

EMMA DARWIN
A CENTURY OF FAMILY LETTERS



Emma Darwin, aged 31
From the portrait painted by George Richmond, R.A.



456 . c . 91 . 665
EMMA DARWIN
A CENTURY OF
FAMILY LETTERS

1792-1896

EDITED BY HER DAUGHTER
HENRIETTA LITCHFIELD

IN TWO VOLUMES
ILLUSTRATED

VOL. I



LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1915

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

WORDSWORTH: *Ode to Duty*.

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TO MY NIECE
FRANCES CORNFORD
MY WISE AND SYMPATHETIC COUNSELLOR
IN EDITING THIS BOOK

PREFACE

A NUMBER of family letters (originally in the possession of my aunt, Miss Elizabeth Wedgwood) were found amongst my mother's papers, and were placed in my hands by her executors, my brothers William and George Darwin. Broadly speaking, these letters cover the period during which my grandfather, Josiah Wedgwood, lived at Maer Hall in Staffordshire, and I shall speak of them as the "Maer letters."

After my mother's death I thought that some record of her life and character would be of value to her grandchildren, and with this view began to put down all that I could remember. Whilst reading these old letters in order to get light on her youth and early middle life, I became much interested in the personalities of the writers, and it seemed best to include such of them as are of interest in themselves, as well as those that bear on my mother. The letters written by the Allens (Mrs Josiah Wedgwood and her sisters) fill most of the first volume, and there are but few of my mother's until the second.

The whole mass of letters, on which the early part of this family record is founded, were given to me in a state of absolute confusion. It was the habit of the family to send letters to and from London in boxes of goods despatched from the pottery works at Etruria, hence there is often no postmark; and the writers frequently give only the day of the week or month. During the enforced leisure of

a long illness my husband arranged, dated, and annotated the whole series, a task which required the same sort of minute care and endless patience as the piecing out of a gigantic puzzle.

He read aloud to me every one of the hundreds of letters, and we discussed together what was worth preserving. In the earlier chapters most of the notes are written by him. Some of these may appear superfluous, but it should be remembered that his object was to make the book interesting to the younger members of the Darwin family.

Many omissions are made without putting any sign that this has been done, and neither the punctuation nor the spelling has been rigidly followed.

The pedigrees of the Allen, Wedgwood, and Darwin families, and a list of the principal characters, are given for convenience of reference at the beginning of each volume.

I have received valuable help, criticism, and encouragement from various friends, and especially from Professor A. V. Dicey, Miss M. J. Shaen, my brother Francis, and my niece Mrs F. M. Cornford. To the late Sir John Simon I owe the first idea of this book. Up to the day of his death, in July, 1904, he never ceased to interest himself in its progress. He read the whole in the typewritten copy and followed the proofs as they came from the press.

I wish to thank Mr John Murray for kindly allowing me to give several of the illustrations from *More Letters of Charles Darwin*; Messrs Elliott and Fry for their permission to make use of the fine portrait of my father in the second volume of that work, and Messrs Barraud for the same permission with regard to their portrait of my mother; Messrs Maull and Fox for allowing me to reproduce an early photograph of my mother; and Mr Prescott Row, the Editor of the *Homeland Handbook Association*, and Mr G. W. Smith for their kind permission to make use of Mr Smith's photograph of Down Village.

Mrs Vaughan Williams of Leith Hill Place, Mrs Godfrey Wedgwood, Mr Cecil Wedgwood, my brother Horace, and my nephew Charles Darwin, have been so good as to allow me to reproduce various family pictures. I also wish to thank Miss M. J. Shaen for allowing me to use her excellent photograph of my mother, taken in the drawing-room at Down, three months before her death.

These volumes were originally prepared for private circulation only. It was suggested to me by many of those who read them that they would interest a larger public. I have, therefore, prepared them for publication by omitting what was of purely private interest.

H. E. L.

BURROWS HILL,
GOMSHALL,
SURREY.

ERASMUS DARWIN

BORN DECEMBER 7, 1881. KILLED IN ACTION APRIL 24, 1915.

SINCE this book was finished Erasmus Darwin, a grandson of Charles and Emma Darwin, has been killed in action. He was only thirty-three years old, and his life was cut short before all its promise could be fulfilled; but he had already shown himself a man of such rare abilities and so fine and lovable a character that it has been felt that some account of him should be put on record. At the request of his aunt, Mrs. Litchfield, I therefore add to her book this little tribute to his memory. I have made use of a notice already published in *The Times*, and have supplemented it from letters written by the Commanding Officer and some of the men of Erasmus's battalion, and by those of his friends who can speak of a side of his life of which I have no direct knowledge.

Erasmus was the eldest child and only son of Horace and Ida Darwin, and a grandson on his mother's side of the first Lord Farrer. He was born on December 7, 1881, at Cambridge, which was throughout his life the home of his father and mother. He was in Cotton House at Marlborough, and gained an exhibition for mathematics at Trinity College, Cambridge. He came up to Trinity in October, 1901, and took the Mathematical Tripos in his second year, being placed among the Senior Optimes. Afterwards he took the Mechanical Sciences Tripos, and was placed in the second class in 1905. On leaving Cambridge, he went through the shops at Messrs. Mather and Platt's at Manchester. After this he worked for some little while with the Cambridge

Scientific Instrument Company, of which he was a director, and then became assistant secretary of Bolckow, Vaughan and Company, Ltd., at Middlesbrough. Here he stayed for seven years, and at the outbreak of war occupied the position of secretary to the company.

As soon as the war broke out, Erasmus decided to join the army, and in September, 1914, he was gazetted a Second-Lieutenant in the 4th Battalion (Territorial) of Alexandra Princess of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment. The Commanding Officer, Colonel Bell, and many of the other officers were among his personal friends at Middlesbrough. The battalion crossed to France, as part of the Northumbrian Division, on April 17, 1915, and was almost immediately called upon to take part in very severe fighting in the neighbourhood of Ypres. It is impossible to give any very accurate or detailed account of the action, but to their honour be it said that these Territorial troops, fresh from home and tried at the very outset almost as highly as men could be tried, played a worthy part in the battle which has earned such undying glory for the soldiers of Canada. They behaved with a steadiness and coolness which gained for them the congratulations of the Generals commanding respectively their Division and their Army Corps. Early in the afternoon of April 24 the regiment had lined some trenches. Later, at about three o'clock, they were withdrawn from the trenches and ordered to attack. This attack they successfully carried out, and drove the enemy back for a mile or more before being ordered to retire about dusk. It was during this advance that Erasmus fell, killed instantaneously. The Royal Irish Fusiliers recovered his body, together with that of his friend, Captain John Nancarrow, and the two lie buried in one grave, with a little cross over it, by a farmhouse near St. Julien.

I cannot do better than quote a letter written to Erasmus's mother by Corporal Wearmouth, who was in his platoon:

"I am a section leader in his platoon, and when we got the order to advance he proved himself a hero. He nursed us men; in fact, the comment was, 'You would say we were

on a field-day.' We had got to within twenty yards of our halting-place when he turned to our platoon to say something. As he turned he fell, and I am sure he never spoke. As soon as I could I went to him, but he was beyond human aid. Our platoon sadly miss him, as he could not do enough for us, and we are all extremely sorry for you in your great loss."

To this extract should be added one from a letter written by Private Wood to a friend in Middlesbrough:

"I expect you would know poor Mr. Darwin. . . . I was in his platoon, and I can tell you he died a hero. He led us absolutely regardless of the bullets from the German Maxim guns and snipers that whistled all round him."

Finally, Colonel Bell, his Commanding Officer, writes of him:

"Loyalty, courage, and devotion to duty—he had them all. . . . He died in an attack which gained many compliments to the Battalion. He was right in front. It was a man's death."

No soldier could wish a better epitaph. Yet something remains to be said, because soldiering was for Erasmus only a brief and splendid episode. Corporal Wearmouth's letter bears witness not only to his gallantry in the supreme hour of his life, but also to a quality that had been conspicuous throughout its whole previous course, without mention of which no account of him could be complete. He had the most genuine sympathy with and affection for working men, and never tired of trying to help them. And this quality which made him love his work at Middlesbrough brought him the keenest pleasure when soldiering came to him as a wholly new and unlooked-for experience. He delighted in his men, and especially enjoyed long expeditions across the moors, often at night-time, with his Scouts. And the men quickly appreciated his feeling, and responded to it. "The Battalion loved him," says Colonel Bell, "and called him Uncle." It would be hard to find anything more eloquent than that one simple statement.

This gift of sympathy was only one of many that made

his life at Middlesbrough a singularly happy and successful one. He had all the attributes of a good man of business in the best and widest sense. It was impossible to meet him without realizing that he combined with real intellectual power a calm, sound, and practical judgment and a general capacity for doing things well and thoroughly. No one who knew him even slightly could be surprised to hear that his associates in business conceived the highest opinion of him, and that not only on account of his acuteness and administrative ability, but of his fine and high-minded nature. Many words full of praise and affection have been written of this side of his life, and I am sorry that I cannot quote them all. Mr. Storr, who was his predecessor as secretary of Bolckow, Vaughan and Co., writes of him:

"I admired his great abilities as I loved his character. . . . I (in conjunction with the Chairman of the Company) selected him as my successor, trained him for the position, worked for years in the closest contact and friendship with him, and when I retired did so with the fullest confidence that he had a long and successful career before him, and that the Company could not have chosen a better man."

Dr. J. E. Stead, the distinguished metallurgist of Middlesbrough, who had been his companion on a business tour in America, says:

"During our American tour I got to know him well and find out what he really was. Before that, however, I had learnt that he had ability and intelligence of the highest order. . . . It was impossible to be with him long without gaining for him a most affectionate regard, and I looked forward and anticipated for him a splendid record of usefulness."

To these two striking pieces of testimony I should like to add one more, not from Middlesbrough, but from London. Mr. E. F. Turner, for many years the friend and solicitor of the Darwin family, who has occupied a distinguished place in his profession and enjoyed a peculiarly wide commercial experience, writes of Erasmus in these terms:

"Looking back on my closed professional experience, he

stands out as the ablest man of his generation that I have ever come across, and his modesty was as great as his mental powers."

A very dear friend of Erasmus, Charles Tennant, who was killed in action only a fortnight later, wrote of him: "There never was, that I ever met, a man so strong and yet so gentle." All who knew him would agree, as they would about another of his qualities, namely, a conscientiousness that was eminently sane and wide-minded, and completely unswerving. No one in the world was more certain to do what he believed to be right. Just before he left England, when his Battalion was under orders for the front, he was summoned to the War Office and offered a Staff appointment at home in connection with munitions of war. This would have given great scope to his capabilities. "It would have been interesting and important work," he wrote, "but of course there are plenty of older men who can do it just as well as I can." He felt that at that moment his place should be with his regiment, and made, in the words of one present at the interview, a "fine appeal" to be allowed to go with his men. It was granted, and he went gladly and with no looking back.

It was, I think, more than anything else this intense feeling for duty that made him so deeply respected, and gained for him in Middlesbrough a very particular position and influence. "There was no one else in his surroundings," writes one of his friends there, "who had the sort of influence he had." I am almost afraid to emphasize this point, lest a wrong impression be given and affection be cast unduly in the shade. He had many devoted friendships, and possessed, as his friend and tutor at Trinity, Dr. Parry, has said, "an unwavering loyalty of affection." Some of his friends of Cambridge days he was only able to see at long intervals, but his feeling for them and theirs for him remained as fresh and warm as ever. He was always simple and natural, and no one could be more wholly delightful and light-hearted than he was when in a holiday mood. He loved the open air and the country, more especially the north country, and

Yorkshire best of all. Fishing had been a source of the very keenest pleasure to him ever since he was a boy. Some will have memories of long days of walking in the Lakes; others of the jolly times of the May week at Cambridge—of dances and early morning rides and expeditions up the river in Canadian canoes. Whether we think of him at work or at play, we cannot remember a word or an action that does not make us proud of him. He is only one of many as to whom it may be said that they would have done much; but whatever he might have achieved, he never could have left a memory more lovable or more honourable.

BERNARD DARWIN.

May 19, 1915.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CHILDREN OF JOHN BARTLETT ALLEN OF CRESSALLY (1733-1803).

1. Elizabeth (Bessy) (1764-1846) m. *Josiah Wedgwood* of Maer.
2. Catherine (Kitty) (1765-1830) m. *Sir James Mackintosh*.
3. Caroline (1768-1835) m. Rev. *Edward Drewe*.
4. John Hensleigh (1769-1843) of Cressally, m. *Gertrude Seymour*.
5. Louisa Jane (Jane or Jenny) (1771-1836) m. *John Wedgwood*.
6. Lancelot Baugh (Baugh) (1774-1845), Master of Dulwich College, m. 2nd.
7. Harriet (sometimes called Sad) (1776-1847) m. Rev. *Matthew Surtees*, of North Cerney.
8. Jessie (1777-1853) m. *J. C. de Sismondi*, historian.
9. Octavia, died young.
10. Emma (1780-1866) unmarried.
11. Frances (Fanny) (1781-1875) unmarried.

CHILDREN OF JOHN HENSLEIGH ALLEN OF CRESSALLY (1769-1843).

1. Seymour Phillips (1814-1861) of Cressally, m. *Catherine* dau. of Earl of Portsmouth.
2. Henry George (1815-1908).
3. John Hensleigh (1818-1868).
4. Isabella Georgina, m. *G. Lort Phillips* of Laureenny.

CHILDREN OF SIR JAMES AND LADY MACKINTOSH.

1. Bessy (1799-1823) unmarried.
2. Fanny (1800-1889) m. her cousin *Hensleigh Wedgwood*.
3. Robert (1806-1864) m. *Mary Appleton*.

CHILDREN OF MRS DREWE.

1. Harriet, Lady Gifford.
2. Marianne, Mrs Algernon Langton.
3. Georgina, Lady Alderson.
4. Edward, m. *Adèle Prévost*.

CHILDREN OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD OF ETRURIA
(1730—1795).

1. Susannah (1765—1817) m. Dr *Robert Waring Darwin*. Charles Darwin was their son.
2. John (1766—1844) Banker, m. *Jane Allen*.
3. Josiah (1769—1843) of Maer, Potter, m. *Elizabeth Allen*.
4. Thomas (1771—1805).
5. Catherine (Kitty) (1774—1823) unmarried.
6. Sarah Elizabeth (1778—1856) unmarried.

CHILDREN OF JOHN WEDGWOOD (1766—1844).

1. Sarah Elizabeth (Sally, then Eliza) (1795—1857) unmarried.
2. Rev. John Allen (Allen) (1796—1882), Vicar of Maer.
3. Thomas (Tom) (1797—1862) Colonel in the Guards, m. *Anne Tyler*.
4. Caroline, died young.
5. Jessie (1804—1872) m. her cousin *Harry Wedgwood*.
6. Robert (1806—1880) m. 2nd.

CHILDREN OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD OF MAER (1769—1843).

1. Sarah Elizabeth (Elizabeth) (1793—1880) unmarried.
2. Josiah (Joe or Jos) (1795—1880) of Leith Hill Place, m. his cousin *Caroline Darwin*.
3. Charlotte (1797—1862) m. Rev. *Charles Langton*.
4. Henry Allen (Harry) (1799—1885) Barrister, m. his cousin *Jessie Wedgwood*.
5. Francis (1800—1888) Potter, m. *Frances Mosley*.
6. Hensleigh (1803—1891) Police Magistrate, Philologist, m. his cousin *Fanny Mackintosh*.
7. Fanny (1806—1832) unmarried.
8. Emma (1808—1896) m. her cousin *Charles Darwin*.

CHILDREN OF DR ROBERT WARING DARWIN (1766–1848)
AND HIS WIFE SUSANNAH WEDGWOOD (1765–1817).

1. Marianne (1798–1858) m. Dr *Henry Parker*.
2. Caroline (1800–1888) m. her cousin *Josiah Wedgwood* of Leith Hill Place.
3. Susan (1803–1866) unmarried.
4. Erasmus Alvey (1804–1881) unmarried.
5. Charles Robert (1809–1882) m. his cousin *Emma Wedgwood*.
6. Catherine (1810–1866) m., late in life, Rev. *Charles Langton*.
Charlotte Wedgwood was his 1st wife.

