

Recollections of My Childhood

written by

Phebe Glaisyer

born Phebe Lucas 1816 died 1904

On the opposite page is a picture of the old family house at Hitchin attached to the Brewery, it was always known as "The Brewhouse", where our Ancestors had lived for many generations; and the early home of the writer of the following pages.

Tradition says that Queen Anne once lodged in the house on one of her journeys.

Recollections of my Childhood

I have very often of late called to mind the circumstances of my own Childhood, how very differently was I situated from my dear grandchildren in this country, and those in their distant American home, and I wish for their sakes that I could depict somewhat of my home and surroundings in the early years of my life, as I think it may be interesting to my young descendants to know a little of their ancestors, some of whom probably they have as yet never heard of. The memory of them to myself is very precious and fresh, and I consider it an honour to have numbered among my near relations many who were of the excellent of the earth.

I was born at Hitchin a pleasant little country town in Hertfordshire on the 26th of 8th mo. 1816, and was the youngest child of Joseph and Hannah Lucas. I had five brothers, Joseph, Edward, Charles, Thomas Woolstone, and Jeffery, and one sister Sarah more than four years older than myself. My mother's maiden name was Hannah Woolston, she was an only child. She lost her parents when quite young, and was brought up by her uncle Thomas Woolston who was a farmer at Irlthorpe, Northamptonshire. I can just remember his venerable appearance when he came to our house to visit my parents. My mother received her education first at Ackworth and afterwards at York School. From some of her letters to my father before they were married (these in the possession of my brother Joseph) I find that she was inoculated for the small pox, and went to be under medical care during the time to a place appointed for patients, and passed safely through the complaint. It must have been a great change to her to become on her marriage the mistress of a rather large house to which the Brewery my uncle and father were engaged in was attached, also to join a pretty large circle of relations at Hitchin. I greatly regret that I remember so little of her myself, but from the testimony of many others I believe her to have been a sweet, gentle, woman, and most exemplary in fulfilling her duties as a wife and mother. I have only a slight remembrance of her, but can recall her as rather tall and slight with dark hair. I remember being with her sometimes when she changed her dress in the afternoons and thinking how nice she looked. I do not know much of the early life of my brothers, they all in turn went to boarding schools kept by friends, except my brother Jeffery who was educated in Hitchin. The master of the Free School, Dr. Niblock was a well educated man who also had a private school of his own which my

brother attended. I think my Father was unwilling to part with him, he was a gentle affectionate boy and endeared himself much to those he lived with. My eldest brother Joseph was living at home and was engaged in the Malting business, Edward was serving his time with our cousin Isaac Bass at Brighton, Charles was apprenticed to Glaisyer & Kemp also at Brighton, Thomas was at Epping School, Jeffery and Sarah were at home with myself, the youngest of the flock at the time these recollections begin. Sarah went to a day school kept by two worthy women Mary & Ann Read, who taught reading, writing, a little arithmetic, and plain needlework, in which useful art their pupils excelled, she made shirts there for my father with beautiful stitching in them. I was never a pupil there, as the school was given up before I was old enough to go. My sister and I were not much of companions at that time, there was considerable difference in our age, her health was not strong, and she was never fond of the out door games of children that I delighted in, her enjoyment was chiefly in reading. She began very early to store her mind with a great variety of useful and interesting literature in poetry as well as prose, so that as years advanced she became a most interesting and intellectual companion.

From my earliest recollection I believe my dearest Mother was a confirmed invalid. I do not think she was able to leave the house much. She sometimes went out for a drive in a pony chaise procured for her, and driven mostly by my cousins Mary or Martha Lucas. I was often allowed to accompany them. Our cousin Sarah Woolston was nearly always at our house to assist in the domestic management and care of my dear mother. As she became weaker I remember a nice resting Couch being bought for her, different from the straight backed sofas then in use. She must have been then in an advanced stage of her illness, as I have a vague recollection of my dear father one evening carrying her from it up to her chamber, which I think she never left again. I was about $6\frac{1}{2}$ years old when she died, and well do I remember that I was at the house of my father's clerk Thomas Marsh who lived but a few steps from our premises. I suppose I was sent there to spend the morning with their daughter Eliza who was a constant playfellow of mine. Our housemaid Sally Pack came to fetch me home, she was crying, and we were then told that my dear mother had just passed away. Oh it is a bitter grief even to very young child to lose a tender mother. I found that the loss is indeed irreparable there was a void that was never filled, and I shed many tears in secret once the memory of the past young as I was, and recalled certain times when I had been disobedient to this precious Mother with the keenest self reproach, and in the words of Jane Taylor's hymn could say from my own experience "Oh if she would but come again I think I'd vex her so no more".

From this time our cousin Sarah Woolston lived with us entirely as housekeeper. I have often thought since that she must have had an arduous post. Though she had the best intentions and wishes to fulfil her duty, she was not adapted to guide and restrain a lively impetuous child as I then was, and I am sure I was very disobedient and rebellious to her. She had not been used to children, and perhaps expected too much from me, and had no idea of winning me to do what she wished by meeting me half way as it were, so that my relations with her were not always of a pleasant kind to look back upon, tho' I do remember pleasant times with "Cousin", as we used to style her, when she and I were together of a winter's evening in our handsome old wainscotted parlour, after learning my lessons for next day I would sometimes read a little to her, or we would play a game with the letters, and it was the practise to read one of the Alney hymns before going to bed.

I may just say that our dining room used to be much admired. It was a wainscotted room, and the panels of dark imitation of walnut wood were relieved by mouldings of maize colour. There were three windows in the room, two looking into the street, and one into the yard, and as they

all had window seats we liked to sit there and see what went on in the street. The back window gave us a view of the counting house where I have often seen my Father and uncle sitting at their respective desks.

By daylight our parlour looked bright and cheerful, but in the evenings we required more light than we usually had especially as Cousin used to extinguish one of the two candles, in her desire to curtail household expenses, so she and I sat in semi darkness at the table, until she heard my fathers step in the passage, when the other candle was immediately lighted. In those days there were no composite candles, and paraffin lamps did not come into use for many years after. There were no matches either, save the old fashioned burnstone ones lighted with the tinder box.

My dearest Father was most indulgent to me, I was always happy when with him, and delighted to bound upon his knee, clasp my arms round his neck and cover him with kisses. I often took walks with him particularly in the holidays. Many a time have we gone together to his farm at Offley Grange, nearly two miles from Hitchin. A worthy couple John Lenton and his wife lived there, he was bailiff and had long stories to tell of crops and stock while his wife of whom I was very fond, would regale me with new milk, and bread and butter from her dairy. It was a great delight to me to feed the poultry on these occasions, and visit the pigs, calves etc. While writing of Offley Grange, I am reminded that our two families, my uncle William Lucas's and ours, were accustomed to have a Harvest-home party there to take tea, after which we walked perhaps to the village of Offley and visit the Church, or in some other direction through the pretty green lanes round the farm, assembling there again to partake of a syllabub before returning home. On one of these occasions when walking from Hitchin to the farm I was desirous to carry a basket containing the bottle of wine to be used for it, but my cousins Mary and Martha thought it too heavy for me, and were also fearful I might drop it and break the bottle, but I persisted in taking it, when in a short time the accident they feared nearly took place, and the wine was all spilled. I was very much ashamed and frightened and thought every body would be deprived of the treat, but I found things were not quite so bad as I feared, for a boy was sent into Hitchin for another bottle, which consoled me; but I have never forgotten this instance of self will.

