

CHAPTER VI

BENEFACTORS

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EDWARD CLIFFORD

Edward Clifford was an intimate bachelor friend of the parents and an excitement in our childhood because he gave tea parties at which we discharged fireworks, in the cellar under his house. He was an artist who did very delightful water colour sketches, and had a lovely old house in Kensington Square. Later he gave up painting to organise the Church Army, and became keenly evangelistic. He was one of the people who came to Warlies to give addresses like Miss Marsh, and I remember being deeply stirred by him. He became an even greater friend to me when grown up than he had been to my father, and when the parents went to Australia he let me live with him in his lovely old house in Kensington Square for a long time.

He was a man of charming manner, quaint speech and appearance, and immense hilarity, his laugh being unforgettable.

We were well dosed with religion in early days, including church twice every Sunday, and prayers twice also, and I wonder why we were not antagonised, as so many people have been, by having religion pressed on them. I think it was partly because

I was rather tame, but mainly because the influence came from people extremely sympathetic and mostly broad-minded; this applies especially to Clifford because he was very humorous, and to Mother, who was such a superb mimic.

SISTERS

A peculiar boon of those early days was the possession of a remarkable group of sisters. They have always seemed to me to be endowed with a unique combination of charm with reason and an open mind, in addition to religion and also zeal for goodness. An extraordinary expression of their quality was the school which they carried on at a distant farm on Sunday afternoons. It was Marly who started this effort; Edie's health was not quite equal to such athletic activity. In those days the whole of Sunday morning was occupied in getting to the service at Waltham Abbey. This would have pointed, nowadays, to a nap in the afternoon; but no sooner had we eaten a heavy lunch, and then visited the stables and fed fourteen horses with bread, than we (I had been drawn into the scheme) set off on the long tramp across the country, laden with books, to teach some eight or ten farm labourers' children, getting home, in the winter, long after dark. V. carried the school on for years, after Marly married, and added to it an evening class during the week for village boys, whom she taught to knit, while she read to them, in the servants' hall. I cannot believe that such exertions were made by any other girls of that period. It would be laughable to think of such activity now.

GRANDMOTHER

Grandmother, the venerable lady of Colne House, was one of the chief influences on 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 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' 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 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 a wife of a member of Parliament, my grandfather having died in 1858.

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 neighborhood, 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".

AUNT EVA

Closely associated with Grandmother was Aunt Eva. All of us brothers and sisters think with affection of Aunt Eva. She was the most charming and lovable of our numerous aunts. Perhaps I had most occasion to love her because, after I became a candidate in Norfolk, I was far more in touch with the Cromer life, and she was a loyal supporter in a social world which was almost entirely hostile. When I was elected in December 1910, there was a wild snow storm. She and I toured the whole Division, nearly frozen. This was a sample of her care for me as a bachelor candidate.

AUNT LAURA

I must not omit the similar affection of Aunt Laura, who, like Eva, set herself to replace my invalid mother at another election.

At that time my defeat was expected but the Tories were disappointed and furious. My agent left me unattended after the declaration at Aylsham, and I was escorted only by Aunt Laura when I had to make my way through the hostile crowd down the narrow old street of Aylsham to get my car. We were snowballed as we went along, but nothing daunted Aunt Laura. Perhaps the chagrin of the exasperated Tories was relieved by the unusual pleasure of insulting the aged widow of an Oxford professor.

AUNT EMILY

Let me add the widow of my great-uncle Charles Buxton.

When I came to London on leaving Cambridge, "No.7", as we called Aunt Emily's house in Grosvenor Crescent, was a factor in my life.

Aunt Emily and Chenda were extremely kind in bringing me out, chiefly through dinners at No.7, and at week-end visits to Foxwarren.

May Rutson and Sybil Barnes were equally charming in asking me for week-ends, and at these houses I met interesting people, e.g. the poet Henry Newbolt, of a world that was different to ours at Watlies.

These family houses, and other family houses too - both in Norfolk and Essex - represented in a marked degree a combination of public spirit with a desire not to seem more meritorious than other people. I formed a strong preference for the kind of enthusiasm which goes with extreme reserve, and the kind of affection which is not too demonstrative. Those members of the family whom I heard make speeches seemed to me to be unlikely to move an audience, however susceptible, but to my mind they displayed a quality far more remarkable than oratorical eloquence.