ALLEN PEDIGREE

John Bartlett ALLEN m. 1763 Elizabeth HENSLEIGH
(1733—1803) of Pantegue
m. a second time and (1738—1790)
had three dau. who
d. young

Elizabeth
1764—1846)
(m. 1792 Josiah
WEDGWOOD
(see WEDGWOOD
pedigree)

Catherine
(1765—
1830)

m. 1798 Sir Jas.
MACKIN-
TOSH
(1765—
1832)
as 2nd wife

Caroline
(1768—
1835)

m. 1793 Edward
DREWE
(1756—
1810)

John
Hensleigh
(1769—
1843)

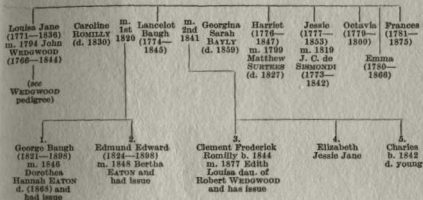
m. 1812 Gertrude
SEYMOUR
(d. 1825)

1. Elizabeth (Bessy)
MACKINTOSH
(1799—1823)
 2. Frances MACKINTOSH
(1800—1889)
m. 1832 Hensleigh
WEDGWOOD
(see WEDGWOOD pedigree)
 3. ROBERT MACKINTOSH
(1806—1864)
m. Mary APPLETON
and had issue 2 sons
and a dau.
-
- Sir Jas. MACKINTOSH had
issue by his first wife
(d. 1797) Catherine STUART
- (a) Maitland MACKINTOSH
m. William ERSKINE and
had issue of whom was
Frances, first wife of Lord
FAIRER (see DARWIN and
WEDGWOOD pedigrees)
- (b) Mary MACKINTOSH
m. Claudius RICH
- (c) Catherine MACKINTOSH
m. 1st Sir William WISEMAN
m. 2nd — TURNBULL

1. Harriet Maria DREWE
(179 —1857)
m. 1816 Robert, Lord
GIFFORD (1779—1826)
and had issue
2. Marianne DREWE
(179 —1822)
m. 1820 Algernon LANGTON
(b. 1781) and had issue
a son Bennet LANGTON
3. Georgiana DREWE
m. 1823 Sir Edward Hall
ALDERSON (1787—1857)
and had issue amongst
whom was Georgiana (after-
wards) Lady SALISBURY
4. Edward Simcoe DREWE
(1805—1877)
m. 1828 Adèle PRÉVOST
(d. 1881) leaving issue
5. Charlotte DREWE
d. young, circ. 1817
6. Frank DREWE
d. young, circ. 1817
7. Louisa DREWE
d. young, circ. 1817

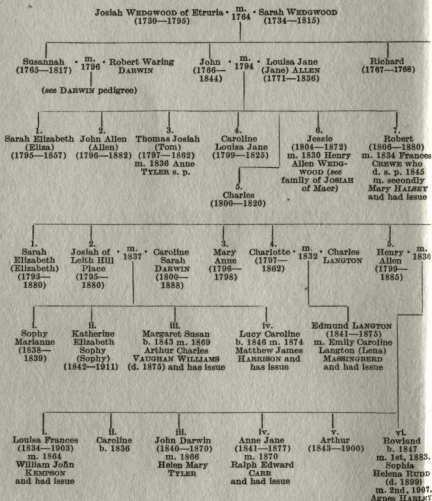
1. Seymour Phillips
(1814—1861)
m. 1843 Catherine
Fellowes (dau. of
Newton Fellowes
afterwards Earl of
PORTSMOUTH
(d. 1900) and had
issue
2. Henry George
(Harry)
(1815—1908)
3. John Hensleigh
(1818—1868)
m. Margaretta
SNELGAR
4. Isabella Georgina
(1818—1914)
m. 1840 George
Lort PHILLIPS
(d. 1866)
5. Gertrude Elizabeth
(d. 1824)

PEDIGREE.

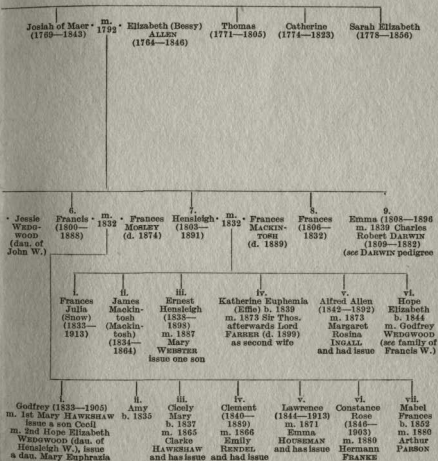


WEDGWOOD PEDIGREE

WEDGWOOD

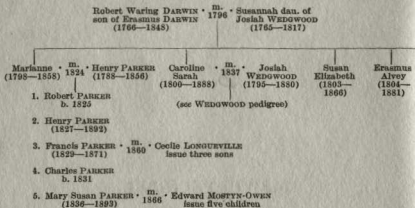


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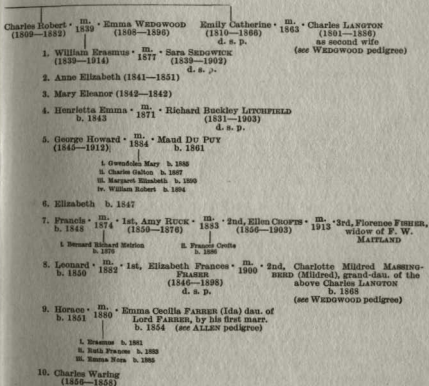


DARWIN PEDIGREE

DARWIN



PEDIGREE.



A CENTURY OF FAMILY LETTERS

CHAPTER I

1792—1800

Emma Wedgwood—The Allens of Cresselly—Sir James Mackintosh
—The Wedgwoods and Darwins—Josiah Wedgwood's marriage
—A ball at Ramsgate—Tom Wedgwood's ill-health—The
Wedgwoods at Gunville.

EMMA WEDGWOOD was born on May 2, 1808, at Maer Hall in Staffordshire. She was the youngest child of Josiah Wedgwood of Maer, and his wife, Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of John Bartlett Allen, of Cresselly, Pembrokeshire.

The first part of this family record consists of letters collected by Emma Wedgwood's mother, Mrs Josiah Wedgwood of Maer.¹ Later on follow the life and letters of Emma Wedgwood, first as a girl and afterwards as the wife of her cousin, Charles Darwin. As these three families of Allens, Wedgwoods, and Darwins will be found constantly recurring through the book, I have found it convenient to begin with a short account of their origin, and especially of those members of the group who most often appear.

The Allens came originally from the north of Ireland, and settled in Pembrokeshire in about 1600. The estate of Cresselly was acquired by the marriage of John Allen with Joan Bartlett. Their son, John Bartlett Allen of Cresselly (1733—1803), married Elizabeth Hensleigh, who died many years before her husband. He fought in the Seven Years' War as an officer in the 1st Foot Guards (now Grenadier Guards). Quite lately his great-grandson found that he was still remembered in the neighbourhood, and was told that "the owd capen was a wonderful man." He had a large

¹ To avoid confusion, these letters, thus collected, will be called "The Maer Letters." Their editor is the third daughter of Emma Wedgwood, who married Charles Darwin.



family, eleven of whom lived to grow up. His melancholy disposition and arbitrary temper made the home in his old age an unhappy one.

Sir James Mackintosh, who married Catharine, the second daughter, thus described the life at Cresselly in a letter to Josiah Wedgwood (November 9, 1800): "We left the '2 maidens all forlorn at the House that Jack built' in tolerable good spirits considering the gloomy solitude to which they are condemned. We have heard from good little Emma [Allen] (she really is the best girl in the world), and are happy to hear that the Squire has been pleased to be infinitely more cordial and gracious to his two poor prisoners than he ever was before, so that bating an absolute want of amusement and a perpetual constraint in conversation they may be pretty comfortable. Mme de Maintenon complains of her situation with Louis XIV, '*Quelle triste occupation de ranimer une âme éteinte, et d'amuser un homme qui n'est plus amusable!*'"

I remember my father's telling how Mr Allen used to thump his fist on the table, and order his daughters to talk when he wished to be entertained after dinner. They were as a fact remarkably good talkers, and Dr Darwin, of Shrewsbury, thought this was partly owing to their drastic training at home. They formed an interesting group of women, handsome, spirited, clever, and deeply devoted to each other.

Elizabeth Allen, the eldest of the family, had both charm and beauty. She was the centre to whom her sisters turned secure of love and sympathy. Her practical wisdom and delicacy of feeling are revealed in the long series of letters of which only a fraction can here be given. But above all she had the charm of a radiant cheerfulness and of a singular sweetness in voice and manner. There is much in her character which reminds me of my mother. In both there was the same delight in giving and the same unfailing consideration for the unprosperous.

Catharine Allen (Kitty as she was always called) was an able woman, agreeable in conversation, and with a fine character in many respects. She was greatly interested in all questions of humanity, and was, I believe, one of the founders of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. In 1798 she married James (afterwards Sir James) Mackintosh. She suffered greatly from the debt and difficulty in which he gradually became involved, but her own economy, especially as to her dress, was rigorous, and she

was entirely high-minded in all questions relating to money. Sydney Smith wrote the following appreciation of Mackintosh's character, addressed to Robert Mackintosh, when he was collecting materials for the life of his father:

"Curran, the Master of the Rolls, said to Mr Grattan: 'You would be the greatest man of your age, Grattan, if you would buy a few yards of red tape, and tie up your bills and papers.' This was the fault or the misfortune of your excellent father; he never knew the use of red tape, and was utterly unfit for the common business of life. That a guinea represented a quantity of shillings, and that it would barter for a quantity of cloth, he was well aware; but the accurate number of the baser coin, or the just measurement of the manufactured article, to which he was entitled for his gold, he could never learn, and it was impossible to teach him. Hence his life was often an example of the ancient and melancholy struggle of genius with the difficulties of existence. . . . A high merit in Sir James Mackintosh was his real and unaffected philanthropy. He did not make the improvement of the great mass of mankind an engine of popularity, or a stepping-stone to power, but he had a genuine love of human happiness. Whatever might assuage the angry passions, and arrange the conflicting interests of nations; whatever could promote peace, increase knowledge, extend commerce, diminish crime, and encourage industry; whatever could exalt human character, and could enlarge human understandings, struck at once at the heart of your father, and roused all his faculties. I have seen him in a moment when this spirit came upon him—like a great ship of war—cut his cable, and spread his enormous canvas, and launch into a wide sea of reasoning eloquence."¹

The first Earl Dudley, in his *Letters to Ivy*, wrote of Mackintosh: "If I were a king I should make an office for him in which it should be his duty to talk to me two or three hours a day. . . . He should fill my head with all sorts of knowledge, but, out of the great love I should bear towards my subjects, I would resolve never to take his advice about anything."

My father used to tell us that of all the great talkers he had ever known—Carlyle, Macaulay, Huxley, and others—he held Mackintosh to be the very first.

Caroline Allen married Edward Drewe, a Devonshire parson, brother of the Squire of Grange, near Honiton. Mr Edward Drewe died early, and she was for many years

¹ Sydney Smith, by G. W. E. Russell, p. 184.

a widow. Her daughters, Harriet, Lady Gifford, and Georgina, Lady Alderson, mother of the late Marchioness of Salisbury, often appear in the later letters.

Louisa Jane Allen (always called Jane or Jenny) was the beauty of the family. Bessy spoke of her incomparable cheerfulness, and said: "With her the sun always shines, and she seems to trip rather than slide down the hill of life." My mother told us that the warmth and graciousness of her aunt Jane's welcome was quite unique in its charm. She married John, the eldest son of Josiah Wedgwood of Etruria, who soon after his father's death became a partner in Davison and Co.'s bank in Pall Mall. The Bank failed in 1816, and after that time he had no profession. He should be remembered as the founder of the Horticultural Society. "On the 7th March, 1804, there met at his suggestion in Hatchard's shop a little gathering, of whom the most distinguished was Sir Joseph Banks, and from their discussion sprang a society incorporated in 1809, Lord Dartmouth being the first President."¹

Harriet Allen, the fifth daughter, was "very pretty and very tiny,"² and was of a gentle unassuming nature. Her marriage to Matthew Surtees, Rector of North Cerney in Wiltshire, was most unhappy. It was made, as her sister Jessie said, with "an almost culpable want of affection," and only in order to escape from the unhappiness of her home. The family greatly disliked Mr Surtees, and he appears to have been jealous, ill-tempered, and tyrannical.

Jessie Allen, who married Sismondi the historian, was, with the exception of Bessy, the most beloved by all her sisters. She was the favourite of her nephews and nieces, and had an especial love for Emma Wedgwood, the subject of this book. Jessie must have been a delightful companion, full of vivacity and gaiety, and with the power of intense devotion to those she loved. She was handsome, with brilliant colouring, large grey eyes, and dark hair. Her sister Bessy's letters to her "dearest of the dear," as she calls her, show a peculiar warmth. In one she wrote: "My silence has nothing to do with forgetfulness. Those who love you, my Jess, are not liable to that accident."

Octavia Allen died at the age of twenty-one, and only appears once or twice in the earlier letters.

The two youngest sisters, Emma and Fanny Allen, who

¹ *Life of Josiah Wedgwood*, by F. Julia Wedgwood.

² Mrs Smith of Baltiboys, in the *Memoirs of a Highland Lady*, thus characterises her.

never married, were important members of the group. Emma Allen was the only plain woman among the sisters. She spoke of her "half-formed face," and was quite aware how much more Jessie and the piquant Fanny were sought after. But she had no doubt of her welcome at Maer. She wrote in 1803 to her sister Bessy (sixteen years older than herself): "I have a very earnest desire to have some other communication than letter writing with my dear Bessy, whom it is now four years since I have seen. I do long to see you very much, and your children, and I am determined to pay you a visit soon after Christmas or at least before I return home to Cresselly. It has always been a subject of regret to me to have spent so little of my life with you, whom I so dearly love and admire more than anybody in the world."

Fanny Allen was more like a sister than an aunt to her elder nieces. She was very pretty, vivacious, and clever, with some sharpness in her marked character and great charm—a pet of Sir James Mackintosh, and a fierce Whig and devoted admirer of Napoleon. I remember her in her old age as a delightful companion, full of life, and still as straight as a dart.

Of the two brothers it is not necessary to say much, as there are no letters to or from them in the Maer collection. John Hensleigh Allen became the Squire of Cresselly after his father's death. He had a sunny, happy disposition, and was, like his own son Harry, a good *raconteur*. Lancelot Baugh, called Baugh, was Master of Dulwich College, where his sisters often visited him.

The first record of the Wedgwoods is in 1299, as villeins of Lord Audley in the Manor of Tunstall. Afterwards they were yeomen farmers at Blackwood-in-Horton. Before 1500 they became the Squires of Harracles.¹ The ancestors of the Wedgwoods of Etruria separated from the senior branch¹ about 1600, and became absorbed in the business of potting. Josiah Wedgwood (1730—1795) founded the town of Etruria in Staffordshire, where he carried on his renowned pottery works. His daughter, Susannah, married Dr Robert Waring Darwin of Shrewsbury, and was the mother of Charles Darwin.

The Darwins came originally from Lincolnshire, William

¹ The Wedgwoods of Harracles possessed some portion of these estates until the middle or end of the eighteenth century, when they became extinct.

Darwin of Marton, who died ante 1542, being the first known Darwin. They were yeomen in Lincolnshire for about 100 years, and then rose in rank. William Darwin (b. 1620) served as Captain Lieutenant in Sir W. Pelham's troop of horse, and fought for the King. His son William Darwin (b. 1655) married Anne Waring, the heiress of the Manor of Elston, Notts, which property is still in the possession of the elder branch of the Darwin family. His grandson was the well-known physician and poet, Dr. Erasmus Darwin of Lichfield, father of Dr. Robert Waring Darwin and grandfather of Charles Darwin.

The first intimation of intercourse between the Wedgwoods and Allens is the following letter from Josiah Wedgwood, the second son of Josiah Wedgwood of Etruria:

Josiah Wedgwood the younger to his father.

DEAR SIR,

TENBY, August 20, 1792.

You will have heard by a letter of mine to Tom that we have had a very gay week at Haverfordwest Assizes. I have not been at Cresselly since, but as I left them all very well I hope to find them so to-morrow. The family at Cresselly is altogether the most charming one I have ever been introduced to, and their society makes no small addition to the pleasure I have received from this excursion. I am very happy to perceive that their spirits are not much affected by their Father's marriage.¹ Our pleasures here are very simple, riding, walking, bathing, with a little dance twice a week.

You are so kind as to say that you shall be glad to see me and my sister, but I hope you have no objection to me staying a while longer, as much on my sister's account as my own, for I am afraid she has little chance of bringing Miss Allen back with her.

I am,

Your affectionate and dutiful son,

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.

¹ His marriage to the daughter of a coal-miner. She was not brought to Cresselly.

Whether Josiah and his sister succeeded in persuading Miss Allen to return with them to Staffordshire is not known. But his wooing was successful, for his marriage took place in December, 1792, when he was twenty-three, and she was twenty-eight years old. Josiah, the younger, was always called Jos, and by this name he will be known here. There are but few letters from him in the Maer collection, and he had not the Allen gift of expression. His character must be realised not from what he says himself, but from the impression he made on others.