Another of the delightful walks my dear Father and I took together was to see the skating and sliding when there was a hard frost on the piece of water at St. Ibbes' Bush belonging to Professor Lax who lived near Ippollits on the London road. It was not the fashion then for girls to skate, and not often to slide, but we highly enjoyed looking on at those who were proficient in the art of skating, and could cut figures of various shapes on the ice. Our friend Joseph Sharples was very clever in this way, and was often to be seen there when there was a hard frost.

Another charming walk we often took together was to the water mill at Charlton, a little hamlet on the confines of Hitchin Park. The mill was worked by Edward Burr, his sister Mary kept house for him, simple hospitable folk both of them, and I can never forget their hearty tones of welcome as we entered the house. The great attraction to me was the garden and broad sheet of water at the mill head, where a fine pair of swans might always be seen swimming about, as well as occasional moor hens or dabchicks about the islands further up the stream. E. Burr was remarkably fond of flowers, and succeeded in growing them beautifully, he was also very liberal in cutting them for his visitors, and we always returned from our visits there laden with a handsom bouquet.

We had two servants who had lived many years with us, Mary Valentine the cook, and Sally Pack, housemaid. I slept in a little press bed in their room in my very early years, they were very kind to me, and after my dear

Sarah went to boarding school, I should have been very lonely but for them. How snug and delightful it was to go into the kitchen before I went to bed and sit awhile in the warm chimney corner, and eat my supper of bread and cheese, or bread and treacle for a treat, while Mary and Sally sat at their work at a little round table close by.

A long ^{ie} ~~piece~~ of hopbaggging was laid down by the fire by way of hearth rug, which was a very good substitute for a carpet. Our kitchen floor was of stone, kept spotlessly clean by Mary who washed it I believe every day after dinner. There were some deer's antlers fastened to the wall, which served as hooks for hats and coats to be hung on and looked quite handsome. I think our kitchen was the pleasantest room in the house, there were two large windows, one looking into the little yard, which opened on the brew-house yard where there was always something going on, and the other into our more private yard, where the counting house was, (spoken of before) and from whence we reached the garden by a passage. On one day in the year, St. Thomas's day 21st of Dec. until 12 o'clock at noon, this yard was thronged with women and children going up to the counting house to claim the penny which was given to any person who liked to ask for it by the firm, care being taken that only one of a family received it, of course, I always applied for the gift, and received it.

I used to be very happy if allowed by Mary to have a broom or mop, and clean a strip of pavement in the little yard, and I always thought I much improved its appearance. We kept a number of pigeons, and it was a great pleasure to feed them with peas obtained by going up a step ladder to a loft in the brewhouse yard, this I constantly did, and frequently visited the storehouse, walking between the rows of casks, and seeing the yeast dropping into receptacles for it when the working process was going on. There was a slight feeling of awe when I came to the spot where two immense barrels or vats stood each more like a house than any thing I can compare them to, they were called the King, and Queen, and were reckoned a wonderful sight, we liked to take our friends to see them. They were filled I believe with strong old ale. I used often to visit the Brewhouse, also, which was a much more interesting place to me than the Storehouse. There were large places called Coolers, it was fine fun to put on a gigantic pair of pattens belonging to George Westwood the brewer, and shuffle about in them when the coolers had four or five inches of water in them, another advantage was that when looking through the windows of the Coolers, I could overlook our neighbour's gardens, which was very gratifying to my curiosity, and I thought they looked very superior to ours. Then there was the Mill, where the malt was ground, in which the patient old blind horse performed his endless journey, I often stood and watched him, and pitied the poor animal, tho' I must admit he looked extremely well cared for. We had a pleasant garden at the back of the brewhouse, laid out in the old-fashioned style, with straight gravel walks, and flower beds on either side, a small plot of grass, and a considerable part devoted to fruit, and a few vegetables. My father was very fond of flowers. He always had choice auriculas in the spring arranged on a stand in what we called 'The Cloisters' a kind of summer house, roofed but open at the side, with pillars to support it, several wooden arm chairs painted green stood there. We often sat in the Cloisters in summer with our books or work. We also had very beautiful picotees and carnations grown in long beds to themselves, my father being quite a connoisseur in such flowers people used often to come in to see them when in bloom. In the flower borders we had many moss and damask rose bushes and fragrant cabbage roses, which I used to think lovely, at that time there were none of the beautiful variety of roses that are grown now, but I cannot omit the sweet little Scotch roses of which we had several bushes, and the monthly roses growing up the wall, all of which were a joy to me. I had a little garden of my own, but as it was shaded by two fine tall Lombardy poplars my flowers did not flourish much, though our kind gardener Frank Smith did his best to help me. We had another garden at

the top of a Maltster's yard belonging to my uncle and father in Cock St., as it was then called it is now known as High St. I often went there with my father, and at other times with my young companions. Here was a very fine mulberry tree which bore abundance of delicious fruit, besides a good supply of the choicer description of wallfruit, peaches, nectarines, apricots and white currants also trained on a wall and netted, so that a supply might be forthcoming at our quarterly Meeting table in the 9th month, cherries, apples, pears, raspberries, gooseberries and currants grew abundantly in this productive garden. There was a good sized square grass plot which was well adapted for our favourite game of base ball, as fruit trees were planted on it at convenient distances, there was also in one corner a pretty little thatched summer house where we could sit and amuse ourselves made this garden a favourite spot in my young days. I believe the ancient mulberry tree still exists, and continues to bear a modicum of fruit to keep up its credit, but the garden is quite altered and modernized, the old maltings are gone, and in place of the ancient little butcher's shop kept by one Atkins, stands the spacious linen and woollen drapery establishment, and commodious house built by the late John Thompson, who married my cousin Mary Lucas, my uncle W.L.'s eldest daughter.

The first school I attended was kept by Fanny Reynolds in Tilehouse St., it was a very elementary affair. I well remember the difficulty of mastering such sentences as "Did he go up" at that school I remember too being carried to school on one occasion when I think the snow was on the ground by Jervis one of the brewhouse men.