Though I was susceptible to the inspiration of the

style of ~~C~~Crano de Bergerac (which I saw in Paris on the eve of my first Parliamentary campaign, and which served to help me through it) I felt a keener admiration for the Scarlet Pimpernel doing his dangerous works of liberation by stealth. I think that the latter kind of mind is more given to enterprise in a serious form. Energy and enterprise have made what people call the family tradition.

I can never be grateful enough to Edie for her well-known inculcation of enterprise. I deeply regret the times when I have ignored it.

CHAPTER VI. BENEFACTORS

FOWELL BUXTON, THE LIBERATOR

From Cambridge days I found our ancestor, the slave liberator, a great inspiration and I do so still. *When I first* I shall tell you I got into Parliament, and found it exhausting. I have told, when speaking of Parliament, what a pick-me-up it was to visit his statue in the Abbey, when I was exhausted. There was something about his energy and the breadth of his sympathies which appealed to me as no other personality has done. The story of the mad dog, which appears in the Book of Golden Deeds, is enough to endear him. He was not by nature such a genius that he cannot be to me an example. He was influential through his own industry in training himself, not by natural brilliance. I looked up all his speeches in the library of the Lords, and it threw a new light on him to see how constantly he spoke ~~in~~ his early days in the House on a great variety of subjects in order to practise himself, though he was apparently not ambitious for office, and only hoped to serve humane or religious causes. Unlike any other reformer, such as Wilberforce or Shaftesbury, he was intensely keen on less serious interests. He was a great enthusiast on horses, and so fond of shooting that he jestingly said that his two main interests were slaves and partridges. The lines which appear below his statue in the Abbey appeal to me strongly:-

"Endowed with a vigorous and capacious mind;
Of dauntless courage and untiring industry;
He was early led by the love of God
To devote his talents to the good of man."

UNCLE CHARLES.

I never saw Uncle Charles, but he was a definite influence. This began with my being given a copy of his "Notes of Thought". I heard from Mother of Father's great attachment to him, and how his death had been the occasion of the only tears which she ever saw Father shed. This, added to the interest afforded by the "Notes", introduced me to attractive thoughts which followed a different line from that of Miss Marsh's philosophy.

It is a very interesting book, and I have taken care to get copies for my children though it had long been out of print. I remember staying at Feltwell and reading to Miss Marsh ^{of} a saying of Uncle Charles that human nature was not black or white, but generally grey. I felt she was pained, feeling this perhaps an indication that I was getting away from the view that man was either saved or unsaved, making too little of religious ~~principles~~ ^{beliefs} as compared with morals.

Uncle Charles was later on an immense interest to me when I found that, while a partner in the Brewery, he had been an ardent student of licensing reform. The manager, Reeve, who had as a young clerk been a great admirer of C.B., described how on the introduction of the Licensing Bill, known as "Bruce's Bill", C.B. came down to the office thrilled with admiration, and how he was squashed

by the old Hanbury who was senior partner.

I found among the papers of the Church of England Temperance Society a booklet on Licensing Reform which C.B. had written, and I got them to republish it. When I look at "Notes of Thought" now, I am amazed that C.B. was a man of such great culture and wide reading, because these are not specially associated with his father or the family in general. I suppose it was largely due to his never being sent to a public school.

I had another ground for veneration when I learned of his campaign in Parliament about native policy in the well known case of Governor Eyre, while there again he represents the family tradition of impartiality, in that he declined to follow the extremists who wanted to ruin the slave owner, and therefore got denounced as a compromisor.

I had once a talk with Sir Alfred Lyall about Uncle Charles, and was interested that he thought him best known as a humanitarian.

EDWARD CLIFFORD.

Clifford was an excitement in our childhood because he was an intimate bachelor friend of the parents and because he gave tea parties at which we discharged fireworks in the cellar under his house. He was an artist who did very delightful water colour sketches, and had a lovely old house in Kensington Square. Later he gave up painting to organize the Church Army, and became keenly evangelistic. He was one of the people who came to Warlies to give addresses like Miss Marsh, and I remember being deeply stirred by him in the Warlies Hall on Sunday evenings. He became an even greater friend to me when grown up than he had been to my father, and when the parents went to Australia he let me live with him in Kensington Square for a long time.