Fanny Allen said: "Daddy Jos is always right, always just, and always generous," and Dr Darwin considered him one of the wisest men he had ever known. He inspired awe as well as respect. His wife, although deeply devoted to him, was not quite at ease with him, and a little afraid of annoying and vexing him.¹ But this was not judging him quite fairly, for though he was silent and grave, he had no harshness of temper. I have a dim impression of being told that Bessy considered men as dangerous creatures who must be humoured. Probably her early life at Cresselly had shaken her nerves and left her with impressions that she never got over. A little speech of Sydney Smith's, quoted to me by my mother, is interesting: "Wedgwood's an excellent man—it is a pity he hates his friends." His nieces the Darwins were, as girls, afraid of him, and I have been told that they were astounded at their brother Charles talking to him freely as if he was a common mortal, and that this trust on Charles' part made his uncle fond of him. My father says of him in his *Autobiography*: "He was silent and reserved, so as to be a rather awful man; but he sometimes talked openly with me. He was the very type of an upright man, with the clearest judgment. I do not believe that any power on earth could have made him swerve an inch from what he considered the right course."

During the first few years of their married life Jos and Bessy lived at Little Etruria, a house near Etruria Hall, which had been built for Bentley, his father's partner. Etruria was then quite a rural spot. To those who know what it is now with collieries, iron-works, and pottery kilns belching out black smoke, with dying trees in the fields, and blackened workmen's cottages, it is strange to read Emma Allen's description written about 1800: "I spent Saturday morning

¹ He must have been very indulgent to his wife's wishes, for I have been told that no cows were kept at Maer, as the moaning of the cows when their calves were taken away distressed her.

in walking with John [Wedgwood] over the works, which gratified me very much. I think Etruria [Hall] altogether a very nice place, much too good for its present inhabitants, and I felt interested in everything I saw there. I imagined it occupied by you and all the Wedgwoods, and how comfortable it must then have been. The green gate leading from one house to the other, which I had heard so much of from those I loved, immediately caught my attention."

After his father's death in 1795 Jos and Bessy were more or less wanderers for some years. They lived first at Stoke d'Abernon, in Surrey, and from 1800—1805 at Gunville, in Dorsetshire. He appeared to have trusted the management of the potteries almost entirely to his partner and cousin Mr Byerley, only himself paying occasional visits to Etruria.

There are but few letters to give in these old days—none of any interest till 1798. In that year Kitty and Harriet Allen had both married. Caroline and Jenny Allen had been married for some years, so that there were four sisters now left at Cresselly—Jessie, Octavia, Emma, and Fanny.

The following letter describes a meeting of Bessy and her two sisters, Jessie and Octavia, with the Mackintoshes at Broadstairs. It must have been the first time she had seen Kitty since her marriage to Mackintosh in April of the same year. Bessy was taking care of Octavia, who was threatened with consumption.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Emma Allen.

BROADSTAIRS, 17th Oct. [1798].

. . . We found Kitty very well and in good spirits as usual. She visits hardly anybody here, which is very prudent. Mr M. still continues the fondest and the best-humoured husband I ever saw. The children¹ are very manageable and the least troublesome of any I ever saw, and what will give you pleasure, I think she makes a very kind and attentive stepmother. Jessie and I have a snug little lodging twenty yards from theirs; we board with Kitty, and Ocky sleeps in the house with her to avoid the inconvenience of going out of nights. This is our present estab-

¹ His three daughters, Maitland, Mary, and Catherine, by his first wife Catherine Stuart.



MARVANNE SARAH TOM
d. young

KITTY SUSANNAH

JOSIAH

JOHN

MRS & MR WEDGWOOD



To face p. 2, Vol. I.

lishment, which we find very comfortable. . . . We have been at two balls, one at Margate, the other at Ramsgate, the last was a very genteel one, where we saw a multitude of pretty women, the first was infinitely vulgar. At Margate, Ocky danced with an Officer who looked very like her friend Capt. Scourfield at a distance, but fell very short when he came near, having but one eye. Some relations of Mr Mackintosh's introduced us all to partners, such as they were, but it must be confessed they were but very so-so. When we went to Ramsgate, the Master of the Ceremonies asked us all to dance, but Jessie and I were too delicate or too proud to like to commission him to solicit the hand of anybody, and chose to sit still. Kitty and Ocky's love of dancing was stronger than their delicate feelings on this subject, and he brought up a couple of partners to them. Ocky's was tolerably genteel, but Kitty's not quite so much so, being rather more upon the establishment of a boy than suits her taste. Ocky's partner, however, had like to have paid dear for the pleasure of dancing with her, for when we came to tea, she undertook to make it, and the urn being what we call very tripless,¹ she pulled it over and scalded her poor beau's leg; however, I don't believe he was very hurt, as he danced two or three dances afterwards, and Ocky recovered of her fright enough to dance another set with him. We came away in very good time, and I don't think she is at all the worse for it this morning. There is to be a very grand Ball at Guildford on account of Nelson's victory, the 25th [Oct.], and we are all going.² . . .

Jessie Allen appears to have spent a whole year away from Cresselly, passing many months with the Josiah Wedgwoods. On her return to Cresselly she wrote to her sister Bessy (June 10, 1799): "One thing I do entreat, which is that you take the greatest possible care of your dear self. Get rid if you can of some of the superabundant affection and feeling you have for your own family. At

¹ "Tripless," according to the *English Dialect Dictionary*, is a Pembrokeshire word, and means unsteady, rickety.

² When they return, that is, to Stoke d'Abernon. The Battle of the Nile was on August 1st this year.

present I am sure you have too much either for your own health or happiness; this is most disinterested advice on my part, for what on earth do I love more or prize higher than your affection for us?" She gave a graphic picture of her nervous dread at returning to Cresselly and her happiness that her younger sister Emma had not to return with her: "Now she is safe, and I am where I ought to have been long ago. I cannot tell you how much I dreaded my first arrival here, and my nervousness got to such a height as almost amounted to misery."

The following is an undated draft of a letter from Bessy to her youngest sister Fanny, seventeen years her junior. It must certainly have been written whilst Fanny was quite a girl, probably about 1800. Nothing is known as to what called for Bessy's reproof.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Fanny Allen.

MY DEAR FANNY,

ETRURIA, Saturday.

It is not with very pleasant feelings that I consider that there is but one day between this and the end of your visit, and as I fear I shall not have an opportunity or feel it in my power to say all I wish when we part, I chuse this way of conveying to you my tenderest wishes for your happiness. I cannot forbear telling you how amiable your conduct has appeared to me ever since our conversation in the Garden. Your silence left me rather in doubt whether you did not either think me unjust, or feel angry with me for what might appear impertinent. I saw I had given you great pain, and I felt very sorry for it. But your kind and obliging manner to me ever since has completely done away every apprehension of that sort, and I see and appreciate as it deserves the delicacy of your conduct. Not only have I never observed in a single instance what I had mentioned to you, but you have taken care by the most affectionate and attentive behaviour to let me see that you were not angry. Continue, my dear Fanny, to watch over your own character, with a sincere desire of perfecting it as much as is in your power, and you will make the happiness of all belonging to you. You have very little to do, for God has

given you an excellent temper, and a very good understanding. Do not therefore content yourself with a mediocrity of goodness. You are now at a happy time of life when almost everything is in your own power, and your character may be said to be in your own hands, to make or mar it for ever. If you humbly look into yourself, you are a better judge of your failings than any other person can be, but do not seek to palliate or veil them from your own heart. Your friends will value you for your excellences.

Josiah Wedgwood of Etruria had a third son, Thomas Wedgwood,¹ who has not hitherto been mentioned. He was a remarkable man in many directions—the friend and benefactor of Coleridge, and practically the first discoverer of photography, although he was unable to “fix” his pictures. His short life ended in 1805, when he was thirty-four years old, after years of terrible suffering from some mysterious illness which was never explained.

There is much evidence that his personality was impressive. Fanny Allen tells of “the effect that his appearance and manner had on Mackintosh’s ‘set,’ as they were called.” “Sydney Smith was almost awed”; and she narrates how at a party assembled to see a picture by Da Vinci of the head of Christ, Dugald Stewart² said: “You are looking at that head—I cannot keep my eyes from the head of Mr Wedgwood (who was looking intently down at the picture), it is the finest I ever saw.” Wordsworth, too, describes his appearance: “His calm and dignified manner, united with his tall person and beautiful face, produced in me an impression of sublimity beyond what I ever experienced from the appearance of any other human being.” His brother Jos had a devoted, almost passionate, love for him.

Tom Wedgwood spent a great part of his life wandering in search of health. When at home he chiefly lived with Jos and Bessy, and interested himself much in the education of his little nephews and nieces. His doctrinaire views founded on Rousseau must have been trying to his sister-in-law. In other ways, too, the situation must have needed her tact and unalterable sweetness of character to make the home happy.

¹ See *Tom Wedgwood, the First Photographer*, by R. B. Litchfield.

² Famous at this time as the leading representative of philosophic studies in England. He held the Chair of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh from 1785 to 1820.

The following letter from Jos to Tom was written after the brothers had just parted at Falmouth, whence Tom had sailed for the West Indies. The voyage was undertaken for the sake of his health.

Josiah Wedgwood to his brother Tom.

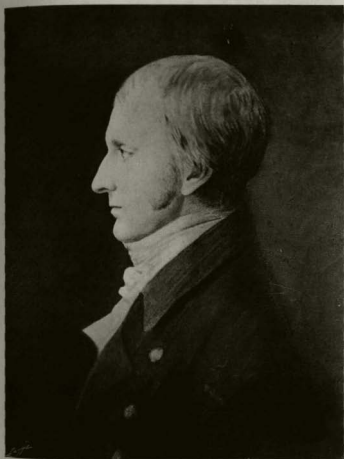
MY DEAR TOM,

GUNVILLE, Feb. 28, 1800.

I cannot resist the temptation of employing my first moment of leisure to unburden my heart in writing to you. The distance that separates us, the affecting circumstances under which we parted, our former inseparable life and perfect friendship, unite to deepen the emotion with which I think of you, and give an importance and solemnity that is new to my communication with you. I did not know till now how dearly I love you, nor do you know with what deep regret I forebore to accompany you. It was a subject I could not talk to you upon, though I was perpetually desirous to make you acquainted with all my feelings upon it. I would not without necessity leave my wife and children, and I believed that I ought not; yet my resolution was not taken without a mixture of self-reproach. But I repeat the promise I made you at Falmouth.

I have not yet been able to think of you with dry eyes, but a little time will harden me. It is not so necessary for me to see you, as to know that you are well and happy. Nothing could be more disinterested than the love I bear you. I know that my wife and children would alone render me happy, but I see, with the most heartfelt concern, that your admirable qualifications are rendered ineffectual for your happiness, and your fame, by your miserable health. But I have a full conviction that your constitution is strong and elastic, and that your present experiment bids fair to remove the derangement of your machine. I look forward with hope and joy to our meeting again, and I am sure that seeing you again, well and vigorous, will be a moment of the purest happiness I can feel.

Perhaps this may be the last time that I shall write to



TOM WEDGWOOD



To face p. 12, Vol. I.

you in this strain. If it should for a time revive your sorrow, it cannot long injure your tranquillity, to be told that I love you, esteem you, and admire you truly and deeply.

I took possession of this place this morning with very different feelings from those I should have had if we had been together. I have made up my mind to-day not to add anything to the buildings until I shall have become better acquainted with the place. On looking more closely at the stables I see that 15 or 20 pounds laid out will enable them to serve a year or two, and I shall not be in a hurry to do more.

The last waggon-load from Upcott came about an hour after me, with all the live stock in good condition. I was very well pleased to be saluted by a neigh from the gig-horse the moment she heard my voice—Dido is so like Donna that I thought it was she recovered.—I find the aloes were not quite so good a bargain as we thought, for they were killed by the frost when they were brought.

I shall be here *en famille* in about 10 days, and possibly my mother and sister with us, but I do not know. In the beginning of April we go to town and there stay to the end of May. Whether we shall then go to Cresselly or Etruria—I do not know.

I have written to Gregory Watt¹ to send me a copying machine, that I may send duplicates by another packet, a precaution you must not forget. I will send you more copying paper. I shall curse the French with great sincerity if they take the packet bearing your first letter. How anxiously will it be expected, and with what emotion will it be opened and read! You will hear from us in a month, or less, after your arrival, and we must not expect to hear from you in less than four months from your departure. Very few of the letters I write afford me any pleasure, but I foresee a great pleasure in writing to you all that comes, and just as it comes. There is a pleasure in

¹ Son of James Watt, and an intimate friend of the Wedgwood brothers.

tender regret for the absence and misfortunes of a person one loves, and corresponding with that person is the complete fruition of it. I feel like Æneas clasping the shade of Creusa; I call up your image but it is not substantial. Farewell, dear Tom.

The following letters were written after Tom's return from the West Indies, the expedition having proved a complete failure as regarded his health. The Wedgwoods were not yet settled in Gunville, and Bessy was visiting her father and sisters at Cresselly.

Josiah Wedgwood to his wife at Cresselly.

CHRISTCHURCH, July 31, 1800.

I am just returned from a very pleasant evening walk with B. and Jos.¹ I find they recollect many things about Etruria that surprised me, particularly in Jos. Our last half-hour was by moonlight on the sea-shore, the waves pouring gently at our feet. The delightful scenery and the innocent prattle of the children have disposed me to write to you, rather than to complete the task I had set myself for this evening of casting up a part of my building accounts. I think it was well imagined of two lovers or friends, separated from each other, to fix the days and hours of writing to each other, that they might be sure that each was occupied about the other at one moment. I hope this invention was of two lovers; if it had been told me of two women, or two men, I should call it romantic affectation. I never in my most philosophical days agreed with the opinion of the proscribers of marriage and upholders of universal concubinage—the expression is as detestable as the idea—and I cannot conceive that any but a corrupt libertine can be sincere in approving it. Who that had felt in himself the tranquil, but penetrating charm of an intimate and long-continued union with a woman sensible to his pains and his

¹ Elizabeth and Josiah, the two eldest children, aged seven and five.

pleasures, participating in his hopes, strengthening his good dispositions, and gently discouraging his harshness and petulance, and more than all, who is become flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone, by bearing him children, who that is susceptible of that delightful and ennobling sympathy, would truck it for the wandering gratifications and ferocious contests of brutes. And these men are improvers of the condition of mankind! If one did not know them to be better than they profess to be, one would be afraid to hold converse with them. It is singular that Rousseau, who has given so admirable a picture of domestic education, and infused it with all the powers of his eloquence, should have sent his children to the *Enfans trouvés*, and that Godwin, whose writings tend to make a foundling hospital of the world, should have been an affectionate husband, and is now a tender father to his wife's and his own child. I am and will be your affectionate husband, and we are and will be tender parents to our dear children. I have no pleasures that I can compare with those I derive from you and from them. Your idea fills me, and I clasp you as the heroes of poetry clasp the shades of the departed.

My sisters went to look at Chettle on Sunday, and were much taken with it. . . . My mother speaks of you as *her dear Bessy*. She says she does not know enough of Dorsetshire to be prejudiced for or against it, but she shall be very glad to be near Tom and me and her dear Bessy, and the word with her has a deeper meaning than with some who use it oftener. She is not demonstrative, but she is affectionate. Chettle is to be vacant at Michaelmas. Besides the advantage of my mother and sisters as neighbours, which will be particularly great to Tom, we get the command of a very good manor.

I have just sent up my income return, and I have given in £874 as the tenth of my last year's income. I cannot say but it grudges me to pay such a sum to be squandered, as I believe it will, mischievously. . . . I have set some additional hands to work at Gunville, and I do not yet despair of Tom and me getting in by the 1st Sept., and

its being ready for you by the time your furlough will expire, to which, by the bye, I hope you will conform like a good soldier. . . . Our *tête-à-tête*¹ here is tolerably endurable. We seldom meet for five minutes except at dinner, and then with eating, drinking, and helping the children, we manage to pass an hour with a few remarks. I believe if we were to live twenty years together we should make no further progress in intimacy. However, she does exceedingly well in her situation; she did not come here to amuse me. I do not see any signs of melancholy about her. I fancy my sister's visit has cheered her for a while.

I rely on your discretion to keep my letters to yourself; they may do between you and me, but your quizzing sisters would be tremendous. Give my love to them all, and believe me with heartfelt tenderness, your affectionate husband,

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her husband.

CRESSELY, Aug. 28th, 1800.

I have felt my heart very heavy with the idea that you would be angry with me for prolonging my stay after my repeated promises that I would not, but I really found it impossible to resist. I am not sure that it would have been right to have done so. If my Father's account of his own situation was accurate it certainly would have been barbarous in me not to have staid, and as he thinks it so, the effect would be much the same on his feelings. But I am sure I am not just to you in doubting for an instant that you will enter into my feelings. I am sure I suffer more in the delay than it is possible you can, because it is more my own doing. I am persuaded your next letter will do away all my present feelings, but the comfort of meeting you will be more than I can express.

Farewell, dear Jos, love to the Children and Miss Dennis.

