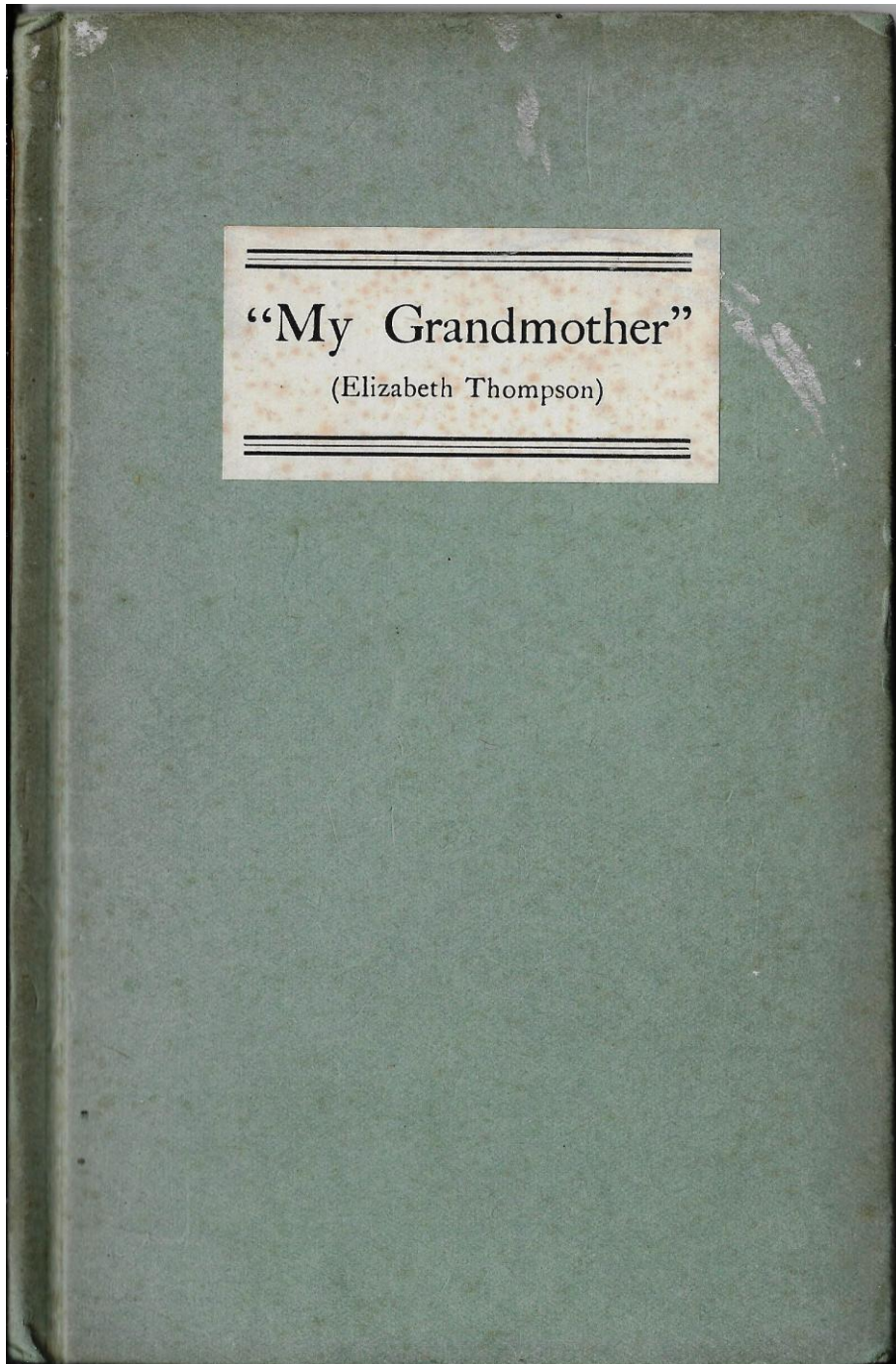


Elizabeth Thompson

Born 1814. A Victorian grandmother.

By her grand daughter Margaret Evelyn Arbuthnot.

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With the Author's Love,
September, 1946.



Sir William Boxall (1800-1879)

ELIZABETH, WIFE OF S. H. THOMPSON

“My Grandmother”

(Elizabeth Thompson)

by

MARGARET EVELYN ARBUTHNOT

Printed for private circulation

June, 1946

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“ MY GRANDMOTHER ”

In January 1937, I welcomed various relatives to my London home, in order to recall with them, the memorable party at Thingwall to mark the occasion when my Thompson Grand-parents celebrated their Golden Wedding. And afterwards I wrote a little souvenir of our Gathering, calling it “Fifty Years After.”