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SISTERS.

A peculiar boon of those early days was the possession of a remarkable group of sisters. They have always seemed to me to be endowed with a unique combination of charm with reason and an open mind, and at the same time both religion and zeal for goodness. An extraordinary expression of their quality was the school which they carried on at a distant farm on Sunday afternoons. It was Marly who started this effort; Edie's health not being equal to such athletic activity. In those days the whole of Sunday morning was occupied in getting to the service at Waltham Abbey. This would have pointed, in these days, to a nap in the afternoon; but no sooner had we eaten a heavy lunch, and then visited the stables and fed fourteen horses with bread, than we (I had been drawn into the scheme) set off on the long tramp across the country, laden with books, to teach some eight or ten farm labourers' children, getting home, in the winter, long after dark. V. carried the school on for years, after Marly married, and added to it an evening class during the week for village boys whom she taught to knit, while she read to them, in the servants hall. I cannot believe that such exertions were made by any other girls of that period. It would be laughable to think of such activity now.

GRANDMOTHER.

Grandmother is one of the chief of the influences. What we derived from her in early life, we cannot estimate, but for many years we were almost living with her for a good part of the year. When I stayed with her for the ringworm episode she inspired both fear and liking. She compelled me to learn the 12th chapter of Romans, and I do remember resenting this, and 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 rather ready to respond to her. Somehow she was always sympathetic about one's doings.

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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 supporters at Colne House, and left her bed to come among 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 for fifty years since she was a wife of a member of Parliament, my grandfather having died in 1858.

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Reminiscences

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Let me add AUNT EMILY, *the widow of my great-uncle Charles Bush*

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Fowell Buxton: The Liberator.

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Uncle Charles was later on an immense interest to me when I found that, while a partner in the Brewery, he had been an ardent student of licencing reform. The manager, Reeve, who had ~~then~~ as a young clerk been a great admirer of C.B., described how on the introduction of the Licencing Bill, known as "Bruce's Bill", C.B. came down to the office thrilled with admiration, and how he was squashed by the old Hanbury who was senior partner.

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MISS MARSH

I have always felt it strange that turning towards characteristics which have become marked in anybody's life have arisen from chance contacts. This applies to several people who have influenced my life, and possibly adds to the interest which attaches to them as people amply worth recalling in themselves.

I am sure I owe a tremendous debt to Miss Marsh - perhaps more than to anyone except my parents. When she gave addresses at Warlies, I was very poor stuff in many ways. I remember feeling how different I was to Tor who was always an absolutely admirable boy, and full of spirits besides religion. I remember feeling that I must try to imitate him, but it was not natural to me at all.

Perhaps I had better go further back to develop this. I remember Mother telling me of the facts in my infancy, and perhaps they form some excuse for my inferiority to other members of the family which is certainly a fact of my youth. I had some really deplorable tastes which seemed to come strangely from such admirable parents.

In private school time and also up to the age of 16 I was still a reprobate. Then Miss Marsh came on the scene. It seemed natural at the time to be devoted to this blind, aged, ~~sentimental~~ woman, but when you think of some school boys having such an experience now, it seems exotic. ~~In this was it was a strange chance.~~ I even wonder if I should have adopted the cult if Tor had not set the example.

It was almost a sudden conversion on Sunday evening in that beautiful hall with Miss Marsh, talking from the table, looking distinguished in the light of candles and the dimness of the rest of the room filled with crowds of servants including frooms and laundry women, and others in the gallery. We were called on to indicate whether we wished to be saved, by holding up a hand. Before taking action in this way, I looked to see if Tor was holding up his.

One way or another I certainly returned to Harrow a few days later in January 1885 a different person. It was not only that I stopped teasing other boys, but I became extremely keen that they should become religious, and induced a great number to join the Scripture Union.

It was an agonising effort, and I am not sure whether it was a valuable episode because it probably diverted my energy from school work. On the other hand it may possibly have increased it, and anyhow I am sure it made a prodigious change in my outlook. The new motive inspired me for a long time afterwards - certainly all through my time at Cambridge, and for ~~three~~^{many} years afterwards.