¹ With Miss Dennis, the governess.

Josiah Wedgwood to his wife at Cresselly.

CHRISTCHURCH, August 28, 1800.

. . . You cannot refuse your father a few days, as he makes a point of your staying longer than the time you had fixed, and I hope Mackintosh and J. Allen will enliven them, so as to make them pleasanter than those you have hitherto passed at Cresselly. I will not affect to say that this difficulty thrown in the way of your return is not disagreeable to me, but you need not apprehend that there is anything of anger in the sentiment. I should be more displeased with your apprehension of anger, if I did not consider that the atmosphere you have lately breathed inspires fear. I am truly sorry that your visit has turned out so little to your satisfaction, and sorry that you will set out low spirited on so long a solitary journey. . . . I hope you are assured that shooting would not interfere with any plan for meeting you. Shooting is a pleasant thing, and I must have active exercise, but its pleasures are subordinate indeed to those in which the affections are engaged. And it is not on my own account that I am now at all eager about it. You know how much Tom has set his heart and his hopes upon it, and I am certain you have too much kindness for him to grudge the sacrifice of part of my time to this object. I have been sometimes afraid you might think I take from you to give to him, but I have never perceived that you did, and it is a source of sincere gratification to me, and increases my esteem for you, to know that you are without jealousy on the subject, and that you return the sincere affection he bears for you. . . .

I am glad you have not executed either of your schemes. Mary Allen¹ I have no objection to but as taking up room, which at present we cannot spare. As to the poor little Ridgway, I should have been very sorry if you had put your scheme with respect to her in practice. I do not know that

¹ Bessy wished to bring back her cousin, Mary Allen, and "little Ridgway," because she was "half-starved."



she is a fit companion for children. If filled, as I suppose, with the notions common with uneducated Welsh persons, I am sure she is not. She would have been a fish out of water, and you would not have known what to do with her. Above all things preserve the *agreeableness* of your home. . . .

I wish to heaven I could make you chear up. I owe you a spite for being cast down for nothing. My love to all your party, and I am and ever shall be, your affectionate J. W.

I go to Gunville to-morrow for good.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her husband.

MY DEAR JOS,

CRESSELY, Sept. 1st, 1800.

Contrary to your calculation, I received your letter of the 28th this evening, and it has made me very happy. I now hasten to write you my last dispatch from Cresselly, but I must make it short, as it is late, and I have taken a long walk which has tired me. I have been a fool to make myself at all uneasy upon the subject, when I knew at the same time that you would not be angry with me, but I don't know how it was, I thought you might feel uncomfortable, and indeed I felt so myself at the thoughts of our meeting being deferred. I have always written to you from the feelings of the moment, and perhaps I have sometimes given you a stronger impression of my being out of spirits than was just. John Allen and Mackintosh have enlivened our society very much, and I think my Father begins to relish society more than he did. I fancied he was a little afraid of Mackintosh at first, but he has now found out that he is by no means overbearing, and he finds himself comfortable in his company.

I am very glad I did not pursue my two schemes with relation to M. Allen and M. Ridgway, and I think you are perfectly right in what you say. I had no notion that our house was in so backward a state when I thought of Harriet [Surtees] paying us a visit, but if I find it inconvenient when we get to Gunville it will be very easy to put them off.

I am very glad you acquit me of all jealousy with respect to dear Tom. I really deserve it, for there are no sacrifices I would not make to be of any service to him, compatible with my other duties. I hope he has joined you by this time, and that he finds he can pursue his game with pleasure and advantage. My kind love to him.

I am, my dearest Jos,

Yours ever,

E. WEDGWOOD.

CHAPTER II

1804—1807

John Hensleigh Allen inherits Cresselly—Departure of the Mackintoshes for India—A press-gang story—Tom Wedgwood's death—Return of the Josiah Wedgwoods to Staffordshire—Sarah Wedgwood and Jessie Allen.

MR ALLEN died in 1803. His son John Hensleigh Allen inherited Cresselly, and after this date lived there with his three unmarried sisters, Jessie, Emma, and Fanny. The following letter from Fanny Allen was written whilst staying in London with the Mackintoshes. Mackintosh had been made Recorder of Bombay, and was knighted before leaving for India.

Fanny Allen to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

DOVER STREET, January 11th [1804].

. . . I am glad to tell you that Kitty's spirits are pretty well recovered since parting with you. The day you left us she was terribly depressed. You know Mackintosh asked Dr Davy,¹ the Sydney Smiths and Horner² to dine

¹ Brother of Sir Humphry Davy.

² Francis Horner (1778—1817), Whig statesman, born at Edinburgh, was one of the group of young men who started the *Edinburgh Review*. In Parliament he became a great authority on finance, and Lord Cockburn, the Scotch Judge, described him as "possessed of greater public influence than any other private man." His early death at thirty-eight was a great public loss. "I never," said Sydney Smith, "saw anyone who combined together so much talent, worth, and warmth of heart." One of Sydney Smith's letters has a pleasant sentence about him: "Horner is ill. He was desired to read amusing books. Upon searching his library it appeared he had no amusing books. The nearest to any work of that description was the *Indian Trader's Complete Guide*."

here and, before the evening was over, I think they were of great service to her spirits. . . .

We had a very grand dinner at Erskine's,¹ and, what I did not expect, I found it very pleasant. The whole house of Kemble was there (with the exception of John Kemble), Nat Bond, a Mr Morrice Lawrence, Sharp, Boddington, and ourselves. Erskine was not as lively as he was the day he dined here; he was quite absorbed in Mrs Siddons and to my mind much in love with her. She looked uncommonly handsome, but was much too dignified to be pleasant in conversation. I was very much gratified by seeing her and hearing her talk on acting which she did very unaffectedly. I must not forget to tell you she admired my gown exceedingly. She said she thought it one of the prettiest dresses she ever saw. . . . Mrs Erskine asked Lady Harrington to introduce Kitty, and if she goes she [Lady H.] has promised to do so. Otherwise she has given in her name to the Lady-in-waiting, and I believe has mentioned to the Queen Kitty's desire of being introduced. Miss Stewart has promised us places to see her if she goes. The Nares dined here on Saturday last; Kitty asked the S. Smiths, Charles Warren,² Horner and Sharp³ to meet them. We had one of the pleasantest and merriest days I have passed for a long time. Mrs Nares looked uncommonly handsome and was in very good spirits, and I hope enjoyed her day very much. Sydney Smith was in his highest spirits, and pleased me particularly by talking

¹ Thomas Erskine (1750—1823), the famous advocate, became Lord Chancellor and a peer about two years after this.

² Charles Warren (1767—1823), line engraver and active member of the Society of Arts. He had a great reputation as an illustrator of books, *Gil Blas*, *Don Quixote*, etc.

³ Richard Sharp (1759—1834), commonly called "Conversation Sharp," was a well-known figure in the literary society of the time. He had known Johnson and Burke in his youth, and was intimate with Mackintosh, Rogers, Wordsworth, Canning, and the Holland-House set. Like Campbell the poet, he had been one of Tom Wedgwood's best friends. Mackintosh called him the keenest critic he knew. He had made money as a merchant, and as a London hatter. His country home, at Fredley Farm, near Mickleham in Surrey, was a favourite meeting-place for his friends. Boddington was Sharp's partner in his West Indian business.

of my sisters in the way I wish to hear them talked of, as the very first of women. "I cannot tell you," he told me, "how much I admire and like all your sisters; they have a warmth and friendliness of manner that is delightful, but I think that Mrs Jos Wedgwood surpasses you all."

I think I have given you a very exact account of ourselves since you left us, and answered all your questions with the exception of the one about our friend B., which I really don't know how to answer. I think we are just in the same state as when you left us, not advanced and I don't think gone back, and most probably in the same place we shall ever be. He goes with us I believe to the play on Friday to see Mrs Siddons in Desdemona. . . .

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Fanny Allen.

GUNVILLE, Sunday [15th or 22nd January, 1804].

. . . I am glad you were too honest a girl to coquet or disqualify about B.,¹ and I depend upon your telling me the whole truth and nothing but the truth. . . .

We are going on very harmoniously. Surtees is in high good humour, but so fidgetty that I don't wonder that Harriet is so thin; she looks very well, but I think she is flat. I cannot join Jessie in thinking she is anything like a happy woman. Her spirits are not low, but there is no spring, no liveliness or self-enjoyment at all. I don't know whether she was naturally so grave, or whether it is acquired of late years, but we have had no sort of *épanchement de cœur*. I have not ventured upon any leading conversation, nor has she led to anything of that sort; and I daresay we shall not. She seems rather pleased at the thoughts of this ball at Blandford, and desires you will not forget to send her clothes off in time. In looking over the account of the birthday the first person that struck my eye was Lady Mackintosh. I take for granted you were in the presence chamber with Miss Stewart, a parcel of shabby plebeians, looking on the honours that had fallen upon

¹ It is not known who B. was, nor whether he ever proposed.



Mrs JOSIAH WEDGWOOD
From a Portrait by Romney



To face p. 22, Vol. I.

the family; and I desire you will give me a more particular account of Kitty's presentation, reception, and appearance. I am, however, more anxious to hear of many other things relating to poor dear Kitty, and which I hope I shall in a day or two either from herself or one of you. . . .

I believe, my little Fanny, I owe a little of your flattering representation of what Sydney Smith said of me to your good nature. You thought it a pity I should not come in for a little of what F. B. used to call "the delicious essence," and so you very kindly sent me a little. However I am much obliged to you for your kind intention in refreshing my memory with the sound of a compliment, which I must confess has still some power to charm, vain mortals as we are. . . .

Fanny Allen to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

ALBEMARLE STREET, *Saturday* [Jan. 28th, 1804].

. . . Kitty and Mackintosh left town this morning, and have left me one of the heaviest hearts I have ever had. I can scarcely bear to think on their kindness to me at present. The whole week has been uncommonly painful, what with the hurry of packing and the uncertainty and expectation of going every day. It was some comfort for me to see that Kitty's spirits kept up very tolerably to the last. I did not see her this morning, but I hear she was pretty cheerful. Mackintosh was rather low, but I trust they will both feel the quitting England but trifling. I should not be much surprised if they were detained a week at Ryde; in that case Sharp, Horner, and perhaps Sydney Smith, will go down and pass the time with them. That will be very desirable for them, and I cannot but say I should envy them very much—that is to say the visitors. I don't know and I almost fear you have not heard from any of us since Kitty's presentation at Court. Miss Stewart drest her uncommonly well and prettily, and she cut an exceeding good figure; the Queen talked very graciously to her, and she met with very great civility from a great many people on the occasion, particularly from Lady Harrington, who asked her to come

to her evening party on Sunday last. On the whole I was very glad Kitty went to Court. It was something for her to think of, and above all there is nothing like a little vanity to buoy up the spirits.

By the way you did me very great injustice in supposing I added to S. Smith's speech concerning you, for I will not call it a compliment. I never think a compliment worth repeating that I am obliged to add to. As a punishment for your unbelief, I have a great mind not to tell you that, instead of adding, I kept back part of the good things he said of you. Mackintosh, Kitty and I dined with the Smiths on Sunday last, and I have scarcely ever passed a pleasanter or merrier day. The company as usual were Sharp, Rogers, Horner and Boddington. We remained there till twelve, and you will accuse me, I suppose, of gross flattery, if I were to tell you, you were again the subject of a very warm eulogium from more of the gentlemen than Sydney Smith. It was a very humorous dispute and amused me very much. I will not detail it you, because of your unbelief. But Sydney put an end to that part of it which treated of the different degrees of dependence they could place in you and my other sisters in case of any emergency, by declaring he would rely on your kindness to nurse him during a fever, and Jenny's *only in a toothache*—this was unanswerable and unanswered. They have asked me to spend a few days with them this next week, which I think I shall do. I expect Sydney almost every minute to fix the day. I am happy to have it in my power to cultivate a friendship with them both; I have met with no people in London that I like so much as I do them, or who have showed me more unremitting kindness. . . .

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her husband.

GUNVILLE, Sunday Morning, May 5th [1805].

MY DEAR JOS,

The only thing that has occurred since I wrote last has been the taking of poor Job Harding by the Press-gang,

which has excited a great sensation in the village, and for which I am truly concerned. The night before last they knocked at the door and told the Hardings to get up, as the Press-gang were at Hinton and were coming to take them. Job got up and went down stairs, but they had broke open the door and seized him and carried him off, without giving him time to tie his garters or to put on his coat. The other brother Jem was very ill from a chill, but the Lieut. went up and satisfied himself as to the truth of it, and he had humanity enough to leave him behind, though he said they should come for him very soon. They then went to George Collin's, but he would not open the door or answer when they called, but prepared to stand on the defensive, for which purpose he broke the child's crib to have the stick as a weapon of defence. The crew hearing the crash, thought he had broke through to the next house and made his escape; and so they went off, and he escaped for this time, but I am afraid they will get him and Jem Harding. The poor wife of Job (unlike her namesake in the Bible) is gone off this morning to comfort her husband and to take him some necessaries, and I suppose the pay she received last night, which amounted to 16s., to which Tom added some articles from his wardrobe, and I a guinea; and A. Harding's wife went with her out of friendship (a walk of 40 miles to and from Poole). A good many others of the women went to *send* her. I saw a letter to-day from him to his wife, written in such a simple honest style, that it interested me very much in his favour. The other two men are frightened to death at the thought of their turn coming next; and they don't lie at home. But what a sad life it is to be feeling the torments of fear, and skulking like a felon, and that for such a length of time as they probably will. Our waggoner coming from Poole yesterday met poor Harding escorted by three men armed, and himself pinioned. I declare this circumstance almost made a Bethlen Gabor¹ of me.

¹ Bethlen Gabori (1580—1629) was of a noble Protestant family in Hungary, and rose gloriously in defence of the civil rights of the Bohemians. He was introduced by Godwin into his novel *St. Leon*.

B.¹ had a letter from my Joe yesterday. He asks whether Papa does not mean to come and see him before the holidays, as many of the boy's fathers are coming to see their sons. He says the holidays will begin next Wednesday six weeks, and if we fetch him a week before, the five weeks will soon run out; and I wish you would write to Mr Coleridge to mention the matter of his coming home a week before they break up, and then I can tell my Joe of it, which will make him very happy. I had nearly resolved upon setting off to see him to-morrow, but I have thought better of it. The journey so long, the time of being with him so short, and the pain of parting considered, I think it will be as well not to think of seeing him before the holidays.

Tom Wedgwood died at Eastbury, near Gunville, where he lived with his mother, on 10th July, 1805, after much suffering.

Bessy wrote to her sisters (July, 1805): "Indeed the more I think of him the more his character rises in my opinion; he really was too good for this world. Such a crowd of feelings and remembrances fill my mind while I am recalling all his past kindnesses to me and mine, and to all his acquaintances, that I feel myself quite unfit to make his panegyric, but I trust my children will ever remember him with veneration as an honour to the family to which he belonged. . . .

"Eastbury was always rather gloomy in my eyes, now it looks the picture of Melancholy, and poor Tom's empty rooms I cannot look upon without a painful *serrement de cœur*, like himself, hid behind the high laurels, melancholy and retired. His forsaken windows remind me continually of himself, and I can hardly forbear expecting to see him walking out in his way, throwing one foot before the other in a despairing manner as if he did not care whether the other ever followed. He was laid in the Vault here on Tuesday se'ennight. . . ."

After Tom Wedgwood's death the Josiah Wedgwoods left Dorset. Maer Hall was bought about 1805, but they did not inhabit it fully till 1807. In 1812 they seem to have moved for a time to Etruria, probably for the sake of economy.

¹ Elizabeth, the eldest child. Joe, now aged ten, was at school at Ottery St Mary with Mr George Coleridge, brother of the poet. He was a delicate little boy, and I think it was his first year at school.

All trade with the Continent was crippled owing to the war, and the income from the Works had gone down; the income-tax also was then 2s. in the pound. They came back finally to Maer in 1819.

Sarah Wedgwood, the writer of the following letter, was the youngest sister of Jos. She never married, although she had many proposals.

Sarah Wedgwood to Jessie Allen.

DARLASTON [STAFFORDSHIRE], Sept. 5
[probably 1807].

MY DEAR JESSIE,

It is a long time since I have written a letter from feeling an inclination to do so. Since the humour is now on me I will indulge it tho' it is late; all the world is gone to bed, and my writing tackle is miserable. . . .

