (of whom my grandmother was the youngest), but he was devoted to his sister Mrs. ffarington and his two nieces, Susan and Mary Hannah ffarington. He spent much time with them at Worden, and they made their London home with him in his house at 64 Brook Street (recently made into flats); at his death in 1866 he was laid to rest in their family vault at Leyland Church.

There are several faded photographs of him, in which a likeness can be traced to certain living members of our family. When rallied by my grandmother (his half-sister) once on the

subject of never having married, he said with a whimsical smile :
 “ My dear, I’ve had a great many offers.”

He used to dine at regular intervals with my grandmother in London, and she and my grandfather with him, but she was never at her best with him. She confessed she could not forget her awe of him as a child, and told this story : When a small girl at home, she was once sent for to come into the drawing-room to see her grown-up brother Wilkinson, who had just arrived. She told him she was going to school, and she described the way in which he shook his head disapprovingly at her, as he remarked : “ And much thou needest it ! ” She never really got over the snubbed feeling it gave her, or felt at her ease in his company as long as he lived.

A letter is in existence written to him by his father when he was a boy of fifteen, with a postscript by his sister Susanna, afterwards Mrs. Middlemore.

*Letter from Great-grandfather John Mathews to his son
 Wilkinson Mathews, aged fifteen*

Mr Wilkinson Mathews
 at The Revd Jos: Hird’s
 Hadleigh

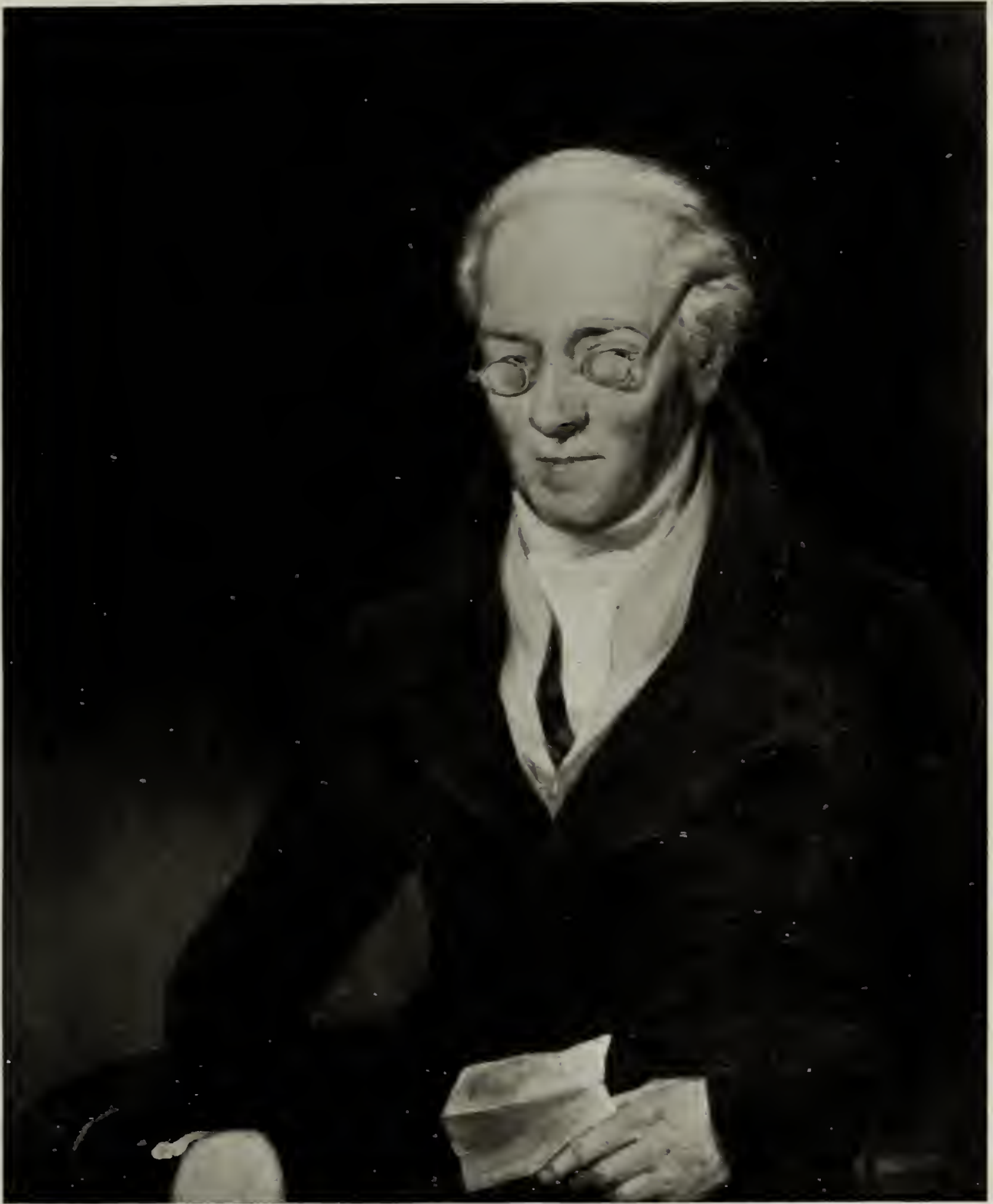
IPSWICH, 14th Feb. 1799,
 past 7 o’clock

“ My very dear Son,

“ I pray the Almighty to protect, bless and preserve you. We arrived here safe and well and tho’ we have left you, are comforted by the Idea, that you are under the care and protection under divine mercy, of an agreeable pleasant gentleman, whose sentiments are congenial to my own and what I wish yours to be, viz., a Friend to our good and gracious King and the present government, and I charge you on my blessing not to suffer any one to possess you of disloyal principles, if they do, I insist upon you to acquaint me immediately, and also far more especially, sho^d you allow any one to tempt you to swerve from the duties of our true religion. So long as you do your duty to the Supream and the King, you will be happy and need for nothing, I humbly trust, but if you alter, be certain of evil consequences. What I have wrote, I know you will take in good part, for you are sure I love and wish you every good and every happiness. Again I humbly and heartily commit you to the care of divine providence and with my very respectful compliments to Mr. Hird remain—

“ Your truly loving and (in having such a son) happy Father

“ JOHN MATHEWS.”



JOHN MATHEWS

(Postscript to foregoing letter from Great-grandfather John Mathews to his son Wilkinson, written by Susanna Mathews, afterwards Mrs. Middlemore. She was twenty-four in 1799, and nine years older than her brother.)

“ My dear Brother,

“ My Father has left me a little room to add my sincere wishes for your happiness, I hope you will find Hadleigh everything you wish. Mr. Hird appears a very agreeable man and I have no doubt you will pass your time very pleasantly—if you want anything pray let us know for you know my Father is so kind and indulgent to us all that he would be uneasy if he thought we had not everything which would conduce to our comfort.—Adieu my dear Brother, believe me your affectionate sister,

S. MATHEWS.

Write to us very soon.”

(Endorsed in a boyish hand, “ Answered Feby 21st 1799 from Hadleigh.” “ Came by the chaise driver.”)

The letter is sealed with my great-grandfather’s seal bearing the Mathews lion and the arms of Wilkinson (his first wife) on an escutcheon of pretence.

Great-uncle Wilkinson was a very cultivated man and a scholar, and there is a story of him and Mr. Temple (the latter an exceedingly brilliant Q.C. though unfortunately loose in money matters) quoting Horace and capping each other at my grandfather’s dinner table—a pastime in which no doubt their host bore his part.

My great-grandfather left to his eldest son Wilkinson a large quantity of fine plate, very old and valuable and engraved with the Eure crest, which in his turn Uncle Wilkinson bequeathed to his nieces Susan and Mary Hannah ffarington. Great chests of it are still at Worden, and some of them were never opened or looked at except for purposes of probate. All my great-grandfather’s first family have died out and also all the ffaringtons who were related to the Mathews; Worden has passed to quite a different branch of the ffarington family, and the plate has therefore become the property of people who have no connection with or real right to it whatever.

Uncle Wilkinson, however, left money to my grandmother and his other brothers and sisters.

Near his tomb in the ancient ffarington chapel is a mural tablet to his memory :

Sacred to the memory of Wilkinson Mathews, Esq., one of her Majesty’s Counsel and a Bencher of Lincoln’s Inn. He died in

London, 12th May 1866, aged 82 years, and by his desire was buried in this church near his much-beloved sister Hannah, the wife of William Farrington Esq. Of high attainments and of the strictest integrity, truthfulness and honesty, the modesty and geniality of his disposition endeared him to his friends and obtained him the esteem of all.

THE STORY OF PHYLLIS AND JANET

A tragedy occurred in some former generation of the Wilkinson family.

Two little cousins, girls of about the same age, were brought up very much together. Phyllis was a very pretty and good-tempered child and a general favourite, while her cousin Janet was not so well endowed either in looks or disposition. She was exceedingly jealous of Phyllis and irritated at the way her cousin was held up to her as a model by governesses and nurses.

When the girls were about nine years old, they were once staying at some seaside place on the north coast and were taken out for their afternoon walk by the nurse, who was carrying a baby in her arms. (Perambulators were not heard of for at least a hundred years later.) The two children raced up and down on the sea front and on a fisherman's jetty which ran out on to the rocks. The short winter's afternoon beginning to draw in, the nurse called to the little girls to come home, and Janet appeared to her summons.

"Where is Phyllis?" inquired the nurse.

"I don't know—I thought she was with you," answered Janet.

After calling and getting no response, the nurse became alarmed and hurried off for help, but before men and lights could be brought to the spot, night had closed down and their search was in vain. Nothing more was known of poor little Phyllis until her body was washed up on to the rocks.

Janet grew up a morose and cross-grained woman, liked by no one. She lived to the age of thirty-two years, and on her deathbed confessed that being frightfully jealous of her attractive cousin, and seeing the rough waves beating among the rocks as they leant together over the jetty, she yielded to a sudden temptation and pushed her in. Remorse for the deed and the constant dread of her guilty secret being suspected, embittered her character and undermined her health.



WILKINSON MATHEWS, Q. C.

GREAT-AUNT MIDDLEMORE

Susanna, clever, capable and sharp of tongue, was called by my grandmother "Sister Mid." She was the wife of Mr. W. R. Middlemore and the eldest daughter of my great-grandfather John Mathews (2nd); born in 1775, she was a half-sister of my grandmother, and of course much older.

The Middlemores' house was the Hall at Orston in Nottinghamshire, a very sweet and picturesque village. The Hall is a comfortable, moderate-sized house, partly modernised, but the ancient stables, on the roof of which is a weather-vane in the form of a fox, the crest of the Stauntons (the family of my great-grandmother Mrs. Fynes-Clinton), the walled gardens, velvety lawns and fish ponds remain. The church, restored in the perpendicular style, is low-roofed and battlemented. It now contains monuments to "Aunt Mid" and her husband.

My grandfather Clinton held the living of Orston among others; it was served by a curate-in-charge, the Rev. Gabriel Valpy, who became an intimate friend of the whole family.

At the age of seventeen, my grandmother, then Rosabella Mathews, was sent to stay with "Sister Mid," and remained for two years. I will relate, further on, the reason for this, and about her marriage, which took place at Orston. The night she arrived on this protracted visit, Sister Mid asked her what she would like for supper (dinner being served so early, it was usual to have a light supper at bed-time). "Would you like an egg, my dear? or some bread and milk, or a baked apple?"

"Thank you, sister," replied Rosabella, "I think I should like a baked apple." This was accordingly cooked and served; she was never again asked what supper she would like, but for the seven hundred odd nights she spent in that house a baked apple made its appearance every single evening, till the poor girl loathed the sight of it.

Mrs. Middlemore was lay-rector of Orston, and one day when the church was being restored, the butler came into the room where she was sitting, and said:

"If you please, Ma'am, the workmen wish to know where you will have the lead put."

"The lead? What lead?"

"The lead from the church, Ma'am, from the roof and dis-used coffins; it is *all yours*, Ma'am."

It seems it was her perquisite as lay-rector; but she was horrified and refused to have it, so the church got the benefit.

It was in the drawing-room of her house that my grandfather, the grave, reserved clergyman, proposed to my sweet

young grandmother, whilst two mischievous little boys were hiding behind the curtains, and quickly made the exciting news known. These boys were two little brothers, connections of grandpapa through his mother, one of them being afterwards Dr. Storer, who lived near Lowdham, Notts.

(See Brough pedigree.)

My Aunt Bertha can just remember seeing her Aunt Mrs. Middlemore in the drawing-room at Cromwell. Bertha was a pretty little thing about three years old in a white frock with a pink sash, and her aunt's greeting was: "Come to me, you little pink and white and white and pink girl!"

Her nieces, Susan and Mary Hannah ffarrington, had a portrait of "me Aunt Middlemore," which is still hanging at Worden, and she is alluded to in several letters quoted further on.

She died in 1849, aged seventy-four.

GREAT-AUNT BALDWIN

Maria, the third daughter of John Mathews (2nd), was born in 1783 and died in 1860, aged seventy-seven. She was first married to Mr. P. Smelt, and it was a happy marriage as long as it lasted, but after she became a widow she took a second husband in the person of Mr. W. Baldwin, from whom she was separated (whether by mutual consent or by his death I cannot say). This union was not a happy one. On one occasion, when dining with my grandfather and grandmother Clinton, the former said: "Allow me to give you another slice of ham, Mrs. Smelt—I beg your pardon—Mrs. Baldwin."

Her answer was, "Indeed, Charles, I only wish I were still Mrs. Smelt."

One of my grandmother's amusingly told stories described Mrs. Baldwin's own account of her relations with her second husband. "When we were first married he used to kiss me and say 'Good-night, my love,' and I said 'Good-night, my love.' After a time he said 'Good-night, Mrs. Baldwin,' and I said 'Good-night, Mr. Baldwin.' Then he said 'Good-night, madam,' and I said 'Good-night, sir.' Then he just said 'Good-night,' and I said 'Good-night.' And after that, my dear, he said nothing at all."

Ladies used to sit for hours at needlework in those days, and Mrs. Baldwin took pains to keep all her materials in very nice order. When staying with my grandmother in Bedford Square, when she was quite old, she explained her little system at some length. "You see, my dear, in this large bag I keep my canvas or whatever I am working on, and in this little bag, which lives



SUSANNA MATHEWS
WIFE OF W. R. MIDDLEMORE

inside the large bag, I keep my dark-coloured wools. Inside that bag, I keep this little bag for my needles and thimbles, and inside that one I have another little bag for my little balls of silk : inside that one I have another little bag——” My Uncle Arthur, a small, spoilt and noisy boy, was in the room at the time, and at this point he burst into peals of laughter and danced round the room calling out “ Bags within bags—bags within bags.” The old lady was pained and remarked, “ You are a very naughty, rude boy, Arthur.”

GREAT-AUNT FFARINGTON

We come now to the second daughter of my great-grandfather John Mathews (2nd). This was Hannah, born in 1778, and married to Mr. William ffarington of Worden Hall, near Preston, Lancs, the head of one of the most distinguished families of that county ; their shield displays fourteen quarterings.

Worden was originally called Shawe Hall, and is so marked in old maps ; it is about five miles from Preston and two from Leyland, and is now being slowly swallowed up by smoke and slums. The present house was rebuilt in 1840, but some of the old parts were left standing.

A fatality haunted this family for the last few generations ; no males survived early manhood, and one branch after another died out. My great-aunt, Mrs. William ffarington, had six sons and two daughters ; only one son, Nowell, grew up, and he died childless soon after his marriage. When he married (Sarah Esther, daughter and heiress of John Touchet of Broom Hall) his two sisters prepared to leave the house and betake themselves to the Dower House on the estate ; his death, however, occurred before they had time to move, and his widow and two sisters succeeded him in “ Co-parcenary ” as joint owners of the estate.

This Mrs. Nowell ffarington is said to have been the most amiable and sweet-tempered of women, and as her sisters-in-law were similarly blessed in disposition, the three women lived and reigned together for many years in the greatest peace and harmony until Mrs. ffarington died. The two survivors were Susan and Mary Hannah, and they lived to a good old age ; I can remember them well, as Susan lived to send me a wedding present in 1892 (she died in January 1894).

The first time I was at Worden was when I was five years old and staying at St. James’s Leyland Vicarage with my uncle,

Osbert Clinton. I can just remember standing at the window of an enormous room and seeing peacocks on the terrace outside and being taken out to pick up their feathers. I can also recall a maze in which you could get lost.

The Misses ffarington were my grandmother's nieces (or rather half-nieces) although they were older than she was. Susan, the elder sister, was a very clever accomplished woman: she was fond of making humorous drawings and rhymes, of which I possess several specimens—"Morning Calls," "Views in the Isle of Wight," "A Ghost Story which is True," "When I churns, I churns in a boot," etc. She was also an authority on heraldry. She was not good-looking but had a forceful and interesting face; eyes rather near together, a long nondescript nose and a reddish complexion. Aunt Paulina Clinton was very like her in features, but not colour. The younger sister, Mary Hannah, had a most delicately-cut face with finely formed aquiline nose and a very pale clear skin; she looked, and was, fragile: her hobby was a collection of sea-shells, for which she built a museum; I think they were bequeathed to the Natural History Museum.

Mother took me to stay a few days at Worden when I was eighteen, and I will record what I can of my recollections.

I had often seen the Miss ffaringtons in London, so they were not strangers to me. It struck me as a very large and magnificent house, and the gorgeous maroon and scarlet liveries of the servants, hung about with silver cords, were almost theatrical. I felt very young and insignificant and shy.

You enter into a large hall with various rooms opening into it and a chapel adjoining it, where daily prayers were held. In earlier days, when Mother and my aunts were young and stayed there, great ceremony was observed; at 9 or 9.30 A.M. a gong summoned all guests to the hall, where they met *wearing kid gloves*, and all proceeded to the chapel, where Miss ffarington or a chaplain read prayers (and I remember in my day the butler was very unctuous in the responses). The party then returned to the hall and grouped itself round the two fireplaces, making conversation until the staff, after being released from the chapel, were able to cook and serve breakfast. This meal was handed round in courses like a dinner—doing away with all the free and easy charm of a modern breakfast.

When Mother was a girl the early part of the morning was passed by the ladies in working at clothes for the poor—all made by hand, as machines were not invented, and certainly would not have been approved of. They had a light lunch of cake, biscuits, wine, cocoa or something, then were arrayed by their



SUSAN MARIA FFARINGTON



maids in a suitable manner, and the chariot, or gig, or sociable, or whatever vehicle was decided on, was brought to the door.

If the ladies drove themselves in the gig or chaise, a groom followed on horseback to attend upon them. The coachman on the barouche or whatever it was called, had a wig and cocked hat, and two footmen hung on to straps behind ; the "chariot" had no box but was driven by postilions.

Dinner was served at 3 : in later years at 4, then at 5. I don't know how they dressed for this early meal, or when they put on the décolleté dresses they wore in the evenings. They used to have tea in the drawing-room about 7 with muffins and cakes, and a "supper tray" was brought in about 10 with light dishes that could be eaten in the drawing-room.

When I was there with Mother the meal-times were modernised, and we dressed for dinner at the usual time : it was about the period when Art dressing and furnishing was in vogue : people wore the palest colours, or sad greens and yellows. I wore my best dress of a soft material in the palest pink, the skirt was very narrow and strained to the back, where it was bunched out a little ; it was cut in a V at the neck. Imagine what a shock I got when we descended to the morning-room, where we assembled before dinner, and the two old ladies sailed into the room in broad June daylight, dressed in stiff satin dresses cut alike, very low in the neck and showing their withered necks and shoulders, and full skirts ; one in brilliant pink and the other in pea-green ! At meals, particularly when they wore the décolleté dresses, the mechanism of their poor attenuated throats could be plainly seen (what Father called the "rope and pulley system"), and when they swallowed, a little sort of squeak was distinctly audible.

After dinner we went to the drawing-room, and presently adjourned to the long gallery, where I was put through the ordeal of playing Chopin to them (though Handel would have been much more appropriate).

The gallery and other rooms were full of beautiful old pieces of furniture of all sorts, and the bedrooms were models of solid luxury. The household was rather pained and shocked that we did not bring a maid with us.

One wing of the house was older than the rest, and consisted of a long row of bedrooms full of wonderful old beds with hangings and furniture to correspond. I don't suppose the rooms had been slept in for many years.

The garden was lovely, and we attempted the maze, of which Mother remembered the clue ; I must confess we pushed through a thin bit in one place, but we got to the middle

in the end. It was constructed by the same man that made the Hampton Court maze.

We were taken a drive in a waggonette and shown the schools and places they had built. I was much impressed by the sight of Miss ffarington's white silk stocking as she stepped into the vehicle ; the thickest and richest kind of silk, not to be obtained now.

Mary Hannah had a darling little Italian greyhound called Tasso, and this little dog was a comfort to me and relieved the feeling of repression I suffered from.

The following spring the two ladies came on their annual visit to London, with a retinue of two maids and a footman, where they stayed in an hotel for a month or so ; they came to see Mother, and I inquired of Mary Hannah, " How is Tasso?" To my horror she burst into tears. Tasso was no more.

In former years Mrs. Nowell ffarington had built and endowed St. James' Church and parsonage at Leyland, and my uncle, Osbert Clinton (the Miss ffaringtons' first cousin-half-) was presented to the living, which he held for some years ; his son, the Rev. Charles Edward Fynes-Clinton, has held it till quite lately, though the reigning ffaringtons are now no relation to him. When Mrs. Nowell ffarington died, the two sisters erected a most beautiful monument to her in the chancel of this church. It is a recumbent marble figure by an eminent sculptor, the hands of which were modelled from those of Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock) and the casts are in my possession.

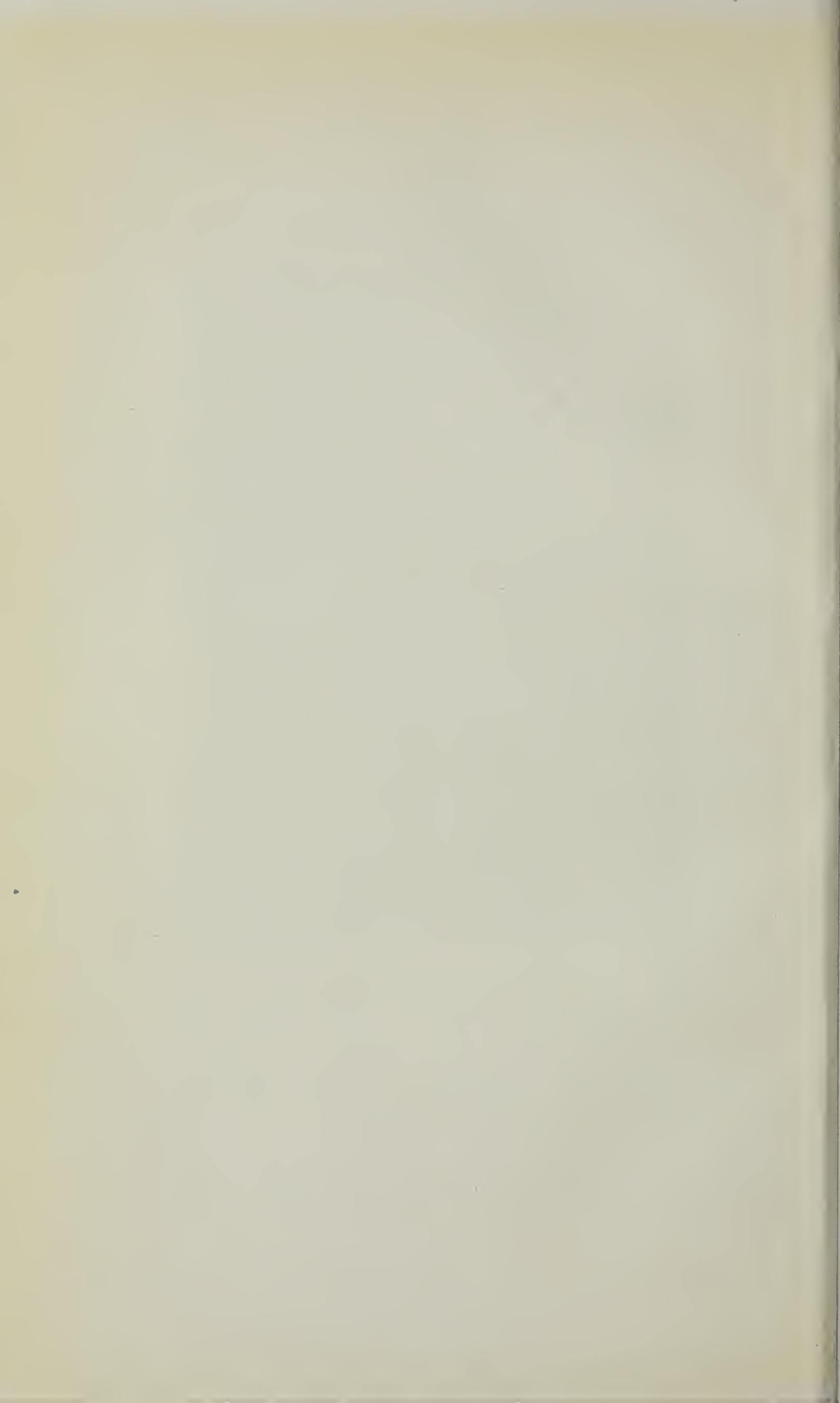
On one occasion my uncle, Arthur Clinton, was staying with his brother Osbert at the Vicarage ; they were both interested in scientific subjects, and they proposed to prove the rotation of the earth by hanging a pendulum from a great height ; the roof beam of the church was selected for the purpose. An immensely long ladder was borrowed and a pendulum made by a large hymn-book being tied to the end of a rope and set swinging. They were about to remove the ladder when it slipped and fell towards the chancel, and almost on to the monument, literally missing Mrs. ffarington's nose by an inch. Their feelings may be imagined.

Mary Hannah died in 1888, six years before her elder sister, and after her death Susan began to fail ; my aunt, Emma Holme, stayed some time with her and helped in the management of her house and estate, and afterwards my aunt, Bertha Falkner, and her daughter spent a long time there keeping things going.

The death of Cousin Susan ffarington took place in 1894 at the age of eighty-six, and she was buried in the ffarington Chapel at Leyland beside her forefathers and the sister who



MARY HANNAH FFARINGTON



had predeceased her. Her funeral was conducted with all the old-time ceremony with which former generations had been laid to their rest, and was probably the last funeral in England to be carried out with that gruesome pomp. The hearse of obsolete build, covered with enormous black plumes, the crowd of mutes, the carriages drawn by horses ridden by postilions, the mourners arrayed in long black cloaks, sweeping sashes on their hats and "weepers" (white cuffs worn outside their coat sleeves), all were reminiscent of a bygone age. The whole country-side turned out to see the spectacle, attracted not only by the unusual sight, but by a desire to do honour to the gentlewoman whose strong and upright character had impressed itself on all her generation, and whose obsequies marked the passing of that branch of her race which had remained faithful to its ancient traditions long after they had become extinct elsewhere.

The estate passed to a boy of about ten, a distant ffarington cousin, who also died in early manhood soon after his marriage to a lady who survived him only a very short time ; she was, in fact, found dead from an overdose of some drug she was in the habit of taking. Her story was in all the papers at the time of the tragic event. Colonel ffarington then inherited but did not live long, and his son now owns the old place of so many memories.

The memorial tablet to Aunt ffarington in the ancient ffarington Chapel at Leyland bears the following inscription :

To the memory of Hannah, daughter of John Mathews Esqr., of Tynemouth, Northumberland, and second wife of William ffarington Esqr. of Shawe Hall. Endued with a most affectionate, kind and charitable disposition, she was also remarkable for fulfilling each of the many duties of her station as one who, having the Word of God constantly in mind, simply and fearlessly obeyed it, with an uprightness, perseverance, and consistency which the constant aid of the Holy Spirit could alone have imparted. She departed this life in tranquil reliance on the merits of her Saviour, May 31st, 1833, aged 55 years. This monument, erected by her daughters, is intended not more as a mark of affection and gratitude to the parent than with a view to record the memory of the sincere and humble Christian. "We bless thy name, oh Lord, for this Thy servant departed this life in Thy faith and fear, beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow her good example that with her we may be partakers in Thy Heavenly Kingdom."

My cousin, Rosa Falkner, passed some time at Worden with her mother, at the close of Susan ffarington's long life. She has written the following description :

WORDEN

By ROSA FALKNER

Worden is a place so full of interest and recollections of the past, that it is difficult to know what to write about it.

Our cousins, the two Miss ffaringtons, who were "tenants-for-life" of it for many a long year, kept up as far as was at all possible the customs and style of living in vogue during their father's lifetime. Until I went there I had never been waited on by footmen with powdered hair, but I must say it was very becoming and gave an air of distinction, and I am not surprised Cousin Susan would not give it up. It had to be freshly done every day, and was a cold, wet process. A new footman generally caught several colds till he was inured to it.

A Worden footman was altogether a striking figure: every day he wore a maroon-coloured coat, with wonderful scarlet and silver cords twisted together and looped about his shoulder and arm, with long hanging silver spikes, a scarlet waistcoat, maroon plush knee-breeches (scarlet on special occasions) and white silk stockings. When we went out into company with him in attendance to wait upon us, he looked quite brilliant amongst other people's black-clad servants.¹

Another anachronism at Worden was what was called the "chariot," a beautiful roomy carriage, close, with a glass front and unimpeded view, as there was no box for a coachman, but the horses were driven by a postilion riding on the near one. He looked more like a jockey than anything, in a short scarlet coat, white riding breeches and black jockey cap, but he had a long driving whip in his hand. Two footmen stood on a tiny shelf behind, holding on tight. One of the seats inside was a "bodkin" just in front of the principal seat in the middle, and was something like a round music stool—very uncomfortable, I should think.

The whole turn-out was a lovely and picturesque sight, as I saw it once driving out of the great yard to meet the Bishop at the station and take him to the Confirmation; but I think Cousin Susan failed to realise how utterly obsolete it was. She wished to do him honour, but he was dreadfully embarrassed by it and implored the vicar never to ask Miss ffarington to send for him again!

The last occasion on which the chariot was used was Cousin Susan's funeral. The hearse with nodding plumes was pre-

¹ Servants' liveries are supposed to follow the predominant colours in the coat-of-arms of their masters; thus, the Newcastle liveries are blue and silver; the royal liveries scarlet and gold.



WORDEN HALL

ceded and followed by mutes, and then came the empty chariot with drawn blinds, and the postilion in black, the first of the numberless carriages which joined in the procession.

On Sundays we always went to Leyland Church (the old parish one), and sat in great stalled seats in the ancient ffarington Chantry Chapel, which occupied a large part of the building, including gallery. The family sat in the best seats, the servants and tenants sat in front, the great funeral hatchments hung on the walls, and below was the family vault.

When Cousin Mary Hannah died, a hatchment was placed on the front of the house and stayed there a long time before removal to the church, and I suppose one was afterwards put for her sister too.

The house, though modern, had an old wing, in which all the rooms were beautifully panelled in oak and contained quaint and interesting pieces of oaken furniture, including a richly-carved four-poster, called the "Derby bed," as an Earl of Derby had slept in it in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Round the house were the gardens, and beyond them the large and beautiful park ; also a lovely wood and rhododendron grove ; and through them all wandered and winded the tiny stream.¹ On the ponds were some fine swans, and I remember seeing a swan's nest, an enormous thing, on an island, but swans are exceedingly fierce when they have little ones and no one but the keeper dared go near them. However, we occasionally had cygnet to eat, and oftener, pea-fowl or pea-chick.

There were a great many pea-fowl, and they were very tame and ate out of our hands, all excepting one white one. This is a very rare variety, and the markings of the "eye" on the tail feathers are most beautiful, being in shades of white and silver. He always kept aloof from the coloured ones and looked rather lonely and miserable, as the only white pea-hen had died.

One thing of special interest to us was Aunt ffarington's (Hannah Mathews) garden, still called by her name, made especially for her more than a hundred years ago, and containing all her favourite old English flowers—a peaceful little quiet spot, hedged in to itself, not far from the Maze, of an irregular pointed shape with a little summer-house at the end. She was particularly fond of moss-roses, and these still flourish in her garden. I remember hearing that our grandmother, her half-sister, was also very fond of them. Perhaps they had been grown in the old Mathews home—who knows ?

The Miss ffaringtons were very proud of their descent through their mother (Hannah Mathews) from the Barons Eure of Witton, and they had more material legacies from these old

¹ The Wear : hence the name " Worden," Wear " den " or valley.

ancestors than other equally direct descendants. All the old silver passed to them, and the bulk of that in daily use at Worden bore the old crest of the Eures, besides which there was a quantity never used.

The crest is two lions' paws holding an escallop shell, quite different from the ffarington dragon.

The ffarington arms are Argent, a chevron gules between three leopards' faces sable (quartering ffarington, Benson, Rufine, Bradshaw (twice), Aspull, Fitton (twice), Carden, Malvoisin, Brereton, Nowell, Merley and Hargreaves).

The author of the *Farington Diary* was a distant relation of the family.

THE STORY OF MADAME TUSSAUD

Before finishing with the ffaringtons I had better relate the adventure of Madame Tussaud, which must have occurred before 1830.

One stormy winter's evening, Mrs. ffarington (my great-aunt) and her two daughters, Susan and Mary Hannah, with some guests staying in the house, were sitting after their dinner in the room called the morning-room, a comfortable apartment opening off the hall on the left hand as you enter, in the front of the house. They heard footsteps on the gravel outside and heard the bell ring and the servants go across the hall to the door. A colloquy seemed to be taking place amidst a babel of voices which no one could understand. Mrs. ffarington's curiosity was aroused and she went to the door herself, where she found the butler was being addressed in voluble French by a party of people outside. She brought them inside and found them to be a little company of foreigners who had suffered shipwreck on their way to Dublin; the leader of the party was Mme. Tussaud, a middle-aged lady, who had fled from Paris during the Reign of Terror, after having been a favourite of the royal family and suspect in consequence; and having been forced by the Communists to exercise her art of wax-modelling on the decapitated heads of many of their victims. She brought some of her models with her to London and started an Exhibition there: afterwards touring with them about the country.

The shipwreck cast her and the survivors of her party ashore on the Lancashire coast, and all her possessions went to the bottom, except one small box which the unfortunate companions carried between them when they all started off to walk to Preston, which they were told was the nearest town. Dark-

ness fell upon them and they struggled along in rain and wind, soaked to the skin and caked with Lancashire mud. They mistook their road, and instead of arriving at Preston, they found themselves at the Lodge Gates of Worden. How they got past the lodge I don't know, but they arrived at the house as described and were taken in and housed : supper was got ready and dry clothing, and they turned out to be such charming and interesting people that their stay was prolonged for several days.

The small box contained miniature models of various historical figures, and Mme. Tussaud announced her intention of setting to work at once on fresh life-sized models of those that had been lost.

Mrs. ffarington took her upstairs to a room where a number of old chests were kept, full of costumes which had belonged to former members of the family, and presented her with a good many of these, to clothe the new figures and to help her to restart her exhibition. In addition to this, Mrs. John Mathews (Mrs. ffarington's stepmother) at North Shields, who also became interested in Mme. Tussaud, gave her a quantity of valuable old Venetian point lace, of which I possess two or three pieces which were left over.

I communicated lately with Mr. John Tussaud, the present owner of the Exhibition, asking him if it were possible that any of the old lace or brocades, etc., could still survive ; but he thought it hardly likely. However, in searching through the Exhibition I spotted a small piece of the identical lace, which may be seen on Cardinal Wolsey's sleeves. It is in a group of the original historical figures, and on some of them there are two or three pieces of genuine ancient brocade which might well be the remains of the Worden dresses, as it is of a very superior quality to any other material used to clothe the figures. I blame my great-grandmother for depriving her posterity of the lace, which would be a unique and valuable possession now.

I will mention here that Cousin Susan ffarington bequeathed all her jewellery to my mother and aunts and Jane Gertrude Stewart (daughter of great-uncle John Mathews), and drew up a paper to this effect which was placed with her Will. But unfortunately, though the paper was signed, her signature had not been attested by witnesses and the bequest was withheld by the trustees of the minor who inherited the estate.

I heard Susan ffarington tell the following stories. She once sent her steward to see York Minster, and the man came back full of enthusiasm and said he had seen the most beautiful thing of all his life. When asked by his mistress what in

particular had excited his admiration, he replied, raising his hands and eyes : “ Eh, ma’am, that bonnie brass hen ! ” (the lectern).

There was a woman at Leyland who spoke with a very coarse accent, and who had a great admiration for the three daughters of Colonel Masters, a gentleman living near, whose names were Augusta, Penelope and Elizabeth. “ Goosticks I loikes,” she said ; “ Niplops I looves, but Betsy I gloories in.”

She once asked a very poor woman in her district about a certain man who had left the neighbourhood. “ Well, mum,” replied the woman, “ he fiddles a little, and he thieves a little, and he’s a very decent man.”

Another story dates from an earlier generation and sounded much more convincing in the Northumbrian dialect in which it was originally told. My great-grandmother, or one of her daughters, had visited an old dying man, who lingered on in a suffering condition. One morning, when she called to inquire, she was told that he was dead. “ Dear me,” she remarked to the wife, “ I did not think when I saw him yesterday that he would have gone so soon.” “ Ay, poor thing,” said the wife, “ he could not die, so I got a piece of string and tied it about his neck, and I pu’ed and I pu’ed and I pu’ed and he went off quite comfortable.”

This finishes all I can tell of my great-grandfather’s first family, none of whom left descendants.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER MRS. JOHN MATHEWS

No. 2

My great-grandfather John Mathews lost his first wife (Hannah Wilkinson) in 1785, and three years later he married Anne, daughter of Stephen Wright (see the article on Wright). She was twenty-eight years old and he was forty-three or forty-four.

The Wright family held a good position in Northumberland, being connected with the Fenwicks, Metcalfes, Atkinson-Clarkes and other good North-country middle-class families. Coal having been discovered on their property at Wallsend, some members of the Wright family became very rich.

My great-grandfather had a numerous family by this second marriage, of which three daughters and two sons survived ; my grandmother Rosabella was the youngest (and twenty-first child of her father) ; she was born in 1809 when her mother was fifty years old and her father sixty-four.



ANNE WRIGHT
SECOND WIFE OF JOHN MATHEWS

My great-grandmother seems to have been called "Nancy" by her intimates; I have her wedding ring, worn very thin and now mounted on a card. Her portrait, given herewith, showing her as a lady of advanced age in a stupendous widow's cap, is now at Porchester Terrace, beside that of her husband. I also give a reproduction of her portrait at about forty years of age in a becoming turban.

She had a very strong-featured handsome face and was a person of great character and ability, much admired by her children when grown-up, although she was of the hard and unaffectionate kind to young people. I have seen her house in North Shields, now turned into a soda-water factory: she continued to live there after her husband's death in 1833 till her death in 1848.

She had great talents of a practical kind; we had several pairs of muslin curtains edged with borders about six inches wide which were entirely painted by her with flowers and had a very dainty effect (Mother used them until they were quite worn out),

Some of the quaint old dishes and plates forming a dessert service in Staffordshire pottery were painted by her; and the wonderful scarf of Chinese crape, embroidered in many-coloured flowers, was worked by her hands from nature. There are boxes and bags still containing some of her silks and work materials. Among the property inherited by my grandmother from her father and mother are the bow-fronted Tallboys chest of drawers in bird's-eye maple inlaid with other woods, with the original brass handles (now at Littlehampton); an inlaid mahogany "sofa" table; a quaint old work cabinet of rosewood inlaid with mother-of-pearl; the rosewood work-box with brass lions' heads forming handles; all the valuable antique china which was distributed among members of the family at my grandmother Clinton's death in 1871, of which Ella and I have got Mother's share; the Milanese point lace and some exceedingly fine microscopic lace, some of which Mother gave away; and many other relics such as shawls, silk handkerchiefs, etc. etc., now at Porchester Terrace.

Much of my great-grandparents' beautiful furniture was made by the famous cabinet-maker at Durham, of whom the following story is told:

A certain lady when ordering a table to be made for her, wished to have it in the most correct style, and asked the maker what kind of feet for tables were in vogue among his patrons.

"Well, mum," he replied, "soom 'as pahs, and soom 'as clahs, and soom 'as bahlls; and soom 'as pahs and bahlls, and

soom 'as clahs and bahlls, and soom 'as pahs and clahs and bahlls and ahll."

My great-grandmother was fond of a little flutter at cards ; people played for money in her day, though it was anathema to the next generation. She kept a certain number of coins in a bag which always accompanied her to card parties, and regarded them as counters, and at her death the number of coins were found to have neither increased nor diminished after many years' use.

Once when sitting in her drawing-room at North Shields, a servant entered and said to her, " Please, ma'am, will you speak to Mr. Moore ? "

" I don't know Mr. Moore," said my great-grandmother, " who is he ? "

" Eh, ma'am," replied the maid, " he's the gentleman as leads Stephen Wright's coals."

In 1848, the year she died, my great-grandmother went to stay at Cromwell, and a picnic to Sherwood Forest was given in her honour. The old lady sat in a chair at the head of a long white table-cloth spread on the grass, and the rest of the family sat round it on the ground ; several of them vividly remember the scene. She was then eighty-eight years old.

The long visit of " little Emma," aged ten, to the staid household of her aged grandmother and two middle-aged maiden aunts, was probably intended by them as a kindness to Grandmama and a relief to the Cromwell nursery, which, by the arrival of annual or biennial gifts, was fast becoming full to overflowing.

The child was fairly happy at North Shields, chiefly owing to the kindness of her Aunt Sarah, the younger of the two aunts ; but she was rather afraid of Aunt Anna, and in considerable awe of her grandmother. One day, after a period when things in the household had seemed not quite as usual, and the daily summons to say " Good night " to her grandmother had been omitted for some little time, Aunt Sarah led the little girl into her grandmother's bedroom. There, propped up in an enormous four-post bed, lay the ancient lady, breathing heavily, and very near her end—although of course the child understood nothing about it.

The next few days seemed very strange ; the grown-ups spoke in hushed voices ; stealthy footsteps were heard on the stairs ; the blinds were kept drawn and a vague sense of mystery oppressed the child. After several of these weird days, the two aunts, acting on the methods of their own eighteenth-century childhood, called little Emma and told her they were taking her to " kiss dear Grandmama." Greatly relieved in



ANNE WRIGHT
SECOND WIFE OF JOHN MATHEWS

her mind she went cheerfully with them, supposing that her grandmother had now recovered and would be sitting in her big chair, enjoying a cup of tea, as she had so often seen her.

They entered the room, whose aspect was altered; the bed was empty and smooth; the big chair was pushed away into a corner; a long narrow erection occupied the middle of the room, and towards it—treading softly, and with handkerchiefs ready in their hands—the aunts led their small niece. Aunt Sarah lifted her up and she saw the familiar features of the old lady, who lay there, apparently fast asleep. Emma obediently leant over the figure and kissed the forehead. It was icy cold! Uttering a shriek of horror the sensitive child fled from the room in a frenzy of nervous fright; she rushed downstairs crying, “I’ll never go up those stairs again—never, NEVER!” and cowering down in a corner was convulsed by sobs and fits of trembling.

The maiden ladies were utterly nonplussed by this behaviour, and nothing they could do or say made any impression on the terrified child, so at last they sent for their cousin, Mrs. Robson, who had a family of her own. Her motherly tact soon won little Emma’s confidence and she led her off in triumph to Dockery Square, where she passed a delightful week with her cousins, quite oblivious of the sombre doings in the old house round the corner.

From there she was taken home to the natural atmosphere of Cromwell Rectory and the tender love and care of her own mother.

(This description is from her own lips.)

Letter from Great-grandmother Anne Mathews to Grandmother Rosabella Fynes-Clinton (her daughter) written at the age of eighty-three.

“Jan^y 30th, 1843.

“My dear Bairns,

“It is with more than usual pleasure (for I really do not like writing now-a-days) that I take my pen to tell you that your little Anna Rosa¹ is quite nicely again, though not equal to resume her business at school. When Caroline² left us yesterday Anna told me with a smile that she would take great care to get well that she might get again to school, so anxious is she to improve. Her illness might have been most

¹ Second daughter of my grandparents: granddaughter of the writer.

² My mother, granddaughter of the writer.

serious, and when I was told that it might probably break also on the outside I was very uneasy lest it should fall upon the glands and leave a scar ; happily a succession of warm poultices, syringeing twice a day and other plans, the discharge has kept open from the ear, and Mr. Bramwell thinks no danger from deafness or swelling will follow : she was truly amiable and submissive to orders during her illness, and now though looking pale and thin, sleeps and eats well and will I trust in a few days be quite herself again.

“ You have lost that dear fellow Dormer—well, I don’t know when I shall be likely to see him, except I could divide myself into quarters, business appears to encrease upon me. Mr. Chapman thinks it impossible I can refuse going to Highbury, or he must not come north. John says the same—Orston.¹ Cromwell² say the same, Lancashire³ makes sure—now, on the other hand, I entreated my dear Thom and family the last spring to come to us, which on account of Charlotte, Thom was obliged to come with Althea only : this year I have urged the same in April, and by letter yesterday I know not whether they can accede to my wishes—should they . . . Mrs. Mid would meet them. . . .

“ Now dear creatures you see how I am circumstanced. Then Newbuilding, they will take no denial—but that cold hill top, and my old feeling of cold too.

“ Anna is only tolerable, Sarah with myself wonderful, the mild though uncertain weather has suited me, for when warm I go out, when cold or damp I keep close. . . .

“ Anna Rosa begs her best love, she is really a sweet girl, so they both are, and improved in every way, her natural temper not so good as her sisters, is subdued and made all quite what a parent can wish, less selfish, ready to give up her will to oblige others and courteous in her manner. That word courteous has a charm to my heart, without, many good qualities are lost.

“ I believe she will be a fine woman : Miss Lee has been a blessing to her.

“ Love from all here to you all, says your ever affect^{te} Mother,
“ A. MATHEWS.

“ The pale ink teases me, I don’t see what I write, it is mechanical, my eyes are not so good. I daily feel—mercy alone preserves them.”

“ Anna ” and “ Sarah,” “ John ” and “ Thom,” were children of the writer and my great-aunts and uncles.

¹ Mrs. Middlemore.

² Grandparents.

³ The Misses ffarington.



JOHN MATHEWS



ANNE WRIGHT
WIFE OF JOHN MATHEWS

Letter from Great-grandmother Anne, Mrs. John Mathews, to Grandmother Rosabella, Mrs. Fynes-Clinton, written at the age of eighty-three. (The "baby" is John Edward Mathews, eldest son of Great-uncle John Mathews and grandson of the writer.)

“HIGHBURY PARK,
“May 1843.

“My darling Rosa,

“You will readily believe that on reading your intention yesterday in Gordon Square where we had called *en passant*, that I felt a glow of delight with the hope of seeing you sooner than I expected and of wellcoming you in John’s own residence. Jane will write to tell you how glad they will be to see you, but in the mean time I was commissioned to say that a well-aired bed is conveniently ready for you.

“Neither you or I like much the climbing London houses, but the stairs are remarkably easy, and I am thankful to say I hope to feel no difficulty in the ascent. I trust this excursion will be profitable to your health and spirits, the dear society with the Valpy’s, the change of scene and air, with the relief from domestic cares are good I know by experience.

“This delightful place is so enjoyable, and the extreme hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Chapman prevent one’s every wish, and leave no desire to go into the great overgrown City, save to purchase a bonnet and cap, which Sarah as well as myself preferred to those at home.

“As for the Baby he is as fine a little fellow as I could wish, not forward in any way, and is fevered by some teeth just cutting at present, and clings to Nurse in preference to us strangers, he is very nice looking, and might be taken for own brother to my son Thom’s children instead of John’s.

“Our journey here was most propitious, everything went well, I was not the least fatigued, indeed how can we by the glorious railways.

“Poor Sister Middlemore has had another bilious attack, Miss Thomas writes, and is at Ockbrook for a little, so perhaps it will be better that I should be with you first, and Orston my last visit, this we will arrange, I hope, if we are permitted to meet next week.

“The family here are so pressing, that we cannot get from them quite so soon as proposed, engagements crowding upon us. The weather has become fine, and I have only to-day parted with some of my winter’s woollen, it was troublesome enough, to provide for the variations of heat and cold in the articles of dress.

“ A kind letter from Mrs. Wright naming her disappointment of not seeing you, she had most kindly invited Dormer to go to (I forget the name) with her, and to bring one of his favourite companions with him to spend a long day. I think she will probably make Cheltenham her future residence, the *Ministry* alone would induce her, and her friends not so distant as at Whitley Park.¹

“ It is a little provoking, Sarah has just told me she has written to you also—however this shall go also, postage is cheap, and love is shown, and the dear Valpy’s will see that I think of them and desire them to believe that I wish to see them in the North, though not to attend them to the ROCK, having grown at least ten years older in habit since their visit to it. Now dears accept my sincere Love to the party—and with entire affecⁿ believe dearest Charles and Rosabella.—Your Mother,
“ A. MATHEWS.”

Birthday Letter from Great-grandmother Anne Mathews to Grandmother Rosabella Fynes-Clinton in 1844 when the Writer was eighty-four years of age. (The baby alluded to was “ Anne Elizabeth,” eldest daughter of John Mathews; she afterwards had water on the brain and was weak-minded.)

“ After drinking a bumper with the most affectionate prayer of our whole party, that my Darling Rosabella might see *many, many* happy returns of this her natal day, to be a blessing to her dear Husband, her family and all of us, we partook of one of the finest pines, presented by Mrs. Dale and enjoyed amongst the many bounties we are Graciously enabled to have with the party from Gordon Square.

“ I believe it was the simultaneous wish of all that you might have been present in person instead of thought. Memory brought much of the delight which the 23rd of October brought me, in beholding my dear child . . . into my arms in my 50th year, not less beloved though last—will be ever truly dear.

“ You will be glad to hear, that these . . . improved by the sea air more than I thought possible, John Ed^d is a strong robust boy, running upon the flags as quick as any child of his age, and is very lively and laughing, speaks very plain and intelligent, the Baby grown fat, but not like Bertha; but too weak to think of putting out her tiny hand to take hold of anything, she never cries, and does not appear to ail in the least or have

¹ Whitley Park, now the flourishing Whitley Bay, was the residence of Mr. John Wright.

any complaint, and has got a little colour in her cheeks. Jane herself is much improved and eats rather more than she did, and can walk to Tynemouth.

“ The weather is delightful for the time of the year, though too cool for using the warm bath for me. My cough keeps away, yet I am daily losing flesh, yet sleep and good appetite I still am permitted to enjoy.

“ We have paid a number of visits and received many friends in return, so that our time has been much occupied.

“ Our evening reading has been Lord Eldon’s Life, very interesting to me, carrying me back to the events and names familiar to my early days.

“ I am sorry I could not finish this yesterday—but I hope it will not be less wellcome, though a day later than it should have been. Accept the united Love of all here to dear Charles and all the bairns. From myself accept the parental earnest prayers and love of your ever affectionate Mother,

“ A. MATHEWS.

“ Thanks for the Record.

“ I see your railroad is going forward ; how nice it will be for us, oftener to meet if the Lord will.”

Letter from Great-grandmother Anne Mathews to her daughter Rosabella Fynes-Clinton.

“ Augt. 29th, 1845.

“ My darling Rosa,

“ I have been thinking so very often of you, and the painful weakening complaint since your confinement, lest you should grow more nervous (though, alas, when I last parted I could not but see that the care and anxiety of your large family was making large inroads upon your strength). A little relaxation I often found most salutary ; even three days at Durham revived my spirits.

“ Now to gain this point my cogitations have been various, yet one thought, I must say, is uppermost. Could not Charles run down with you, nurse, and Baby, by railway for a Parson’s fortnight ? Nurse Aked at home could take care of all the chicks.

“ Mrs. Middlemore writes me she hopes to be with me next month ; perhaps you may make some arrangement with her.

“ The weather is and has been wretched, seldom allowing me even to ride—had I been pretty well this morning I should have congratulated Mrs. H. Dales, who receives company on her eldest son’s marriage yesterday.

“ We had a beautiful sight yesterday in the garden—Sarah’s school¹ with the teachers ; about 68 skipped, shouted, formed rings and enjoyed every species of play both before and after tea—the only fine day for some time.

“ So I find the *young fellow* makes his way as good as he looks, you have still love left for him : also I long to see him, you may believe : has he got a name yet ?

“ My son John will not be down so early as usual—Jane not fit to be left : if it please God she does well—but I am truly anxious about her delicate state, though she is better since they have removed (from Gordon Square to Highbury).

“ Anna is with Miss Lee at Tynemouth ; our dear friends Mrs. Smyth and Dalton are there, and Anna is near them. Mrs. Dn. very ill—Dr. Headlam is in constant attendance.

“ I can say nothing more, my eyes very dim—poorly and weak, not getting out.

“ William² I hope to see after the Switzerland trip.

“ Let me know as soon as you can all about yourself and my suggestion, and believe me ever in true and sincere wishes to you all—Your affecte. Mother,

“ A. MATHEWS.”

The “ young fellow ” was Uncle Eustace, then an infant.

The writer was aged eighty-five and this is the last existing letter from her.

GREAT-GREAT-AUNT HARRISON

My great-grandmother’s sister, one of the seventeen children of Stephen Wright, was known as “ Aunt Harrison.” I possess her portrait in water-colour, reproduced herewith ; it shows her as a middle-aged woman, good-looking and very smartly dressed, with lavender kid gloves sewn with black, and a perfectly marvellous cap.

She must have been born between 1750 and 1760, and she lived to the age of one hundred less three months. The companion picture, also in my possession but not reproduced, shows her husband, Captain Harrison, a fresh-coloured old boy in a white choker. My father has written on the back of this picture, “ Husband of ‘ me Aunt Harrison ’—sole title to Fame.”

My Aunt Emma gives me the following description :

“ As I lived in North Shields with Grandmama when I was

¹ A Sunday school, founded and supported by Great-aunt Sarah.

² William Harrison, nephew of writer.



. WRIGHT
WIFE OF CAPTAIN HARRISON

ten, for a year, I knew all her people and was there when she died.

“This is the exact history of her sister, my great-aunt Harrison. I knew them well, for they were so kind to little Emma, a lone child in that house—except for dearest Aunt Sarah. Aunt Harrison said I was to go to her at any time, just one street off, in Dockery Square. How they dare let me go alone I wondered even then. In those days you always called married aunts by their surnames; thus I do not know Great-aunt Harrison’s name. She had three children—William, who was a lawyer with his offices in Dockery Square; Stephen (not quite all there, and his legs and arms rather loose); then dear Mrs. Robson, my second cousin, her only daughter, a widow; *she* had a daughter, and they all lived together in Dockery Square.”

GREAT-AUNT SARAH MATHEWS

My great-grandmother’s household at North Shields consisted of herself and her two unmarried daughters, Anna and Sarah. The latter was a very sweet and lovable woman, and was much regretted when she died in middle life in 1861. The photograph of the two sisters shows her in a plaid dress with her face reflected in a mirror.

She was of a deeply religious nature, and from her earliest years her great desire was to impart her convictions to others. As soon as she became possessed of an income of her own she founded and supported a Sunday school for the benefit of the poor children of North Shields.

Great-aunt Sarah appears to have had rather a swarthy complexion, for once when walking in a slummy part of North Shields she came upon two women fighting, and being much shocked at the sight, she attempted to remonstrate with them. But one of the women turned fiercely upon her and exclaimed: “Be off, you little yaller divil, you!”

She was a great favourite with her nephews and nieces, who all felt a strong affection for her, speaking of her as “a sweet creature.”

GREAT-AUNT ANNA MATHEWS

After my great-grandmother's death Great-aunt Anna became a member of Uncle John Mathews' household until her death in 1876. There are photographs of her showing her in her later life. In her earlier days at North Shields she was engaged to be married to some one whose name I have forgotten. He appeared to be very devoted to her; the wedding day was fixed and her trousseau and wedding dress made ready. About a fortnight before the happy day she read in the *Times* the announcement of the man's marriage to another woman, and found herself most cruelly jilted.

In her youth Aunt Anna was gifted with a magnificent voice and was an accomplished musician.

Her singing master did all he could to induce her to sing in public, but she steadily refused to do so. At last he was so angry he left her, saying he would not teach her any more, as "she was too good for private life."

She was a very smart dresser and always had most splendid clothes made of the richest materials by her maid, whose name was Nornabell. I can remember her in a royal blue satin evening dress with a low neck and fine lace: she had a tiny waist well pinched in and was vain of her figure. She wore what was called a "front" of chestnut-coloured hair, parted and brushed down over her ears: a smart cap with lace and flowers, etc., hid the rest of her head.

Mother described a Sunday episode at Folkestone (about 1867) when she sat on a seat on the Parade with her aunt after morning church.

Aunt Anna. What a beautiful sermon, my dear! What truly Christian views he holds . . . look at that woman's dress—those panniers are the very latest thing—charming, is it not?

How true his remarks on eternal punishment! I was glad to find him so sound on that point . . . there's a Paris bonnet! Just notice how the feather is put in—how elegant!

What a terrible picture of the wicked on the other side of the great gulf! How true! What a lesson . . . do you admire that mantle? I don't call it really good taste.

Ah, indeed! What he said about a personal Devil . . . how sweet! Now I call that really pretty, the one with forget-me-nots and the blonde veil . . . etc., etc., etc.

Ella has only one recollection of her great-aunt Anna. As a very small child she stood beside her knee, and Aunt Anna, perhaps fearing for her silk gown, said to her, "Art thou sure



ANNA AND SARAH MATHEWS

thy fingers are not sticky ? ” Possibly the first, and probably the last time Ella was addressed in the second person.

Among the curiosities I have is a moiré silk bodice that was hers ; also the Limerick point lace cream-coloured shawl. She gave very handsome presents : the cut-glass dessert service was one of her gifts to Mother.

A sad thing happened at the end of her life when she was eighty-four or eighty-five years old. Her mind departed before her body and her conduct became very strange and dreadful. For example, she wished to take Charles the footman into her confidence on matters of dress and the toilet. Her doctor said that her brain was under-nourished from her great anxiety to preserve a slim figure by eating very little. One day she escaped from the custody of her maid and went by herself to Shoolbred's, where she bought dozens of yards of silk, satin, and velvet. Mother happened to be at Harley Street when she was missed and joined in the search, and was the one to track her to the shop, where Mother had the unpleasant task of repudiating the purchases and inducing the old lady to go home with her.

She is buried in Hornsey Churchyard.

Father wrote a poem on her death, which was published in *Songs and Sonnets*, by Philip Acton : it is called “ An Old Maid.”

AN OLD MAID

By PHILIP ACTON

The silence of the tomb
Throughout the house its sovereignty keeps,
Hush ! for at last in her close-curtained room
My lady sleeps.

My lady sleeps, for she
Was ready for repose and very tired,
Sleep was for her the one felicity
To be desired.

She had sat up too long,
The flowers had faded and the lights were dim,
Alike to her were hymeneal song
And funeral hymn.

Her festival was o'er,
She had tired out her partners, one by one,
And though she long had bravely kept the floor,
The dance was done.

ANNALS OF OUR ANCESTORS

'Twas dark and very late,
Her drowsy eyes with weariness were red,
Wherefore she would unrobe her of her state
And so to bed.

Then, slowly were unbound
The satin and the velvet and the lace,
And all the jewelries were laid around,
Each in its place.

For fourscore years and more
My lady had her constant vigil kept,
Until at last her wakefulness was o'er,
And then she slept.

To rouse her from her sleep
Few have the will and none shall have the power,
Though she hath fallen upon slumber deep
Hardly an hour.

Like marble now she lies,
For death has ironed from her placid brow
The furrows Time had scored about her eyes
With his long plough.

Her lips no longer part,
Nor faintest murmur doth her bosom move,
Her wasted arms are folded on her heart
In peace and love.

She lived and died unwed,
No lover ever clasped her in his arms,
Yet may ye mark upon her latest bed
Her early charms.

Still ye may stand and trace
The lineaments that nature had designed
To be perpetuated in a race
Of her own kind.

What after all is death ?
When 'tis the sleep of nature, free from pain,
'Tis but the expiration of a breath
Unbreathed again.

And what indeed is life ?
A little flower, a little day that blooms :
Though it escape the gardener's pruning knife,
The evening comes.

Yet on the midnight wind
Sometimes the withered vestiges are borne,
Leaving a sweet presentiment behind
Of coming morn.