It was not until I travelled in 1892 and began to see things politically, that I ceased to be ^{so exclusively} a devotee of P.M. as we all called her. An odd thing was that this devotion that several of us felt was undiminished by the fact that we, led by Mother, were also extremely amused by P.M.'s oddities. The appellation P.M. came from Mother's addiction to mimicking people, and the rendering

which she gave of Miss M's habit of calling her friends "precious".

SISTERS

A peculiar boon of those early days was the possession of a remarkable group of sisters. They have always seemed to me to be endowed with a unique combination of charm with reason and an open mind, and at the same time both religion and zeal for goodness. An extraordinary expression of their quality was the school which they carried on at a distant farm on Sunday afternoons. It was Marly who started this effort; Edie's health not being equal to such athletic activity. In those days the whole of Sunday morning was occupied in getting to the Service at Waltham Abbey. This would have pointed, in these days, to a nap in the afternoon; but no sooner had we eaten a heavy lunch, and then visited the stables and fed 14 horses with bread, than we (I had been drawn into the scheme) set off on the long tramp across the country, laden with books, to teach some 8 or 10 farm labourers children, getting home in the winter long after dark. V. carried the school on for years, after Marly married, and added to it an evening class during the week for village boys whom she taught to knit, while she read to them, in the servants hall. I cannot believe that such exertions were made by any other girls of that period. It would be laughable to think of such activity now.

GRANDMOTHER.

Grandmother is one of the chief of the influences. What we derived from her in early life, we cannot estimate, but for many years we were almost living with her for a good part of the year. When I stayed with her for the ringworm episode she inspired both fear and liking. She compelled me to learn the 12th chapter of Romans, and I do not remember resenting this, and 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 rather ready to respond to her. Somehow she was always sympathetic about one's doings.

When I had gone to business, and also at Father's desire joined the Territorials and became Major in the 2nd Tower Hamlets, it was a difficult case for her because of her Quaker upbringing. Her extreme sympathy clashed with her pacifism, and she told me in the most charming way how she wished she could 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 Hughe's portrait. She was profoundly sympathetic about all my activities except the military, and wanted to subscribe freely. 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 supporters at Colne House, and left her bed to come among 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} ~~Eva~~ 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 for fifty years since she was a wife of a member of Parliament, my Grandfather having died in 1858.

In her youth she acted as the secretary of her father-in-law, the Liberator. She had an extraordinary humour which she clothed in the most original language. 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 in

the family way, and not therefore in good condition to eat.
Grandmother replied, "Then send it to the Vicarage".

AUNT EVA

All of us brothers and sisters think with affection of Aunt Eva. She was the ^{most} charming and lovable one of our numerous aunts. Perhaps I had most occasion to love her because after I nursed a seat in Norfolk I was therefore far more in touch with the Cromer ~~world~~, ^{life} and she was a loyal supporter in a social world which was almost entirely hostile. When I was elected in December 1910, the following day was a wild snow storm. She and I toured the whole Division, nearly frozen, and I keenly remember her care for me as a bachelor candidate, ~~and the enormously welcome warmth of the tea at Gley.~~

AUNT Laura

I must not omit the similar affection of Aunt Laura, who like Eva, set herself to replace my invalid Mother at an election. At that time my defeat was expected ^{but the Tories were disappointed} ~~and a declaration at Aylsham.~~ Even my agent left me unattended after the declaration, ^{at Aylsham} and attended by Aunt Laura, I had to make my way through the hostile crowd down the narrow old street at Aylsham to get my car. We were snowballed as we went along, but nothing daunted Aunt Laura, and we may hope that the chagrin of the disappointed Tories was relieved by the unusual pleasure of insulting the aged widow of an Oxford Professor.

AUNT EMILY

When I came to London on leaving Cambridge, "No. 7" as we called Aunt Eva's house in Grosvenor Crescent, was a factor in my life.

Aunt Emily and Chenda were extremely kind in bringing me out chiefly through dinners at No. 7, and at week-end visits ~~at~~ to Foxwarren.

