

PARENTS.

We were fortunate indeed in our parents. Mother was truly what A.G. Gardiner ^{editor of the Daily News} said of her, "a fine flower of the Victorian age." I am thankful that we got her memoir written. It has inspired many and will inspire her descendants. *from p 1*

What an unspeakable tragedy that such energy and goodness were imprisoned from early years by ill health and pain. I do not remember her going for a walk. The only outlet for physical energy which lasted till my day was leading us in singing. What force she put into the piano on those winter evenings in the library when we revelled in ^{as her} her bound volumes of the songs she sang as a girl, and ⁱⁿ nigger ^{melodies} minstrels, and ^{favorites from} the Harrow Song Book, and made fun of Victorian sentimentality like ^{that of} "She wore

a Wreath of Roses." ~~but religion & philanthropy turned her from literature & exact arts her brother's poetry.~~ she was by nature also an intellectual. The fact that

⊗ we, her children, are exceptionally united, in spite of our marked diversity of view, is due to the devotion ^{to her which we shared.} with which she surrounded us.

Inactivity must have been a dreadful trial to her. Her extreme energy in playing accompaniments ^{was} represented, I suppose, a means of giving vent to force which had not other outlets: and ^{thinking} once when I came up from private school I remember how active she looked in a lovely sealskin coat and how far handsomer she was than I had

noticed before.
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 after her mother's death in 1885 her natural breadth
 of mind was free to expand. She had ^{been} brought up to
 abjure the stage, and to decline waltzing. She had
 only broken this rule when the Prince of Wales' request
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 me to be social, and regretted that I did not take to
 London dances. She rejoiced that I ~~did a lot of~~ ^{was given to} dinner
 parties and week-end visits.

Clifford's drawing of her is too robust, but it gives
 her energy. Father once told me that he took that huge
 house in Grosvenor Crescent because he then expected her
 to entertain a lot, which shows that, up to 1870, Mother
 was active.

She must have suffered as much from inability to do
 things for others as from her physical pains. The chief
 thing she could do for us was reading aloud, and how
 delightfully she read. Unhappily it was just this
 reading from a sofa, with the eyes directed downwards,
 which ruined her sight. In the years of blindness she
 was pathetically grateful when flowers were brought to her -
 to feel their shapes.

One realises too late how little one did for her,
+ how one failed to gratify her wishes.
 Especially do I deplore that I persuaded her to let me leave
 off learning the piano at school. She seldom urged

things on us, ^{but this she waged very 3 strongly,} and I knew that my insistence grieved her.

Few lives can have experienced a greater total of suffering, but I do not remember her ever complaining. It was, no doubt, a great help to her to think that her trouble was in some way the Will of God. When some of us arranged ^{psychotherapy} for religious absent treatment, it would have distressed her if we had told her so. ^{As some} French divine said of her, when she spent a winter in Paris, she had "le coeur bien serieux".

One can hear her emphatic tone when she said, "I adore Church services." No doubt that feeling grew when she ceased to be able to get to a church. But she lived up ^{in hope, obeying her favorite maxim} to her favourite quotation: "Forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forth to those that are before".

Mother's ill-health was a sad loss to Father. He was so sociable that he would have loved paying visits with her, and he had the social quality which is expressed in the words of the inscription at Upshire: "endowed with a gracious personality" ^{which fitted him for} well with social life.

But I think he was satisfied so long as he had children to ride with him, and he was not ^{over} a type that cultivated enjoyment ^{of} very much. His epitaph might well have been:

~~"one who sought ^{back} Duty's iron crown."~~

Living at home, I ought to have been far more to him than I was. I only remember once getting up a sight-seeing excursion with him. That was when we went to South Wales, taking Helen with us. I should think the episodes he enjoyed most, after we grew up, were the times in Australia, and the visits he paid in Ireland by himself, or with Mabel.

Apart from riding with Father, Tor and I seem to have been left mostly to ourselves. I think this was a deliberate policy on the part of the parents, and so they probably denied themselves to carry it out. They certainly did not spare themselves trouble, because we were taken to various functions which must have required a good deal of arranging. For instance, when the old Queen came to declare the Forest open I was brought over from school. What I remember, however, was not the Queen, or the Forest, but the sense of shock, when I was waiting near the front-door on the dicky of ^{the} landau, and it was whispered in bated breath that the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Lord Frederick Cavendish, had been murdered at Dublin that day. It came as a blow to us, because he had been staying with my parents the previous Sunday, which proved to be his last on earth.