Since then much has happened in these last nine years. War so terrible and so far-reaching in its consequences, that when the longed-for Peace came, in May 1945, and now, June 1946 the “Victory Parade,” the difficulties to be surmounted seem as time passes, to be greater and more complicated than we could have anticipated, and it is quite unnecessary for me to allude further to them.

My present purpose is to try from the study of some early Journals kept by my Grandmother, which at Aunt Annie's death came into my possession, to give some record of her girlhood, and show her development as the years went by into the personality which her grand-children dearly loved, and which made the Golden Wedding such a memorable and happy occasion.

Of her grand-children, I am now the oldest survivor, and as I fully appreciate the debt owed by my generation to the work of our Uncle Ashton

as the family Chronicler, I am trying now to imitate him. He was one of many who "have no Memorial" such as those who, having married, enjoy the happiness of seeing children and grandchildren grow up around them. This has not been my lot, neither was it his, but I shall try as he did, to leave some printed words behind which may inspire a grateful memory when, for me, "the shades have lengthened, and the busy world is hushed."

Elizabeth, my grandmother, was the eldest of the six daughters of Joseph Brooks Yates, and his wife Margaret Taylor. She was born on May 8th, 1814 at West Dingle, the large house on the Dingle property on the banks of the Mersey.

The earliest date of which I find any record connected with her, is a long letter written to her on March 13th, 1831, when she was nearing her seventeenth birthday. It was from her Aunt, Jane Ellen Yates, dated "Farmfield," where the writer lived with her sister Anna Maria, the house also situated on Dingle property. The address was written on an outside fold of the large sheet of paper, (envelopes being then unknown) and it is to "Miss Yates, Miss Sankins, York Gate," and the paper was fastened with red sealing wax. It begins—

"Our dear Elizabeth's kind affectionate letter was very welcome to us," showing that Aunts then as they do now, appreciated the attentions of their nieces!

The letter goes on to give the news of the engagement of her "dear good Uncle Richard" to that "sweet good-tempered sensible girl Mary Swanwick." After describing how Mary and her sister Anna had "spent a week with them about a month ago when Uncle Richard had been a pretty constant visitor," she then expatiates on the virtues of Anna, who "seems to devour books, and yet is always ready to devote her time to other people."

The Dictionary of National Biography gives a full account of the said Anna, who became very prominent in the literary and educational world, and a Pioneer in the fight for education of women, and one of the Founders of Girton College.

Long ago at (I think) 26a, Bryanston Square, when lunching there with Uncle Harry and Aunt Dolly, I was introduced to her and regarded her with awe!

The letter further recounts the good fortune of a certain

"Miss Bolton, who owing to her knowledge of French is shortly going as 'interpreter' with friends who have a very extensive Continental tour in prospect! Paris, the Netherlands, Germany, Switzerland and Italy!"

So the opportunity is taken to point out the advantages of a good education, and how Miss Hamilton, their Governess, makes the younger sisters at West Dingle work hard. Meanwhile Elizabeth is congratulated on being able to spend Sundays with Uncle and Aunt James in Upper Bedford Place. The letter ends with hopes of

hearing again from her, and that "your Aunt Maria unites in best love with your aff'te Aunt, Jane Ellen Yates."

The Journal begins in May 1833, with mentioning the arrival of Aunt Bostock and Eliza. Later in the year there was a Festival, perhaps at Chester, where on October 1st she heard a very famous singer Malibran, and she was seated "auprès de mon cousin Ashton," and that he "m'tenu bien de frere!" She was interested in him, and advised him against gambling, and trusts that he will work hard! Many visits also to Chester are noted to visit the "Potts" family there.

In 1834 she notes that her sisters Annie and Margaret went to School, and that she has "seen little of them these holidays." Then follows one of special interest in view of the great event of January 24th, 1837 to which I have alluded!

"I sat out with S. Thompson, he certainly is rather attentive, and squeezes my hand most pathetically when I dance with him!"

On July 30th, and the days following, a journey is described taken with Uncle and Aunt James, by Coach to Preston, and thence by Canal boat at ten miles an hour, to Lancaster. "Had a wonderful ride to Milnthorpe where we slept. Went to Bowness, saw Levens Castle and Gardens on the way. These belong to Colonel Howard, and the gardens are curious as specimens of the taste in gardening during the reign of James the first.