Letter from Great-aunt Anna Mathews to her nephew by marriage, James Wilson Holme, about the birth of Randle.

“ 3 Highbury Grange,
“ July 4th (1864).

“ My dear Nephew,

“ When I saw dear Caroline the other day I said, ‘ I know your dear husband will write and tell me when the young stranger arrived at Beckenham,’ and now while I thank you for your kind letter I beg to assure you of my sincere and affectionate congratulations on the mercy of our blessed God that all is, so far, so well, and I trust with care and your good nursing the babe and its Mama will go on safely.

“ It is indeed quite an age since we met, and I could feel almost tempted to call and see you at 34 Old Jewry sometime when I am in the City : only it would be awkward for ALL the clerks to see you give me a kiss, which of course I should reasonably expect.

“ To think of neither Doctor nor Nurse !! and you managed so well. Dinner is just on the table, but I have a moment to write. John and Mrs. Mathews’ kindest love, and mine and best wishes.—Ever believe me always your affect^{ly} loving Aunt,

“ ANNA MATHEWS.”

*Letter from Great-aunt Anna Mathews to her sister
Rosabella Fynes-Clinton.*

“ 3 WILLIAMS TERRACE,
“ BOROUGH ROAD,
“ Nov. 1st (about 1870).

“ Many thanks, my dearest Rosabella, for your kind letters, the receipt of the Bride’s cake, etc., but above all that your dear Geoffrey has met with an employment more suitable, and a better salary.

“ I cannot succeed in getting any view of Tynemouth which comprises so much detail as this small one which accompanies this note.

“ As for asking any young friend to take a sketch, I don’t know any young people who draw, and even if I did, I fear the obligation would be thought a great favour, too great to propose.

“ If all be well, I think of leaving here on Wednesday next the 6th inst. for Whitby. I am sorry to leave my independence, but my duty and interest is to ‘ Trust in the Lord, and be doing

good, and dwell in the land (where I live), and verily thou shalt be fed.'

"With best love.—Your truly loving and most affect^{te} Sister,
"ANNA MATHEWS."

GREAT-UNCLE JOHN MATHEWS

The elder son of my great-grandfather's second marriage, with Anne Wright, was John Hubbersty Mathews (Hubbersty after his godfather)—"Uncle John"—my great-uncle, whom I can well remember as an old man. He was born in 1796 and died in 1886, aged ninety. I recall him as an attractive and lovable personality, with a strong spice of shrewdness and humour. He was a barrister of Lincoln's Inn and was the author of the book *Eure of Witton*, a complete history of that ancient race of which he was the representative through his great-great-grandmother, Elizabeth Eure, and heir to the barony, which, however, he did not claim.

Uncle John strongly resembled his father, who was also a charming and sweet-natured man. He married, first, Jane, daughter of A. Chapman, Esq., M.P., of Highbury Park, and had six children born in six years, after which his wife died. His two unmarried sisters, Anna and Sarah, whose mother had died about the same time, then came to live with him and bring up his young family in his house at Highbury, a country place in those days. His children, four of whom are living, are :

1. Major John Edward Chapman Mathews, Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, born in 1842, educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, and alluded to in several of my great-grandmother's letters, married Isabelle, daughter of Sir Richard Quain, physician to Queen Victoria, and has two daughters ;
2. Anne Elizabeth, born 1844, died 1906 ;
3. Edmund ffarington, born 1845 ;
4. Hargreave, born 1846 ;
5. Ernest, born 1847, married Florence, daughter of Thos. Tyrwhitt-Drake of Shardeloes, and has three daughters ;
6. Jane Gertrude, born 1848, died 1923, married the Rev. John Sinclair Stewart, her two children being Wilfred Stewart (lately deceased, leaving a son John) and Winifred.

These will all be found in their places in the pedigree, but



JOHN HUBBERSTY MATHEWS

as most of them are living and are near relations I attempt no descriptions.

In 1861 Aunt Sarah died, Uncle John having married (in 1858) Miss Godfrey, who survived him. Aunt Anna remained a member of the household until her death in 1876, and I regret to say she influenced the children to antagonism towards their stepmother and caused much unhappiness.

I can just remember being taken a long drive from my grandfather Clinton's house in Bedford Square to a Christmas party at Uncle John's house at Highbury and getting a very nice present; but unfortunately my young aunt Paulina, who sat next to me at a second table laid for children at the dinner, had a present which I admired and coveted so much that I have quite forgotten what I got myself. Hers was a large rosy apple on a leaf, made of china; when you lifted up the apple an inkstand was disclosed underneath—I thought it a marvel of ingenuity and beauty.

Uncle John afterwards lived in Harley Street, before that locality was given up to the medical profession; Mother very frequently took me when she went to see her uncle, and I have been at several Christmas parties there. The Mathews young men sang and acted on these occasions and entertained the company in various ways. They were all very good-looking, and at my tender age I thought them the perfection of manly beauty.

Some old-fashioned customs were kept up in my great-uncle's house; I remember his sons always said "Sir" to him, though they were perhaps less respectful behind his back. At least, I can recall one of them humorously describing his father, whose sight was very bad, working away with knife and fork at his false teeth which had fallen on to his plate and complaining there was very little meat on his cutlet.

It was a weird sight to see Uncle John going upstairs at the age of ninety. He could not raise his feet from the ground, so his valet used to lift his foot and place it on the lowest step, whereupon the old man ran nimbly up to the top of the flight, the servant running after him so as to be able to start him for the next flight.

Uncle John was very kind and thoughtful to his relations, and once when some money came to him, instead of leaving it in his will with the rest of what he had, he divided it at once between his nephews and nieces. I know Mother was very pleased and touched by it.

GREAT-UNCLE TOM MATHEWS

My great-grandfather's second son was Thomas, who died in 1871. I quote from my aunt, Emma Holme :

" Uncle Tom I *loved*, I saw much of him when I was a little girl of ten living for a year at North Shields, but as he turned a Baptist it bothered the family."

Apropos of this : when Mother was a girl at school at Tynemouth she and her companions were taken one day to walk on the beach at Cullercoats. They saw at a little distance a great crowd of people in the water, and the schoolmistress, realising what was happening, with great presence of mind turned the crocodile of girls to the right-about and took them in another direction ; but not before Mother's sharp eyes had recognised her uncle standing up to his knees in the water and baptizing scantily clothed proselytes in the ocean. He did not remain a Baptist, but joined various other sects in their turn.

I never remember seeing him at Bedford Square or anywhere ; I suppose he was not encouraged owing to his religious practices.

His daughter was Althea Dale, whom I remember as a widow with a family to educate on very small means ; she lived for a time near St. George's Square, and gave music lessons to Ella and Winnie. I do not remember what her children were like, except that the youngest girl was very fat and plain and her brothers called her " The Awful." I suppose the Dales are alive and might be met with any day.

GRANDMAMMA CLINTON—*née* ROSABELLA
MATHEWS

We have now worked through the more distant relations of that generation and arrive at the history of my grandmother, Mother's mother, the twenty-first and youngest child of Great-grandfather John Mathews by his second marriage.

She was born at North Shields in 1809, a famous year which saw the birth of some very celebrated people.

A drawing (in the possession of Ella) shows her as a very young child drawing a little cart, in quaint clothes and with a piquant little face. There is also a silhouette of her at the age of two or three. She used to relate some of her childish memories.

At an early age she and a little friend were given sixpence to make a feast, and they proceeded to the nearest shops to lay



THOMAS MATHEWS

the money out to the best advantage. At one shop they invested in a gooseberry tart at the price of twopence, but while carrying it home discussed the matter and came to the conclusion that twopence was too large a sum to be expended on one item of the feast. Accordingly they took it back to the shop and explained their feelings to the woman and suggested she should take back the tart and refund the money. This she did with a very bad grace (recognising the children of valued customers). She examined the tart to see that it was intact and threw the twopence over the counter, heaving a noisy sigh as she remarked: "Eh, but shopkeepers has many a bitter pill to swaller!" (the first syllable pronounced to rhyme with *shall*).

Children were brought up in a very different way from what they are in these times, and my great-grandmother seems to have been an expert in making "the punishment fit the crime." Little Rosabella was one day amusing herself in the parlour where her mother was sitting, with a skipping-rope, and when told to desist she still persisted in playing with it. Her mother at last lost patience and said to her, "Very well, my dear, if you *will* skip, you *shall* skip, so skip for an hour." The unfortunate child accordingly started skipping, but soon wearied of it; her mother, however, insisted on her going on for the whole hour, in spite of her weary limbs and tears. In present-day language she was "fed up" with skipping for many a day.

Rosabella was sent to school later on, where, no doubt, she learnt the "use of the Globes" and other subjects necessary to form a gentlewoman. The food was not on the generous scale of that provided by schools in our time. The pupils were helped at dinner by the mistress to a very small and genteel portion, and when they had all finished, the mistress invited each girl to have a second helping, to which she invariably answered "No, thank you." But once a brave or cheeky girl (a forerunner of Oliver Twist) answered "Yes, please!" A thrill of horror ran round the table at her audacity; the mistress, pale with indignation, appealed to the pupils—"Did I not help Miss Jones to meat when I helped the other young ladies? As soon as grace is said, Miss Jones will present herself in my private apartment"—where, no doubt, the poor girl had a fine lecture on the sin of satisfying a young and healthy appetite.

Rosabella's mortifying interview with her brother Wilkinson has been related under the heading of his name, further back.

I have also told about her long visit to her elder (half) sister, Mrs. Middlemore, at Orston, and the incident of the baked apple; she was then seventeen years old, and during this time she met with my grandfather, the Rev. Charles John Fynes-

Clinton, Rector of the family living of Cromwell, where he resided, and Vicar of Orston and several other livings, of which he received the incomes and put a curate-in-charge on a small stipend to serve the parishes. This was recognised then as a perfectly proper way of providing for younger sons or the relatives of great families, and it was a matter of course for the Duke of Newcastle, whose seat, Clumber, is in that district, to present a kinsman to his livings.

The reason for this lengthy visit was the existence of a suitor whose prospects were not thought good enough. A romantic attachment was formed on both sides, but the young things were ruthlessly separated, and Rosabella was packed off to her elder sister, who speedily provided an approved husband for her in the person of my grandfather. She was not allowed to go home to North Shields until after her marriage in case any of the old tender feelings should be revived. One wonders what tears and anguish the poor homesick girl of seventeen had to suffer before relinquishing her first love and accepting the tall, grave, silent clergyman who was to make her such a devoted husband.

My grandfather was then a young widower, and he promptly fell in love with the young, fresh, and charming girl, who had the most brilliant complexion imaginable. When they became engaged it was thought undesirable for her to go all the way back to North Shields to be married, and as her future home was within a few miles, she remained on at Orston, and was married from there in 1829.

I have her wedding dress and one of her trousseau dresses, both white silk, and both made with short skimpy skirts and very short waists, low necks, and puffed sleeves kept out with feather cushions made to fit inside them. With these she wore white silk stockings and sandals; her hair was dragged up away from the neck and dressed on the top of her head with a large comb, and she wore bunches of little curls on each side of her cheeks. (These she retained, long after they had gone out of fashion, until her death in 1871, and I can remember seeing her hair dressed by her maid and little side combs put in to keep the curls in position.)

After the wedding tour the young couple (she was nineteen and he was thirty) took up their residence at Cromwell Rectory, where nearly all their thirteen children were born.

As my grandmother became Mrs. Fynes-Clinton on her marriage, I will record anything I know about her married life under that name.



SARAH MATHEWS



ROSABELLA MATHEWS





ROSABELLA MATHEWS

PART V

CHARLES JOHN AND ROSABELLA
FYNES-CLINTON



CHARLES JOHN FYNES-CLINTON



ROSABELLA MATHEWS
WIFE OF CHARLES JOHN FYNES-CLINTON

MY GRANDPARENTS, CHARLES JOHN AND ROSABELLA FYNES-CLINTON

My grandfather, Charles John Fynes-Clinton, was the third and youngest son of Dr. Charles Fynes-Clinton, Rector of Cromwell and St. Margaret's, Westminster, etc., and his wife, Emma Brough.

He was born in 1799 at No. 4 Little Cloisters, his father being Sub-dean of Westminster, as well as Incumbent of the above livings. When my grandfather was eight years old his parents moved into No. 20 Dean's Yard, a larger but less pleasant dwelling; half the year was, of course, spent at Cromwell.

The boy was educated at Westminster School, where the conditions for a small lad in those days were hard indeed. Fagging was in full swing and much cruelty was exercised by the upper boys and masters on the younger pupils. My grandfather, as a junior, with other little boys, used to be made to stand in front of the big fireplace as a human screen to protect older boys and masters from the heat of the fire, and was once kept there till he fainted from the heat.

Once when taken to walk in Whitehall as a small boy his father said to him, "Look well, Charles, at that little man with one arm, and never forget, my boy, that you have seen the great Lord Nelson!" His parents were intimate with the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle of that period, and my grandfather in his youth spent much time at Clumber, where he was a great favourite. He went into a good deal of society in London, and once made a fourth at a rubber of whist with the great Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Newcastle (his kinsman), and Lord John Russell, the Prime Minister, whom he described as so short that his feet did not touch the ground when sitting at table.

My grandfather took his degree at Oriel College, Oxford, and soon afterwards became Rector of Cromwell and Vicar of Orston, Scarrington, Thoroton (Notts.), and Strensall (York-

shire). Unfortunately, after he took orders and, as it was expressed, "found grace," he completely changed his whole outlook on life and embraced the severest Evangelical doctrines, only associating with a few people, all of whom were of his particular way of thinking. All others were outside the pale. The Duke, who had been his friend in early days, inclined to High Church views, and my grandfather at once not only broke off all connection with him, but conceived a most violent animosity to him and his kind, almost amounting to fanaticism.

It will be difficult for posterity to judge my grandfather's character, as his views of life were so different from those in favour at the present time. Physically he lived a life of ease, but morally he practised the strictest austerity, and expected all his family to do the same.

The narrowness and severity of many people of his age was apparently a reaction from the licentious period which followed the Napoleonic wars, and unreasonable as their conduct of life may appear to us now, there is no denying that it bred up a young generation of exceptionally sound minds and healthy bodies. Their lives seem to us narrow and bigoted in many ways. Cards, dancing, and theatres were simply a short cut to perdition. Rome was the Scarlet Woman; the Pope was a synonym for the Devil, and a High Churchman nearly as bad. Jesuits were suspected of entering houses in the disguise of governesses or servants; only "good" books might be read on Sundays, and not a stitch of needlework or knitting was allowed on that day. Smoking was a sinful and disgusting habit; in fact every harmless amusement was made into a crime and strictly forbidden.

A story or tract which was recommended to the youth of that period is as follows:

Two young men were induced by the instigation of the Devil to absent themselves from a prayer-meeting to visit a theatre for the first time in their lives. They arrived at the house of entertainment and were confronted with a board on which was painted a hand pointing downwards and these words, "TO THE PIT." This awful warning had its effect upon them; they at once hurried away from temptation and led blameless lives ever after.

These being the lines on which children were brought up, is it any wonder if they deceived their parents when they grew up? and often regarded their father as a kind of schoolmaster, always on the look-out to lecture and punish them.

My grandfather married, first, Caroline, daughter of Joseph Clay, Esq., of Piercefield Park, Monmouth, but, like his brother Henry, he had the misfortune to lose his young wife within a

year of his marriage. He enjoyed a considerable income under his marriage settlement, but, of course, on his death this money went back to his first wife's family.

Two years after her death he married my grandmother, Rosabella Mathews, then living with her half-sister, Mrs. Middlemore, at the Hall, Orston, which was one of the parishes of which my grandfather was Vicar. This marriage took place in 1829, when my grandmother was nineteen and my grandfather thirty years old. I have told in another article about the arrival of the young couple at Cromwell and their reception by Great-aunt Emma Fynes-Clinton.

Half their married life was spent at Cromwell, and all their children were born there except the youngest. They afterwards lived a few years at Bedford for educational purposes, and then in London, first in a large house in Bedford Square and later in Montague Place; the last named was pulled down when a new wing was added to the British Museum, some years after their time.

My grandfather retired from parish duty in the prime of life, and except coaching his sons in the classics, writing and preaching a few sermons and preparing new editions of his brother Henry's works, he seems to have had no regular occupation.

His strict principles did not prevent him from enjoying a good income, partly derived from benefices, and keeping a large establishment with horses and carriages and plenty of servants, including butler, footman (in the blue Clinton livery), ladies' maids and sewing maids; he liked a generous table and the best wine, though he was very moderate, even abstemious, himself.

A certain standard of dressing had to be observed in his household. "Have you only got that one dress, my love," Grandmama would say to a daughter, "that you appear in the same one every morning?" Full dress for dinner every night was the rule in the family circle—no tea-gowns or comfortable "demi-toilettes" in those days—but he would have been horrified if his daughters had wished to attend a ball or a dance.

My grandmother considered a pack of cards as "the Devil's books," and would not have them in the house, but this did not prevent her from making little packs of plain card-board, numbered up to thirteen, with which various games could be played—under innocent names, of course. Wild horses would not have dragged her inside a theatre, but she delighted in a dramatic entertainment known as "Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment." This consisted of two or three short plays and a piano entertainment by a first-rate comedian—

Corney Grain. It differed in no way from a theatre except that it was given in a hall and the audience sat on hard seats, and the floor was level, so that they saw it in discomfort, but with a sense of virtue. This entertainment was really an excellent school of acting, and many of our best actors received their early training there.

My grandparents countenanced amateur theatricals, and many amusing little shows were given in the back drawing-room at Bedford Square. I can remember two or three, and took part in one as a small child.

My grandfather was abnormally reserved, but my grandmother was fond of society of her own kind and was a great talker, full of wit and readiness. She was famous for telling good stories with inimitable facial expression and humour. They were a most devoted couple. She was a loving and dutiful wife, and he was absolutely wrapped up in her and could hardly bear her to be out of his sight. He did not like the noise and racket of children, and part of her difficult duty was to keep the house as quiet as it could be kept. He liked her to sit with him while he read aloud to her, and in this way she got through miles of needlework and knitting; but she was very active and had endless affairs to attend to, and must often have wished his books and sermons at the bottom of the sea. Some of the younger children got out of their father's way whenever they could, fearing rather than loving him (though several regarded him with affection and admiration), but their mother was everything to them, and my grandfather left her the full responsibility of their upbringing; she chose the schools for the boys and managed the whole business of the family.

I give a typical scene between my grandfather and grandmother, sitting on the sands at Folkestone where they were spending the summer; he has been reading aloud to her for some time.

Charles. You know, Mama, I have to preach in the Parish Church on Sunday. Now do you think I ought to write a new sermon, or should I just preach one of my old ones—say the “Prodigal Son”?

Rosabella (knitting her brows and considering deeply). Well, my love, I don't know. You see you preached the “Prodigal Son” at Canterbury last year, and the chances are that some Folkestone person was present—no—I think, on the whole, it would not do.

Charles. Very well, then, I had better write a new one.

Result: Charles shut into his study for two or three hours, and Rosabella able to enjoy a peaceful time and attend to her own affairs.

My grandfather was a keen observer of nature, and Mother found him an interesting companion when she was grown up. He had some funny little tricks which amused his family ; for instance, when the mother and daughters were seated at their needlework and other occupations in the morning, he invariably strolled into the room at least once, from his study on the ground floor ; sometimes he would remark on the weather, another time he made no observation ; but he never failed to alter the position of the window blinds. If they were up to the top, he pulled them down ; if they were down, he pulled them up, and when they were adjusted to his liking he walked out of the room again. One of the daughters immediately rose on his departure and put the blinds back to their original position.

Once, during a very severe frost, he stood some time at the window, carefully observing all the weather indications, and at last announced with an air of profound conviction : “ Do you know, I believe this will end in a thaw ! ” To do him justice, he joined in the laugh against himself.

My grandfather’s London house in Bedford Square was a corner house and presented two sides to the street ; it was surrounded with iron railings of some extent, which proved a temptation to errand boys and others of their kind, to draw a stick along the whole length with a clattering sound. This noise infuriated my grandfather, who got the whole benefit of it in his study, and he used to lie in wait for the juvenile offenders. When a boy began the obnoxious rattling, Grandpapa would fly suddenly out of the front door, catch the boy and box his ears soundly.

Another peculiarity has been inherited by several of his descendants. He could not bear the weight of bed-clothes, and instead of a blanket he slept under a fine Cashmere shawl. Others of his family rejoiced in warmth, and I remember a huge down quilt or “ duvet ” like a green balloon on one of the beds, into which a small four-year-old person could take a header, as into a warm sea—regardless of the occupant of the bed.

I was very often at my grandfather’s house in Bedford Square as a child, but I do not remember him taking any special notice of me, except once, after he had drunk a cup of chocolate, when he tipped the cup about for my benefit, so that the dregs made all sorts of patterns on the inside.

He frequently came to Downswood, Beckenham, to see Mother, and as children we had the triumph of inducing him to trust himself on the “ slide.” This was a toboggan made out of part of an old ladder, which we caused to rush down a high grass slope at a terrific pace ; it was quite safe and stopped itself gently on the level piece at the foot. I think both our

grandparents were sporting enough to ride upon it, to our great delight, besides other elderly and reverend persons.

I see by Mother's diary that my grandfather used sometimes to preach at Beckenham Parish Church for the Rector, Mr. Chalmers, another divine of the Evangelical and black-gowned school.

Mr. Chalmers had been in the Army in his earlier days and had seen some service in India. I remember one story he told of his experiences when he was engaged in one of the frontier wars. He had lost his charger and required another horse, and seeing a native pass near the camp mounted on a likely-looking animal, he told his native orderly to follow the rider and see if he could procure the horse, intending, of course, to buy it. The orderly came back in a surprisingly short time with the horse.

"Where is the owner?" inquired Captain Chalmers, preparing to bargain for his mount.

"In the river," replied the orderly, who had simply knocked the rider on the head and thrown him into the river as the easiest and cheapest way of getting his horse.

Mr. Chalmers sometimes used to close his eyes while preaching and make a pause of some length. Mother always said he took a nap and then woke up and went on with his sermon. I fancy the congregation took a good many naps too.

One of his sons is Sir Kenneth Mackenzie Chalmers, the authority on Indian law.

My aunt, Bertha Falkner, gives me the following account of my grandfather :

"My father was, as you say, a keen observer of nature and loved all the simple beauties of our English scenery. I used to find him a most delightful and interesting companion. When we went to the sea-side, Swanage, Seaton, Budleigh Salterton, etc., he first of all used to explore all about ; then some evening he would say to me, 'How would it be if you and I took a walk together—would you like it?' I felt highly honoured, and after walking some time—perhaps up some lovely Devonshire lane—he would take my hand and say, 'Shut your eyes' ; he would then lead me on a few yards and say, 'Now, open,' and there spread before my eyes would be a glorious panorama of hills, streams and valleys, or exquisite views of sea and cliffs. It was his little treat and surprise for me, and our walk was always beguiled with most interesting talk—and no doubt, instructive !

"When Eustace, Geoffrey and I were children, after we went to live in London, he used to take two of us together, and I can remember going to the City and being told about the

various buildings, the Tower, St. Paul's, Bank of England, etc., and he took us several times to see Blackfriars Bridge when building and explained to us about it.

“ He also took us to Westminster Abbey, Westminster Hall, and to Buckingham Palace to see Queen Victoria going to open Parliament ; and he always explained things and interested us immensely. After the Crimean War was over there were splendid illuminations and fireworks and he took us out to all the grandest parts, starting perhaps at 10 P.M. On this occasion he attached the two boys to him with straps, for fear of losing them in the crowd.

“ Some of my brothers were afraid of Papa ; he was very shy and reserved and had great difficulty in showing his affection, but he was a very loving and deeply affectionate father. Fortunately I was never afraid of him and have the happiest memories. After I left school I used to go to him in the study after breakfast every day and he taught me Greek and we were very happy together. He used to call me ‘ my jewel,’ and I have some precious letters from him and my Mother on my birthdays, in which they both often say what a joy I had been to them ! I wish, indeed, that I had been a far greater blessing to them—if one could only realise things before it is too late ! ”

My Uncle Eustace also speaks of his father with the greatest affection and admiration. My grandfather was devoted to astronomy and never failed to observe the wonders of the heavens, and he succeeded in interesting his children in this science. Even during his last hours when dying (practically of a broken heart) in his London house, the ruling passion prevailed, and he said to Selina, the maid who was attending on him, “ Pull up the blind—Jupiter is in the south and I want to see him once more.”

It is very unfortunate that no portraits were painted of my grandparents. Photography was just in its infancy, and I suppose it was thought that it would supersede painting and so put portrait painting out of fashion ; or possibly they may have had some religious objections.

Except some little sketches of my grandmother as a young child, there is no presentment of her until she was photographed when approaching old age. The likeness is most unsatisfactory, while that of my grandfather is still more unnatural and misleading. Even from these photographs, however, it is possible to trace the features which are reproduced in so many of ourselves.

My grandfather was very tall and spare ; in figure and bearing he closely resembled his ancestor, Norreys Fynes, whose portrait is given in Part II., though in face he seems to have

been more like his mother's family. My grandmother was of medium height and of full habit of body ; as a girl she was considered remarkably good-looking, with her brilliant complexion, blue eyes and auburn hair. Her cleverness and sprightly disposition combined with a strong sense of humour made her personality fascinating to all who came in contact with her.

A notice of my grandfather appears in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and also in *Men of the Time*, bearing on his completed editions of his brother Henry's works and his own published sermons and essays on religious subjects. His style is scholarly, direct and lucid. The volume of sermons was published in 1842 by W. E. Painter, 342 Strand.

I am afraid I have not pictured my grandfather as a very attractive being, but he was highly esteemed by his own friends and devotedly loved by his wife and those of his children who understood him. He was so painfully reserved and self-repressed that he was not given credit for the deep affections and emotions which he certainly felt. This is proved by the pathetic circumstances of his death, which took place in January 1872.

My grandmother died of pneumonia, after a very short illness, in December 1871, at the age of sixty-three. After more than forty years of married life, during which he had depended on her every hour of the day, her loss was an incalculable blow to my grandfather, but he allowed himself to show no feeling whatever and pursued his usual occupations, pottering about the house, going out for his little walks, writing his letters, taking his place at table and talking on various subjects as if nothing had happened to him—for four weeks, and then the strain of trying to live without her being more than he could endure, he leant back in his chair and died in a few hours.

Father wrote a poem on this which was published in *Etchings in Verse*, by Philip Acton. It is called "Rosabella."

ROSABELLA

By PHILIP ACTON

He held her in his trembling hand
Or wandered to and fro,
Nor, to the last, would understand
That she could really go.

And when she lay among the slain,
He would not weep, or die,
But went about the world again
With unaverted eye.

He talked of this—he talked of that—
 Still wandering to and fro,
 And scarcely seemed to marvel at
 The fierceness of the blow.

He would not change his household ways
 Or care or pity claim,
 But made believe, for thirty days,
 That he was still the same.

And then, he laid him down and died,
 Within a winter's sun,
 Rocking himself to sleep, beside
 His youngest, dearest one.

Like some poor bird, that flies a mile,
 Though stricken to the heart,
 He dropped—and yet 'twas with a smile
 We watched his soul depart.

They are both buried in the chancel of Cromwell Church, special leave being granted for the intramural interment, and it may be truly said of them, that devoted in life, in death they are not divided.

*Letter from my Grandfather Fynes-Clinton to his
 daughter Bertha, Mrs. Falkner.*

“LONDON,
 “June 24th, 1868.

“Dearest Bertha,

“The two went off all right about 6 yesterday in travelling costume.

“I omitted to ask how to direct to *Pontresina*, where Tully said a letter would reach them about the end of next week.

“Can you tell me the FULL address to that place? I may have to write to Eustace on a little business.

“I was glad to learn from Tully that your new lodgings are much nearer the sea than those you had last year.

“Mablethorpe is a capital place for children—the good sands and the sandhills being charming for them. What a bold boy Clinton is in bathing! I trust you will recover strength while there, and that the little one will be invigorated.

“We have been to the apposition at St. Paul's (school) to-day. The holidays, however, don't commence till 3rd Thursday in July: Arthur's place in the examⁿ wh. has been going on last week will not be known yet.

“Kiss my boys.—Your most loving Father,

“C. J. FYNES-CLINTON.”

*Letter from Grandfather C. J. Fynes-Clinton to his
daughter Bertha, Mrs. Falkner.*

“ Dearest Bertha,

“ FOLKESTONE,
“ Sept. 19th, 1869.

“ I send the enclosed as my reply to your message by John, which he did not give me in time for yesterday’s post.

“ You will see from this pedigree¹ that my mother (your grandmother) and Mrs. Sherlock’s mother were first cousins ; so you can calculate your degree of cousinship with Mrs. Sherlock.

“ You will see that Mrs. Wylde (my mother’s first cousin) had 3 daughters (no sons). The eldest, Harriett, was your Uncle Henry’s first wife, and died within a year of their marriage at an Inn at Chesterford near Cambridge.

“ The second daughter, Charlotte, was the mother of Dr. Storer of Fordham and his two brothers.

“ The third daughter, Emma, is Mrs. Sherlock.

“ What is your degree of cousinship with Dr. Storer ?

“ Eustace came on Tuesday and left us yesterday for Cheam. He has enjoyed his holiday in Scotland very much.

“ Osbert has to leave us to-day, in order to get to Leyland in time for Sunday.

“ We have had bad weather since he came, but we have enjoyed the spectacle of several majestic seas. For two days the boat could not pass to and from Boulogne. Many passengers, who had *come to go*, were obliged to sleep on the floor of the large room of the Pavilion Hotel.

“ The wind has chopped back again to-day to the south-west ; so we expect more rain and storm.

“ I do hope that ere long you will be settled down with good servants.

“ With tender love from all here.—Believe me to be, Your
very very affecte. Father, C. J. FYNES-CLINTON.”

*Letter from Grandmother Mrs. Fynes-Clinton to
Mother (Mrs. J. Wilson Holme).*

“ My dearest Caro,

“ THE VILLA, SEATON,
“ Aug. 30th, 1870.

“ It is so long since we heard anything of you that I must send you a second letter. We were charmed with your capital account of that place whose name I forget—but should long to

¹ See Brough pedigree.

see ; it would be a treat to go there, but that is one of the things or rather places I shall never see, I expect—in fact the voyage is enough to cool one's desires.

“ We all send best love—especially Emma and Paul, to dear little Bud.¹ I can hardly believe he is 8 years old. May God bless him and make him a blessing to you all.

“ I suppose you have been home for some time : I directed my letter to you at Beckenham, not quite understanding when you would be at Osbert's. I shall like desperately to hear your account of the little boys. Poor fellow, I *wish* something would turn up for him. Oh, I wish you would speak to Col. Pears² and see if Dor's³ time could be reckoned : we have had two such poor accounts of his health since he returned. *He* does not *deserve* it at your hands for he was most tiresome and *abominable* himself in not availing himself of the opportunity you put in his way : *still*, love overlooks much.

“ Then will you talk to Mrs. Craike about him ? Poor fellow, he had full service and communion, which was plenty for him : as he came home he was overtaken in violent rain, so he *ran*, which so exhausted him that he could not eat—just tasted, then was sick : and this proves how weak he is, and that he cannot, must not stay a day longer than could be helped in that terrible climate.

“ Eustace seems to like his work at Grantham—though I hope he will not be there very long.

“ I am so glad dearest Ber is strong and well. I think the accounts of Ellen⁴ very bad. C. H. F. C. is coming to us on Saturday when we shall hear all.

“ Arthur is going to stay with ‘ Hue ’ at Ulleswater. He had long asked him ; it will be a nice change for him.

“ I think you know that our time is up here on the 29th Sept. We have met with such very nice kind people, indeed, except the Valpys I never met with such delightful people. I trust our friendship will continue as we all and they all desire it.⁵

“ It is very nice, I am so glad for the girls, but think of Aunt Clinton⁶ living all this time—*better*. Agnes⁷ is *very* far gone in decline : the girl is to be married on the 29th Sept.

“ Now, precious child, with best love and kisses to the darlings.—Ever your most loving Mother,

“ R. FYNES-CLINTON.”

¹ “ Bud,” otherwise Clinton Holme.

² Afterwards General Sir Thomas Pears, K.C.B.

³ “ Dor,” my Uncle Dormer.

⁴ My Uncle Charles H. F. Clinton's first wife (Ellen Falkner).

⁵ The Misses Byles.

⁶ Widow of Great-uncle Henry Fynes-Clinton.

⁷ Mrs. Hastings.

*Fragment of a Birthday Letter to Mother from
Grandmother Clinton.*

Aug. 8th.

“ . . . a date that I shall ever look upon with the warmest gratitude as being the one that brought to me the most loving, affectionate, and excellent of daughters—and I can wish you no better wish in your daughters than that they may . . . ‘Bud’—that name must now be forgotten. I hope he is happy. What a trial it is to send them away from us. How little do they think of leaving us in comparison to our poor mothers’ hearts—it is well it is so. . . . We go, D.V., this day week. George¹ puts up a little tent on the shore for the girls to bathe. C. H. F. C. has taken some beautiful photos . . . ”

Letter from Grandmother, Mrs. Fynes-Clinton, to Mother.

“ BRANSCOMBE VICARAGE, SIDMOUTH,
“ *July 27th, 1871.*

“ My darling Caro,

“ Are we ever going to hear from you again? It is so long—so I write again in hopes that by doing so it may cross one from you on the road. But we had the satisfaction of hearing that you looked well—and all your belongings, from dear Bertha who arrived here all right last night.

“ They seemed very much pleased with the lodgings I have taken for them. Certainly this is a most beautiful country, and this garden is very pretty. Charlie is busy with his beautiful church and exquisite photographs; he has been taking this house to-day—it looks much better than it is, for it is a long single house; we have only four beds so we have lodgings for dear Eustace, Selina and George.

“ Jane is going to leave me, when we return and Sarah Turner comes back to us.

“ Mr. Falkner is very poorly; poor Ellen’s death seems to have taken great hold upon him. I hope your husband is now quite himself again. So that dear Bud is just going to school—it is very trying to part with them; in the case of a boy one feels they are gone—the place of their childhood is just a place to visit—not their habitation. Dear child, may God bless him. I am very anxious to hear how the new treasure² is getting on; I trust she thrives well and makes up for lost time.

¹ George Hunt, butler.

² Winifred Wilson Holme.



CROMWELL CHURCH

“ You must excuse this poor note, for I have had a sort of bilious attack and feel very weak—but better than I have been.

“ Aunt Anna is in London, I fancy. You know C. H. F. C. is with us, also Eustace. Arthur seems very well but that twitching.

“ We have very good accounts from all our absent children.

“ As to the Byles’, I never saw anything like them ; they had never seen Bertha, but went—Mrs. and two Miss—to the station with tea and some buns—Oh, was it not MOST KIND !

“ Best love to Jem and all the dear children.

“ Ever, my precious Caro—Your own loving Mother,

“ R. FYNES-CLINTON.”

CROMWELL

The Manor of Cromwell was held in fee by Geafry Tyson (ancestor of the Eures) before the Conquest, and shortly afterwards became the property of the Cromwell family, who were also owners of Tattershall for a considerable period. It finally passed through the Holles family into the possession of the Dukes of Newcastle, who are still Lords of the Manor and Patrons of the living.

The church is partly early English and partly perpendicular in style and has no striking features, though for us it has the great interest of having been served by three generations of our closest kin and of being the burial-place of our grandparents and great-grandparents, who are commemorated by mural tablets and by inscriptions on the tiles, marking the exact sites of their sepulture in the chancel. A screen in artistic iron-work has been more recently erected to the memory of our cousin Fynes Webber, a grandson of Dr. Charles Fynes-Clinton, my great-grandfather.

In the stonework may be seen the iron rings to which Cromwell’s troopers tethered their horses when the church was used by them as a stable.

The Rectory is described as “ the best parsonage house in the Midlands.” How old its foundations may be, no one knows.

A large Elizabethan house occupied the site, and below the floor of the present structure is a series of roomy stone cellars, containing Tudor chimney-pieces and fire-backs ; these cellars were the ground-floor living-rooms of the earlier building, much of which was incorporated in the present Queen Anne

house. The principal part of this later building was erected on the lower part of the Elizabethan walls, and thus was well raised above the ground level.

This was a most necessary alteration, as these cellars, which were used by the Clinton incumbents as laundries and brew-houses, etc., became inundated when the Trent was in flood, to a depth of one or two feet. The children delighted in this catastrophe, and used to paddle about with each foot in a bucket.

The present house—no longer used as the Rectory—is a particularly charming specimen of its date. The rooms are well proportioned and cheerful; the staircase is broad; the bedrooms airy and convenient. The top story is a labyrinth of attics, lit by dormer windows and with slant roofs. I doubt if modern children would be housed in them; nevertheless, three generations of our race were reared there and turned out uncommonly fine healthy creatures.

In the dining-room there is a secret opening behind one of the shutter boxes. This is a large shaft, doubtless part of the earlier building, which extends from the cellars up to the very top of the house, to which it gives access by a small, inconspicuous door. It was constructed as a hiding-place and means of escape in times of danger, and must have been ascended and descended by ladders or ropes. There is a legend that it connects in some way with the Trent, which flows less than quarter of a mile away, but there is no sign now of any passage in that direction.

The gardens, now sadly deteriorated, were beautifully kept up and planted under my grandparents; the lawns were famous, and my grandfather took great pride in his dahlias and other plants, while my grandmother was devoted to roses—moss-roses in particular. The fruit and vegetable gardens were likewise highly cultivated, and cows, pigs and various stock occupied the extensive farm buildings; “ha-ha’s” still take the place of fences or hedges.

Cromwell was, in fact, more of a country gentleman’s house than anything resembling a Rectory of present times.

The Church and Rectory stand close to the Great North Road, along which forty express coaches formerly careered every day. There were also droves of cattle and horses continually passing the gates.

My grandfather liked a good horse and was an excellent judge of horseflesh. It not seldom happened that a horse in one of these droves, on its way to be sold in London, fell lame upon the road, and the driver was glad enough to sell the animal for a small sum and leave it behind. Grandpapa,



CROMWELL RECTORY

on the look-out for this occurrence, thus provided himself, at a trifling cost, with first-rate horses both for riding and driving.

My grandmother, who came as a bride of nineteen to this remote and quiet spot, chose for her bedroom the one and only room whose windows overlooked a stretch of the lively thoroughfare, and brought a little breath of the outside world into her secluded life. In this room, which is built in a small separate wing entered from the half landing, twelve of her children were born. My grandfather's dressing-room, on a higher floor, communicated with it by a private staircase, which he may possibly have constructed himself, so that she could inhabit the room that pleased her.

There was hardly any society at Cromwell; the children saw very few of their own class and were not allowed to associate with any others. If my grandfather had been less strict in his views they might have visited at Clumber and the other great houses in the district; but he would not hear of it, being savagely prejudiced against the Duke of that period, his kinsman, on account of his High Church views on religion. My grandmother once met the Duke on a railway journey, when he was very friendly with her and showed her great attention, asking about her family, and finally calling up the station-master at Newark and charging him to be very careful of his cousin's comfort, and was evidently willing and anxious to be on good terms. But when she got home and related this adventure, my grandfather was furious and forbade her ever to speak to the Duke again or to allow any of their children to have dealings with him, thus depriving his seven sons of any chance of worldly advancement they might have gained through an influential kinsman in such a high station.

In course of time my grandfather left Cromwell in the charge of a curate and went to live at Bedford (in 1850), where the boys attended the Grammar School. His nephew, Henry Fiennes-Clinton, succeeded to Cromwell at his death. Henry has lately died, and as the Rectory is too large and expensive for any clergyman in these days, it has been let or sold and a smaller house made into the Rectory.

In Cousin Henry's time the house became haunted, but by a feeble and harmless ghost. The massive handle of the front door is rapidly turned as if some one were trying to get in. It happens every night and there is no explanation. The present tenant has sat up and watched, flinging open the door as soon as the rattling started, but could discover nothing.

Cromwell being such a remote place, my grandmother found it necessary to keep a large cupboard always stocked with every

kind of medicine and surgical appliance, and she acted as doctor, surgeon and dispenser to the whole village.

She visited the cottages and farms in the parish and had many amusing stories about them.

There was an old woman in the parish who sold sweets, called Mrs. Mitchell; this hard-working person once complained to Grandmama, "The mornings is drawing in so, I can't see to do much before fower o'clock now."

Mrs. Mitchell was puzzled by my Uncle Eustace's name as a baby, and said to Grandmama she supposed he had been christened after Queen Esther's husband (Ahasuerus).

A cottage woman said to Grandmama, "If you will do yourself the privilege to walk down our lane, mum, you *will* be surprised. The changes there is woo-oonderful!" She did so, and found one old pig-stye had been removed.

A tramp once came to the back door of Cromwell Rectory and asked for food. The cook handed him out a good basinful of soup which happened to be made with vermicelli. The tramp looked at it and shook his head and said, "Poor I may be, and hungry I may be, but I cannot eat worrums."

Bible names were usually chosen for the village children by their parents, and so long as a name appeared in the Scriptures they did not question its suitability. But the limit was reached when my grandfather was asked to christen a child "Beelzebub"!

In their early married life my grandparents purchased a clock made by "John Thompson," still going and keeping excellent time (it is now in the possession of Ella Weber). This clock consisted of a round face with a kind of mahogany cornice on the top, supported on a flat stand by four feet. It was so low and squat in appearance that my grandfather took it to the Cromwell village carpenter and instructed him to turn four plain pillars, eight or ten inches high, on which the clock was elevated. Mother had this clock at Downswood (Beckenham) after her parents' death, and a very high-art lady who lived in the neighbourhood went into raptures over it as a perfect example of pre-Raphaelite art!

A Cromwell cottager was found to be feeding his children on mice as a cure for whooping-cough. The mice were skinned and toasted on a skewer, and the unfortunate children were told "they was little bods" (birds).

I have lately been told that mice are still in favour as a specific for whooping-cough in the north of England.

After my grandfather had left Cromwell in the charge of a curate, my grandmother was on a visit in the neighbourhood and looked up her old friends among the parishioners. She

spoke to one woman about the curate-in-charge, and remarked what an excellent man he was and how fortunate they were to have him there.

“ Oh yes,” replied the woman, “ he’s a very nice man and all that, but we’ve always been accoostomed to BLŪD here.”

THE TRAVELLING CARRIAGE

My grandfather kept a carriage and horses ; he had a riding horse and my Uncle Dormer a pony, but the girls were not allowed to ride. In the coach-house lived a large vehicle called the travelling carriage, and before the days of railways all journeys were taken in it. It seemed to hold unlimited numbers of people and a quantity of luggage. An enormous flat trunk called an Imperial was made to fit on the top, and other strange-shaped boxes fitted into various parts. This carriage was drawn by post-horses, hired for each successive stage of ten miles and ridden by post-boys in coloured jackets. It was always an excitement to the children to see what colour the new pair of post-horses and their riders’ coats would be.

A selection of the family was taken by my grandmother with nurses every year to visit her mother at North Shields, and it was necessary to sleep two nights on the way at inns (I forget where). Mother remembered at one large hotel (at York, I think) having to pass through the kitchen to an annexe where the children were housed, and seeing muffins prepared in great piles for the guests, by being stuck one by one on a fork and plunged bodily into a huge jar of melted butter which stood in front of the fire.

When railways were opened, the travelling carriage was driven to the nearest point and there put on a truck ; my grandfather sat in the carriage on the truck, and Mother (being a train-sick child) sat with him. They must have got rather black and smutty. At the end of the train section of the journey, the carriage was put on the road again.

My grandparents were once on a tour in Wales in this carriage, and when a very severe descent was in prospect, my grandfather began to hunt about in all the corners, under the cushions and carpet and in all the pockets.

“ What are you looking for, Charles ? ” inquired his wife.

“ Why, my dear,” he replied, “ I had a number of spare lynch pins put in the carriage for use on these terrible hills.”

“ Oh,” exclaimed my grandmother, “ if you mean a lot of nasty old pieces of rusty iron, I threw them out of the window some time ago.”

When railways were completed the poor old travelling carriage was sold and became the property of the Newark undertaker.

It was a touching incident when Mother and her brothers and sisters took the mortal remains of their parents back to the old home for their burial, that they were met at the station by this identical carriage, outwardly transformed into a mourning coach, and were conveyed by it, as by some old, familiar friend, along the well-remembered roads to Cromwell Church, where the loved ones, who had travelled so many hundred miles in it, were laid to rest at their journey's end.

MRS. AKED

A description of my grandfather's household would not be complete without a mention of Mrs. Aked (christened Kitty, a most unsuitable name), who was a very important part of it to all the children. She went to live at Cromwell early in my grandmother's married life as head nurse, and remained on as dependent and friend until the household broke up in 1872.

She was a spinster but was accorded the title of "Mrs." (my uncles called it "brevet rank"). We young generation thought she was a kind of extra grandmother who presided over the upper regions of the house, and it was rather a shock to find out she was not a relation. She was rather a pretty old lady, as I remember her, in a black silk dress and a large lace cap with lappets hanging down on each side of her face.

She used to come and spend long days at Downswood when we were children, bringing her cap in a box, and sometimes when Mother went away for a visit, she stayed in the house with us. My uncles and aunts who had been under her sway in the nursery always called her "Nur" (nurse) and were very fond of her.

She once had a romantic proposal of marriage in a railway carriage from Mr. Bumpus, the bookseller in Oxford Street; as she was quite sixty she prudently refused him, but took great pleasure in telling the incident.

Her niece Selina came as assistant in the nursery when she was old enough, and also remained in the family until 1872, when she married the butler (George Hunt). My uncles and aunts called her "Sel," and she endured much teasing from them and delighted in it. When the nursery folk were flown she became maid to my grandmother, who, though the most practical of women in many ways, never in her life did her own hair or put on her clothes without assistance.



MRS. AKED

Mrs. Aked had a sister who was always addressed by her as "Sister," and as no one knew her name, the whole Clinton family called her "Sister." She was mistress of the village school at Cromwell, and was naturally very intimate in the nursery. After the family moved to London, she was invited to stay at Bedford Square, and arrived from the cottage at Cromwell to which she had retired. She slept in a room at the top of the house, and went to her bedroom on the first evening, at the usual time. My Aunt Bertha, then a girl of ten years old, was sleeping in a room on the same floor, and in the night she was awakened by a most terrible smell of gas. The child had the sense to get up and grope her way into "Sister's" room, from which the smell proceeded; she felt in the dark for the gas-tap and found it full on. "Sister," it appeared, had never seen gas before and did not know its nature. When she was ready for bed she mounted on a chair and blew and blew until with almost superhuman exertion she managed to blow the flame out.

When Ella and Winnie were children of six and ten, at St. George's Square, a governess was engaged for them in the person of Miss Lilian Waddington from Manchester, a niece or great-niece of Mrs. Aked. Her father was an organist, and she was a ladylike and well-educated girl. She used to speak of her aunt and her uncle Mr. George Aked (brother of Kitty)—a successful man in some business in a small way—as persons of great importance and position, and I shall never forget the poor girl's tears of disgust and humiliation when she discovered that her aunt had been in a menial position in my grandfather's household.

There is a little box among the curiosities, made of gilt-edged paper rolled up in various devices and looking rather like carved ivory. This was made by the grandmother of Mrs. Aked and Sister when a girl at school, and takes us back not very far from two hundred years.

The Turners were a humble family who supplied servants to my grandparents of the old-fashioned kind who came for life. The only changes they ever made were to take up another position in the household or to move from one member of the family to another.

Sarah Turner was quite a character: she lived with Mother as cook for many years, having been in my grandmother's service since she was a girl of fifteen, and was the most faithful, honest, and stupid person that ever lived.

We once overheard her talking with a gipsy woman at the back door. "Just buy this, my dear," the gipsy said, "and you will have wonderful luck. I can see in your hand there's

a handsome, dark man waiting to come to you : just buy this and make sure of him." "No, thank you," said Sarah ; "I don't think I'll buy it : you see, I've bought so many of them things." But her collection of mascots did not produce a husband, and she died a spinster.

She used to tell us, with fits of giggling, how when living with my Uncle Charles as nurse to his daughter Ida, at Cambridge, and being, even then, elderly and ill-favoured, she was once pursued on a Sunday night and forcibly kissed by a party of undergraduates.

Our own nurse was called Sarah, too ; her cast of countenance was not exactly classical, and my Uncle Charles nicknamed the two Sarahs "Simiopsis" (the ape-faced) and "Suocephela" (the pig-headed)—titles which described them both accurately.

Another Turner sister was Lizzie, who married a man called Gillett and set up a public-house in London, somewhere on the Surrey side. Being both very hard workers, they did well in business and made a small fortune, when they retired and bought a villa. However, as they were both quite uneducated, they found time hanging so heavily on their hands that they were perfectly miserable, and finally went back into the public-house business again, where they could work as hard as they liked and be happy once more.

My grandmother was very clever at training servants, especially men, and she transformed many a country bumpkin into a smart London footman. One of the Cromwell yokels came to live at Bedford Square, and soon after he had entered on his duties he brought her some message or other to the drawing-room. After delivering it he remained standing beside her chair. "That will do, Amos," she told him, but he did not move. "You can leave the room, Amos," she repeated—but still he stood absolutely still. "Why do you stand there after I told you to go, Amos?" she inquired.

"Please, 'm," he replied, "me foot's gone to sleep and me mother told me it would break if I moved it."

The gardener at Cromwell was known as "Old James," and he belonged to a type which is now as extinct as the dodo ("and a good thing too," you will say when you read this story). He used to kill wasps with his fingers, his horny hands being quite impervious to stings. He began work at 4 A.M. in the summer and stuck to it till sunset. This story of him is so "coarse and disgusting" (you will perhaps say) that if you are likely to be shocked you had better skip it, but it shows the habits of villagers ninety years ago.

Old James caught a very bad cold, and my grandmother

was concerned for him. "Go home, James," she told him, "and put your feet in hot water." James laughed at the notion and said, "Lor' bless ye, mum, my feet's never been washed but in swe-at."

James' surname was Howard, and the coachman was called Hazard. James remarked that it was a very strange thing that they had the same name all but one letter—"Howard and Hazard." He once observed: "I'm sure I don't know why it's called Easter unless it is that the east wind's always blowing."

The clerk was also a character—I forget his name. During a very dry season my grandfather remarked to him that he intended to put on the prayer for rain. "You can do as you like, sir," he answered, "but it ain't no manner of use so long as this east wind holds."

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY
VOLUME I
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PART VI

INTIMATE FRIENDS OF MY GRANDPARENTS

INTIMATE FRIENDS OF MY GRANDPARENTS

Dr. and Mrs. Hastings Robinson of Warley, near Brentwood, and Miss Sarah Clay (sisters and brother-in-law of my grandfather's first wife).

Rev. Gabriel and Mrs. Valpy.

Mr. Speaker and Lady Charlotte Denison.

Mr. and Mrs. Bagge.

Dr. Bickersteth, Bishop of Ripon.

Dr. Anthony Thorold, Bishop of Winchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Carr of Durham and their family.

Mr. — Temple, Q.C., and his wife, née Robson, a relation of my great-grandmother Mrs. John Mathews (Wright).

Mr. and Mrs. Falkner of Upton Hall, and their family. My Uncle Charles married, first, Ellen Falkner, and had a daughter Idonea, who died at eighteen. My Aunt Bertha married Trueman Tully Falkner in 1865.

The Misses Hesse and their uncle Mr. Holdship, last Chaffwax to the Lord Chancellor.

THE CLAYS AND ROBINSONS

My grandfather Charles John, the youngest son of Dr. Charles Fynes-Clinton, first married Caroline, youngest daughter of Joseph Clay, Esq., of Piercefield Park, Monmouth. She died after a year, and the fact of him marrying again two years later caused great offence to the Clay family at the time, although in later years his sisters-in-law, Miss Sarah Clay and Mrs. Hastings Robinson, became very fond of Mother and my aunts.

Miss Clay left Mother a legacy out of which she bought the clock which bears the name of "Sarah Clay," and also bequeathed to her the beautiful veneered tree mahogany wardrobe which is so much admired by experts in the art.

Miss Clay lived with Dr. and Mrs. Hastings Robinson, and

when they were old the two ladies took a drive every day in a brougham for the benefit of their health. But they found that when the window on one side of the carriage was open, a draught blew across on to the lady seated at the other side, and as neither of them could run such a risk of cold, they each kept a brougham of their own and drove out daily in separate vehicles.

My grandmother always spoke of Caroline Clay to her children as "your first mama."

I can just remember Dr. Robinson at Bedford Square; I was about three years old, and I stood upon a chair while he bunched up his mouth with his two hands and talked in a funny manner to amuse me.

My Aunt Emma tells an anecdote of Dr. Robinson. Staying with him once at Warley during Mrs. Robinson's illness, he took my aunt with him to a dinner-party in the neighbourhood; she appeared in an evening dress without a hat, in the usual way, and they drove to and from the house in the brougham. But it appeared that he did not approve of women going out with uncovered heads; so a few days after, when she was to accompany him to another evening party, he ordered the open carriage, thus obliging her to put a hat on.

Dr. Robinson on arriving at some assembly was asked his name at the entrance. Rather surprised at not being recognised he blurted out rapidly "Doc Robinson," whereupon the official announced him as "Mr. Cock Robinson."

I should have mentioned he was a Doctor of Divinity, Canon of Rochester, and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Among a parcel of old letters is a lengthy, lithographed epistle, covering four sides of quarto-sized paper, with a black border three-quarters of an inch wide. This is the document in which Dr. Robinson returned thanks to his friends for their sympathy on the death of his wife—a duty we now dispose of by a dozen words on a card. It does not repay perusal, except as an indication of what was expected of a divine of my grandfather's school of thought. It strikes a modern reader as an insincere and affected rigmarole, consisting of a string of conventional religious phrases which give the impression of being spun off by the yard.

It is surprising that this type of thing can have satisfied men and women of education, humour, and common sense; and we know that the writer of the letter and our own relatives of his time were not wanting in these qualities.

Dr. Robinson was an adept at writing humorous letters in rhyme.

THE VALPYS

The Rev. Gabriel Valpy and his wife Martha were perhaps the dearest and most intimate friends of my grandparents.

He was of Huguenot extraction, the name Valpy being a corruption of "Val pied." He was for many years curate-in-charge of Orston, of which my grandfather was vicar and my great-aunt, Mrs. Middlemore, the lay-rector. He afterwards took the living of Bucklebury, Berks, where all the family used to go in turns to stay with him and Mrs. Valpy, while they constantly visited my grandparents and other relations.

My grandmother stayed with them at the Rectory, Bucklebury, within six weeks of her death.

It was while they were still at Orston Rectory, in 1828, that my grandfather Clinton made frequent visits to the Hall, Mrs. Middlemore's house, to pay his court to Miss Rosabella Mathews, her young half-sister. His intentions were plain to the discerning eye of Mrs. Valpy, and one day as my grandfather rode away she was overheard saying to her husband, "It's a done thing, Gay" (Gabriel).

A "done thing" it was, and that is why you and I are here to-day.

Mother, as a girl, was once staying with the Valpys at Bucklebury with her mother. Grandmama was accustomed to the services of a lady's-maid, and during the visit, as accommodation was limited, Mother undertook to fulfil the duty of assisting at her toilet.

The night before they left, it was necessary to pack all but a small bag or trunk, as the luggage had to be conveyed to Newbury on a cart which started very early in the morning. Mother accordingly packed Grandmama's things at bedtime, including the evening dress she had just taken off, and the luggage was removed.

In the morning she helped her to dress, and at the proper time brought the skirt of her gown and fastened it. Grandmama then said, "And now give me my bodice." "I can't," said Mother, suddenly realising the awful truth; "it's at Newbury!" She had packed it overnight, forgetting it had to be worn in the morning; so her mother had to appear at breakfast with an arrangement of shawls pinned about her.

Mother related the following episodes which occurred on one of her visits to Mr. and Mrs. Valpy when they were quite old.

Mr. Valpy was about to visit a neighbouring church and

preach there—he was reading prayers in the morning to his household and expounding the scriptures.

“ I speak unto you little children—LITTLE children— (Martha, I forgot to pack my bands). Now the Apostle in speaking to them as little children, does not mean that he is not addressing grown-up people (Martha, don't let me forget those bands). No—he uses the words as a term of affection (Martha, I wish you would go upstairs and fetch those bands ; I'm sure they will be left behind) just as you or I, in speaking to some one we love very much, might say, ‘ You little dear ’ ! ”

On another morning at prayers (one of the maids having been ill) Mr. Valpy was reading John xiv. Looking up, he caught sight of the maid, and said, “ Oh, Louisa, I am glad to see you down again. I hope you are better ; Judas saith unto him, not Iscariot,” etc., and calmly continued the chapter, while the poor maid was terribly embarrassed.

The Valpys after leaving Orston once came back on a visit to Mrs. Middlemore at the Hall ; who one day had the misfortune to walk into a room in which Mr. Valpy was taking a bath. She hastily retreated, very much shocked, and exclaimed :

“ Fie, Mr. Valpy ; why didn't you lock the door ? ”

And poor Mr. Valpy shouted after her at the top of his voice through the closed door :

“ Mrs. Middlemore, I thought I had ! ”

Both Mr. and Mrs. Valpy were regarded by all the family with deep affection.

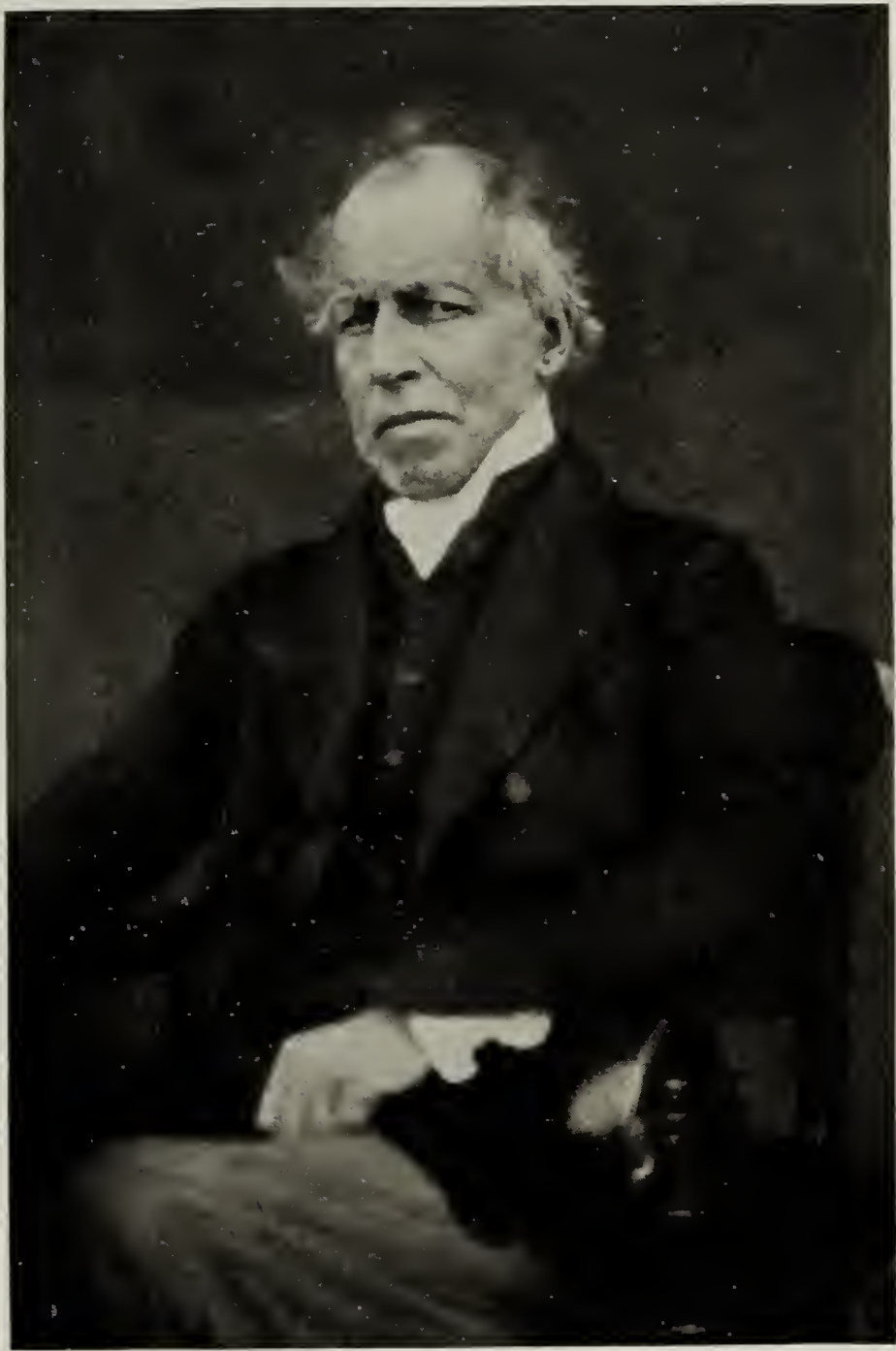
My Aunt Bertha Falkner says of them : “ The dear Valpys stand first among all our friends ; they were so precious, such loving, gentle, holy beings.”