Your conjecture that Buxton might become a pet place with me has not been realised. Nothing ever was much duller; the company during the whole fortnight I was there continued in the same insipid way they set out, neither genteel, agreeable, sensible, nor anything but good-humoured and civil; you cannot think how few exceptions there were. We went out but once while I staid; that was to the play on Saturday to see Elliston in the *Honeymoon* and the *Hunter of the Alps*. I was very much entertained—more pleased (don't tell) than I was at any play in London. All but Elliston were execrable actors, but the play itself is amusing and he acts charmingly; but the farce, there I was in my glory! crying at a farce! (the last time I had cried before was at Astley's). Before I proceed, I must say for my credit's sake what I know to be true, that the farce is one of the poorest things that ever was seen—that granted, I proceed to say how delighted I was with it. There were two of the dearest little children in the world acting in it. In general I am quite of the opinion of the person whom Baugh [Allen] quotes as admiring Herod on these occasions, but I must rejoice that these two were spared; one was not the least affected in the world, the other only the

least in the world; they were like two children saying the thing in earnest, and Elliston, dear delightful Elliston, never in my life did I see anything so sweet and pretty as his way of acting with them. The mixture of tenderness and fun in his manner to them was bewitching. I wish you had seen one of the dear little things telling him not to be frightened when he turned round suddenly and saw him, and Elliston's sweet comical look in return. But charming as this was (and how superb it must appear in description!) it was nothing to a scene afterwards where he divided a cake between the two little things who were starving. What an idiot you must think me! I don't care, I did enjoy it beyond measure: I was so delighted that I was obliged to make little Sally¹ my *confidante* when I got home, there being nobody else at hand. It is well for you you were not there, you would have been well tired of my raptures.²

Jos and Bessy and Kitty [Wedgwood] went to a *fête* at Crewe Hall on Saturday morning. The chief amusements were to have been out of doors, but owing to the badness of the day they could not go out, and had not much to do within. There were about a hundred people there, and five rooms open; they had a luncheon at three o'clock, coffee and ices afterwards and a dance, some very nice singing too by Miss Crewe and some other ladies. Lady Crewe was so much distressed by the badness of the day that she was not like herself, but very civil and attentive. Miss Crewe they all thought charming. They knew a good many people there, and did not feel at all like lost sheep. They came away at six o'clock. Jos danced away—the ladies did not—but Kitty was engaged to dance with Mr Ricketts when they came away. I would not have gone for the world, as society by daylight is my aversion.

¹ Her niece, Sarah Elizabeth, John Wedgwood's eldest child, later called Eliza.

² They are justified to us by the two Essays of Charles Lamb: "To the Shade of Elliston," beginning "Joyousest of once embodied spirits," and "Ellistoniana." Leigh Hunt called him "the best lover on the stage."

We are going to have a grand dinner-party here on Tuesday. We shall be sixteen, the Tollets with several friends, Whalleys with ditto, and W. Sneyds. In a moment of insanity we had invited the Meafordites¹ too; happily they were engaged or I don't know what would have become of us; we are now two more than our dinner-table will hold with all possible squeezing, and we have calculated that seven must sit on the drawing-room sofa. We must hope for a cool day.

I have read nothing lately, and as to my thoughts I have never once found pleasure or profit in their company since I left London. I was not quite well before I went to Buxton, and I hope that was what made me so disagreeable; if I am to be subject to these devildum humours I had rather my body should be to blame than my mind: I am well now, and I hope come to my senses a little, but not come to my Fenton state of perfection yet. You don't tell me whether you have recovered your spirits; have you? Pray let me know if W. K. makes his proposals in due form; you would make such a popular dame that it will be a thousand pities if you refuse him and miss your vocation.

We went to look at Maer the other day; it is wonderfully improved, and will be one of the pleasantest places in the country. It does not seem to be nearly ready, but the painting is finished and the papering nearly; the walk round the pool, if they make it, will be delightful; the new road is a prodigious improvement. . . .

¹ The Jervises, Lord St Vincent's family.

CHAPTER III

1813—1814

John Allen's marriage—Jessie, Emma, and Fanny Allen at Dulwich
—The Mackintoshes in Great George Street—An escapade of
the Duke of Brunswick—London parties and Madame de Staël.

IN 1812 John Hensleigh Allen, of Cresselly, married Gertrude, daughter of Lord Robert Seymour. His three sisters had lived with him since his father's death in 1803, and these nine years were often looked back on as a time of peculiar happiness to all. Their home at Cresselly now came to an end, and they went first to the Josiah Wedgwoods and there stayed eight months. This long visit laid the foundation of the lifelong friendship between the aunts and their nieces.

The following letters were written whilst they were in or near London, after the visit to Staffordshire was over. Sir James and Lady Mackintosh had returned from India and were living in Great George Street, Westminster, and Baugh Allen was Master of Dulwich College. To be near him the Allen sisters had taken lodgings at Dulwich, but were often at Great George Street. In the following letter "little Fan" is Fanny Mackintosh, their niece, aged about thirteen, and Kitty their sister Lady Mackintosh.

Emma Allen to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

DULWICH, July 2nd [1813].

... The next day, Saturday, which you know was fixed for my going down here, Kitty was just enough to provoke a saint, and made me feel as if I was enchanted in her house. At breakfast I talked of my going, and told her I wished to go by the 4 o'clock coach; to this she agreed and made me understand she would bid John take places at that time, and our dinner was ordered before three.

Kitty however placed herself at her writing, and would give me no satisfactory answer, but bid me not disturb her every now and then when I questioned her what she had done. At four, she sent John to ask what time the coach went over the bridge, and he found the Dulwich coach just gone, and the last coach would not go till 10, which was too late. Then she had many schemes afloat about our going in the Sydenham coach, or in fact going into any coach we could find that would take us near the park; for she was resolved I should go down somehow. Sometimes she would in the intervals of her writing propose that she, Jessie, and I should walk down, then with a "Don't disturb me now, child," she went on with her letter till 6. When that was finished and dispatched, all her schemes for me ended by her sending for a hackney-coach, into which we four sisters got and little Fanny, and went altogether to Dulwich, drank tea with Baugh, where I and little Fan remained, and the rest departed. The evening was beautiful and the country in high perfection, and we all enjoyed the drive in our old hack, and Kitty was so agreeable and in such high spirits that I quite forgave her for being such a Mrs Worry till 6. It gave me however rather a distaste for George Street, so that I feel no desire to return to it, and am perfectly satisfied with my lodgings and enjoy the quiet and regularity of them. If I had had an idea I could have made myself as comfortable in them as I now find I am, I should like to have settled here in time for you to have witnessed it; for I am convinced we shall not ourselves derive more satisfaction from the conviction of our own comfort than you will, so tender an interest have you taken about us, and so largely have you contributed to our happiness and comforts in various ways. I felt at one time so unreasonably acutely the loss of John [Allen]'s society in his marriage, that I thought I would not for any reward repass the period of it; now however I feel I would, if it was to be followed by so much kindness and affection as we found in Staffordshire. The feeling of that remains a lasting satisfaction. . . .

Jessie Allen to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

GREAT GEORGE STREET, July 5 [1813].

. . . I have wanted to write to you for several days but have been too busy. We began the job of arranging the books¹ on Tuesday, and found it so much a heavier task than we expected, that it kept us hard at work till Saturday night, not finding leisure even for a walk, and is not finished at last; and what is, so ill done that I am sure Mackintosh will not let it stand. Our labours have been something like the Spanish war, constantly at work but for no useful or happy purpose.

In the last happy eight months I have passed with you, dearest Bessy, I have so much to thank you for that I know not where to begin or end. I must take refuge in seeming ungrateful, and saying nothing tho' I have felt it at my heart's core. After you left us Kitty gave me your present for flowers. I have chosen some of the most beautiful that ever was seen. I used to hate myself *à la Flore*; if I become fantastic the sin is yours. Certainly I never admired myself so much as when I wore your chaplet on Wednesday at Mrs Philipps's party. Lady Romilly told me she could not take her eyes from my head the whole evening, my flowers were so beautiful.

Mme de Staël dined with the Phillipps's, and went off from table to dress herself and daughter for the Prince's *fête*. She was to have a private presentation to the Queen at nine o'clock, unluckily for us, as that hurried her away sooner than she otherwise would have gone. We had however a very agreeable evening, conversing a great deal with Mr Wishaw and Charles Grant² more quietly and longer than one generally does at a rout. The former told us he had dined the preceding Sunday at Mr Pigou's, where Mme de Staël made several of her most eloquent harangues, and he had never been a more delighted listener. It is her

¹ Mrs Godfrey Wedgwood, Sir James Mackintosh's granddaughter, says these books were three deep in their shelves.

² Afterwards Lord Glenelg.

favourite and best mode of showing herself. In common conversing, he told us, she appeared like any other clever woman, but in one of these harangues there is such a burst of feeling, such eloquent language, and such deep thought, and so much action, that it is the most extraordinary and interesting thing he has ever witnessed. Her subjects, he said, were invective against Buonaparte, praise of Bernadotte, the state of Europe, and above all the happiness of Englishmen. Her daughter was there and seemed a sensible, modest, plain girl. She said she was come to England to give her children a religious education. Her book on suicide is just coming out, and is dedicated to Bernadotte, who she says is exceedingly beloved by the Swedes, whom he renders happy as it is possible. She complains heavily of the London hours and large parties. I hope it will not drive her from London before next June. . . .

Emma Allen to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

GREAT GEORGE STREET, July 28 [1813].

. . . The next day Tuesday was the Vauxhall day,¹ and so tedious a one it was, and the circumstances of it were altogether so vexatious, that I do not know whether I shall have patience to tell you about it. In the first place Kitty's head was in a gale of wind all day—forgot to order her horses, borrowed the Bosanquet's, whose cross coachman was from quarter before ten till half after one driving us there, all which time being stewed four in a chaise, and having near a mile afterwards to walk through a frightful crowd, so exhausted our spirits that we found none to enjoy the spectacle on first entering; yet I must allow it was very striking. Fanny was the only one of us who picked up a bean, and she shared our old friend Hare² for an hour with Lydia White. His coxcombical powers

¹ *Fête at Vauxhall Gardens to celebrate the victory of Vittoria in the preceding month.*

² Francis Hare (or Hare-Naylor), b. 1753, d. 1815, father of Archdeacon Julius Hare, and his brothers Francis, Augustus, and Marcus. He was much in Italy, and was one of the first to give commissions to Flaxman the sculptor when a youth in Rome.

have eat out his agreeable ones. After we had walked till we were tired, which was not long, we got into a room near the garden gates to watch for the drawing up of the carriage, and there we had to wait till six in the morning, when we had almost the whole time Lord Hertford's¹ company, who looked tired like any dog. He heard Kitty abuse this party to her heart's content. She was very clamorous for something to eat. It was wonderful how good her spirits continued throughout the whole of it; the most agreeable part of the time was when we got into the carriage and drove home without obstruction. When there, found Mackintosh in bed, and that we had gone to Vauxhall a quarter too soon, or a great many quarters too late, for Mackintosh and Mr Rogers, with whom M. had that day dined, came here at ten for us, and they in their hack made their way so well that they got to the gardens in less than an hour, and were home here again by two, after seeing and knowing all the best company. This was too provoking a miss for us. Since, we have only been at Mr Boddington's party, which was thought by everyone a remarkably agreeable one; I found it much too short, for I had hardly time to look about me before I was taken away; for M.'s sleeping at Holland House obliged Kitty to leave sooner, for the purpose of setting him down first. Both Fanny and I were that night introduced to Madame de Staël, but that night I wanted courage to get near enough to hear her, the room was too light. M. and Kitty were delighted with their dinner party. It chiefly consisted of Sir Samuel² and Lady Romilly, Tierney³ and Ward, and

¹ The Marquis of Hertford was uncle of Mrs Allen of Cresselly. He is generally believed to have been the original of Thackeray's "Marquis of Steyne," as also of Disraeli's "Lord Monmouth." The collection of pictures and works of art in Manchester Square, bequeathed to the nation by the widow of his son, Sir Richard Wallace, was formed by him.

² He is now best remembered as the man whose persistent efforts brought about a mitigation of the then terribly severe criminal law, under which some two hundred different offences were punishable by death. The Miss Romilly who married Baugh Allen in 1820 was his niece.

³ Noted Whig politician (b. 1761, d. 1830).

Mme de Staël and her son. Sir Samuel awed Madame from her usual harangues into very agreeable conversation, and he was by all hands allowed to have been very charming. Mr Tierney said he never saw Mackintosh more agreeable, and Mac said much the same of him, so Lord Holland said he was convinced it must have been a most agreeable day. Mackintosh generally shews himself among us some part of the day, and gives us an account of all he sees and hears at Holland House and elsewhere. He is in very good spirits and appears to enjoy himself very much. The other day he witnessed a scene there between the Marquis Wellesley¹ and Mme de Staël that he said he shall never forget. At dinner she attacked him for his speech on the Swedish Treaty, which he repelled with so much address that he was the admiration of the whole table. His sarcasm was so tempered with humour and politeness, keeping it strictly to answering her and never attacking her, tho' everyone saw she was entirely in his power, that he could not fail to delight the whole company, while he did not in the least offend her once. Mack thought she looked as if she suspected the smile that was passing over the face of the company, and acknowledged her ignorance of that kind of warfare by turning to Mackintosh and saying, "Ah! il est bien facile de m'attraper." After dinner she stood up and harangued for half-an-hour against peace in the style of the "Regicide Peace." This was so entirely against the sentiments of every one present that Lord Holland did not give it so pleasant a reception as the Marquis did her attack upon him, but gravely declared his opinions were entirely contrary to hers on that subject. When she went away he declared she was the most presumptuous woman he had ever met with. . . .

¹ Eldest brother of the Duke of Wellington (b. 1760, d. 1842). He had made his fame as Governor-General of India (1797-1805) during the critical time of the Mahratta war, and had since been our Ambassador at Madrid and Foreign Minister.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Jessie Allen.

MY DEAR JESS,

PARKFIELDS,¹ July 25 [1813].

I think Mme de Staël is not only witty herself but the cause of wit in others, for I have just seen two of the pleasantest letters imaginable from you and Fanny about her. I have heard that Lady Davy said that before she knew la de Staël she was only an ordinary woman, and to her she owed all her elevation. Far be it from me to insinuate, Ladies, that you are only ordinary women, but certainly the accounts you have given of her are in your very best stile, and have amused and interested us very much. You have all been so good to us country folks since I left you, that you beggar thanks. . . .

As to Fanny's going to Mrs Clifford's, she must not go unless she has a mind to have William Clifford. If she goes to Perrystone and afterwards refuses W. C., I will say of her that she is the greatest coquet in England.

I came here last night with Jos, who is gone by this morning's mail to Exeter and from thence to Cornwall. He thinks of spending one day with Tom Poole² at Stowey, but I dare say he is gone to see his friend Mme de Staël. Kitty [Wedgwood] and Miss Morgan are on their tour; I saw two letters from K. highly expressive of their enjoyment. It was from Capel Curig, which they had made their head-quarters for a week, making riding excursions from thence. Kitty's enjoyment of these sort of things seems to make her quite a new creature. Her letters from these little inns among the mountains are full of life, spirit, and humour. . . .

Etruria, Sunday night. I heard a story at Parkfields that has made a great sensation at Shrewsbury, but so much care has been taken to keep it out of the papers that you will not see it there.

¹ Parkfields, where Mrs Josiah Wedgwood, senior, now lived with her daughters Kitty and Sarah.

² Tom Poole, tanner, farmer and land-agent, of Nether Stowey in Somersetshire, was an attached friend of Tom and Josiah Wedgwood. It was through him that they became known to Coleridge.



Henry Allen, Sept. 24,
1884 - married by Henry

W. H. Allen,
1124 N. Y.
Cambridge

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Jessie Allen.

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Fanny Allen, aged 24.

From a miniature by Leakey.



A gentⁿ came to the Talbot Inn and ordered a chaise and four to take him on the Oswestry road, ordering the drivers to stop where they met a chaise with a lady in it. About ten miles off a chaise and four with a lady made its appearance. The Gentⁿ got out of his own chaise into hers, and ordered the Post boys to drive back to Shrewsbury to the *Lion*. The Master of the Talbot was so highly offended at this, that he went in to a set of Gentⁿ who were drinking in his house, and communicated his suspicions, and that this gentⁿ, who called himself Capt. Brown, was a Frenchman making his escape. Away went the whole party to the other Inn in pursuit of this Frenchman, and began their questions—his name, Capt. Brown, his profession, the Army. They shewed him the Army List. His name was not there. He then said he was the Duke of Brunswick.¹ This they scouted and asked him why he was not on his own territories. He got into such a passion that he knocked one of them down with a chair, and forcing his way out made his escape. However that would not do; they halloed "Stop thief" after him, and brought him back, and he was locked up in a room with his fair companion all night, with a couple of sentinels at the door. The next morning, which was Friday, they sent to Mr Cecil Forrester to identify the man. He said he did not know the Duke of Brunswick personally, and began to cross-examine him. "Were you at the Prince's Fête?"—"Yes."—"Who led out the Princess Charlotte?"—"Myself." Mr Forrester became staggered; he said he could not venture to release him upon his own authority, but he shewed his belief in the truth of his story by sending him fruit, fish, etc.; but still they were both in prison. An express was then sent off to Lord Liverpool [Prime Minister] and Mr Jenkinson came down, identified the Duke, and he was immediately set at liberty, after having been in durance from Thursday till Sunday. He was in a violent passion, not, he said, so much on his own account as the Lady's,

¹ Brother of Queen Caroline, born 1771. Killed two years later at Quatre Bras.

whose character he feared would not be mended by this little exploit. He offered to tell Mr J. who she was but he declined knowing. He wanted very much to punish his persecutors, and Mr J. had some difficulty in persuading him that could not be done in England, as he ought to have had his passport. This anecdote will not help the respect in which John Bull considers sovereign Princes at present. . . .