The Castle contains some fine carved oak. At

Bowness along Lake Windermere to Ambleside. "After sleeping at Keswick and "proceeding by Poonah Bridge to Carlisle," after a night there they went on by Coach to Edinburgh, finding the road uninteresting, though they had a glimpse of Abbotsford, arriving in Edinburgh early enough to take a walk on "the Calton Hill covered with buildings and monuments in the Grecian style."

There is now a considerable gap in the Journal, and we pass to 1835, where on April 5th, she heard a "beautiful Sermon from Mr. Martineau on the formation of the Christian character."

The next entry however is interesting, but rather cryptic; "Saw a certain person for whom I have lately felt a good deal more than I ever thought I could have done."

"Had a slight attack of Scarletina, but was able to get up in a few days." Later on a very different and more lengthy one is an account of a Sermon by Dr. Martineau on September 27th. This was prompted by the visit to our world of a Comet.

The famous astronomer Edward Halley, who was born in London in 1656, was the first to notice the regular returns of Comets, and as he foretold the appearance of a great one in 1835, his name was given to it. It had frequently appeared at intervals of seventy-five years. Perhaps some of those who read this may recall seeing it when it re-appeared in 1910.

So Dr. Martineau, who had become the sole

Pastor of Paradise Chapel, Liverpool, in that year, takes as his text, Isaiah XL. 26. "Lift up your eyes on high and behold who hath created these things."

Notes of his Sermon follow. "First, it finds Europe enveloped in darkness with nothing to break the gloom; then another cycle is passed and a little better state of things is seen, there is a religion of priestcraft. The third, knowledge is a little more advanced, the books of the Greeks have been disseminated, the arts are more cultivated; fourth, progress made, for men are breaking the bond of superstition, and though it has been said by the reformation we only gained many masters instead of few, we have the advantage of making our own choice. Then America was discovered, and stores of knowledge open to us by means of printing, master minds arose, Shakespeare, whose writings form a book, second only to the Bible, and on whose pages are delineated every feeling of which man is capable."

Mention is made of Bacon, Newton and Locke, "who took the human mind for his study. On the fifth visit we find Milton, and on the last (the present one) (1835) much to be lamented, yet consider that Comets are not now regarded as caprices of nature nor as messengers of wrath or destruction, but as proofs of the immutability of nature's laws, and of God's unchanging goodness."

It would be interesting to us to know if there exists any printed records of this sermon, which

was appreciated at least by one attentive young listener!

Nothing further in the Journal till New Year's Day, 1836 when she dined at Farmfield with the two Aunts, and it seems to have been cheerful. She goes after this to London to stay at 49, Upper Bedford Place, but she does not like the Metropolis and the visit was not happy. "Hacks are so dirty," and she is very tired after the coach journey."

"May-Day very cold and windy," and she takes long walks with Mrs. B. round St. James's Park to the National Gallery, still in Pall Mall, recognizing there old and favourite friends in the pictures." Two Correggios, *Ecce Homo*, quite exquisite. The entries in the rest of the year are fragmentary and rather sad for there is frequent mention of her sister Margaret's illness, which gave her parents great anxiety. This was partly mental, and there are notes of the difficulty in placing her where she could be happy apart from the family.

Meanwhile in January, 1836 she had mentioned that, "poor Mr. Thompson died yesterday, the 17th," and later that "poor Papa had gone to his funeral," she staying at home with Mamma confined to the house with influenza.

Mr. Thompson was the father of the "S. Thompson" who we know earlier had been attentive to her.

The "Memorials of the Thompson Family," drawn up by Uncle Ashton, give a very full description of the connection of S. Thompson with Heywood's Bank of which he had become a Partner.

How very extraordinary it is that there should be, as yet, no single mention of her approaching marriage which we know took place in January of the following year!

On her Birthday, May 8th, she writes "I am twenty-two, I feel so old!"

So we must assume that S. Thompson seized a favourable moment to propose the marriage which we know proved such a happy one.

Up to this time the scene of my Grandmother's life had been laid in the Dingle, the property acquired by her grandfather, the Revd. John Yates, and there is a very full account of it in a delightful little book called "My Recollections" written by my Aunt Mrs. Bright, the eldest of the Thompson family. They were written during her old age, and printed by her dearly-loved youngest son, my cousin, Hugh Bright, after his mother's death. I trust that this book is possessed by many of the family, so that reference may be made to it. As for myself, I am glad that I am old enough to remember outings to the Dingle from Thingwall, and that I saw my Great-Great-Aunt Ellen at Farmfield before her death in 1877. I recall her perfectly, as a little old lady, wearing an auburn

"Front," kept in place by a piece of black velvet ribbon.