While I am on the subject of Father and Ireland, I

remember Father telling me that when Sir George Trevelyan ^{was} ~~a~~ later Secretary for Ireland ^{a week-end} & stayed ~~the~~ a week-end, ^{at Warley, he} and was taken to the service at the Abbey, my father took a revolver in his pocket and told Sir George of the fact. The reply was: "I have got one too."

Although I do not remember parents doing many things with us, they must have taken a lot of trouble to get us the advantage of paying visits. We elder ones were sent or taken many times to Fritton and to Easneye.

I dimly remember various outings which Father took us ~~to~~ the Tower, the Billie House, the ^{central} fire station, & the Queen's Stables. And he was fond of taking us not only to the Zoo, but to the old 'Westminster Aquarium', a circus which the West End thought too demeritistic.

When I recall ^{my early} the ~~life at home before I went to school~~
 I am ~~deeply~~ surprised and grieved to ^{remember} note some deplorable
 instincts which certainly were not inherited. Once when taken
 on a visit to Easneye, I was enjoying the phase of the catapult
 and had acquired considerable skill. I can hardly believe it
 now, but I certainly did repeatedly pick off thrushes' nests in
 the small fir trees at Easneye while the thrush was sitting.
 The noise she made in dashing off is ^{a shameful memory} ~~still~~ clear to me.

It must have been about the same time that I invited Smith,
 the well-known butler, to witness my skill with the catapult at
 Grosvenor Crescent. About half-way ^{up} the enormous stairs ^{case} hung
 the portrait which the King of the Belgians had given to Father,
^{when he attended a conference on Africa at Brunch,}
 and I remember getting Smith to express scepticism when I said ~~I~~
^{that I, from near the front door,}
 could put a stone through his nose. I proceeded to do this, and
 what was much worse, I don't think I ever confessed. It showed
 prophetic instinct, because this man proved a blood-thirsty tyrant
 on the Congo, and later on the portrait was rightly removed from
 any place of honour. If Tom finds the portrait some day when he
 clears ^{his} ~~the~~ store~~room~~, he will find a hole through the canvas
 where my stone hit the old villain.

If I am to continue my confessions, I ought to record ^{the} ~~that~~
 time when the Colne Cottage garden contained a small greenhouse
 in the S.E. corner of the little old garden. This was disused
 and full of snails. I am ashamed to say I taught Marley the
 sport of attacking these snails as they moved along, with

schoolboys' percussion-cap pistols, which, when discharged at their distended horns, made them suddenly shrink into their shells. I don't think I corrupted Marley with another sport which occupied me when a little boy, when Mother was being tended by Ahmar at the looking glass facing the great window of Mother's bedroom. Hidden by this from her and Ahmar, I enjoyed tearing up the flies at the foot of the window. I remember that Ahmar used to tell Mother of my sins, *for instance of my* especially my having broken the glass of some picture with my bow and arrow, which I refused to admit, ~~but~~ Mother was unwilling to believe her charges.

Father's horses were a great feature of our earlier time. When I was still small I remember his fury when he lost his favourite "Zanzibar", ^{*This horse*} which was being ridden as his second horse by a groom, and was jumped on to a stake by Obelisk Wood.

He bred one or two foals every year, and very good they were.

The most lovely hackneys I ever saw were his chestnuts "Danube" and "Cyprus", names recording ^{*events in the year of their*} history as was his custom. ^{*with, or acquisition, as did also Congo's High Sheriff, Zanzibar, & Essex.*}

X Of other animals, I think I was most fond of the dormouse ^{*to p 8*} which I found in the forest hibernating in a ball of leaves and kept secretly at Harrow. Secondly, of a family of kestrels which I brought up, when kept from school by ringworm one summer, and tried to train for hawking.

It was no doubt Father's clever plan to educate us by

Plans
experiences which we thought were our own invention, and the *he*
~~same applies to~~ *left us to make what we liked of such things as* steam engines; the raft made of brewery

casks; and the inflatable boat, which could be worn as a waterproof coat. All these things led to efforts, and to

reading up new subjects. *The chief influences on me, apart from parents, came from visits to animals. Marty & I were engrossed in lizards, pigeons, rabbits, snakes, & guinea pigs. (from)*

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isolated life, seeing hardly any children except the Noels. Our governess was not social, and not young or athletic. It might have been better for our natural shyness if we had seen more people. Even at Cromer, where there were cousins, Miss Jay led us to dislike them. We must have had most of our social life from the company of our parents.