May Rutson and Sybil Barnes were equally charming in asking me for week-ends, and at these houses I met interesting people of a world that was different to our's at Warlies. These family houses, and other family houses too - both in Norfolk and Essex - represented to me in a marked degree a combination of public spirit with a rigid determination not to claim any more of it than other people, and I formed a strong preference for the kind of enthusiasm which goes with extreme reserve, and the kind of affection which is not too demonstrative. It is true that reserve can be carried too far. Those members of the family whom I heard make speeches seemed to me to be unlikely to move an audience, however susceptible, but to my mind they displayed a quality far more remarkable than oratorical eloquence.

I was susceptible to the inspiration of the style of Cyrano de Bergerac which I saw in Paris on the eve of my first Parliamentary campaign, and which served to help me through it; but I felt a keener admiration for the Scarlet Pimpernel doing his dangerous works of liberation by stealth. I think that the latter kind of mind is more given to enterprise in a serious form.

I can never be grateful enough to Edie for her well-known
inculcation of enterprise, and I deeply regret when I have
ignored it.

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CHAPTER VI. BENEFACTORS

FOWELL BUXTON, THE LIBERATOR

From Cambridge days I found our ancestor, the slave liberator, a great inspiration and I do so still. I ~~have told~~ ^{shall tell}, when speaking of Parliament, what a pick-me-up — it was to visit his statue in the Abbey, when I was exhausted. There was something about his energy and the breadth of his sympathies which appealed to me as no other personality has done. The story of the mad dog, which appears in the Book of Golden Deeds, is enough to endear him. He was not by nature such a genius that he cannot be to me an example. He was influential through his own industry in training himself, not by natural brilliance. I looked up all his speeches in the library of the Lords, and it threw a new light on him to see how constantly he spoke ~~in~~ his early days in the House on a great variety of subjects in order to practise himself, though he was apparently not ambitious for office, and only hoped to serve humane or religious causes. Unlike any other reformer, such as Wilberforce or Shaftesbury, he was intensely keen on less serious interests. He was a great enthusiast on horses, and so fond of shooting that he jestingly said that his two main interests were slaves and partridges. The lines which appear below his statue in the Abbey appeal to me strongly:-

"Endowed with a vigorous and capacious mind;
Of dauntless courage and untiring industry;
He was early led by the love of God
To devote his talents to the good of man."

UNCLE CHARLES.

I never saw Uncle Charles, but he was a definite influence. This began with my being given a copy of his "Notes of Thought". I heard from Mother of Father's great attachment to him, and how his death had been the occasion of the only tears which she ever saw Father shed. This, added to the interest afforded by the "Notes", introduced me to attractive thoughts which followed a different line from that of Miss Marsh's philosophy.

It is a very interesting book, and I have taken care to get copies for my children though it had long been out of print. I remember staying at Feltwell and ~~reading to~~ ^{telling} Miss Marsh ^{of} a saying of Uncle Charles that human nature was not black or white, but generally grey. I felt she was pained, feeling this perhaps an indication that I was getting away from the view that man was either saved or unsaved, making too little of religious ^{belief} ~~principle~~ as compared with morals.

Uncle Charles was later on an immense interest to me when I found that, while a partner in the Brewery, he had been an ardent student of licensing reform. The manager, Reeve, who had as a young clerk been a great admirer of C.B., described how on the introduction of the Licensing Bill, known as "Bruce's Bill", C.B. came down to the office thrilled with admiration, and how he was squashed

by the old Hanbury who was senior partner.

I found among the papers of the Church of England Temperance Society a booklet on Licensing Reform which C.B. had written, and I got them to republish it. When I look at "Notes of Thought" now, I am amazed that C.B. was a man of such great culture and wide reading, because these are not specially associated with his father or the family in general. I suppose it was largely due to his never being sent to a public school.

I had another ground for veneration when I learned of his campaign in Parliament about native policy in the well known case of Governor Eyre, while there again he represents the family tradition of impartiality, in that he declined to follow the extremists who wanted to ruin the slave owner, and therefore got denounced as a compromisor.

I had once a talk with Sir Alfred Lyall about Uncle Charles, and was interested that he thought him best known as a humanitarian.

MISS MARSH.