We come now to 1841, and read as follows—
"Four tranquil years of married life, with the kindest of husbands and two sweet children. My mission to be a blessing to my husband and to train up my children for time and for eternity."

There is no further entry till on December 5th, she tells of "the sad illness and death of my sweet babe Samuel Ashton, born on 19th April; a fine healthy boy." It seems strange for us to read also that he was "bled with a leech!" "I never loved one so young so well; a sweet babe, fair as alabaster, dark eyes, and so sweet-tempered; he died on the 3rd August, fourteen weeks old."

The Journal is not resumed till on March 11th, 1843, she writes "dear Baby eight months old to-day, he is a little Coax!" This baby was her fourth child, and was named Samuel Ashton after the little one whose early death had been such a grief.

For the first year of their married life the couple lived at the Thompson House, 12, Abercromby Square, where their first child, Mary Elizabeth, was born on December 23rd, 1837, but the birth-place of the next three children was at Dingle Cottage, a pretty house built by her Uncle, James Yates. It was in Dingle Lane, and there was a sweet view from it of the River Mersey.

It will be remembered that she was anxious to bring up her children well, and she comments here on Mary E. her eldest-born as being "a very thoughtful child. She saw an old man in the road and took the bun which was in her hand, broke it in two and offered him half." This action was very characteristic of the kindly benevolence which distinguished her to the end of her long life. She describes Harry, the second child, as of a "rather waggish turn, even attempting to perpetrate a pun." He was full of fun and wit, and always got on well at school, obtaining good reports from his different Masters, and becoming eventually Head-boy at Harrow, and raised cheers there when Lord Palmerston, an old Harrovian became Prime Minister. Ashton, the third surviving son, was of a very different type. For he was reserved, and though warm-hearted, was of a rather difficult temperament, causing his mother much anxiety. But his early faults were overcome.

In 1846 the life at Thingwall began, and the next son George Rodie was born there on November 4th, being two years younger than Margaret Emma. Of her she writes "Meggie very droll, and a sweet elegant little creature, Papa spoils her, dear little George Rodie rides on the pony every day with Meggie on a little pillion behind."

In spite of all the business connected with the recent move to Thingwall, which was a really large house, we gather that our grandmother must have enjoyed very good health and possessed

much energy and power of organization. She mentions quite casually that at "our birthday party in December about forty children and many grown-up people came, altogether about a hundred. Several very elaborate Tableaux Vivants were arranged. The *Statue* scene from "The Winter's Tale," "when M. Sandbach looked beautiful as the statue, Eliza Bostock, *Paulina*, and Mr. Sandbach, *Laertes*." He had married Margaret Roscoe, her greatest friend, and a real confidante.

There were other Tableaux. "One a scene from the "Bride of Lammermoor. Anna as *Lucy Ashton*, Aunt Richard, *Lady Ashton*, snatching away the bit of gold from her neck. Henry Sandbach as *Ravenswood*, and Sam behind as the *Priest*." The children shouted "Papa's the worst!"

This numerous party must have been held in the large, but as yet unfurnished drawing-room, for in April 1848 she writes, "went to London, taking up our quarters at Almonds Hotel, Clifford Street, Bond Street, where we are very comfortable, our chief object being to choose furniture for the drawing-room."

This room which had a back-drawing-room must have been very convenient for the Tableaux Vivants already described.

It may be interesting here to describe the room and its contents as it remained practically unchanged to the end of the century. The room was

lighted by three Crystal Chandeliers holding wax candles, and there were in addition very pretty gilt wall-brackets for lighting on ordinary occasions. The older ones of my generation, will I am sure, recall the lovely large room with its gay and beautiful wall-paper, made, I believe, specially for it, with a great deal of gold and a bright blue pattern, which we knew from the paint-boxes of our childhood, was called ultramarine. The large windows which included a bow, were hung with lovely rose-coloured curtains. The large Chesterfield and many arm-chairs were covered with the same, and I possess a small chair belonging to the set. I own also, a gilt table, with an octagonal top of Sèvres china. It used to stand near the bow window, with small vases upon it containing pink and white camellias, which flowered abundantly in the Conservatory. The principal picture in the drawing-room hung on the wall opposite the windows, above the grand piano. It was a water-colour by John Absalon, (1815-1895) and it was in triptych form, depicting three scenes from Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." It was Aunt Annie's wish that it should be given after her death to the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool, but as the Trustees could not accept it, it was sold in 1942 for the benefit of the Red Cross, by her residuary legatee.