Father rode with us several times a week, and I seem to recollect constant walks to the home farm. Every Tuesday we rode to Waltham, and every Friday to Epping, as he was chairman of the Bench at both. I myself, *when I came to have children* never dared to interrupt lessons, but he did ^{so} constantly; *defying the governess in order to take* and we owe him ever so much for ~~freely doing so~~ when he took us to shows and public events. I remember visits to the London Fire Brigade, the Buckingham Palace stables, the Bible Society House, and he was very fond of the show at the Westminster Aquarium.

I wonder what public occasion it was when I was handed along over the heads of a dense crowd. In Norfolk he took me to Autumn shoots, where I must have been toughened by walking and

standing all day long, and returning in the evening soaking wet on an outside seat, when I remember him saying to somebody, "It doesn't matter their being wet if you wrap them up warm."

A great thing he did for us ^{was?} to make us fond of birds. I remember his carrying a nesting-box into the house with the tit sitting on the eggs to show the bird to Mother; and one of his frequent delights was to bring out one of the magnificent volumes of Gould's Birds, and turn over the lovely plates with us. Gould was regarded as something almost sacred because of its superb get-up. We did not turn the pages ourselves, because we might crease them or soil them. Every picture was amply worth hanging on a sitting-room wall. He taught us to distinguish harmless snakes from adders, and one result was that snakes ~~which~~ we brought into the house. ^{Then they} got loose. In the northern wing the servants, who lived there in large numbers, then refused to stay in their rooms, and migrated to the swanky rooms on the gallery of the hall.

When Tor went to school he became my leader in the holidays, and for many years we seemed ~~to~~ ^{||} have amused ourselves without much companionship from Father. I ^{It must have been} ~~sometimes~~ feel that it was his deliberate plan of education to let us invent our amusements, and he encouraged us with equipment for them. I don't remember his joining us in fishing or birds nesting, and yet he must have carefully provided us with the nesting ladder and the

tackle, the canoe, the carpentering at the estate wood yard, and also with toys that I never dared to supply to my boys for fear of danger, namely, steam engines and toy cannons.

*7aint
Xp23+24* → Mother had become an invalid before the time I can remember, and I have no mental picture of her walking about even in the garden. Considering this, it was extraordinary that she was the main feature ~~of~~ our lives.

A memorable incident was the Bible reading from one o'clock until lunch. We ~~schemed~~ to keep her gossiping until the gong rang. This had the ~~double~~ advantage of being more enjoyable than the Bible, and of compelling her to keep us for Bible reading after lunch, taking the time out of the hours of our lessons.

Somehow one has not the impression of the parents bothering about us very much, but indeed this was part of their clever plan. It certainly seemed that the young of later days, whom we in our turn seemed to treat with far more attention, and to whom we gave far more time, must be equally unaware of the constant efforts made for them.

An exception was Father's riding with us. When it came to hunting he seemed to be teaching us enterprise by ~~a practice~~ *the plan* of leaving us to our fate. We must all have memories of him charging at fences, practising his well known maxim, "Sit back and hit him"; leaving us to follow, without ever looking back to see how we fared. Jumping fences in cold blood was an

unusual form of education for ~~small~~ children. I remember, ^{such an occasion} when riding to a meet at Nazing, ~~when~~ we had got past Fern Hall, and he wanted to explore a new line north of the brook. He charged at a stiff hedge out of the road, and I in terror ^A was compelled to follow ~~on the cob called "Skimey".~~ ^{skinny} I very nearly came off and didn't find ~~it~~ ^{at all} an agreeable preliminary to the day's hunting.

As far as I can remember, technique was disregarded in those days. I don't think we were ^{even} taught how to keep close to the saddle, nor in shooting did we ever have shooting lessons. I went to a shooting school for the first time when I was about twenty-five, and found what a huge advantage it was.

^{at a} later ^{stage} ^A on I must have been an awful nuisance to Father through my ungovernable longings to make improvements ^{at Warley.} In early days the view from the library, which was the usual sitting-room, was marred ^{in my opinion} by iron railings just beyond the lawn, and groups of trees just outside them were also surrounded by rings of railings. Having seen somewhere the merit of a sunk fence, I would not rest until I had got Father to remove the railings to their present position which is certainly better, but ^{which} necessitated his enclosing ^A in the garden two or three acres which were not wanted.