I imagine Mr. Valpy with something of the simplicity and worldly innocence of the “ Vicar of Wakefield.”

MR. SPEAKER AND LADY CHARLOTTE DENISON

Among my grandparents' oldest and most valued friends outside the family circle were Mr. Speaker and Lady Charlotte Denison, who lived at Ossington, near Cromwell, and afterwards took the title of Lord and Lady Ossington. She was a daughter of the fourth Duke of Portland.

A close friendship existed between my great-grandparents and the parents of Mr. Speaker Denison, and there was frequent intercourse between Cromwell and Ossington in their time, as may be seen in Great-uncle Henry's journal. They were the



REV. GABRIEL VALPY



kindest and most excellent of people, and their religious views coincided with those of my grandparents.

Mother's first dinner-party was at their house in London when she was about eighteen and had just left school. When she went upstairs to dress for the occasion, the maid brought her a cup of tea and a good slice of bread-and-butter, which she besought her to eat, as she said it did not look nice for a young lady to arrive at a dinner-party hungry!

In the *Memories of Dean Hole* we read of them: "Mr. Speaker Denison, afterwards Lord Ossington, at whose house one met the potentates of the age—the American statesmen, the English Premier, the popular prelate of the day—I have in my recollection Daniel Webster, Lord Palmerston, and Bishop Wilberforce."

MR. AND MRS. BAGGE

Mr. and Mrs. Bagge of Cruxeaston, near Highclere, were old friends with whom my grandparents were on terms of intimacy.

I know very little about them except that they had a son, Henry, who they hoped would have married Mother, but unfortunately for their plan she could not bear the sight of him.

Mrs. Bagge was either deficient in a sense of humour or else deliberately irritating, for when her husband told an amusing story and brought out the point with great gusto, she invariably said, "Well, Henry, and what then?"

THE MISSES HESSE

By ELLA WEBER

The annals of our grandparents would not be complete without a sketch of the two Misses Hesse, "the little Hesses," as they were lovingly called by the three generations who found in them the truest and most loving of friends.

Their origin is full of mystery, and as they never told the story it remains a matter of conjecture. But this we do know, that their mother was a Miss Holdship, the Roman Catholic daughter of a Roman Catholic mother, and that she sent home to the care of their grandmother, from Paris, her two little daughters in 1834, when they were ten and twelve years old. She herself remained on the Continent, except for occasional visits to England, until as a widow (we suppose) she came to end her days under her Protestant brother's roof.

A plausible theory is that the father was a German princeling who had made a morganatic marriage—we know that “Hesse” was only one of many surnames; be that as it may, the little Hesses never lost the guttural “R” to the end of their long lives. They had never spoken German, always French, as children, and what ugly French it must have been!

The Roman Catholic grandmother, as soon as the children had settled down with her, had them prepared for their first Communion; but she found, no doubt to her consternation, that the girls had wills and minds of their own; they declined to submit, and the priests, discomfited, decided to put off the tussle for a year, in order to give time for a change of heart. Mercifully the grandmother died before the year was up, the Protestant uncle became their sole guardian, and they were received into the English Church.

This beloved uncle had been the escort of the little girls from Paris, and we often heard the story of the stormy passage in the steam-packet, the landing at Dover in a small boat, and the big four-poster at the Lord Warden, where the chambermaids came to peep through the drawn curtains at the two little French girls, very forlorn and very homesick.

The grandmother, and subsequently the Protestant trio, lived in Upper Bedford Place, Bloomsbury. Mr. Holdship, the uncle, was a barrister, and held a delightful and lucrative sinecure, that of “Chaffwax to the Lord Chancellor.” This post, one is glad to remember, was abolished when he died.

Somewhere in the 'sixties the Chaffwax bought the lease of a house in Montagu Place, Bryanston Square. In that house Eliza died in 1905, aged eighty-three, and Flora in 1913, aged eighty-nine. They lived but in those two houses all the years since 1834.

“My Uncle” was small of stature, and so were the little Hesses. I should not think the three together would have totalled sixteen feet. Personally I do not recall “my Uncle.” He had relinquished his arduous task of warming the seals for the Lord Chancellor before I was old enough to know the Hesses.

In age they were, roughly speaking, a decade younger than our grandmother and a decade older than our mother, and they had an enthusiastic admiration for, and devotion to, our grandmother. They have often told us of her wonderful charm and her powers of mind. Of our grandfather they were somewhat critical. “He was very polished, my love, but he was lacking in energy. Dear Mrs. Clinton bore the brunt of everything. He did not take his share of responsibility. It was she who made all arrangements, where the boys should go to school,

where the holidays should be spent. I must say we did think him rather selfish."

They were pious in the real sense of that much-abused word. They lived a life devoted to good works, as they understood good works; they were strict sabbatarians; they never went to the theatre, nor did they ever touch a card, but yet they were broad-minded in many ways, because charity in the Pauline sense coloured all their thoughts, words, and deeds. They "hated the sin, but loved the sinner."

They lived in considerable state and ceremony, not because they cared for such things, but because that was the state of life in which Providence had placed them. They would have thought it almost wrong not to have had a butler, a first-rate cook, the best of food, and plenty of good wine. Such things befitted the possessors of a large income. They wore the richest, if the soberest, of silks and the finest lace. Indeed, the best of everything was theirs.

They were well-read, cultured women; they would have thought it shameful to misspell a word or use slipshod grammar. In later days Flora used to say that she supposed "Selections from the Poets" would be scoffed at by modern folk, but to her they had been a great comfort, and in her old age many and many a sleepless night has she passed in repeating poetry to herself.

Although deeply religious and feeling themselves to be but dust in the eyes of their Creator, the Misses Hesse simply ignored the great classes that lay between the slums and themselves.

"My Uncle," said Eliza, one day, discussing the marriage of a young relative with a man on the Stock Exchange, "was the most humble-minded of men, but he would never have supposed it possible that he could be in any way connected with a stockbroker."

Stockbrokers had their uses, no doubt, so had shopkeepers, but each had his place assigned to him in the order of creation, and such places were not near theirs.

Of course many modern innovations were a trial. The little Hesses deeply disliked the big stores; they could not bear the idea of buying boots and bacon under the same roof; they thought it vulgar and undignified. Consequently the list of tradesmen to whom they gave their custom was a long one, and once a month all bills were paid. A whole morning was consumed in writing out the cheques and a whole afternoon in driving round with them.

Their dinner-parties were famous; the ices came from Gunter, and all the food from Bond Street.

Eliza, the elder, had the more rigid mind of the two. Flora suggested in later days that a circulating boiler should be put in—of course there was no bathroom—to relieve the panting housemaid, who bore each morning up five flights of stairs two enormous cans of boiling water for the little ladies' baths, but Eliza vetoed the idea as liable to overheat the walls and therefore dangerous.

Flora did get a certain amount of electric light installed, but Eliza never really approved of it.

They had troops of friends of all ages and both sexes.

Sidney Parry, Balfour's private secretary, they had known from his birth; he came in every Sunday before lunch, and dearly they loved hearing little state secrets, such as who was to fill the vacancy on the episcopal bench. They seemed to be equally at home with grandmothers and grandchildren, and adored all the new babies who were brought for their inspection. They had such large hearts that there was plenty of room for every one.

But they never failed to speak out and to rebuke if they thought it their duty. A girl came one day and with tears confessed that she had anticipated all her dress allowance, and "would they lend her ten pounds?" "No, my dear," said Flora, usually the spokeswoman on such occasions; "we will give you five pounds. We never lend money. Those who borrow are merely getting a present without having to say thank you for it."

I used to stay with them sometimes. I remember one hot February, when the trees were rashly bursting into leaf, almost fainting with the huge fires in the dining-room and drawing-room, and the powerful oil stoves that heated the staircase.

All the same, in almost any weather, the little ladies drove in an open landau. It came round at three o'clock precisely. We paid calls and took a solemn turn in the Park. The horses, by name "Merry" and "Wise," were very fat and very slow. The carriage was never used on Sunday nor in the evening, because in my day the ladies had given up dining out.

Sunday was rather a dreadful day. The aspect of the drawing-room was altered. All week-day books were put away and other literature provided. Flora, although she lived to ninety, was delicate, and often for weeks together in the winter was a prisoner to the house. So, instead of evening church, Eliza read the service to us in her strange, guttural way, pronouncing her words with pedantic accuracy, even to sounding the "w" in "answer."

Week-day evenings were very enjoyable. The ladies sat each in her special armchair, and I sat between them; we all

trifled with knitting or embroidery, and they told me tales of their youth and stories of my grandparents, aunts, great-aunts and ancestors generally. Flora especially had a real gift for narrative—but I think people of her generation were far better story-tellers than we are.

Every year "my Uncle" had taken his nieces for a tour abroad; they evidently travelled in princely style, and many good tales they told of their foreign experiences. Their memories were extraordinary. Flora at eighty-nine seldom forgot a name or a date. There was a precision of mind as well as of speech that made all their tales complete and convincing.

I need hardly say that they were charitable. In their younger days they had taught in the Sunday School, and had been zealous in parish work. When I knew them they were in the seventies and past active work, so they paid a Biblewoman and pauperised the adjacent slums by proxy. I should think they attended every bazaar and sale of work in London, and the house was crammed with atrocities they had been kind enough to buy. Of course they were the easy prey of every begging-letter writer in the three kingdoms.

One day Eliza, who was always brisk and well, said she felt giddy, and for the first time on record did not come down to breakfast. She lay some weeks in bed, and slipped painlessly and easily out of life, and dear, frail Flora was left alone.

Now Eliza had a big nose and a decided manner, and outsiders thought that she was the ruling spirit and that Flora would be as a ship without a rudder when Eliza went; but we who had stayed with them knew that it was Flora who really held the reins and drove the chariot. She had a reverent belief in primogeniture and always remembered that she was not *Miss Hesse*; but hers was the stronger will and the bigger brain, and to her in fact, though not in theory, Eliza always bowed.

Dear little Flora! I spent a great deal of time with her during those last solitary years. She had always been frail, and in the latter days she endured much from small ailments, and always with the knowledge that her sight was going. She never murmured; her brave spirit rose triumphant over all weakness and weariness, and I hardly ever saw her anything but cheerful and interested. She accepted everything, even the total darkness in which she passed her last two years, as coming straight from a loving Father. It was God's plan for her—just that.

Her mind never failed in the slightest degree. She was equally at home in the present as in the past. The *Times* was read to her every day; she would as soon have thought of

neglecting her Bible as her *Times*; she could discuss anything up to the last. Her mind was critical, her insight shrewd. She had a sense of humour and a good pinch of spice in her composition. She liked to hear what Dean Inge (for instance) had said in a sermon, and used to say that Frank Weber was the only person who ever gave her a good *résumé* of a sermon. "People say to me it was 'such a good sermon,' but they never can tell me anything about it." She enjoyed a political discussion, but was not easily shaken in her beliefs. She was a Tory of the Tories, and did not question the Divine Right of Kings!

Wise, loving, and patient—she has gone, and we thank God that we knew her.

She was, alas! surrounded by a horde of harpies who hung on for legacies and pickings, but she believed implicitly in "my people," and her eyes could not see the neglected rooms, the dirty grates, and the tarnished silver. Mercifully she had with her for four years a noble, selfless, trained nurse, who wisely kept her own counsel and never allowed the serenity of her patient to be disturbed.

The end came suddenly and quietly, and, according to a promise I had made her, I came and stayed in the house with the harpies until the funeral was over, and there I saw human nature at its meanest. . . .

The church was crowded with friends high and low, but there was no one to follow the little coffin up the aisle. Among all who loved her and mourned her loss there was not one whose right it was to follow her. Her only known relations were some distant Holdship cousins who inherited her money.

Her worldly affairs were all in the hands of Sir Charles Boxall, "dear Charlie," whom the Hesses had known all his life, and to whom they were deeply attached. He was far from well at the time of Flora's death, but mercifully outlived her by six months, which was indeed a cause for thankfulness.

Another great mercy was that she was sleeping in peace when the Great War broke out. What anguish she was saved!

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In reviewing the lives of my grandparents and their contemporaries, we are struck with the detached and even tenor of their ways. They were content to live quietly in the sphere into which they had been born, and with which they were perfectly satisfied, without ambition to mingle with the gay world or enter into smart society—of which, indeed, they sternly disapproved. "Come ye out from among them."

If the class above them held out no attraction, the class below simply did not exist for them. Blessed as they were with the happy medium between poverty and riches, they clothed, fed and taught the poor and contributed to the conversion of Jews and heathen with fervour. But their main interests lay in the home and the immediate circle in which they moved.

They subsided gracefully into old age in what is now considered early middle life. Careers for women were unheard of in their class, and a girl who was forced to earn her own living was regarded with a kind of horrified pity.

They entered this world at a period of even greater disturbance than present times. My great-aunt Anna Mathews, as a child, could remember the French Revolution and the guillotining of the King and Queen. Napoleon was the bogey of their youth. But their later lives passed in times of peace and prosperity, with remarkably few disturbances of any magnitude until the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny occurred in their old age.

Their family circle was so large that a few intimate friends made up all the society they needed. Long visits were paid and received, and distance or difficulty of communication seemed to be no bar to giving and enjoying hospitality. Aristocrats to the core, they could not tolerate persons of a lower grade of refinement. No worse condemnation could be pronounced than to call any one "common." A criminal might be reclaimed and brought to a better mode of life, but a common person was beyond hope and could only be avoided. As Horace puts it—

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.

It is true that from the point of view of religion they acknowledged all sinful mankind to be equal, but it was tacitly understood that Providence would never expect them to occupy the same mansion in the next world as that allotted to the butcher, the baker or the parvenu. St. Peter was trusted to make no such mistake.

Of good education and indoor accomplishments, the women devoted much time to painting, music, sewing, visiting, entertaining and writing letters. They embodied the traditions of gentlewomen of many past generations. They are gone, and their ideals with them, and this world will behold their like no more.

The first part of the book discusses the early years of the nation, from the founding of the colonies to the American Revolution. It covers the struggles for independence and the establishment of the new government. The second part of the book deals with the period of territorial expansion and the westward movement of the population. It includes the Louisiana Purchase and the Mexican War. The third part of the book focuses on the Civil War and Reconstruction. It describes the conflict between the North and the South and the efforts to rebuild the nation after the war. The fourth part of the book covers the Gilded Age and the Progressive Era. It discusses the rise of industrialization and the reforms of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. The fifth part of the book deals with the World War era and the Cold War. It covers the United States' role in both world wars and the subsequent tensions between the United States and the Soviet Union. The final part of the book discusses the modern era, from the 1960s to the present. It covers the Vietnam War, the civil rights movement, and the challenges of the late 20th and early 21st centuries.

The book is written in a clear and concise style, making it accessible to a wide range of readers. It provides a comprehensive overview of the history of the United States, from its beginnings to the present day. The author's use of primary sources and historical analysis adds depth and credibility to the work. The book is a valuable resource for anyone interested in the history of the United States.

PART VII

MY MOTHER, UNCLES AND AUNTS

1870

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

MY MOTHER, UNCLES AND AUNTS

WE now come to my mother and her brothers and sisters, the children of Charles John Fynes-Clinton and Rosabella Mathews, who were married at Orston in 1829 and spent more than twenty years at Cromwell.

The children were :

SONS

Dormer, born 1830, died 1880, *m.* Mary Hewson.
Charles Henry, born 1835, died 1915, *m.* 1st, Ellen Falkner,
2nd, Thomasina Gordon Shaw.
Osbert, born 1839, died 1900, *m.* Louisa Lloyd.
John, born 1841, died 1898, *m.* Eleanor Hodden.
Eustace, born 1845, lives at Haslemere, *m.* Louisa Richenda
Cunningham.
Geoffrey, born 1847, lives in New Zealand, *m.* Fanny Searle.
Arthur Norreys, born 1850, died 1916, *m.* Georgiana Gill.

One son died in infancy.

DAUGHTERS

Caroline, born 1831, died 1919, *m.* James Wilson Holme.
Anna Rosa, born 1833, died 1855.
Emma, born 1837, lives at St. Leonard's, *m.* Herbert Alfred
Holme.
Bertha, born 1843, lives at Watford, *m.* Truman Tully Falkner.
Rosabella Paulina, born 1853, died 1918.

EARLY LIFE AT CROMWELL

A new baby was born when Dormer was four and Mother three years old, and was christened John Mathews. When he was a few weeks old the two elder children were out walking with the nurse, who carried baby John in her arms.

“ Oh, nurse,” cried Mother, “ look what a funny blue face baby’s got ! ” The child had been seized by convulsions, and died soon afterwards.

Grandpapa thought it right to “ improve the occasion,” and showed his young son Dormer the remains of his brother in his little coffin, explaining to him about Death and Immortality. Dormer, much impressed, went and fetched his little sister (Mother), and, leading her by the hand into the room where the poor babe lay, he pointed to his little body and solemnly proclaimed, “ This is his soul ! ”

The two children had white frocks and black sashes, and were taken to the funeral in Cromwell Church. When it came to the sentence “ Earth to earth,” and a handful of earth is thrown into the grave, the children fell with zest on to the heap of soil and threw in handful after handful before they could be stopped.

Forty years later, when my grandmother was laid in the same spot, the tiny coffin saw the light once more and was re-interred by her side.

The Cromwell children were relegated to the low-ceilinged attics of the Rectory, as their father did not like the peace of the house too much invaded by them ; but as they were constantly out of doors it had no ill effects upon them. There was a large, productive garden, well kept, with quantities of fruit. The mother allowed them to go among the gooseberry and raspberry bushes, with leave to eat twenty berries each. Their appetites were larger than their arithmetical powers, and if they lost count (which invariably happened) of course they had to start counting the twenty all over again from the beginning.

My grandfather planted a part of the garden with ornamental trees and bushes and fenced it in, and this was called the “ Plantation,” and the children were forbidden to go into it. Mother’s nearest attempt at pronouncing the word was “ Tantayson,” and she also rendered the phrase of the Lord’s Prayer as “ Lead us not into tantayson,” firmly believing that she was praying against being led into the forbidden ground among the young trees.

The Trent flows through the Glebe meadows ; it is a very rapid stream, but the children enjoyed good fishing in it. One of her young brothers was very devoted to Mother, and preferred her to the next sister. Once when they were fishing, Mother caught a small fish and her sister a large one. The boy looked ruefully at the two fish and then remarked, “ If you cut the head and tail off Anna’s fish, it would hardly be any bigger than Car’s.”

Some of the nursery lore has come down to us through

several generations. The following rhyme was used for my grandmother's edification in her childhood, and had probably been repeated to her mother and grandmother in their infant days. My mother passed it on to us in our babyhood.

A little boy whose name I know
But do not choose to tell it you,
Because this story does not prove
This little boy deserved your love.

One day at dinner as they sate
They put some pudding on his plate ;
The shameful child, he tossed his head
Because the pudding was made of bread.

He said it wanted plums and spice
And many things to make it nice,
Plain bread and milk was not enough,
He could not eat such nasty stuff.

“ Then go without,” Papa replied,
Drawing the plate of pudding aside,
“ And since you cannot pudding eat,
Of course you cannot pie or meat.”

(Pudding was served before meat until about a hundred years ago.)

A song was sung to us to a well-known tune by Mother at meals, when the food hung fire and had to be administered by spoonfuls. The same method had been employed by our grandmother in coaxing *her* children to eat their dinners. The spoonful was popped into our mouths at the first words and was supposed to be swallowed on the last syllable of the verse, the melancholy excitement of the story causing the food to slip down almost unawares.

A little bird built a warm nest in a tree,
And laid some blue eggs in it, one, two and three,
And then very glad and delighted was she.

She spread her warm wings on them all the day long,
To guard and to shield them, her love was so strong,
And her mate sat beside her and sang her a song.

And after a while, but how long I can't tell,
The little ones crept one by one from the shell,
And their mother was pleased and she loved them well.

One day the young birds were all crying for food,
So off flew the mother away from her brood,
When up came some boys who were wicked and rude.

They tore the warm nest down away from the tree,
And the little ones tried, but they could not get free,
And at last they all died away, one, two and three.

When back to her brood the poor mother did fly,
 Ah, then she set up a most pitiful cry,
 She mourned a long time and then lay down to die.

Another nursery rhyme, which was recited to very young children with appropriate actions, savours of centuries long before the age of the motor car :

Hob, shoe, hob,
 Will he never learn a trade ?
 Twenty horses come to town
 And never a nail made.
 R-r-r-run, John ! Strike, Tom !
 Blow the bellows, good old man !
 Pf ! Pf ! Pf !

The following is supposed to refer to the miscellaneous army of the Pretender :

Hark ! hark ! the dogs do bark !
 The beggars are coming to town,
 Some in rags and some in tags
 And some in velvet gown.

The " Fox and the Goose " and " Brian O'Linn " were old favourites, and were sung by Grandmama and Mrs. Aked in the Cromwell nursery.

The clothing of such a large family naturally called for some management on the part of my grandmother, and to this end she once bought a roll of material suitable for children, from which a frock was made for Emma, aged about seven, and worn for best on Sundays and other occasions.

The following year this frock, having lost its first bloom, was degraded to garden wear, and at the same time a new frock was made from the piece of stuff for the next child (Osbert), who appeared in it for the first time on a Sunday morning. His sister looked contemptuously at him, and withered him with this remark, " Your best is my common."

My Uncle Charles could remember being dressed in an emerald green frock with low neck and short sleeves—and trousers to match. He said that even then he was conscious he cut rather a grotesque figure.

Consideration for others was early inculcated in the children, and exemplified on one occasion when my grandmother took a small son and daughter into a crowded shop with her. The little girl said to her brother in a piercing treble heard by every one in the shop, including the victim, " Eusy, don't look at that poor woman's nasty eye, because it might make her sorry, you know."

SCHOOL DAYS

My uncles Dormer and Charles were educated at Cheltenham and Uppingham. Dormer went on to Wadham College, Oxford, entering there at the same time as my father (James Wilson Holme), who was a few months older. The two became devoted friends, and when my father went to visit Dormer's family he met with my mother (Caroline) and they fell in love.

Osbert, John, Geoffrey and Eustace were educated first at Bedford Grammar School and then at King's College, London. Osbert and Eustace went on to Cambridge. Arthur, the youngest, was sent to St. Paul's School, and afterwards was elected to a studentship at Christ Church, Oxford.

My grandparents have been criticised for not sending their sons to Westminster School, where my grandfather and his brothers had been educated, and which was so closely interwoven with the traditions of the family. I am told that their choice of schools was determined entirely by the religious convictions of the headmaster. The head of Westminster School at that time was suspected by them of leanings in the direction of "High Church" opinions, and this was quite enough to prevent them from allowing their children to be brought up in the famous place of learning which had fostered so many of their forefathers.

It would have been a painful surprise to my grandfather if he could have known how obsolete his views were to become a few short years after his death, and how little his descendants were influenced by the scrupulous care he took over their religious training, some of them going to the opposite extreme and rising to "high"-ness he could never have pictured in his wildest nightmares.

Mother and her sister Anna were sent at an early age to Miss Lee's school at Tynemouth, near the home of their grandmother, Mrs. John Mathews.

The two little girls once got out of bed very early on a summer morning before any one was about, and looked out of the window into the street. Two men came round the corner, stepping very quietly, and carrying between them a large basket like a laundry hamper, covered with a sheet. The wind caught the sheet and blew it off, disclosing a confused mass of human arms and legs hanging over the edge of the basket. The girls gave a shriek and tumbled back into bed again. The men were body-snatchers or "resurrection men," and were conveying stolen corpses to doctors for dissection.

On another summer day, in the afternoon, the school-

mistress entrusted the two girls with a note or message to their grandmother in North Shields, though it was a long walk for two such young children alone, and she had not observed that very heavy thunder-clouds were rising in the heavens. They had got some little way when the storm burst, and what was their terror when they saw themselves being pursued by an enormous ball of fire with flames shooting out of it in all directions: the ball hung in the air above them and travelled rapidly along on the wind. They fled screaming to the nearest shelter, and learnt afterwards they had seen that rare phenomenon, a fireball.

Mother afterwards went to school at 48 Sloane Street: it is now a milk-shop, almost opposite the cross-piece of Cadogan Place (in which her grandmother Clinton lived as a widow). The girls used to walk in Hyde Park, and often saw Queen Victoria riding in the Row with the great Duke of Wellington. Hans Place was just behind the school, and beyond that there were only nursery gardens.

Mother was a strong-willed girl, but had no intention of being insubordinate. She once overheard the governess who took charge of her complaining to the headmistress. "I don't know what to do about Caroline Clinton," she said; "I am at my wits' end. The girl has a stronger will than I have, and she positively defies me." This opened Mother's eyes for the first time to the fact that authority *could* be defied, and she confessed she took the hint and acted on it, to the poor governess's discomfiture.

Her three next sisters were sent to the well-known school at Southwell, kept by Mrs. Heathcote. The feeding of school-girls was evidently more plentiful than it had been in my grandmother's days, and they were all well nourished and received a sound and thorough education.

BEDFORD SQUARE

My grandparents left Cromwell Rectory for Bedford, where some of the sons were educated at the College, in 1850, but furniture was left at Cromwell, and they spent a whole summer there in 1857.

During that period my grandparents went to Paris for a fortnight or so, leaving Mother, their eldest daughter, in charge of the younger children, who, I fancy, rather took advantage of her milder rule.

Eustace and Geoffrey were boys of ten and twelve at this time,

and on a certain Sunday morning they were dressed for church in clean white ducks, which were then the fashion for boys. Having an hour or so on their hands after breakfast, they employed their time in climbing up the church tower, the natural haunt of bats and owls; and the state of the white ducks, and Mother's consternation when the two culprits appeared to go to church with her, may be better imagined than described.

A year or two earlier, when she was in charge of them at Bedford—a much more populated place—she came in one very hot day to find two small objects larking about the garden without a stitch of clothing on them of any description. History does not relate how she dealt with the situation.

When the family moved to London in 1855, a house was taken in Bedford Square; the number was then 39, but has been altered. It is a corner house, and was built on a large old-fashioned scale, lit by gas, although lamps and candles were preferred in the sitting-rooms. Every drop of hot water for the bedrooms and nurseries had to be carried up from the basement. Hip and saucer baths were used in the bedrooms and taken cold in the mornings, hot ones being supplied at night in turns. Grandpapa put in a large fixed bath, but it was on the ground floor and was only fitted with cold water. I can remember sailing boats in it at an early age.

At the period of my grandparents' marriage, the beds in all the best rooms were four-posters, with curtains all round and a roof of the same material, so that when you went to bed you could shut yourself completely in, without light or air.

By the time they moved to London, many beds were altered and the two posts at the foot removed, also the canopy, the curtains being retained at the head end. There were little pockets attached to the stuff at the head to contain your watch and handkerchief, etc. They made the rooms look very pretty and comfortable, but would not be thought sanitary now.

Grandmama slept in a four-poster to the end of her life, and the "baby," Paulina, slept with her, Grandpapa occupying a small iron bed in the dressing-room adjoining.

The first gas fire I ever saw was in my grandfather's study.

The nursery at Bedford Square was a very popular part of the house, and many of the grown-up members of the family took their breakfast there with the younger ones at eight o'clock, my uncles thus getting out earlier than if they had waited for the more formal meal in the dining-room at nine or nine-thirty, after morning prayers, which were attended by every member of the household.

Evening prayers were held in the drawing-room, which of

course was on the first floor, and were also attended by all the household except such junior members as were already in bed on the top floor.

When my uncles Eustace and Geoffrey were boys, they used to listen for the moment when the drawing-room door shut and the monotonous sound of reading began ; they then slipped from their beds and cautiously descended the stairs, passing just outside the closed door, and made their hasty way to the basement, where they supplied themselves from the larder with anything eatable they could lay their hands on. They then began their perilous journey up to the attics again, past the danger-point, just managing to leap into their beds before the stream of people emerged from the drawing-room. After a time this practice was suspected, perhaps owing to tell-tale crumbs in the beds, or the disappearance of something specially wanted from the larder, and a trap was set for the pair.

One evening the drawing-room door was left slightly ajar, and the boys were seen flying down the stairs. On their return journey, just as they reached the landing, their mother darted out and seized a delinquent in each hand. Eustace managed to poke his spoils behind a statue that stood there, and Geoffrey thrust a piece of cheese into his slipper. The guilty ones were led into the drawing-room before the assembled company and made to kneel down for the latter part of prayers (looking, it was said, perfectly angelic in their little white shirts), afterwards receiving a terrible jobation—if not corporal punishment.

I fancy, though, the practice was resumed after a time, and certainly the next pair of children (Arthur and Paulina) carried on the same game and managed to escape capture.

Arthur went to St. Paul's School, then in the City, and travelled there and back every day on the top of an omnibus. As most of his fellow-travellers were business men who read their newspapers all the way, he thought it would look well for him to do the same, so he used to buy a newspaper, which, by dint of careful folding to conceal the date, lasted him for a week. He and Paulina played in the garden of Bedford Square, and had many little friends of their own age.

My grandmother had a little china slate hung up in her bedroom on which she made memoranda. This slate exists with some of her notes on it, and on one part of it appears this entry in Arthur's childish handwriting, "Please, Mama, I think Paulina's hat is scandalous."

I have mentioned that German Reed's entertainment was permitted and enjoyed. Other recreations countenanced by the grandparents were lectures (some quite exciting "with experiments") at the Royal Institution, the London Institution

and the Polytechnic in Regent Street, where at one time "Pepper's Ghost" was shown; occasionally a real diving-bell descended into a tank of water with a load of passengers; glass was spun on a gigantic wheel, and other semi-scientific demonstrations indulged in.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

Except for the summer of 1857, which was spent at Cromwell, the whole family migrated every year to some seaside place, where a furnished house was taken.

The summer of 1858 was spent at Swanage, in an old house still standing, "The Rookery," close to the primitive pier, and nearly all the family were together there. Two incidents happened during that sojourn which might have ended fatally.

My uncles had a large sailing boat in which the whole party (excepting my grandparents, who preferred to walk or drive) were conveyed to Studland Bay, on a calm, fine morning, to picnic and spend a long day there. Studland lies to the east of Swanage, and is reached by sea, by passing outside the "Harry rocks," detached portions of the chalk cliffs, round which at certain tides a considerable sea gets up. In the evening they re-embarked and set sail to make the return voyage, the weather having become rougher in the meantime. When the boat with its load of six or seven got well out to sea, a terrific race was running off the Harry rocks, and a tremendous sea followed them as they ran before the wind. Again and again the great seas threatened to swamp them from astern, and at last they got into such difficulties that it seemed as if the boat could not possibly live. My Uncle John, who was a sailor, realised the danger and said to his brothers and sisters, "Another of those big following seas and we shall be 'pooped.' There is only one chance for us—to wear ship and try and get her head to the waves. It is touch and go. If we get her round between the seas, well and good; if not, we shall get one broadside on and all go to the bottom." They agreed to run the chance, and I need hardly say that the manœuvre was successful (or I should not be writing this record) and they ran back to Studland in safety.

My grandfather, who was walking home by himself (Grand-mama and the younger children being driven), saw from the top of the cliff the imminent peril his family were in.

On another day during the same summer, my Aunt Paulina, then five years old, was taken to bathe by her nurse Selina, and

Sarah Turner. In those days bathers entered the bathing-machine on the shore, and a horse was harnessed to it and dragged it out into the sea until a convenient depth was reached, afterwards pulling it up on to the beach again.

The bathe was over and the maids were dressing themselves and the child, when they felt the machine moving about, and concluded it was being drawn out of the water by the horse as usual. However, in a few minutes water began to come in, first covering their feet, then their knees, and finally rising so high that they had to stand on the little fixed seats and put their heads out of the small, high-up windows, putting the child, who thought it a capital joke, to sit on a little shelf. They then found that the machine was afloat and gaily sailing out to sea. It wobbled and bobbed about in the waves, and only the weight of the heavy wheels kept it from tipping over.

My grandmother and one of her daughters, ignorant of what was happening, saw with delight from the windows of the Rookery that a machine was going out to sea, and watched its ungainly antics with peals of laughter. Presently they saw two boats put out after it, and then human beings being pulled with difficulty out of the windows.

Shortly after, a party arrived at the door, and what was their horror to behold their own precious baby, Paulina, and the two maids in a dripping and exhausted condition! Paulina was too young to know there had been any danger, but the maids were naturally very much frightened by the adventure.

My grandmother was a very bad sailor, and was once crossing the Channel from Dover to Calais. She went on board in very good time, and lay down at once with closed eyes in the ladies' cabin. After what seemed to her a long time, she murmured, "Stewardess, are we nearly across now?" "Lor' bless you, ma'am," replied the stewardess, "we haven't left the harbour yet."

During a summer the whole family spent at Folkestone, they all proposed to make an expedition to Boulogne for the day, the weather being fine and calm. Grandmother was reluctant to go and at first refused to join the party, but was at last talked over to consent. The morning came, the whole party were ready to go on board, when some one said, "But where is Mama?" Where indeed was she? The house was searched, but she was nowhere to be found, and they finally proceeded to the boat without her. It was not until the steamer was fairly out in the Channel that she emerged from her hiding-place; her courage having failed, she would not run the risk of being further persuaded to trust herself upon the heaving wave.

The expense of so large a party travelling a long distance was naturally very great, and to minimise it the servants and children were sent by "Parliamentary train," which was the only third-class in those days. It started at 6 or 7 A.M., so they had to be up betimes. The carriages were more like cattle trucks than anything else. Seats were fixed all round, and those who came first secured them; the others had to sit on their boxes in the middle of the carriage. The woodwork only came up two-thirds of the height, and the top was open to the sun, wind or rain. After a time these trucks were abolished and better travelling conditions prevailed.

The family visited in this way Folkestone, Eastbourne, Emsworth, Swanage (a particular favourite), Sidmouth, Seaton, Budleigh Salterton, Filey and Bridlington; at this last place Mother's wedding took place after two years' engagement. Being the first wedding in that generation it caused much interest in both families, and there was a large gathering at Bridlington for the event on September 15, 1859.

The couple lived to celebrate their silver wedding, but none of their grandchildren were born till after Father's death in 1892, so he was deprived of the pleasure they would have brought him.

*Letter from Grandfather Samuel Holme to Grandfather Clinton
on the subject of my Parents' Marriage*

"LIVERPOOL, Decr. 11, 1858.

"Revd. and dear Sir,

"My son being now, as I believe, completely settled in a position where, with industry and attention, he will earn a respectable maintenance, I am desirous of seeing him settled in another respect, which I know is dear to his heart, and which will administer to his happiness, while it will give impetus to his exertions.

"Like all parents who have their children's best welfare at heart, and who know what it is to struggle with the world, I am anxious that prudential considerations should not be altogether slighted, and while I have no desire to see my son floating rapidly on the stream of prosperity, I am at the same time desirous that when he marries, he may have the means of living in comfort, and that his life may not be embittered by seeing those he loves deprived of anything reasonable, or be compelled to submit to mortifications which frequently fall to the lot of needy professional men, who marry without consideration and have leisure for subsequent and often painful reflection.

“ At the same time I deprecate the too common custom of parents wishing to see their children when they marry living in a style equal to that which they themselves may be justified in occupying, and by setting out with an expenditure beyond their means, or even up to their means, making no provision for the increasing expenditure of subsequent years.

“ To commence with prudence and moderation—to provide things honest in the sight of all men—to live within an income—and while exercising faith in the superintending care of God—to use exertion—moderate frugality and allowable care for the necessities of man’s present position—these are what I consider right, and I am sure that you and Mrs. Clinton will agree with me.

“ At my son’s age it seems advisable that there should be no unnecessary delay in the union of which all parties approve, and I therefore deem it right to be frank with you as to any expectations which James may have from me.

“ Four years ago I could have spared him an immediate income of £300 a year, with the probability of nearly an equal sum at my decease. A variety of circumstances, some of them unlooked for, and beyond my control, has swept away about £1500 a year of my income, and has prevented me from carrying out an intention previously formed.

“ Like you I have a large family to maintain and must do justice to them all without partiality. I have expended a large sum on my son’s legal as well as general education and in fitting him to earn his own living. I have insured his life for £2000, all the premium upon which will be paid by me within 20 years, and I shall secure the payment of such premium by making it a charge upon my estate. That policy I purpose settling on his wife in the usual way. I shall also place £500 to his credit at the London Joint Stock Bank on his marriage and a like sum the following year, and there is reasonable probability that on my decease he may have about £200 a year from my estate.

“ I think his present share of Tilleard’s business will reach £500 a year and may amount to £600. It will, therefore, be for you now to judge whether with these prospects you and Mrs. Clinton can consent to a marriage in the autumn of the next year, for although I have had no direct intimation to that effect from James, I can gather sufficient from his general conversation to know that it would administer to his happiness if such was the case, and if it was agreeable to Miss Clinton about Sept. next, when his avocations will permit a little leisure.

“ He does not know of my writing this letter beyond my



JAMES WILSON HOLME



having said to him when last in London that I should probably communicate with you generally as to his future prospects.

“ I need not repeat how much we all love Miss Clinton, and how sincerely we shall rejoice in doing everything which can minister to her happiness, and how gladly we shall hail her union with one who is so deservedly dear to us all.

“ I am, Rev. and dear Sir, yours very faithfully

“ SAML. HOLME.

“ Rev^d. C. J. FYNES-CLINTON.”

(I have heard my parents making merry over the pompous platitudes of this letter. It is only fair to say that the writer treated the young couple with greater generosity than the letter would lead one to suppose.)

After Mother's marriage she and Father lived in a small house at Beckenham, which was a country village then. He went to his London office every day and Mother frequently went up too for the day, to see her people and to do all sorts of necessary shopping.

Mother was once spending a day at Bedford Square when she was shown a dress which had been given to Paulina (then a small girl) by one of her aunts. It was a length of an expensive material in some hideous combination of colours, quite out of fashion, but in compliment to the donor the dress was made up and worn.

As soon as the child had left the room, Grandmama looked at Mother with a naughty twinkle in her eye.

“ What a strange thing it would be, my love,” she observed to Mother, “ if an accident were to happen to that frock of Paulina's and I were to know nothing about it.”

Mother needed no second hint. She waited her opportunity, and then disappeared into the nursery regions for a few minutes before going off to catch her return train to Beckenham.

Nothing more happened until the next day, when Paulina rushed downstairs, exclaiming in a voice of horror—

“ Oh, Mama, Mama, what a *dreadful* thing! I can't *think* how it can have happened! My new frock is ruined! Some one must have dropped a lighted match on it in the drawer and it has burnt through every fold!”

Grandmama acted her part to such perfection that Paulina never suspected foul play until Mother told her the truth about it a good ten years afterwards.

MY UNCLES

My uncles were nearly all men of parts ; most of them were above the average in brains, scholastic attainments and personal refinement. You may very naturally ask why, with these qualifications, they led such retired, even obscure lives, when almost any one of them would have been fitted to fill any position with distinction.

They were descended from a long line of ancestors who were happily placed above the necessity of considering ways and means, and whose position in society was assured. It is true my uncles were warned they would all have to work for a living, but this precept was not driven home to them by example. Their own father was a man of leisure who had been amply provided for without exertion on his part ; their uncles and aunts on both sides were well furnished with this world's goods ; their most intimate and contemporary cousins (the Mathews) enjoyed each a snug little income of his own. Is it, then, wonderful if they subconsciously felt that somehow they would be fed, as it were, by ravens ?

Their choice of professions was limited ; trade was, of course, impossible ; the army was severely vetoed and regarded by their parents as a godless career (what would they have thought in 1914 ?). The law did not attract them. The result was that of the seven brothers there were four in holy orders, two schoolmasters and only one (John) in business—and his career was a tragic failure.

They had no business instincts ; they lacked ambition and initiative ; their proud sensitiveness shrank from contact with the crowd ; their fastidious sense of honour revolted from the methods of place-hunters ; they were incapable of anything remotely resembling “ push,” which was not only repugnant but impossible to their natures.

Not one of them would have lifted his little finger to obtain a post, or brought himself to ask a favour of any man. They were content to be passed over by the world and to work unobtrusively at whatever fell to their hands, winning love and respect from the few who knew and appreciated them. They all married for love, unlike their remote ancestors, who seem to have been singularly fortunate in uniting themselves to heiresses.

UNCLE DORMER

My Uncle Dormer was the eldest child of my grandparents and only a year and a half older than Mother. He was born



DORMER FYNES-CLINTON

in 1830 at Cromwell Rectory, and educated at Cheltenham and Oxford. When at Wadham College at the same time as Father, he went through a period of very smart dressing and other extravagance. During this phase he was most particular about his ties, socks, etc., and once appeared in a pair of trousers of ultra-fashionable cut, made in a pattern so large that it only repeated itself once on each leg. He exceeded his allowance and got into very serious trouble with his parents ; so much so, that he left home for two years and went to sea, and the hard life he led at that time had a bad effect on his constitution and made him less fit to bear the climate of India, where many years of his life were afterwards spent.

After the two years at sea, he returned home and took orders and became curate at The Lye, near Stourbridge, where his second sister, Anna Rosa, went to live with him and keep his house : in visiting some of the parishioners she caught typhus and died at the age of twenty-two, on November 29, 1855.

Uncle Dormer went out to India and was a long time Chaplain to the Forces at Agra. He married out there, Mary Hewson, daughter of Major Hewson (the latter never seen by any of us, but supposed to have risen from the ranks). They had no family, but when my uncle retired in bad health and settled near us at Beckenham a collection of pets was brought with them, including two parrots, very tame and amusing, which were highly attractive to us children.

My Uncle Dormer was the most gentle, charming creature, slow in physical movement, but full of a very pretty wit and was immensely liked by old and young. He got gradually worse, and died at the age of fifty at Billingshurst, Sussex, where he lies in the churchyard, and his father-in-law Major Hewson, who died in the Red Sea on his way home, is buried beside him. His widow, who was not a favourite in the family, afterwards lived and died at Sandown, Isle of Wight. I could tell some amusing stories about her shortcomings, but think they are better forgotten.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Charles Henry Fynes-Clinton, my grandparents' second son, was born in 1835. Without pretensions to intellectual qualities, he was gifted in an uncommon degree in other ways.

He went through an engineer's training and showed remarkable aptitude for every kind of mechanical and artistic work. He built organs, made clocks and could turn out excellent practical work of almost any kind. A room in his house was

fitted up as a workshop and contained a gas engine, lathes, printing presses, cameras and every conceivable tool and contrivance in endless number and variety.

He was one of the earliest photographers, and was highly successful in the days of the wet process, when the whole thing had to be done on the spot in a portable dark tent, from sensitising the plate up to the finished negative. Photographers' hands were generally black from the nitrate of silver, and the odours proceeding from the tent were overpowering—but his results put most modern photographs to shame.

Besides his varied talents, he was gifted with an unfailing stream of original, delightful humour; he kept the whole family alive and amused, though, like most high-spirited people, when he *was* depressed, he sank to the very lowest depths for the time.

Not the least of his charms was the possession of a beautiful speaking voice, which was equally effective in public and private, and added to the agreeable impression he made.

Without being exactly handsome, he had a very good appearance; a tall, slim figure and a strikingly aristocratic bearing. His manner had an undefinable charm, and he was altogether a lovable and fascinating personality. It is impossible to think of him as anything but a young man; "Age could not wither nor custom stale his infinite variety," and at eighty he was as "full of beans" as many a man of quarter his age.

I need hardly say he had all his life a large following of female admirers of all ages and descriptions, who caused much amusement to his family and himself.

Uncle Charlie was educated at Uppingham and Cambridge and took orders rather later in life than is usual. He married first Ellen, daughter of Mr. Philip Falkner of Upton Hall, Notts, and had by her a daughter, Idonea, of whom we saw a good deal in nursery days. Aunt Ellen, whom I can scarcely remember, died of consumption, and after an interval he married Thomasina Gordon Shaw ("Aunt Ina"), a lady as charming as himself, who encouraged all the best in his nature without repressing his natural gaiety. They had a family of four delightful children, some of whose original remarks have become household words.

Ida (the daughter of his first marriage) grew up a most beautiful creature, tall, with a dazzling complexion; few people could pass her in the street without turning to get a second look. She was sent to a "finishing" school at Boulogne, and there caught typhoid and died at the age of eighteen: she is buried in Langton Churchyard, close to Blandford.

Uncle Charlie took orders during his first marriage, and



CHARLES HENRY FYNES-CLINTON

afterwards accepted the living of Blandford Forum in Dorsetshire, where he remained for more than forty years. He and his family were the life and soul of the place, and the Rectory was the centre of every kind of activity connected with the church and parish, besides the social life of the place. The door bell was never long silent, and I never knew my uncle refuse to see the humblest parishioner, even in the middle of meals; and they consulted him and his wife on the most trivial matters.

My aunt organised any amount of entertainments with great ability; concerts, meetings, treats, teas, excursions, sports, bazaars, etc., etc., and yet had time for her parish work and visiting and receiving numberless friends in the neighbourhood. In winter there were parties and balls in addition to everything else, and in summer, garden parties, many of them at the big houses in the county; and then the little carriage and the pony "Tommy" came in very useful.

And yet I have scarcely mentioned the church and parish work, which of course came first with both of them.

My Uncle Charles retired to Parkestone at the end of his long, useful career and died there in 1915, aged eighty. He rode a motor bicycle at seventy-five years of age, and at seventy-eight visited Switzerland and climbed mountains. He was truly a wonderful creature, unique in gifts and charm.

His eldest son, the Rev. Henry Joy Fynes-Clinton (nicknamed "Tadda" in infancy), is Rector of St. Magnus the Martyr in the City of London.

His second son is the Rev. Charles Pelham Fynes-Clinton, Rector of Maldon and Chessington, Surrey.

UNCLE OSBERT

I saw comparatively little of Uncle Osbert, as his life was spent in the North of England, so I am not able to give a very full account of him. I can describe him in one word—his mind, his life, and his smile were *beautiful*.

My earliest recollection of him is when I was five years old. I was staying with my grandparents Holme at Southport in Lancashire, and our cousins, the children of my aunt, Mrs. Wilson, were staying there too. They developed some illness, so I had to be hastily taken away until the risk of infection was over. Uncle Osbert was then a young man, newly ordained and had just been presented by the Misses ffarington, his cousins, to the living of St. James', Leyland, which church Mrs.

Nowell ffarington had built. Here he lived at the "Parsonage," and was looked after by a person called Mrs. Potts. I was accordingly packed off to him, as the distance was short, to stay there for several weeks ; and I was very happy, as he was most kind to me, having me down every evening before my bedtime to sit with him while he read me *Alice in Wonderland*.

I had never heard the word "Parsonage" before, and I supposed the house took its title from the rows of parsnips which grew in the garden.

He took me to see the Misses ffarington at Worden, and that is my first recollection of them and of their house and grounds. I have a distinct impression of this visit, particularly of the maze and the peacocks.

One evening, soon after he took up his duties as incumbent at Leyland, a group of farmers were standing at a corner of the roads and discussing the right moment for carting the hay. Some were in favour of getting it up at once during the dry weather, others thought it more prudent to leave it out till the following week. They could not come to an agreement, and at last one of them said, "Here comes Mr. Clinton, he shall decide for us ; he's not only the *best* man in the parish, but he's the *handsomest* man, and what he says, we'll do." Accordingly my uncle, who knew as much about farming as the farmers did of Greek, had to decide the momentous question there and then.

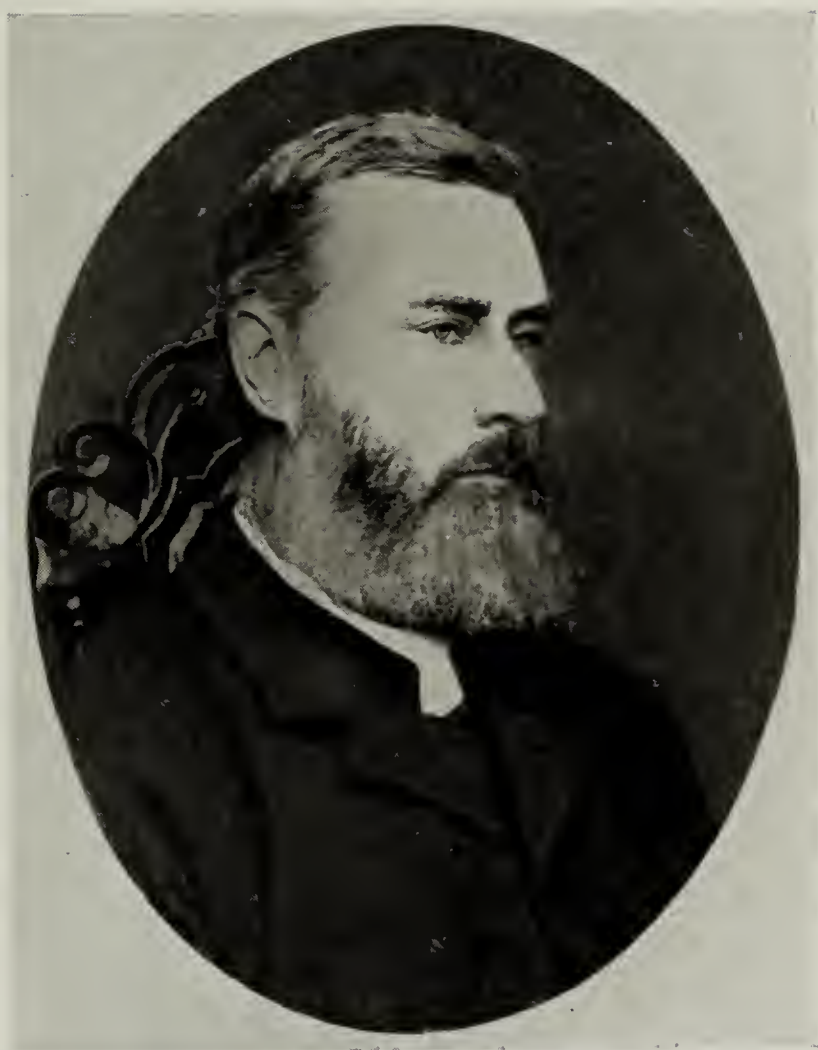
The terribly narrow escape of Mrs. ffarington's beautiful monument in the church when my uncle and his brother Arthur tried a scientific experiment has been told on page 84.

Uncle Osbert married Louisa Lloyd, another direct descendant of King Edward I. and Eleanor of Castile. She was seventeenth in descent from them, through their daughter Joan of Acre and the families of Clare, Despencer, Berkeley and Lloyd ; she was a lady of very exceptional intellectual powers, and her children are fortunate in inheriting both brains and good looks from their parents.

My Aunt Louisa was closely related to two well-known poets, Stephen Phillips and Laurence Binyon, and two marriages have taken place between her daughters and cousins ; Mabel Fynes-Clinton, her third daughter, having married the brother of Laurence Binyon, and Hilda, her fourth daughter, having become the wife of the brother of Stephen Phillips. The children of both show signs of being gifted in no small degree.

After some years my Uncle Osbert left Leyland and took the living of Barlow Moor near Manchester, afterwards moving to Didsbury, where he spent the remainder of his life and where he died at the comparatively early age of sixty-one.

Less active in mind and body than some of his brothers and



OSBERT FYNES-CLINTON





JOHN FYNES-CLINTON



sisters, he was a good scholar, holding scholarships at both King's College, London, and St. John's College, Cambridge, and becoming twenty-first Wrangler in the Mathematical Tripos. He also possessed a large share of the family humour, which caused him to say many dryly amusing things.

He once bought for himself, at one of the best shops in Manchester, a down pillow, which, when it was sent home to him, turned out to be stuffed with feathers and not down. When he wrote to the firm who had supplied it to complain, he said, "I am writing with a quill taken from what you have sold to me as a down pillow."

I don't believe he said an unkind or angry word in his life, or was known to show any impatience even when his study was invaded by his noisy, happy, high-spirited crowd of nine while he was in the throes of composing his next Sunday's sermon.

He lived to see his eldest son, Charles Edward, appointed to his old living of St. James', Leyland, where he remained until 1922.

UNCLE JOHN

This uncle was almost a stranger to me, as he was so little in England. He was at sea in his early days, and then for a time in business of one kind or another, always with disastrous results.

At one time he was a partner with Gordon, and they started the Gordon Hotel Company together, but after a year or two Uncle John got tired of it and withdrew his share, then worth next to nothing. If he had hung on, he might have been a millionaire by this time.

He finally went to New Zealand, where he married, and died there in 1898, leaving a daughter Eleanor (Nellie), who was sent home after his death to the care of my Aunt Paulina. (She married the Rev. Michael Swan and went out to Canada, but died of consumption in 1921.)

UNCLE EUSTACE

Eustace Fynes-Clinton was born in 1845, exactly one hundred years after his grandfather, John Mathews. As a child he was considered the good boy of the family, and certainly his face in the group of six brothers looks quite angelic.

He was carefully coached and prepared for school by his father, with whom he was a special favourite, as much for his amiable nature as for his application to work. He felt only love and admiration for the father who inspired several of his other sons more with fear than anything else.

At the age of eleven he was sent to King's College School, London, and in due course to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1868, and M.A. in 1871, just before the death of both his parents. He subsequently became Assistant Master at Cheam and then at Grantham Grammar Schools, and after becoming Headmaster of Stamford and Stratford-on-Avon, he accepted the Headmastership of Wimborne Grammar School in 1880, where he remained for twenty-seven years and raised the school to a high pitch of efficiency.

In 1907 he retired and spent some years at Swanage. Ten years ago he moved to Foundry Cottage, Haslemere, an ideal spot in which to pass the evening of a life unobtrusively devoted to the most precious of all labours—the training and elevation of the youthful mind.

He married, in 1879, Louisa Richenda, second daughter of the Rev. Francis Macaulay Cunningham, Rector of Witney and afterwards of Brightwell, Oxon, and is the father of four daughters.

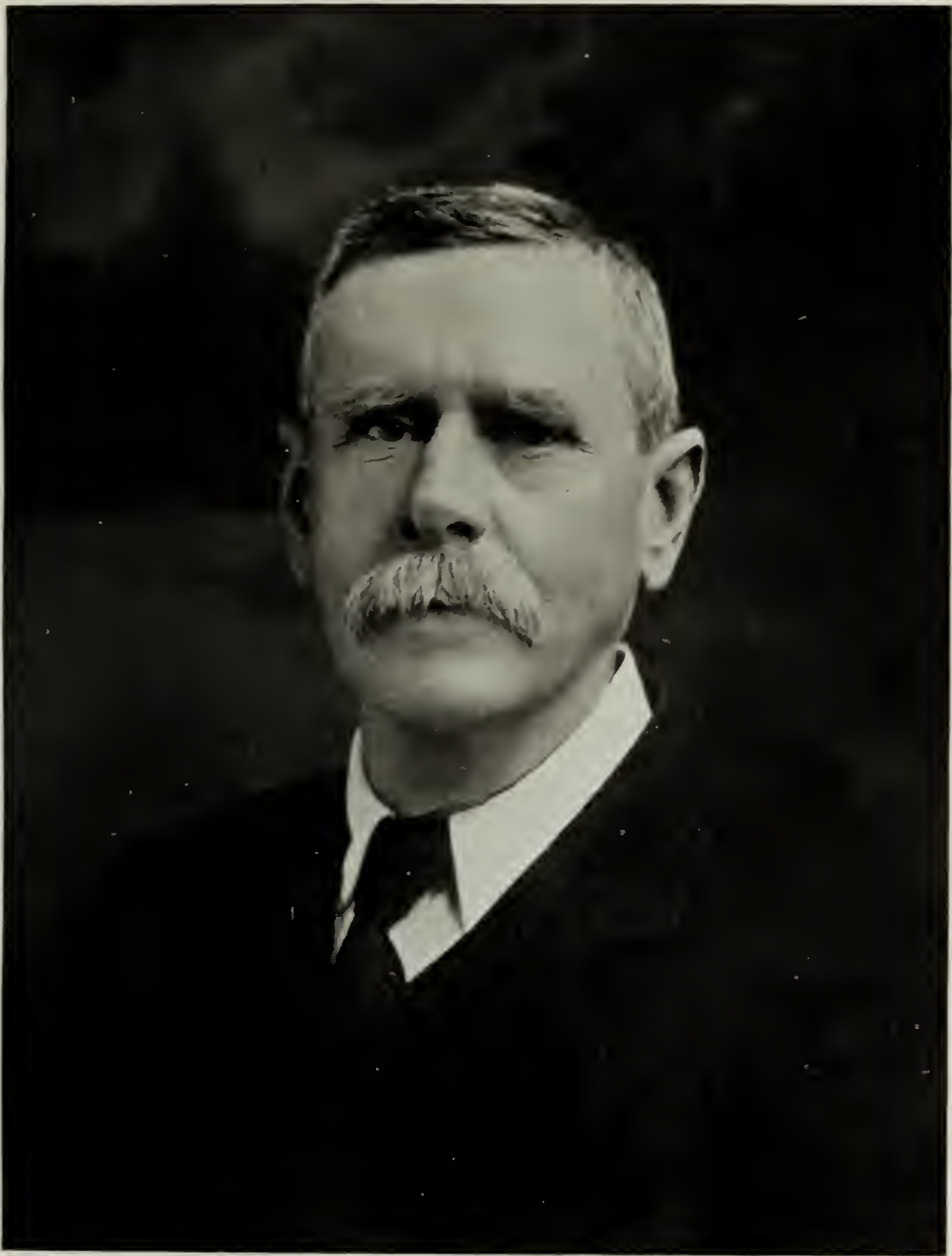
Mr. Cunningham was the son of a late Vicar of Harrow, the Rev. Francis Cunningham; he was connected with many interesting people, notably the Gurneys of Norfolk, the Verneys of Claydon, the late Judge Sir James Fitzjames Stephen and his talented sons, one of whom was James K. Stephen, author of a book of poems called *Lapsus Calami*, in which occur the oft-quoted lines—

Where the Rudyards cease from Kipling
And the Haggards ride no more.

Mr. Cunningham's half-brother was Sir Henry Cunningham, the novelist, whose wife was a daughter of the famous Lord Lawrence.

Aunt Louisa's mother was Alicia Charlotte, daughter of Sir Edward Poore of Cuffnalls, Bart., and his wife Agnes, daughter of Sir John Marjoribanks, whose family is of great distinction in Scotland.

The Poores are a very ancient family, as any one may realise who visits Salisbury Cathedral and sees the numerous monuments to members of the Poore family who are buried there. This race produced several celebrated bishops, of whom the earliest known is Roger le Poer (or Pauper), Bishop of Salisbury,



EUSTACE FYNES-CLINTON

By permission of Mr. G. R. Lavis, Eastbourne





GEOFFREY FYNES-CLINTON



called "Roger the Great." He became Lord Chancellor and Chief Justiciar in 1130, and was afterwards made Lord Treasurer by King Stephen. He erected at Devizes one of the largest and strongest castles in England and lavished immense sums on founding, building and ornamenting Salisbury Cathedral.

Bishop Roger le Poer is buried in Salisbury Cathedral under an altar tomb with recumbent effigy.

His nephew Alexander was called "The Magnificent"; he was also Lord Chancellor and Bishop of Lincoln.

Edward Poore of Dorrington was a well-known barrister who flourished under the Stuart dynasty.

The present Duchess of Hamilton is a member of the Poore family.

My aunt's sister is married to Sir Arthur Acland, Bart., who was a member of the Cabinet in a former Liberal government.

UNCLE GEOFFREY

Born in 1847, Geoffrey Fynes-Clinton was brought up with his brother Eustace for some time; his tastes, however, were more for practical things, while Eustace inclined to scholarship, so their paths in life naturally diverged in later years.

He went out to New Zealand before I was grown up, so my recollections of him are very slight, as he never visited England. He married out there and took orders; he is now Rector of Gladstone, Invercargill, and Canon of Dunedin Cathedral. He has sent us from time to time photographs of himself and his family, and also of his church, of which he is justly proud, many of the fittings, such as the lectern, etc., being entirely made and finished by himself.