In process of time I was sent to a school with my sister Sarah of much more pretention kept by Mrs. Grosse in Bancroft, (next door to Frederick Seeborn's house) she was a widow lady in reduced circumstances and had 3 daughters. The eldest Kate was one of the handsomest young people I ever remember to have seen. I used greatly to admire her beautiful abundant hair coiled round her graceful head, she was always kind to me, but I was rather in awe of her mother who used to hold my hand rather tightly in guiding me how to form my writing letters. I remember being much delighted with having a nice warm grey duffle cloak like my sister's to go to school in, they had hoods to them. In summer I think I mostly wore a nankeen bonnet for common, and spencer of the same material, I much disliked the bonnet and avoided wearing it as much as I could. Our best bonnets were of fine white straw with a little white ribbon frill behind and white strings, which with a white frock and muslin or silk spencer according to the weather was our usual sunday costume during the summer. In winter we had dark cloth peleisses with small capes, and grey beaver bonnets and worsted gloves. Even in winter I never had long sleeves to my frocks, though I suffered very much from chapped arms and hands, but it was not the custom to leave off the short sleeves to our frocks till we were 13 or 14 years old. After Mrs. Grosse left Hitchin there was no other suitable school for me to attend and Sarah having then gone to Norwich, our very kind friends Elizabeth and Mary Ransom offered to teach me with their two nieces Maria and Caroline, this was a most kind and friendly offer, and gladly accepted by my father. I enjoyed the time I was with them very much, I suppose it was about a year I was their pupil, I fear they found me very inattentive as I remember the number of tickets gained in the $\frac{1}{2}$ year was too small to merit a prize, but in their kindness lest I should be discouraged they presented me with a pretty little morocco reticule. For the benefit of those who may read this book I may say that Elizabeth R. was afterwards married to Joseph Sharples, and was the mother of the late Mrs. Alexander Peckover of Wisbeach, and Mary married William Exton, her elder daughter is now Mrs. Gurney Barclay. Sometimes in the summer while under their care we all went for a few days to Grove Mill, about a mile from Hitchin where their brother Joshua carried on a flour mill, he had a very nice house, and pretty garden, with a shruberry walk by the side of the mill stream, it was a very great treat to me to go there, lessons went on as usual, but the surroundings were so pleasant when lessons were over, the walk by the river terminated by a little rustic

bridge on which we crossed to a little island, which we often explored, and in the paddock on one side of the garden a nice little tent was set up which we often frequented. When at Hitchin we had school in the winter in the family dining room, a large handsome apartment, and in summer we used an equally large bedroom over it. I have a vivid remembrance of the aged parents of my friends, and thinking what a handsome old gentleman John Ransom was, he wore a flaxen wig, with a row of curls at the back, he and his wife were mostly sitting each side of the fire while school was going on. E. & M. R. were very kind to me, and their influence was so good that it must have been just what I wanted Maria & Caroline were both older than myself, and were among my young cotemporaries, but Eliza Marsh was at that time my most intimate companion, she lived almost close to us, and it was so handy to rush to her house whenever I liked, she also very often came to our house, and helped me sometimes to make 'a feast', with the little toy dinner and tea things. We often played with my dolls, there was a small cupboard in my brother Joseph's bedroom fitted with shelves, and tiny Dutch dolls with very short waisted frocks lived in it, this we delighted in playing with, and often it underwent a regular house-cleaning. The little dolls referred to were most of them I believe dressed by my dear cousin Ellen Wright and my sister Sarah who worked under her directions. She was the daughter of William Wright, my dear father's first cousin, and was a frequent visitor at our house for weeks together. We were all glad to have her with us, she was so cheerful and pleasant to all. I was particularly fond of her, and remember her bright face, and dark hair curled in an unbroken roll behind. In after life a closer link united us when I became her sister-in-law. She was a loving and true friend to me all through the after vicissitudes of life. The present generation will recognize in her the dear 'aunt Ellen' of the home at Leighton. She married your uncle Joseph Claisyer in 1832. I came over from Lewes where I was at school, and was present at the wedding. Now we return to recollections of my young friends. Eliza Marsh and I frequently joined Ester and Mary Whiting on Saturday afternoons, they were daughters of John & Margaret Whiting. Sometimes we went to Highbury where J.W. had a good sized garden, and what then seemed a grand summer house, with windows into the lane at the back, here we played for hours, always I think under Ester's direction she being the eldest. There were beehives in that garden which much impressed me, and the Whitings had a donkey cart which we sometimes were allowed to use, of course it was very delightful. At other times the same party would go on holiday afternoons to Mount Pleasant, a delightful spot planted with fir trees, and laid out with paths with here and there a seat or small alcove, it belonged to my uncle William Lucas, and is one of the places near Hitchin connected with delightful reminiscences of my childhood, we had charming views of the surrounding country from the more open walks, and in more retired ones the songs of innumerable birds. The alcove on our Saturday afternoon visits was always our home, Ester was our Mother, & set all her children to work in sweeping our kitchen clean, and preparing the dinner and other meals.

Though I had several young companions with whom I mostly spent the Saturday afternoons I often realized a certain loneliness, and longed for a sister about my own age. One fine evening I well remember I went after tea to ask Maria and Caroline Ransom to go for a walk. I was told that the children were all gone to meet their father and mother who were expected to return that evening from a visit to Leicestershire. I at once decided to go myself and join the party, so set off along the Bedford road which was the route I expected they would take, and walked on a long way without meeting my friends, I suppose it must have been getting dusk, for to this day I have a feeling of the sense of desolation that came over me on that solitary road in the waning light. But a piece of good fortune, I little expected was at hand, I heard a gig approaching behind me, who should it contain but our kind old friend Oswald Foster, the doctor, he drew up when he recognized the forlorn little pilgrim trudging along towards Bedford, and when he had heard my story told me to get up in his gig and he would take me home, he was going to visit a patient not far off. I gladly obeyed, and thus was relieved of my misgivings as to how my walk was to end. I have no doubt I missed the

Ransom party by their having taken a short cut into the town before I reached the turning.

No account of my early days would be complete without mentioning my cousin Francis Lucas, my uncle William's youngest son, who was only a few months older than myself, my aunt was most kind in asking me frequently to go to tea with them. He was a bright, clever, lively boy, with beautiful large dark eyes and rosy cheeks. He was very fond of drawing, we used to kneel on the chairs in their large bow window of the parlour, where there was a convenient shelf for his book or slate, he used to amuse me much with his sketches of imaginary scenes, chiefly of combats or battles as far as I recollect now. These drawings were also accompanied by a fluent running commentary on the proceedings of the persons depicted. In those days our two families were in the habit of dining at each other's houses occasionally and a large party we always were, we enjoyed these reunions very much. I think they were very useful in keeping the links of relationship bright, and maintaining interest in each other's pursuits and employments. In the spring and summer the younger members of the two families frequently walked together in the evenings. I have delightful recollections of walks in the Park, Mount Pleasant or Willow Lane where we were sure to hear the nightingale, Orton Head, and many other favourite spots visited on these occasions. We often fell in with my dear uncle William Lucas who loved a country walk with spud in hand and his old dog Trim or Pepper by his side. His favourite spot was Orton Head, he possessed some land there, the river was the boundry of one part of it, and a very pretty belt of trees planted I believe by him made quite an ornamental finish, here he used often to sit on an old stump, and unseen himself could watch the movements of the small animals that frequent the water's edge, and of the numerous birds who found there such a delightful and safe retreat to build their nests and rear their young.