I wonder whether he gave in ^{in order} to avoid trouble or to educate me. An event which looked like the former occurred long ~~ago~~ ^{a weekend} afterwards when some party was leaving on a Monday morning, and among them Cecil Harris. As we drove away, the crash of a falling plane tree roused my ^{indignation} distress. It was the ^{plane} tree which stood behind the big ilex, and Father had long wished to remove it. I had dissuaded him, but he at last decided to be bullied no longer, and had ordered the tree to be cut on that Monday. Finding the men had arrived to cut it before we had left home, he took Cecil Harris into his confidence, and asked him to get me away before the tree fell. ^{My bitterness was} ~~This I learned from~~ Cecil Harris, ^{all the greater because Cecil felt no sympathy} ~~owing to the plan to elude me having failed.~~ ^{with me & was hugely amused.}

The other theory, that he did things to educate me, was illustrated by his giving me the Bury when I was still only just of age. ^{Ostensibly this unusual gift was} ~~made in order to qualify me for a Parliamentary~~ ^{vote.}

THE BROOK.

I think that great importance really attaches to the use we made of the Cobbin brook. Considering that most boys of our sort are introduced to trout fishing early in life, and know hardly anything about catching roach with dough, or perch with worms, it was a feat on ~~my~~ father's part to get his boys to find complete satisfaction in the fishing provided by a small brook - in fact, so small that it stopped running in summer.

We got exciting sport out of sticklebacks and minnows. It became ^{was} thrilling to get a gudgeon, ^{or a loach} a chub or a carp ^{was big sport}. We never caught a pike on a line, but they became an exciting feature when Tor had somehow secured a minute drag net with a mesh so fine that it held sticklebacks. Dragging the brook with this net remained an exciting sport long after we had gone to Harrow, and it came to be combined with cooking the catch for a picnic lunch. We discovered that minnows wrapped in wet paper and roasted in the ashes of a wood fire made excellent eating; or at least, good enough when flavoured by the romantic excitement which the brook offered.

The net was only about 8 or 10 feet long, and less than 3 feet deep. The pools had to be cleared of sticks and stones to begin with, because, if left in the pool, they entangled the net and the fish got under it. We often got small pike in these diminutive pools, and sometimes, when the brook had ceased to run for a time, the pike had eaten every other fish in the pool.

Perhaps the most memorable catch was when we took to setting night lines, in the pool above the dam where the water was deep and the eels had been fattening on a sheep which had fallen in and been drowned. Charlie, in the neighbourhood of the sheep, had an eel of $2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs., which was really remarkable for such a tiny stream.

Long after this, Charles de Bunsen and I, when tired of pikeefishing in Cobbin Pond, tried our hand at spearing gudgeon with a penknife tied to the end of a stiff rod. It was a sport that might well have developed if we had thought of it sooner. But anyhow, we got out of this brook an amazing amount of education, and we learnt the attraction of small and simple things.

I learnt to swim in the Temple pond, but it was in the brook that I had already learnt to float, and I remember the ^{exciting} sensation when I was just able to keep clear of the bottom, and floating was ^{barely} just possible.

VICTORIAN CUSTOMS.

Life at Warplees represented the country house of the past, with a mistress brought up in the "lady bountiful" tradition. Every day at lunch, a basket of peculiar shape was seen on the side-board. It contained two jars, in which my mother placed some of the savoury meats, and sweets which had formed the meal. As Mother could not walk, the governess and we were employed to take these to some sick or needy cottagers, and this formed our outing almost every day when we were not riding with Father. As to the attitude of the village people themselves, there were many old women who still curtsied ^{to Father} when they passed ^{him} Mother on the road, and even us children. ^{to} At Christmas, it was a ^{notable} noble relic of the past, when ~~all~~ of

on Xmas Eve all

the cottage tenants assembled in front of the portico, before long trestled tables laden with huge blocks of beef. These functions were always attended by all of us, and ¹my father made a short soeech, ^{then} before the agent began calling the names, and each man filed past, carrying off his chunk of beef in a cloth which he had brought.

There were four long portable benches kept in the passage just outside the hall, and brought in for prayers.