His wife died many years ago, and his eldest daughter Bertha has looked after his household and brought up her sisters in a most capable manner.

His only son, Geoffrey, settled in Australia, and has died there within the last year, leaving a widow and a son, now nearly twenty years old.

Uncle Geoffrey's second daughter, Rosalind, is the only one known to us personally. She visited England twice with her husband, the Most Rev. Samuel Tarrant Nevill, D.D., Archbishop of Dunedin and Primate of New Zealand, who has died since these words were first penned.

Others of my Uncle Geoffrey's daughters are married in New Zealand and have descendants.

UNCLE ARTHUR

Arthur Norreys, the twelfth child and seventh son of my grandparents, was born on June 18, 1850, and called Arthur, from the accident of his birthday being the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo (won by Arthur, Duke of Wellington).

To speak of him is to tell of a life of great promise, persistently blighted by misfortunes, partly sheer ill-luck and partly the result of his own temperament.

Mother was nineteen years old when he was born, and Grandmama, who had already coped with eleven children, handed him over to her to bring up. She took charge of him for the first nine years of his life, and his relations with her were that of mother and son, and so remained to the end of his life ; for, strange to say, she outlived him by three years.

Father became intimate in the Clinton family when Arthur was only seven ; he had the very highest opinion of the boy's mental abilities and was anxious for him to go to the Bar, for which he had many special qualifications, but the Fates decided otherwise.

As a child he was undoubtedly spoilt and unruly ; his high spirits and clever and amusing sayings and doings kept his elder sisters in a state of laughing admiration—perhaps not the best kind of training for him. There is a story of him dancing about on the edge of a cliff, keeping Grandmama in a state of alarm, and when Mother caught him and bore him into safety he exclaimed, “ I do so love to tellify Mama ! ”

Mother taught him to read on a system of her own, and he mastered the art in no time. She was delighted and supposed that she had hit on the correct method of teaching children. So in after years she applied the system to us, her own children, but had the mortification of finding that it made no impression whatever on us, and her success with Arthur had been due entirely to his own powers of intellect.

When we were children he was young enough to wish us to call him “ uncle,” but when we grew up the title was dropped by common consent.

He had a very remarkable memory and never forgot anything he had heard or read. In later years we used to apply to him for information on every subject under the sun, and he seldom failed to reply with full and accurate detail. If by chance we hit on a subject he was not familiar with, he at once answered that he could say nothing about it—but this seldom happened.

He was the soul of honour, truth and simplicity ; but his



ARTHUR NORREYS FYNES-CLINTON



loud voice, his emphatic, even boisterous manner and restless energy, made his society unpleasing to certain people. Young men adored him, but small boys were often afraid of him.

After leaving St. Paul's School he was elected to a Studentship at Christchurch, Oxford, and was expected to take a brilliant degree, but two unfortunate events interfered with his career. The double tragedy of his parents' death took place just as he was working up for his degree, following a severe illness which attacked him—rheumatic fever with heart complications—from which it was not thought possible that he could recover. The bulk of my grandfather's income being only for his life, Arthur's university sojourn could not be indefinitely prolonged after his death; the young man, therefore, went in for his degree without the usual amount of preparation, and consequently only took a third, thus blighting his prospects at the outset. He drifted into school life and took a post in a private school, and in course of time married Georgiana Gill (Aunt Georgie, well known to you all).

About this time he became a partner in a large boys' school at Richmond, and after some years started one on his own account at Hengistbury House, Christchurch, Hants, which promised to be very successful. But in spite of the splendid tuition and the household management of his wife, it did not flourish more than a certain number of years and had to be given up in the end.

My uncle then became a coach at Cambridge, where he was given a degree and was thus M.A. of both Universities. His special powers were exercised in this work, which, however, was very strenuous, the hours being so long, and it must have made heavy inroads on his strength. He was very popular at Cambridge, and regarded as a great addition to University society.

When the war broke out, he was asked to take charge of a large boys' school at Buxton, the headmaster being of military age (and being finally killed at the front). This proved a considerable strain on him, as he was then over sixty years old; he also felt deeply the almost daily reports of the young men he had coached falling one after another, until practically all were killed. His health failed after a time, although we did not realise it until a few weeks before his death at Southampton in July 1916.

A great deal of the information regarding the early history of the Clinton race, in a foregoing section of these records, is the result of his researches in the Cambridge and other libraries.

AUNT ANNA ROSA

The second daughter of my grandparents, Anna Rosa, was barely two years younger than Mother; the two girls were brought up and educated together and were constant companions. In spite of this, Anna Rosa was not a favourite with her sisters and seems to have had a difficult temper.

She went to live with her brother Dormer when he took his first curacy at The Lye, Stourbridge, and there she caught typhus while visiting in the parish and died, aged twenty-two, in November 1855.

A memorial tablet was put up to her in the church, and soon after its erection a friend came to see Uncle Dormer and was taken by him into the church. There the visitor was confronted by the tablet recording her death, of which he had never heard, and the poor man had a dreadful shock and nearly fainted. It appeared he had paid the visit for the express purpose of proposing to her.

AUNT EMMA

The third daughter, Emma, was born at Cromwell in 1837. Her recollections go back a long way, and she has furnished me with much information about the early days of herself and her brothers and sisters. It was she who, at the age of ten, spent a year with her grandmother, Mrs. John Mathews, at North Shields, and was there at the death of the old lady. Her narrative of this event is given in the article on Mrs. John Mathews, No. 2.

She was educated at Mrs. Heathcote's school at Southwell, and later, when Mother married, she took her place as eldest daughter and companion to her mother.

She married my father's younger brother, Herbert Alfred Holme, who after travelling to distant parts of the globe, finally took his degree of M.A. at Cambridge and settled down, first as curate at Teignmouth in Devonshire, and then Vicar of Sutton-in-Holderness. Later, he became Rector of Whiston, Yorks, and remained there until he retired from active duty and spent his declining years at St. Leonards-on-Sea. Here he died at the age of eighty in 1920. My aunt continues to live in the same house, 75 Warrior Square, with her two daughters, the elder of whom, Rosabella, is a person of great influence in the place, and has been elected a member of the Council.



EMMA FYNES-CLINTON
MRS. HERBERT HOLME



BERTHA FYNES-CLINTON
MRS. FALKNER

My uncle and aunt had one son, ^{Herbert} Fynes Clinton Holme, who was Commissioner in Nigeria. He was unable to take his necessary leave during the war, and, no doubt in consequence, fell a victim to fever and died out there in 1917 at the age of forty-one.

My Aunt Emma inherited a large share of my grandmother's wit and originality in conversation, and has always been very popular among her friends and relations.

AUNT BERTHA

Bertha, my grandparents' fourth daughter, was born in 1843. She was very pretty and inherited my grandmother's brilliant complexion.

She was also educated at Mrs. Heathcote's school at Southwell, her spring and winter holidays being spent at Bedford Square, and her summer vacation at the various seaside or country resorts at which my grandparents took a furnished house for some months every summer.

She married, at the age of twenty, Trueman Tully Falkner, son of Mr. Philip Falkner of Upton Hall, Notts, and half-brother of my Uncle Charles's first wife, Ellen Falkner. They had a family of three boys and two girls, and after sojourning at Southwell and Bishops Stortford, they moved to Worthing, where Uncle Tully died when his youngest son was only a baby.

My aunt remained at Worthing for some years, and now lives at Cotehill, Watford, with her two daughters.

Her two eldest sons emigrated to Canada ; the elder of the two, Clinton Tully, died there in 1908, leaving descendants. The second son, Charles Evelyn, after losing his first wife, returned to England so as to take a University degree (Oxford). He married his cousin, Ellen Peacocke, as his second wife, and they live in British Columbia ; his only son Philip was killed in the war. My Aunt Bertha now has at least four great-grandchildren.

Her third son, Arthur, served as a medical officer in France during the war, with great distinction, and received the D.S.O.

My Aunt Bertha and her daughter Rosa spent some time at Worden Hall with our cousin, Susan Farrington, when she had lost her sister and was failing in health ; they remained with her until her death. I have to thank them for a great deal of information about my grandmother's family, which they collected during this period.

AUNT PAULINA

Rosabella Paulina, the baby of the family, and the thirteenth child of my grandparents, was born on January 25, 1853 (St. Paul's day, hence her name). She was scarcely ever separated from her mother till the death of the latter in 1871.

Her playground during the winter months was the garden of Bedford Square, where she and her little companions were kept in a state of awe by the gardener, who looked upon children as his natural enemies.

She attended Bedford College as a day scholar.

When my parents were married at Bridlington, she was only six, and she was supposed to officiate as one of the bridesmaids on the occasion, but when Mother proceeded to the altar on her father's arm, Paulina left her place and proceeded with her, insisting on holding her left hand throughout the ceremony. When Mother had to withdraw her hand for the ring to be placed upon it, Paulina suddenly realised that her beloved sister was being taken from her, and lifted up her voice in a prolonged howl, which drowned the subdued voices of the bride and bridegroom.

At a still earlier age, when the family were staying at Malvern, her sisters used constantly to look from the windows at the extensive view and point out to each other the towers of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford cathedrals. One foggy morning, when it was impossible to see six yards, the child danced up to the window and announced, "I see a cafeedal!"

Her faith in Mother's infallibility was absolute. On a pouring wet morning at the same place, when the party had to abandon all thoughts of an expedition they had planned, Paulina said to Mother, "Oh, Car, *do* say it's a fine day, and then we shall be able to go."

She was barely nineteen when her home was broken up by the death of her parents, and she was left with very small means. Several of her brothers' and sisters' houses were open to her, and my parents wanted her to make her home with us; but she preferred an independent career, and as soon as she was old enough, she went into training as a hospital nurse and became highly proficient in every branch. After a long time at Leicester and a shorter stay at Guy's Hospital, besides other places for special training, she became a Sister at the London, and remained there for many years.

She was adored by those she nursed, and her collection of offerings and ill-spelt letters from grateful patients would have been terrible if it were not so touching.



ROSABELLA PAULINA FYNES-CLINTON

We used to tease her about the speech of a man patient who sang the praises of her great popularity in the East End. "Ah," he said, "it's not only in the 'ospital as you'll 'ear her name—it's in the public 'ouses!"

She never took a matronship, as management did not appeal to her and actual nursing did.

When she retired from the London after a severe illness, she and Miss Paget lived together at 5 Sloane Court and worked at the Midwives Registration Bill, which was finally passed through Parliament. They were also the mainstays of the Nurses' Club in Buckingham Street, Strand, where Paulina, in her turn, trained a large number of women in massage and other special branches of nursing, and lectured to them on various subjects.

Although her frame was fragile, her energy and devotion to work were unceasing, and were no doubt the cause of her breakdown in health and comparatively early death in 1918.

MOTHER (CAROLINE FYNES-CLINTON)

I shall only attempt to give baldly the main facts of Mother's life; some incidents of her early years are already told, and you can all remember her as she was in old age.

Caroline, born at Cromwell on August 8, 1831, was the second child and eldest daughter of my grandparents, and her strong yet sweet character made her a powerful influence in the family.

She was early sent to school at Tynemouth with Miss Lee, a close friend of great-aunt Anna Mathews, who lived with her mother at North Shields. Later she went to a London school at 48 Sloane Street, and remained there till the age of eighteen.

She first met my father when he was introduced by her brother Dormer as his friend at Wadham College, Oxford; they were married on September 15, 1859, and took up their abode at Beckenham, Kent, in a small semi-detached house. In that house three children were born: Anna Rosa, Clinton James, and Randle Fynes.

In 1867 my parents built a house on the hill between Beckenham and Shortlands: the site was called "Downswood." (Uncle Samuel Holme afterwards christened his house at Chester by the same name—complimentary, but confusing.) Great-uncle George Holme was the architect, and he designed a very charming house, but unfortunately the clay soil subsided

after a few years and the house had to be "underpinned" at enormous expense.

We had a large and lovely garden there with a wild wood and fields all round ; in spite of which we were irresistibly attracted to the forbidden ground of a deep railway cutting covered with gorse and broom and affording the excitement of constantly passing trains.

Two children were born at Downswood : Caroline Elizabeth (Ella) and Winifred.

However, for various reasons my parents had to leave the house, and in 1875 moved to 83 St. George's Square, London, S.W. This part of London did not suit Mother's health, so after another seven years they took a lease of 56 Carlton Hill, St. John's Wood, a much more bracing if less fashionable locality. There my father died rather suddenly, on May 4, 1892, and from that house the three daughters' marriages took place.

Mother continued to live there until 1906, when she and I joined forces after my husband's death, and together we took 45 Porchester Terrace.

Winifred, the youngest daughter, married to Edward Knapp Fisher, died in 1916, less than a year after her eldest boy Cyril was killed at the front.

Wherever Mother lived, that house was the centre for the whole family, who leant upon her unfailing love and wisdom.

Her life seems to have had very few vicissitudes, and yet it was full, active and useful in the highest degree.

During the war, she received two War Workers' Medals, one for having made with her own hands over 1000 "treasure bags," for use in the hospitals, and the other for upwards of 100 knitted garments of various kinds for the soldiers at the front. (She was eighty-three when war was declared in 1914.)

Her death took place at 54 South Terrace, Littlehampton, on September 27, 1919, at the age of eighty-eight, and she lies in the cemetery there.



CAROLINE FYNES-CLINTON
WIFE OF J. W. HOLME, IN LATER LIFE

PART VIII

OUR ANCESTORS IN THE MIDDLE AGES

As our ancestors are traced so very far back, it will be interesting to take a hasty peep at the homes and mode of life of the ruling class between the eleventh and fifteenth centuries.

The dwellings of our earlier Saxon ancestors consisted of a single hall or room which served the whole household for cooking, eating, sleeping and all domestic purposes. The room was often very long, so it is probable that wooden or wicker screens may have divided off a portion of it for the master and his family, although privacy was not considered or desired. These houses were low and had no chimneys; the fire was in the middle of the floor and the smoke escaped as best it could.

In the eleventh century even the Saxon and Anglo-Danish kings, and chieftains such as Tyson and Sywarth, lived in only slightly more elaborate structures; cellars for storage were constructed below the hall, which was subdivided into several compartments, and the establishment consisted of hall, chamber, cellar, dormitory, kitchen and chapel, while outside were built the bakehouse, storehouse, stable and dog-house. The walls were of wood covered with plaster, painted and rudely ornamented; the roof was of thatch or shingles and the floor was of earth, while the small unglazed windows were closed by shutters or covered with canvas. The whole was surrounded by a courtyard enclosed by a palisade.

These houses were not fortified in any way, but on the approach of danger the inhabitants repaired to a castle or camp—a primitive fortification of earthworks with a wooden tower or citadel in the centre, which was not in any way adapted for a place of residence.

Round towers of flint, lit only by arrow-slits, with wooden floors reached by ladders, are still standing in the eastern counties and were used by the Saxons for defence against invaders. Saxon churches and mills are still plentiful in many parts of England, besides several inns known to have existed before the Conquest.

In such surroundings was the orphan Alda Tyson brought up by her grandfather and presumably her widowed mother, until she was given in marriage to the Norman knight, Ivo de Vesci, and from such a house did her father, William Tyson, take his last leave of father, wife and child to join with Harold in resisting the Norman invasion, and to fall by his side at the battle of Hastings (not impossibly) by the hand of the man who was afterwards to marry his daughter and succeed to the inheritance he did not live to enjoy.

The later life of Alda was spent, no doubt, in one of the castles which the conquering Normans lost little time in building, and which, even if safer, she must have found less free and pleasant to live in than the old Saxon homestead. As a noble Norman would not demean himself by speaking the Saxon language, Alda must have learnt Norman-French.

The early Norman castles were fortified dwellings built on a plan almost as simple as the Saxon house, but with the idea of strength and safety rather than convenience. They consisted of a stone keep with immensely thick walls, three or even four stories high, surrounded with a high wall and a moat, and entered by a drawbridge. Each story consisted of a single apartment; the lowest was the cellar entered only from the floor above and serving for a store-house and prison. The next story was the entry-place where the guard were accommodated; this was without windows and was approached by an outside stone staircase. The third stage, reached by a spiral staircase in the thickness of the wall, was the hall or house-place, lit by small windows and used for cooking, eating and sleeping. The flat roof supplied air and exercise to the ladies.

This simple plan, though elaborated and improved upon by subdivisions and additions, remained the model for over four hundred years.

In time, withdrawing-rooms and sleeping apartments, which made bedsteads and night clothing possible, were constructed; the top story and roof were set apart for the ladies of the castle. The four corners of the keep contained the well, the newel staircase, the drainage shaft and the oratory, besides which, other small apartments, such as wardrobes and sleeping closets, were made in the thickness of the walls, which were covered with tapestry or curtains.

The monasteries were in advance of their times in every way, and practically all improvements in architecture as well as in refinement and privacy emanated from them. As conventual establishments were not fortified they quickly developed a style of building admitting of plenty of space, light and air, and every

sort of domestic convenience, which by degrees was copied by the barons, whose castles gradually became dwellings more adapted to civilised and modern life.

The domestic buildings were then placed round the walled enclosure or courtyard, the keep being given up to defensive purposes ; a garth or pleasaunce was constructed outside the castle wall, but within the defences, where my lady and her gentlewomen could walk attended by pages. Games, dancing and sports took place in the adjoining meadows for the inhabitants of the village which clustered round the castle for protection ; jousts and tournaments were held for the knights and barons, whose interests lay chiefly in war, and whose peaceable recreations were limited to hunting and tilting, feasting and love-making.

Kings and great nobles kept a private jester to amuse them ; there were also travelling minstrels and troubadours to supply the want of novels and newspapers. Hawkers of dress stuffs and ribands, etc., bringing the latest fashions, were eagerly welcomed by the womenfolk, who must have led dreary lives in their gloomy castle towers with their small, deep, narrow windows. One wonders how they got daylight enough to do the embroidery, spinning and weaving in which so much of their time was passed, while the fitful torchlight or the feeble rays of candles or rushlights must have made evening work impossible.

The lord of the castle continually went off on warlike expeditions, sometimes to the Crusades, which meant an absence of years. A number of knights are known to have gone on this quest to the East no less than three times. As there were no means of knowing whether he was alive or dead, or when he might suddenly appear at home again, the ladies must have spent a good deal of time in watching from the castle roof for the sight of their lord and master returning with his followers, or for a messenger to tell them of his fate.

When he did appear, what rejoicings and festivities must have taken place ! We may picture him on his charger and surrounded by his companions in arms, clattering over the drawbridge, dismounting and clanking up the winding staircase in his armour and his conical helmet, and the welcome awaiting him by wife and children—the lady and her maids in their long flowing gowns and inconvenient veils ; the boys in their short tunics and the little girls in long frocks reaching to the ground.

Relieved of his mail, washed, shaved and comfortably arrayed in his silk and velvet, or his leather or fur-lined robes, what feasting would take place ! what peacocks, boars' heads,

venison, game and other dishes would be prepared! what flagons of home-brewed ale, mead and sack would be consumed by the revellers, who would drink deep late into the night and sleep where they fell!

All members of the household, of whatever degree, fed at a common table, sitting according to rank, either above or below the salt. The ladies withdrew after a certain time and left their men-folk to their heavy potations.

Servants and retainers were numerous, and as it was not necessary to provide any particular sleeping accommodation for them, their numbers were practically unlimited.

After a few months of domestic life, the baron would often begin to weary for the excitement of war and would start forth again, unless some convenient quarrel with a neighbour kept him employed near home.

The boys were early trained in the use of arms and in riding, tilting and all knightly sports. If a boy showed no aptitude in this direction, the only career open to him was that of the Church.

Both girls and boys were generally contracted in marriage at a very early age—often as mere babies, of course remaining with their parents until grown up. This proceeding, no doubt, secured desirable connections for the family and saved much trouble when the young lord lost his heart to a village maiden, or the baron's daughter was attracted by a handsome page.

In the rare case in which a daughter was not advantageously married off early, she would enter a nunnery as Abbess—a most important post, always held by a lady of high birth, whose power and independence must often have been secretly envied by her married sisters, the wives of earls and barons, so much of whose lives were spent in their gloomy fortress homes.

A boy of a studious or artistic disposition would enter a monastery and become Abbot or Prior of some religious house built and endowed by his wealthy father; or entering the secular priesthood, had a good chance of becoming Archbishop or Cardinal. The clergy had enormous power; a Bishop or Abbot could punish or hang criminals at his pleasure; his temporal power was reinforced by spiritual terrors; he could coerce even kings as well as nobles, while the wildest and most marauding of barons lived in dread of excommunication.

On a winter's evening the whole household would sit (literally) round the fire, for in the days before it was placed at the side of the room to send its fumes up a chimney, the hearth was in the middle of the room and supported a roaring fire of logs whose smoke escaped through a louvre in the centre of the roof.

Romances, songs and riddles beguiled the time, and the younger members would amuse themselves with playing "Hide and seek," or "Blindman's Buff," in which games there was probably rougher handling than we should think decorous now. Tennis and other games of ball were played from an early period.

Both sexes wore hoods and capes to protect their heads and necks from the cold; the men had leather coats or jerkins; fur-lined garments were necessary for old and young, as it was probably colder indoors than out, with the draughty, often unglazed windows which could hardly admit a ray of sun, and the dank stone walls and floors.

Stockings, of course, were not invented, and the legs were enveloped in cloth gaiters or leggings.

The ladies were carefully dressed, and a rich baron's lady would be attended by several tire-women who fashioned her robes and veils, laced her bodice and arranged her hair according to the mode of the time. Woollen material, as well as linen, was spun and woven at home and in the surrounding cottages, where leather was also tanned to be made up into shoes, jerkins and other garments.

Every village had its armourer, whose services were indispensable to the knights and barons; also a smith to shoe the horses on the spot. Beggars and poor people congregated round the castle gate, near which gallows were permanently erected. The baron had powers of life and death over his dependents, many of whom were serfs who, together with their descendants, belonged body and soul to their master. These were chiefly the remnant of the Saxon agricultural workers, who were enslaved by the Norman conquerors just as they in their day had enslaved the original Celtic population. The feudal lord could also claim the services of a certain number of able-bodied men in all the wars and quarrels in which he engaged himself. Rents were often paid in kind, or by so many days' work on the baron's land. In spite of his great power, a feudal lord sometimes found it prudent to maintain his popularity by lavish gifts of food and money, known as "largesse."

The lord had his horses and hounds and the lady her pet dogs, cats and birds; both sexes enjoyed the sports of hunting and hawking.

When the lady travelled she was either carried in a litter or else had to ride on horseback; maidservants and women not accustomed to riding, sat on a pillion behind a man-servant, holding on by his belt. There were hardly any roads that we should consider worthy of the name, but numerous bridle-paths through woods, bogs and fields. Luggage was carried on the

backs of pack horses or mules, and large parties travelled together for mutual protection.

Young gentlemen of good birth entered the service of great lords as pages, and gentlewomen of equal rank waited on their ladies and so learnt the etiquette and usages of high society. A manual of the fifteenth century for the use of these gentlemen pages is reproduced in a book called *Manners and Meals in ye Olden Time*, and gives most minute directions as to the correct way of preparing the table, the clothing and the bath of the master. Such elaborate precautions were taken to avoid chills during and after the bath, that one suspects it was not a very frequent ceremony.

I must not pass over the great part religion played in the lives of our ancestors of the middle ages, and the time devoted to prayers and confessions, besides the sums of money lavished on building priories, churches and chantries (often to expiate a crime or placate a troubled conscience) and on endowing both secular and monastic priests to say masses for the souls of the donors. There was also a firm belief in witchcraft, necromancy, the evil eye and other superstitions of more or less ancient origin.

After the Wars of the Roses it was no longer thought necessary to live in such highly fortified dwellings, and the castles were gradually transformed into the stately mansions of which so many beautiful examples remain.

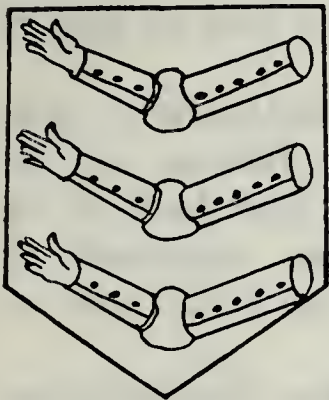
The following articles deal with the principal families to whom we are related through the two houses of Fynes-Clinton and Mathews (Eure) and show the manner in which we are lineally descended from them. Among them are included six or eight with whom we have very close connections, although we do not actually descend from them.

It will be noticed that three of the most famous names in the history of the country are conspicuous by their absence—those of le Despencer, Montford and Howard. The connection with them is too remote to mention here.

The articles are arranged alphabetically, and the arms of each family are given, with the exception of those quartered by the Clintons and the Mathews (Eures) which will be found in Parts I. and IV.

ARMSTRONG

Frances, daughter of Edward Armstrong, Esq. of Cosby (widow of John Gregory, Esq.), married Horatio Kaye, Vicar of Barnby-upon-Don, in 1673. She is the "neece" to whom several of the letters of the seventh Lord Eure are addressed, and was the mother of Elizabeth Kaye whose daughter Susanna Walker married John Mathews, my great-great-grandfather. Frances Kaye died in 1704.



The Armstrongs of Cosby descended from Armstrong of Giltknock Hall in Eskdale, and among their ancestors was the renowned

John Armstrong, celebrated in the wars and minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

Arms.—Gules, three dexter arms vambraced argent, hands proper.

DE ATON

This family took its name from the feudal barony of Aton in Yorkshire, which it held from the Conquest.

Gilbert de Aton married Marjorie, daughter and heiress of Warine de Vesci, Lord of Alnwick and other properties which he had inherited from his great-grandmother Alda Tyson. Through this alliance the de Atons eventually inherited the vast possessions of the barons de Vesci.

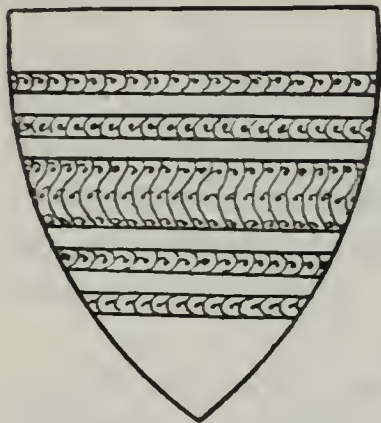
William, second Baron Aton, married Isabel, daughter of William, Lord Percy, and their daughter and heiress Catherine de Aton married Sir Ralph Eure about 1380.

The arms of de Aton were borne sixth by the Lords Eure, and are borne eleventh on the Mathews shield.

Barry of six or and azure, on a canton gules a cross flory argent.

BADLESMERE

The first known member of this family is Bartholomew de Badlesmere who was fined twenty marks for trespassing in the royal forests by King Henry II. He owned manors in Kent and his successors gradually acquired a great deal of landed property.



His son, William de Badlesmere, supported the cause of the Barons against King John, but had the bad luck to be taken prisoner and was confined in Rochester Castle until the sixth year of Henry III.

Third in descent from William came another Bartholomew de Badlesmere, who had a brilliant but tragic career. After holding many important offices under King Edward II., with whom he was a great favourite, and receiving every kind of reward, he injudiciously joined the malcontents under Thomas, Earl of Lancaster. He then went into Kent without the King's permission and "put himself at the head of some soldiers from his Castle of Ledes and thence proceeded to Canterbury, with nineteen knights having linen jackets under their surcoats, all his esquires being in plate armour, and thus repaired to the shrine of St. Thomas, to the great amazement of the good citizens." In the end Lord Badlesmere was besieged in his castle of Leeds in Kent and had to surrender, when his wife, young son and daughters were all sent as prisoners to the Tower of London. He himself was hanged, drawn and quartered at Canterbury and his head set upon a pole at Burgate. His wife remained for some time in the Tower, but was at length released through the influence of her son-in-law, Lord Ros of Hamlake. She then betook herself to the convent of the Minoreesses without Aldgate and was allowed two shillings a day by the Sheriff. Later, however, a large part of her husband's estates were restored to her, while her son Giles de Badlesmere became a great favourite of King Edward III.

Margery, daughter of Bartholomew, the third Baron Badlesmere, whose career has just been narrated, married William, third Baron Ros of Hamlake. Their daughter Margaret de Ros married Reginald, third Baron Grey de Ruthyn, from whom we descend through Elizabeth Morison.

Arms.—Argent, a fesse between two bars gamelles gules.

DESCENT FROM THE SCOTTISH KINGS

Kenneth II. (MacAlpine)
1st King of all Scotland ; ob. 858

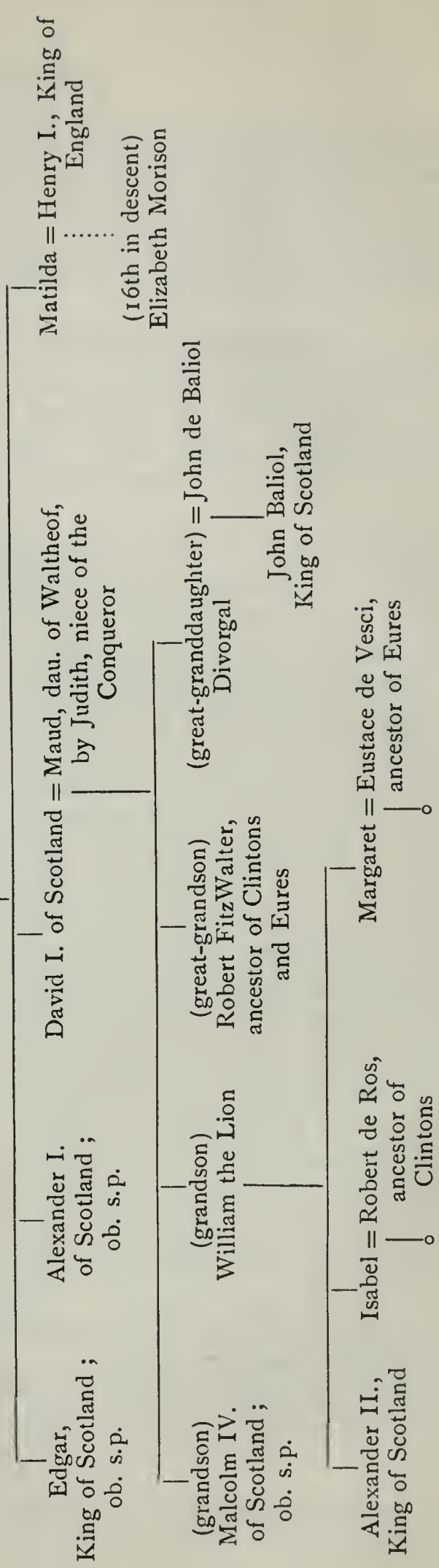
(13th in succession)

Macbeth ; = The Lady Gruach, granddaughter
killed by of Kenneth IV.
MacDuff, (Lady Macbeth of Shakespeare)
1057

(14th in succession)

Duncan I.

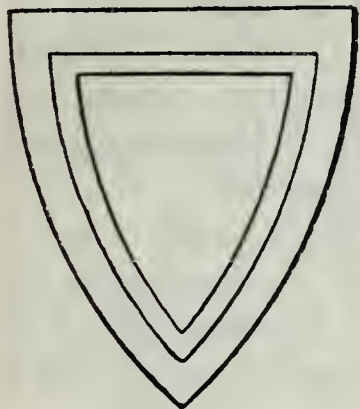
Malcolm III. (Cean-Mohr) = Margaret, granddaughter of Edmund Ironside,
and sister of Edgar Atheling



DE BALIOL

Henry, son of Eustace de Baliol, married Lora, daughter of William de Mandeville, Earl of Essex, in the time of Henry III.

Ada de Baliol, great-aunt of John de Baliol, King of Scotland, married John FitzRobert de Eure, third Baron Warkworth, in the time of Henry III. She was the sister of John de Baliol, founder of Balliol College, Oxford, and brought large possessions into the Eure family, a small remnant of which is still the property of their descendant (my cousin, Major John E. C. Mathews).



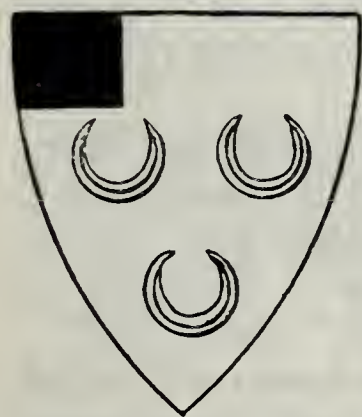
At the same period, Elena, daughter of Ingelram de Baliol, married William de Percy.

John de Baliol, great-nephew of Ada, ancestress of the Eures, became King of Scotland in 1292, but was deposed four years later. He was chosen out of thirteen competitors for the throne, in right of his grandmother Margaret, eldest daughter of David the brother of William the Lion and grandson of David I.

Arms.—Gules an orle argent.

BATISFORD, BATSFORD OR BATTISFORD

Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of William Batisford and his wife Margery, daughter and heiress of Simon de Peplsham, was the wife of Sir William Fienes (sometimes spelt Fienles), whose beautiful brass effigy is in the little church of Hurstmonceaux. The arms of Batisford are known to have been on one of the brass shields at the corners of the monument, but have unfortunately been stolen.



Sir William and Lady Fienes were the parents of Sir Roger de Fienes (also spelt Fenys) who built the Castle

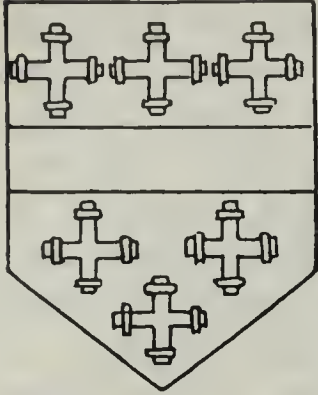
of Hurstmonceaux.

Sir William Fienes died in 1402 and his wife in 1406.

Arms.—Argent, three crescents gules a canton sable.

BEAUCHAMP

Hugh de Beauchamp, who came over with the Conqueror, was the founder of this family, one of the most illustrious and distinguished in the country for many generations.



William de Beauchamp became Earl of Warwick in right of his mother, Isabel, daughter of William Mauduit, Earl of Warwick; he died in 1298. His daughter Isabel married Patric de Chaworth.

Guy de Beauchamp, the "great Earl," was a very prominent noble in the reigns of Edward I. and Edward II.; he was seated at Warwick Castle and died there in 1315. His three daughters married as follows:

Maud married Geoffrey, Lord Say,
Emma married Rowland Odinsells,
Isabel married John de Clinton.

Richard Beauchamp, fifth Earl of Warwick, was a man of extraordinary prowess, not only in the field of battle but also in the tournaments so popular in his day. At a famous joust of arms at Jerusalem he is said to have carried all before him, and later at Calais, where Henry V. held his court, he had an encounter with three French knights, all of whom he overthrew; the last and most gallant of these knights was Sir Collard Fienes, one of the French branch of the Fienes family. The encounter is thus related by Dugdale:

"Whereupon, encountering with Sir Collard Fines, at every stroke he bore him backward to his horse; insomuch as the Frenchman saying 'that he himself was bound to his saddle,' he alighted and presently got up again, but all being ended, he returned to his pavilion, sent to Sir Collard Fines a fair Courser, feasted all the people, gave to those three knights great rewards, and so rode to Calais with great honor."

This Earl is buried in the Collegiate Church of St. Mary, Warwick, in a most magnificent tomb, which is considered to equal that of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey and cost an enormous sum of money. He appears as a character in Shakspeare's "Henry IV.," "Henry V." and "Henry VI."

Sir Richard Beauchamp, second Lord Beauchamp of Powyke, another branch of the family, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Humphrey Stafford, the sister of Anne who married John, sixth Baron Clinton in about 1480.

Elizabeth, daughter of the above Sir Richard Beauchamp, married Robert, Lord Willoughby de Broke.

Arms.—Gules, a fesse between six cross crosslets or.

BEAUFORT

The third wife of John of Gaunt was Catherine, widow of Sir Hugh Swynford and daughter of Sir Payne Roet or Roelt, King-at-arms. She was governess to the children of the Duke, and her own children by him, who were born before marriage, were legitimated for all purposes except accession to the throne.



Her elder sister Philippa was married to Geoffrey Chaucer the poet, who was in the household of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and later in that of John of Gaunt; this connection explains the patronage extended to Chaucer by John of Gaunt.

Thomas Chaucer, either a son or a near kinsman of the poet, quartered the Roet arms, which is considered to be a proof of the above alliance.

The present Duke of Beaufort descends from the eldest son of John of Gaunt and Catherine Swynford; he was John, Earl of Somerset, great-grandfather to King Henry VIII.

The celebrated Cardinal Beaufort was their second son; he was a great statesman as well as churchman, in the reigns of Richard II., Henry IV., V. and VI. He succeeded William of Wykeham as Bishop of Winchester, and died in 1447.

Joan de Beaufort, their daughter, married (as second wife) Ralph Nevill, Earl of Westmoreland. We descend from her through Elizabeth Morison, who was sixth in descent through the families of Percy, Herbert, Grey de Ruthyn and Hussey. We also descend from John of Gaunt by his first wife, Blanche Plantagenet, but as there are living in England at the present moment sixty thousand persons who can prove their descent from this prince, it would be more of a distinction not to be descended from him.

Catherine Swynford died in 1403 and is buried in Lincoln Cathedral; her daughter Joan, Countess of Westmoreland, lies near her.

Arms of Beaufort.—Quarterly France and England, a border gobony argent and azure.

BEAUMONT

Robert de Beaumont, one of the knights who landed with the Conqueror, was nephew to Gunnora, the wife of Richard, Duke of Normandy. He was Earl of Mellent in that country, but was created Earl of Leicester by Henry I., and was possessed of no fewer than ninety-one lordships in England. He was renowned for his wisdom and prudence and died a monk in 1118.



His daughter Elizabeth was the mother of Strongbow.

Margaret, daughter of Henry de Beaumont, third Earl of Leicester, married Saier de Quincy.

Another branch of the Beaumonts deduced their descent from Louis, Earl of Anjou, a younger son of Louis VIII. of France.

Isabel de Beaumont, the wife of John de Vesci in the reign of Edward I. is spoken of as a kinswoman of Queen Eleanor of Castile.

John, sixth Baron de Beaumont, was made Viscount by Henry VI., and was the first nobleman to be dignified with that title; he was a knight of the Garter and Lord High Chamberlain of England.

His grandson, Nicholas Stapleton, married Charlotte Eure; his grand-daughter, Frideswide Lovel, married Sir Edward Norreys, ancestor of Lord Norreys of Rycote.

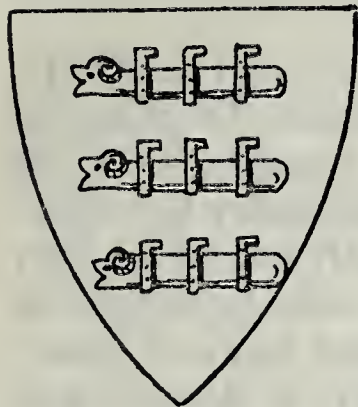
There were also marriages with the families of de Vere and Willoughby d'Eresby.

Arms of Beaumont, Earls of Leicester.—Gules, a cinquefoil ermine pierced of the field.

Arms of Barons and Viscounts Beaumont.—Azure, semee of fleurs-de-lys, a lion rampant or.

BERTIE

The family of Bertie (pronounced "Bartie") is of very ancient origin, and is supposed to have come with the Saxon conquerors, as one of the race is known to have been granted a castle and town in Kent by the Saxon kings, now called Bersted, near Maidstone.



Leopold de Bertie, Constable of Dover Castle, had a quarrel with King Ethelred and settled in France until 1154, when his descendant Philip accompanied Henry II. to England and was restored by that monarch to his ancient patrimony of Bersted.

The family also claims descent from Edward I. and Margaret of France.

The Berties rose to great eminence, and in the reign of Henry VIII. Richard Bertie married Katherine, Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby in her own right and Duchess of Suffolk in right of her first husband, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

During the persecutions of Queen Mary's reign, the Duchess and her husband, Mr. Bertie, who were staunch Protestants, had to fly to the Continent, where they suffered terrible privations and dangers. A child was born to them while they were in a state of destitution, and they literally had to beg their bread from door to door, carrying the wailing infant in their arms. The accession of Queen Elizabeth, however, put an end to their troubles.

The descendants of the Duchess bore the title of Baron Willoughby d'Eresby, and the tenth Baron was created Earl of Lindsey and hereditary Lord High Chamberlain of England, which office remains in the family of Willoughby d'Eresby.

The second Earl of Lindsey married Elizabeth, daughter of Francis Norreys, Earl of Berkshire, the son of Elizabeth Morison by her first marriage, and their daughter married Charles Dormer, Earl of Carnarvon.

The fourth Earl was created Marquess of Lindsey and Duke of Ancaster and Kesteven in 1715.

Elizabeth, daughter of Dormer Bertie, married the Rev. James Fynes (*alias* Clinton), D.D., Rector of Moretonhampstead, and their portraits are shown in Part II. We are not lineally descended from this family.

Compare articles on Dormer, Willoughby and Norreys.

Arms.—Argent, three battering-rams barways in pale proper armed and garnished azure.

BISEY

Bisey of Baddesley, also spelt Bysecht, Biseck, Bisethe, and Bisege.

Thomas de Clinton of Coleshill in the time of Henry III. married Mayeres, daughter and heir of James de Bisey of Badsley or Baddesley. The property she brought into the family is ever since known by the name of "Baddesley Clinton."

Thomas and Mayeres had a numerous family for whom they made ample provision. Four of their sons can be traced as having been seated by their father at different manors, thus : Thomas at Amington, John at Coleshill, Osbert at Austrey and James at Baddesley, while William was Rector of the church of Austrey (sometimes spelt Augerey).

The arms of Bisey are quartered third on the Clinton shield. Argent, fretty sable.

BOTREAUX AND MOELS

The ancient barony of Botreaux was conveyed by the heiress Margaret de Botreaux to her husband Sir Robert Hungerford, while the barony of Moels also fell into the same family, and both are now represented by the Earl of Huntingdon (Hastings).

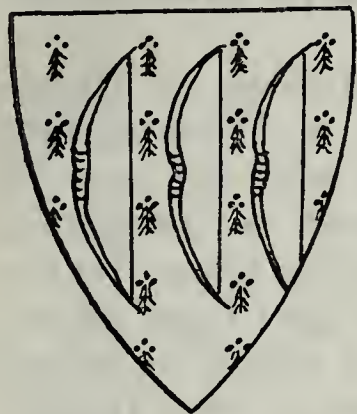


Anne, daughter of William Lord Botreaux, married William, fourth Lord Clinton, who flourished between the reigns of Richard II. and Henry VI.

Arms.—Argent, a griffin segrant azure.

BOWES

An old and celebrated house, which, though untitled, married into all the foremost families from early times.



Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Richard Bowes, married Thomas, eldest son of the sixth Baron Dacre, in about 1430.

Margery Bowes married Sir Ralph, first Lord Eure, in about 1525. She was ninth in descent from Lionel Duke of Clarence through the families of Mortimer, Percy and Clifford.

Muriel Eure, daughter of the first Lord Eure, married George Bowes. This family is now represented by the Earl of Strathmore, whose name is Bowes-Lyon and whose daughter Elizabeth is married to the King's son Albert, Duke of York.

The following note appeared in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* at the time of the wedding, in April 1923, and is quoted by permission of the Editor of that paper :

“ELIZABETH OF YORK.—The Fourth Lady in the Land, otherwise her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, must not be taken for a young woman who has been lifted by marriage into a sphere more exalted than her blood.

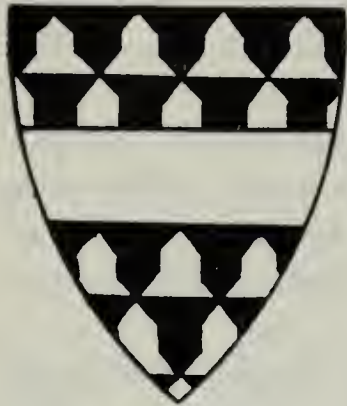
“As a matter of fact, she is descended from King Edward III. of England, and by a coincidence both she and her Royal husband are equally the descendants of Richard, the first Duke of York (1341-1402), son of Richard Earl of Cambridge, and Lady Anne Mortimer, daughter of the Earl of March, through whom comes the hereditary right of the Royal Family to the throne of England.”

The Lady Anne Mortimer here mentioned was grandmother of King Edward IV. and niece to our ancestress, the Lady Elizabeth Mortimer, wife of Hotspur, whose effigy on a brass is given on another page.

Arms of Bowes.—Ermine, three bows strung in pale proper.

BRACEBRIDGE

Thomas de Clinton de Coleshill and Mayeres de Bisey were the parents of Thomas de Clinton of Amington, who married Maud, daughter of Sir Ralph Bracebridge, Knight.



The family of Bracebridge or Bracebrigge were landowners in Warwickshire from an early period, and what is known of their history can be read in Dugdale's *Warwickshire*. In Kingsbury Church there was formerly the Bracebridge Chapel, afterwards made into a school, which contained effigies of many members of this family.

In a window of what is now called Kingsbury Hall are found the arms of Bracebridge impaled with those of Clinton.

Sir Ralph de Bracebridge forfeited Kingsbury, which was then granted to Roger de Clifford.

Arms.—Vair argent and sable, a fesse gules.

DE BRAOSE

The family of de Braose, the founder of which was one of the Conqueror's knights, was one of the most powerful in the south of England, but the male line died out in the thirteenth century, and the barony is still in abeyance.



William de Braose, a feudal lord of immense possessions, had a quarrel with King John, which is said to have been started by his lady, Maud de St. Waleric, making some very outspoken criticisms on John's conduct to his cousin Arthur. The result of this indiscretion was that de

Braose himself was banished and died abroad, while his unfortunate wife and son were starved to death at Windsor.

William de Braose built the famous castle of Bramber in Sussex, of which only a portion of the keep remains.

Maud, daughter and co-heir of William de Braose of Brecknock in the time of Henry III., married Roger Mortimer, ancestor of Sir Edmund Mortimer, the father of Elizabeth the wife of Hotspur, from whom we descend.

Thom
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Thomas (in Pa

ard Garnon, Rector of N. Witham,
Lincs ; d. 1728
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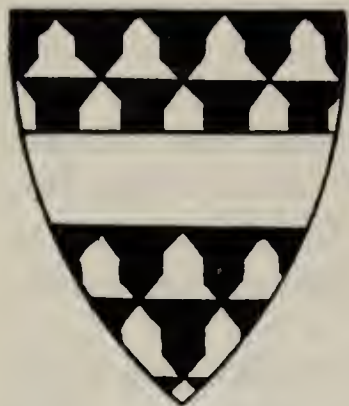
gh ; = Elizabeth Garnon
of Market Orton,
Co. Rutland ;
n ; b. 1698 ;
Staunton (wh
erited the St
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(a
b. 1699 ; d. 1780 ;
buried in Newark
Parish Church

aw, LL.D. ; in 1807 assumed name
der the will of Anne Charlton
ob Charlton
d. 1800

Anna Maria = W. Grimston
Fynes-Clinton
arriott Wylde
est daughter

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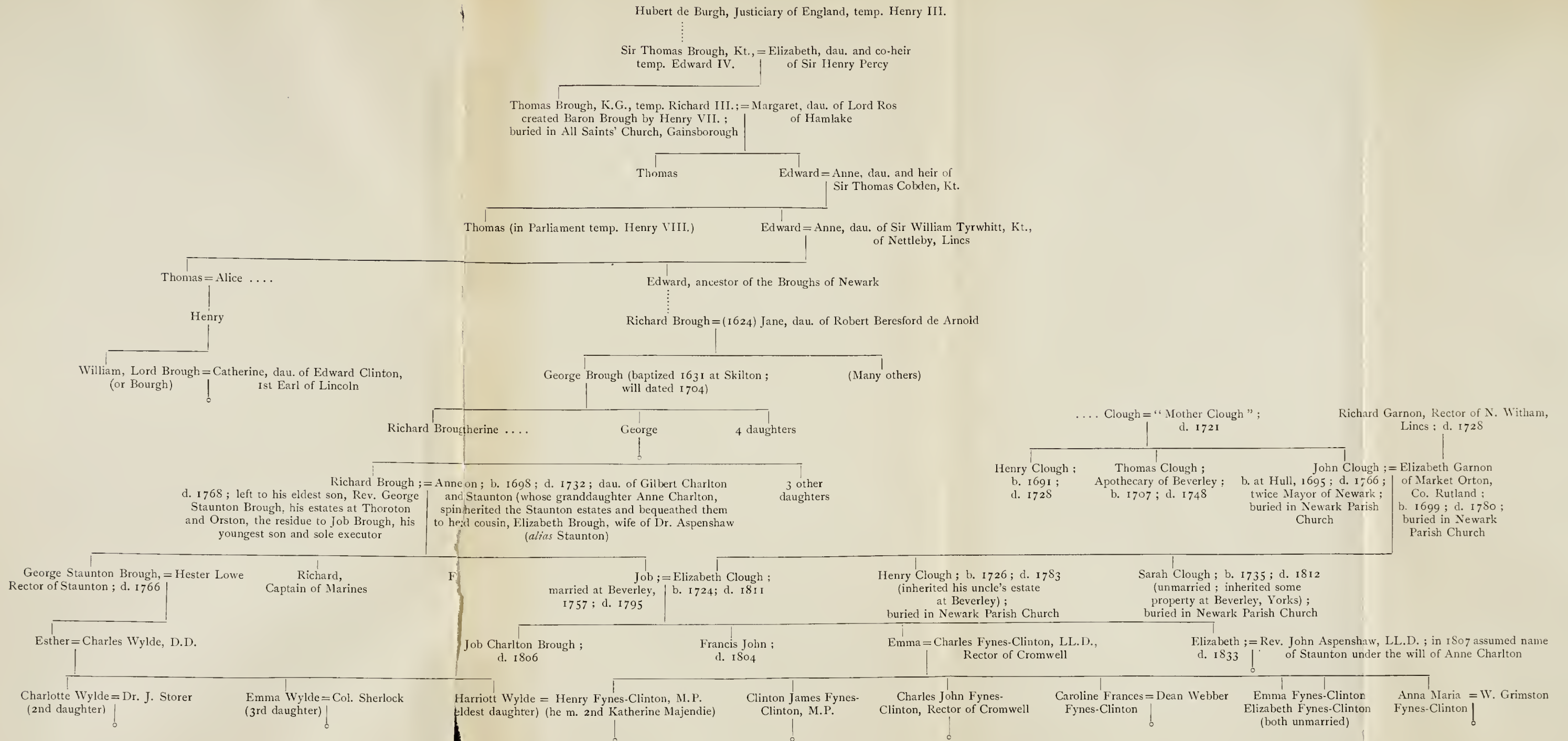
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PEDIGREE OF THE FAMILY OF BROUGH





Sir Thomas de Braose married Beatrix, the aunt of Sir Edmund Mortimer.

Margaret, daughter of William de Braose, married Walter de Laci in the time of Henry III.

Arms.—Azure semee of cross crosslets gules, a lion rampant or armed and langued gules.

BRETT

Deborah, daughter and heiress of John Brett, Esq., of Romney Marsh, married Horatio, grandson of the second Lord Eure and father of the two last Lords Eure (who died childless) and their sister and heiress, Elizabeth Eure, from whom we descend, through the families of Kaye, Walker and Mathews.

The arms of Brett are the fourteenth quartering on the Mathews shield. Or a lion rampant within an orle of cross crosslets gules.

BROUGH

The family of my great-grandmother, Emma Brough, the wife of Dr. Charles Fynes-Clinton, is descended from Hubert de Burgh, Justiciary of England in the time of Henry III., "the ablest and most virtuous minister that Henry ever possessed."



Many other families derive from this statesman, under the various names of Burgh, Borough, Bourg and Burke. The branch from which we descend is the same as that of the Lords Borough of Gainsborough, and the early pedigree can be read in the published histories of that race.

My great-grandmother's more recent ancestors were ardent royalists in the great Rebellion.

Sir Thomas Brough, Kt., in the time of Edward IV., married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Sir Henry Percy; and his son, Thomas Brough, K.G., created Baron Brough by Henry VII., married Margaret, daughter of Lord Ros of Hamlake.

William, Lord Brough (also spelt Bourg or Bourgh), married Catherine, a daughter of Edward Clinton, 1st Earl of Lincoln by his first marriage to Elizabeth Blount.

The families of Brough, Charlton and Staunton are so closely connected, and such a quantity of interesting papers and

letters relating to them have been preserved, that the articles on these three families appear very much out of proportion to those I have been able to supply on the subject of others, equally near to us, but whose records have not been cared for in such an exemplary manner. (See the articles on Charlton and Staunton.)

The will of George Brough, who was baptized in 1631, is in existence and is dated 1704. He was the son of Richard Brough, of whom little is known, and was probably the brother of the Rev. William Brough, D.D., who published in 1657 a book called *The Holy Fasts and Feasts of the Church with Meditations and Prayers suitable for them*; and in 1660 a volume of *Discourses*.

Richard Brough of Thoroton, grandson of the above George, married Anne, younger daughter of Gilbert Charlton and his wife Anne Staunton, and was the father of Job Brough, my great-great-grandfather, and three other sons. His wife Anne (Charlton) is buried in Staunton Church, and her epitaph is as follows :

In this Chantry lie the remains of Anne the Wife of Richard Brough, of Thoroton, in this County, Esqre., and Daughter of Gilbert Charlton Esq. and Anne his Wife. She died 29th May, and was buried in the same grave, and on the same day with her mother, June 1st, 1732, aged 34.

GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER JOB BROUGH

Job Brough was the third son of the above Richard and Anne. He was born in 1725 and died in 1795. In 1757 he married Elizabeth Clough at Beverley in Yorkshire (see the article on Clough), and they had a family of two sons and two daughters, of whom the elder daughter was Emma, my great-grandmother, Mrs. Fynes-Clinton.

Job Brough is constantly mentioned in letters of the time, and appears as witness to wills and trustee in settlements; he was evidently greatly valued by the family circle. He practised as a solicitor in Newark and seems to have had a very large connection, to judge by his correspondence books and other office papers, many of which have been preserved. They show him to have conducted the legal affairs of the Duke of Newcastle; his uncle, Job Staunton Charlton, M.P.; his son-in-law Dr. Fynes (Clinton), and most of the principal people in that part of Nottinghamshire.

The articles of co-partnership between Job Brough and



EMMA BROUGH
WIFE OF CHARLES FYNES-CLINTON, D.D.

E. S. Godfrey describe my great-great-grandfather as "one of the Attornies of the High Court of Chancery," Mr. Godfrey being an attorney of the Court of King's Bench. This deed is dated 1790, five years before Job Brough's death. His signature is large and clear and his seal bears the arms of Brough, with those of Clough (his wife Elizabeth Clough—"Granny Brough") on an escutcheon of pretence.

A mourning ring engraved with his name, one of a number which it was the fashion of the time to make and present to relations and mourners at funerals, who wore them as a memorial, is in the possession of Miss Gordon of Southwell, another of his descendants, who also owns many interesting relics and portraits.¹

A mural tablet in Staunton Church, surmounted by the Brough arms, reads as follows :

Sacred to the memory of Job Brough Esq., youngest son of Richard Brough Esq., by Anne his wife, who was the youngest daughter of Gilbert Charlton, of this place. He died at Newark on the 4th day of May 1795 aged 70 years.

Also of Elizabeth Brough, his wife, who departed this life April 13, 1811, in the 87th year of her age.

Interred in the same vault are the remains of their two sons. The eldest, Job Charlton Brough, died on the 13th of January 1806, aged 48 years. Francis John, their youngest son, died on the 5th of December 1804, in the 40th year of his age.

This Tablet is inscribed as a tribute of affectionate attachment to the memory of their invaluable parents, by their daughters, Emma Fynes (Clinton) and Elizabeth Staunton.

Letter from Job Brough to his uncle, Job Staunton Charlton, Esq., Soho Square, London. Marked "(Free)."

"NEWARK, 11th Dec^r 1756.

"Hon^d Sir,

"The Account of our late Riot as I have heard it is as follows ;—On Fryday last a Waggon Load of Corn came to be delivered at Newark Mills, which Graves and Marshall hearing of acquainted the mob with it and many of them came to me to insist on a Warrant to stop it which I told them they cou'd not have (it being going up the Trent to supply the Miller at Radford near Nottingham) they then went to Mr Stowe who told them they might stop it and seize it or something to that Effect, on which they went and seiz'd the whole each taking

¹ Over a hundred rings were distributed at the funeral of Samuel Pepys, the author of the Diary.

what they cou'd get, from thence they went to Farndon and broke into some Warehouses and seiz'd a Quantity of Meal Wheat Barley and Peas and then return'd to this Town where they broke into a Warehouse of Annesley's in the Meadows and took some wheat from thence, in the whole they took as much Flower and Corn as was worth upwards of £100. It is said (and I believe true) that when they went for Farndon Graves and Marshall walk'd with them to the Top of Milngate and there gave a shout and encouraged them to go on to Farndon. Some of them have since been taken up and two of them committed to Nottingham Gaol. And on Thursday last when I was with the two Mr. Gare's (who are the greatest sufferers) advising them how to proceed against these people Graves came into the Room and Marshall was at the Door and Graves told them he came to insist on their ordering the Prisoners to be set at Liberty, which they refusing to comply with, he told them he wou'd lodge an Information against them for such Refusal in the Court of King's Bench.

“ This is the Account of the Riot, as to Corn there seems to be tolerable plenty of it in this Neighbourhood and last Market Day Wheat was from 5/6 to 6/ a strike.

“ The inclosed is publish'd as is supposed by Graves and Yesterday numbers were dispers'd about the Town.

“ I am, Hon^d Sir, Your most dutyfull and Obliged Nephew

“ JOB BROUGH.

“ They are this Day polling for Commoners—James Tomlinson and Wm. Payntell put up by Graves and Marshall, and Brian Cumberland and young Eastland ag^t them and the report just now is that the former are 30 a Head.”

This letter was written exactly twelve days before Job Brough's marriage to Elizabeth Clough. It is written in a particularly neat, legible hand, and the script is modern with an occasional exception. It is sealed with the Brough arms.

Job Brough's eldest brother, George Staunton Brough, was Rector of Staunton; he married Hester Lowe, and their daughter Esther became the wife of Dr. Wylde. The Wylde's had three daughters, of whom the eldest, Harriett, married my great-uncle Henry Fynes-Clinton, her second cousin, but died within a year of their marriage. The second daughter, Charlotte, married Dr. Storer, and the third daughter, Emma, married Col. Sherlock; both these have living descendants.

CAPTAIN RICHARD BROUGH

The second brother of Job Brough was Richard, Captain of Marines (my great-great-great-uncle). He was born about 1723 and is known to have been alive in 1760.

A certain number of his letters, bills and professional papers have been preserved, and I quote from them rather fully, as they are almost the only private documents in the family relating to that particular period. They throw a little light not only on the life of the writer, but incidentally on the lives of his contemporaries.

King George II. was reigning in England and Louis XV. in France, with which country we were at war for many years, with the result that we acquired the principal West Indian colonies owned by France except the island of Martinique, where the finest French coffee is still grown.

Among our ancestors who were living at that time were Norreys Fynes, the 3rd of that name, and his wife, Martha Thompson; John Mathews and his wife Susanna Walker, Stephen Wright, Job Brough and his wife Elizabeth Clough. Other contemporaries were Job Staunton Charlton, M.P., uncle of Richard and Job Brough; Thomas Holles Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, and his nephew Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln (afterwards Duke of Newcastle), the subjects of the Kitcat portrait.

The public men of this epoch need not be cited, except to note that Lord Nelson was born in 1758, and so overlapped with the life of the Captain of Marines.

A series of letters written while on active service in the West Indies by Richard Brough are in existence; they are addressed to his uncle, Job Staunton Charlton, M.P. for Newark and owner of Staunton Hall, who was an official in the Ordnance Office (see Charlton). The uncle acted as banker to his nephew, and seems to have drawn his pay, remitting him sums of money as required.

Our first glimpse of Captain Richard is in August 1755, when he writes a hurried note to his uncle saying he is "under orders for sailing at four tomorrow morning and drawn on You for Forty Pounds." He reports that "nineteen recruits came to town this morning—all very good men. Major Burleigh said, Brough, you shou'd be keep recruiting and not leave us so soon." Two days later a letter was written by one Mr. Eddowes relating to the forty pounds "which I at his request advanced him upon going to Sea, upon complaint that the Dep^{ty} Paymaster of Marines refused paying him what was due,

unless he would sign an acc^t he thought not made out in the manner it ought to be—he came to me but Tuesday night and was then in a great hurry as they were to sail next morning and did so.” “I think Brough a very honest gallant officer and was glad of an opportunity of being of any use to him.”