Jessie Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

DULWICH, July 31st [1813].

Many boxes¹ have gone to Etruria since I received your letter, my own Elizabeth, and in many have I promised to put in my answer, and my thanks; but I have been very dissipated and consequently very idle. I have found out that taking one's pleasure, usually called idleness, is the busiest thing in the world. After next Tuesday, when we mean to exhibit in a grand breakfast, much against my own inclination, we shall lay up in Dulwich quietly for the remainder of the summer. . . .

On Thursday I went to Kitty [Mackintosh]'s, to be ready for her evening party, which did not turn out as pleasant as might have been expected from the excellent company assembled there; indeed I thought it very dull, but publish not this in Gath, neither proclaim it in the streets of Askalon, for behold la Baronne de Staël was there, Lord Byron, the poet Rogers, wicked Ward,² his enemy who reviewed him in the *Quarterly*, and whom he hates most cordially, and divers others of inferior note. This was the first of Mackintosh's Staëliennes evenings and it was a complete failure. Mme de Staël came into the room very much out of spirits, and as she was the principal person, it of course threw a damp over the listeners;

¹ The family often sent letters by the boxes of pottery going to and fro between Etruria and the London office.

² William Ward, third Viscount Dudley. It was upon him that Rogers made the epigram:

"Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it.
He *has* a heart—he gets his speeches by it."

she hardly said anything at first, and Mack's efforts to restore her to her noble self were excellent, but almost awful from the silence with which they were received. Mme de Staël would not, as before, sit still and converse with Mackintosh, but was pursuing Lord Byron, who was continually escaping from her; and then she had recourse to Mr Ward, but still standing or walking about like one uneasy. The Swedish Ambassador, the Count de Palema, was also there, with whom she talked a little; but nothing passed worth recording except a characteristic speech of Lord Byron's. He said he was going to Athens, and from thence to Persia and India, and asked Mack for letters to Rich¹ at Bagdad. Mme de Staël affected to believe he was not in earnest, that he could not seriously mean to leave England, and proposed to him the misery of "finding himself alone, abandoned and dying in a distant land." "One is sufficiently fatigued with one's friends during life, I should find it hard to be bored with them in death also." "Ah! my Lord, you are happy, you have felt the happiness *d'être entouré, moi je crains d'être abandonnée.*" The conversation was in French and her answer sounded more elegant than I can make it. I wish I was a better French woman. Lord Byron is an interesting looking person, pale and strong lines. When he speaks, contrary to other people's, his countenance takes a much severer expression; he does not look ill-natured till he speaks. Mr Rogers was out of humour at meeting Ward, and went off almost immediately, and Ward was sneering at everybody and everything, amongst others at Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope." Campbell was to have been there but was prevented by a friend's visit. Mme de Staël brought her daughter to Kitty's, which is reckoned a great mark of distinction. She is rather pretty, very modest, and very silent. I endeavoured to make her talk, but did not succeed very capitally. The party broke up at half-past twelve, and the general feeling must have been that it was a dull one.

¹ Claudius Rich, a remarkable orientalist, married Mary, Mackintosh's second daughter by his first wife.

You will be surprised to hear that I have quite a dread of Tuesday, and heartily wish it over. Mackintosh invited all these people to breakfast with us without consulting us, and without considering that we have not room for half of those he has asked. On my return from Letitia [Knox]'s I found I had to provide room and a breakfast for Mme de Staël, her son and daughter, Campbell and his wife, Mrs Graham, Sharp, Mack and his wife, George Newnham and Baugh, the only two I have invited. We shall be altogether a party of fourteen, our little room only holds eight. I was therefore obliged to borrow Baugh's room at the College. Mackintosh intended us an immense pleasure, and I dare not tell him how very far from one it is to me, or he would accuse me of a brutal disregard of genius. The fact is, I have very little pleasure in their company; after all, they put forth their best in writing. I would much rather read their works; that is surer than their society, which fails in giving one pleasure at least 6 times for once that it succeeds, and then is seldom equal to one's expectation. Oh! how far preferable a friendly visit would be. If a detachment from Etruria only were coming, with what a far happier, lighter heart I should prepare for them! I foresee that Talleyrand will not be the only one "*si fatigué d'esprit*." There are a few already that venture to laugh, one or two that acknowledge she tires them, and some that prophesy that in the long run Mme de Staël would be tiresome; so that I think she will be likely to visit Athens sooner than she intended.

When I was at Letitia's I went with her to call on Catalani,¹ and was excessively pleased with her. She had

¹ Angelica Catalani (1779—1849) was the greatest singer of her time, and one of the very greatest the world has ever seen. She had a glorious voice, and wonderful powers of execution. She could sing as a "sweet sustained note" the G which is eight notes above the upper treble line. She was a simple, pious, modest, generous woman, and gave away a great part of what she earned. It is mentioned that in one year she made £16,000. She sang in England from 1805 to 1813, and again from 1824 to 1828. My husband's mother described the immense effect Catalani produced when singing "God save the King" at a Festival in Hereford.

just had a visit from a set of Custom-House officers, information having been laid that she had contraband goods, and she gave so animated an account of the whole scene that it was quite a beautiful piece of acting. There is something I think quite charming about her, so much sensibility and a *naïveté* so unaffected. . . .

I am glad the rides about Etruria are so much prettier than you expected. What tho' it is not so delightful a place as that dear Maer, I have no doubt you will be as happy there, for happiness is like heaven, more a state than a place. I have given you such a dose as to completely tire myself, which I do not fear doing you.

God bless my dear Elizabeth, I am ever her affectionate

JESSIE ALLEN.

Jessie Allen to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

DULWICH, November 22 [1813].

How eternal and continual are your kindnesses, dearest Bessy. Since I have written to you we have had five packages, containing things most useful and most pleasant. Emma and Fanny were writing to you and therefore at the time told you, I hope, how excellent your gifts were, and how obliged we were, but I must repeat it for my own satisfaction. You shock me, tho', by paying the carriage. You make your presents extravagant to yourself, and what bargains after all they would be to us and leave their carriage on their heads. We are going to feast on your plumbs to-day. . . . I suppose you have heard the generosity and active kindness of the Warden¹ towards Baugh [Allen] in undertaking, in his absence, the plan of enabling him to marry and retain his place at the College. . . .

¹ Dr John Allen (1771-1843), well known in connection with Holland House, was no relation to the Cresselly Allens. Byron says of him that "he was the best-informed and one of the ablest men he knew." Dulwich College, of which he was Warden, whilst Baugh Allen was Master, was founded in 1606 by Edward Alleyn, the renowned actor. The college consisted of a chapel, a schoolhouse, and twelve almshouses, and the Master and Warden were both always to be of the name of Alleyn. The whole foundation is, of course, now entirely altered.

Sara came here on Friday to dinner, having spent a day in George Street in her way, one of the few luckily that Mackintosh was at home. She is to see Mme de Staël either next Saturday or Sunday at Mackintosh's. He gave her so kind a reception and was so agreeable as to send her to us in high spirits. I wish her visit may turn out well for her, but I think we were bold to ask her, yet if she can see Mme de Staël once or twice she would put up with much.

Fanny [Allen] ought to have written to you. She has been staying a fortnight lately at the seat of intellect, but she has brought us home very little. Mackintosh does not seem much better, and I am afraid will not be well enough to cut a figure in Parliament this Session, or do anything but chat with the old Dowagers. Lady Holland and Mme de Staël have entered the lists together and divide the prize, and terribly does he lose his precious time between them. I wish the latter had remained longer with the Crown Prince.¹ Fanny went to a party at her house but heard more music than conversation, but Mme de Staël talked to her, and seemed at last to know her, and said she was very pretty.

I have just been reading Anne Caldwell's² play and am delighted with it. It has infinitely surpassed my expectations. She is a person of extraordinary genius I think. The poetry is really beautiful. I hardly ever read anything that filled my mind with more poetic images; the scenery is exquisite, and there is a warmth, a purity and delicacy in the sentiment I have scarcely ever met with, and that is very delightful. The songs are excessively pretty. I want to read again Miss Baillie's³ "Hope," which I thought the prettiest of her compositions, yet, from memory, I doubt if Anne's is not a more delightful thing. This would rank Anne very high in genius, as Miss Baillie was ranked by Mackintosh, when in India, as the third greatest living

¹ Bernadotte became Crown Prince of Sweden in 1810.

² Afterwards Mrs Marsh, author of *Two Old Men's Tales*, etc.

³ Joanna Baillie, who had then a great reputation, best known by her *Plays on the Passions*.

genius. Mme de Staël and Goethe the German were the two others. Extraordinary, that in a classification of this sort by such a judge as Mack, two of the three should have been women. I shall, I think, let Campbell see Anne's play if I find it succeeds with Mackintosh. Fan read it aloud on Sunday evening, and Baugh was as much delighted with it as I am. Dr Holland¹ has not yet recovered from the effects of his Icelandic tour to have been so cold about it. Will men never be just to women? If they have dabbled themselves in ink the least in the world, the thing is impossible. . . .

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Emma Allen.

MY DEAR EMMA,

PARKFIELDS, Nov. 27 [1813].

Nothing can be more delightful than the present course of events, public and private, a post is quite flat now if it does not bring news of a revolution.²

Give my kind love to Sarah and thank her for her letter. In the pleasing uncertainty in which her mind was when she wrote to me, I cannot guess whether she will be glad or sorry to hear that we have left the Church-going Clause in our Articles,³ but so it is, and I make no doubt but she will be resigned either way. Tell her also that we like all her alterations exceedingly and think all she has done judicious, and what is more, Miss Morgan thinks so too. Sarah must feel very happy after all her trouble to be out of the bother of the Club just now.

We are all come here (dovelies⁴ also) to stay till Tuesday.

¹ Dr Holland, mentioned frequently in these letters, was a second cousin of the Wedgwoods and Darwins. His father was Peter Holland, surgeon, of Knutsford (the "Cranford" of Mrs. Gaskell's novel). Dr Holland, afterwards Sir Henry Holland, became a popular London doctor, and was made Physician to Queen Victoria. He married first Emma Caldwell, of the Linley Wood family, and afterwards Saba, daughter of Sydney Smith.

² Wellington's army entered France 7 Oct., 1813, and the battle of Leipzig was fought 16th to 18th Oct.

³ Referring to the "Prudent Man's Friend Society," see p. 65.

⁴ The family name for the two little girls Fanny and Emma Wedgwood.

On Thursday we go to Linley¹ to stay till Saturday and I have issued cards for a grand dinner on the 7th.

Jessie's praise of Anne Caldwell's play is a very striking contrast to Dr Holland's frigid approbation. I have not read it yet, but I shall feel much interest to know what the judges with you say of it. . . .

Jessie Allen to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

GREAT GEORGE STREET, WEDNESDAY [29 Dec. 1813].

. . . On Monday Mackintosh, Fanny [Allen] and I dined with the Bosanquets. We had a pleasant day, but owing to Mackintosh, whom I never saw more excellent. He happened to be well and in good spirits. There was no one particular to excite him; Mr Hallam² was the best man after himself, but was better in what he drew from M. than what he produced himself. For once the conversation was general at that house, and well it was for me, as Mr Puller would have been my mate, had Mrs Bos, as is usual with her, made it a St Valentine's Day. The fog was so thick we were almost obliged to feel our way home. It took us above an hour to make the transit, but Mackintosh was as agreeable as it was possible to be, amidst the variety of cautions he was giving John to take care of us.

Yesterday, Tuesday, we dined at the George Freres, and had a pleasant day amidst a party we did not know, and of no note, but more men than women luckily, and for the most part sensible and unpretending. Mackintosh dined with Ward. We took him up in our way back and passed another very agreeable hour or two in the streets with him, the fog worse than before. He had a most brilliant party at Ward's, but the conversation was not

¹ The Caldwells' house, Linley Wood, near Talk o' th' Hill.

² Henry Hallam (1777—1859), then known as a scholar and Edinburgh Reviewer. He had not yet brought out the book which made his fame as an historian, *Europe during the Middle Ages*. His son was the "A. H. H." of *In Memoriam*, through whom the name must live, whatever posterity may think of the father's books.

equal to the company; he was not well and did not himself exhibit, and it was evident the [Bosanquet dinner] had been more agreeable to him, tho' he would never own it. Mme de Staël, Brougham, Lord Byron, Sharp, and some others of not very inferior note were the party. Mack and Brougham fraternized almost affectionately, and the latter and Mme de Staël were far better friends than were expected. They talked chiefly to each other so that Brougham, I suppose, is entirely softened to her. He and Horner stand almost alone in not admiring her book.¹ They are two powerful oppositions, but I do not believe the faction against it gains much in numbers.

Thursday—Mackintosh went yesterday to the Staffords at Richmond, with the Staëls. He does not return till to-morrow. He received a very kind and approving letter from Lord Grey on Wednesday. Lord G. writes immediately after reading his speech, and seems warmly and unaffectedly to admire it, particularly the part on Switzerland, and this particularly pleases Mackintosh. He felt a good deal the *Examiner's* attack on Sunday in the critique on Grattan, so that nothing could be better timed than Lord Grey's praise. How unfit for public life M. is. His unresenting nature lays him open to every coward. I wish he had the baton of Diogenes to lay about him a little. Brougham complimented him on his speech and expressed sorrow, with some feeling, on his illness. Mackintosh is convinced he is not the writer of those parliamentary critiques in the *Examiner*, and is much pleased to believe he is not; it is odd so good a writer is not known. Mackintosh goes to Whitbread's on Sunday: he does not think it wise to refuse the friendly invitation of so potent a defender, but while he is so constantly engaged it is impossible he can get well. Lady Holland has sent him two invitations since yesterday; he dines I believe to-day with the Duchess of Devonshire. I cannot endure that *these old Jesabels* should make such a property of him. How he wastes his strength and time amongst them!

¹ *De l'Allemagne.*

Mme de Staël loses some considerable property in the Italian funds; she says that *peace is her death-warrant*, but she is reconciled that it should be for the sake of Europe. She will, I imagine, find it difficult to live in London even tho' her income did not diminish. M. found her in tears on Tuesday on account of her pecuniary losses. Have you heard that old Edgeworth is enraged with the reception that Mme de Staël receives, and says it renders valueless what the "pure Maria Edgeworth" received? If Mme de Staël hears this she will not, as she intended, go to Edgeworthstown in her tour through Ireland; and that she will hear it, there is no doubt, as she has very ready ears. . . .

Emma Allen to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

DEAREST BESSY,

DULWICH, Febry. 10th [1814].

In spite of my most earnest entreaty that you would spare your eyes and time and not spend them, most precious as they are, in my service, here is the gown¹ arrived and such a beauty. I thought I should never cease to admire it. You have so far surpassed Fanny's in taste and elegance that I may avoid wearing it the same time, in mercy to hers, for she agrees with me in admiring it far beyond her own, and hers is a taste you do not despise. What pains it must have cost you! I had no idea you could have made it so beautiful. However they have not been spent only in making me smart, for I feel there is something delightful in possessing the work of a loved hand.

Fanny had one delightful day at George Street. Sharp and Wishaw dined there and Mme de Staël, and Miss Berry² came in the evening. Madame talked of herself and her works in the most open way and the whole party declared

¹ Readers of one sex may care to know that it was black, with some appliqué work in green leaves.

² Mary Berry (1763—1852) and her sister Agnes (a year younger) were the two clever and attractive young ladies who so bewitched Horace Walpole in his old age. He was about fifty years their senior. He called them his twin wives, offered to marry Mary, settled them at Little Strawberry Hill in order to have them always near, and left them the house with £4,000 apiece.

they had never seen her more delightful. She said she should never write another novel because she could never again feel the passion of love, and it was necessary for her to feel the passion she described. There was one thing she said she deeply repented having written, that on divorce in *Delphine*.^{*} On Saturday the Staëls again dined with the Mackintoshes and Payne-Knight.¹ Both Jessie and Fanny were then present, but they were far from enjoying it, the dinner was such a curious scene of blunder of the servants, odd management and under-directions from Kitty, who was too much occupied with her bad dinner to promote conversation or have any time for it. The evening of that day there was a small but very brilliant party, consisting of the Staffords, Lansdownes and Kinnairds. My sisters appeared well pleased that they had seen the party, but I fancy at the time-being there was not much pleasure in the sight. They were however much taken with Lady Lansdowne and Lady Charlotte Gore's manners, and Mr Knight they thought very agreeable in spite of his bad countenance—but I must not encroach on Jessie's province, and forestall by a dry sketch what she has been seeing and will soon narrate to you.