I am sure I owe a tremendous debt to Miss Marsh - perhaps more than to anyone except my parents. When she gave addresses at Warlies, I was very poor stuff in many ways. I remember feeling how different I was to Tor who was always an absolutely admirable boy, and full of spirits besides religion. I remember feeling that I must try to imitate him, but it was not natural to me at all.

Perhaps I had better go further back to develop this. I remember Mother telling me of the facts in my infancy, and perhaps they form some excuse for my inferiority to other members of the family which is certainly a fact of my youth. I had some really deplorable tastes which seemed to come strangely from such admirable parents.

In private school time and also up to the age of sixteen I was still a reprobate. Then Miss Marsh came on the scene. It seemed natural at the time to be devoted to this blind, aged woman, but when you think of some school boys having such an experience now, it seems exotic. I even wonder if I should have adopted the cult if Tor had not set the example.

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of servants, including grooms and laundry women and others, in the gallery. We were called on to indicate whether we wished to be saved, by holding up a hand. Before taking action in this way, I looked to see if Tor was holding up his.

One way or another I certainly returned to Harrow a few days later in January 1865 a different person. It was not only that I stopped teasing other boys, but I became extremely keen that they should become religious, and induced a great number to join the Scripture Union.

It was an agonizing effort, and I am not sure whether it was a valuable episode because it probably diverted my energy from school work. On the other hand it may possibly have increased it, and anyhow I am sure it made a prodigious change in my outlook. The new motive inspired me for a long time afterwards - certainly all through my time at Cambridge, and for many years afterwards.

It was not until I travelled in 1892, and began to see things politically, that I ceased to be so exclusively a devotee of P.M., as we all called her, but I remained greatly attached to her and I owe her a great debt for her lasting influence on me.

EDWARD CLIFFORD.

Clifford was an excitement in our childhood because he was an intimate bachelor friend of the parents, and because he gave tea parties at which we discharged fireworks in the cellar under his house. He was an artist who did very delightful water colour sketches, and had a lovely old house in Kensington Square. Later he gave up painting to organize the Church Army, and became keenly evangelistic. He was one of the people who came to Warlies to give addresses like Miss Marsh, and I remember being deeply stirred by him in the Warlies Hall on Sunday evenings. He became an even greater friend to me when grown up than he had been to my father, and when the parents went to Australia, he let me live with him in Kensington Square for a long time.

He was a man of charming manner, quaint speech and appearance, and immense hilarity, his laugh being unforgettable.

We were well dosed with religion in early days, including church twice every Sunday, and prayers twice also, and I wonder why we were not antagonized, as so many people have been, by having religion pressed on them. I think it was partly because I was rather tame, but mainly because the influence came from people extremely sympathetic and mostly broad-minded; and especially

because they were humourous. This applies mainly to Mother, who was such a superb mimic, but it was largely due to Clifford being very amusing.

SISTERS.

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and wanted to subscribe freely. She used to say how she would like to give, but Aunt Anna would not let her.

There was something very ^{impressive} ~~great~~ about the strength of her feelings;—religious, sympathetic, humane or merely personal; ^{it attracts} ~~it~~ influenced me deeply.

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 supporters at Colne House, and left her bed to come among 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 ^{Eva} ~~Anna~~ 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 had ^{a quiet life} lived for fifty years ^{after the death of} ~~since she was a wife of a member of Parliament,~~ my grandfather, ^{in 1858} ~~having died in 1862.~~ ^{Who was an M.P.}

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which she clothed in the most original language. Her patronage was everything to the clergy and good works of the neighbourhood, but she recognized the different functions of those whom she befriended.

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AUNT LAURA.

I must not omit the similar affection of Aunt Laura, who, like Eva, set herself to replace my invalid mother at an election.

At that time my defeat was expected but the Tories were disappointed. Even my agent left me unattended after the declaration at Aylsham, and attended by Aunt Laura I had to make my way through the hostile crowd down the narrow old street at Aylsham to get my car. We were snowballed as we went along, but nothing daunted Aunt Laura, and we ^{perhaps} may hope that the chagrin of the disappointed Tories was relieved by the unusual pleasure of insulting the aged widow of an Oxford professor.

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