No more is heard of Captain Brough till April 22, 1756, when he writes from St. Pierre, Martinique, having been taken prisoner by the French, and giving the following graphic account of the disaster and the capitulation of H.M.S. *Warwick* :

“ST. PIERRES MARTINIQUE, *Ap.* 22nd 1756.

“Hon^d Sir,

“I have this Moment an Opportunity of writing, which I hope is a safe one, since I have been Prisoner here, I wrote to You Mar. 26th and the 14th of this Instant.

“You certainly by this must have heard the Melancholly Fate of the *Warwick*, on the Eleventh of March by dawn of Day we saw three Sail which we chaced 'till it became light enough to discover that they were Men of War, then tack'd and made Commodore Franklands private Signal, finding they did not answer, crouded from them with all the sail we cou'd set being then about Two Leagues distance, they crouding after us, and gaining upon (us) so fast, that at Half an hour after seven the headmost (the *Atalant*, a Ship of Forty Guns Two hundred and seventy men) had got upon our weather Quarter within Gun Shott, when the Commadore made his Signal for Engageing, upon which He bore down, Hoisted French Colours and fired a Shott at us, which we Return'd with all we could bring to bear, and continued Engaged with him about Half an hour, when He was Seconded by the *Prudent* a new Seventy four Gun Ship and Eight Hundred Men. Mons^r Douboiny Chef d'Escadre.

“ (This Ship is larger and Broader than the *Invincible* that You saw in Portsmouth Dock.)

“This obliged us to turn all our Fire upon him, which He return'd so Powerfully, that the two first Broad sides, our Main Yard was shiver'd, Sails and the greatest part of our Rigging cut to Peices. The third ship, *L'Zeifier* a frigate of Thirty six Guns, Two hundred and Sixty Men, haveing by this time got upon our Quarter, Capt. Shuldham finding the Ship thus beset by such a Superiour Force, his lower Deck full of water, and unable to open any of the Ports in this Situation, He with the General Concurrance and Advice of his Officers Struck after about an Hour's Engagement.

“In this Action we had not above Six Wounded, one of my Marines receiv'd a Musquett ball in at his mouth and through

his Neck, a second broke his Coller Bone and thro' his Shoulder, He died of his Wounds in this Gaol.

“ By what we can be certain as to the Loss of the French, they had Five Killed, and Seventeen Wounded.

“ They are fitting out the Warwick with the utmost Expedition to go to Sea. Cap^t Chateaux is to command her. Mons^r Le Zouche Capitaine Second de la Prudent, declared in my Presence at the Governour's that, M^r Dauboiny had given Ordors for a General Discharge of his Great Guns and Small Arms into us, but that Cap^t Shuldham struck so Critically as to Prevent the Consequence.

“ We hear daily that the Grand Monarque insists upon Restitution for the Insults given to his Flagg. They have four Companies in Garrison at St. Lucia, one of the Officers that came from thence told me, their Batteries are in Good Repair.

“ I beg my Best Respects to You and Yours, and all Friends, and am, Hon^d Sir, Your most Dutyful Nephew and Obliged Hum^{ble} Serv^t,

RICHARD BROUGH.”

On May 10, 1756, while prisoner on a French man-of-war, he writes: “ Had the Fate of England depended, nothing more could be done to defend the Warwick than was.” “ On the Bridge which is the general Rendez vous every evening, we hear fresh French news or Puffs.” “ The taking of Port Mahon is the Subject of Conversation and the Great Conquests they are to make this year. I hope their Progress will be stoped by the Success of our arms.” “ We expect the next Packet will bring us news of some great Blows being struck. I wish we may meet with Success.”

The prisoners seem to have been on good terms with the French officers and to have been well treated by them. “ The Governour of St. Pierre is exceeding Polite and Friendly to us,” also “ Mon^r Bompar who lives at Fort Royal, to whose mild treatment and Indulgences we are greatly indebted to him; we never ask'd any Favour that he refused.” “ Our allowance as Comm. Off^s is four shillings per day, every Portugal Peice of 36 sterl. is 88 shillen here. The inferiour off^s sailors and soldiers each has a pound of Beef, Pork or Fish, one of these species every day and every morn. a lb of fresh Bread.” “ A few months ago, the Inhabitants of this Island were starving for want of Provisions, untill the General open'd a free trade with St. Eustatia, a Dutch Island which now supplies them, but slenderly, that in a very short time, they will be reduced to great Distress—the poorer Sort and the Negroes are now at very short Allowance.” “ It is excessive hot here and almost

impossible to walk after eight o'clock in the morning, untill Five or six at night, without running the hazard of a Feavour."

On June 30, 1756, he writes that the Dutch vessels which brought provisions to Martinique have been stopped. "This order will debar us the Pleasure of writeing to our Friends, as our Conveyance was by St. Eustatia to Holland." "The Exports are Staves and hoops for Sugar Hogsheads and Shingles."

"We had a small shock of an Earthquake on the 10th inst. at night. All the Ships are ordered from the Bay to Fort Royal Harbour that they may be in safety the Hurricane months which are the three following." Elsewhere he speaks of Antigua in the hurricane months as "the Grave of the Fleet." The ill-fated *Warwick* was fitted out by the French and became second to the Chef d'Escadre.

Captain Brough was released some time later, probably by an exchange of prisoners, as the war still dragged on; he writes expecting to leave for England in February 1758.

At Rochelle he found his friend Captain William Padgett had been stricken with illness and "the loss of all his forces," but desired his wife at home to be kept in ignorance of his danger. Captain Brough took charge of his friend's possessions and placed them in safe keeping before sailing for England—no doubt to save them from the light fingers of the natives.

He took an inventory, which includes—A gold watch with seven embroidered watch strings, gold lace waistcoats, tissue ditto, a sash, shirts with ruffles, cravats, a sword, a "spye glass," a snuff-box, silk stockings, red and blue coats, gold and silver laced hats, etc., etc., also a book called *Friendship in Death*—rather depressing reading for an exile in the West Indies, one would think!

We do not know whether Captain Padgett recovered or not.

Captain Brough was not idle on his return to England, but at once set to work recruiting. He first had a good rig-out of new clothes and got his old ones cleaned and repaired—there is a bill for "removing the spots from a regimental coat," and other renovations. In the month of April he lodged in or near Newark, where his bill amounted to £2 13s. 3d. for

four weeks Lodgings at 11/ per week,
To coals and wood 6/4,
To candles 2/11.

The recruiting party consisted of the Captain, a Sergeant, a Corporal and a drummer, besides the men newly enrolled. The expenses were disbursed by the Captain and afterwards recovered from the Admiralty. Shoes, stockings, shirt and

“ britches ” had to be provided for some of the party, and every day we find the entry “ For shoes mending on the Rhode,” the account being kept by the Sergeant. The Captain apparently rode a horse, and sometimes the whole party seem to have been conveyed in a post-chaise.

Drum sticks and a drum head were also purchased for recruiting purposes.

Among other items in the Sergeant’s account occur :

A comb 6d.

Sandpaper 1d.

A box of tooth powder 1/

A pair of sizzors 1/6

A soldier’s wife on the rhode 6d.

To mendin a Saddil to a martingal at Nottinham 1/10

Oyl for the horse’s foot at Nottinham 1 1d.

To mendin the portmantil at Newark 6d.

To the hors Doctter 2/6

Clining the Bouts 4d.

To a shillin at home for the boy John 1/

To a Ploucke for the Dog 5d.

To a Bridel for your Hatt and Cockkad 1/9

A dinner for me and Drink for the Corpral 1/4

To a Supper for me and the Corpral and Drink and my Braxfast
the next mornin 1/10

$\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of snuff 2d.

Turnpikes at 1d. each constantly recur, and every day there are charges for “ Braxfast, dinner and supper,” ale for the “ Corpral ” and sometimes for the “ Poststillans,” also corn for the “ hors.”

Captain Brough’s private bills for meals are very moderate, and a bottle of beer and sometimes a pint of wine, with an occasional bowl of punch and “ lauquares,” when guests were entertained, satisfied him even in that age of heavy drinking.

The places visited by the recruiting party were “ Lufborough,” “ Nottinham,” Bosworth, Newark, “ Tarmouth ” (Tamworth), Lichfield, Wolverhampton, Leicester, “ Harbro ” and “ Vox Hall.” Ninety-seven men were enrolled, marched to Plymouth and embarked on H.M.S. *Panther*.

In September 1758 Captain Brough received his sailing orders from the Admiralty, and in October he made his will, leaving all his landed and personal estate to his “ Dear Nephew,” the infant son of his younger brother Job Brough (my great-great-grandfather). He gives the name of the child incorrectly, calling him “ Job Staunton Brough ” instead of “ Job Charlton Brough ”—a very natural mistake. I hope the error did not interfere with “ Uncle Job’s ” inheritance.

The purchases of our Captain of Marines at Plymouth before sailing to the West Indies included 5 yds. of "Green Bays," a "Boat Cloke," a "gentleman's dressing box," a backgammon table and dice, a hair trunk, 5 pairs of pumps and 2 French caps (nightcaps). A list of his "cloaths of linnen" show him to have taken with him no less than 55 pairs of stockings, black, white, silk and thread; 38 shirts, 14 pairs of ruffles, 34 stocks and a variety of coats, breeches and waistcoats, etc., etc.

In November 1758 he is again at sea and on active service; he sends his uncle a detailed list of the fleet of seventy-two sail, comprising nine line-of-battle ships and six frigates. He himself writes from the "*Panther*, at Sea 200 miles from the Lizard, we have a fair wind."

At Antigua in 1759 he settled the account of one Rebecca Christopher, evidently a coloured lady who provided miscellaneous articles and knew how to charge the English officers who dealt with her. As well as tape, needles, thread and ribbon, he bought from her at exorbitant prices, "6 bottles of Hungary Watter" and a "Sett of Fiddle Strings." She also washed his "linnen," and got up the ruffles on his shirts: the washing bill came to £2 5s. 6d., and the account continues:

8 nights Lodging	£1	10	0
paid for your hats	0	7	6
Cash lent you	0	1	6

This bill is receipted, "Rec^d for Old Mother Christopher."

A barber's bill may have been kept by him as a curiosity. It runs thus:

Captain Bluff to James Howison D^r

Oct. 13 1759
To 10 Sundry times shaving you and dressing your hair 15/

Later in the year he writes from St. Kitts, where he is located on the *Raisnable*, evidently a prize, living in hopes of a "Beneficial Cruize; I am almost certain we shall meet the Enemy."

In 1760, however, he reports: "We have not yet been fortunate—hope the next Cruize will pay all Expences." "'tis computed by deaths and Desertion we lost upwards of 380 men." "Pray Sir, is there any Probability of a Peace? Will the Marines be all on half pay?"

From Antigua he writes: "Came to this place for a Boatsprit and Foremast which we sprung the last Cruize." He also finds time to execute a "Commission for my Aunt and Cousin Molly."

Nothing more is heard of the gallant Captain of Marines, who is noticed in the family archives only as having died unmarried ; the date of his death is not known and he is not buried in Staunton Church among his kindred. It seems only too probable that the West Indian "Fevour" or the "Musquetrie" of the French accounted for one who said of himself while in captivity, "I have this Secret Satisfaction, to think I have done my Duty to my King and Country, which makes my Confinement sit easier."

THE CHILDREN OF JOB BROUGH

Neither of the sons of Job Brough and Elizabeth Clough were married. They are both alluded to in great-uncle Henry's journal as "Uncle Job" and "Uncle Frank," and their early deaths were a great shock to him.

Uncle Job Charlton Brough, the elder, was a barrister of Lincoln's Inn and Recorder of Newark in 1805 ; he had a good library, particularly of geographical works and maps. Henry Fynes-Clinton, in his youth at Westminster, delighted in studying these maps at his uncle's house, and in the will of "Uncle Job" occurs this clause :

"I give to my nephew Henry Fynes (Clinton) my books of my maps and all other my maps and the cases for same and the memoirs which relate to any of the said maps as a mark of my friendship and esteem."

Job Charlton Brough had been the heir to his uncle Richard, the Captain of Marines. He owned the Brough property at Brant Broughton, to which he seemed much attached, and in his will begged that if possible it should remain in the family ; but in spite of his request I fancy it has long passed to strangers.

He died by a fall from his horse while hunting.

The elder daughter of Job Brough and Elizabeth Clough was Emma, my great-grandmother, whose portrait is so familiar to us all. She married Charles Fynes-Clinton, LL.D., Rector of Cromwell and of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Sub-dean of Westminster, and, with her husband, is buried in Cromwell Church. (See the article on Dr. Fynes-Clinton on page 45.)

The younger daughter was Elizabeth Brough, my great-great-aunt, married to Dr. Aspenshaw. She inherited the Staunton estate under the will of her cousin, Anne Charlton, when she and her husband and their heirs assumed the name and arms of Staunton.

They have many living descendants.

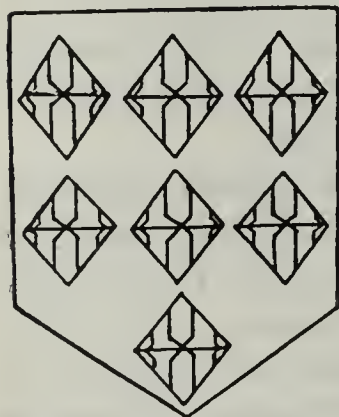
I have never heard positively whether there were injured feelings over Miss Anne Charlton's selection of the younger sister as the heir to her estate, nor do I know how far it was a matter of personal favouritism beyond the fact that my great-grandmother is reported to have said that she "lost an estate through being called Emma." She and her sister Mrs. Staunton seem to have been on friendly terms, and her son Henry Fynes-Clinton (my great-uncle) was certainly appreciated at Staunton Hall, as his portrait hangs in the great hall to this day. He mentions in his autobiography a legacy which was left to him by Miss Anne Charlton—possibly by way of a small compensation for the loss of the estate.

My grandfather was certainly intimate with most of his mother's family, but he is not known ever to have taken any of his children to Staunton Hall, in spite of its position adjoining his parish of Orston, where all his family constantly visited their aunt, Mrs. Middlemore, at the Hall, and the Curate-in-charge, Mr. Valpy, and his wife, at the Vicarage. This may have been partly due to his bigoted religious views, which deprived his family of so many natural interests and associations.

Arms of Brough.—Azure, fretty and semee of fleurs-de-lys or.

DE BURGH

Hubert de Burgh, so celebrated in the reigns of John and Henry III., was descended from the Duke of Ingleheim, fifth son of Charlemagne. He was one of the most eminent nobles of his time and attained the very highest honours and immense riches. He took the side of King John against the Barons, and afterwards succeeded William Marshal as Protector of the youthful Henry III. His great powers, however, excited the jealousy of the other barons, and he was alternately disgraced and reinstated until he was finally stripped of most of his great possessions.



The chief residence of this famous baron, who was created Earl of Kent, was the Palace of Whitehall, which he munificently bestowed on the new order of Dominicans or Preaching Friars. They subsequently sold Whitehall and established themselves at Blackfriars, where Hubert de Burgh was honourably buried in their church at his death in 1243.

His daughter Margaret married Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester.

His granddaughter Dervorgild married Robert Fitz-Walter.

Walter de Burgh, Lord of Connaught, was fourth in descent from William, Earl of Cornwall, the grandfather of Hubert de Burgh (killed by order of Henry I.). Walter married Maud, daughter and heir of Hugh de Laci, and became, in her right, Earl of Ulster. Their son Richard, second Earl of Ulster, was great-grandfather to Elizabeth de Burgh, who married Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III., from whom we descend through Elizabeth Morison.

William, fifth Baron de Burgh, Borough, or Brough, a descendant of the younger son of Hubert de Burgh, married Katherine, daughter of Edward Clinton, first Earl of Lincoln, and his first wife, Elizabeth Blount.

An enormous number of families trace their descent to Hubert de Burgh; among them those of Burke, Bourgh, Borough and Brough; to this last belonged our great-grandmother, Emma, daughter of Job Brough.

Hubert de Burgh figures in Shakspeare's *King John*, notably in the famous scene between Hubert and Arthur.

Arms.—Gules, seven lozenges varyy, three, three and one.

CHARLTON

The Charlton family is one of great distinction, as may be seen in the pedigree.



Sir Alan Charlton of Appley Castle appears first in the reign of Edward II. : his son Sir John was created Lord Powys in right of his wife Hawyse, the daughter and heiress of Owen ap Griffith, last Prince of Powys.

This branch of the family married members of the houses of Stafford, Holland, Mortimer and Grey.

We descend from the second son of Sir Alan, whose name was also Sir Alan, and who married the heiress of the Zouche of that time—about 1306.

After six generations we arrive at Robert Charlton of Whitton, Salop, whose wife was Emma Harby, a lady of royal descent, being eleventh from Edward I. and his second wife, Margaret of France.

The son of Robert and Emma was Sir Job Charlton, Bart., Speaker of the House of Commons in the time of James II. Roger North speaks of him as "an old Cavalier, loyal, learned, grave and wise." He was born in 1614, and died in 1697 after a distinguished career.

Sir Job Charlton was also Chief Justice of Chester in 1680, but was ousted from that post by the notorious Jeffreys.

His will, dated 1695, exists in the possession of his descendants, and I give a few extracts from it.

"In the name of God Amen. I Job Charlton of Ludford do ordeine and make this my last Will and Testament I commend my spirit unto my gracious Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in firme hope that he will for his owne Meritt's sake receive it into the mercifull embraces of the God of all Spiritts, I also commend my body to my Executors that it may have decent and expensive buryal in my Chancell att Ludford between the bodys of my deare and loving wives Dorothy and Lettice in hope to be partakers with them of a happy resurrection. As for my temporal Estate which my gracious God hath been pleased to give me——" Here follows a long list of bequests of lands, etc.

"I desire my son Francis to make his residence att Ludford where the Church is att his door and for the incouraging him thereto I give all my stock without doors Horses Cattle and Sheep, etc., and all my household stuff within doors plate pewter Bedding Linnen and all other furniture etc. so that there will be no need to remove much from Whitton besides himself and family.

"I desire allso my sayd son Francis that he take care of the charitable use which my gratefull servant Thomas Lane left to the disposall of me and Sir Thomas Walcott . . . that it be duly employed to maintain a work house and house of Correction for the benefit of the poore of Ludlow and of the neighbouring villages thereof, the moneys for this charitable use which lately have been received from the Executors of Thomas Lane have been expended and somewhat more in the Master's salary, in repayring, rebuilding and furnishing of an old ruined house mortgaged to the sayd Thomas Lane," etc. etc.

Later on he appoints certain Parsons, Vicars and Magistrates who "shall for ever hereafter nominate and appoynt one of the Chamber or at least one of the inhabitants of Ludlow to be Master of the sayd work house or house of Correction . . . nor shall be removed without advising as aforesaid. And thus Ludlow will be provided of a house of Correction which I do not find hath ever had any as yet."

Among bequests and legacies we read the following :



SIR JOB CHARLTON (1672)

“ I give to every of my grandchildren fifty pounds apeece,” here a number of names are mentioned ; “ to every of my meniall servants forty shillings a peece, to every of my constant workmen a weeke’s wages,” etc. etc.

The document is sealed with the Charlton crest, a demi-lion rampant.

Sir Job’s desire for an expensive funeral was respected by his executors, whose account is in existence. Large quantities of ale and wine were provided for the “ ffunerall,” and among numerous other items occurs an expenditure of £45 14s. 6d. for gloves alone and “ Millenary Goods ” amounting to £26 11s. 7½d.

In Miss Gordon’s possession is a very fine silver cup with a cover, once the property of Sir Job Charlton and engraved with his arms. It is eight or ten inches high and is known as the “ Charlton Cup.”

Samuel Pepys was acquainted with Sir Job Charlton and alludes in his Diary to a party of well-known persons who met and conversed on February 26, 1667–68, Sir Job being one of them.

Both Appley Castle and Ludford, the beautiful old half-timbered house which belonged to Sir Job, are still in the possession of descendants of the Charlton family.

The second son of Sir Job Charlton was Gilbert, born in 1670. He married Anne, daughter of Harvey Staunton, the last male of the old Stauntons, and through his wife he and his heirs became possessed of the Staunton estates.

Gilbert Charlton died in 1706. His will is also in existence and was made very shortly before his death at the early age of thirty-six. It opens thus :

“ The 4th day of July 1706. I Gilbert Charlton of Staunton in the County of Nottingham Esq being weak in body, but of a sound and perfect mind and memory (praised be God for the same) do constitute and ordaine this my last Will,” etc. etc.

He died twelve days later. Anne, his wife, who survived him for many years, is described in the article on Staunton.

Their eldest son, Job Staunton Charlton, was M.P. for Newark and was held high in the estimation of the Dukes of Newcastle and Rutland ; several interesting letters to him from these noblemen on political subjects are in existence, besides others from persons of eminence in their day. He occupied a high position in the Ordnance Office and was granted a pension of £500 a year, secured upon the Revenues of Ireland.

The letters of his nephew Richard Brough, Captain of Marines, from the West Indies (quoted in the article on Brough),

were all addressed to him, and he seems to have been esteemed and loved by his relations.

Job Staunton Charlton married Mary Greenwood and they were the parents of four daughters, all of whom died unmarried. The eldest, Anne Charlton, survived her sisters and became the owner of the Staunton estate, which she bequeathed to her second cousin, Elizabeth Brough, my great-great-aunt, who with her husband and family assumed the name of Staunton.

The will of Job Staunton Charlton, dated 1767 and witnessed by Job Brough, contains the following clause :

“ I give and bequeath unto my wife all my coach horses and carriages and all the Furniture of her Bed chamber and dressing room and also all the Sheets and Table and other Linen of her own spinning,” etc. etc.

A codicil was added in 1773 after the death of his daughter Mary in that year. He died in 1778 and is buried in Staunton Church ; his tablet in St. Laurence Choir gives a short and clear history of the family.

Sacred to the memory of Job Staunton Charlton Esq. Eldest son of Gilbert Charlton Esq. and grandson of Sir Job Charlton of Ludford in the county of Hereford, Bart. and Anne his wife. She was the eldest daughter of Harvey Staunton Esq. whose ancestors inherited the Estate here from the time of the Saxons in 1066. Sir Mauger Staunton defended Belvoir Castle against William the Conqueror, and had the strongest fortress therein ever since called (by his name) Staunton Tower. The above Job Staunton Charlton was Member for the Borough of Newark in several Parliaments, and died in February 1778, aged 78 years. He married the daughter of Daniel Greenwood, M.D., of Northampton, who died in March 1777.

They had four daughters, who all died unmarried. Mary died in February 1773. Elizabeth died in October 1778. Emma died in January 1797, and Anne the eldest and last surviving daughter, died April the 11th, 1807 ; leaving her Staunton Estate to her Second Cousin Elizabeth, the daughter of Job Brough Esq. and wife of the Rev. John Aspenshaw, LL.D. Who directed by her last will and testament that they and their issue should take the Name and bear the Arms of Staunton only, and who have out of grateful remembrance to her executed this monument.

Several pass-books showing the banking account and expenditure of Job Staunton Charlton are in existence, and among the ordinary items we find the constantly recurring entry “ Lottery ticket.” The tickets were sometimes bought for himself and often for clients ; the price varied from £10 to £20. On the credit side, at long intervals, occur entries of “ Lottery Prize,” the value of which, however, was not greatly in excess

of Philip, King of France

of Woodstock = Margaret, sister and heir
of Thomas, Lord Wake

Holland = Joan, "Fair Maid of Kent" = Edward the Black Prince

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co-heir | Earl of Salisbury

and co-heir of Thos. Montacute,
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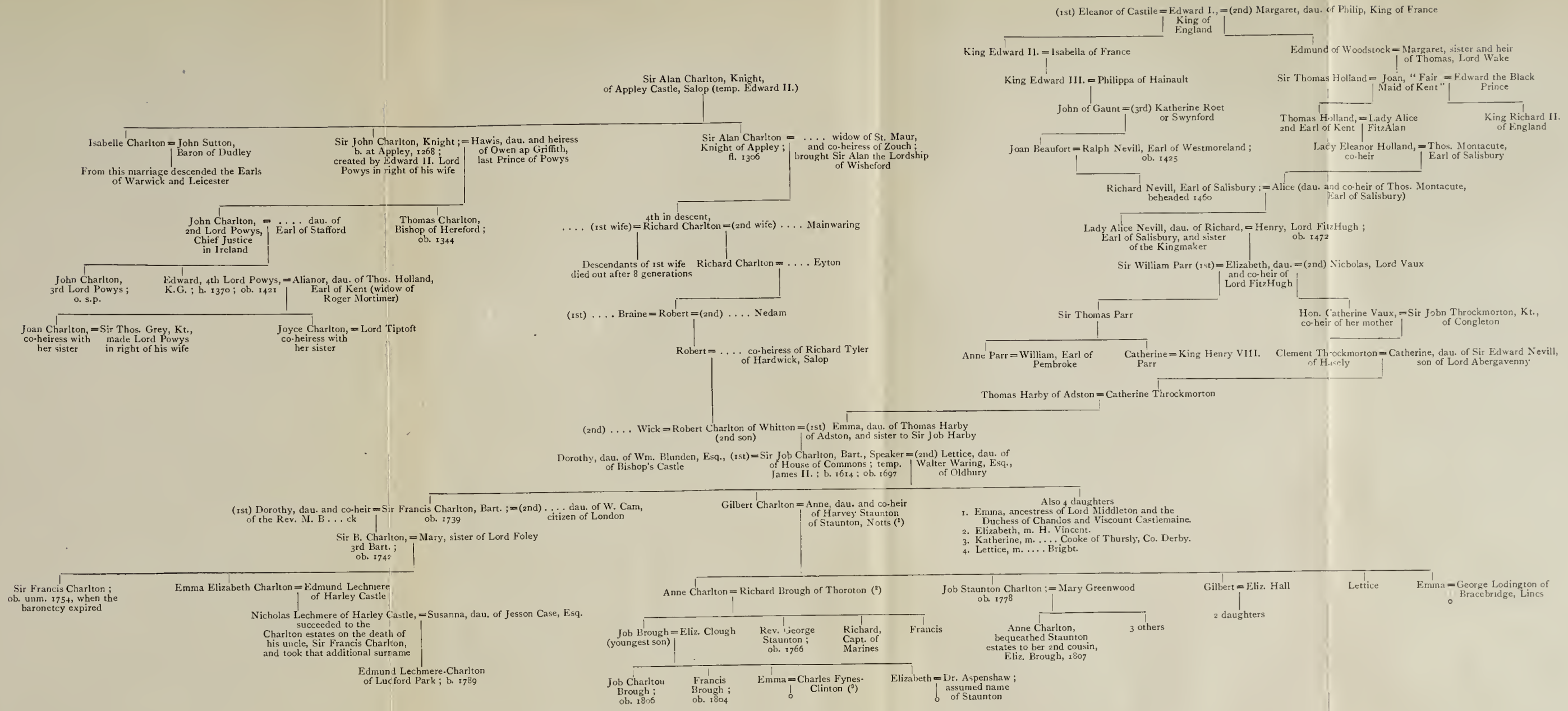
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PEDIGREE OF THE FAMILY OF CHARLTON



(1) See Staunton pedigree. (2) See Brough pedigree. (3) See Clinton pedigree.
Compare also articles on Wake, Holland, Beaufort, Nevill, Montacute, FitzHugh, and Dacre (Vaux).

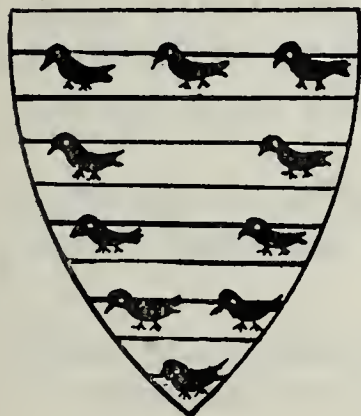
of the cost of the ticket. I suppose the excitement of a little flutter compensated for the smallness of the gain.

Gilbert and Anne Charlton had another son, Gilbert, who became Rector of Staunton, and two surviving daughters, of whom the younger, Anne, married Richard Brough of Thoroton: this last was the father of Job Brough, whose elder daughter became Mrs. Fynes-Clinton (my great-grandmother), while the younger, Elizabeth, succeeded to the estate and assumed the name of Staunton.

Arms of Charlton.—Or, a lion rampant gules.

CHAWORTH

The name of this ancient family was originally de Cadurcis, early corrupted into Chaworth. Patrick de Chaworth, the first known member, made a grant of mills to the monks of St. Peter in Gloucester in the latter part of the Conqueror's reign, which suggests that he was probably one of William's knights and had received his share of British spoils.



Several of the feudal lords de Chaworth bore the depressing Christian name of "Pain."

They were people of distinction and married into the usual great Norman families, notably Plantagenet and le Despencer.

Sybil de Chaworth married Walter d'Evereux, Earl of Salisbury, in the time of Stephen, and they were the great-grandparents of Ela, Countess of Salisbury, who married William de Longespée (son of Henry II. and Fair Rosamund), from whom both Clintons and Eures are descended.

Patrick de Chaworth married the Lady Isabel de Beauchamp, daughter and heiress of William, Earl of Warwick; their daughter Maud married Henry Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, in about 1382, from whom Elizabeth Morison was tenth in descent.

The Chaworth family are still extant under the name of Chaworth-Musters. (Pronounced Chayworth.)

Arms.—Barry of ten argent and gules, an orle of martlets sable.

CHENEY, CHENIES OR DE CAYNETS

The founder of this family was Ralph de Caineto, one of the Conqueror's knights.

Margaret, only child and heiress of William, son of Robert FitzWalter, by his wife Sybilla, daughter and heiress of William de Cheney of Horsford in Norfolk, married Robert FitzRoger, owner of Warkworth, Clavering and Eure (Bucks), ancestor of the Eures and Claverings. FitzRoger acquired the Barony of Horsford in right of his wife, and the Manor with other properties remained in possession of the Claverings until the death of John de Clavering in 1332, when it fell to the Crown and was granted to Ralph de Nevill and his heirs.

Alice, daughter and co-heir of John de Cheney, married Geoffrey de Say, one of the twenty-five Barons chosen to enforce the observance of Magna Charta, and ancestor of both Clintons and Says.

A branch of the Cheney family gave their name to the village of Chenies in Bucks, the property of the Duke of Bedford. Their burial-place can be seen there, besides some ancient brasses in the church.

Sir John Cheney, who flourished about 1486, was a man of great prowess and of enormous stature; his thigh bones measured twenty-one inches.

The arms of Cheney are borne fourth on the Eure shield and tenth on the Mathews shield. Chequy or and azure, a fesse gules fretty or.

CLARE—RICHARD DE CLARE, CALLED
“STRONGBOW”

Richard FitzGilbert, one of the Norman knights who came over with the Conqueror, was the grandson of Geoffrey, natural son of Richard I., Duke of Normandy. His great-grandson was Robert FitzWalter, chief of the Barons in the time of King John, ancestor of the Clintons and the Eures.



Richard FitzGilbert's daughter married Eudo Dapifer; their daughter Margaret married the notorious Geoffrey de Mandeville, the outlaw Baron, whose grandfather was ancestor of the Clintons, the Fienes and the Says. Richard FitzGilbert was also called "De Tonebridge," and owned immense estates in at least six counties.

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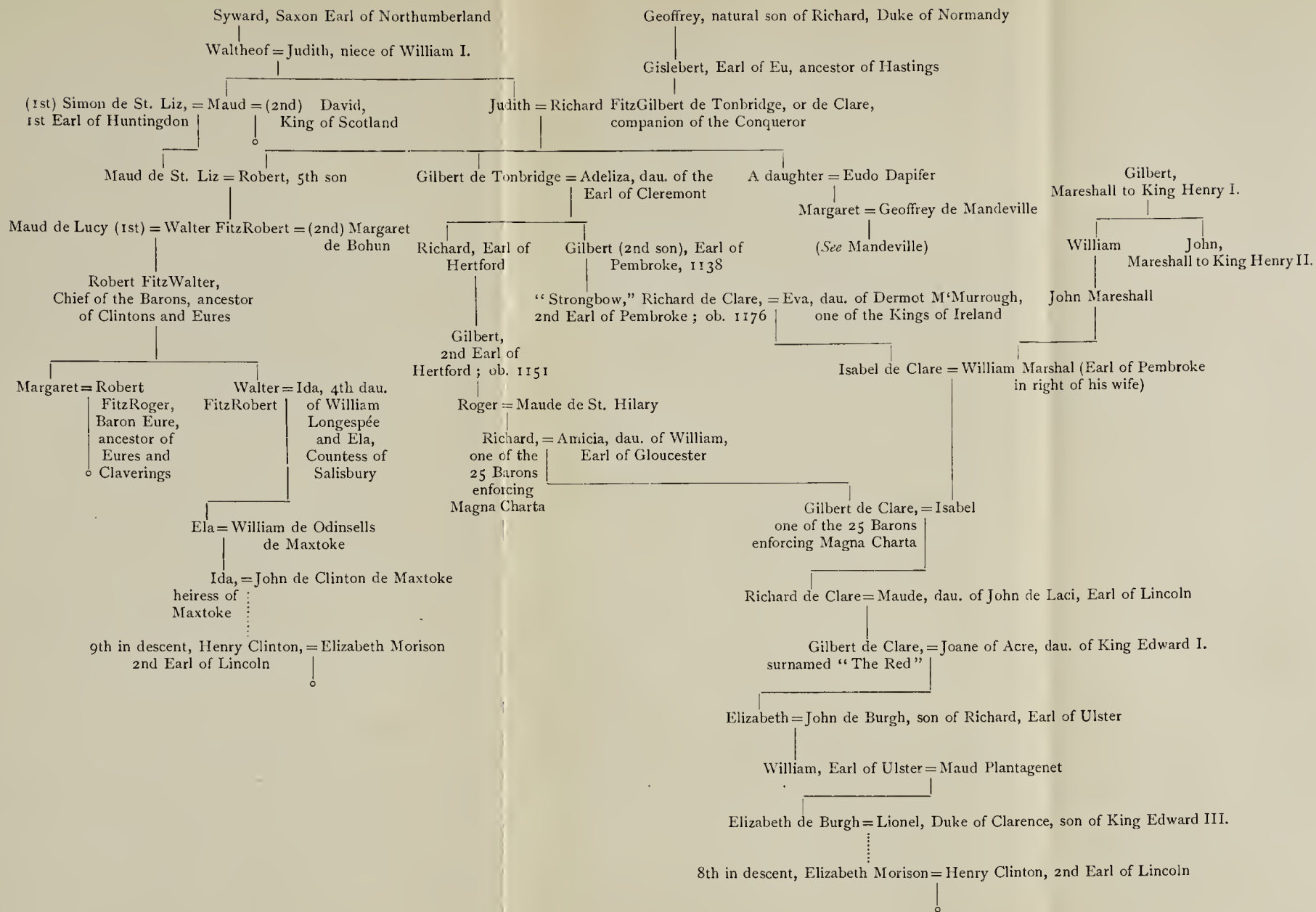
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CLARE, ST. LIZ AND MARSHAL



He was the great-grandfather of the renowned "Strongbow," Richard de Clare, second Earl of Pembroke, who was not only successful in subduing Ireland, but also married Eva, the daughter of one of the kings, Dermot McMurrough, and received with her a dowry of a large part of the province of Leinster. The town, county and river of Clare derive their name from Strongbow.

Strongbow died in Ireland and is buried in Christ's Church, Dublin. A terrible story is told of him and alluded to in his epitaph. He had an only son who at the age of seventeen was sent into battle against a large force of wild Irish. Their weird cries and shouts struck terror into the poor boy, and he turned and ran away. But his stern father, on learning of his son's cowardice, ordered his immediate execution, and caused him to be cut in half with a sword through the middle.

Strongbow left a daughter who was in ward to King Henry II. for fourteen years, when the King gave her in marriage to the famous William Marshal, who thereupon became Earl of Pembroke in her right. Their daughter Isabel married her cousin Gilbert de Clare, who was one of the twenty-five Barons chosen to enforce the observance of Magna Charta, as well as his father Richard de Clare, Earl of Hertford.

Elizabeth de Burgh, granddaughter of Gilbert de Clare, "The Red," seventh Earl of Hertford, married Lionel Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence (son of King Edward III.), from whom we descend through Elizabeth Morison.

Margaret, daughter of an earlier Gilbert de Clare, married Piers Gaveston, the favourite of King Edward II.

Arms.—Or three chevrons gules.

CLARE, EARL OF—see HOLLES.

CLAVERING

John FitzRobert de Eure, Baron of Warkworth and Clavering, married Ada de Baliol, great-aunt of John, King of Scotland, and sister of John, founder of Balliol College, Oxford.



Their eldest son was Roger, feudal Baron of Warkworth and Clavering, from whom the Barons Clavering descend. This Barony is now in abeyance between the descendants of Eve, daughter of John, Lord Clavering, whose estates were divided between the families of Percy and Nevill.

Their second son was Hugh "de Eure," from whom the Lords Eure were descended. This Barony also fell into abeyance between the descendants of Elizabeth, great-granddaughter of William, second Baron Eure, and his wife, Margaret Dymoke. My great-grandfather, John Mathews, becoming the sole representative, would have been entitled to the Barony had he cared to claim it.

Hugh de Eure inherited Stokesley, Easby, Eure in Bucks, Crekelaw in Northumberland and Ingleby, the property of his mother, Ada de Baliol, and part of this property was inherited by my great-grandfather, John Mathews, five hundred years later; he was, however, obliged to part with a good deal of it.

The third son of John FitzRobert and Ada de Baliol was Robert, ancestor of the Eures of Axholme.

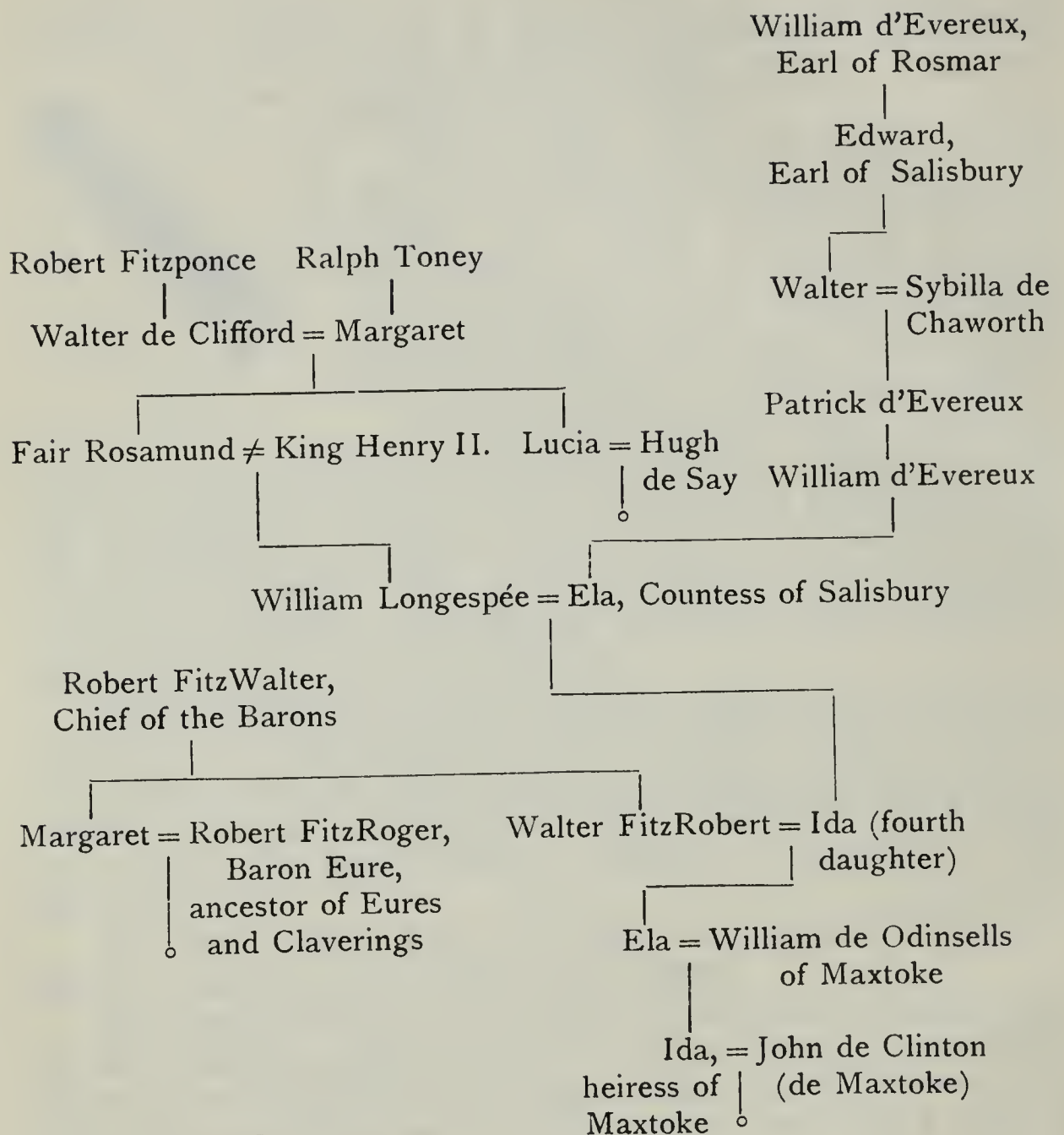
The present family of Clavering, of Axwell Park, Bladen-on-Tyne, Durham, descend from Sir Alan, the youngest of the seven sons of Robert FitzRoger, Baron of Warkworth and Clavering, and they bear the Clavering arms with a mark of cadency.

Arms.—Quarterly or and gules, a bend sable.

1870

Jan 1st ...
Feb 1st ...
Mar 1st ...
Apr 1st ...
May 1st ...
Jun 1st ...
Jul 1st ...
Aug 1st ...
Sep 1st ...
Oct 1st ...
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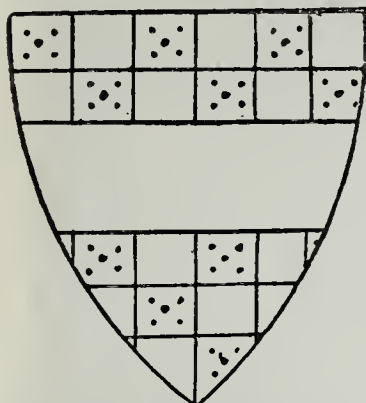
CLIFFORD



The above table shows the descent of Clintons and Eures from King Henry II. and Fair Rosamund, and the connections with the houses of d'Evereux, Salisbury, FitzWalter and Odinsells. See the articles on those families.

CLIFFORD

Walter de Clifford, feudal lord of Clifford's Castle in Herefordshire, had two sons and two daughters. The elder daughter became notorious as "Fair Rosamund," the favourite of King Henry II., and was the mother of William Longespée, Earl of Salisbury, from whom both the Clintons and the Eures descend.



King Henry constructed for her the famous labyrinth at Woodstock around which so much romance has been woven, chiefly the legend of the outraged Queen Eleanor finding out the clue to the secret bower and appearing before her rival, who, surrounded by her young children, was given the choice of ending her life by means of a dagger or a bowl of poison. King Henry was certainly passionately devoted to her and showered the richest gifts upon her; after her death she is said to have been buried in the Chapter-house of the nunnery at Godstow, the King bestowing large revenues on the convent for her sake.

Lucia, the younger daughter of Walter de Clifford, married Hugh de Say of Richard's Castle.

Roger de Clifford in the time of Henry III. obtained a grant of the Manor of Kingsbury, the property of Sir Ralph Bracebridge, whose daughter was the wife of Thomas de Clinton of Amington, Sir Ralph having the misfortune to forfeit his inheritance.

Robert de Clifford was made a Baron in 1299.

Isabella, daughter of Robert, Lord Clifford, married Sir John de Eure in 1361.

Henry, the eleventh Baron, was created Earl of Cumberland in 1532, and married Margaret, daughter of Henry Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, K.G.

The Cliffords also married into the families of Cheney, Clare and Dacre.

In the third volume of *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, "Antiquities of Lincolnshire," is a description, written in 1739, of a supposed portrait of Fair Rosamund.

"Spalding.

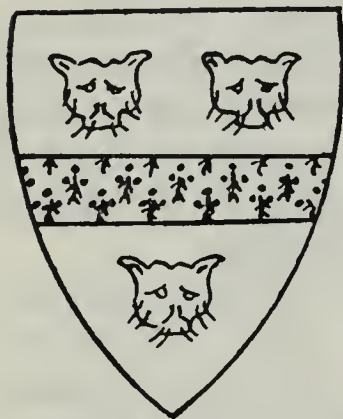
"I have not long since got a picture of a very fair young lady with long golden locks, in such sort of a dress as we see in the most antient tapestry, with an alabaster pot in one hand and a sorrowful countenance, which seems to have been designed very

long ago for Rosamund Clifford. It was called the Lady Littlebury's, a great family formerly in these parts ; and I presume might have been in her possession ; it is cut, frame and all (which is gilded) out of one piece of oak and allowed by all who have seen it to be very old ; it is drawn to the waist, but in a small proportion, about twelve inches in the shape . . . ; the head dress and attire are very uncommon."

Arms.—Chequy or and azure, a fesse gules.

CLOUGH

The earliest mention of any of the Clough family occurs in an old book called *The Art of Patience and Balm of Gilead*



under all Affliction, in which entries were made for several generations, in place of the usual Family Bible. It runs thus : " Mother Clough died Thursday ye 8th June 1721." A later entry by the same person says : " 1756, Dec 23rd Job Brough married my daughter Elizabeth Clough at Beverley Yorks." The writer was therefore John Clough, or his wife (Elizabeth Garnon).

John Clough was born in 1695 and died in 1766 ; he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Richard Garnon (or Garnen), Rector of North Witham, Lincs, and the marriage settlement is still in existence.

There is a portrait of Mrs. John Clough, as an ancient lady, at Staunton Hall.

The daughter, Elizabeth, born in 1724, who became the wife of Job Brough, was the mother of Emma Brough (Mrs. Fynes-Clinton, my great-grandmother) and Elizabeth Brough (Mrs. Aspenshaw, who afterwards assumed the name and inherited the estate of Staunton) ; also of two sons, Job Charlton Brough and Francis John Brough, who both died unmarried.

Mrs. Job Brough (Elizabeth Clough), known to later generations as " Granny Brough," lived to the age of eighty-seven and died in 1811 at her house at Newark. She owned some properties of her own besides her husband's estates at Thoroton, Orston and others, and in her will she disposed of them with strict impartiality. Both her sons having predeceased her and left no children, her two daughters became her heirs. Her sister, Sarah Clough, also benefited. Granny Brough expressly



ELIZABETH CLOUGH, WIFE OF JOB BROUGH

excluded her two eldest grandsons, Henry Fynes-Clinton and Edward John Staunton, from certain bequests as being "already sufficiently provided for."

Her portrait, painted in her old age, shows her as a woman of character, arrayed in a remarkable hat surmounting a lace cap. One of her descendants as a small girl, after gazing earnestly on this portrait, inquired: "When I see Granny Brough in heaven, will she have that hat on?"

She is buried in Staunton Church beside her husband and sons.

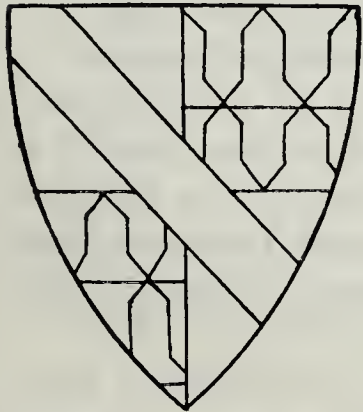
Several of the Cloughs are buried in a vault below the west end of Newark Parish Church; they are commemorated by pavement slabs and mural tablets bearing their coat-of-arms, which is the same as that of the family of Clough now existing in Yorkshire.

The crest corresponds to that of the ancient family of Clough of Plas Clough, Denbigh (a demi-lion holding a weapon in the dexter paw).

Arms.—Sable, a fesse ermine between three leopards' faces argent.

CONSTABLE

An old Yorkshire family, now merged in that of Constable-Maxwell (the Barony of Herries, represented by the Duchess of Norfolk).



Margaret, daughter of Sir Richard Constable of Flamborough, Sheriff of Yorkshire, in the time of Richard III., married Sir William Eure, Knight, grandfather of the first Lord Eure.

Agnes, daughter of Robert Constable, Esq., of Drummondby, married Sir Ralph Eure as his second wife, about 1490.

Marmaduke Constable married Catherine Holme of Paull-Holme about 1567.

Arms.—Quarterly gules and vair over all a bend or.

CORBET

The founder of this family was Corbeau, one of the Conqueror's knights, who became possessed of numerous manors and lordships in various counties. One of the castles owned by his descendants bore the appropriate name of Caus (Shropshire).



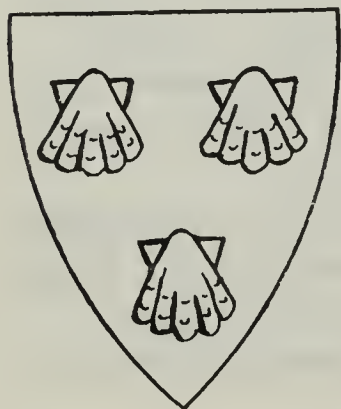
Another branch still owns the ancient Castle of Moreton Corbet, which was burnt down in the Civil Wars and is now a beautiful ruin.

Margery, daughter of Sir William Corbet, of Chaddesley Corbet in Worcestershire, married John, second Baron Clinton, in the time of Edward III.

Arms.—Or, a raven proper.

DACRE

The Barons Dacre sprang originally from the ancient and illustrious race of Vaux, found in Provence as early as 794.



In 1140 they were bearing the titles of Prince of Vaux and Prince of Orange, and, according to a monument in the church of St. Clair at Naples, they also bore those of Emperor of Greece, Prince of Tarento, Duke of Naples, Count of Geneva and many other high-sounding titles.

Among the daughters of this race commemorated in the same place were Antonia de Vaux, Queen of Sicily, Isabella de Vaux, Queen of Naples, Cecilia de Vaux, Countess of Savoy, Sibella de Vaux, Princess of Piedmont, Maria de Vaux, Dauphiness of Vienne, and Isabella de Vaux, Despotise of Servia.

The first English Vaux was Harold, Lord of Vaux, who came to England with his three sons in the time of Henry I.; his father, Bertrand de Vaux, had been a favourite of Robert I., Duke of Normandy.

In the time of Henry III., Maud de Vaux married Thomas

de Multon, feudal lord of Gillesland, whose great-great-granddaughter, Margaret de Multon, married Ranulph, Lord Dacre, and conveyed to him the Barony and estates of Multon and Gillesland, their descendants being afterwards known as Dacre of the North or of Gillesland, to distinguish them from the other branch, known as Dacre of the South.

Eleanore de Vaux was the second wife of Roger de Leybourne, in the time of Henry III.

Catherine, daughter of Nicholas, Lord Vaux, and Elizabeth, daughter of Lord FitzHugh (and widow of Sir William Parr, whose daughter Catherine married King Henry VIII.), was the great-grandmother of Sir Job Charlton, through the families of Throckmorton and Harby.

Joan Dacre, in 1446, married Sir Richard Fienes, who became in her right Lord Dacre of the South.

Elizabeth, daughter of this last couple, married John, Lord Clinton and Say, and was the means of bringing the name of Fynes into the Clinton family.

The grandson of Sir Richard Fienes and Joan Dacre was the ill-fated Thomas, Lord Dacre, who one night from Hurstmonceaux joined a number of wild spirits to make a raid on Sir Nicholas Pelham's neighbouring park of Laughton to steal deer, a frolic which was considered good sport in those days. A fray ensued between some of his party and the park-keepers, in which a gamekeeper was killed, and although Lord Dacre himself did not do the deed, he was held responsible for the murder. He was tried, condemned and hanged in the year 1541, at the age of twenty-four, and no interest or efforts on the part of his friends and relations could procure him a reprieve.

The Dacres married into nearly all the families of the ancient nobility, and the shield of Lord Dacre shows upwards of a hundred quarterings.

Arms.—Gules, three escallops argent.

DAWNEY



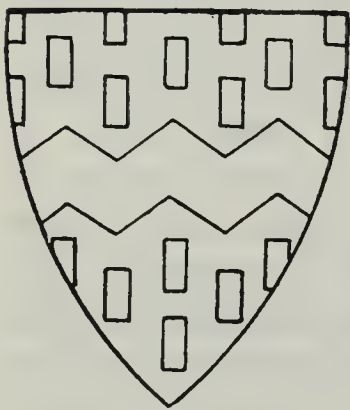
Mary, daughter of Sir John Dawney of Sessay, married Sir Ralph, the third Lord Eure, in 1557.

This family is now represented by the Viscounts Downe, in the peerage of Ireland.

Arms.—Argent, a bend sable between two cottises azure.

DEINCOURT

The founder of the family of Deincourt or d'Eyncourt was Walter, one of the companions of the Conqueror, who rewarded him with sixty-seven lordships in different counties, of which Blankney in Lincolnshire was his principal seat.



His son William died early and is buried in the churchyard, near the west door of Lincoln Cathedral.

In the time of Edward III., William, Baron Deincourt, married Milicent, daughter of William, Lord Ros of Hamlake.

In about 1400, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Deincourt, married Sir William de Clinton, son of the third and father of the fourth Baron Clinton.

The family is now represented by that of Tennyson d'Eyncourt. In 1859, Admiral Tennyson d'Eyncourt married Lady Henrietta Pelham Clinton, daughter of the fourth Duke of Newcastle.

The late Poet Laureate, Alfred Lord Tennyson, was related to this family.

The arms of Deincourt are carved on the tomb of one of the early Stauntons in Staunton Church, but the connection is not clear, though Walter de Aincourt appears to have held the Manor of Staunton in 1086, and received rents and dues for the same from Malger, ancestor of the Stauntons.

Arms.—Azure billetty, a fesse dancette or.

D'EVEREUX

The pedigree showing our descent from this family will be found with that of Clifford on page 215.



Walter d'Evereux, or d'Eureux, was one of the Conqueror's companions who shared largely in the spoils after the battle of Hastings.

His grandson Walter married Sibella de Chaworth in the time of Stephen; their son Patric d'Evereux was made Earl of Salisbury by the Empress Maud.

Ela, daughter and heiress of William, the second Earl, became Countess of Salisbury and married William Longespée, the son of Henry II. and Fair Rosamund; he became Earl of Salisbury in her right. This lady brought to her husband, among other estates, the manor of Canford (or Cheneford) near Wimborne, which later became the property of two other ancestors, William Montacute and John of Gaunt.

Ela inherited her father's great estates when only eight years of age, and in those times of poisonings and other crimes of violence a young girl possessed of so much to excite envy was in serious danger. She was therefore spirited away to Normandy, where her hiding-place was kept secret from those who coveted her inheritance. But after some years, one William Talbot, an Englishman, and an eminent soldier, dressed himself as a pilgrim and wandered up and down Normandy until he found her out. He then disguised himself as a harper and so gained admittance to the court where she lived. He became acquainted with her by this means, and soon afterwards conducted her to England to the court of King Richard I., who gave her in marriage to his half-brother William Longespée.

Ela d'Evereux and William Longespée had four sons and five daughters; their third son, Stephen, left several daughters, of whom Ela married Henry de Laci, Earl of Ulster; Isabel married William, Lord de Vesci; Ida married Walter Fitz-Robert, the son of Robert FitzWalter the Chief of the Barons, and was the mother of Ela, wife of William de Odinsells of Maxtoke and grandmother of Ida who married John de Clinton and brought him the castle and domain of Maxtoke.

William Longespée was a man of great military skill and courage who had many marvellous adventures and escapes. He was finally poisoned, presumably by Hubert de Burgh, with whom he had a serious quarrel, Hubert having provided a

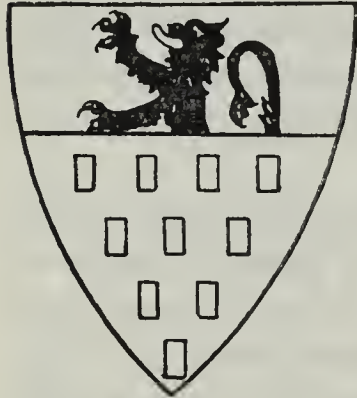
suitor for his wife during his long absence. The advances of this suitor, however, were repulsed by the Countess Ela, who faithfully believed that her husband would return safely. After his death she retired to Laycock, where she founded an Abbey and lived there as Abbess for eighteen years.

Both Longespée and his wife are buried in Salisbury Cathedral.

Arms.—Gules, three pallets varyy, on a chief or a lion passant sable.

DORMER

The family of Dormer claims descent from King Edward I. and Eleanor of Castile. The Dormers became prominent in the fifteenth century, but were not elevated to the peerage till 1615, when Sir Robert Dormer became Baron Dormer of Wenge (Wing) in Bucks, and his grandson Robert, second Baron, was created Viscount Ascot and Earl of Carnarvon.



The Dormers were seated at Ascot House and owned the Manors of Wing, Crofton and Burcott; this last became the property by inheritance of my great-uncle

Henry Fynes-Clinton.

The second Earl of Carnarvon married Mary, daughter of Montagu Bertie, Earl of Lindsey.

Catherine, daughter of Montagu Bertie, tenth Baron Willoughby d'Eresby and Earl of Lindsey, married Robert Dormer of Dourton, Bucks, in the time of Charles II.

Robert Bertie married (2nd) Bridget, daughter of Edward Wray, Esq., and his wife Elizabeth, the daughter of Francis, Lord Norreys, Earl of Berkshire (son of Elizabeth Morison by her first husband); his daughter Mary married Charles Dormer, Earl of Carnarvon.

Norreys Fynes the non-juror was almost certainly steward of the Dormer estates.

During the wars, King Charles I. lay at Ascot House at Wing, and one of his soldiers was hanged next morning for stealing the communion plate from the church.

There are fine monuments to several of the Dormer family in Wing Church, and the memorial to Margaret Raines, wife of Norreys Fynes the Royalist, was erected at the expense of the Countess of Carnarvon.

The Christian name of "Dormer" has been given to sons of the Fynes-Clinton family for many generations.

In spite of the numerous and close connections with this family, we are not lineally descended from any member of it.

Arms.—Azure, ten billets, fourth, third, second and first or ; on a chief of the second a demi-lion issuant sable armed and langued gules.

DYMOKE

The descent of the early Dymokes will be found in the article on the Marmions, from whom they are derived by a female line and through whom they inherited the office of Champion of England. This office was exercised by them for five hundred years, the first Dymoke acting as Champion at the coronation of Richard II., and the last at that of George IV., after which the office was abolished, to the regret of many.



Margaret, daughter of Sir Edward Dymoke, married William, second Lord

Eure, from whom we descend.

Sir Robert Dymoke, Champion to James I., married Bridget, daughter of Edward Clinton, first Earl of Lincoln, and his first wife, Elizabeth Blount.

One of the Dymoke family (name not recorded) married Anne, daughter of Sir Richard Morison, and sister of Elizabeth Morison, Countess of Lincoln.

Scrivelsby Court is one of the most romantic and interesting spots in Lincolnshire. The picture shows the old baronial mansion from which our ancestress was married to Lord Eure, and which was burnt down 150 years ago, only some back regions and the stables remaining of the ancient structure, although the moat and surroundings are but little changed. The trees, which the picture shows as poor little specimens, newly planted, have multiplied by hundreds and are now the most magnificent timber in the county. The place is, however, sadly deserted and seems to be without gardeners, lodge-keepers, horses or stablemen.

The following account was collected from various sources by the late J. Conway Walter :

"A little over two miles from Roughton is Scrivelsby, a village which is unique in the kingdom since there is but one King's Champion, and he is 'Lord of Scrivelsby.' As we

approach Scrivelsby Court (locally pronounced Screelsby) by a road shaded by stately trees of hoar antiquity, with the well-wooded park on our left, and fields nicely timbered and interspersed with copses on our right, we pause after a slight ascent, at a point where three ways meet. Before us stands the 'Lion gateway,' a substantial arched stone structure with sculptured lion 'passant' surmounting it, the Royal beast indicating the official hereditary honour of the head of the family as the Sovereign's Champion. On our right in a humbler position of less prominence, under the shade of trees, and green with age, still survive the parish stocks. Thus the emblems of civil and military power confront each other.