But to revert to the Journal, where we read of the Chartist Risings, and of the determination of the Government to prevent a Petition for man-

hood-suffrage being presented to the House of Commons.

There had been a disastrous financial crisis in the previous year, and we read now "Sam is actually retiring from the Bank. Many are astonished, I am not. Money is not worth having at the cost of peace, and he is in a constant state of anxiety. I hope he is not too old to make himself very useful in other ways."

The story of Thingwall is one of the exercise of perpetual hospitality, and the Journal constantly records visits of many relatives. Among these was Eliza Bostock, a very good artist, who painted portraits of the children at various stages. Then there were her first cousins of the Yates family, several daughters of her Uncle Ashton Yates, of these Sophy is mentioned, she also was artistic, and provided the illustrations for the poem by William Roscoe, entitled "*The Naiad of the Dingle*." Aunt Fanny Hughes often came, and the West Dingleites, and Uncle Taylor, "who is failing fast."

"Another Christmas nearly over! How the years roll on! Harry has brought the first prize from School, and must have well earned it as he was ill for some weeks during the half-year. He appeared in jacket and trousers on his birthday (nine years old) and is wonderfully improved by the change." "Dear Mary is rather quiet, her perceptive organs want drawing out. Meggie droll as ever, in great danger of being spoilt by Papa. She is a sweet

darling. Ashton shows great wish to improve himself. Rodie is a famous lad, full of life and spirit. He sings Rousseau's *Dream*, and the *Three Little Kittens* in perfect tune, though he cannot speak more than a few words. It is surprising he does not talk more. The funniest thing about him is, his propensity for rhyming out of his own head, singing all the time for long together. He still tries to get his own way, though I do not think he has forgotten the smackings he once got!"

1850. This year was the commencement of another half-century, and on New Year's Day she went to West Dingle "where Mamma was but poorly, Anna and Robert were there and little Caroline." Anna was the third of the six sisters and Elizabeth's favourite. She had married Mr. Robert Needham Philips and lived with him at the Park, a large house a few miles out of Manchester, and they had two little girls, Caroline and Margaret.

On Good Friday, she writes "Alas! how much has happened! My darling sister gone. She who was my hand-in-hand companion, so sweet and loving." Her baby, a girl, was born on March 12th, sooner than she expected. She lingered in pain till Tuesday, 2nd April, and then passed away.

Later she rejoices that "Miss E. Green has gone to the little unconscious orphans, and will fill a mother's place to them." A fortnight later is this

entry, "our sweet boy was born." This was Richard Heywood, names given to him at his baptism "in water from the Jordan, brought by Uncle Richard."

She goes later to the Park "for dear Annie's sake, a very sad visit. I sometimes wonder if we may meet in another world and be as we were once to each other, long long ago.

Among the family miniatures were some relics of my grandmother's which she had done up and labelled. There were her wedding garters and a pair of long lace mittens, but also in a brown holland bag a pair of small black velvet slippers which had belonged to her beloved sister. I have given these to my Cousin Robin Price, whose mother was Margaret Philips, and he was interested to hear something of his grandmother who had died so young.

This seems a suitable place to insert these lines written by our great-grandfather, which tells of the affection he had for his daughter whose early death was such a sorrow to her elder sister.

Lines on receiving this beautiful Velvet Cap from my Dear Daughter Mrs. R. N. Philips, 27th January, 1846.

"By filial duty and affection sent
This Cap to warm my frosty pate is meant.
And now—like Fortunatus—do I roam,
At least in thought, to view that peaceful home,
Where busy Hymen his new Altar rears
To bliss connubial and domestic cares.

But Velvet fades, earth's pomps and gauds are vain,
Affection, virtue, truth, alone remain.
New vigour these to waning life impart
That warms the head, but these revive the heart."

Jos. B. Yates, West Dingle, Nr. Liverpool.

Robert Philips married as his second wife, Mary Ellen, one of the Yates cousins, and their only child Anna Maria, was born in 1857. She lived her long life in the Park, a typical house of a by-gone age, where she had been born. She was greatly beloved by her half-nephews, Trevelyans and Prices, as well as by others of our family circle. When I returned to London in 1942 after Aunt Annie's death, she wrote most affectionately to me inviting me to come away from the London bombing, then going on in great variety, to stay with her at the Park. I have paid many happy visits there, but I felt unable to leave my home. I was much grieved to hear of her sudden but very peaceful death, on January 25th this year.