Mackintosh is going on with his month's confinement from evening parties out of his own house, and he thinks himself the better for it. Kitty is coming down here to-morrow and has invited me to return with her to be present at a party at Mrs Warren's on Saturday, but I do not think I shall go; it is not worth the trouble. Since I have lost half my pleasure in Mackintosh's company I feel very little disposed to go to George Street without Jessie's or Fanny's support, for he is always so glad to see them that going with them secures me a kind welcome also; but I sometimes think I am perhaps doing foolishly in not seeking society which is often so excellent, and, which when I am quite out of the way of, I may regret.

Now, as the prospect for our going abroad appears so fair, I have begun with great spirit Italian, but as I am so

¹ The famous classical archaeologist, collector of gems, etc.

unfortunately slow in everything, I am afraid if I dissipate myself with going often to town I shall never accomplish my task.

It is almost a week since I have seen Baugh. He left my precious gown here yesterday but we were out when he called. Nothing can be more brisk than the correspondence between him and Mrs W.¹ He has sometimes letters from her twice a week; such mad rhapsody about Mme de Staël I never read, but it is design not feeling that produces it. She puts engines to work to get intimate with Madame, and I have no doubt she will succeed. I believe Baugh's gossip to her has been the cause of bringing Mackintosh and Longman into a scrape with Mme D'Arblay. She wrote a hurt and angry letter to her bookseller for having shewn the proof-sheets of her book to Mackintosh and Mme de Staël. That he had done so she had had from undoubted authority. That authority I suspect was Mrs Waddington's, derived from Baugh, but I hope Mack will not know what a gossip he is. . . .

Fanny Allen to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

DULWICH, March 11 [1814].

. . . I am afraid Anne [Caldwell] has now no chance or a very little one of receiving a note from the Baroness. . . . Mackintosh is so good-natured, that I have no doubt if we were to suggest it to him again, he would get Mme de Staël to write a note again, or more properly compleat her intention, but I doubt if it is wise for Anne's sake; I have never known any good from thus laying trains for praise or compliments; it turns somehow or other to mortification in the end. Mme de Staël's compliment will be in return for Anne's praise, and she will think no more about her, as she has heard nothing of Anne to interest her except that she is her adorer, and Mack told her she was a clever girl in

¹ Mrs Waddington, Madame d'Arblay's "beautiful Miss Port," grand-niece of Mrs Delaney and mother of Frances, Baroness de Bunsen.

order to make the praise more palatable. If Mme de S. would write her a little billet from her own impulse it would be invaluable, but when it is prompted it is nothing and I would rather not receive it—it is like the Magician in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments who paid for what he bought in beautiful new coin, but when it was looked at again it was leaves clipped round in the shape of money only.

Jessie went last Friday with Kitty to one of Mme de Staël's grand parties, it was very full, and more Stars there than you have had any night this fortnight. Jessie met our neighbour Tom Campbell¹ there, looking very much pleased. He is installed in Mme de Staël's house. The young Baron is gone abroad, for a fortnight, as Mme de Staël says, and she very good-naturedly wrote to Campbell to offer him her son's apartments during his absence. Rocca² sat at the bottom of the table and they again talk a little, but this is nonsense. Lord Glenbervie told Miss Kinnaird that he saw Lady Mackintosh at Mme de Staël's with a beautiful woman on her arm. This suffices to show Jessie's success. Kitty amused Baugh by assuring him that the Duke of Devonshire looked at Jessie. . . .

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

DULWICH, March 24th [1814].

. . . I heard from Anne [Caldwell] to-day—her letter was written under the influence of joy and grief and it was difficult to say which predominated. The grief³ you know; and the joy was caused by Madame de Staël's billet, which you will see. I am delighted it has given her so much pleasure and that it should come at a time when it was so

¹ The poet. He lived for some time at or near Dulwich.

² Albert de Rocca, a young Italian officer, whose acquaintance Mme de Staël had made some years before. It became known after her death that she had married him in 1811, she being forty-five years old and he twenty-four. They had one son, who was not acknowledged during her lifetime.

³ General Skerritt, engaged to her sister, had just been wounded.

acceptable. She says: "You would have been pleased if you had seen the ray of pleasure that Mme de Staël's note threw upon yesterday's gloomy evening—I had the delight of reading it to my father." I wish there was any chance of her being in town this spring. She would then be introduced to her Goddess and Mack would remind Mme de Staël to say something to the clever Miss Caldwell which would place Anne in heaven. I had the note from Mack a week ago, but I did not like to send it immediately on the account of Genl. Skerritt's being wounded. I am rejoiced it arrived at such an *à propos* time as it seems to have done.

Baugh's affairs are, I am afraid, going on very ill, that is to say there is very little chance of success. Everybody seemed to be too sanguine at first. I wish they may have fallen into the contrary extreme. Lady Holland will be as much vexed as Baugh almost, at the failure, as it may prevent Dr Allen's attending her abroad next winter. She asked Kitty with great anxiety if Baugh meant to marry in case of the Bill not passing and then asked a very strange question, whether it was an engagement from affection?—this to me sounds very impertinent. *The Wanderer*¹ is to be out on Monday. It is the most interesting novel I ever read. That Arch Jezebel Lady Holland has stood in our way to-day again, in having the 5 vols. Mackintosh sent it there before Kitty could lay hands on it. We have not heard anything of Lord Byron's match which you mention from Staffordshire. He called at M.'s yesterday. You have heard that it was Mackintosh who wrote that letter in his favour in the *Morning Chronicle*.² Lord Byron knows from whence it came and is so thankful, he does not know how sufficiently to express his thanks. This is a secret, as 'tis called. . . .

¹ By Madame d'Arblay.

² Byron had published the impromptu lines, "Weep, daughter of a Royal line," written on the Princess Charlotte's having wept on the inability of the Whigs to form a Cabinet on Perceval's death. The lines were the cause of vehement attacks in the Government papers.

CHAPTER IV

MAER

Maer Hall—The children of Josiah Wedgwood—A picnic at Trentham
—Emma Caldwell's picture of life at Maer—Emma Darwin's
comment seventy-two years later—Emma's childhood.

WE now leave the earlier life in which the group of Allens are the chief figures, and take up the story of Emma Wedgwood. Josiah Wedgwood of Maer had nine children, of whom eight lived to grow up. Emma was the youngest child, born May 2nd, 1808.

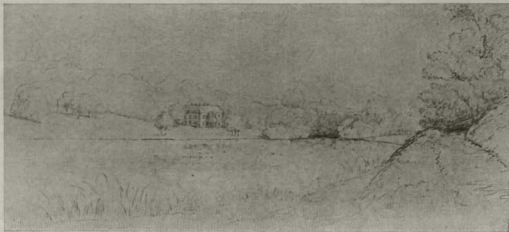
Maer Hall, where Emma spent her life till she married, was so deeply beloved by the whole group that their children even have inherited a kind of sacred feeling about it. In the time of the Wedgwoods it was a large, unpretending stone house, Elizabethan in date; on the garden side there was an old and picturesque porch with its pillars left unaltered; but the latticed windows had been sashed according to the taste of the time. It stood on a slope leading down to a small lake or mere, from which it took its name. This mere was fed by springs so that the water was clear. "Capability Brown," the well-known landscape gardener of those days, had turned its marshy end, next the house, into a kind of fish's tail, as my mother used to describe it. There was a boat on the pool, as they always called it, which was a great joy to the young people and children, and there was good skating in winter. Round it there was a delightful up-and-down sandy walk a mile in length, diversified and well wooded, which made one of the charms of the place. The garden, bright and gay with old-fashioned flowers, lay between the house and the pool, and the little church was just outside the domain. My father used to say that our mother only cared for flowers which had grown at Maer. There was a great deal of wild heath and wood around, and the country is, even now, as rural as ever and

quite unspoiled by mines and manufactories. My father wrote in his *Autobiography*: "In the summer the whole family used often to sit on the steps of the old portico with the flower-garden in front, and with the steep wooded bank opposite the house reflected in the lake, with here and there a fish rising or a water bird paddling about. Nothing has left a more vivid picture on my mind than these evenings at Maer." I can remember his description of these enchanting evenings, and his happy look and sigh of reminiscence, as he recalled the past, and told how nothing else was ever like it—what good talk there was, not the mere personal gossip which such family talk is apt to become, and how delightfully Charlotte sang, the elder cousin for whom he had a boy's adoration.

The household at Maer was kept up without any display, but there was every comfort that an ordinary squire's household would have at the time. The garden was the special province of Elizabeth, the eldest daughter. A number of horses were kept, chiefly for riding. These were turned out to grass in the summer and taken up as they were wanted, but apparently they had no pair of carriage horses in the earlier time, and when the large carriage was used postboys were hired.

Maer Hall was the centre of attraction to different members of the family, who at one time or another settled in the neighbourhood. Parkfields, where Mrs Wedgwood senior and her daughters Kitty and Sarah lived, was not far off, and as the sons from Maer married, all but one came to live near their father's home.

Bessy's hospitality kept Maer constantly full of relations and old friends. My father speaks in one of his letters to my mother before they were married, of his fear of her finding their quiet evenings dull, after living all her life with such large and agreeable parties "as only Maer can boast of." Besides these gatherings of relations and friends, their society chiefly consisted in frequent intercourse with two or three families within easy riding distance, although they mixed in the county society and went to the Race balls and other county functions. Mr Tollet of Betley Hall, a liberal squire and experimenter in agriculture, and his daughters, a group of clever, spirited girls, were among their best friends. Betley was about eight miles from Maer, and my mother told me she felt as if she knew every stock and stone on the road. The Mount, Shrewsbury, the home of Dr Robert Darwin and his wife Susannah,



MAER

From drawing by Charlotte Wedgwood



To face p. 32, Vol. I.

Jos's sister, was a long day's ride of some twenty miles, but the visits between the two houses were frequent. There was a warm friendship between Dr Darwin and his brother-in-law. Mrs Darwin died in 1817, and is seldom mentioned. Emma Allen wrote, "Mrs Darwin remains here a few days longer. I like her exceedingly but not her children [aged 5 and 3], who are more rude and disagreeable than any I ever knew, and yet they are better here than they were at Shrewsbury." The Caldwells of Linley Wood also appear continually on the scene. Anne Caldwell, the eldest daughter, became well known in later life as the author of *Two Old Men's Tales*, and other novels.

The picture of Maer given in the old letters makes one feel that few homes could have been happier, or better suited to develop a fine character. There was no idleness, but no bustle or hurry, and an atmosphere of peace and hospitality. The family were all readers, and they all loved the place and its beauty.

The following is an account by Anne Caldwell¹ of one of Sydney Smith's visits to Maer: "It was his custom to stroll about the room in which we were sitting, and which was lined with books, taking down one lot after another, sometimes reading or quoting aloud, sometimes discussing any subject that arose. He took down a sort of record of those men who had lived to a great age. 'A record of little value,' said Mrs. Wedgwood, 'as to live longer than other people can hardly be the desire of any one.' 'It is not so much the longevity,' he answered, 'that is valued as the original build and constitution, that condition of health and habit of life which not only leads to longevity, but makes life enjoyable while it lasts, that renders the subject interesting and worth enquiry.' 'You must preach, Mr Smith,' said Mrs Wedgwood (it was Saturday). 'We must go and try the pulpit then,' said he, 'to see if it suits me.' So to the church we walked, and how he amused us by his droll way of 'trying the pulpit' as he called it."

The family were zealous in all efforts to help their poorer neighbours, Elizabeth especially being often spoken of as overworking herself by all she did for them. Emma Allen, after saying that she should not be afraid of taking charge of her other nieces and making them happy, wrote to Bessy (July 19, 1814), "About a child of yours I could not have

¹ *A Group of Englishmen*, by Miss Meteyard, p. 388.

the same feelings, because, dearly as I love them, I should dread to take them from the home they are blessed with, happy creatures!"

When they were contemplating moving to Etruria from motives of economy, Elizabeth wrote to her father (Sept. 1812): "Mamma does not at all, I think, let the thoughts of leaving Maer harass her; she is in excellent spirits; and as for us, you and mamma make us so happy that where we live will signify very little to us."

The children of Josiah Wedgwood inherited their share of the good qualities of their father and mother, and especially a remarkable sincerity of character. Elizabeth Wedgwood, the eldest child, was one of the most unselfish women that ever lived. She suffered from a curvature of the spine,¹ but in spite of this disability was vigorous, healthy, and full of energy till extreme old age. She had many tastes and pursuits, but was above all active in works of kindness and help.

Josiah, the eldest son, often called Joe to distinguish him from his father, was considered to be like his uncle Tom in face. He had wide general knowledge, but he inherited his father's silence and gravity. His mother wrote (Ap. 11, 1821) of his behaviour at a London dinner-party: "My Joe was looking very genteel and complacent, but I heard no sound." He lived at Maer and was his father's partner, riding in regularly to the Pottery Works at Etruria. He was not a keen sportsman, but was a bold rider to hounds.

Jessie Allen wrote in 1815, when he was abroad with their party: "I trust you will have no occasion for any uneasiness in your Joe, he seems quite recovered. You should not yourself watch him with more anxious tenderness than I will on the journey, and I think an Italian winter will be of great service to him. That he has not a strong constitution is the only drawback you have to the most entire satisfaction in him. Not only I, but John and Mrs Allen, and all our party, think him matchless as a young man; such good taste, natural gentility, grace, good sense, and sweet temper we have never before seen combined in one person. He reminds us exceedingly of his uncle Tom, without his fastidiousness. His manners I think are quite charming, and so does Lady Davy. Mackintosh says he sees no fault in him whatever but being too spiritless for youth."

¹ I have been told that one remedy tried was whipping her back with nettles.

To this letter his mother replied [Oct. 30, 1815]: "I cannot express how gratifying it was to me to read the character you give of my Joe, and so beautifully drawn too. Jos and I read it together, and sat up after the rest had gone to read it again, and I felt that it was one of the sweet drops of life to listen to the praise of one's children when it is given honestly. I am the more pleased at your testimony to his modesty and good manners, because feeling no doubt as to his good sense and good nature I was more diffident as to the embellishments of manner, not thinking myself a fair judge, and having always been afraid of marring instead of mending by any admonition on that subject, though feeling all the while that it is the manners that excite affection. I trust my Hal will benefit in that way by the change from the schoolboy society he has been used to, to that of men, and that you will find him attentive to any suggestions from either of you, and that you will, for love of me, take the irksome task of telling him of anything you think wrong, or anything that he might mend."

Charlotte, the next sister (afterwards Mrs Charles Langton), had beauty and charm. She painted and drew, and made many water-colour sketches and pencil drawings after the manner of Copley Fielding, of whom she took lessons. She had a beautiful voice of great flexibility, and my mother told me how charming her natural shake was. She and Elizabeth, who had a high clear soprano, sang duets together with great effect. "I had a profusion of compliments upon the girls' singing, enough to last them for the next twelvemonths at least," Bessy wrote from Paris (June 1, 1818).

The three younger brothers, Harry, Frank, and Hensleigh, all had good abilities. Harry, who became a barrister, had wit and power of expression and a gift for drawing, though it was not cultivated. He was a particular favourite in the Darwin household at Shrewsbury, and could take any liberty with his uncle the doctor. One day on coming back from a sale Harry told him that there was something in the catalogue which he decidedly ought to buy. "Tut, tut," said the doctor, "but what is it?" "Why a 'ditto to correspond,' for you know how much you hate writing letters."

One or two of his epigrams still live at Cambridge. The tradition is that Mr Sheepshanks of Jesus College posted the following notice: "The classical lectures for the current

term will be on the *Satyrs* of Juvenal." Harry put up the following underneath:¹

"The Satyr of old was a Satyr of note,
With the head of a Man and the legs of a Goat;
But the Satyr of Jesus does these far surpass
With the Shanks of a Sheep and the head of an Ass."

He published a delightful child's story illustrated by himself, *The Bird-Talisman*. In her old age my mother had it reprinted so as to preserve it for the family, where it is appreciated by his great nephews and nieces.

Frank worked steadily at the Potteries till quite old age. He was as absolutely unselfoccupied as man could be, and lived an admirable life—hard-working and almost stoical in its simplicity.

Hensleigh was a high Wrangler and Fellow of Christ's. He was well known as a philologist and was author of the *Dictionary of English Etymology* and other works.

At the end of this large family of brothers and sisters came two little girls, Frances, born 1806, and Emma, born May 2nd, 1808, when her mother was 44 years old. The two children formed an inseparable pair, and were the pets of the family. The "Doveleys" is the name by which they are known in many of the letters. Their mother wrote from Cresselly, 25 Aug., 1812, "I am glad that the Doveleys are good and agreeable. Theirs are the *only pretensions* I like." At the date of the following letter Fanny and Emma were seven and five years old.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Emma Allen.