In later time there was a boat at Orton Head, which gave great pleasure to a younger generation.

By following the course, of the stream we came to a common which I found in after years was rich in wild flowers, among them the elegant Grass of Parnassees ranks the highest, many were the rambles we took over that common, when our attention had been drawn to the delights of botanical research. Still further through the meadows we approached the head of the stream where stood the Water Mill, at that time carried on by my uncle Samuel Allen, where I think I may certainly say that some of the happiest days of my childhood were spent; it was the residence of my dear uncle and aunt Samuel and Phebe Allen and their five sons. She was my father's only sister, and after my dear Mother's death felt a deep interest in Sarah and myself, and in the summer and winter holidays always invited us to spend a week at West Mill. There was so much to interest us there, and she was so bright and cheerful, and found occupations for us of a very different kind from any we had at home. I consider I owe to her influence any little taste I may possess in so many directions that I can scarcely enumerate them. She was an ardent admirer of the beauties of Nature, and in the summer would take us long evening walks, sometimes as far as Highdown, where the wonderful wide spreading landscape, a few paces from the old house, used always to be a great delight to gaze upon. It was something like the view we have when we are half way up Wolfstonbury at Hurst. At other times there would be calls to make at Pirton or Ickleford on some poor woman to whom my aunt wished to take some little presents. I think she never went empty-handed to the cottages in the neighbourhood. I was deeply interested in these visits, and it was a joy to make some simple garment for a child under her directions whom we had seen in our cottage visits. I recollect there was a poor family, probably Irish, camping out not far from West Mill in a most destitute condition who enlisted our sympathies, and a great deal was done for them we made many garments with the help of my aunt, and the housemaid. I don't now remember what became of these poor people. I believe food was often sent to them from the mill.

There was a large garden at the back of the house at West Mill, and an orchard beyond, the river was the boundary at one side. No one could have had more pleasure in flowers and growing them than my aunt, she liked the best sorts of every plant, and particularly those which were sweet scented. In summer we were sent after breakfast into the garden, each with a basket to collect the rose leaves which were past their best, and then spread them on newspapers in the best spare room to dry, they were then put into muslin bags, and laid among the linen and caps and handkerchiefs in the drawers. No one could go very near my aunt without being aware of the sweet perfume of roses, which with her sweet fair complexion, and expressive blue eyes rendered her very attractive. How delightful it was the first evening of our visits there, to go to bed in the charming little room which was always allotted to us, with its snow white bedding and curtains, all pervaded by the sweet smell of roses, which really seemed to belong to my dear aunt where-ever she went, she used to come and visit us when we were snugly in bed, and in her impressive way would read a little in the Bible, repeat a hymn perhaps, and add a few loving remarks of her own. She was always seeking to ~~unbue~~ our minds with a sense of the many blessings bestowed on us, and to raise in us the tribute of gratitude to the Almighty for His good and bountiful gifts. At a very early age I was taught that hymn of Dr. Watts' which I hope will never go out of fashion while the English language lasts,

"When'er I take my walks abroad
 How many poor I see
 What shall I render to my God
 For all His gifts to me" etc.,

How I should like all my dear grandchildren to learn this sweet hymn while they are yet quite young, they would never forget it in after life, and often would its sweet sentiments recur to them when in old age, as I can testify checking sometimes a feeling of discontent which will at times creep in, and raising the heart in thanksgiving to the gracious giver of all the numerous blessings we enjoy.

My aunt was extremely kind to her poor neighbours in illness, on one of our visits to West Mill we were employed in putting up a quantity of powders for the poor, some of whom had Ague, we were shown how to measure the quantities in the medicine chest scales, and to prepare the papers for folding up in when the ingredients were all ready, this though required some nicety I think we did to her satisfaction.

My aunt had a very handsome Mahogany box, much larger than a writing desk, with trays fitted to it, these were filled with beautiful shells, pieces of spar, agates and other curiosities laid on cotton wool. Among them was a beautiful little silver book or case, the lids were of filagree work very beautifully chased, it was discovered by workmen in digging foundations for some building; the contents of this little case fell to pieces as soon as it was exposed to the air, so no one knows its history, I believe my Father presented it to Aunt Allen, and she valued it very much. It was one of our great treats to be allowed to set this precious box to rights, which we did with a soft duster and bit of wash leather, we then replaced every thing with great care, hearing from dear aunt while so employed the history of many of the treasures, among them were many curious foreign seed vessels and other interesting relics. My aunt often sketched a pretty wreath, or basket of flowers on paper for me to prick, she did it very nicely with much taste, and I think I did my part creditably, so much did she encourage us to put forth our powers. It was delightful to hear her read aloud, which she often did from a book called "Cottage dialogues", consisting of conversations between two poor Irish women, Rose and Nancy, one of them thrifty and careful, the other just the reverse, my aunt could give the most amusing effect to their talk, and imitated the Irish brogue exceedingly well, I

remember she often read it to us at our earnest request, as we floated up river in the boat, while the swans would follow us to seize the bits of bread we brought for them, it was so delightful to go in the boat with her on the warm summer afternoons, we sometimes got as far as Orton Head. She sometimes read in "Evenings at Home", "The Colonists", "Eyes and no eyes", "The Travelled Ant", Transmigrations of India, were among the favourites. She was very fond of Cowper's poems, and often read portions to us, I particularly remember the noble lines on Slavery at the beginning of the 2nd book of The Task, she wished me to learn them, which I afterwards did. Lines on receiving my Mother's picture, Alexander Selkirk, and many of the smaller poems were also among her favourites.

It was a pleasure to her that she had once seen the Poet when on a visit to her cousins Ann & Mary Smith of Olney.

The baking day at West Mill was a very important time to us, as we then made little cakes for ourselves. I thought it a very wonderful thing to be able to make anything so nice as these cakes proved at tea time. Of course there were numerous ducks and chickens to feed at West Mill we stirred up their breakfasts of barley meal in a great led pan, and enjoyed doing it as much as they did the eating of it. Sometimes I went into the Mill and watched my cousin Stafford chipping away at the great Mill stones, or placed my hands under the hopper where the warm soft flour was pouring down. Cousin Stafford used to stuff birds beautifully. I liked very much to watch his proceedings. He was quite a Naturalist, and knew a great deal about birds and their habits, a small room over the counting house was used for this purpose. My cousin William Allen was I believe apprenticed to Benjamin Bill Collins at Royston, and the two youngest sons Joseph and George, were mostly at school during our visits, and if at home were much occupied with playing cricket, and other amusements that boys delight in.