I fear I have wandered somewhat from my subject, namely my grandmother's life at Thingwall. Her family was not yet complete, her youngest daughter, Anna Maria, was born there on May 15th, 1852.

The year 1851 had been made memorable by the Great Exhibition held in the wonderful Crystal Palace designed by Sir Joseph Paxton, and erected in Hyde Park. My grand-parents went up to London to visit it, and were present at the opening on May 1st, and she writes "a splendid sight!

we waited nearly three hours, and were quite rewarded." They visited it again a few days later, and then set off for Paris, sleeping at a Boulogne Hotel, and "met a little Mr. Woodburn, travelling with Nevins the artist, who is a nice old man, and a Conservator of the National Gallery. After a spell of sight-seeing in Paris, on their return, she finds her mother ill, evidently failing considerably. Then comes a letter from "dear Margaret Sandbach, which announced an impending operation which took place shortly after. The Journal records the names of the Surgeon and doctors who performed it under chloroform, and she hears that "Margaret was wonderfully brave, and occupied herself all morning finishing some slippers for old Mrs. Sandbach, and correcting proof-sheets of her book, 'Spiritual Alchemy,' or 'Trials turned into Gold,'" "God grant her heavy trial may so prove to her, as I feel sure it will, she is almost perfect, and suffering will make her more so." Many lines follow revealing the depth of her feelings during the time of anxiety over the sufferings of her great friend.

She is also a good deal taken up with the illness of her mother. There were the two sisters Sarah and Harriet still at home, and Emma's marriage took place during the summer. "So ends my book, four years and a half since we left the Dingle!"

The new book however, dated 1853, records the sad account of Margaret Sandbach's last days, before she died in her sleep in June 1852. My

object is to tell the story of my grandmother in early middle age, but I devote a good deal of space to tell of the sorrow this occasioned her, because the sentiments called forth and committed to the Journal, reveal the depth of her religious feeling, her faith in God, and submission to His will in the loss of her friend.

We recall the resolution made by her so long ago as to training up her children, and in this she was inspired with the highest sense of duty. By this time there were a goodly number of them, four sons and three daughters, and we have seen how she studied their various characters, and commented on both their virtues and their faults. Life at Thingwall must have been busy, and could not have been dull, for there were frequent visits to London and Journeys taken abroad, and public events are commented upon. In March 1853, the Centenary of Roscoe was kept, and his sons William and Edward were there, and the former made a speech. A country house had been taken in Wales, near Plas Newdd for the family in the summer, and she hopes that all will benefit by the good air there, especially Dicky, whose health had been causing much anxiety. She herself also had not been well, and had combined visits to a London doctor with many sittings for her portrait by Sir William Boxall. These sittings were agreeable as he had no objection to her talking while he painted. "But he was in rather a fuss about my dress for the portrait, the cloak will not do."

During one London visit she went to Lauderdale House, Highgate, one evening, where she "met Mr. and Mrs. Pulzksy, and the Aunts, and clever dirty Mr. Sharp and his ugly daughters. Really I fear I would rather be less learned and more pleasing! We had animated conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Pulzksy. Madame showed us her Hungarian 'Cap of Ceremony' very small and pretty, made of black and gold lace."

A return home was made in November after the stay in Wales. In December they went to Chester to stay with the Richard Barkers, "which I enjoyed much, old friends, there is nothing like them in this world."

Christmas came and they dined at West Dingle on December 26th but "poor Mamma was very poorly, and she evidently thinks herself failing. Oh! I should be glad to keep her yet a little while," January 1st 1854. Our New Year's party. We were very merry, but the Journal tells of the rapid development of her mother's illness and her own devoted attention to her in it. There had been an exceptionally heavy fall of snow, which made getting about difficult, but on January 9th, Harry came to see his Grandmother for the last time. She had heard of some sixth form boy getting into some disgrace or other recently, and she charged Harry that when he got into the same Form to "behave as a Christian and a gentleman." After this her mother became very much worse, and the end was evidently near, and much is recorded

about the last hours. Almost her last conscious words were "God bless you, what can I do for you? and I said, pray for me, mother dear, when you get to that good country." On the 18th she breathed her last sigh, and I thanked God that she was at rest."

Our wedding anniversary, the 24th, was very mournful, as it was the day of the funeral, when she was laid in the burying ground of the Ancient Chapel.

On May 8th, she alludes to her own increasing age, "my fortieth birthday, how many have I yet to number?" And she laments the loss of friends, and says she has now "few ties to earth besides my husband and children, but they are indeed strong ones."