"The Court itself, standing some 150 yards from this gateway, is approached through another arch in the wall of the courtyard.

"The present building is not one of large proportions, the chief part of the old baronial residence having been destroyed by fire about 130 years ago; to replace which modern additions were made on a smaller scale, early in the 19th century. Of the portion destroyed a chief feature was a very large hall, with wainscoted panels on which were depicted the arms and alliances of the family through its numerous and far-traced descents.

"The chief features of interest now remaining are some of the suits of armour worn by Champions, and a collection of 'Champion Cups.' The collection of armour was much finer a few years ago, but on the extinction of the line of the late Sir Henry Dymoke, most of these were dispersed by sale, and the cups were bequeathed to Queen Victoria, although Her Majesty, through the intermediation of the late Right Honourable E. Stanhope, most graciously restored them to the father of the present Champion.

"On the wall of the Lion gateway, to the right of the arch, is a rebus, or 'canting' device, formed of a rude representation of a tree dividing in a Y shape, referring to an old time emblem of the family. As the Plantagenets had their 'Planta genista' the broom, so the Dymokes would seem to have had their oak. (The 'umbrosa quercus,' or shadowy oak, represented by a play upon the two syllables 'dim oak.')

"THE KING'S CHAMPION

"As this, formerly, state ceremony was so imposing and of such antiquity, it deserves more than a passing notice. We here give a description of it as observed at the coronation of Queen Mary, from the account of Planché in the Royal Records.

The West Prospect of Scrivelby Hall near Horncastle, in the County of Lincoln.



To the Hon^{ble} Lewis Dymock Esq^r.
 CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.
 This Prospect is humbly Inscrib'd by
 his most Obed^t Ser^{ts} Jam: Buck



SCRIVELBY HALL, commonly call'd Scrivelsby, the Seat of the Hon^{ble} Lewis Dymock Esq^r: Champion of England as Lord of Scrivelsby in a Publick Barring which he lately he victoriously de-volud upon his the other party Maste-wis & Noble Family of Marmion by that Hon^{ble} Office & Service perform'd on Horse back, Armd Capace in the summer Hall of the Garrison of every, in Queen King's Queen of England.

SCRIVELSBY HALL

“ At the close of the second course of the Coronation Banquet, the Champion, Sir Edward Dymoke, entered Westminster Hall, riding on a roan destrier (war horse) trapped in cloth of gold, with a mace in one hand and a gauntlet in the other. He was escorted to the upper end of the hall by the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marshall, and the Herald of the Queen with a trumpet; and after he had made obeisance to the Queen's Highness, he turned him a little aside, and with a loud voice made proclamation: ‘ If there be any manner of man, of what estate, degree or condition soever he be, that will say and maintain that our Sovereign Lady Queen Mary, this day here present, is not the rightful and undoubted heretrix to the Imperial Crown of this realm of England, and that of right she ought not to be crowned Queen, I say he lieth as a false traitor, and that I am ready the same to maintain with him, whilst I have breath in my body, either now at this time, or at any other time, whensoever it shall please the Queen's Highness to appoint; and thereupon the same I cast him my gage.’

“ Then he cast the gauntlet from him, the which no man would take up, till that a herald took it up and gave it to him again. Then he proceeded to another place and did in this manner, in three several places in the said hall. Then he came to the upper end and the Queen drank to him, and after sent to him the cup which he had for his fee, and likewise the harness and trappings, and all the harness which he did himself wear, and then he returned to the place from whence he came and was gone.”

(We descend from the Champion Sir Edward Dymoke, whose performance of the ancient ceremony at the coronation of Queen Mary is described above, his daughter Margaret having become the wife of the second Lord Eure.)

“ On the last occasion when this ceremony was observed, viz. at the Coronation of George IV., the rightful Champion being in Holy Orders, his son Henry, afterwards Sir H. Dymoke, Bart., was allowed to act for his father, who was the eighteenth of the hereditary champions of his family.

“ Sir Walter Scott was present, and writing to a friend, says: ‘ Young Dymoke is a fine-looking youth, but bearing perhaps a little too much the appearance of a maiden knight to be a challenger of the world.’

“ But he adds with the eye of an antiquary: ‘ His armour was in good taste, except that his shield was out of all propriety, being a round ‘ Rondache,’ or Highland target, impossible to use on horseback, instead of being a three-cornered or leather shield, which in the time of the Tilt, was suspended round the neck. However, on the whole, the Lord of Scrivelsby looked

and behaved extremely well.' (From Walford's *Tales of Great Families*.)

"One contretemps, however, occurred on this occasion, which Sir Walter perhaps thought it polite, or politic, not to mention; others have not had the same scruples, and hence an incident is recorded which may have had something to do with the future omission of the ceremony. The Duke of Wellington, as Lord High Constable, had to ride by the Champion's side. It was part of the observance that, in withdrawing from the Sovereign's presence, the riders should back their horses, keeping their heads towards the King. The Duke, in his anxiety that all should go without a hitch, had hired a horse from Astley's Circus, which had been specially trained for that part of the ceremony; but, unfortunately, the intelligent animal chose the wrong stage in the ceremony for the performance, and most conscientiously and obstinately persisted in turning tail and backing towards the King instead of from him, and was with difficulty slewed round by the attendants."

(I have seen this misadventure attributed to the Marquess of Anglesey.)

"As a curiosity I will give here a bill, sent in by Sir Edward Dymoke to Sir William Cecil (he spells it 'Syscell') for the cost of some of the articles necessary to him as Champion at the coronation of Mary (1553), which he seems to have had a difficulty in getting paid, although he was, by custom, entitled to them.

Stuff Yt Phyllyp Lenthall have delyvered to Sir Edward Dymocke.	
Item for a showde and gerdyll and scabbart of velvet.	xl ^s .
Item for ij pardeynzns gylte	xl ^s .
Item for a poll ax	xx ^s .
Item for a chasyng staff	vi ^s . viii ^d .
Item for a gylte payre of spowres	xvi ^s .
Sm total VI <i>l</i> II <i>s</i> .VIII <i>d</i> .	

("Pardeynzns," partizans (a kind of halberd). "Chasyng staff" was a gilt wand of office carried before the Champion, to clear the way.)

"Sir Robert Dymoke, Champion to James 1st, married well, the daughter of Edward Clinton, Lord Clinton and Saye, afterwards created Earl of Lincoln and a K.G. Her mother had been the widow of Gilbert, Lord Taillbois, previously a mistress of Henry VII., by whom she had a son, created Duke of Richmond."

My great-grandfather, John Mathews, used to say—possibly

in joke—that being the next of kin, in the event of the failure of the Dymoke family, he would be called upon to discharge the office of King's Champion on an emergency.

Arms.—Sable, two lions passant argent crowned or.

DE ESSEX

The pedigree of de Essex will be found with that of Mandeville on page 255 ; it shows the connection with the Eures.

There is a doubt as to whether Adeliza was the daughter of Henry de Essex, as one of the old Eure pedigrees calls her his widow. If this is correct, the arms of de Essex should not be borne ; but the fact of the uncommon name of Adeliza being also the name of ladies of the two preceding generations, makes it probable that she was his daughter as stated.

The arms of de Essex are borne seventh on the Mathews coat-of-arms, but do not appear on the shield of the second Lord Eure.

EUDO (DAPIFER)

Among the Norman knights who accompanied the Conqueror were two sworn brothers-in-arms, Eudo and Pinso, to whom William as the reward of their prowess assigned certain territories to be held by them in common. They subsequently divided these possessions, and the Barony of Tattershall in Lincolnshire fell to the share of Eudo, besides other manors, including that of Kirkstead.

Eudo became Sewar (carver or steward) of Normandy to Henry I. He married the daughter of Richard FitzGilbert, ancestor of the Earls of Clare and Pembroke ; the second Earl of Clare was the celebrated Strongbow, from whom we descend. Eudo's daughter married William de Mandeville, ancestor of the Clinton, Say and Fiennes families. A descendant of Eudo was our ancestor Edward, Lord Clinton and Say, who was created first Earl of Lincoln in 1572. When Edward VI. made him a grant of lands, he asked among others for the manors of Tattershall and Kirkstead, which had belonged to Eudo (besides that of the little Northamptonshire village of Glinton), showing that he connected these places with the origin of his race.

Kirkstead has remained in the possession of the Clinton family up to the present day. Tattershall passed through eight

generations in the male line of Eudo's descendants and then devolved on the Marmyons, and later on Ralph, third Baron Cromwell, who built the present castle of Tattershall. This property remained in the family of Edward, first Earl of Lincoln, for four generations, and then passed through the female descendants of the fourth Earl of Lincoln to Hugh Fortescue, Esq., who was created Earl of Clinton. It is now the property of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, who has put it in beautiful repair and has reinstated the famous chimney-pieces, which were nearly carried off to America. This castle is interesting to us as having been the residence of Henry, the second Earl of Lincoln, and his wife Elizabeth Morison, who died there in 1611 (see the article on Morison). It is supposed by experts, however, that the keep, now the only part left, was used by the family as a place of entertainment, and that the domestic buildings, whose ruins still exist, were the scene of their daily life.

Eudo is supposed to be buried in the Temple church, and his arms may be seen there on the effigy which bears his name. The arms of Eudo are borne eighth on the Clinton shield. Gules, cross and bordure or.

EURE OF WITTON

An account of the Lords Eure will be found in Burke's *Extinct and Dormant Peerages*, and an exhaustive history of the family was compiled by Uncle John Mathews (sole representative of the Barons Eure of Witton); of this latter an excellent short epitome was made by Susan ffarrington. An ancient roll or pedigree of immense length is also in the possession of the family, but for the benefit of those who have not access to these works I will note the more interesting features of the pedigree.

Eustace, a Norman noble, came over with the Conqueror; he claimed to be descended from Charlemagne by his fifth son, the Duke of Ingleheim. His arms are among the earliest on record, and their simplicity is a sign of their antiquity: they are "Quarterly, or and gules," the other charges being added to the shield by later generations. Eustace's son John, called Monochus (one-eyed), also accompanied the Conqueror; he was made Lord of Pembroke and Knaresborough, and married Magdalena, aunt of King Stephen.

One of the most interesting figures in the genealogy is that of Geafry Tyson, the Saxon Lord of Bridlington, Walton,



TATTERSHALL CASTLE

Maulton and Alnwick, contemporary of Canute, Edward the Confessor, and Harold, who lived on after the Conquest under William I., William II. and Henry I., without being disturbed in his possessions.

He had an only son, William, who was slain at the battle of Hastings, fighting under the Anglo-Saxon banner. This William left a young daughter Alda, who became heir to her grandfather's vast estates, and the Conqueror, instead of laying violent hands on old Geafry's lands, married Alda Tyson to the most valiant of his Norman nobles, Ivo de Vesci, who thus became peaceably possessed of her great inheritance. This couple had an only child, Beatrice de Vesci, who married Eustace, the second son of John Monochus, mentioned above.

It is a very rare distinction to quarter a Saxon coat-of-arms, the family of Tyson being one of the very few which were absorbed by the Normans instead of being exterminated by them. Who shall say that my grandmother's brilliant complexion, which she has transmitted to various favoured children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, may not be a heritage from this Saxon ancestress?

William, the third son of Monochus (who died 1135), was ancestor to the Barons Say, to whom we are also related through the Clintons, Sir John de Clinton (who died 1398) having married Idonea, sister and co-heiress of William Lord Say, and cousin and heiress to William Say, Baron of Sele.

Eustace, Lord de Vesci and Alnwick, was the grandson of Ivo de Vesci and Alda Tyson mentioned above, and was one of the twenty-five Barons appointed to enforce the observance of Magna Charta. He married the Princess Margaret, daughter of William and sister of Alexander, kings of Scotland.

Robert FitzWalter, a famous baron in the reign of King John, and owner of Baynard's Castle and other properties, is said by Dugdale to have been a nobleman of "high rank, tried courage and acknowledged abilities." When the Barons revolted and forced the King to grant Magna Charta, FitzWalter was appointed their general with the title of "Marshal of the Army of God and the Church." We descend doubly from him through his daughter Margaret, who married Robert FitzRoger Baron Eure, and through his grand-daughter Ida, who married John de Clinton de Maxtoke.

The arms of FitzWalter are quartered both by the Eures and the Clintons. (Or, a fesse ermine between two chevrons gules.)

John FitzRobert de Eure, Lord of Clavering, etc., married Ada, sister of John de Baliol, founder of Balliol College, Oxford,

and great-aunt of John Baliol, King of Scotland. The Claverings descended from his eldest son and the Eures from his second son.

Among the thirteen competitors for the throne of Scotland in the reign of Edward I. were William de Vesci (de Aton) and William de Ros, both our direct ancestors, and also John de Baliol, a collateral. De Vesci was grandson of Margaret, daughter of William and sister of Alexander, Kings of Scotland; Baliol was grandson of Margaret, the niece of William the Lion and grand-daughter of David I. Two others were Robert Bruce and John de Hastings. John de Baliol was the winner, and was crowned King of Scotland in 1292, but only held his kingdom for four years, owing to his weakness of character and mismanagement. In disgrace and banishment he lived to see the grandson of one of his former rivals, Robert Bruce, on the throne of Scotland.

In the reign of Henry IV., about 1410, Sir Ralph Eure got into a scrape with the Bishop of Durham for daring to fortify his own Castle of Witton-on-the-Wear without the Bishop's leave—so great was the power of the Church in those days. The Castle of Witton was burnt down more than a century ago, but its ruins are still standing.

This description of Whitton Castle appears beneath an old print signed "May 2, 1775. Sam^l Hooper." . . . "Godfrey."

Whitton Castle stands on the south side of the river Wear, at its conflux with the Lynburn.

THIS was the Baronial Castle of the Lords de Euers, a family of ancient note and eminence in the County, descended from the Lords of Clavering and Warkworth; and by the female line, from the Vescies and Attons. They were famous for their warlike exploits against the Scots, as a reward for which King Edward I. bestowed upon them Ketness, a town in Scotland.

IT was built about the year 1410, as is evident from the following licence for its construction, preserved in the archives of the See of Durham, among the rolls of bishop Langley, marked A. No. 32. That deed recites, that this building was begun before; but as no licence had been previously obtained, it is probable the Bishop by his authority put a stop to its progress. It also farther appears from that Bishop not only pardoning this transgression, but also granting his licence for the erection of the Castle after so flagrant a contempt of his authority.

(Latin omitted.)

WHICH may be thus translated :

THOMAS, by the grace of God, Bishop of Durham, sendeth greeting. Know ye, that whereas Ranulphus de Eure, Knight, did begin to inclose his Manor of Whitton with a wall of lime and stone, and to embattle, crenellate, tourillate, and erect a fortress on the



CASTLE OF WITTON - ON - THE - WEAR

said Manor, not having first obtained either our licence or that of our predecessors : We, out of our especial grace, have pardoned that transgression ; and moreover have granted and given licence, for us and our successors, to the said Ranulphus, to inclose his Manor aforesaid with a wall of lime and stone, and to castellate, crenellate, tourillate, and build a fortress thereon ; to have and to hold the same to himself and his heirs for ever, without impediment from us or our successors, our justices, escheators, sheriffs, or other bailiffs or officers whatsoever, or those of our successors for ever. In witness whereof, &c. &c. Given the 23rd day of September, in the fifth year of our Pontificate.”

In the reign of Henry VIII. Sir Ralph Euers was Lord Warden of the Marches, and did so many valiant exploits against the Scots at Tiviotdale, that the King gave him a grant of all the lands he could win from them ; wherefore he invaded Scotland ; but engaging with the Earl of Arran at Hallidown-Field, was there slain, together with the Lord Ogle, and many other persons of note. William Eure, brother of the second Ralph, Lord Eure, was a Colonel in the army of King Charles I., and was killed at the battle of Marston Moor, in Yorkshire, A.D. 1645. The last Lord Eure, who was living A.D. 1674, leaving no issue-male, that family became extinct.

At the time of the Civil War, this Castle was in the hands of Sir William Darcy. He being a Royalist, it was besieged and taken by Sir Arthur Haslerig, Governor of Aucland Castle, who sequestered the goods, but did not destroy the building ; which was afterwards demolished by James Lord Darcy, of Haven in the Kingdom of Ireland, about the year 1689 ; who took away the lead, timber and chimney-pieces, to Sadbeyre, in this County, with design to build another house there ; but the greatest part of these materials were afterwards sold by auction for much less than the sum paid for their pulling down and removal from Whitton thither.

THIS Castle is at present the property of John Cuthbert, Esq.

THIS view was drawn Anno 1774.

Sir William Eure was created Lord Eure of Witton by Henry VIII. ; he was a distinguished soldier, and was killed in Scotland in 1545. His tomb is (or was) in Melrose Abbey. There were seven Lords Eure altogether, but William, the second Lord Eure, is the one we are descended from. His wife Margaret was the daughter of Sir Edward Dymoke of Scrivelsby, Champion of England. The second Lord Eure died in 1593, and he and his wife are both buried at Ingleby in Yorkshire, which, together with Stokesley and Easby, the estates inherited by my great-grandfather but sold by him, came into the family through Ada de Baliol, mentioned above.

The head of the Dymoke family was formerly the Hereditary Champion of England, whose duty it was at the coronation of a Sovereign to ride his horse into Westminster Hall and fling

down his glove, challenging to mortal combat any one who questioned the Sovereign's right to the throne. For an account of the ceremony see the article on Dymoke.

Two others of interest are Margaret and Mary Eure, the daughters and co-heirs of Col. William Eure, killed at Marston Moor in 1644. His wife was Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Denton of Hillesdon, Bucks, and a younger sister of Lady Verney, wife of Sir Edmund Verney, Standard-bearer to Charles I., who was killed at Edgehill. The early history of these two girls can be read in the Verney Memoirs. They were first cousins of Sir Ralph Verney, to whom the Memoirs chiefly relate, and for a long time were brought up with his two sons in France.

Mary Eure was supposed to suffer from "King's-evil," a skin disease which was believed in those days to be curable by the touch of a crowned monarch. As the exiled King of England at that time (Charles II.) was not crowned and anointed, it was not thought that his touch would be efficacious, so the two girls were sent with a governess to their cousins in France, to wait for a chance of the child being touched by the French King. This was finally accomplished, and she was undoubtedly cured by some means or other. Ten or twelve years later, Edmund Verney, junior, son of Sir Ralph, fell violently in love with his cousin, Mary Eure, and wanted very much to marry her, but she was equally determined not to have him. Several very harsh and unkind letters from Mary to the cousin she so much disdained can be read in the Verney Memoirs. Poor "Mun" gave up hope at last, though his life was spoilt by her refusal. Mary ("Moll") afterwards married Mr. William Palmes, and "Peg," her elder sister, married Sir Thomas Danby. The two sisters in later years quarrelled so bitterly over the occupation of the ancient Manor of Maulton, of which they were co-heirs, that in the end the building was divided stone by stone between them. The last remnant of that property was sold by Mary's son, William Palmes, who finally died in poverty.

George, sixth Lord Eure, is considered a disgrace to his family, for the reason that his name appears on the Death Warrant of King Charles I. He alone, of all the ancient nobility (according to Ludlow) responded to Cromwell's summons to Parliament, where he sat in 1654 and 1656 as Member for North Riding of Yorkshire. In spite of this, he was admitted of Lincoln's Inn in 1671, when Charles II. was entertained there. He died unmarried in 1672.

Ralph, seventh and last Lord Eure, was his brother, and in his early life had been in the woollen drapery trade; younger

sons of peers not infrequently became tradesmen in those troublous days, and we may hope that Lord Eure had made enough pennies in trade to keep the fast-dwindling family acres together. There are several letters in existence from him to his niece by marriage, Mrs. Horatio Kaye, and one to his nephew; these are quoted at the end of this article. At his death in 1707 without children, his sister Elizabeth succeeded to the property and the title fell into abeyance. My great-grandfather, being the sole representative, might have claimed the Barony, had he cared to do so.

Elizabeth Eure married the Rev. William Kaye, Prebendary of York, and their son and heir was Horatio Kaye, mentioned above. Elizabeth Kaye, daughter and heiress of Horatio, married William Walker of Doncaster, and died in 1756, when her daughter, Susanna Walker (whose portrait as a child is given later), inherited a share of the Eure estates. These possessions became still more diminished under her and her husband, John Mathews; their son, my great-grandfather, thus succeeded to little beyond the estates of Stokesley and Easby, both of which he had finally to dispose of, only retaining some small property in Yorkshire, a few hundred acres and a farm or two, which still belong to his grandson and are known as "Uggle Barnby."

See the articles on Kaye, Walker and Clavering: and the pedigree of Eure of Witton (Mathews).

The arms of Eure are borne fourth on the Mathews shield.

Arms.—Quarterly or and gules, on a bend sable three escallops argent.

Letter from Ralph, Seventh Lord Eure, to his Niece, née Frances Armstrong of Cosby, wife of Horatio Kaye.

"This for my Hon^e Kinswoman Madam Kaye at Mr Hougo at Barnby sup^r Don by Doncaster

"PrEsents

"To be left with the Post Mr of Doncaster who is desired to send it carefully

"Yorkshire.

"8 o'c. 18th, 73 (1673).

"Dear Madam and Neece

"Not allwaies to yr Husband (Horatio) but once to yrselfe, I was minded to present my respects and service, you came to London to fetch fyer as the saying is, otherwise, I might enjoyed yo^r good companies this winter, but to be serious,

business must be perfected before comple^{tt} however if it soe fortune that my Inclinations leade for Yorkeshire some time heerafter be assured of this, I'le take glass with you in my pass, expect that trouble. Pray Cousen, Let my nephew know that a certain genleman called Cottnole Gamiell a well wisher to him, with my selfe, drank both yo^r healths in that Vigorous Lyquore, the Hole in the Wall two daies past: he sends his service, lykewise Cousen Gho: Eure and now that I have writt I shall modestly expect your Retourne and this lett me tell you that being yo^r debtor may I know what you have most minde for, as to a silver vessell or suchlyke peece of Household stuff and direction how to sende, it shall be don. Soe I bid you farewell and remaine—Dear Cousen, Yo^{rs} allwaies to serve you,

“ RA: EURE.

“ Cordiall love & Respects to my Nephew.”

Letter from Ralph, Seventh Lord Eure, to Frances Kaye.

“ Nov. 29th, 77.

“ Madam,

“ Having the good company of my nephew thus longe, after a tedious jorney, undertaken in complaisance to his friend, I fear to his trouble, w^{ch} however showes his loving disposition, at parting, I thought me obliged to present my service to yo^rselfe by letter, w^{ch} together with this CountE (*sic*) please to accept ffrom, Madam, Yo^r truly loving ffriend and Unckle to serve you,

“ RA: EURE.

“ This ffor Madam FFra: Kaye
at Barnby Inn
p^{re}sent.
(Nov. 29, 1677).”

Letter from Ralph, Seventh Lord Eure, to his Niece, Mrs. Kay.

“ This ffor Mrs. Kay
living at Barnby upon Dun
neer Doncaster Yorkeshire.”

“ Jan^y 26th, 85/6.

“ Good Cousen,

“ Yo's rec^d bringeing the sorrowfull tidings of the loss and departure of Neece Elizabeth Kay at the same time an other of the same subject arrived me from Bro: Pickering, what pleaseth God, in whose hands our times are, lett us be

. . . with content : it seems to me very strange, that having on brother, she should not leave the little she had to his disposing and ease, but its needless to enlarge upon this : wishing health to yo^rselfe and family, with true love and respects to you both—I remain, Madam, Yo^r obliged friend and kinsman to serve you,

“ RA: EURE.

(1685-6).”

*Letter from Ralph, Seventh Lord Eure, to his Nephew;
Horatio Kay.*

“ This ffor Mr. Horatio Kay
dwelling at Barnby upon Dun
neer Doncaster PrEsent.

Doncaster, Yorkeshire,
“ Jan^v 30th, 95/6.

“ Nephew Kay,

“ Yo^{rs} of the 5th Instant came to hand, I am glad to hear how it fares w^h yo^r selfe and family, and heartily wish yo^r better health, should have been glad of yo^r company here a while had not business prevented, w^{ch} must allwaies have the preference of complem^{tt}, and whereas you intended to give a sermond on soe good and seasonable a subject, yo^r resolution I hope will stand firme in convenient time, but there are two qualifications required, viz. sincerity and perseverance, may this be maturely considered, and remembered by all that take in hand soe great a worke, and that God may assist you heer-unto and bless yo^r endeavours with success, shall be the praier of Yo^r affectionate and louving Unckle to serve you,

“ R. EURE.

“ I am now in Lodgeings at one Mrs. Jackson's house right against Southampton Street end in high Holbourne by Blomesbury Square.

“ My service and respects unto my neece and cousens.

“ I wold hope to goe to Yorkeshire some time this sommer, God willing.”

FERRERS

One of the Conqueror's knights, rewarded by him in the usual manner, was Henry de Ferrers. Our connection with them dates from very remote times.



Robert de Ferrers, first Earl of Derby, fought with the Scots under King Stephen, and was victorious at the battle of the Standard. His daughter married Walkeline de Maminot.

Henry, Earl Ferrers, about 1165, married Joanna, daughter of John de Clinton of Essex.

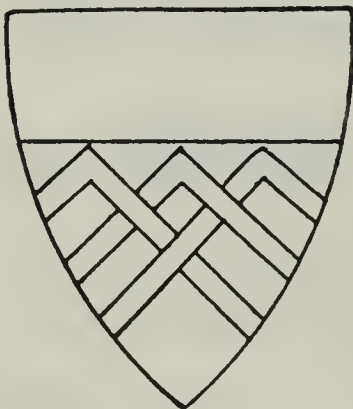
Agnes, daughter of William de Ferrers, seventh Earl of Derby, married William de Vesci in the time of Henry III. We descend from them through de Aton and Eure.

Sir Robert, second Baron Ferrers of Wemme, married Joan, daughter of John of Gaunt and Catherine Swynford (she married secondly Ralph Nevill, Earl of Westmoreland, from whom we descend). Baron Ferrers' descendants by her married into the families of Greystock, FitzHugh and Dacre. One branch of the Ferrers family is derived from Roger de Quincy and bears the de Quincy arms.

Arms of Ferrers, Earls of Derby. Argent, six horse shoes sable pierced or, three, two and one.

FITZHUGH

The race of FitzHugh was prominent from the time of the Conquest, although the name was not appropriated by the family until the reign of Edward III.



Maud, daughter of Henry, third Baron FitzHugh, married Sir William Eure about 1420.

Henry, third Baron FitzHugh, married Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir Robert Grey, knight, who was the son of John, Lord Grey of Rotherfield (Grey de Ruthyn), by Avice, sister and heir of Robert Lord Marmion.

Eleanor, daughter of Sir William FitzHugh, fourth baron, married Thomas, Lord Dacre in the time of Henry VI.

Alice, daughter of Henry, fifth baron, married Sir John Fienes, and was mother to Thomas, eighth Lord Dacre.



THE GREAT SEAL OF FITZ WALTER

Henry, the fifth baron, was the grandfather of Catherine Parr, sixth wife of King Henry VIII. (See also Charlton pedigree.)

The FitzHughs also married, among others, into the families of FitzWalter, Willoughby, Berkeley, Bowes, Constable, Nevill and Herbert. The Barony is now in abeyance between the descendants of Alice, Lady Fienes, and those of her great-niece, Lady Charlotte Herbert.

Arms.—Azure, three chevronels fretty in base and a chief of the second.

FITZNIGEL

The first known member of the family of FitzNigel was one of the knights who came into England with the Conqueror and was made Baron of Halton and Constable of Chester by the famous Hugh Lupus, first Earl of Chester. Agnes, his granddaughter, who was co-heir to her brother William, Baron of Halton and Constable of Chester, became the second wife of Eustace FitzJohn, ancestor of the Lords Eure. (See pedigree of Eure.)

The arms of FitzNigel are quartered second on the coat of the second Lord Eure and fifth on the Mathews shield. Gules, four lozenges oval, gradually diminishing in pale or.

FITZWALTER

The descent of this family will be found in the pedigree of Clare, St. Liz and Marshal on page 212.

The most famous and interesting perhaps of all our ancestors is Robert FitzWalter, chief of the barons who revolted against King John and finally forced him to sign Magna Charta. FitzWalter was called "Marshal of the Army of God and the Church," and besides leading the barons, he was the principal one of the twenty-five who were appointed to enforce the observance of the Charta. He was a man of distinguished family, of great ability and of more than ordinary valour. Both the Clintons and the Eures descend from him, and both families quarter the FitzWalter arms.

He had a daughter Maude (or Matilda), who was very beautiful and attracted the notice of King John, but she persistently repelled his advances, with the result that the ill-conditioned monarch imprisoned her in the north-east corner of the White Tower (of London) and then caused her to be

brought to an untimely death by means of poison sprinkled on a poached egg. She was buried in the church at Dunmow (notorious for the flitch of bacon), and her romance became the subject of a number of ballads and legends.

FitzWalter's daughter Christian married William de Mandeville, Earl of Essex.

Another of his daughters, Margaret, married Robert Fitz-Roger de Eure, Baron of Warkworth and Lord of Clavering.

His grand-daughter Ida married John de Clinton de Maxtoke.

Robert FitzWalter was buried at Dunmow, of which he was the owner, as well as of Baynard's Castle in the City of London.

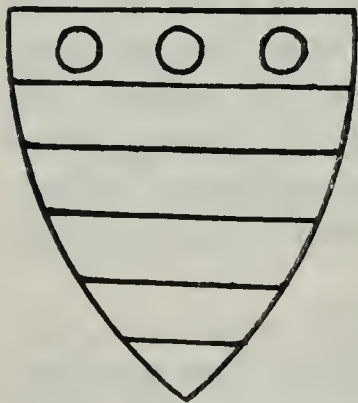
The seal of FitzWalter is now in the British Museum. The matrix is of silver, cut and polished in a highly finished manner. It gives a most spirited picture of the redoubtable knight, who not only bears his arms on his shield, but has caused his charger to be completely caparisoned in them. The shield of seven mascles, near the horse's nose, is that of De Quincy. The seal, which was found at Stamford in the reign of Charles II., is the finest specimen in the Museum, and will well repay a visit. It can be found in the mediæval section of the new building, in Bay XVIII., case D.

The male line of the Barons FitzWalter became extinct in the fifteenth century. The "Lord FitzWater" in Shakespeare's *King Richard II.* is Walter FitzWalter, fifth baron.

The arms of FitzWalter are the tenth quartering on the Clinton shield, and the ninth on the Mathews (Eure) shield. Or, a fesse ermine between two chevronels gules.

GREY DE RUTHYN

The Greys were a family of many branches, with most of which we have some connection: among their various titles were those of Grey of Wilton, Grey of Rotherfield, Grey of Codnor, Grey of Groby (Marquess of Dorset and Duke of Suffolk), and Grey of Ruthyn (Earls of Kent).

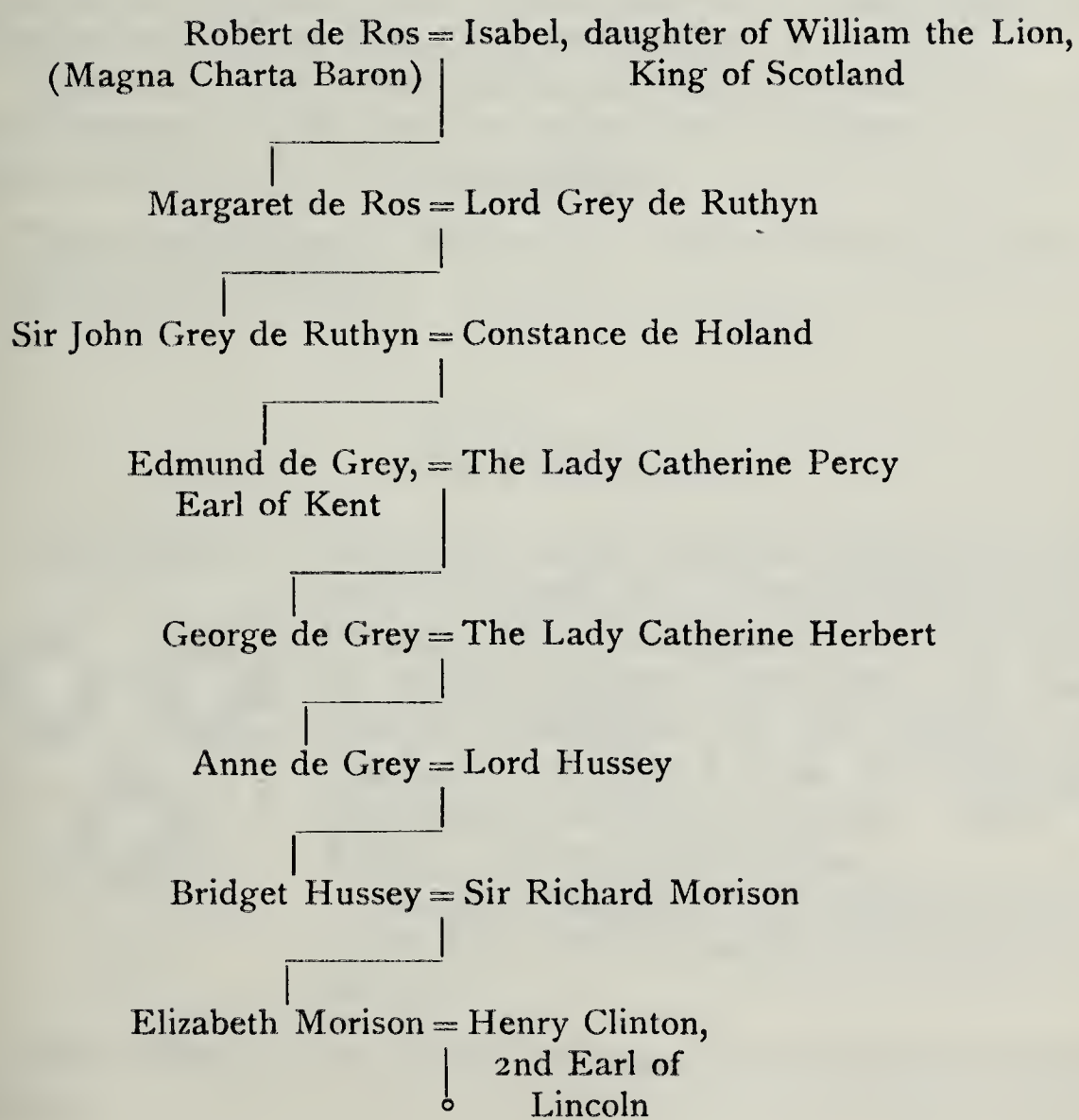


John de Grey of Rotherfield married Margaret, daughter of William de Odinsells of Maxtoke, in the time of Edward I.

John, second Baron de Grey, married Avice, daughter and co-heir of John, Lord Marmion, in the time of Edward III.

Reginald, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, fought against Owen

GREY DE RUTHYN AND ROS OF HAMLAKE



Glendwr, who attacked him in the Castle of Ruthin, took him prisoner, and carried him off to the fastnesses of Snowdon in 1402.

Anne, daughter of George Grey, fifth Baron Grey de Ruthyn and second Earl of Kent, married John Lord Hussey, who was beheaded for treason in the reign of Henry VIII.; their daughter was Bridget, wife of Sir Richard Morison and mother of Elizabeth Morison, who became second wife of Henry Clinton, second Earl of Lincoln, from whom we descend.

Jane Sybilla, one of the daughters of Sir Richard and Lady Morison, afterwards married Arthur, fourteenth Baron Grey de Ruthyn, in about 1590. The unfortunate Lady Jane Grey belonged to the family of Grey de Ruthyn.

Walter de Grey, who lived in the reign of Henry III., was Archbishop of York, and is buried in the Minster, under a Gothic tomb with a full-length effigy.

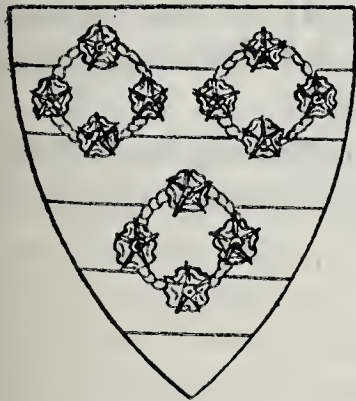
The arms of Grey de Ruthyn are—Barry of six or and azure, in chief three torteaux.

GREYSTOCK

The family of Greystock, which was first heard of in the reign of Henry III., owned lands in Cumberland, Northumberland and Yorkshire. At various periods marriages took place between members of this family and daughters of the houses of FitzHugh, Harington, Clifford, Ferrers, Grey de Ruthyn, Dacre and Stourton.

Eleanor, daughter of Sir Ralph de Greystock, fifth Baron, married Sir Ralph Eure in 1440.

Arms.—Barry of six argent and azure, over all three chaplets gules.



HARINGTON

The name of this old family is said to be derived from Haverington in Cumberland ; in the time of Edward I. there were Haringtons, Lords of Aldingham in Lancashire, and John de Harington was summoned to Parliament as a baron in 1324.



His son Robert, who died before his father, married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of John de Multon, whose connection with the Dacres' and Fienes' is given in the article on Dacre. One of Robert's sons was ancestor to the Lords

Harington of Exton, and from another son sprang the Harringtons of Bishton.

In the time of Henry VIII., Sir James Harington of Exton married Lucy, daughter of Sir William Sidney of Penshurst and aunt of Sir Philip Sidney. Their daughter Elinor married Sir Henry Fynes, son of the second Earl of Lincoln and Elizabeth Morison, from whom we descend. This lady is the one spoken of by King James I. as " a vertuous gentilwoman of an honorable house and family " in the monarch's letter to the Earl of Lincoln, written with the view of reconciling him to his son's marriage. Another daughter of Sir James Harington, Sarah, married Francis, Lord Hastings ; and a third daughter, Mary, married Sir William Dormer of Ascott.

The Haringtons married into many noble families, including Grey (Marquess of Dorset), Stafford, Nevill, Russell (Earl of Bedford) and others.

Arms.—Sable, a fret argent.

HASTINGS

Great-uncle Henry's daughter, Agnes Fynes-Clinton, married the Rev. the Hon. Richard Godolphin Hastings, fourth son of Francis Hastings, twelfth Earl of Huntingdon: her children are second cousins to my generation.



All the great families in the Middle Ages are inextricably mixed up, and descend from the same handful of noble names. The Hastings', like our Clinton and Eure ancestors, formed alliances with the families of Grey de Ruthyn, Mortimer, Nevill, Plantagenet, Botreaux, FitzWalter, Stafford,

Devereux, Harington and others, from whom we claim a common descent. The most interesting link we have with the Hastings family is that formed by the competition for the throne of Scotland in the reign of King Edward I. of England. One of the chief competitors was John de Hastings, who claimed in right of his grandmother Ada, niece of Malcolm IV. and William the Lion, Kings of Scotland, while others among the thirteen claimants were our ancestors, William de Vesci and William de Ros. Our kinsman, John de Baliol, was chosen and crowned King of Scotland in 1292, but his disastrous reign only lasted four years.

Anne, daughter of the Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Duchess of Norfolk, by her second husband, Sir William Manny, married John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke. Anne, being great-grand-daughter of Edward I. and Margaret of France, was thus first cousin once removed of Joan Plantagenet, the "Fair Maid of Kent," who was grand-daughter of Edward I. and Margaret of France, and ancestress of Elizabeth Morison, wife of Henry Clinton, second Earl of Lincoln.

Sir William de Clinton, younger son of John, Baron Clinton, married Julian, widow of John, Lord Hastings of Bergavenny; he was made Earl of Huntingdon in 1337, but having no son, the title became extinct.

George Hastings was created Earl of Huntingdon in 1529, nearly two hundred years after that title had been borne by a Clinton.

Francis, Lord Hastings, who died in 1595, married Sarah, daughter of Sir James Harington and sister of Elinor, first wife of Sir Henry Fynes (Clinton). These two ladies were first cousins of Sir Philip Sidney.

Muriel, daughter of Sir Hugh Hastings of Fenwick, married Sir Ralph Eure in 1481.

Catherine Hastings, daughter of Francis, Earl of Huntingdon, married Henry Clinton, second Earl of Lincoln; the Dukes of Newcastle descend from this marriage, our branch descending from the second Earl's second wife, Elizabeth Morison.

The Hastings family are direct descendants of Gislebert, Earl of Eu (Normandy), and we also descend from him through Robert FitzWalter.

Arms.—Argent a maunch sable.

HATTON

The family of Hatton descended from FitzNigel, also ancestor of the Eures, who quartered the FitzNigel arms (see the Mathews shield); he was Baron of Halton and Constable of Chester.

Margery, daughter of William de Hatton, married Osbert de Clinton of Coleshill in 1161.

Sir Christopher Hatton was a famous Lord Chancellor in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and was much esteemed for his ability and discretion, being very high in the Queen's favour for many years.

The family is now represented by the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, whose name is Finch-Hatton, but he does not bear the arms of the ancient branch, which will be found second on the Clinton shield.

Or, three bendlets azure, a fesse gules.

HERBERT

The illustrious family of Herbert descends from Herbert FitzHerbert, chamberlain to Henry I. (or, as some say, from



Herbert FitzRoy, natural son of that monarch). Later generations owned great estates in Wales, including Raglan Castle, and one branch became "Marquess" of Powis," the whole race boasting an ancient Welsh descent. Closely connected with many celebrated people, among whom I may name Queen Catherine Parr and Sir Philip Sidney, they intermarried, like others of their status, with

such families as Percy, Earl of Northumberland, Baron Grey

of Powis, Grey, Earl of Kent, Greystock, Beaufort, Dormer and others to whom we are also related.

William Herbert, first Earl of Pembroke, who was beheaded in 1469, married Anne, daughter of Sir William Devereux; their daughter, Catherine Herbert, married George, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, and these last were the great-grandparents of Elizabeth Morison.

Anne Sophia, daughter of Philip, fourth Earl of Pembroke, married Robert Dormer, Earl of Carnarvon, in 1640.

Philip, seventh Earl of Pembroke, married Henriette de Querouaille, sister of the Duchess of Portsmouth, favourite of Charles II., from whom our great-uncle (by marriage), Dean Webber, was descended.

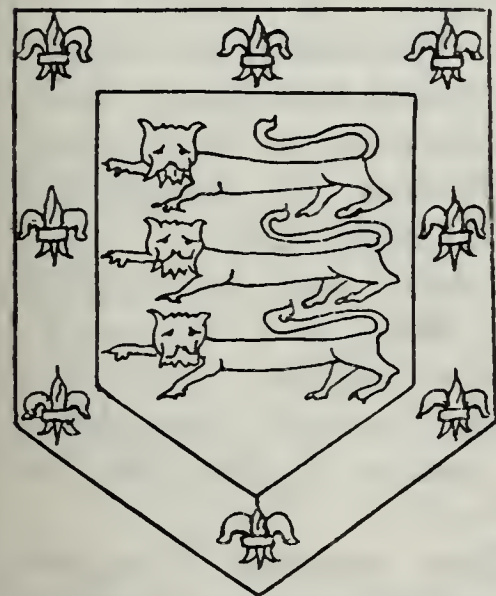
The Lady Elizabeth Maude, grand-daughter of George Augustus, eleventh Earl of Pembroke, and sister of the thirteenth Earl, married our second cousin, Charles Hubert Hastings Parry, the celebrated musician.

George Herbert, the saintly writer of religious poetry, belonged to this family. He died in 1633, and is buried at Bemerton, near Salisbury.

Arms.—Per pale azure and gules, three lions rampant argent.

HOLLAND

Our descent from this distinguished family will be best seen in the pedigree on page 17. The first member of note was Robert de Holande, a "poor knight," who rose to eminence and was made a baron by Edward II.



His second son, Sir Thomas, did wonderful things at the battle of Crécy, including the capture of the Earl of Eu, and was made a Knight of the Garter. He married the celebrated Joan Plantagenet, the "Fair Maid of Kent," the daughter of Edmund Plantagenet, Earl of Kent, second son of Edward I. and Margaret of France, and became, in her right, Earl of Kent.

This Lord Holland died in 1360, and his widow, the Fair Maid of Kent, then married the Black Prince, and was the mother of King Richard II.

The third son of the above Lord Holland and Joan Plantagenet was John de Holland, who of course was half-brother to King Richard II., and was advanced by him to the Dukedom of Exeter, after being already created Earl of Huntingdon. He married the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, his cousin, who was the daughter of John of Gaunt by his first wife, Blanche Plantagenet (the mixture of relations is distinctly confusing), and so was brother-in-law to King Henry IV., Duke of Lancaster. He and his brother, the Earl of Kent, entered into a conspiracy against the new king, Henry IV., and both were taken and beheaded by the populace in 1400.

Elizabeth Holland was the wife of Sir Roger de Fienes, the builder of Hurstmonceaux Castle, from whom we descend.

The ubiquitous Elizabeth Morison was seventh in descent from Elizabeth Plantagenet and John de Holland, Duke of Exeter, mentioned above.

Thomas Holland, third Earl of Kent and first Duke of Surrey, nephew of King Richard II., is a character in Shakespeare's play, *King Richard II.*

Arms.—Of England, and a bordure of France.

HOLLES, EARLS OF CLARE

This family has no connection with the ancient house of Clare, of whom Strongbow is the most celebrated member.



The first Holles of any note was a wealthy alderman of London, who became Lord Mayor in 1540. His eldest son squandered his patrimony and died in prison, but his second son succeeded to large estates and married an heiress, the daughter of John Danzell (or Denzil), Esq.

John Holles, their son, was created Earl of Clare in 1624, and the second Earl, his son, had a daughter Anne, who married Edward, Lord Clinton, eldest son of Theophilus, fourth Earl of Lincoln, and was the mother of the fifth Earl of Lincoln.

John Holles, fourth Earl of Clare, married Margaret, daughter and co-heir of Henry Cavendish, second Duke of Newcastle of that family; he also inherited the immense fortune of his cousin, Danzell, Lord Holles of Ifield, and thus became one of the richest subjects in the kingdom. He left

but one child, a daughter, who was ancestress to the Dukes of Portland. The fourth Earl of Clare had, however, adopted his nephew, Thomas, second Baron Pelham, who took the name of Pelham-Holles or Holles-Pelham, and in 1756 was created Duke of Newcastle, with special remainder to his nephew, Henry Fiennes Clinton, ninth Earl of Lincoln, from whom the present Duke is descended.

This Thomas Pelham-Holles and his nephew, Henry Fiennes Clinton, are the two noblemen of the Kitcat portrait, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and now in the possession of our cousin, Henry Clinton Baker of Bayfordbury.

Clare Market, which was founded before 1650, near Drury Lane, is on the site of the mansion and grounds of the Earl of Clare, and the market toll afterwards became the property of the Duke of Newcastle, the ground landlord.

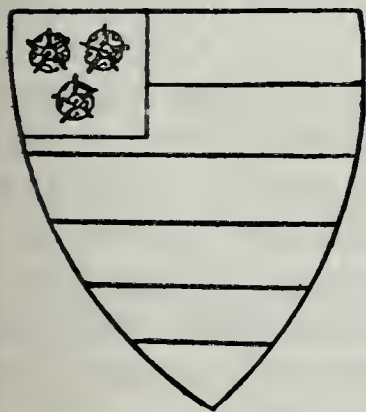
In Lincoln's Inn Fields adjoining was Newcastle House, the residence of the above Thomas Holles-Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, Prime Minister in the time of George II. Close by are Holles Street and Denzil Street. There is another Holles Street, Cavendish Square, on the north side of Oxford Street.

Our branch has no connection with the family of Holles otherwise than through the ducal branch of the Clinton family.

Arms.—Ermine, two piles in point sable.

HOLME

My father's family was settled at Maghull in Lancashire for many generations, being a younger branch of the house of Holme of Paull-Holme; a third branch settled in Westmorland, and is still extant.



The arms of "Robardo Holme of Yorksheyre" are found quartered with those of Wastney at an early date; the Holmes also intermarried with the families of Tyldesley, Hastings, Wadsworth (of which the poet Longfellow was a member), Constable and others.

Thomas Holme was Clarenceux King-at-Arms, and made a grant of arms to the Merchant Taylors' Company in 1466.

Wilfred Holme published a book of verse in 1572, 4to, blackletter.

John Holme published a Sermon on Gal. vi. 1. London, 8vo, 1582.

William Holme was an early stationer or publisher in London, 1590-96.

The best known of our ancestors are the father, son and grandson, all called Randle Holme, whose joint work, the *Academy of Armoury*, is the standard authority on Heraldry (Chester, 1678, folio).

The last of the three was Gentleman Sewar in Extraordinary to King Charles II., and was some time Deputy King-at-Arms. He had a lawsuit with Dugdale, the famous herald and genealogist, and was worsted by him, having to pay £100 fine.

The following account is given in a book describing the old churches of the Wirral:

“Some painted coats-of-arms at Stoak and Backford, which are the finest in the Wirral, had a narrow escape from absolute destruction.

“They were painted by members of the Holme family of Chester, who were renowned for their skill in the execution of heraldic work. Three of the family, all bearing the name of Randle, were specially distinguished. Randle Holme the first (cir. 1571-1655) was Deputy to the College of Arms and was Mayor of Chester in 1633, while his son Randle Holme the second (1601-1659) was Mayor of Chester in 1643. His son, Randle Holme the third (1627-1704), was the author of a large heraldic work now very rare, entitled *An Academie of Armoury, or a Store House of Armoury and Blazon*, printed at Chester in 1678. He was “Sewar of the Chamber,” or “Gentleman Sewar in Extraordinary,” to Charles II., and Deputy to the College of Arms for Cheshire, Lancashire and North Wales.

“It was this Randle Holme who was responsible for the Hatchments at Stoak and Backford, but, because he assumed certain duties which violated the rights of the College of Heralds, he was prosecuted by them at the suit of Sir William Dugdale, then Norroy King of Arms. Randle Holme lost the suit, and Dugdale had the satisfaction of visiting the churches where Holme’s work was exhibited and defacing the Hatchments which he had illegally painted. For reasons unknown, this modern Ezra omitted to visit Stoak and Backford, with the result, more satisfactory to posterity, that Randle’s work there has been preserved.

“Afterwards the quarrel was made up, Holme apparently submitting to the authority of the heralds, for he was appointed their deputy, as we have seen, for Cheshire, Lancashire and North Wales.”

Another ancestor, a zealous Royalist, was taken prisoner by the Roundheads and (less fortunate than Norreys Fynes in the same predicament) was hanged by them at Lancaster.

Rev. John Holme, A.M., F.L.S., wrote on Geology, 1812-13.

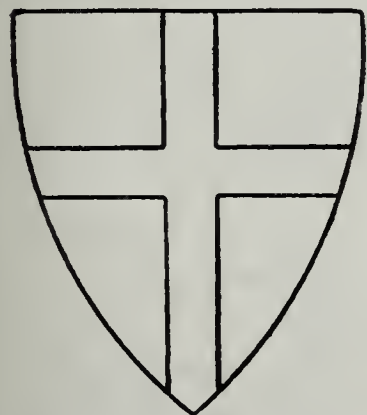
My grandfather, Samuel Holme, wrote an exhaustive history of the family; it fills four quarto volumes of closely written MS., and contains much interesting matter, of which it is hoped that some day an epitome will be made. The pedigree of the Holme family is in the possession of practically all its living members, who are now so few in number that it is not reproduced here.

My father, James Wilson Holme, was married to my mother, Caroline Fynes-Clinton, in 1859.

Arms of Holme.—Barry of six or and azure, on a canton argent three roses gules.

HUSSEY

The founder of this family, whose earlier lineage is not known, was Sir William Hussey, an eminent lawyer in the time of Edward IV. and Henry VII., who became Attorney-General, Serjeant-at-Law and Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. His name is still to be seen inscribed over his arms in the semi-circular window of Gray's Inn Hall:



“W. House, miles capitalis justiciarius de banco regis, temp. R. Henry VII.” In one of the windows of Gray's Inn Chapel appear his arms impaling those of his wife, Elizabeth Berkeley, with this inscription: “Will. Hussee miles capitalis justic. ad placita coram rege, et Elizabeth uxor ejus filia Thomae Berkeley arm.”

The eldest son of Sir William Hussey and Elizabeth Berkeley was John, afterwards Lord Hussey, who fought for Henry VII. at the battle of Stoke, and was later appointed by Henry VIII. to be Chief Butler of England. He owned the Manor of Sleaford, Lincs, and built a noble mansion there, and was consequently a near neighbour of the Earl of Lincoln when he acquired the property at Tattershall and Sempringham. (It was possibly owing to this propinquity that his grand-daughter, Elizabeth Morison, afterwards married the second Earl of Lincoln.)

Lord Hussey had two brothers, both of whom left descendants, and two sisters, one of whom, Elizabeth, married Richard Grey, Earl of Kent, and the other, Mary, married William, Lord Willoughby. Lord Hussey, after rising to great honour and wealth, became mixed up in the common insurrection of 1537, when the feuds and differences about religion broke out. He was attainted of high treason and beheaded at Lincoln, all his honours and estates being forfeited. He married the Lady Anne Grey, daughter of George, Earl of Kent, who was descended both from John of Gaunt and Lionel, Duke of Clarence, sons of Edward III. ; also from the Percys, King Henry III., King Edward I. and the royal houses of France and Spain. (See pedigrees.) Lord Hussey had by her four daughters, besides several sons by his second marriage with Margaret Blount, and all his children were "restored in blood" by Queen Elizabeth and reinstated in their father's titles and honours, although his estates were retained by the Crown.

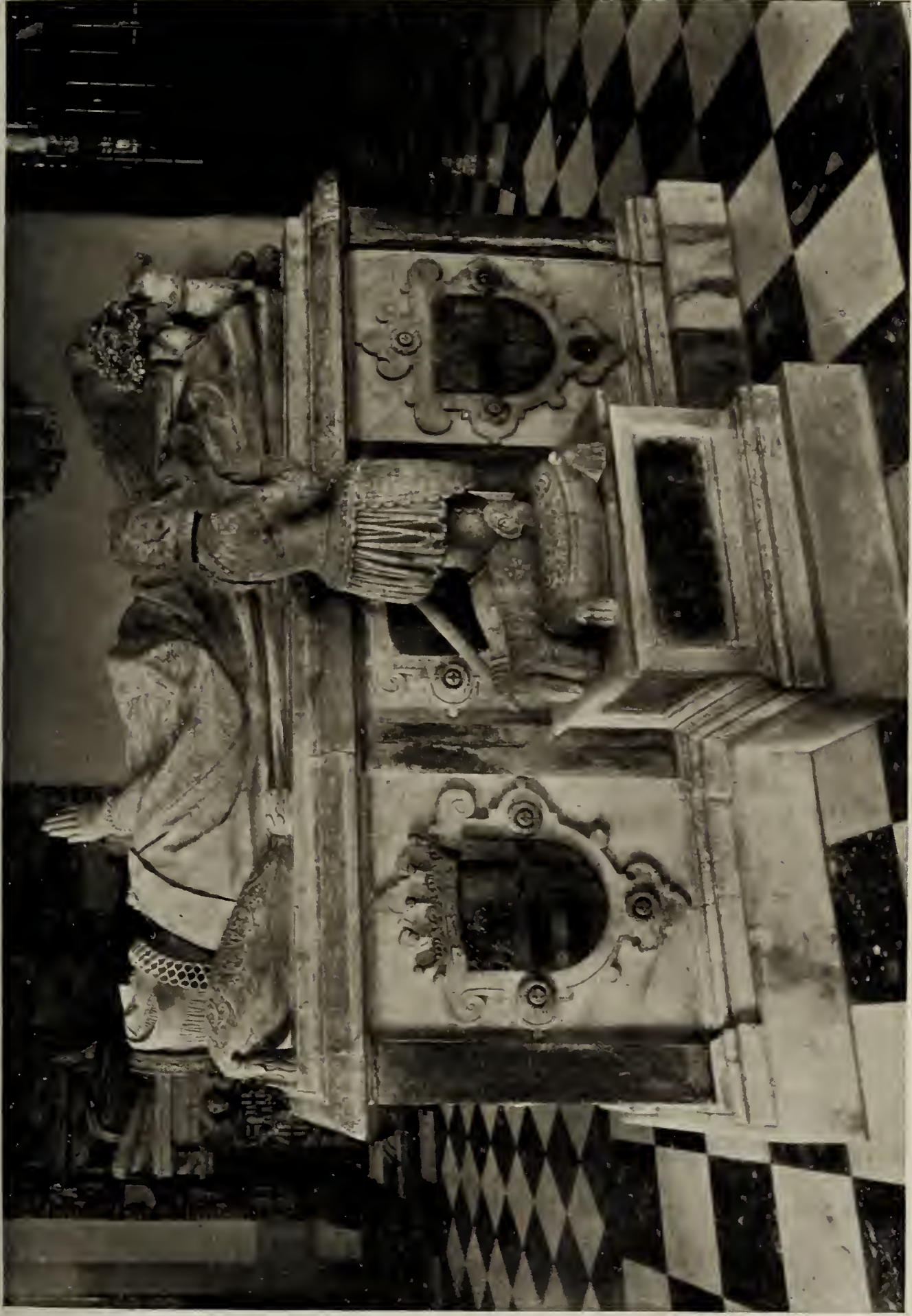
Bridget, our ancestress, daughter of John, Lord Hussey, and the Lady Anne Grey, can only have been seven or eight years old at the time of her father's execution. Her mother having died early, she was probably brought up by her stepmother, and married when about fourteen or fifteen to Sir Richard Morison of Cassiobury, the famous ambassador and author. By him she had one son and three daughters, of whom the eldest was Elizabeth Morison, whose name occurs so very often in all our records and pedigrees, the wife first, of William Norreys, and secondly of the second Earl of Lincoln. (See the article on Morison.)

Sir Richard Morison died at Strasburg in 1556, leaving a young widow of twenty-six, with four small children, immense wealth and his half-built mansion of Cassiobury.

The only son of Sir Richard and Lady Morison was Charles, who succeeded his father and was ancestor of the Capell family, Earls of Essex ; his effigy is shown on page 261. The eldest daughter, Elizabeth, mentioned above, became Countess of Lincoln, and the third daughter, Jane Sibella, married Edmund, Lord Russell, the son of Bridget's third husband, so the family relationships were rather complicated.

Bridget married secondly, Henry, Earl of Rutland, who only lived five years ; she then became the wife of Francis, second Earl of Bedford, but had no children by either her second or her third husband.

The Earl of Bedford was one of the kindest and most amiable of men, and during his life Queen Elizabeth paid a visit to Chenies, in 1570, and a few years later another visit to Woburn Abbey, which had been granted to the first Earl in



THE EFFIGY OF BRIDGET HUSSEY

1550. These royal visitations, as we know, put the favoured hosts to enormous expense and trouble.

Bridget herself was one of the most distinguished of the noble dames who lived and moved in the "spacious times of great Elizabeth," and was chosen two years after her last husband's death to represent Queen Elizabeth as chief mourner at the funeral of Mary Queen of Scots. The irony of the position can hardly have escaped her, but doubtless she bore herself with unimpeachable dignity.

The old Manor House at Chenies, adjoining the church, was originally the seat of the Cheneys family, and passed to the Russells through the marriage of John, first Earl of Bedford, with Anne Sapcote, heiress of the Cheneys. It was almost rebuilt by the second Earl of Bedford before the visit of Queen Elizabeth, and the remaining part of it, now used as a farm and cottages, is most picturesque. It is built of red brick in the correct style of the period, and is in the same excellent state of repair as everything else on the Bedford estate. It seems certain that this is the dwelling in which Bridget passed her latter days, and that she lived there as a widow, her stepson, the third Earl of Bedford, making Woburn his principal seat. In this house Elizabeth, Countess of Lincoln, visited her mother in 1587, and there a little grandson was born, afterwards known as Sir Henry Fynes, ancestor of our branch of the Clinton family, who for several generations called themselves "Fynes *alias* Clinton."

The Bedford Chapel, forming the north aisle of Chenies Church, was built by Anne Sapcote, first Countess of Bedford, the mother-in-law of Bridget, in 1556, three years before her death, and there, among his kindred, was laid the amiable Francis, Bridget's husband, in 1585. His effigy can be seen in the illustration, above the head of his wife's monument.