At the back sat a goodly array of footmen, and it seems *while on Sunday evenings grooms & laundry maids also attended.* ~~strange in these days that these men should have been~~ *Footmen in those days were* supplied with a great variety of dress. When they did duty on the ^{box}top of the carriage they wore top hats with curious composition rosettes stuck to the side, and at dinner parties in London it was common for a footman to wear plush knickers ^{breeches} and a special elaborate tail coat, and to have his hair thickly powdered. *Footmen were highly valued by Tom & me because they enabled us to fit together a Warwick's cricket XI.*

PARENTS

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She was by nature also an intellectual. The fact that we her children are exceptionally united in spite of our marked diversity of view is due to the devotion with which she surrounded us.

After her mother's death in 1885 her natural breadth of mind was free to expend. She had been brought up to abjure the stage, and to decline waltzing. She had only broken this rule when the Prince of Wales request ^{to waltz with her} was regarded as an order. She urged me to be social, and regretted that I did not take to London dances. She rejoiced that I did a lot of dinner parties and week-end visits.

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One realises too late how little one did for her. Especially do I deplore that I persuaded her to let me leave off learning the piano at school. She seldom urged things on us, and I knew that my insistence grieved her.

Few lives can have experienced a greater total of suffering, but I do not remember her ever complaining. It was no doubt a great help to her to think that her trouble was in some way the Will of God. When some of us arranged for religious absent

treatment, it would have distressed her if we had told her so. As some French divine said of her when she spent a winter in Paris, she had "le coeur bien serieux."

One can hear her emphatic tone when she said, "I adore Church services." No doubt that feeling grew when she ceased to be able to get to a church. But she lived up to her favourite quotation "Forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forth to those that are before."

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Later on I must have been an awful nuisance to Father through my ungovernable longings to make improvements. In early days the view from the library which was the usual sitting room was marred by iron railings just beyond the lawn, and groups of trees just outside them were also surrounded by rings of railings. Having seen somewhere the merit of a sunk fence, I would not rest until I had got Father to remove the railings to their present position which is certainly better, but necessitated his enclosing in the garden two or three acres which were not wanted.

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confidence, and asked him to get me away before the tree fell. This I learned from Cecil Harris, owing to the plan to elude me having failed.

The other theory that he did things to educate me was illustrated by his giving me the Bury when I was still only just of age.

When I was fifteen Father and Uncle Henry designed a Swiss climbing holiday, and we arrived at Zermatt. I was too stupid to admire the mountains (except the Matterhorn) or to enjoy the painful exertion of climbing, or the practice of starting at 4 a.m. without any time for breakfast. The only thing I found attractive was birds in the woods below, or the lawn tennis, and by chance also a bit of fun which Redmond and I had when, under our hotel window we saw a much-hated Harrow master, and hastily poured a jug of water on his head.

I was longing to get home, and am glad to say that I had sufficient enterprise to ask if I might ~~not~~ accompany an old cousin who was going back to England. My prayer was granted. I went home happily with the old cousin and a marmot to come in for a memorable delightful time at home, where we were a large party with Fanny and Conrad.

Our habit was to play cricket on the lawn until we felt inclined for food; then to ravage the plum trees on the garden wall, and fish for pike in the evening in Stokes' Pit. Connie caught one of $5\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., and Fanny one of $6\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.

One of Father's inventions was, as he said, to teach ponies to lift their feet by galloping across Nazing Common where it was most thick with ant hills. I suppose he did this to try and rid us of funk, as the ponies inevitably stumbled.

Is it possible that he did not know that we fired cannons to our imminent danger. It seems likely because Tor's amusement was to fill the cannon with gunpowder to the muzzle, and make it burst. On the other hand Tor was so honest that I don't think he ever would have concealed his prank, and also, how did he get the gunpowder flask except from Father?

It seems to be extraordinary that private school boys of twelve should not only shoot ferreted rabbits, but also shoot with a party as we did for a whole week on end at the Cromer January shoots, when we school boys were collected at Colne House. Certainly the grown ups who joined the parties without the motive attached to Father's showed some courage. I remember a woodcock flying low along the side of a covert, and several boys blazing at it, followed by yells from Bertie Barclay in the covert. He came out at the end of the beat, protesting loudly and saying the battle of Waterloo was nothing to it. But the boys were merely convulsed with laughter.