Later she tells of a visit to Mostyn, her late mother's old home, and she finds Mary Taylor much changed after the twenty years since she saw her last, and she regrets not having gone there with her mother who spent her early years so happily there. "So many things I would have liked to have done, now too late."

Meanwhile the children are growing fast, and she records the development of their characters, and many notes on Sermons heard on Sundays, and of meeting various interesting people. I think she was always very fond of sacred music, and in St. George's Hall she heard the *Messiah*, *Elijah* and other oratorios. Then follows an account of a splendid Soirée given in the Town Hall by the

Mayor. This included an Exhibition of pictures, and one of water-colours in a small room, to which "we had sent our Absolon and Richardsons." Then she is busy "rigging out the children for the winter. Little Annie is as fat as butter, and sings all sorts of songs, many of them quite correctly." Music lessons are arranged for Meggie with Mr. Shumacher, Lily Gladstone's master. "He asks enormous terms, thirty-six guineas, I declined, and he came down to twenty-six." At the end of the year she is thankful that the children are well, for Meggie had had a bad attack of scarlet fever, but fortunately "none of the others caught this dreadful disease. Meggie seems to have recovered quickly, and only now requires care."

In March 1855 she speaks of "the sudden and awful death of the poor Emperor, and I hope he died by fair means, for though he was our enemy, he was so very unwillingly, and one could not help admiring his courage and talent. His son Alexander is very peaceably inclined. I hope he will be permitted to come to the throne."

August 29th, 1855. "With nurse and five children, I went to stay at the Park! Miss Green is so kind, there is not another person I would have ventured to ask. We went to keep little Carrie's birthday on the 30th. Annie and Dicky are enchanted at the prospect of going by railway. Carrie and Meggie had prepared a Nursery so nicely, and filled it with toys for the little ones which they much appreciated.

In the late autumn her father's health became much impaired, and she describes with great detail his lingering illness and the great patience with which he bore it. He was quite conscious, and appreciated very much the constant attendance of his eldest daughter. Night after night was spent by her and her husband at his bedside, and he spoke much of Harry and Ashton, his two grandsons in whom he took much interest. Speaking of Harry, he said "he is a good lad, and will do you credit." Shortly before the end he asked Harriet to play "Vital Spark," I suppose this was a musical setting of Pope's poem "The dying Christian to his Soul," of which he was very fond. The weakness and breathlessness increased, and on December 12th, he expired quite peacefully.

"Our boys returned from School the day after their poor grandpapa died, bringing prizes with them which would have delighted him to see." Sunday we are all together, and should be a blithe party but for the sad blank over us. Harry and Mary were much affected on seeing the last remains of their poor grandpapa."

The funeral was on the 18th, and many relatives were present. "Aunt Moss came, and showed much feeling. Harry and Ashton attended, and a large number of people were there."

Nothing very particular is recorded in 1856 till we read "August 24th, when Robert Philips came here as Sheriff. His fiancée, Mary Ellen, came

with all the family to see him, Musgraves, d'Eyncourts, etc. Harriet Bostock is staying at West Dingle till next year."

September 9th. "My dear little healthy baby was born." He was the last of her large family and was called Edward Philips.

It will have been noticed that each of her sons were given as a second name, a surname connected with the family, Rodie being that of a friend.

I recall some lines as follows—

"In 1856 tis said,
Was born your faithful Uncle Ted."

I cannot tell when this couplet was given to me, but it relates to Edward Philips, who became a very favourite Uncle.

This leads me now to write something about those Uncles and Aunts of ours whose early years have been so fully recorded in their mother's Journal. For us there has happily been no experience of the "wicked uncles and haughty aunts" of fairy tale and fiction. How good they have all been to us, and how much we owe to their generosity and thoughtful love! At the same time they have set us an example of service to the community, in manifold directions, and especially in the Arts and Literature, which it is unnecessary for me to specify.

And now I turn again to the last page of the Journal, which in addition to the birth of my

grandmother's youngest child, tells also of the "death of good kind Uncle Richard on November 30th, after a month's illness of paralysis. We have lost a kind friend, whom we shall, I hope, meet again in a better world."

This truly Christian hope was strong in her, and it should sustain us also in our old age.

"'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store."

Keble.

Margaret E. Abuthuot

59 Courtfield Gardens,
S.W.5

June, 1946

POSTSCRIPT.

These particulars of the marriages of the Thompson children may be of interest.