It is strange and rather touching that Bridget, in her old age, felt impelled to perpetuate the memory of the husband of her youth, Sir Richard Morison, by building a chapel in Watford Parish Church, in about 1595; it is now called the Essex Chapel, and contains the monuments of many of her descendants of the Capell family. She was buried there herself, in 1601, two years after her son, Sir Charles Morison, had been laid under his gorgeous monument. Her funeral, according to the "Anciente Regester Bookes of Watford," was conducted with great magnificence, and is thus described:

"A O 1601. BEDFORDIA.

"Comitissa Bridgida mih. Mult. nomibq. honoratiss. e. vita

emigravit die Januarij 11, et sepult. erat splend. 18 die februarij.”

(“ My Countess Bridget, with many most honoured names, migrated from life the 11th day of January, and her burial was splendid the 18th day of February.”)

The ceremony was no doubt partly conducted by the Rev. Peter Alibond, who was presented to the living of Chenies in 1592 by Bridget, the Dowager-Countess herself. Her monument occupied the centre of the chapel, but within the last few years it has been removed to Chenies and placed in the Bedford Chapel, where it is kept in a beautiful state of preservation ; her resting-place at Watford being indicated by a simple inscription on the flooring. Her epitaph is long and eulogistic, but not too much so, to judge by the nobility of her countenance. She is there described as “ Reputed one of the noblest matrons of England for her wisdom and Judgement.” It also tells us “ She died most quietly, answerably to her life, in perfect sense and memorie,” at the age of seventy-one.

The later descendants of the Hussey family associated themselves with the ancient house of Hoese and quartered their arms, but there is no proof of their connection.

Arms of Hoese.—Barry of six, ermine and gules.

Arms of Hussey.—Or, a cross vert.

A detailed account of the funeral of Mary Queen of Scots and the imposing part taken therein by our ancestress, Bridget, Countess of Bedford, is given in the records of the Society of Antiquaries of London, vol. i., published in 1770.

KAYE

The family of Kaye claims descent from Sir Kaye, a Briton and one of King Arthur’s knights of the Round Table ; another Kaye is known to have been living in the time of William the Conqueror. They are now represented by the branch called Lister-Kaye, one of whom married Lady Beatrice Adeline, sister of the present Duke of Newcastle.

Elizabeth Eure, sister and heiress of the sixth and seventh Lords Eure, married the Rev. William Kaye of Ancram Grange, Prebendary of York, and at the death of the last Lord Eure, her son, Horatio Kaye, Vicar of Barnby upon Don, inherited his uncle’s property, which in time passed to his daughter Elizabeth.

Horatio married Frances Armstrong, and she is the person to whom the seventh Lord Eure wrote several of the letters which are given on pages 233-5. Horatio’s vicarage of Barnby

was part of the Eure property, and another small portion of it, known as UGGLE BARNBY, is still in the possession of his descendants. He had one sister, who died unmarried in 1685, and one of Lord Eure's letters refers to her death.

Horatio and Frances had one surviving daughter, Elizabeth, who married William Walker of Doncaster and had a family of daughters, among whom the Eure property was divided; the one we descend from is Susanna Walker, who married my great-great-grandfather, John Mathews, and brought to him her portion of the Eure inheritance.

The arms of Kaye, which are quartered third on the Mathews shield, are: Argent, two bendlets sable.

DE LACI

Two brothers or kinsmen, Walter and Ilbert de Laci, came into England with the Conqueror, and were given large possessions. Walter was killed by falling off a ladder while inspecting the building of St. Peter's Church at Hereford, of which he was the founder. Ilbert de Laci held Tingewick (Domesday survey) of the Bishop of Bayeux' fee, his original charter of donation with equestrian seal attached being still preserved in the archives of Winchester College.

Walter's line died out after four or five generations, but third in descent from Ilbert was Robert de Laci, who, dying without issue, was succeeded by his half-sister Albreda (daughter of his mother and her second husband, Eudo de Lizures). Albreda was the wife of Richard FitzEustace, Baron of Halton and Constable of Chester; her eldest son John assumed his uncle's name of de Laci. The Eures and Claverings descended from her second son, Roger FitzRichard.

John de Laci married Alice, a daughter of Geoffrey de Mandeville, the outlaw baron.

Maud, daughter and heir of Hugh de Laci, who lived in the time of Henry III., married Walter de Burgh, who became in her right Earl of Ulster; we descend from them through Elizabeth de Burgh, wife of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III.

John de Laci, Constable of Chester, was created Earl of Lincoln in 1232; he married Margaret, daughter and heir of Robert de Quincy, Earl of Winchester. Their two daughters were educated at Windsor with King Henry III.'s own daughters.

The mansion of Henry de Laci, Earl of Lincoln, who died in 1312, was on the site now known as Lincoln's Inn Fields. None

of the original buildings remain. The gateway in Chancery Lane was erected in the reign of Henry VII., and one of the three coats-of-arms above the archway was that of de Laci.

The arms of de Laci are borne eighth on the Mathews shield. Quarterly or and gules, a bend sable, in chief a label of three points vert. They do not appear on the shield of the second Lord Eure, and there seems some doubt as to whether the family were entitled to bear them or not.

LAMBTON

A feudal family whose records date from the twelfth or thirteenth century, in the county of Durham.



Robert Lambton, Esq., ancestor of the present Lord Durham, married Frances, daughter of Sir Ralph Eure, son of the first Lord Eure. Sir Ralph Eure was commander-in-chief of the forces of King Henry VIII. in Scotland, and fell at the battle of Halidon Hill in 1544; he had married Margery, daughter of Sir Ralph Bowes, who was descended from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, through the families of Plantagenet, Mortimer, Percy, Clifford and Lumley. The Lambtons thus descend from the Eures through the above Frances, while we descend from her brother William, Lord Eure.

Arms.—Sable, a fesse between three lambs passant argent.

LEYBOURNE

Also written Leeburn, Leiburn and Leyburn.



These feudal lords are first heard of in the time of Richard I., and in the reign of John, Roger de Leiburn is found espousing the cause of the Barons. He got taken prisoner, and was some time in Rochester Castle, after which he took the side of King Henry III. He killed a knight at a tournament in rather a suspicious manner, and again sided with the Barons, but after this not very creditable career he rose high in the King's favour and held many important posts. His second wife was Eleanore de Vaux (see the article on Dacre).

The grand-daughter of Roger de Leybourne (his son having predeceased him) was Julian, who became his heir, and who also succeeded to the Barony of Leybourne; which had been held by her father. This Julian, who married, first, John, Lord Hastings, became the wife of William de Clinton, Earl of Huntingdon, whose seal is shown on page 7, the six lioncels of Leybourne being introduced into it with the Clinton arms.

Idonea, daughter of William de Leybourne, married Geoffrey de Say, grandfather of the Idonea de Say who married John, third Baron Clinton of Maxtoke.

Arms.—Azure, six lioncels rampant argent, three, two and one.

LINSEY, LIMSEY, OR LIMSEI

The domain of Maxtoke belonged to the family of Limesei before the reign of King John; they were Lords of Long Ichinton and Solihull. William de Odinsells inherited Maxtoke from his maternal aunt Annabel, widow of John de Limesei and Countess of Warwick, and his daughter Ida married John de Clinton, who became Lord of Maxtoke in her right.

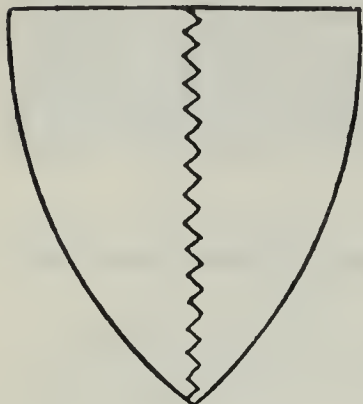
Robert de Limesei was Bishop of Lichfield (under Leofric, Earl of Mercia), and removed the See to Coventry with the view of benefiting by the great revenues with which Leofric had endowed the Priory there. However, Roger Clinton restored the See to Lichfield and began to build the present cathedral in 1148. In Domesday Book Ralph Limsey is mentioned as "a noble man," who built a cell for St. Alban's monks and another at Ware.

The arms are also quartered by the Fynes' through the marriage of Sir John Fynes with Alice FitzHugh, and are borne 33rd on the large shield of Thomas, Lord Dacre. They are borne fifth on the Clinton Shield. Gules, three eagles displayed or.

These are also the arms of the Lindsey division of Lincolnshire; but whether there is any connection, or whether it is only a coincidence, I am unable to ascertain.

ST. LIZ

Syward, Godwin and Leofric were the three earls who divided between them the task of governing the country under Hardicanute and Edward the Confessor. They were all related or connected by marriage with the Saxon, Danish, Norman and Scottish royal houses.



Waltheof, son of Syward, the Saxon Earl of Northumberland, married Judith, niece of the Conqueror, but, conspiring against the Normans, was beheaded in 1075. He was buried in the Abbey of Croyland, in the Chapter House, and the

monks related that before his execution he recited the Lord's Prayer, but the headsman would not wait for him to finish it and proceeded with his gory work. The decapitated head, however, loudly and distinctly uttered, "Deliver us from evil."

Waltheof's daughter Judith married Richard de Tonbridge, ancestor of the Earls of Clare, while her elder sister Maud, widow of Simon de St. Liz, became ancestress to the Kings of Scotland, by her second husband David, who succeeded his father Malcolm I. as King of Scotland. The daughter of the above Maud by her first husband, Maud de St. Liz, married Robert, fifth son of Richard de Tonbridge, Earl of Clare, and was grandmother to Robert FitzWalter, Chief of the Barons.

We descend from Waltheof through Ada de Baliol, great-aunt of the Scottish King, John Baliol, ancestress of the Eures, and through several other channels, including FitzWalter and the Earls of Clare. (See the pedigree on page 212.)

Arms.—Per pale indented argent and azure.

LIZURES

Albreda Lizures, half-sister of Robert de Laci, married Richard FitzEustace, grandson of John Monochus, companion of the Conqueror and ancestor of the Eures. She was the only daughter and heir of Robert, Lord Lizures, and Albreda his wife (which Albreda, after his death, married Henry de Laci, founder of Kirkstall Abbey in 1147).

The arms of Lizures are quartered third on the Eure shields and sixth on the Mathews shield. Or, a chief azure.

MAMINOT

Gislebert Maminot, or Mamignot, is mentioned in Domesday Book as Bishop of Lisieux and the friend and physician of the Conqueror; he was also a noted astrologer. He held several manors in Buckinghamshire, one of which was Leckhampstead.

Gislebert de Maminot, who flourished in the twelfth century, was Baron of Birling in Kent. His son Walkeline married the daughter of Robert Ferrers, but, dying without children, was succeeded by his sister Lettice, wife of our ancestor, Geoffrey de Say, who died in 1214. Their son was Geoffrey de Say, one of the twenty-five Barons chosen to enforce the observance of Magna Charta.

The arms of Maminot are the ninth quartering on the Clinton shield. Azure, six fusils in two rows conjoined in fesse argent.

MANDEVILLE

The pedigree shows how the families of Say and Fienes are derived from Geoffrey de Magnavil, corrupted into Mandeville.

His grandson, Geoffrey de Mandeville, was Earl of Essex and Constable of the Tower in the reign of King Stephen, but joining the Empress Maud he was appointed by her Hereditary Sheriff of London, Middlesex and Hertfordshire, with power of life and death. Stephen, however, objected, and after much fighting, followed by plundering and spoiling on the part of Mandeville, ending in his public excommunication, this turbulent baron was slain—some say at Mildenhall in Suffolk, others say that while besieging Burwell in Kent he was struck by an arrow from a cross-bow just as he had taken off his helmet to get air. The Knights Templars, of which order he was an associate, not daring to bury him, soldered him up in lead and hung him on a crooked tree in their riverside orchard. The corpse being at last absolved, it was buried before the west door of the Temple Church, where the tomb is one of the most famous of the ancient monuments. A still more picturesque legend is that he was drowned in the moat of Little Grove near Barnet, where his ghost is still said to walk, owing to the fact that in the deepest part of the moat there is supposed to be a great chest full of priceless treasures of gold and gems, bound to the bottom by iron chains and resisting all attempts to carry it away.

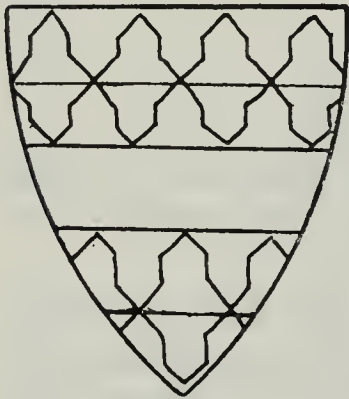
His nephew, Geoffrey FitzPiers, or FitzPeter, Earl of Essex, afterwards known as Mandeville, appears as a character in Shakspeare's play, *King John*.

The arms of Mandeville are borne seventh on the Clinton shield, and may be seen on the Temple monument. Quarterly or and gules, over all an escarbuncle pommy and flory sable.

MARMION

“ They hail'd Lord Marmion :
They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterworth and Scrivelsbaye,
Of Tamworth Tower and town.”

So sang Sir Walter Scott, who in the notes to his poem of *Marmion* gives the following lucid account of the origin of the family.



“ Lord Marmion, the principal character of the romance, is entirely a fictitious personage. In earlier times, indeed, the family of Marmion, Lords of Fontenay in Normandy, was highly distinguished. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenay, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the castle and town of Tamworth, and also of the manor of

Scrivelsby in Lincolnshire. One or both of these noble possessions was held by the honourable service of being the Royal Champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Dukes of Normandy. But after the castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive Barons from Robert, the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in 20th Edward I. without issue male.

“ He was succeeded in his castle of Tamworth by Alexander de Freville, who married Mazera, his grand-daughter.

“ Baldwin de Freville, Alexander's descendant, in the reign of Richard II., by the supposed tenure of his castle of Tamworth, claimed the office of Royal Champion and to do the service appertaining ; namely, on the day of coronation, to ride completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any one who would gainsay the King's title.

“ But this office was adjudged to Sir John Dymoke, to whom the manor of Scrivelsby had descended by another of the co-heiresses of Robert de Marmion ; and it remains in that family,

whose representative is Hereditary Champion of England at the present day.”

Besides the grants of Tamworth and Scrivelsby, Robert de Marmion obtained the Abbey of Polesworth, from which he expelled the unfortunate nuns to Oldbury, four miles distant. But within the year, St. Edith, in the habit of a nun, appeared to him as he lay in bed, and commanded him to restore their Abbey to the nuns, and not only did the apparition threaten him in a most unsaintly manner, but with the point of her crosier she grievously wounded him in the side; with the result that he lost no time in reinstating the nuns and propitiating them and their truculent patroness with handsome gifts of lands.

Another Robert de Marmyon, in the time of Henry II., owned the estates of Witringham and Coningsby in Lincolnshire, while in about 1340, the first Baron Marmyon de Tattershall acquired the castle of that name, which afterwards became the property of the Cromwells and then of the Clintons.

Philip de Marmion, in the time of Henry III., left four daughters his co-heirs, of whom Joane married Sir Thomas de Ludlow, Knight, and was the mother of Margaret de Ludlow, who married our ancestor, Sir John Dymoke, and brought to him the manor of Scrivelsby and the office of Champion of England, which the Dymokes exercised from the time of Richard II. See the article on Dymoke.

Arms of Marmion.—Vairee, a fesse gules.

MARSHAL

Originally Marshals of the King's House, this post was held by many generations of the race. They were also called Lords

Marshal, Marshals of England, and finally Earls Marshal, under which title the honour is held by the Duke of Norfolk, descendant of Maud, eldest daughter of William Marshal.

William Marshal, the famous Protector of England during the minority of Henry III., married Isabel, only child and heiress of Richard de Clare "Strongbow," and became Earl of Pembroke in her right.

Their daughter Isabel married Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, and we descend from them through Elizabeth de



Burgh (grand-daughter of Gilbert de Clare), who married Lionel Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence, son of King Edward III. Early in life William Marshal was a Crusader, and was also Vice-regent to Richard I. during his absence in Palestine. He fought for King John in Normandy, helped in the capture of Prince Arthur and his sister, gained a victory over the Barons, who were in revolt against King John, and was rewarded by a grant of the province of Leinster, besides other lands. His monument is in the Temple Church where he is buried, and beside him lies his son William, one of the twenty-five barons chosen to enforce the observance of Magna Charta. In another part of the Temple lies Gilbert, his third son, who married Margaret, daughter of William, King of Scotland, but had no children ; he was killed by a fall from his horse at a tournament in 1241.

William Marshal appears as a character in Shakspeare's *King John* under the title of Earl of Pembroke.

Arms.—Party per pale or and vert, a lion rampant gules armed and langued azure.

MESCHINES

Hugh Lupus, the celebrated Earl of Chester in the time of William I. and William II., had four sisters, of whom Maud, the fourth sister, married Ralph de Meschines, and was by him the grandmother of Richard FitzGilbert, ancestor of Strongbow and the Earls of Clare.



The second sister of Hugh Lupus married William, Earl of Eu, and they are ancestors of the Hastings family.

John de Baliol, King of Scotland, was fifth in descent from the above Maud de Meschines. We descend from her through Ada de Baliol, great-aunt of the ill-fated king.

Arms.—Or, a lion rampant his tail erected gules.

DE MONCEUX

The genealogy of this family, its connection with the ancient race of Herst and the later alliances with the families of Fienes, Say and Dacre will be found in the article on Fienes on page 8. It will there be seen how Ingelram de Monceux in 1202 married Idonea de Herst, hence the name of Hurst-monceux, the famous castle, her inheritance; and further, how Maud, daughter and heiress of John de Monceux of Hurst-monceux (lineal descendant of William de Warrenne and the Conqueror's daughter Gundrada) married Sir John de Fienes, descendant of Geoffrey de Boulogne and his wife, daughter of Geoffrey de Mandeville; Sir John Fienes being a kinsman of the Conqueror.



Arms.—Argent, a bend sable.

MONTACUTE

Drogo or Dru de Monte-acuto, otherwise Montacute or Montague, came to England at the Conquest and participated in the usual spoils. Among the possessions of his descendants were at one time, Sherborne Castle and Canford Manor. Many of them were distinguished warriors, and the third Baron, William de Montacute, in the time of Edward III., lost an eye in the Scottish wars.



This nobleman was also the chief instrument in exposing and punishing the intrigues of the Queen Mother (Isabella of

France, widow of the deposed Edward II.). Accompanied by William de Clinton and others, he followed Roger de Mortimer, who had joined the Queen Mother at Nottingham Castle, and gaining access by a secret passage—since known as Mortimer's hole—he apprehended and seized the person of Mortimer and bore him to the young king, who promptly had him beheaded for treason.

Philippa, the grand-daughter of this Lord Montacute, however, married the grandson of the ill-fated Roger and was the

mother of Edmund, third Earl of March, from whom we descend.

William or John de Montacute is the "Earl of Salisbury" in Shakspeare's *King Richard II.* and *King Henry VI.*

Arms.—Argent, three fusils conjoined in fesse gules.

MORGAN OF TREDEGAR

This family, which is still extant, possesses one of those wonderful Welsh pedigrees reaching back into remote antiquity and impossible for a mere Sassenach to follow intelligently.



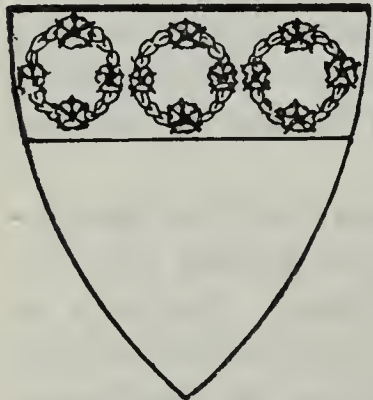
Enough to say is, that Sir John Morgan was lineally descended from the famous Rhys, Prince of South Wales.

Elizabeth, daughter of the above-mentioned Sir John, married John, seventh Lord Clinton in about 1500.

Arms.—Or, a gryphon segrant sable.

MORISON

William Morison or Morysine, settled at Chardwell, Yorks, in the time of Henry VI., was the great-grandfather of the famous Sir Richard Morison, ambassador to foreign courts in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Sir Richard, who was educated at Eton and Oxford, was a very cultivated man and an author, besides which he was immensely rich.



His brother, Fynes Morison, was a Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge; he was a great traveller and wrote in Latin an account of the countries he had visited.

His works are called "a treasury of old-time information," and were translated into English after his death and published in 1614. Through what connection he came to be called "Fynes" I cannot ascertain.

Henry VIII. granted the Manor of Cassiobury to Sir Richard Morison in 1546, and he at once began to build the mansion afterwards completed by his son Charles. It is



THE TOMB OF SIR CHARLES

SON OF SIR RICHARD MORISON AND BRIDGET HUSSEY HIS WIFE



doubtful if any of this structure remains; if so, it is incorporated in the modern building. This ancient manor was the residence of British and Saxon kings, and was granted by Offa, King of the Mercians, to the Abbey of St. Alban in 790, and so remained until the dissolution.

Sir Richard Morison married Bridget, daughter of Lord Hussey (see the article on Hussey), and had one son and three daughters by her. The son and heir was Sir Charles Morison, ancestor of the present owners of Cassiobury, Elizabeth, the only child of Sir Charles, having married Arthur Capell, who was created Baron Capell of Hadham; their son, the second Baron, becoming Earl of Essex. Cassiobury continued in the possession of this family until 1922; when it was sold for building purposes.

Sir Richard Morison was the author of a number of works: one of his writings is entitled *Comfortable Consolation for the Birth of Prince Edward, rather than Sorrow for the Death of Queen Jane*, published in 1534. Sir Richard died at Strasburg in 1556 and is buried there, but his widow built a chapel in Watford Parish church to his memory. This building is called the Essex Chapel, and many members of that family were interred there, including Lady Morison herself. She became Countess of Bedford by her third marriage, and her monument has lately been removed to the Bedford Chapel at Chenies, although her actual resting-place is in the Essex Chapel at Watford.

The daughters of Sir Richard and Lady Morison all made good marriages, and all were allied to persons connected with the Clintons or the Eures. Jane Sybilla married (secondly) Arthur, fourteenth Baron Grey de Ruthyn (her cousin); Anne married one of the Dymoke family, and Elizabeth, the eldest, married as her second husband, Henry Clinton, second Earl of Lincoln, as his second wife, and became the ancestress of our branch of the Fynes-Clinton family.

Elizabeth Morison, who must have been born about 1550, is our principal link with the old Percys and Plantagenets, and through them with the royal houses of France and England. She was eighth in descent from two sons of Edward III. and Philippa of Hainault through the families of Hussey, Grey de Ruthyn, Herbert, Percy, Holand, Nevill, Mortimer, Beaufort and Plantagenet; tenth in descent from Edward I. and his first wife, Eleanor of Castile; tenth from Edward I. and his second wife, Margaret of France; eleventh from Henry III. and Eleanor of Provence; thirteenth from Henry II. and Eleanor of Guienne; thirteenth from Louis VIII. of France and Blanche of Castile; sixteenth from William the Conqueror and

Matilda of Flanders, and twenty-second from Alfred the Great. (My generation is ninth in descent from Elizabeth Morison.)

Elizabeth was probably born at Cassiobury and married at Chenies, the seat of her stepfather, the Earl of Bedford, to William, son and heir of Lord Norreys of Rycote. This young man died early, leaving the youthful widow with a little son Francis, who afterwards became Earl of Berkshire. She married, secondly, Henry Clinton, second Earl of Lincoln, and though little is known of her life, what we do know does not point to it as being a very happy or peaceful one. The Earl of Lincoln must have been a difficult man to live with, being exceedingly quarrelsome and overbearing, and continually involved in law-suits, feuds and squabbles with his neighbours.

The elder son of her marriage with the Earl of Lincoln (the younger being killed accidentally) was Henry, "vulgarly called" Sir Henry Fynes, Knight, from whose written account of his own life we gather that his father treated him with great injustice and severity and even tried to deprive him of his interest in his mother's jointure, in which she naturally took her son's part. Elizabeth must have had a hard task to steer her course between her pugnacious husband and son, while her stepson, Thomas, afterwards third Earl of Lincoln, seems to have been even more truculent than his father and carried on the disputes and litigation after the death of the second Earl—whom, however, he only survived three years.

The Earl and Elizabeth were evidently both ambitious that their son, Henry Fynes, whose two half-brothers both became earls, should make a brilliant match, and were angry and disappointed at his marriage with the daughter of Sir James Harington; but after the personal intervention of King James I. they became reconciled to their daughter-in-law, and as she was first cousin to Sir Philip Sidney, who was considered a paragon of accomplishments and culture, I think they had good reason to be satisfied. Elizabeth Morison had been brought up among cultivated people. Her father and uncle both achieved fame in the world of letters as well as in other fields.

Only a very few human touches have reached us from the life of Elizabeth Morison. Her son Henry speaks of her as "my dear and good Mother." We know that she kept a record in her own handwriting of the births of her children—probably in a Family Bible after the custom of the time. Some time after her marriage to the Earl of Lincoln, she went on a visit to her mother (then widow of her third husband, the Earl of Bedford), who was living at Chenies, and there her son Henry was born under his grandmother's roof. It must have been a pleasant change for Elizabeth to leave the desolate, wind-

swept flats of Lincolnshire, where the Earl of Lincoln kept up considerable state in his castle of Tattershall and his mansion at Sempringham, and to spend the summer months of 1587 in the leafy glades of Bucks, in the society of her noble and gracious mother, instead of in the company of her hot-tempered husband and stepson.

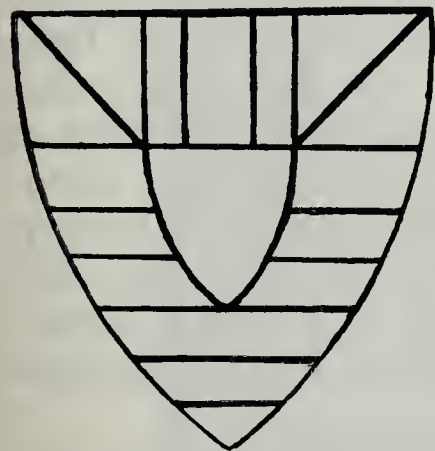
We may imagine the two countesses, mother and daughter, in their hoops and ruffs, worshipping the new lord of the nursery and enlivened by the society of young Francis Norreys, Elizabeth's son by her first husband, probably then at Eton or Oxford. They were within easy reach of their old home, Cassiobury, where Sir Charles Morison, their son and brother, was completing the magnificent house his father had begun; and they were, no doubt, surrounded by early friends and by all varieties of brothers and sisters, half, step and in-law.

Elizabeth Morison, or, as we should call her, Elizabeth Fynes Clinton, Countess of Lincoln, died four years before her husband, at Tattershall Castle, on Whitsun Monday, 1611, when she was about sixty years of age. There is not any portrait of her in existence, but the effigies of her mother and brother show them to have been persons of exceptionally handsome, dignified and refined appearance, and we may safely assume that she participated in these qualities.

Arms of Morison.—Or, on a chief gules three chaplets of the field.

MORTIMER

The family of Mortimer were near relations to the Conqueror, being descended from his great-grandmother, Gunnora, wife of Richard, Duke of Normandy. Ralph de Mortimer accompanied the Conqueror into England and was one of his principal generals at the battle of Hastings, afterwards being sent to subdue some of the Welsh chieftains, for which service he was rewarded with the Castle of Wigmore and other great estates. His descendant, another Ralph, who flourished in the time of Henry III., married the Princess Gladws, daughter of Llewellyn ap Iorwerth, Prince of North Wales.



Robert de Mortimer, who became Baron Mortimer of Wigmore, married Margery, daughter and heiress of Hugh de Ferrers and grand-daughter of Hugh de Say, feudal lord of

Richard's Castle in Herefordshire. Hugh de Say had married Lucia de Clifford, sister of Fair Rosamund.

Roger Mortimer is notorious in history for his intrigues with Queen Isabella, widow of Edward II., which caused him to be arrested, tried and beheaded. He was made Earl of March and held several important offices, but his career of vice and folly was a scandal even in the times in which he lived.

Edmund Mortimer, third Earl of March, married the Lady Philippa Plantagenet, daughter and heir of Lionel, Duke of Clarence; this couple were the parents of Elizabeth, who married Hotspur, and from whom we descend through Elizabeth Morison.

Sir Edmund Mortimer, son of the third Earl of March and brother of Elizabeth (wife of Hotspur), married the daughter of Owen Glendwr, and all these persons appear in Shakspeare's play of *King Henry IV*.

The arms of Mortimer are unique in heraldry.—Barry of six or and azure, an inescutcheon argent, on a chief or gyroned of the second two pallets (of the second).

NEVILL

The various branches of this powerful family all descended from Gilbert de Nevill, one of the Conqueror's knights, whose



grand-daughter Isabel inherited the extensive estates of her father and grandfather, and married Robert FitzMaldred, Lord of Raby. FitzMaldred was the lineal descendant and heir male of Ughtred, Earl of Northumberland in the time of Edmund Ironside. Isabel's children assumed their mother's name of Nevill. Numerous titles were borne by different members of this family at various periods; these were:

Baron Nevill of Raby, Earl of Westmoreland, Earl of Salisbury, Earl of Warwick, Baron Montacute, Baron Monthermer, Earl of Northumberland, Marquess of Montagu and Earl of Kent; while the present representative of the race is styled Marquess of Abergavenny and Earl of Lewes.

The most famous of all the scions of this noble house was Richard; Earl of Warwick, known in history as the "King Maker," who wielded enormous power during the Wars of the Roses and was the instrument of placing both Edward IV. and Henry VI. (for his brief second reign) on the throne. He lost



THE CAMOYS BRASS AT TROTTON
 ELIZABETH MORTIMER, WIDOW OF HOTSPUR AND
 HER SECOND HUSBAND, LORD CAMOYS

his life at the battle of Barnet Field; and all his titles were forfeited and his immense wealth transferred to the crown, besides that of his Countess, the heiress of the Beauchamps.

We do not descend from the King Maker but from his grandfather, Ralph de Nevill, who married as his second wife, Joan de Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt. This Ralph is also the ancestor of the Marquess of Abergavenny.

Euphemia, daughter of Ranulph de Nevill, Earl of Westmoreland, married Sir John de Clavering in about 1280.

Margaret, daughter of Ralph de Nevill, second Baron, married Henry de Percy, first Earl of Northumberland, and was the mother of Hotspur.

Ralph Nevill, second Earl of Westmoreland, married Elizabeth, the daughter of Hotspur.

Eleanor, daughter of Ralph de Nevill, first Earl of Westmoreland; married Henry Percy, second Earl of Northumberland, the son of Hotspur. Eleanor's mother was Joan de Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt and Catherine Swynford.

Besides these confusing alliances with the Percys, the Nevills married into nearly all the great families from whom we claim descent, and the royal houses of Plantagenet, York and Lancaster.

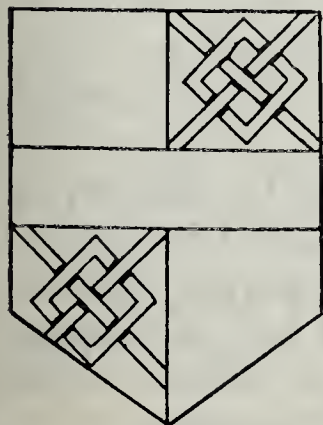
Sythe, daughter of Robert Nevill of Ragnall; married Anthony Staunton; who died in 1560.

Ralph, fourth Baron, Lord of Raby and Earl of Westmoreland, is the one who appears in Shakspeare's plays; *King Henry IV.*, *V.* and *VI.*

Arms.—Gules a saltier argent.

NORREYS OR NORRIS

The Norreys family, for many centuries, was settled at Lutton in Lancashire. In 1311, Sir Henry Norreys, by marriage with Joan, daughter of Sir Thomas Molineux; acquired the manor of Speke. His great-grandson John married the Lady Jane de Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford. Their son, Sir Edward Norreys of Yattenden, Berks, married Frideswide, daughter and co-heiress of Francis, Lord Lovel and Holland. This lady was descended from two princesses of the house of Plantagenet; these were first, Eleanor, daughter of Henry, Earl of Lancaster, and wife of John; Lord Beaumont; and secondly, Joan; daughter of King Edward I., wife of Gilbert de Clare.



Sir Henry Norreys was Usher of the Black Rod in the time of Henry VIII. : he was also Esquire of the Body to the king and one of the gentlemen of the Privy Chamber. When Cardinal Wolsey was disgraced, Sir Henry met his Eminence on Putney Hill and brought him a gracious and cheering message from the King. The Cardinal, on receiving it, alighted from his mule and, embracing Norreys, took from his own neck and gave him a gold chain to which was appended a piece of the true cross.

Sir Henry Norreys himself afterwards fell a victim to the king's jealousy and suspicions and was unjustly accused of contributing to the downfall of Anne Boleyn. He was sent to the Tower, although protesting his and the Queen's innocence, and beheaded in 1536. He married Mary, daughter of Lord Dacre of the South ; his son Henry, who married Margery, daughter of Baron Williams of Thame, a relation of Oliver Cromwell, acquired with his wife the manor of Rycote in Oxfordshire ; the descendants of the family bear to this day the title of Baron Norreys of Rycote. There is a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey, although he is actually buried at Rycote.

His son, William Norreys, Marshal of Berwick, married our ancestress Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Morison ; she married as her second husband, Henry Clinton, second Earl of Lincoln. William Norreys died young and his son Francis became later Lord Norreys, Viscount Thame and Earl of Berkshire. This Francis was half-brother to Sir Henry Fynes, and a close connection seems to have been kept up between the families for several generations, while the name Norreys has been borne by many members of the Fynes-Clinton family up to the present time.

Francis, Lord Norreys was a man of impetuous temper and once violently assaulted Lord Scroop in the House of Lords, in the presence of the Sovereign, for which he was committed to the Fleet Prison. He married Lady Bridget de Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, and died in 1620 through injuring himself with a cross-bow. He left a daughter and heiress, whose grandson James Bertie inherited the Barony of Norreys and was created Earl of Abingdon ; these honours are still enjoyed by the Bertie family. This James Bertie, who was born in 1673, married Elizabeth, daughter and heir of George, seventh Lord Willoughby of Parham, and she added to his arms the achievements of Fienes, Clinton and Manners.

The descent of the Norreys is almost identical with our own ; they also claim to partake of the most illustrious blood in England, such as Plantagenet, de Clare (Strongbow), Marshal,

Holland, Salisbury (Longespée), Zouch, de Quincy, d'Encourt, de Vere, Grey, Odinsells, Beaumont, Dacre, Devereux and others. Compare the articles on Bertie, Willoughby and Dormer.

Arms.—Quarterly argent and gules, in the second and third quarters a fret or, over all a fesse azure.

ODINSELLS

William de Odinsells inherited Maxtoke from his maternal aunt Annabel, widow of John de Limesei and Countess of Warwick ; he owned many other manors in Warwickshire and also a large property in Ireland, where he and his son Edmund were both killed during some fighting in 1295. His four daughters then became his co-heirs and inherited his possessions. He married Ela, the daughter of Walter FitzRobert (son of Robert FitzWalter, the chief of the Barons), and his wife Ida, fourth daughter of Ela, Countess of Salisbury and William de Longespée. Ida, daughter of William de Odinsells, married John de Clinton (about 1300), who became Lord of Maxtoke in her right, and added the "two mullets or" to the Clinton arms, where they still remain. Another of his four daughters, Margaret, married John de Grey (Grey de Ruthyn).

In the time of Edward III. Rowland Odinsells, a collateral descendant of the family, married Emma, daughter of Guy de Beauchamp, second Earl of Warwick ; while another daughter of the Earl of Warwick, sister of Emma, married Geoffrey de Say ; and a third daughter, Isabel, married John de Clinton, apparently a grandson of John, second son of Thomas de Clinton and Mayeres de Bisey, from whom we descend.

John Odinsells married Anne, daughter of G. Barwick ; Anne's sister Bridget married Robert Staunton, who died in 1582. Gabriel Odinsells, the son of Anne, was executor to his uncle, Robert Staunton, and also bought some property from his cousin, William Staunton (grandfather of the Royalist Colonel) at the same date.

The arms of Odinsells are quartered fourth on the Clinton shield. Argent, a fesse gules, in chief two mullets of the last.

MAXTOKE CASTLE

The Castle of Maxtoke stands in a pleasant wooded valley not far from the small town of Coleshill in Warwickshire. It

appears to be a perfect specimen of a mediæval stronghold as one approaches it by the long, straight avenue of elm trees, with its moat, walls, towers and gateway, in excellent repair and on a comparatively small scale. But on entering under the portcullis it is found that a modern dwelling has been contrived in the courtyard in such a way that the fortunate inhabitants can experience all the romantic sentiments of living in the middle ages while enjoying the amenities of a much later period.

The castle is built of grey stone with castellated walls and broad, low turrets at each corner. The Clinton arms are plainly seen above the great entrance. It now belongs to the Dilke family, and was used as a Red Cross hospital during the late war up to 1919.

Maxtoke Priory, founded by the Limeseis, the Odinsells or the Clintons, has almost vanished, only a part of the tower and some fragments of the monastic buildings remaining in the fields belonging to a farm less than a mile from the castle.

PELHAM

A distinguished family who can be traced as owners of a castle in Herefordshire before the Conquest. The present head of the family is the Earl of Chichester; there are several branches, and the titles which have been borne by them are, Baron Pelham of Loughton, Earl of Clare, Duke of Newcastle and Earl of Chichester, besides a baronetcy. Their principal seats are Loughton, now a ruin, and Stanmer in Sussex.



In Lewes church is the following inscription on the monument of Sir Nicholas Pelham, who died in 1545 :

What time the French sought to have sack'd Seafoord,
This Pelham did repel 'em back aboard.

We are only connected with them and the Holles family (which see) through Henry, seventh Earl of Lincoln, who married Lucy, daughter of Thomas, Lord Pelham, and sister of Thomas Pelham Holles, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, Minister for nearly forty years; and through Henry, ninth



MAXTOKE CASTLE



Earl of Lincoln, who married his cousin Catherine, daughter and heir of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, and succeeded his (and his wife's) uncle as Duke of Newcastle. The uncle and nephew are the subject of the double Kitcat portrait painted by Kneller and shown in Part I.

The buckle borne on the Pelham shield was gained at Poitiers by Sir John Pelham for his prowess in taking prisoner the French king John.

Arms.—Quarterly first and fourth azure, three pelicans argent vulning themselves proper; second and third, gules, two pieces of belts, with buckles erect in pale, the buckles upwards argent.

PERCY—HENRY PERCY, CALLED HOTSPUR

HIS FATHER, BROTHER AND UNCLE

Henry Percy, known as Hotspur, young, impetuous, chivalrous and almost incredibly brave, was the beau-ideal of a knight of his time. Born in 1364, the son of a warrior as fearless as himself (Henry Percy, first Earl of Northumberland), he was knighted at the age of thirteen by the aged monarch, Edward III., and his life was spent in continual fighting in all parts of the kingdom, during which he performed numberless acts of personal prowess and captured the admiration of historians and ballad-makers for centuries.



His father, the first Earl of Northumberland (son of the third Lord Percy of Alnwick and the Lady Mary Plantagenet, great-grand-daughter of King Henry III.) was high in favour with King Richard II., though he afterwards became the chief instrument of his deposition and the elevation of Henry of Lancaster to the throne as King Henry IV. Later on, the two Percys, Hotspur and his father, considered themselves treated by King Henry with ingratitude and meanness and took arms against him—a proceeding which finally led to their downfall.

The most famous exploit of Hotspur was the Battle of Otterburn, in the Cheviot Hills, in which both English and Scots claimed the victory. This battle is celebrated in song and story as “Chevy Chase,” and on this field Hotspur performed

prodigies of valour and was said to have slain the Earl of Douglas with his own hand. But in the end he and his brother Ralph were wounded and made prisoners. Hotspur's success in warfare seems to have been due more to his dashing personal courage than to any skill in strategy. He finally fell at Shrewsbury, fighting against King Henry IV., when thirty-nine years of age. His body was quartered and exposed in four different towns, while his head was stuck up on Shrewsbury Tower. His father survived him by five years, but eventually met the same fate as his valiant son and his brother Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester. His body was also quartered and sent to four different places, and his head placed on a stake on London Bridge, where his venerable grey hairs excited much commiseration.

Harry Hotspur married Elizabeth (the "gentle Kate" of Shakspeare) daughter of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. After Hotspur's death she married Lord Camoys and is buried under a large altar tomb in the church of Trotton in Sussex. Lord Camoys was a famous soldier and commanded the left wing of the English army at Agincourt. The wife of Hotspur was the grand-daughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of King Edward III. and Philippa of Hainault; his grand-daughter, Catherine Percy, married Edmund, Lord Grey de Ruthyn; we descend from them through Elizabeth Morison. Hotspur's brother-in-law, Sir Edmund Mortimer, married the daughter of Owen Glendwr.

The sword said to have been used by Hotspur at the battle of Shrewsbury where he fell, is in existence at Petworth House, the property of Lord Leconfield.

Froissart relates much of the prowess of the four Percys, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur and Sir Ralph, and they figure as prominent characters in Shakspeare's plays *Richard II.* and *Henry IV.*

Isabel, daughter of William, Lord Percy, married William, second Baron de Aton, and their daughter Catherine married Sir Ralph de Eure about 1380.

The arms borne by Hotspur are : Quarterly first and fourth or, a lion rampant azure (being the ancient arms of the Duke of Brabant and Louvain), second and third azure, five fusils conjoined in fesse or.

PLANTAGENET

The subject of Plantagenet is too large to deal with in detail here ; our descent from various members of the race will be best seen in the pedigrees. I mention the principal lines.



Edmund Plantagenet of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, son of King Edward I. and Margaret of France, was the father of the Lady Joan Plantagenet, "The Fair Maid of Kent" who married Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent. (She died in 1385 and Lord Holland in 1360).

Their son, John Holland, married the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of John of Gaunt and his first wife and cousin, the Lady Blanche Plantagenet.

Sixth in descent from Elizabeth Plantagenet was Elizabeth Morison, wife of Henry Clinton, second Earl of Lincoln. Elizabeth Morison was also seventh in descent from John of Gaunt and Catherine Roet or Swynford, and eighth in descent from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and his wife Elizabeth de Burgh, grand-daughter of Henry Plantagenet, Earl of Leicester.

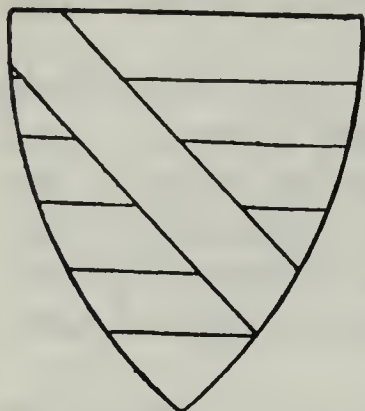
The Plantagenets intermarried with many of the families with whom we are otherwise connected, among them those of Marshal, Clare, de Laci, Chaworth, de Burgh, de Vere, Wake, Beaumont, Stafford, Holland, Montacute, Ros, Segrave, Hastings, Mortimer and Nevill.

The story of the extinction of this royal race is tragic indeed. George Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence, brother of King Edward IV., suffered death by being drowned in a butt of Malmsey in the Tower in 1477. His son Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, after spending almost the whole of his melancholy life in prison, was executed on Tower Hill in 1499, when his sister Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, became the "Last of the Plantagenets." Although the forfeited estates were restored to her and she enjoyed her honours for many years, she was condemned to death at the age of seventy by King Henry VIII. and beheaded on Tower Hill in 1541. Margaret Plantagenet had married Sir Richard Pole, K.G., and was the mother of the famous Cardinal Pole. The descendants of her daughter Ursula fell into such poverty that the great-grandson of the "Last of the Plantagenets" was a cobbler at Newport in Shropshire and supported himself by mending old shoes. How are the mighty fallen !

Arms.—Gules, three lions passant guardant or.

POYNINGS

The family of Poynings was of importance in the days of Henry II., and in 1337 Thomas de Poynings was summoned to Parliament as a Baron.



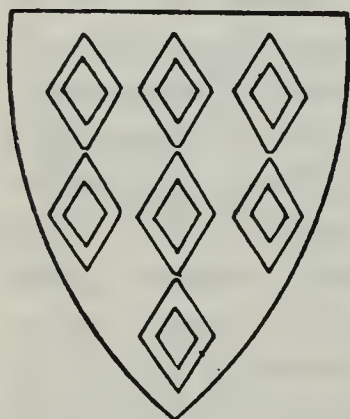
Elizabeth, daughter of the fifth Baron; married Henry, son and heir of Henry Percy, second Earl of Northumberland, and becoming heiress of all her father's estates and his barony, the barony of Poynings was merged in the superior dignity of Northumberland.

Sir Edward Poynings, uncle of the above Elizabeth, left only illegitimate children, of which one was Mary, who married Thomas, Lord Clinton, and was the mother of the first Earl of Lincoln. Her brother Thomas, though also illegitimate, was created Baron Poynings, and no bar sinister or other mark of illegitimacy seems to have been borne on his coat of arms.

Arms.—Barry of six or and vert, a bend gules.

DE QUINCY

Saier de Quincy, in the reign of Henry II., married Maud de St. Liz, the daughter of Waltheof (son of Syward the Saxon Earl) and Judith, niece of the Conqueror. Their eldest son Robert was a companion of Richard Cœur de Lion. Their second son, Saier, was created Earl of Winchester by King John, but afterwards joined the cause of the Barons, in which he distinguished himself so highly that he was one of the twenty-five chosen to enforce the observance of Magna Charta.



Hawyse (or Margaret), daughter of Robert de Quincy, married Baldwin Wake, who died in 1282, ancestor of Joan Plantagenet, the "Fair Maid of Kent;" from whom we descend through Elizabeth Morison.

Robert, the eldest son of Saier de Quincy, died in the Holy Land, leaving an only daughter, Margaret, who married John de Laci, Constable of Chester and Earl of Lincoln.

Roger, the second son of Saier de Quincy, succeeded his

father as Earl of Winchester. He married Helen, daughter and co-heir of Alan, Lord of Galloway, and became, in her right, Constable of Scotland.

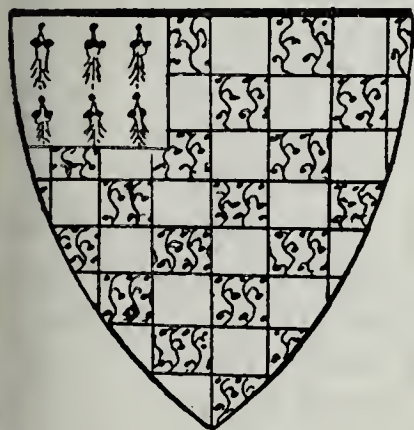
Ela or Elene, daughter of Roger de Quincy, in the time of Henry III., married Alan, Lord Zouche of Ashby, another ancestor of Elizabeth Morison.

Arms of Roger de Quincy and his descendants.—Gules, seven mascles or.

The arms of de Quincy are shown on the seal of FitzWalter, chief of the Barons.

RAINES OR REYNES

A family of landed property known in the fourteenth century to have owned West Newton and Wyton in Warwickshire, and at some period to have been seated at Clifton Reynes in Bucks. This family intermarried with those of Tyringham, Zouch, Morteyne, Scudamore, Tankerville and Chamberlayne.



Margaret Raines, whose mother was a Chamberlayne, married Norreys Fynes the Royalist and is buried at Wing with many of her descendants. One of her grandsons who died an infant was named Tankerville. See her epitaph on page

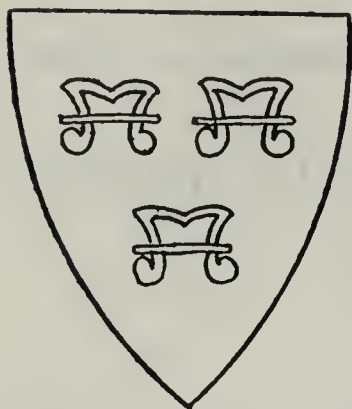
35. On her memorial tablet in Wing church are seen the arms of Chamberlayne, her mother's family; those of Raines have probably been defaced.

Arms of Raines or Reynes.—Chequy or and gules, a canton ermine.

Arms of Chamberlayne.—Gules, a chevron between three escallops or.

ROS OF HAMLAKE

Robert de Ros, a feudal lord, was the founder of the Castle of Hamlake in Yorkshire and also of the Castle of Werke, having inherited the Manor of Helmeslac (or Hamlake) from his great grandmother, daughter of the famous Walter Espec, who married Peter de Ros. Robert de Ros was one of the twenty-five Barons elected to enforce the observance of Magna Charta, and married Isabel, the daughter of William the Lion, King of Scotland, on the strength of which alliance his grandson William de Ros became one of the competitors for the throne of Scotland in the time of Edward I.



Robert de Ros accompanied King Richard I. to Normandy, where he had the misfortune to offend the king, who promptly put him in the custody of Hugh de Chaumont. This person trusted one William de Spiney with the prisoner, who contrived to escape from him at the Castle of Bonville. King Richard, however, fined de Ros £800 for his escapade, while the unfortunate de Spiney was hanged for his negligence.

Robert de Ros seems to have been a very religious man and once assumed the habit of a monk, although this retirement only lasted for a year. But at the end of his life he became a Knight Templar, and after endowing the order most munificently, was buried in the Temple Church, where his monument may be seen in the attitude of prayer. He is shown without a beard but with flowing hair; he is mailed in linked armour and his shield shows the three "water budgets," the family arms.

His daughter Margaret de Ros married Lord Grey de Ruthyn, and our descent from him is given under that title.

Alice, daughter of Lord Ros of Hamlake, married Geoffrey de Staunton in about 1240.

Milicent, daughter of William, Lord Ros of Hamlake, married William, Baron Deincourt in the time of Edward III.

Eleanor, eldest sister and co-heir of Edmund, Lord Ros of Hamlake, Triesbut and Belvoir, in the reign of Edward IV. married Sir Robert Manners and was ancestress to the Dukes of Rutland.

Thomas de Ros is the "Lord Ross" of Shakspeare's play of *King Richard II.*

Arms.—Gules, three water budgets argent.

SAY

The families of Say, Fienes and Clinton are so intermingled as to be practically identical up to a certain period.

John Monochus, ancestor of the Eures, de Vescis, Claverings, de Lacis and others, was also ancestor to the Barons Say, and William de Say in the time of Henry I. married Beatrix, daughter of William de Mandeville and sister of Geoffrey de Mandeville, the outlaw baron, from whom both Clintons and Fienes descend.

Hugh de Say, feudal lord of Richard's Castle in Herefordshire, flourished in the time of King John. He had a daughter, Isabel de Say, who married Hugh de Ferrers and was mother of Margery Ferrers, the wife of Robert Mortimer.

Geoffrey de Say was one of the twenty-five Barons chosen to enforce the observance of Magna Charta. He married Alice, daughter and co-heir of John de Cheney.

Fifth in descent from him was another Geoffrey de Say, who married Maud, daughter of Guy de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in about 1350; her sister Emma married Rowland de Odinsells, and her sister Isabel married John de Clinton.

Idonea, the daughter of this last Geoffrey, married John, third Lord Clinton, while another daughter, Joan, married Sir William Fienes.

The grandson of Joan de Say and Sir William Fienes became Lord Say and Sele by gift of his kinsman, John, fifth Baron Clinton and Say, who had married Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Fienes, Lord Dacre of the South. This conferring of the title of Say took place in the reign of Henry VI., but in spite of it, the Lords Clinton continued to use the title of Say, and Edward, the first Earl of Lincoln, was summoned to Parliament in the time of Edward VI. as "Baron Clinton and Say."

In 1624, William Fiennes was created Viscount "Say and Seal," and his grand-daughter, Elizabeth Fiennes, married John Twistleton, Esq. Fourth in descent from her was Thomas Twistleton, who was made Baron Say and Sele in 1781 and assumed the name and arms of Fiennes in addition to those of Twistleton. The Viscounty became extinct.

Bridget, daughter of William Fiennes, Lord Say and Sele, married Theophilus, fourth Earl of Lincoln, about 1616.

My Uncle Arthur, when asked by someone "Are you related to Lord Say and Sele?" replied, "*He* is related to *Me*."

A "Lord Say" beheaded by Jack Cade appears in Shakespeare's *King Henry VI.*, Act iv. Scene 7, and answers to James, second Baron Say and Sele.

Arms of Say.—Quarterly or and gules. They are borne

sixth on the Clinton shield. The present Lord Say and Sele quarters the arms of Fienes, but not those of Say.

SEGRAVE

A feudal family, known to fame from the time of Henry II. Although never rising above the rank of Baron, many of this race held high offices and intermarried with the most distinguished families of England.



Ellinor, daughter of Nicholas, Lord Segrave, married Alan, Lord Zouche of Ashby in the time of Edward I., and was grandmother of Robert, Lord Holland, the second of the three husbands of Joan Plantagenet (the "Fair Maid of Kent," afterwards wife of the Black Prince and mother of Richard II.), from whom we

descend through Elizabeth Morison.

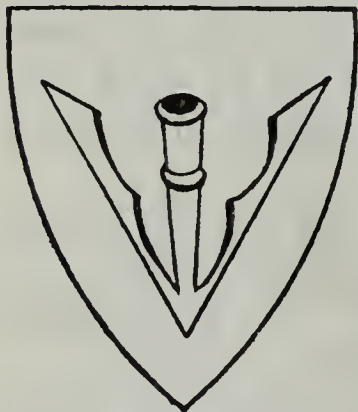
John de Segrave in the time of Edward III. married the Lady Margaret Plantagenet, grand-daughter of Edward I.

These two are ancestors of the Duke of Norfolk (through the family of Mowbray) and of the present Lord Petre, Lord Stourton and the Earl of Berkeley. We also descend from them through the Lady Anne Grey, grandmother of Elizabeth Morison.

Arms.—Sable, three garbs argent tied gules.

SIDNEY OF PENSHURST

The Sidneys, like many others, including ourselves, are derived from Gundrada, daughter of the Conqueror, who married William de Warrenne, Earl of Surrey.



Sir William Sydney was chamberlain to Henry II.

Another Sir William Sidney commanded troops at Flodden Field in the reign of Henry VIII.; his daughter Lucy married Sir James Harington, and their daughter Elinor Harington married Sir Henry Fynes otherwise Clinton, and is the subject of one of the letters written by King James I. to

the Earl of Lincoln, who had objected to his son's marriage. Lucy, Lady Harington, was aunt to Sir Philip Sidney.

Sir Philip Sidney was the son of Sir Henry Sidney, a man



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

From the miniature by Isaac Oliver at Windsor Castle



of most exalted character. Sir Philip himself captivated all his contemporaries by his charm and varied talents. He is described by Camden as "the great glory of his family, the great hope of mankind, the most lively pattern of virtue and the glory of the world." He was loved and admired by the choicest spirits of his age, and was intimate, among others, with Edmund Spenser the poet, who passed much time with him at Penshurst.

Many portraits were painted of him; the miniature by Isaac Oliver is one of the best known and represents him seated under a tree in the grounds of Wilton House, the home of his sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke. The circumstances of his death are known to every one. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Zutphen in 1585, and when being carried off the field of battle he asked for some water, which was with difficulty procured for him. But as he lifted the bottle to his lips, he saw a wounded soldier looking wistfully at it and at once passed it to him untasted, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." All England deplored his death, and his funeral was a day of general mourning. He was buried in St. Paul's, but his grave was destroyed with the Cathedral in the great fire.

Penshurst was granted to the Sidneys by Edward VI. Strangely enough, their descendants now own Ingleby Manor in Yorkshire, the old Eure property which was sold by my great-grandfather, John Mathews.

The Sidneys became merged in the family of Shelley (of which the poet was a member) and are now represented through a female line by Lord de l'Isle and Dudley.

Arms.—Or, a pheon azure.

STAFFORD

One of the great families of the Middle Ages, of which the present Lord Stafford (Jerningham) claims to be the representative, was that of Stafford. Members of this house have borne the titles of Baron Stafford, Earl of Stafford, Earl of Devon, Earl of Wiltshire and Duke of Buckingham; the first Duke of this name being fourth in descent from Anne, daughter of Thomas of Woodstock, fifth son of King Edward III.

The Dukes of Buckingham seemed marked out for misfortune, the first Duke, together with his father, his uncle and his son, all being killed at various times during the Wars of the Roses: the second and



third Dukes were both beheaded. The fate of Edward, the third and last Duke, is a matter of history ; he incurred not only the jealousy of his kinsman, King Henry VIII., who was suspicious of all the race of Plantagenet, but he became a victim to the enmity of Cardinal Wolsey. His dignified conduct during his trial and execution is well known.

The family of Stafford claimed descent from Ralph de Toney (or Tonbridge), who married Judith, daughter of Waltheof and great-niece of the Conqueror. He was also an ancestor of Fair Rosamund.

The branch of the Staffords from which we descend came from Ralph, who was created Earl of Stafford in the reign of Henry II. Anne, daughter of Sir Humphrey Stafford, married John, sixth Baron Clinton, in about 1480.

Humphrey de Stafford, first Duke of Buckingham, appears as a character in Shakspeare's plays of *King Henry VI.* and *King Richard III.*

Arms.—Or, a chevron gules within a bordure engrailed sable.

STAUNTON

The ancient family of Staunton is known to have been settled in Nottinghamshire in the time of Edward the Confessor.



In Domesday Book the manor of Staunton is mentioned as part of Orston, while Staunton Castle is the subject of a deed of the eleventh or twelfth century ; this structure, which was probably of wood surrounded by earthworks, has entirely disappeared, but undoubtedly the foundations of the present house date from very early times. The manor was held of William I. by Walter de Aincurt (Deincourt), and in 1086 it was held of the said Walter by Malger (or Mauger), who is regarded as the ancestor of the family of Staunton and their modern representatives. The Stauntons rendered feudal service to the lords of Belvoir, who were successively Robert de Toden the founder, the families of d'Albini and de Ros. The lands are still nominally held by the ancient tenure of " Castle Guard."

Malger stoutly and successfully defended Belvoir ; some say against William the Conqueror, others consider that the event took place in the reign of Stephen : however this may be, the



STAUNTON HALL



principal stronghold of Belvoir Castle is known as "Staunton's Tower." The curious old custom of the key of the stronghold being presented to royalty by the head of the house of Staunton still exists, and is more fully described on page 290.

A charter of William de Staunton of the time of Richard I., granting lands to one of his tenants, appoints him hereditary Fowler or keeper of hawks; these birds are shown to have cost a sum equal to fifteen shillings (of present money value) each per day—a considerable sum for a gentleman of those days to spend on that form of sport.

STAUNTON HALL stands on a slight eminence overlooking the Vale of Belvoir, between Newark and Grantham, not far from the Great North Road which runs through these towns. Staunton itself is remote from the world, and consists only of the Hall with its lands and dependences and the church and rectory; a chapel or chantry, affiliated to Orston, was formerly part of the domain, but has been removed.

The Hall is of most picturesque appearance, both on its north and south aspects, and is comfortable and stately within. The porch, mullioned windows and star-shaped chimney were added in 1560; the venerable black and white pavement of the entrance hall and the massive oaken front door are at least as old. On the right of the entrance is the Great Hall, where the family portraits are hung; they present an unbroken series from the time of the Civil War, at which time the soldiers of the Parliament besieged and took the Hall. The owner being a staunch and famous Royalist, the soldiers did not spare his house, but destroyed everything it contained; their bullets are still to be seen in the front door mentioned above.

An inventory taken in 1560 of the goods of Anthony Staunton (which only want of space prevents me from quoting in full) mentions "The Chamber, the Hye Chamber, the Parler, the buttre, a Cupborde, the Kytching," etc. In a similar one of 1582 of the goods of Robert Staunton, we find "The Parler, the Halle, the Littell Parler, the Galorie Chamber, the Newe chamber, the Greate chamber, the Nurserie chamber, the Arden chamber, the Maydes' chamber, the Workemens' chamber, the Milne, the Carters' chamber, the Mylke house, the Kitchen, the Butterie."

Among the contents of the house there is mention of "quisshins" (cushions), no doubt a necessary addition to the hard wooden chairs in use at that period. A large number of the rooms were furnished with "Stock bedd, stand bedd, trusse bedd with teaster and valance of Sattine, curtings, fether bedds, boulsters, pillows, blanketts, matrisses, coverlytts, trockel bed, cupbord, table, formes, cheares, buffyte stoules,

chysts," etc. There was also much "Lynnings," including sheets, "coberdclothes," and table linen described as "borde clothes" of "lynninge, diper and mydlen" and mentioning two "ouldons" (old ones), also sheets of flaxen, "hempine" and "harden," and a great quantity of spun thread of various kinds ready to be woven when required.