~~VI~~
~~Friends~~

Halsey Lightly & Hemsley,

32, St. James's Place,

S.W.1.

Paddock

1 15

1 15

.

LAND TAX

Cottage & Garden
(Gray)

. 3 2

. 3 2

WAR DAMAGE CONTRIBUTION

2nd Instalment
EAST RUNTON

Manor Cottage
(Gray)

. 17 6

Cottage Top
Common

. 13 6

do. do.

. 10 6

Land (Cracke)

. . 4

CROMER

The Croft

2 7 6

House Paddock

Colne Cottage

8 6 .

Garage The Croft.

4 .

Market Garden

. 1 9

13 1 1

H.C. 930221
 Contents Colne
 Lodge
 H.C. 938218
 Contents Colne
 Cottage

5	10	.		
.	15	.	11	. 6

I N C O M E

RENTS

Abbs	..	11	10	.
Daniels	..	10	10	.
Gray	..	14	.	.
Wortley	..	.	12	6

£36 12 6

2

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6

CHAPTER I

PARENTS

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Few very earnest people are given to fun, but Mother was a born humorist. In the intense atmosphere of the Keswick Evangelical Conference she was at one and the same time engrossed in Bishop Moule's addresses, and in mimicking the oddity of a native African who begged for volunteers for foreign missions, and whose argument consisted in frantically shouting, "Go! Go!". She also derived great fun from ridiculing herself - her paraphernalia of air cushions and prone couches, and the footman carrying water beds, though these were the features of a most painful fate. And it was half fun when she talked of her love of religion and her deep enjoyment of the words: "I hate them that hate Thee, O Lord, Yea, I hate them with a perfect hatred".

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Duplicate

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Done
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GRANDMOTHER

Grandmother, the venerable lady of Colne House, was one of the chief influences of my life. For many years we lived with her at Cromer every autumn. When I was twelve and stayed with her for the ringworm episode she inspired both fear and liking. She ~~compelled~~^{made} me to learn the 12th chapter of Romans, and though I remember resenting this, I have hundreds of times been grateful to her for it. If she took as much interest in all her countless descendants as she did in me she must have had miraculous energy, but I think she found me specially ready to respond to her. Somehow she was always sympathetic about one's doings.

When I had gone into business, and also, at Father's desire, joined the Territorials and became major in the 2nd Tower Hamlets, it was ^a difficult case for one of her Quaker upbringing. Her extreme sympathy clashed with her pacifism, and she told me in the most charming way how she would like to subscribe to Regimental Funds, but she really wished that I was not joining the Forces.

I must have been a definite admirer by that time because I conspired to get her to have her portrait painted. I brought into the intrigue Aunt Bunsen, and the result was ^{Hughes'} ~~Hughes'~~ portrait. She was profoundly sympathetic about all my activities except the military,

and wanted to subscribe freely. When too old to see, she used to say how she would like to give, but Aunt Anna would not let her. There was something very great about the strength of her feelings; religious, sympathetic, humane or merely personal.

A second stage came when I was candidate in the Cromer district. Though over ninety, and blind and feeble, she was eager to join in helping me, and she detected that Father was not a political supporter. She said to him, "You and I, Fowell, must work hard in this election". She invited me to have a large tea party for the supporters at Colne House, and left her bed to come among the people for a few moments, leaning on my arm. She impressed me so much that, when she died, I felt that her life ought to be written, and there was an approach to the daughter of Thackeray, Mrs. Ritchie, about this. In the end Mother and Aunt ~~Emma~~ collected her letters, and I hope my children will value the copy of this informal biography, of which a fair number were typed. A public biography would have been difficult because of the absence of striking incident from an early age, she having lived quietly for fifty years since she was the wife of a member of Parliament, my grandfather having died in 1858.

*Eva
(Mr. Richard
Furney)*

In her youth she acted as secretary to her father-in-law, the Liberator. She had an extraordinary humour which she clothed in the most original language. A good-looking girl was a "full drawing-room ornament". Her patronage was everything to the clergy and good works of the neighbourhood, but she recognised the different functions of those whom she befriended.

There was a story of a pike which was brought to Colne House by one of the grandsons. The pike had swallowed a large roach, and the Colne House cook reported to Grandmother that the pike was enceinte, and not therefore in good condition to eat. Grandmother replied: "Then send it to the Vicarage".