My uncle and aunt were deeply interested in the efforts then being made for the suppression of the Slave trade, and were in constant communication with their brother the renowned William Allen, and the little band of earnest men who worked so hard for this object. One means they adopted to lessen the use of slave grown sugar was to abolish the use of the article as much as possible from the table. I recollect the peculiar flavour given to gooseberry or apple puddings when sweetened with honey instead of sugar. In our summer visits to the Mill we often sat in the spare bed room in the afternoons, it was quite a large and pleasant room with a window in front of the house and another looking into the garden at the back. My aunt used to read to us very often from her vast collection of manuscripts copied by herself or uncle, they were of very varied character, many were pieces of poetry, some of them of rather a jocose character. I remember it was she who first introduced to us the beautiful lyric of Sir Walter Scott's "I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn", also Parnell's "Hermit" "The Three Warnings", many of Cowper's smaller, and portions of his longer poems, also some of Thomas Wilkinson's whose simple pieces she was very fond of. We were delighted when we could persuade her to tell us what she did when she was a little girl. I wish I could remember these interesting narratives, one thing I can recall, she and my dear father when quite young children went to school together, once he had been naughty, idle perhaps, and as a punishment had a paper pinned on to his little coat behind, on which I believe was written "Idle boy" or to that effect. My dear aunt was so deeply sorry for him that she walked all the way home with her hand over the obnoxious paper so that no one might see it. Mr. Grandfather William Lucas lost his first wife after a short union, she left three children, William, Phebe, and Joseph, he married again when I think my aunt must have been five or six years old. In describing her childhood after this event, I gather that she was brought up rather strictly, and perfect submission and obedience to her stepmother. I have often heard her say how

good it was for her to have been under her second mother's management and authority. I can imagine that her lively ardent disposition often received checks which perhaps were more salutary than agreeable, but she never spoke of her mother in any but the most respectful terms - and we must remember that it was not expected in those days that children should question, they simply obeyed those who had the rule over them. I think she must have been very sweet looking as she grew up, with her beautiful complexion and blue eyes, she was indeed fair to look upon to the last. Being so attractive, she had many suitors, some of whom were in very good positions in society, but it was reserved for Samuel Allen a man of insignificant appearance, and much marked with small-pox to carry off the prize. She would sometimes tell us a little about these matters when we grew older, and I well remember her arch manner of saying in reference to her acceptance of Uncle "I went through the wood, and through the wood, and took a crooked stick at last", but after any playful allusions of this kind, she invariably concluded by a warm expression of love to him, and thankfulness for the happiness of her married life, and the help and support that he had been to her.

My aunt was very fond of the society of young people, and deeply interested in promoting their religious and intellectual well-being, but by no means neglected their manners and bearing, and liked to see them neatly dressed according to their station in life. She was very particular that they should make the best of their appearance by a good upright carriage, and not give way to stooping or slouching which are both bad for the health, and mar the effect even of the prettiest face, she herself was remarkably upright and had a good figure. She was also very particular about a clear and good pronunciation in reading and speaking, and I have often heard her lament the mumbling way in which many young people spoke. These remarks apply quite as much to the present day as to former times.

There was a large family circle of us at Hitchin in my childhood. I have a very faint remembrance of my grandfather William Lucas I believe he called at our house every day. On one such occasion I was clattering along the brick passage in my pattens (most likely a new acquisition) he told me to take them off, but even his command was too hard for me, and I still kept them on, it is sad that my only reminiscence of him is connected with an act of disobedience. I was just three years old when this occurred, as I find he died in 1819. I have often heard my aunt Allen describe him as a perfect gentleman. He lived in the house now occupied by Annie Lucas in Tile House street, where my Grandmother and aunts Maria and Margaret continued to reside for the remainder of their several lives. We used to go and visit them at intervals, and always felt that we must be upon our best behaviour. My grandmother was a tall and rather stately looking woman: she wore old fashioned long mittens over her arms, the sleeves of her gown reaching down to her elbows. She was always seated in a large chair with her back to the window which looked into the garden. I think she sometimes did a little knitting I used to venerate her very much on account of her great age, tho' I don't think at that time she was more than 82 or 83 years of age. I do not remember that she talked to us children, though I am sure she was kindly interested in us. My aunt Maria was a very shy retiring person, but possessed warm affectionate feelings, which every now and then revealed themselves, it was a pity that she was so unwilling to show her real loving nature to us, her mind too was cultivated beyond what would be supposed from her very timid manner. Aunt Margaret was the younger of the two: both were rather tall and slender, with bright brown eyes and dark hair. Aunt Margaret was a very pretty woman with a clear complexion, and nice colour in her cheeks, it was she who devoted herself to the amusement of her young guests, often playing with us at merrills, fox and goose, letters etc. I liked much to go with her into their spacious garrets where the playthings and juvenile books were kept. I remember some very old fashioned literature which we were much interested in "The adventures of a Pincushion", "The perambulations of a Mouse", "The history of the Robins", "Goody Two Shoes", and others whose titles I forget

but they were delightful little volumes I never saw in any other house. There was a beautiful cat at my grandmother's, and better still a lovely little King Charles' spaniel both of them afforded me much amusement, the dog was mostly very snappish to us, though extremely fond of his two mistresses. Their house though very plainly furnished, was adorned in most of the rooms with a quantity of very handsome Old China. There were three jars on the high chimney piece of the back parlour (or drawing room) which always seemed to my childish fancy to personify my grandmother and two aunts, the centre one being portly and substantial looking, with a rich terra cotta pattern on it, the two side jars were of an elegant and much more slender shape, were dark blue and white.

Then in summer there was the well kept garden to walk in, Aunt Margaret had very nice flowers in the borders, and in the little greenhouse also. In one of the outhouses, was a large old fashioned mangle, our linen was brought up to be mangled there after a great wash. There were two sedate women servants kept in the establishment, and a man to attend to the garden, and latterly to drive my aunts out in their little carriage, which was very much like the Victorias we see here. As I got older I became very fond of my two aunts, tho' we always felt sorry that they should live in so secluded a style, as they did not we thought do justice to themselves, they were both of them refined and well educated women and always ready to sympathise in the joys or sorrows of their relations and friends.