Mary Elizabeth—June 26th, 1861,
to Henry A. Bright,
in Knotty Ash Church.

Margaret Emma (my mother)—April 5th, 1866,
to Herbert Mortimer Luckock,
in Childwall Church.

Henry Yates—June 27th, 1878,
to Elizabeth A. Murray Smith,
in St. Stephen's Church, Gloucester Road,
S.W.

George Rodie—April 19th, 1876,
to Alice Howard Barber,
in Knowsley Church.
(She died on July 5th, 1885).
He married secondly, Ezit Peters, September
19th, 1890.

Richard Heywood—April, 1885,
to Anne Lucy Hornby,
in St. Michael's-on-Wyre Church.

Edward Philips—January 29th, 1919,
to Edith Melisina Musgrave.
in All Saints' Church, Ennismore Gardens,
S.W.

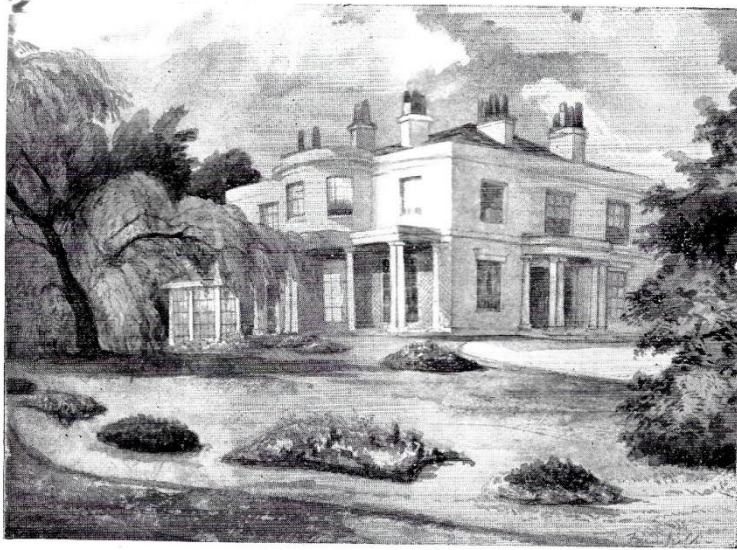


DINGLE HEAD

The home of the Revd. John Yates



DINGLE HEAD

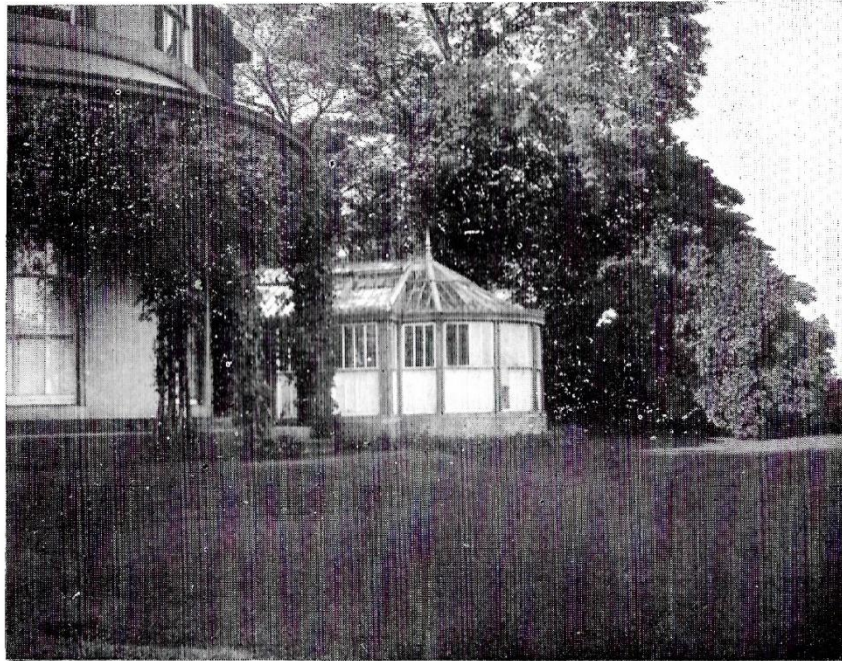


FARMFIELD

The Home of Aunt Maria and Aunt Eljen



DINGLE COTTAGE



WEST DINGLE

43





MARGARET (TAYLOR)

Mrs. J. B. Yates

(From a miniature, the property of M.E.A.)



ASHTON

MARY

MEGGIE

HARRY

(From a painting, the property of Elizabeth Bright, Barton Court, Colwall)