A large supply of silver and pewter comprised "Great platters, podingers, saults, chafindishes, trenshars, flaggynes of puther, centerseytts" and "19 sawssers 2 or 3 lackinge."

Personal apparel was also chronicled, and among other garments we find mention of—

"Dubletts, one of Sattan, one of taffatey and a nother of fushechine" (fustian).

"Slyvelese" (sleeveless) "jacketts vidz. on of blake vellvett on of blake satten and on of russells and a sleved cownt of clathe and a redd petycote."

"A cloke garded with vellvet and a gerkine of spenyshe lether" (a jerkin of Spanish leather).

"A velvet hatt and a vellvett cape" (cap).

"his chene of golde" valued at £17.

Staunton Hall, under the name of Willingham, is introduced by Sir Walter Scott into *The Heart of Midlothian*, and made the scene of one of Jeanie Deans's adventures. The "wayward and unhappy" George Staunton of the novel is an entirely fictitious character. An engraving of Staunton Hall and church is given in the Abbotsford edition of the Waverley novels.

A curious rhyming pedigree was made for the Staunton family in the sixteenth century by one Robert Cade; it consists of nearly 150 stanzas relating all their doughty deeds. This doggerel is printed in full in Thoroton's *History of Notts*. I quote here a few of the quaintest verses:

The two knights.

Yet warlike wightes with helmes on heades
In Staunton church do lie
Their soules, no doubt, for noble actes
Ascend the skies on hie.

Sir Henrie.

This Lord baron no yssue had,
We cannot remember his wife
Nor where his body tombed was
When death had cut off life.

Rev. John (ob. cir. 1400).

John his brother in like sorte too
Lies tumbled under a stone
The superscription may be seene
It is not all out gone.

Sir Thomas.

. . . Wed Alce, but yssue had they none
Which was small comfort then,
And in the churchyard lieth cold
Emonge the simple menne.

So much did he debase himself
To shew his humble minde
That wheresoever his body lay
God could his soule out finde.

Anthony (ob. 1569).

This Anthonie the brother of
Theis godlie children all
Buil'te Staunton's chimney as it stands
And Windowe in the hall ;

And soon after was laide down flatte
And chested under stone
Over whose tounge you may discern
That there lies such a one.

The deeds in existence relating to the Stauntons number over a thousand, and an excellent short history of the family has been compiled from them by Mr. G. W. Staunton (great-grand-son of my great-great-aunt, Elizabeth Brough, who assumed the name of Staunton on inheriting the estate), in collaboration with Mr. F. M. Stenton, M.A., part author of the *Victoria History of Notts*. Further information can also be found in *Memoirs of the Life and Family of Sir George Leonard Staunton* (1823) ; *Playfair's Family Antiquity* ; *Thoroton's History of Notts*. and *Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. xii. pp. 246-8. One of the earliest, and certainly the most curious of these documents, is the Deed of Manumission of Hugh Travers, in 1190, who went to the third Crusade in the place of William Staunton and was, by him, freed from his state of serfdom. Translated, it runs thus :

To all men who shall see or hear this writing William de Staunton sends greeting. Know ye that I, for the sake of charity, and for the safety of my soul and of the souls of my predecessors and successors, have made free Hugh Travers, son of Simon of Alverton, because he took the cross in my place, and that I, as regards myself and my heirs, have quit claimed him and his family for ever from every earthly service and exaction, and that I have granted him with all his family to God and the church of St. Mary of Staunton. Wherefore I will and grant that he and his family remain free for ever under the protection of God and St. Mary and the rector of the church of Staunton. Witnesses, William parson of Kilvington, Ralf de St Paul, Walter del Hou, Ranulf Morin,

Roger parson of Elston, William of Alverton, Henry his brother, Robert Russel, William the Breton, Gervase the clerk, Walter son of Gilbert.

A second charter exempts Travers from further service except to the King and bestows on him certain lands for which he is to render each year 1 lb. of frankincense and 1 lb. of cummin. In 1440 this land was held by Robert Brigford at the same curious rental, which is again scheduled in 1734.

Geoffrey de Staunton, who was alive in 1216, married Alice, the daughter of his overlord, Lord Ros of Hamlake.

Harvey de Staunton, who died in 1327 (son of Sir William de Staunton and his wife Athelina de Musters), was an eminent judge and was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Edward II. and Edward III. He founded Michael House in Cambridge, now part of Trinity College, and is buried in St. Michael's, Cambridge.

A seal of silver with an ivory stem, bearing the arms and motto of Staunton, is still in the possession of the family. It belonged to another Geoffrey de Staunton who affixed it to documents dated 1362.

The rent roll of Thomas Staunton, 1440, contains some very curious items, besides the frankincense and cummin already mentioned. I quote a few of them :

John Hopkynson pays a standing rent of one pound of pepper and one pound of cummin and four silver shillings and common suit every three weeks.

The same John Hopkynson . . . will ride in the Autumn to Scotland whenever the Lord shall ride there *in propria persona*.

Item a messuage with a croft belonging to the Rector of Staunton at a standing rent, and paying per annum, at the Feast of the Nativity, one pound of wax.

John Hopkynson . . . pays yearly one pair of shoes at the Feast of the Nativity of our Lord.

William Asche-well holds a messuage and a bovate and five acres of the Demesne, and pays per annum VIIs and common suit twice a year, and a goose, at the second court after the Feast of St Michael, and a shoulder of mutton, at the second court after the Feast of the Passion.

Mychell Samson . . . will go for the Lord into Scotland if necessity arise.

It will be convenient to quote here a few extracts from a much later Court "holden the 23rd April 1734 by Job Staunton Charlton, Lord of the Manor."

Henry Tailor, new tenant has done fealty.
(Three others similar.)





COL. WM. STAUNTON (1652)

The heirs of John Bradford Esquire for four half years' rents
at $\frac{3}{4}$ a year total $\frac{6}{8}$.

The same for two pounds of ffrankincense and the like weight
of Cummin Seeds, or six pounds each at the will of the Lord.

The right Honble the Earl of Oxford for 76 half years' rents,
76 pair of Gilded Spurs or 8d. a year at the will of the Lord.

The said Earle for sixty-four half years' rents at 1d. a year
total $\frac{2}{8}$.

The glebe land in Alverton, lately sold by the present
incumbent (1923), is still called the "Golden Spur."

In the time of Henry VII., Alice, daughter of Thomas
Staunton of Staunton Hall, married John Thorold of Marston
Hall. This couple were the ancestors of Anthony Thorold,
sometime Bishop of Winchester, who was an intimate friend of
my grandparents, besides being a distant kinsman.

COLONEL WILLIAM STAUNTON

The subject of the portrait is Col. William Staunton, one
of the most loyal and devoted of the adherents of King Charles
I., who sacrificed practically all he possessed to that unhappy
cause. Born in 1608, he lost his father when only five years
old and became ward to the Earl of Rutland, who, however,
sold the wardship to Matthew Palmer, a relation by marriage
to the Stauntons. This person seems to have feathered his
nest very comfortably during William's sixteen years' minority,
and presented his own son to the Rectory of Staunton. At the
age of twenty-two, William married Anne, daughter of Edmund
Waring of the Lea, Wolverhampton, a lady whose courage and
devotion proved equal to his own. Her portrait is given
herewith.

In the church of St. Michael's, Coventry, is a small monu-
ment bearing the Staunton arms, and an inscription, part of
which is as follows :

Out of these stones shall God rayse a childe of William Staunton
of Staunton, in Coun. Nott. Esq, and Anne his wife : who hear
offer up as holy to the Lord ye first fruit of ye Wombe, their eldest
daughter Fraunces, who performed her vow to forsake ye worlde,
Anno aetatis 7 An : salutis 1638. This is no monument of theyr
greife, but a memorial of that blessing, the guift whereof they so
loved that they helde even ye losse deare.

I cannot do better than quote Mr. G. W. Staunton's com-
ment on this touching epitaph : " Perhaps these words more

than any others will give the reader the best insight into the character of William Staunton and of his brave and devoted wife. It was with this disposition, at once loyal, courageous and patient, that William parted with his property, farm by farm, in the service of his unhappy King. Animated by the same feelings, Anne submitted to being driven from her beloved home, and saw her husband's possessions sequestered and laid waste. When in after years they returned to an estate which comprised but a few poor fields and a ruined home, they made no useless lamentations. At the Restoration their children experienced the usual fate of loyalists and obtained no recognition or return for the sacrifices their father had made, except perhaps, as Anne Charlton hopes, 'God's blessing upon so good a cause to his posterity.'"

When the Civil War broke out, Col. Staunton not only fought at Edgehill and other battles, but raised a regiment at his own cost of a thousand men and a troop of horse; a number of documents relating to this regiment are in existence, including Colonel's, Captain's and Lieutenant's commissions. While Col. Staunton was absent fighting for his King in 1645, Staunton Hall, which is entirely unfortified, was besieged by the Parliament troops. Mrs. Staunton defended it with the few retainers who were unfit to follow their master to the wars, but the enemy soon took the house—the massive front door still shows the marks of their assault—and the brave woman and her children fled in the night and took refuge in London, while the soldiers despoiled the house and estate, cutting down the timber and selling or destroying all the contents of the house, after which they proceeded to smash the monuments in the church.

Col. Staunton returned to his home after the surrender at Newark in 1646 and compounded with the Parliament, on the imposition of a heavy fine, which, however, he was unable to pay in full, owing to the condition of his property after the occupation of the enemy; many documents and some correspondence with the Commissioners show the lamentable state to which it had been reduced. He and his wife and family took up their residence again in their ruined home, and by selling part of what remained of the lordship and putting their sons into professions, they managed to live there quietly until the Colonel's death in 1656. He is buried in Staunton church, but has no monumental inscription.

In the corner of his portrait is an allegorical device, representing the crowned head of King Midas with the gold pieces which failed to satisfy his hunger, and surrounded by the words "O must I want in all"—a bitter commentary on the feelings of those who had sacrificed their all to the house of



ANNE WARING, WIFE OF COL. WM. STAUNTON



Stuart. His widow Anne, who had shown such courage and self-sacrifice in the royal cause, survived him for nearly thirty years. In 1660 she presented the following petition to Charles II., the original, in her own handwriting, being now in the possession of her descendants. It appears in her portrait, under her right hand.

PETITION OF ANNE STAUNTON.

July 1660.

To the King's most excellent Maty.

The humble petition of Anne Staunton, widow of Col. William Staunton, humbly sheweth

That her deceased husband did faithfully serve Yo'r Ma'tie's Royal Father from the time of his setting up the Standard at Nott. during all the times of the War, and at his own Charges and rayseed a Regiment of Foot and a Troop of Horse, and fought at Edge Hill, Branford, and in the Garrison of Newark till the place surrendered, and by this means was enforced to expose his house, estate, and family to the cruelty of the enemy, and to contract great debts by composition and other pressures which thereby occasioned the sale of most of his ancient paternal fortunes, and yo'r petitioner's jointure, so that she and her children were left in a deplorable condition.

Yo'r petitioner being thus disabled to support herself and children, she humbly beseecheth yo'r Ma'tie to be graciously pleased to confer upon Ralph Staunton, one of her younger sons, a Scholarship in the Charter House at the next Election.

And she shall ever pray for your Ma'tie's long and prosperous Reign.

Endorsed : " I know all this to be most true.

" G. H. SHELDON."

Ralph, the son referred to, became afterwards a scholar of Trinity, Cambridge, and Rector of Wilford. He died in 1694, aged forty-two, and was buried in St. Mary's, Nottingham.

The fragment of a letter to her grand-daughter, Anne Staunton, and described on page 286, was probably written by Mrs. William Staunton, though the surname has been torn off, leaving only the name " Ann." Her perplexities must have been increased by the prodigality of her eldest son, Major, who died in debt, young and unmarried. Her grand-daughter, Anne Staunton (Mrs. Gilbert Charlton), writes thus :

" Thus ye small remainder of ye Estate broken and encumbered by the then late Warrs was lessened by ye carelessness and extravagance of my uncle Major, who in less than four years expended £1,500 more than his income. He dyed Anno Domini 1660 in ye 28th year of his age.

" Thus Providence seemed to determine a final period to

ye name as well as estate wch happened to my father (Harvey Staunton) who succeeded him to his narrow estate and fortune . . . but it pleased God so to bless him that he married Anne ye sole heiress of George Cam, Gentleman, who was worth better than £9000 to him."

Mrs. Staunton's tomb is in Staunton church, and her epitaph is as follows, below a coat of arms supposed to be that of Waring (a chevron between three herons' or bitterns' heads erased two and one) impaled with the arms of Staunton :

Here lyeth Anne, the widow of the Honble Coll. William Staunton, daur. to Edmd. Wareing Esq. of Wolverhampton, in the Coun. of Stafford. She had 6 Sons and 7 daur. and dyed in the 74th year of her age (a widow 27 years) Novemb. the 13th Anno 1684.

Harvey, the second son of Col. and Mrs. Staunton, who succeeded his improvident brother Major to the diminished property, was the last male after an unbroken line of nearly six hundred years. He enjoyed the estate for twenty-eight years, living a quiet and retired life and bringing his property into a better condition. His epitaph in Staunton church merely gives the date of his death in February 1688-89. His wife was Anne, daughter and heiress of George Cam of Tuxford ; she seems to have died before her children were grown up—probably away from home, as her tomb is not among those in Staunton church.

Both the sons and two of the daughters of Harvey died as children, but he left four daughters, of whom the eldest, Anne (afterwards Mrs. Gilbert Charlton), inherited the estate, which was charged with a payment of £6000 to the other co-heirs.

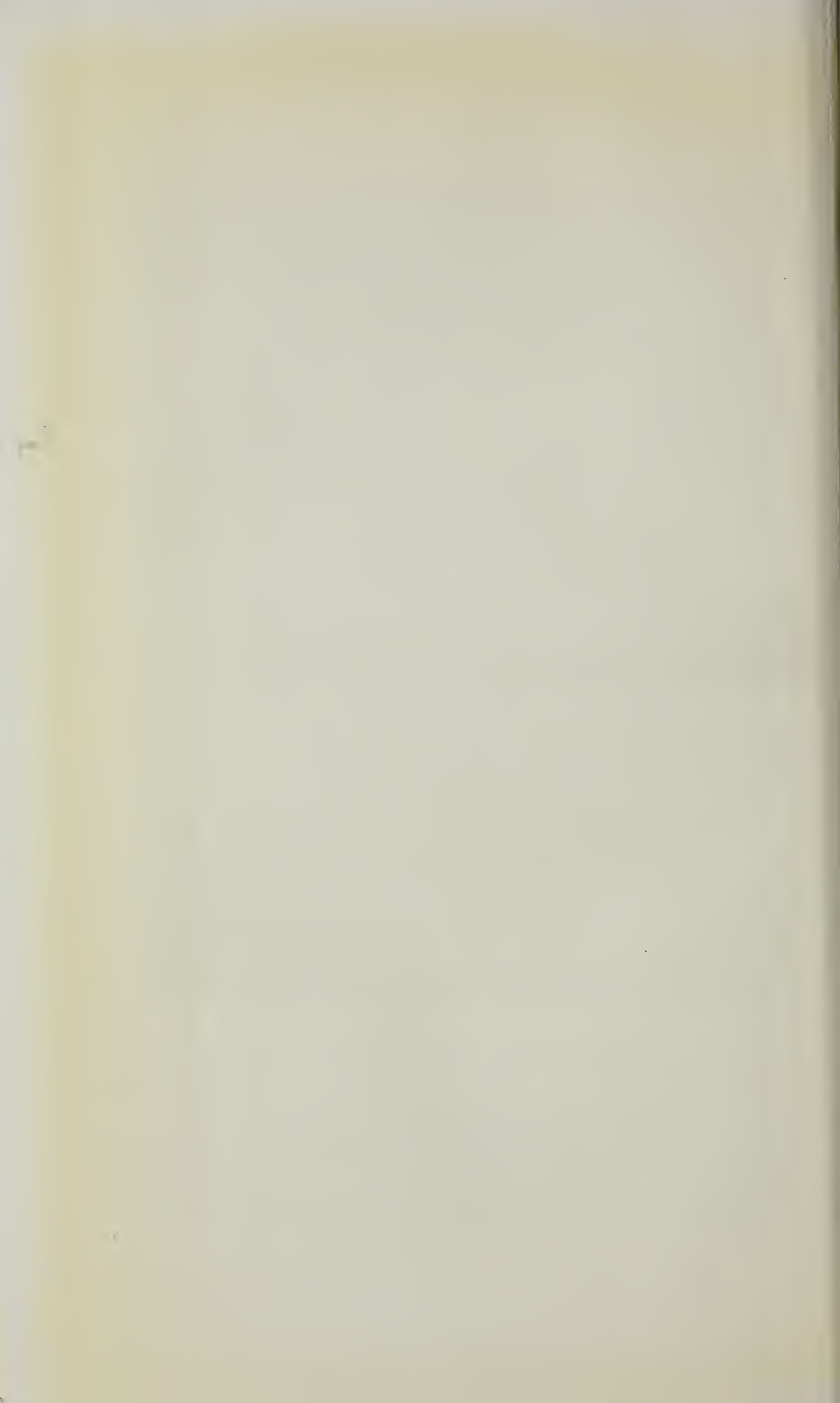
ANNE STAUNTON, MRS. GILBERT CHARLTON

Anne, the eldest daughter and eventual heiress of Harvey Staunton and his wife Anne Cam, was born in 1667. She apparently lost her mother, and as a young girl was left in charge of her father's house and her young brothers and sisters, the domestic matters being managed by an excellent house-keeper, possibly a kinswoman.

An insight into the household is afforded us by a mutilated letter written to Anne by her grandmother, in a beautiful, clear handwriting, but now without the address or date and signed only "Ann . . .," the surname having been torn off. The writer was most probably Mrs. William Staunton, widow of



ANNE STAUNTON, WIFE OF GILBERT CHARLTON



the Colonel, who died in 1684 at the age of seventy-three, at which time her grand-daughter Anne would be in her seventeenth year. The superscription is :

To My Respected Grand-daughter Mrs Anne Staunton at Staunton House This Sd presented.

The title of "Mrs." was given to spinsters as well as married women till a much later date.

The good grandmother feels it her duty to advise the young girl on matters of health and conduct.

"My dear Nanny," she begins, and after commenting on the family's health, speaks of "the pestialent disease [now at our] dores." Anne is to be prepared for the symptoms, "if any of the family quaik," have pains in their backs or "some exterordinary in ther head with aike," they are to be treated with "Redpowder," "you know the woman's doce, what will ly upon 6d.," "4d. ye child's."

"The ould inocent medson and good antidoat is [milk] warme from ye cowe, a poringer full." Other rather mysterious symptoms and cures follow; then "the eyes to be refreshed with Redrose water and safron feaw drops . . . and the eyes with small ragg cooled with it, onc or twice in 24 howers." "Warme it in your clean hand or in spoon." "I suppose you are in stock of safron: if it be spent, let me know."

The dear old lady is touchingly anxious not to hurt the girl's feelings. "My dear hart, take it not ille I seem to teach what, if you know [will serve to] remind if need be, and instruct if you did not." She soon harps again on her recipes. Something is to be "scraped fine and mixt with hony, a lick or too at a time will be [good for] the throat." Directions are also given as to "Low diat" and "modrat heat." The writer then passes to moral exhortation and begs the sisters to live in harmony. "I doupt not your sweet agreement with one a nother;" "bearing one a nother's failings;" "Sweet agreement to be m[aintained] of any thing among sisters,—I mean not any . . . ills between the littel ones, you must winn them by . . . and promises; never argew with them." In certain disputes they are to be referred to the housekeeper or governess, "to whom give my due respects; and I doupt not but you oblige her by all possible civilities," she not only securing the family a "quiat" life, but "preventing anything goe-ing out your Father loves to see, and his meat served hansom, and you nevar consarned in his displeasure, which is Evry way content."

Truly a treasure worth conciliating by "all possible civilities!"

"I shall not need to remind you of your daly devotions;

assure me you will nevar let slipe out of your memory those good principles your Dear Mother implanted from your infancy.”

“ Pardon this my tedious Epistle,” ends the letter, with
 “ the kindness and true affection of—Your Grandmother,
 “ ANN . . . ”

Anne compiled a wonderful book of recipes, bound in a very ingenious way to open from either back or front. One side contains her recipes for cookery and the other side those for surgery and medicine. The cookery recipes are lavish and rich ; very few twentieth-century digestions would be able to cope with the resulting dishes. The medicines comprise ingredients which would make most people prefer the disease they were intended to cure. After a decoction of “ grey snails ” we arrive at the following :

For ye Epilopsy.

Take the liver of a black puppy, pound in a mortar, put in a glass of Canary and sweeten it with Syrup of Violets. Give it as near as may be imagined before the Invasion of the Fit.

There seems, however, a good deal of common sense in many of the directions as to the prevention and cure of ordinary ills.

This book has been so well preserved that it is in a condition as perfect as when Anne Staunton copied out her varied recipes in her clear, bold handwriting, over two hundred and forty years ago.

Anne’s father, Harvey Staunton, died in 1689, and some five or six years later she married Gilbert, the second son of Sir Job Charlton. Her husband was three years younger than herself ; he died in 1706 at the age of thirty-six, leaving her with two sons and two surviving daughters ; these are described in the article on Charlton.

It is interesting to note that Anne’s eldest child, Lettice, was born and died at Ludford, the seat of her father-in-law, Sir Job Charlton.

Anne was a person of character and ability. She managed her own estate of Staunton and some Charlton property held in trust for her children, with capability and judgment. Her portrait, now hanging in the great hall at Staunton, suggests a woman of alertness and decision ; her blue and orange draperies and her upright and rather stiff carriage, are characteristic of the age in which she lived. She spent the greater part of her life at Staunton Hall, but she also owned a house at Lincoln, to which she may possibly have retired when her son married.

A letter exists, written to her by her husband's cousin, Robert Waring, in 1716-17, concerning some dispute over certain property, in which mention is made of a visit to Oldbury, the seat of the family of Lettice Waring, second wife of Sir Job Charlton. The letter is addressed to—

“ The Honrd Mrs. Charlton
Att her house in the Minster Churchyard in
Lincoln.”

Mrs. Charlton was the author of the records of the earlier members of the ancient family of Staunton, of which her father, Harvey Staunton, was the last male.

Part of a letter from Mrs. Charlton to her London solicitors is here quoted ; it is sealed with the Staunton arms alone and dated 1717. The handwriting is bold and free, and the forms of expression much more modern in character than those of her grandmother in the letter written some thirty-five years earlier.

*Extracts from a letter of Anne (Staunton), Mrs. Gilbert
Charlton, to her solicitor.*

“ Hon^{ed} Sir,

“ STAUNTON, *June ye 8th 1717.*

“ On Satterday ye 12th inst. or sooner (in case I can send them by ye Stage Coach) you will receive all Deeds relating to ye Welch Estate and ye Copsy of my Marriage Articles . . . etc.

“ Ten years have produced several alterations in my family as well as personal Estate, for both my dau^{rs} Emma and Anne are lately married, therefore thought it materiall to send you Mr. Charlton's Will, in which you will find my son Lodington's release for my Dau^{r's} portion, shee is now near 20 years of age.

“ I have also sent you a Copsy of a Mortgage for Eight hundred pounds due to my son-in-law [Richard] Brough for ye remainder of his wife's (my dau^r Anne's) portion ; he will upon payment thereof release me in likewise as my son Lodington hath done, shee is now near 19 years of age.

“ Mr. Brough hath upon his settlem^{ts} of marriage given a receipt for £1000 in full of his wife's portion of w^{ch} this mortgage is part ; ye former hath a Dau^r and ye latter near having a child, I mention this y^t you may observe thereby ye remoteness of Bro^r Charlton's remainder.

“ My eldest son, Job Staunton Charlton, is 17 years of age and now wth me and privy to ye whole afaire and fully satisfied of ye advantage as well as conveynience of ye change of Estates. I have ye tuition of him and his . . . till he is at age : w^{ch} I dare say he will never desire to alter.

“ My youngest son, Gilbert Charlton, is now near 13 years of

age ; and what remaines of ye personal Estate being in plate and household stuff : and some debts y^t I fear [will] not be paid time enough to be of any service to us in ye purchase of ye Lincoln^{re} Estate.

“ And in regard y^t this will reach you sooner yⁿ what I shall send by ye Carryer, I thought fitt to acquaint you . . . [etc.].

“ The Welch Estate is let at £130 per annum, cost Sir J. Charlton £2000 in 1686 or 7 : and now sold for £2350 without any deductions for Chief R^{ts} to Lord Powis w^{ch} is near £2 per Annum and not capable of any improvement at ye vast distance it is from this plaice.

“ You will find by comparisons y^t all I have alledged is matter of fact and really true . . . [etc.]. I have concealed not anything from you and should rejoyce to see an end of this troublesome afaire as it hath been heitherto to Yo^r most humble serv^{nt},

A. CHARLTON.”

We descend through her youngest daughter Anne, who married Richard Brough of Thoroton (see article on Brough) ; the present owners of Staunton who bear the name and arms of Staunton assumed them under the will of Miss Anne Charlton in 1807, their descent from the old families of Staunton, Charlton and Brough being exactly the same as our own.

STAUNTON CHURCH adjoins the Hall and is of thrilling interest to one who can stand in it and know himself to be descended from almost every grain of dust that rests beneath its stones.

On the north side is an aisle almost as large as the nave itself, called St. Laurence Choir, containing a number of ancient monuments, of which the oldest are supposed to be the tombs of the two Malgers ; the inscriptions are no longer legible. There are several stone effigies, some of them very curious : time has dealt more kindly with them than Cromwell's soldiers, who broke and destroyed all they were able to. These tombs are engraved and described in Thoroton's *History of Notts*. Some of the more modern epitaphs are quoted here in the articles on Staunton, Charlton and Brough. The ancient Rectory has been replaced by a modern house.

KEY OF STAUNTON'S TOWER, BELVOIR CASTLE

In the *Memoirs of the Life and Family of the late Sir George Leonard Staunton, Bart.* (1823), these words occur :

“ The chief stronghold of Belvoir Castle is an outwork of

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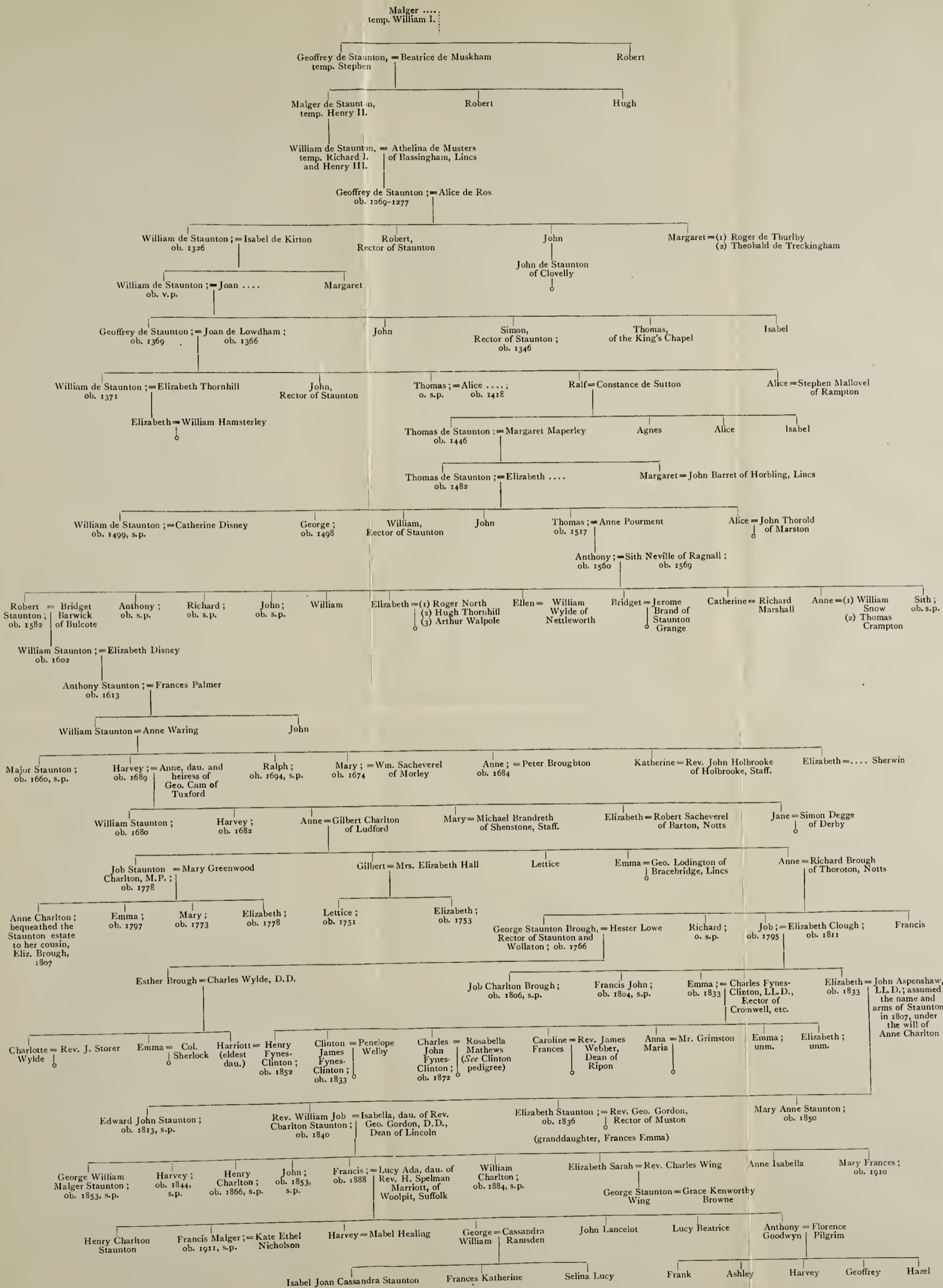
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STAUNTON OF STAUNTON



defence called Staunton's Tower, the command of which is held by the family of the Stauntons by tenure of Castle Guard and by which they were anciently required to appear with soldiers for the defence of that strong post, in case of danger, or if required, to be called upon by the lord of the Castle."

From the time of the original Malger, the valiant defender of the tower, the ancient custom has prevailed of the presentation of the gold key of the stronghold, by the head of the house of Staunton, to every royal person who visits Belvoir. The last presentation was made to King Edward VII. when Prince of Wales in 1866, and the ceremony was carried out by the owner of Staunton at that time, the Rev. Francis Staunton, father of the present owner, by virtue of his tenure of Castle Guard. Appropriate speeches always accompany the presentation, of which the rough drafts are kept as a guide to the next occasion. The speech made to Queen Victoria in 1854 by the Rev. W. Job Charlton Staunton was as follows :

" May it please your Majesty, with humble submission I present to your Majesty the key of the strongest Tower of this antient and splendid Castle, by which I hold my lands by Castle Guard.

" This key, my Father had the honor of presenting to his most Gracious Majesty George the fourth of blessed memory, under whose and former reigns we have received, by Divine Providence, so many blessings. Having the example of the Most Noble Duke of this magnificent Castle before us, I trust we shall ever be found zealous to defend our Gracious Queen and every branch of the Royal family."

The key was presented to the Duke of Cambridge in 1839 and to Queen Adelaide in the same year : the draft bears a note in pencil—" omitting about George IV." Dr. Staunton (*alias* Aspenshaw) presented the key to George IV. when Prince Regent, at the christening of the Marquess of Granby in 1814.

The Staunton arms were anciently, Argent, two chevrons sable (as I have rendered them), but the later examples are generally given as Argent, two *chevronnels* sable.

The crest is a fox proper charged with a quatrefoil argent.

The motto is " En Die ma Fie."

NOTE.—Clause XXXIV. of Magna Charta relates to Castle Guard :

" No constable shall distrain any knight to give money for castle-guard, if he himself will do it in his own person, or by any other able man, in case he is hindered by any reasonable cause."

and Clause XXXV.:

“ And if we lead him or send him into the army, he shall be free from castle-guard, for the time he shall be in the army—by our command.”

Among the Staunton papers are several letters of the time of Charles II. which were written by members of the Staunton family or addressed to them by near friends or kinsmen. The writers cannot be identified with any certainty.

The following letter was written by John Whitfield to his tutor, Nathaniel Greenwood, B.A., Junior Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, who was probably uncle of Mrs. Job Staunton Charlton. It describes the arrival of Mary of Modena, the second wife of the Duke of York, afterwards King James II., and mother of the Old Pretender. The new Duchess was fourteen years of age, and the marriage was very unpopular on account of her religion, Catholics being regarded by the majority in the country with dread and suspicion.

“ HATTON GARDEN,

“ *Novem^r ye 27, 1673.*

“ Sr,

“ I rec^d yours the last night and resolved now to answer your request as to the reception of the Dutchess, although I can informe you of little more than the Gazette does, not so much perhaps as your constant letter will. It is said (the Duke going to wait on her before she came to the shoar) that she cast herself on her knees from which he soon raised her, and then she imbraced him with a great deale of freedome and earnestness, that the landing was about 4, they were married about 5 and went to bed about 7 or 8. What civillity she mett with in her journey I know not, but I think there was not very much cerimony used here, for she came not through the Citty but by Water, with about 6 or 7 Barges, and a pritty many Oars, the Guns were fired at the Tower as she came by and some Bells near the Court did ring, but none in the Citty.

“ A great many went out of Curiosity to see her and they say she is very tall, well proportioned and not unhansome, I have not yet seen her myself nor am I very desirous of it, except she were like to be the Author of more good to us than I doubt she will.

“ Some say that the King sent to the Ld. Mayor that the Citty should be hung (as it used to be at the publick entrys of so considerable persons with Tapistry) and that he answered if his Ma^{tie} pleased it should be hung with mourning, but this I hardly credit: but many affirm, that my Ld. desired she might not come through the Citty for fear some affront might be put on her by the unruly [mob].

“ She is now at St. James’ where the Lodgings were new [prepared] for her . . . and very fine ; so much for [the Dutchess].

“ There is a dis[course] of a new Treaty concluded lately with France to continue for a year, what the Articles are I hear not more than that we are to have 300,000 livres which some say is already come, and if this be [true] there is no probability of the Parliament meeting, and great odds are allready offered to be laid on it which is a great trouble to us here, believing them to be the greatest bulwark we have against the now increasing religion called Popery, and would give a greater blow to it than all the books the witt of man can devise, though that course is taken too, for some smart books are allready come out and more it is said are coming.

“ I wish when you make your choice of a Parliament man that you chuse the man of all the Candidates that may be the most able and willing to serve his Country, Church and University and I doubt not but such an one will have your vote.

“ The news of all your friends healths here and the offer of their severall respects to you shall conclude this from—Your
faithfull servant and Pupill,
JO. WHITFIELD.

“ To Mr. Nath: Greenwood
“ B.A. and Junior Fellow
“ of Brasen: nose Colledg
“ in Oxon
“ This present ”

Another fragment of a letter of the same period, in a handwriting closely resembling that of Anne, Mrs. William Staunton, begins “ Dear Betty,” and after a few ordinary remarks the writer describes the deplorable state of the weather. “ Thank the watery planets, she sees me a littel indisposed with ruhmes ” : “ I pity yo^u both that have such weather to laye in ; God graunt better ; our house like Deucalion’s boat, water envirions round.”

There has evidently been a death and funeral ceremonies ; mourning and presentation rings and jewellery have to be provided. “ For the measur yo^u aske, by the bodys of my gown it is 3 quarters and halfe quarter that meets about me in brest ; then the open at yo^r tailour’s discretion ; if Coz Lasells [?] will make the rings for what yo^u say I think he deales fairly, I would have them matched as yo^r Uncle Will was, if he will have something more, for the Locket let it opene if nothing in it, if yo^u give 2 or 3 shilings more without Scull and boans : we may find something is fixt to put in : how doth yo^r Cake bread hold out ? . . . ”

A letter was written on the back of the above fragment, which had been cut with a pair of scissors to the required size. The writer and his wife, to whom he seemed so tenderly attached, cannot be absolutely identified, but were near kinsmen of Col. William Staunton and his wife (Anne Waring). I quote it below :

“ My dearest Bessy,

“ *May 6th.*

“ Thy May day Letter came but this morn, the expectation of it very tedious to me, lay hold of first season and opportunity for thy chief businesse ; I’le be content to wait till that be over, else thy journey toylsome to thy self, and not satisfactory to me ; if water and ill wind will not betwixt us, it is odds I should be with thee quickly ; remember to write if thou hast not already to Bold’s Mother to be Left att Aston, Kitty nothing of clothes thence, make what convenient expedition thou canst to me, for I enjoy nothing without thee : I hope I shall never be so long from thee whylst I live ; Mother desires that what you buy for Kitty may be fashionably strong and likelier for service than Cozen Mary’s pattern. Let me kisse thy hand as oft as I may, and if it were possible that will more endear, thy intire and most affectionate Billy whylst

“ W. HOLBROOK.”

Katherine, daughter of William Staunton and Anne Waring, married Rev. John Holbrooke ; she is probably the “ Kitty ” of the letter, but who Bessy and Billy were exactly we have no means of knowing.

STOURTON

The family of Stourton was of importance before the Conquest, and Botolph Stourton disputed every inch of ground with the Norman conquerors, finally making his own terms with William.

They also descend from Margaret, grand-daughter of Edward I. and his second wife Margaret, daughter of Philippe III. of France, called “ le hardi.”

Ursula, daughter of William, sixth Baron Stourton, married, as his second wife, Edward Clinton, first Earl of Lincoln, and is the ancestress of all the branches of

the Clinton family except Lord Say and Sele.

Charles, seventh Lord Stourton, the brother of the Countess



of Lincoln, committed a horrible murder and was hanged in a silken halter in the market-place at Salisbury in 1556.

This family is still extant, and the twentieth Baron Stourton has now revived the Baronies of Mowbray and Segrave which were in abeyance, and bears these three titles.

Arms.—Sable, a bend or between six fountains proper.

THOMPSON

This is the same family as that of Baron Wenlock and the Baronets Meysey-Thompson. They are traced back at least as far as the time of Edward IV.



Martha, who appears to have been the daughter of George Thompson, Esq., and Martha Lowther, aunt of the first Earl of Lonsdale, married Norreys Fynes, the last of the three of that name. Norreys was appointed Governor of Jamaica, but did not live to take up his post. He and Martha Thompson were the parents of my great-grandfather, Dr. Charles Fynes-

Clinton, Rector of Cromwell and St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Arms.—Per fesse argent and sable a fesse embattled counter-embattled between three falcons counterchanged belled and jessed or.

TREFUSIS. BARON CLINTON

The Barony of Clinton has twice been in abeyance. The branch from which the present family of Trefusis descends came from Thomas, third Earl of Lincoln, eldest son of the second Earl and his first wife, Catherine Hastings. Thomas, the third Earl, was half-brother to Sir Henry Fynes, and the two seem to have had continual disputes about their inheritance, as may be read in the memoir of Sir Henry Fynes, written by himself.



Theophilus, the fourth Earl, was succeeded by his grandson Thomas, who became thirteenth Baron Clinton and fifth Earl of Lincoln, but died without issue. The Barony then fell into abeyance between the descendants of the two daughters of Theophilus, but

was revived in favour of Hugh Fortescue, descendant of Bridget, one of the daughters of the fourth Earl. He became fourteenth Baron, but died unmarried. The Barony was again in abeyance and again revived in the person of Robert Trefusis, descendant of Isabella, second daughter of Theophilus, the fourth Earl, who had married Robert Rolle, said to be the wealthiest commoner of his time, and the Barony continues in the Trefusis family.

Arms of Trefusis.—Argent a chevron between three spindles sable.

Arms of Rolle.—⁰²On a bar dancetté between three billets azure charged with as many lions rampant of the first, three bezants.

TYSON

Geafry Tyson, the Saxon Lord of Maulton, Alnwick, Bridlington and Walton, was a powerful chieftain from the time of Canute until the reign of Henry I. At the Conquest he was accounted by William I. one of the Saxon nobles who were too strong to be interfered with. His only son, William Tyson, joined Harold in resisting the Norman invaders, and was killed at the battle of Hastings, leaving a young daughter, who became the heir to her grandfather's great possessions.

William the Conqueror, not being able to deprive Geafry Tyson of his lands so as to bestow them on his favourite Norman knights, bethought him of another method of obtaining them. He selected one of his most celebrated soldiers, Ivo de Vesci, and married him to the young Saxon heiress, so that at old Geafry's death his broad lands passed to the Norman family; the Castle of Maulton remained in the possession of their descendants until the eighteenth century. This heiress was Alda Tyson, wife of Ivo de Vesci and ancestress of the families of de Vesci, de Aton, Claving, Eure and others.

Ivo and Alda had an only child, Beatrice de Vesci, who married Eustace FitzJohn, the second son of John Monochus. (See the articles on de Aton, de Vesci and Eure.)

It is doubted whether hereditary coat armour existed so long ago as the time of Geafry Tyson; the coat attributed to him, however, has been borne by the Eure family from time immemorial. It is quartered eighth on the Eure shield and thirteenth on the Mathews shield.

Arms.—Vert, three lions rampant argent, collared or, and with chains attached to the collars pendant over the loins and ending in rings.

DE VERE

The family of de Vere is one of the most celebrated and ancient in the country, and their pedigree is carried back to Noah! The



very name "Vere de Vere" is a synonym for the bluest of blue blood. Among their once vast possessions was Cheniston, now Kensington, and De Vere Gardens perpetuates the memory of one of the lordships held by them.

Aubrey de Vere was created Earl of Oxford by the Empress Maud in 1135, and the Earldom passed through twenty generations, only becoming extinct in 1702.

Among other titles held by members of this family was that of Baron Vere (1299); Baron Vere of Tilbury (1625); Sir Vere de Vere, Bart. (1784), of the Curragh, whose son, Sir Aubrey de Vere, was the author of "Julian the Apostate" and other poems, and whose grandson, Aubrey de Vere, was a well-known poet, author of "The Infant Bridal" and many other poems of a high order of merit. This last Aubrey was not only a gifted poet, but a man of singular charm and refinement; he died between twenty and thirty years ago.

A legend is told of the origin of the mullet or star which is borne on the first quarter of the de Vere coat of arms. A party of Crusaders in Palestine were overtaken by darkness and in great danger of being lost and falling into the hands of the enemy, when a miraculous light appeared and concentrated itself in the form of a star on the shield of de Vere, who was thus enabled to lead all his companions into safety. The star was adopted by the de Veres as a device on their shield from that time forth.

In common with all the other families of the ancient nobility, we have numerous links with the de Veres; I name a few of them here.

Rohesia, daughter of Alberic de Vere, married Geoffrey de Mandeville, the outlaw Baron, Earl of Essex, in the time of Stephen, grandson of William de Magnavil, ancestor of the Clintons, Fienes and Says.

Alberic's son, another Alberic, was Lord High Chamberlain to King Henry I., and married Adeliza, daughter of Henry de Essex, ancestor of the Eures.

John de Vere, seventh Earl of Oxford, who died in 1306, married Maud, sister and heiress of Giles, Lord Badlesmere, ancestor of Elizabeth Morison.

Their daughter Margaret married Sir John Devereux, Knt., one of the descendants of William de Longespée and the Countess of Salisbury.

Joan, daughter of John de Vere, twelfth Earl of Oxford, married Sir William Norris or Norreys, Knt., about 1480.

Mary, daughter of John, sixteenth Earl of Oxford, married Peregrine Bertie, tenth Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, who was closely connected with the families of Norreys, Dormer and Eure.

Bridget, daughter of Edward, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, married Francis, Lord Norreys of Rycote, in the time of Elizabeth.

Sir Horatio de Vere, first Baron Vere of Tilbury, was the father of Elizabeth who married John Holles, second Earl of Clare, the uncle of Thomas Pelham, first Duke of Newcastle.

John de Vere, twelfth Earl of Oxford, appears as a character in Shakspeare's plays, *King Henry VI.* Part III., and *King Richard II.*

Arms.—Quarterly gules and or, in the dexter chief quarter a mullet argent.

DE VESCI

The family of de Vesci claims descent from Charlemagne through his fifth son, the Duke of Ingleheim.

Beatrice de Vesci, great-grand-daughter of the noble Saxon, Geafry Tyson, and grand-daughter of William Tyson, slain at the battle of Hastings, married Eustace FitzJohn, ancestor of the Eures.

Eustace, Lord of Vesci and Alnwick, was one of the twenty-five Barons chosen to enforce the observance of Magna Charta; he married Margaret, daughter of William the Lion and sister of Alexander, kings of Scotland. He died in 1216.

His grandson, William de Vesci, was a claimant for the throne of Scotland in the reign of Edward I., by right of his grandmother, the said Margaret. William de Vesci, who died in 1253, married Isabel, a daughter of William de Longespée, Earl of Salisbury, but had no issue. He married as his second wife, Agnes, daughter of William de Ferrers, Earl of Derby.

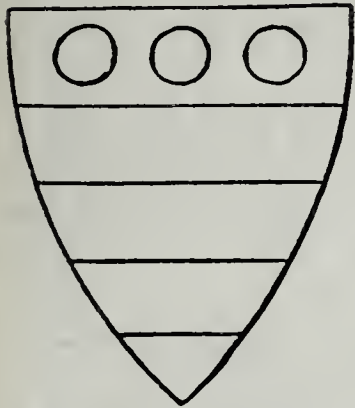
(See the article on "de Aton," which shows how the two families became merged in each other.)

The arms of de Vesci are quartered seventh on the Eure shield and twelfth on the Mathews shield.

Or, a cross sable.

WAKE

The Wake family is of Saxon or Anglo-Danish origin and claims descent from the famous Hereward le Wake, who fought against William the Conqueror and made terms with him. Archbishop Wake, a scion of the race, born in 1657, wrote a history of the family and chronicled the deeds of Hereward, and Charles Kingsley founded his novel on that work.



Hereward was supposed to be the second son of Earl Leofric and Lady Godiva of Coventry fame, who in their turn traced their origin to the Scandinavian kings, and

through them to the gods Thor, Woden and others.

The arms of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, were "Or, an eagle displayed sable"; his connection with the Wakes is supposed to be more or less mythical.

Baldwin Wake, in the time of Henry III., married Hawise, daughter and heir of Robert de Quincy.

Margaret, daughter of John Lord Wake, married Edmund Plantagenet, son of Edward I. and Margaret of France, and they were the parents of the Lady Joan Plantagenet, the "Fair Maid of Kent," who married, first, Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent (from whom we descend through Elizabeth Morison); Lady Joan married, secondly, The Black Prince, by whom she was mother to King Richard II.

The Wake family is still extant and owns a long and splendid pedigree; the names "Hereward" and "Baldwin" are perpetuated in succeeding generations.

The crest of the Wakes is the celebrated "Wake's knot."

Arms.—Or, two bars gules, in chief three torteaux.

WALKER

This family is of great antiquity, and according to Burke's *Landed Gentry* the Walkers were large landowners for many generations, among their possessions being the Manors of Studley, Berkswell, Middleton and Blythe Hall.

William Walker of Doncaster married Elizabeth Kaye, grand-daughter of Elizabeth Eure (see the article on Kaye), and their daughter and co-heiress Susanna married John

Mathews of Stokesley, my great-great-grandfather, and brought to him her share of the Eure estates, including the manor and ancient mansion of Easby, part of the heritage of Ada de Baliol.

The portrait shows Susanna Walker as a sweet-looking, prim little miss of about eight years old, in a costume whose stiff bodice and heavy velvet train seem more suited to her grandmother than to so young a child.

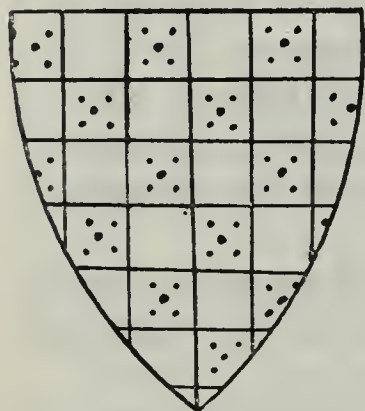
Samuel Walker of Blythe Hall married Elizabeth, daughter of John Palmes, Esq., a kinsman of the William Palmes who was the husband of Mary Eure, daughter of Col. William Eure who fell at Marston Moor in 1644.

Arms.—(1) Argent a chevron between three crescents azure.
(2) Argent a pale lozengy gules.

They are the second quartering on the Mathews coat of arms.

DE WARRENNE

Gundrada, daughter of the Conqueror, married William de Warrenne, Earl of Surrey, a near kinsman of William, who gave him immense estates. He and Gundrada founded the Priory of Lewes and they were both buried there, but the Priory became a complete ruin and their tombs disappeared. However, when the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway was made in 1845, the line was carried through part of the ancient Priory and the remains of de Warrenne and Gundrada were discovered and removed to Southover



Church, where their tombs may now be seen.

On the night that Earl de Warrenne died, the Prior of Lewes had a vivid dream in which he thought he heard de Warrenne shriek as the Devil carried him away. Arguing from this incident that the Earl was probably damned, the Prior thought it safer to refuse the munificent bequest de Warrenne had made to the Priory.

Edith, daughter of William de Warrenne and Gundrada, married Drew de Monceaux, ancestor of the Fienes.

Beatrix, grand-daughter of William and Gundrada, married Hubert de Burgh, and her sister married Henry, son of David, King of Scotland, in about 1130.

The great-grand-daughter of William and Gundrada, Isabel de Warrenne, married, first, William de Blois, natural son



SUSANNA WALKER

of King Stephen, and second, Hameline Plantagenet, natural brother to King Henry II.

Isabel, great-grand-daughter of Isabel de Warrenne and her second husband, married John de Baliol, King of Scotland, while her sister Eleanor married Henry Percy, ancestor of Hotspur.

The FitzAlan family descends from de Warrenne and Gundrada, and the Duke of Norfolk is also Earl of Surrey and quarters the de Warrenne arms.

Chequy or and azure.

WILKINSON

The first wife of my great-grandfather, John Mathews, was Hannah, daughter of John Wilkinson of Whitby, who owned property in several places, including Waltham le Willows and Stokesley, where part of the old Eure property was situated, so that his domain must have adjoined that of my great-grandfather.



The Wilkinsons were a Quaker family of great wealth, and Hannah Wilkinson, having been brought up in the Quaker community, was baptized after her marriage. She was the mother of my great-uncle, Wilkinson Mathews, and my great-aunts Susanna, Mrs. Middlemore, Hannah, Mrs. Farrington and Maria, Mrs. Baldwin (the half-brother and sisters of my grandmother, Rosabella Mathews, Mrs. Fynes-Clinton).

Kendal Fynes, the son and heir of Norreys Fynes the non-juror, married Frances Wilkinson early in the eighteenth century.

Arms of Wilkinson.—Gules a fesse vair, in chief a unicorn passant argent.

WILLOUGHBY

The family of Willoughby, which is said to be derived from Sir John de Willoughby, one of the Conqueror's knights, divided into three branches of equal eminence; these are Willoughby d'Eresby, Willoughby de Broke and Willoughby of Parham.



The families of Willoughby, Bertie, Norreys and Dormer are so closely intermingled that it is not easy to keep any distinction between them.

Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Christopher Willoughby, the father of the first Baron Willoughby d'Eresby, married William, first Lord Eure, about 1506.

Charles, second Baron Willoughby of Parham, married Margaret, daughter of Edward Clinton, first Earl of Lincoln.

George, seventh Baron Willoughby of Parham, married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Henry Fynes, otherwise Clinton, elder son of Sir Henry, called Fynes (son of the second Earl of Lincoln and Elizabeth Morison), and niece of Norreys Fynes the Royalist.

Their daughter Elizabeth married the Hon. James Bertie, second son of the first Earl of Abingdon.

William, fifth Baron Willoughby d'Eresby, is probably the "Lord Willoughby" of Shakspeare's *King Richard II.*

(Compare articles on Dormer, Norreys and Bertie.)

Arms.—First and fourth, or fretty azure; second and third, sable, a cross engrailed or.

WRIGHT

My great-grandmother, Mrs. John Mathews No. 2, was Anne, daughter of Stephen Wright and one of his seventeen children.

Part of the property of the Wright family was Whitley Park in Northumberland, now the flourishing Whitley Bay; and Wallsend, so called from being situated at the end of Hadrian's Wall, between Newcastle and North Shields. On their Wallsend estate was found the famous coal which bears that name. The result of this find of coal was that my great-



JOHN WRIGHT

grandmother's three brothers, John, Stephen and Thomas Wright, became immensely wealthy, and were reputed at one time the richest commoners in England. I am told they were well known in the racing world, and they were all three members of the Pitt Club, an exclusive institution.

No portrait of Stephen Wright is forthcoming, but the miniature here reproduced shows John Wright, his eldest son, as a young man. John's wife was Lydia, daughter of Atkinson Clarke, Esq., of Belford Hall.

The Wrights were related to the Fenwicks of Bishopswearmouth, the Metcalfes and the Robsons. The daughter of my great-great-aunt Harrison (another daughter of Stephen Wright, whose portrait will be found on p. 98) became Mrs. Robson, and was the mother of Mrs. Temple, whose husband, a famous barrister, a Q.C. and Fellow of Trinity, brought her into such constant pecuniary difficulties; the Temples lived in Gower Street in great grandeur, but were sometimes without food or servants, and at other times giving magnificent banquets regardless of cost. Mother once, as a girl, inadvertently admitted bailiffs into their house.

As to the connection with the Metcalfe family, I am ignorant beyond the fact that my great-grandmother used to allude to a kinsman of hers as "That dilly-dothering William Metcalfe."

Certain of the wealthy Wrights fitted out at their own cost a ship to carry the sinews of war to our troops in the Crimea.

The Wrights were a very long-lived race, and many of them attained ages of ninety and upwards. Great-great-aunt Harrison lived to ninety-nine and nine months.

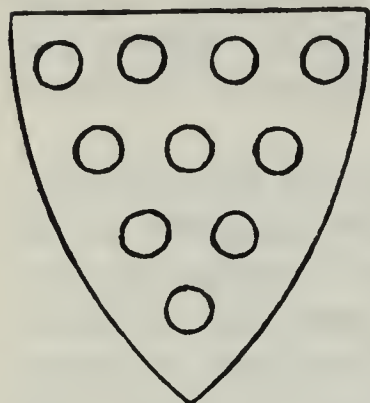
The late Mr. Barton Wright, a great-nephew of my great-grandmother, Mrs. John Mathews, possessed much information about his family, but it has unfortunately been lost since his death a few years ago.

A number of wills of members of the Wright family during the eighteenth century, however, have been collected and are in the possession of the Society of Genealogists.

(See the article on Mrs. John Mathews No. 2 on page 90.)

ZOUCHE

The family of Zouche is now represented by Lord Curzon, Baron de la Zouche. They derive from the ancient Earls of Brittany and are also among the descendants of Eudo Dapifer, sewer (carver or steward) of Normandy to Henry I. (See the article on Eudo.)



Roger le Zouche married Ela, daughter and co-heir of Stephen, second son of William, Earl of Salisbury, natural son of Henry II. and Fair Rosamund, ancestors of the Clintons and the Eures.

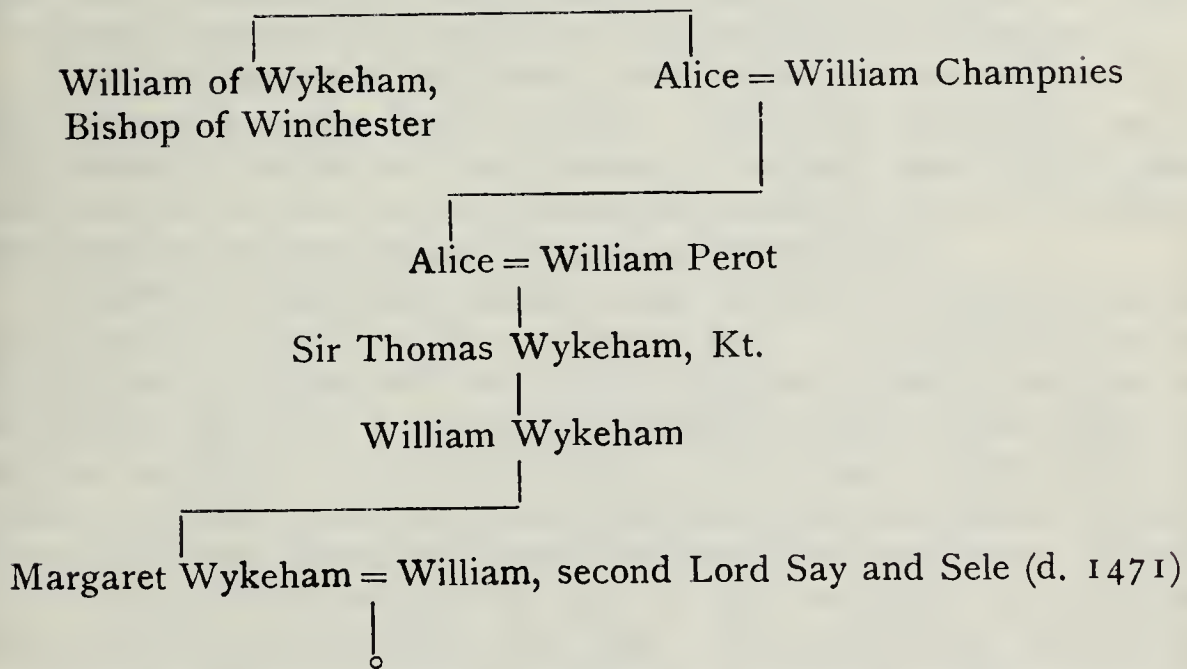
Maud, daughter of Alan le Zouche, who died in 1314, married Robert de Holland, ancestor of the husband of the "Fair Maid of Kent," from whom we descend through Elizabeth Morison.

Members of this family were also allied at various times with those of Mortimer, de Quincy, Segrave and Clare.

The arms of Zouche are found on the tomb of one of the early Stauntons in Staunton Church, but the connection is not explained in any pedigrees or histories.

Arms.—Gules, ten bezants or.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM



William of Wykeham founded Winchester College and New College, Oxford, and until recent years free education was given under his will to all who could prove themselves to be "Founder's Kin."

DEFINITION OF CERTAIN TERMS COMMONLY USED IN GENEALOGY

A **BARONY** was the first order of nobility introduced after the Norman Conquest, and in the reign of King John came to mean a landowner summoned to attend the Sovereign in Parliament.

The two Houses of Parliament were formed from the Councils of the greater and the lesser barons. All peers thereafter sat in Parliament by virtue of their baronies ; bishops and Scotch peers still take their seats in the House of Lords by right of baronies supposed to be annexed to their sees and territories.

A **BARONY** (excepting certain ones created by Patent) can be inherited by either a male or a female heir. According to the law of England, an eldest son or an only daughter without brothers inherits, but, as there is no seniority among women, when there are several daughters or sisters, no one of them has a right above the others : in such a case the barony falls into **ABEYANCE** between these sisters and their heirs, and may so continue for centuries. Should they and their descendants all die out but one, that one, whether male or female, can claim the title. The Sovereign retains the prerogative of determining a peerage in abeyance, in favour of one among several co-heirs, but he cannot bestow it on any other person.

It sometimes happens that a peer, having been raised to a superior dignity, has a barony annexed to his title ; the two titles may then descend in different lines, one to the " heirs male of his body," the other to his " heirs-general." Thus all peers are not necessarily barons, as was formerly the rule.

CO-PARCENARY is the old term used to express the joint rights of sisters who have no brothers and consequently inherit equally as co-heirs.

To be in **REMAINDER** to a peerage means to be one of those who may in certain events succeed to the title.

To be one of the **HEIRS-GENERAL** to a peerage means practically the same as to be in remainder.

An **HEIR-APPARENT** is the person who must succeed to the title if he survive the present holder.

An **HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE**, who can only exist when there is no heir-apparent, means the person who would succeed to the title if the

present holder died before any other event occurred which might defeat that succession (such as the birth of a child).

The QUARTERINGS on a coat of arms indicate descent from an heiress who has married into the family, and usually imply that her family has become extinct in the male line and its honours merged into the family of her husband.

OB. (*obiit*), died.

O.V.P. (*obiit vivo patre*), died in the lifetime of his father.

O.S.P. (*obiit sine prole*), died without issue.

= married.

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