My uncle and aunt William and Ann Lucas lived a very short distance from my grandmother, also in Tile House Street. Their family like ours numbered seven, Mary & Martha, twins, Rachel, William, Samuel, Susanna and Francis. They were a gifted and talented family in different ways, most of them being quite beyond the average in power and intellectual acquirements. They were extremely well read, particularly William the eldest son, when we met he almost always had something interesting to tell us of what was going on in the literary world. It was quite a treat to hear him read his favourite pieces from Wordsworth, whose poems were about that time becoming very much admired. My cousin Samuel was an amateur artist, and nearly all his leisure time was spent in his painting room. He produced a great number of oil paintings chiefly taken from picturesque spots in the neighbourhood of Hitchin. His water colour sketches of scenery in different parts of England taken when out on holiday excursions were very numerous and most charming. I think they were mostly preferred to the oil paintings, what a pleasure it was to have such familiar intercourse as we had with my cousins who were not only cultivated and intellectual, but possessed a fund of wit and facetiousness, though it was not until childhood's years were over, and I was growing up that I could appreciate them, and became sensible of the great advantages of such association, but Francis being so near my own age was always quite a friend and companion to me, they had a large garden where we played together, and a swing in the barn. Our two families nearly always assembled in my uncle's garden after the morning meeting on 1st days. My uncle, like my Father was very fond of flowers, and often had some fresh favourite to show us. A few years later he built a small greenhouse, so that he could grow the more delicate sorts of flowers which were quite new at that time. Cinerarias, Primulas, Petunias, and many more. My uncle was a very quiet and studious man, he delighted in country walks, mostly taken by himself with his faithful old dog in attendance. He was a close observer of the habits of birds, and other wild creatures of the fields and woods, and was extremely interested in searching for the rarer sorts of wild flowers, so that it became a delight to all of us to find some rare specimen and take it to uncle Lucas. I fancy I can see him now seated in his little study (which opened out of their usual sitting room) where he had bookcases filled with his favourite ancient books, some of them of ponderous size,

there too he had a cabinet of very valuable coins in which he was much interested. He had also a large collection of Old China arranged very tastefully in a little room up stairs. Here I have often seen my cousin Susanna painting flowers from nature, which she could do with great taste.

Both my uncle and father were very fond of reading, he was more retiring than my father, who had much natural gaiety of disposition and bonhomie. Both of them were delightful companions to the circle of young people around them, and I believe were much loved and respected by their neighbours in the town, as well as by our more immediate circle of friends. They were kindly and considerate to all around them, and generous to their poor neighbours, sometimes perhaps the latter took advantage of their tender heartedness, for I remember the back doors of both houses were much beset by needy ones wanting a little help, and I believe they seldom asked in vain.

My aunt Lucas was very diligent in visiting the poor, particularly in times of illness or distress when she was a firm friend to them. I need hardly say my dear aunt Allen was very generous in trying to alleviate the troubles of the poor, yet she would sometimes reprove them for coming so often for help, but I believe she could never refrain from a small gift, though she might be well aware of the want of thrift and management that largely produced the need. She has been heard to say to a notorious beggar, "There go they ways, here's two pence for thee".

I remember when a child often seeing Mary Valentine making nourishing jugs of Candle for some poor neighbour when a new baby had arrived, how welcome such little gifts were in times of need, and in more serious illness a slice or two out of the joint at dinner was often sent to a poor sick neighbour from my uncle's and our own tables.

I have written pretty fully of my dear aunt Allen, but I feel that I must now try to depict somewhat of my dear aunt Lucas's character, tho' I know how inadequate are any words of mine to describe her. As I think of her now in my old age I seem more able to appreciate her gifts and attainments. She certainly was no common woman, and was much looked up to by all her relations. She possessed a remarkably clear judgement, and was constantly applied to in any trouble or difficult circumstance that might arise. She was so patient and kind in listening to the cases that any of her relations or friends might bring before her, that one felt that she was far from thinking such applications troublesome, but was endeavouring to give the best advice in her power. She was much valued by all the little body of Friends at Hitchin, and her ministry in our meetings was very acceptable and teaching.

She took an active part in conducting the various charities in the town, she and our vicar's wife Sarah Wiles worked in great harmony together, and they had the principal part in the management of many societies, as well as of the British school for girls, then held in Dead Steet. I believe my aunt and cousins cut out all the needlework done by the children there. As I said before, she was a very diligent visitor of her sick neighbours, and she was much loved, and venerated. I might say by them, as she could give them much practical advice as to treatment in illness, and suggesting simple remedies. After my mother's death my aunt Lucas was our never failing Counsellor and friend I believe she felt that we were left in her charge equally in that of my aunt Allen and her thoughtful kindness to Sarah and myself can never be forgotten. We lost our dear father when I was just 16 years of age, and Sarah rather more than 20, and her health was quite delicate, so in any emergency or difficulty we had the privilege of my aunts advice and practical help. In thinking of our circumstances at that time I am ready to exclaim what should we have done without Aunt Lucas. I may say the same of our cousin Susanna, with whom a very warm and intimate friend-

ship existed, particularly with my sister Sarah, who was nearer her age. She was a delightful companion, very lively and cultivated, sprightly and witty in her conversation well up in the topics of the time, and clever with her head no wonder she was a universal favourite; she was married in 1838 to Edward Beck of Isleworth, and many delightful visits did we pay her there, and felt that though we had lost this dear cousin as an almost daily companion we had gained in her husband (who was already a distant cousin of ours) a steadfast friend, he was always ready to do a kindness to any one, and welcomed us to his house on our frequent visits with the greatest cordiality.

An important event always occurred at our house soon after the commencement of the New Year, this was The Men's supper, when all who were employed in the Brewery Maltings and farms assembled in our kitchen, supplemented by tables in the wash-house for the boys, and partook of a substantial meal of roast and boiled beef and mutton, with plum pudding for the second course. My uncle & father with their sons who might be at home, Thomas Marsh the Clerk, and some of our friends in the town who were often guest at our house, viz Robert Newton, Henry Jermyn, William Brown etc., were always present on these occasions and great geniality and cordiality prevailed. I used to go into the passage in which were two large windows looking into the kitchen, and watch the proceedings with great interest having assisted in stoning the plums previously. When the meal was finished, pipes and tobacco were produced, and the sound of occasional songs reached us in the parlours. The next day the wives of the men had the fragments of the feast distributed to them.

Besides this annual supper for the men, we had a large company to dinner every market day, composed of customers from the country round, if they came to give orders, or pay their accounts they were invited to dine in the parlour which was of course gladly accepted, sometimes they were so numerous that the kitchen table was also filled. At any time during the week we were liable to have people sent in for luncheon of meat, bread and cheese and ale in the kitchen, this was sometimes rather inconvenient, but as a child it was quite a matter of amusement to me. This arrangement was altered in the course of a few years when we were older.

Another occurrence which sometimes befell us, and gave me great delight as a child, but which in later years I learnt the great inconvenience of, was, that during thunder storms in the summer when the rain fell in torrents, we were liable to be flooded, the water pouring down Tile House Street, rushed in at our front door, then came the moment of excitement, would the storm abate before it reached the parlour door, often it held on its way, and then a time of hurry ensued to tear up the carpets so that they should not be wetted, I remember once they were so thoroughly drenched that we had to live in one of the bedrooms nearly a fortnight till they were sufficiently cleansed and dry enough to be put down again.

When I was about six years old, I was invited to pay a visit to our cousins Isaac and Sarah Bass at Brighton. I had not been very well, and it was thought that it would do me good to have some sea bathing. Our cousin Isaac Bass was a very old friend as well as a relative of my father's who had always taken a great interest in advising and assisting him in establishing himself in business at Brighton, and in due time my brother Edward was apprenticed to him, by that time he had a flourishing business as, Wholesale and retail grocer & Provision Merchant. He took great interest in local affairs, and all that contributed to the progress and well being of the town, as well as supporting schools and other charitable institutions. In these engagements he was heartily seconded by his wife, she was a sister of John Glaisyer, who was the father of your Grandfather, and was a woman of much energy and power. They had one son and one daughter, Isaac Gray, and Sarah.

At the time when I visited them they were living in Brighton Place, where the grocery business was carried on, there was no private door to the house, and all off S.B.'s numerous callers who often arrived in their private carriages had to enter through the shop which was quite a small one, and odorous of butter, cheese, candles etc the last mentioned being made on the premises.

My enjoyment of this visit to Brighton was very great, every thing was so different from my home in quiet little Hitchin, and then there was the Sea, I know I was deeply impressed by it.

Sally Bass was then a little girl of 3 or 4 years old, so I must have been about 3 years her senior. I remember her perfectly, what a pretty little thing she was, with rather long light brown hair, and brown eyes. A young friend Debby Waddington was her nursemaid, and I was pleased for the first time in my life to be her companion and playfellow in her nursery, where was a great variety of playthings including a Rockinghorse, and a beautifully furnished doll's house, with numerous dolls, a pair of doves also had a large cage in the room. We were often taken to walk by the sea and pick up sea weed, and the time came at last when I was to bathe. I was much frightened when the old bathing woman plunged my head under the water, and I suppose I cried and made a great fuss, for I was promised by my cousin S.B. that if I would be good about bathing she would give me a cherry stone with 100 silver spoons in it, so I tried to behave better, and when I left Brighton the treasure was presented to me.

I believe it was during this visit that I want to spend a few days with our cousins Thomas & Ann Lidbetter at Southwick, (A.L. was a sister of our cousin S.W.) I remember but little details of that time with one exception, there were several children in the family, and in turn I believe that every one of us had the measles, of course this delayed my return to my dear Sally Bass, and very glad I was when it was safe for me to join her again.

Being so much younger than my brothers must explain the reason of so little mention being made of them in this little history, but I can recall with much clearness the annual visits of Edward and Charles when they came home for about a fortnight from Brighton, it was a great pleasure to us all, and particularly to me, as my dear brother Edward liked me to be with him, and the games we had together were often rather boisterous. I think Charles found my sister Sarah more congenial, so they paired off together. I believe it was in 1824 that Sarah went to boarding school at Mary Wylde's at Norwich. Jane & Henrietta Foster also went at the same time, they were daughters of Oswald and Mary Foster, and were intimate friends of ours.

As the distance was great, and no direct coaches ran through Hitchin, they did not come home in the winter holidays so we enjoyed Sarah's company only in the summer vacation and it was a delight to all of us to meet again after so long a separation, she and I became much more companionable as I got older, I was very much interested in hearing her describe her school-fellows, but what I liked best of all was to hear her repeat long portions of Sir W. Scott's poems which she had met with at school. As we slept together the time for these recitings was when we woke early in the mornings, I was never tired of hearing the early parts of the 'Lay of the last Minstrel' and portions of 'Marmion' I think she could not then have read the Lady of the Lake, as none of that charming poem was repeated to me, and I did not become acquainted with it until I was on a visit at Wellingham on leaving school in 1832, when dear Emily Rickman read it to me.

I paid a second visit to Brighton with my dear father towards the close of 1824, My brother Edward had then left I. Bass and was recently established in business at Southwick with Thomas Lidbetter who was in Corn

and Coal trade. Sally Bass was then attending a day school kept by Mary Binks another sister of cousin S.W. I accompanied her, and among the pupils were Mina Kemp, and Betty Glaisyer. I don't think we had many lessons to learn, and do not remember much of what we did there, except one day when there was a most fearful storm of wind and rain, so that it was impossible for us children to return home to dinner, and we had to remain till it subsided. A great deal of damage was done by this storm and the chain pier recently finished sustained serious injury.

During this visit to Brighton Place, cousin S. Bass invited Benjamin, and Emily Rickman to pay her a visit. I was much charmed with them, particularly with Benjamin, they made themselves so delightful to Sally and myself, little did we think of the close love and connection which in after years there would be between the families, Benjamin having married my dear brother Edward in 1827, and Emily married Isaac Gray Bass several years later. When our visit to Brighton was over we went to Guildford on our way home to see my brother Thomas who was apprenticed to John Wiblen an ironmonger there. Here for the first time I met J.W.'s daughter Mary, who was a little older than myself, to whom I at once became much attached, and the warm friendship then begun was a source of much pleasure and I hope of profit also to both of us until broken by dear Mary's death in 1868. Her elder half sister Elizabeth Emma Trimmer also made a very pleasant impression on me; some years after she became one of our family being married to my brother Thomas in the 5th mo. 1832.

I think my brother must have had much enjoyment in exploring the beautiful neighbourhood of Guildford when he could spare time for a ramble, it suited him well to be in such a locality as he had a great love for the beauties of Nature, was quite a botanist, and collected specimens of many rare plants, was also very fond of birds, and had too some talent in drawing of which he was very fond, and made many water color sketches of favourite bits of scenery, and frequently expressed in poetry his great enjoyment in the scenes of natural beauty that surrounded him. His health was not very strong, but he had a kind and sunny nature, and much endeared himself to all who knew him. We paid another visit on leaving Guildford, and stayed one night at the house of our cousin John Lucas at Tooting, he and his wife used occasionally to visit at our house, and though not very nearly related, a warm friendship subsisted between him and my Father. I recollect they styled each other by the old fashioned title of "Kinsman". They lived in a very old fashioned house with a stiff formal garden behind it. John Lucas took kind notice of me, and in the course of the evening asked me if I had ever made a shirt, I was able to answer truthfully that I had, and to my great surprise and delight he presented me with a sovereign as a reward I suppose of my diligence. I cannot at the present time believe that I accomplished all the stitching of the garment, and of course my governess prepared all the work for me. At this time I was a pupil at the recently commenced school of Misses Hudson & Crouch which was quite the best of the kind which had then been opened in Hitchin. I remember my aunt Lucas called on Miss H. and arranged for me to go there, and that I should attend our week day meeting on 5th days, and not be expected at school on those mornings. I must have been there some years, it was really a well conducted establishment and I was very happy there and much respected my governesses. When my Father and Cousin were once absent at Yearly Meeting I lived altogether at school, and enjoyed it very much. But I fear I was not a very attentive pupil, for I have recently discovered a short sentence in one of my father's letters to my sister Sarah when she was at Norwich in 1824 (which has been unaccountably preserved) and bears witness to the fact, he says "Thy sister Phebe sends thee her very very dear love, she is as lively as heretofore, by I hope somewhat more mindful of school engagements, as I have not heard of her being kept so much as was one time the case". I well remember one occasion when I was detained a long time after school, and Miss Crouch was endeavouring to make me comprehend a pattern I had to work on my sampler, that pattern caused me much tribulation, but as I look at it now it appears so perfectly simple, I wonder that I should have been so puzzled with it.

There are many advantages resulting from a residence in a pleasant country place, I am sure my brothers highly enjoyed the long walks they used to take; and their games at cricket and sometimes fishing and shooting. They formed tastes which were a pleasure to them throughout life, there was not one of them who was not conversant with nature and the great variety of her aspects. My brother Charles had much skill in stuffing birds, and for many years was considered a very good shot, he obtained in this way several specimens of birds not very often met with, and we had some of them stuffed in glass cases. Jeffery formed a very good collection of butterflies, moths and insects for which my father had a nice little cabinet made. I find on referring to a letter of my Father's to Sarah at school, that Jeffery left home in the 9th mo. 1824, and was apprenticed to Samuel May at Amplehill, a pleasant little town about 14 miles from Hitchin. My father writes, "I think I shall go there with him and return the next 2nd day, it is a nice situation and I hope he will like it, tho' I shall miss his company much". I think it was in the following summer that Sarah and I spent a week at S. Mays being kindly invited by his wife Ann May, whose memory I love to recall, she was sweet and attractive both in person and mind. This visit was highly enjoyed, Sarah being chiefly with their daughter Priscilla, while I was allowed to be much in the shop with my dear Jeffery, this suited me exactly, I remember helping his (as I thought) to dress the window and other little things. My Father came to fetch us home and he bought some dresses for us there. It must have been soon after my last visit to Brighton that my brother Edward sent me a beautiful doll with wax arms and legs and she could open and shut her eyes. I shall never forget the pleasure it gave me, not having seen such a splendid doll before. I was not able to dress her myself, but my dear cousin Susanna who was very clever and a beautiful needlewoman, and our kind friend Anna Brown between them were so kind as to make her a complete set of clothing and very beautifully they did it. Anna Brown was one of my very kind friends, she often had me to tea with her, I well remember her mother, and old lady entirely crippled with rheumatic gout, but calm and patient always.

Another little incident of my childhood comes before me which was very interesting to us at the time. A nest of young squirrels was brought to us as a present. As our cat had then a family of kittens the little strangers were put in here bed. She kindly took to them and brought them up with her own little ones. One or two of the young squirrels were afterwards placed in the poplar trees in our garden, where they made their home during one summer at least and came for their food to the Cloisters where a supply of bread and milk, nuts etc., were always waiting for them, sometimes the pretty creatures would come and take a meal while we were sitting in the Cloisters. We lost sight of them as winter came on, nor did they appear in the following summer perhaps they found a more congenial home.

The next event that I must touch upon is my dear brother Edwards marriage to Benjamin Rickman which it is an unmixed pleasure to recall. The wedding took place on the 25th of 4 mo. 1827 and the whole of our family were present, Sarah having come from Norwich for the purpose. She had a pretty delicate silk dress for the occasion, and I had a new white muslin frock, and silk spencer like Sarah's dress. We made our headquarters at cousin I. Bass's, but on the afternoon previous to the wedding drove over to Wellingham, which was my first introduction to that delightful place, and to the no less delightful family who resided there. John and Sarah Rickman, with their eight daughters and one son (It was my privilege to claim two of this interesting group of daughters as sisters, Benjamin and Christiana, the latter being married to my dear brother Jeffery on the 27th of 4 mo. 1836 - Your grandmother Elizabeth Glaisyer was Sarah Rickman's only sister, so our families have always been very closely connected and united). I recollect clearly that Benjamin and one of her sisters were standing on the front door steps to receive us, she was in a white dress and looked so nice and happy. After tea we walked in the garden Sarah H.R. was my companion. I was charmed with that lovely place, and the visits to the Grotto and Summer house, the former was a delightfully cool

retreat at the walls of which were most tastefully covered with shells and bright pieces of spar designed and made I believe by the older daughters and their brother. From the summer house we obtained a very pretty view of the Downs, and the pleasant country at the foot of them, there were four windows with a coloured glass pane in each of them which well represented the four seasons of the year; then we visited the childrens gardens, their rabbits, poultry etc., as well as their large play room over the coach house. I had never seen any thing so delightful and complete before. After a while we assembled at supper, the two lovers were absent, and I recollect uncle Rickman who liked strict punctuality was a little disturbed by their absence, but they appeared after a little while.

The marriage took place the next day at Lewes, several of our Brighton friends were there. After meeting we returned to Wellingham. I don't remember the details of dinner but in the afternoon the younger part of the company went for a stroll in the meadows, unfortunately in rushing down stairs I slit my new white frock, and was filled with dismay thinking how displeased cousin S. Woolston would be, but I was greatly comforted by cousin Emily most kindly mending it for me. The newly married pair took their departure after tea for their home at Southwick, and their sister Priscilla accompanied them. Our party remained at Wellingham that night, and next morning were driven into Lewes by uncle Rickman. We made a call at Mary Ann Godlee's as my father wished to become acquainted with her and her sisters, no doubt with a view of my becoming a pupil there after a while. We then returned to Brighton and before going back to Hitchin went over to Southwick to take tea with the dear bride and bridegroom. It was a happy visit, and the numerous presents they had received were displayed for our inspection. I remember there was a good deal of silver among them which I expect was chiefly from the Wellingham family.

As Sarah was to remain in the South until after the summer vacation, she did not return home with us, but stayed for some weeks with our cousins I & S Bass, here she was joined by our cousin Susanna and they had a most delightful time together. Susanna was clever and very fascinating and I recollect incidents of this visit being talked of at Brighton for years after.

In the course of the summer we had a nice long visit from Edward and Mina at Hitchin, which was considered as their wedding journey, it was not then the invariable practice as it has since become to take a tour immediately after the wedding.

The following year in the summer we had the pleasure of receiving them again, this time they were accompanied by little Hannah their first born treasure, I remember when the coach stopped at our door, I rushed out anxious to be the first to receive such a precious little stranger into my arms, she looked at me as if surprised with her large blue eyes, but did not cry at the vehemence of my embrace, she was beautiful child, I suppose 4 or 5 months old at that time.

It may well be imagined what a difference it made to dear Sarah and myself to have a bright young sister-in-law introduced into our family who was ready to enter into all our concerns with most affectionate interest and to help in any way she could. She was also a great favourite with my dear father, and intercourse with Edward and Mina what er at their own home or at Hitchin much brightened the few remaining years of his life.

My sister Sarah had now left Norwich and in the 8th mo. 1828 I went from home to Lewes school under the kind care of Emily Rickman who had been visiting at Hitchin. I slept at Wellingham that night, and the next day took my place as a pupil at the school at Lewes conducted by my dear friends Mary Ann, Rebecca and Lucy Godlee.

A fresh stage of my life had now commenced, I was very nearly twelve years old, and on becoming a schoolgirl I must bid fare well to the recollections of my Childhood.