ETRURIA, July 15th, 1813.

. . . . I am so deeply in debt to you all, dear girls, for your agreeable letters and pleasant details of all you have done, are doing, and are going to do, that I don't know where to begin, but I have made a beginning more to shew

¹ Mr Tuckwell in his *Recollections of Oxford* has erroneously attributed this skit to Dr Nares, Oxford Professor of Modern History. On Shelford, an unpopular examiner, Harry wrote:

"They say that men pluck geese in Shelford Fen,
But here we see a Shelford goose pluck men."

my good will, than with any expectation of finishing my letter for to-night's post, being now waiting for the carriage to take myself and my eight children to pay a visit to the most amiable Griffin,¹ who was rash enough last Sunday to ask us and even to insist upon having the Doveleys of the party. We are now going to set out as many as we can cram in the Gimcrack, and the boys upon the ponies.

Friday.—We went according to promise, and were particularly lucky in having the finest day that ever was seen. Joe was treacherous and did not go, but I went with my eight children. It always makes a scheme so flat when any of the guests secede that I did not go with any very lively expectations, and these were still further quelled when I saw our party. The Miss Griffins, utter strangers, and Mr Ralph Sneyd of Keel, who I thought would be much too fine to bear the company of an old mother and eight children. However I must do the latter the justice to say, he bore it very well, and he seemed to partake so largely of the good humour of our host, that the party went off extremely well. The two sisters were conversable, and rather agreeable; we sat down to an excellent cold dinner at two, and a dessert of the best grapes and a profusion of strawberries and cream which were much relished. Soon after dinner we went into Trentham Park, where we found a very good boat moored, into which we all went, and Mr Sneyd and R. Griffin rowed us while Joe steered. We amused ourselves on the water and in the grounds till it was time to return to tea. We had a good deal of literary conversation, as Mr Sneyd has a very pretty smattering of literary topics and a good deal of taste, though a little affected, and Griffin has great aspirations after the same. We made some attempts at singing, which was the worst part of the entertainment, as my girls are so stupid they cannot sing without music, and after making two or three abortive attempts were forced to give it up. The two little girls were in silent enjoyment, very grave, and very demure all day, but they were very happy while running about the

¹ A Mr. Griffinhoof, living near Trentham Park.

park. We came away about 8 o'clock, Harry and Frank riding the ponies *driving and tearing* all the way, and the rest of us in the landeet.

We spent Sunday at Maer, taking cold meat, and I never saw it look so pretty. There was a profusion of roses in blow and there was a wildness about it that I thought was very delightful. We drank tea with Mrs Harding, which I had rather not have done as I wanted to spend more time at Maer, but she was so pressing we could not resist. We liked our Sunday so much that we think of going again next Sunday.

Jessie Allen, commenting on this account, sends "a very tender kiss to the Doveleys, the tenderest to Emma, but do not tell her so. How much I should have liked to see her little prim face on the water."

Fanny Allen wrote to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood (Oct. 11, 1813): "Sarah gives an excellent report of the poetical taste of little Emma. I hope this will grow on her. Is she not the first of you that has read through *Paradise Lost*? You must not let this be a reproach to you any longer now Emma has set you the example." My mother told us how when she was only five, she began *Paradise Lost*, but soon asked her mother to finish it for her, and how nice it was of her mother not to refuse.

Little more is to be gleaned of her early childhood. In January, 1816, when she was nearly eight years old, her mother told how the two little girls were to pay a visit alone, "at which they are much pleased, and the more so because they are to go by themselves as we can't spare Mary, and they bridle not a little at the idea of dressing and doing for themselves." Sarah Wedgwood wrote to Jessie Allen (Feb. 26, 1817): "Little Emma continues to be the sweetest little girl in the world. The whooping-cough makes her more sweet and gentle than ever. I find that she retains that first place that she has ever held in that part of my affections which are devoted to children. As Mr Wordsworth divides his poems into 'poems referring to the period of childhood,' ditto to old age, etc., why may not I my affections?"

A pleasant account of the Maer family life three years later, when Emma was eleven years old, is given in a journal

kept by Emma Caldwell. My mother's comment is added, written seventy-two years later to her niece Julia Wedgwood (always called "Snow").

*Extract from a Journal of Emma Caldwell, afterwards
Mrs Henry Holland.*

July 7, 1819.—My Aunt took me to Maer.

Miss Emma Allen, Charlotte, with Caroline [Darwin] came to dinner from Shrewsbury.

9th.—Rode with Charlotte and Harry to Newcastle. A very pleasant ride indeed. Harry agreeable—I do like a person easy to talk to for my own pleasure, even though they may not be as agreeable as another could be if he let out what is treasured up.¹—Sailed and rowed in the boat.

10th.—Mr Wicksted² and Ellen Tollet called. We had a brisk gale and gallant sail round the pool.

Elizabeth, Harry, Emma and I rode to Hanchurch through Swinnerton Park. Delightful day, and very pleasant. Mama fetched me home.

I never saw anything pleasanter than the ways of going on of this family, and one reason is the freedom of speech upon every subject; there is no difference in politics or principles of any kind that makes it treason to speak one's mind openly, and they all do it. There is a simplicity of good sense about them, that no one ever dreams of not differing upon any subject where they feel inclined. As no things are said from party or prejudice, there is no bitterness in discussing opinions. I believe this could not be the case if there was a decided difference of party principle in the members of a family. It is greatly desirable that should not happen.

The part of the intellectual character most improved by the Wedgwood education is good sense, which is indeed their

¹ This is a reference to the elder brother, then, called Joe.

² Charles, the only son of Mr Tollet of Betley Hall, had taken the name of Wicksted on inheriting Shakenhurst in Worcestershire.

pre-eminent quality. It is one of the most important, and in the end will promote more of their own and others happiness than any other quality. The moral quality most promoted by their education is benevolence, which combined with good sense, gives all that education can give. The two little girls are happy, gay, amiable, sensible, and though not particularly energetic in learning, yet will acquire all that is necessary by their steady perseverance. They have freedom in their actions in this house as well as in their principles. Doors and windows stand open, you are nowhere in confinement; you may do as you like; you are surrounded by books that all look most tempting to read; you will always find some pleasant topic of conversation, or may start one, as all things are talked of in the general family. All this sounds and is delightful.

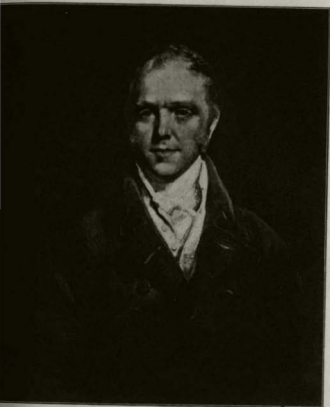
Emma Darwin to her niece Julia Wedgwood.

MY DEAR SNOW,

Autumn, 1891.

I cannot tell you what vivid pleasure this [journal] has given me, if only in putting me in mind of that ride; which was a great honour to a little girl, of course. I remember my wonder at Emma [Caldwell] being able to force herself (she was very tall and not slender) into Eliz's habit, and I wonder what Eliz herself could have worn, some make-shift I suppose. I remember Harry's high spirits and the short gallops we took up the little pitches of the pretty wood we were skirting. It is clear that Jos excited some interest in her mind.

I doubt whether common sense can be learnt by education; no doubt it may be improved. There would be no liberty at Linley Wood while Mr Caldwell was in the room. He was a high Tory, and I have no doubt those clever daughters had all sorts of Liberal crotchets. Mrs Caldwell was genial and delightful. There was the same want of liberty at Shrewsbury whenever Dr Darwin was in the room; but then he was genial and sympathetic, only nobody must go on about their own talk.



JOSIAH WEDGWOOD
of Maer Hall, Staffordshire



To face p. 26, Vol. I.

Emma was pretty, with abundant rich brown hair, grey eyes and a fresh complexion, a firm chin, a high forehead and straight nose. She was of medium height, with well-formed shoulders and pretty hands and arms. She had a graceful and dignified carriage. The only picture of her till old age is the water-colour drawing by Richmond (of which a reproduction is given), painted soon after her marriage, but it was not considered to be a good likeness.

Fanny was short and not pretty, though with bright colouring. She was gentle, orderly and industrious. Emma had initiative, high spirits, and more ability than her sister. Her mother's nickname for Fanny, "Mrs Pedigree," no doubt alludes to her curious tastes, of which there are many evidences—lists of temperatures, lists of words in different languages, housekeeping memoranda, etc. These lists were found after my mother's death amongst her treasures. They had been kept by her ever since her sister's death more than sixty years ago.

Emma's nickname at the same time was "Little Miss Slip-Slop," and that also is revealing as to her character. She was never tidy or orderly as to little things. But, on the other hand, she had a large-minded, unfussy way of taking life which is more common amongst men than amongst women. My father said that after he married he made up his mind to give up all his natural taste for tidiness, and that he would not allow himself to feel annoyed by her calm disregard for such details. He would say the only sure place to find a pin or a pair of scissors was his study.

I remember one little anecdote told me by my mother about her sister Fanny. When their cousin, Mrs Swinton Holland, gave three little brooches to Fanny, Emma, and their cousin Jessie Wedgwood, Fanny had first choice, and Emma saw distinctly that Fanny was choosing the least pretty one, but she herself had not unselfishness enough to act in the same way, and her turn coming next, she chose the prettiest.

Emma's childhood must have been a most happy one under the gentle, wise rule of her mother. Elizabeth and Charlotte taught Fanny and Emma their lessons. My mother told me they had a long morning's work, nine till one I think, and then nothing else at all to do for the rest of the day, no preparations or work of any kind.¹ I often think how different this training is from that of the modern

¹ This does not quite agree with their aunt Emma Allen's account in 1819, but it is my distinct memory of what my mother said.

child; and judged by results it does not lose in comparison. I should also imagine that this freedom for hours every day—to read, to think, and to amuse herself—must have greatly added to the remarkable independence of Emma's character and way of thinking. It is certainly the fact that all the sisters were well educated women, judged by any modern standard. In languages Emma knew French, Italian, and German.¹ Her general knowledge was wide, but this may have been mainly acquired in a long life of reading. I should add that I only mean such general knowledge as one would expect to find in a cultivated woman. The lists kept by Fanny of books read, and the carefully annotated New Testament (now in my possession), shew their industry.

Emma's handwriting, which did not change much in all her eighty-eight years of life, was, like herself, firm, calm, and transparently clear. She did not write quickly, but with an even, steady pace which got over a great deal of ground in its leisurely way. She was capable in all she undertook, a beautiful needlewoman, a good archer; and she rode, danced, and skated. She drew a little, though she said herself her drawing was quite worthless. Her gift was music. She played delightfully on the piano till the very end of her life. She had a crisp and fine touch and played always with intelligence and simplicity. But she could endure nothing sentimental, and "slow movements" were occasionally under her treatment somewhat too "*allegro*." There was always vigour and spirit, but not passion—in fact her character shewed itself in her playing. She was an excellent reader of music, and to the end of her life tried over new things, appreciating some, but not all, of the more modern kinds. She had lessons from Moscheles and a few from Chopin. But she told me she did not think she had ever practised more than an hour a day in her whole life. Unless, however, she was ill, she hardly passed a day without playing for her own entertainment, if it was only for ten minutes. It is remarkable, however, that she should have attained such excellence with so small an expenditure of trouble.

¹ My father often said that where she failed in making out and translating a sentence for him in German, a non-scientific German would generally also fail.

CHAPTER V

1814—1815

The Prudent Man's Friend Society—The John Wedgwoods and Drewes at Exeter—The Battle of Waterloo—Ensign Tom Wedgwood's letters from Waterloo and Paris—Fanny Allen's pro-Buonapartism—The Maer party at a Race ball.

I now take up the thread of the "Maer Letters." Some of these might have been placed in the third chapter, but as they illustrate the character of the younger generation they group themselves more naturally here.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Jessie Allen.

ETRURIA, Feb. 18th, 1814.

. . . We all returned from Parkfields on Tuesday, having spent a very comfortable week there. Sarah [Wedgwood] was in very cheerful spirits, though I suspect we interrupted her plan of writing. I was very glad to hear from two side winds that she was employed in that way, as I am sure what she does she will do well. We sent our two little boys to school from there, and upon enquiring into the contents of the parting purse I found to my great surprise that there was a guinea hoarded up in it. It was a joint concern and I asked Hensleigh for what purpose. "I don't like to tell." "Why?" "I am afraid of being laughed at." "I think you may trust me, I am not used to laugh at you, but how can I know whether it is a proper use?" "It is not an improper use, and we wished to consult you because we did not know what to buy, but the writing master has been very kind to us and we wished to give him something, but it must not be before we go away, or he will think, and the

boys will think, that we wish to coax him." "I don't think any way of spending your money can be more proper than shewing your gratitude, therefore if you will trust me with the guinea I will execute the commission for you." We had then a consultation about the taste of the writing master, and it was agreed that as he was fond of poetry, unless we found something better, which would not be very easy, we were to get a volume of Lord Byron's poems. If this is twaddling pray excuse it.

And now to tell you my opinion of the *Corsair*. I think it beautiful beyond all his other works. The last canto is full of beauties. What a genius he is! Like Shakespeare, the commonest stories become gold under his hands, but I don't like the dedication, it is very affected. I don't believe the pretence he makes of not caring for the opinions of those who are unknown to him, and I should think worse of him if I did. Who can sincerely despise the opinions of his fellow-men? and what affectation to pretend to do so if he does not, and this from a man, too, who was driven half mad by the castigation of the *Edinburgh Review*.

I received dear Emma [Allen]'s letter when I was at Parkfields, and I am charmed to hear she liked the black gown. I thought myself the chenille was a bright thought to enliven the insupportable monotony of my green leaves. As for the trimming of the body, it is in the hands of fate and Charlotte, so I have no responsibility about it.

They have had a ball at Caroline [Drewe]'s, where among a number of pretty girls, Emma Caldwell was pronounced the fairest. Sally¹ has got half a lover, but a great beauty has got the other half, so except upon musical evenings Sally is ill off, but then she is altogether triumphant, and then the beauty is in despair. Joe writes very pleasant letters from Edinburgh. He mixes quite as much in society as he wishes, and in very agreeable society. Dr Holland is very highly spoken of there. He is going to town very soon

¹ Sarah Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Wedgwood, afterwards called Eliza.

and I think he would much like to be introduced to Mackintosh, but I don't think we shall give him one, for fear of adding any to the importunes that beset him.

I shall send you by this post the Bristol newspaper because there is the first report of the "*Prudent Man's Friend Society*." It is drawn up by Miss Morgan and I think very well done. You will see what good she has done in one year. If she can but follow it up, I do sincerely think she will rank with the first philanthropists of the age. If you have an opportunity I should like you to shew it to Mrs Bosanquet, because I think those two sisters mistake Miss Morgan's character.

Do you know that I shall not be surprised if Aunt Jones pays me a visit. I have written to ask her. She seemed so forlorn at Creswell that I thought I owed it to my father's sister to do it. Not but what John and Mrs Allen are very kind. . . .

*Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her daughter Elizabeth, at the
John Wedgwoods, Baring Place, Exeter.*

ETRURIA. [21 June, 1815.]

. . . Last night brought me your letter, my Elizabeth, and I was very glad to find you had so pleasant a journey. Your second day we thought would be delayed with rain, as I think it rained all day here. Your drive upon the barouche seat was therefore much more than we expected. I cannot recollect a syllable of what you allude to about callers at Maer, so you are quite right in saying you dared say I had forgotten it; therefore, my dear girl, if you remember it with any unpleasant feeling I hope you will do so no longer. If you had stept a pace back in my mind, (which is not the case, as I cannot recollect the circumstance) you would have stept a hundred forward by the frank-hearted candour with which you speak of it. Your upright heart will never suffer you to go far astray while you judge your own faults with so much severity,

and I, on my part, hope I shall ever continue to be grateful, as I am now, to Heaven, for having given you to me. . . .

Here is a very pleasant letter from Sally to you, which we thought it was a pity should go for nothing, and so we opened it, and so we read it. We are in a very reading humour at present, having done the same thing by Jenny [Wedgwood]'s to Fanny [Allen]. We were very glad to have both, as they gave us late intelligence from Baring Place, and as you are now at the fountain-head it would be no use to send them to you, but Jenny's is gone into the fire and Sally's is just going.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Emma Allen, at Baring Place, Exeter.

[THE MOUNT], SHREWSBURY, June 28, 1815.

What a flood of good news, my dearest Emma. I feel quite overwhelmed with it. I am obliged to Elizabeth and you for two most welcome letters, but yours has the prior claim. We are particularly grateful for the good news of Tom, which we received with the most heartfelt pleasure. Oh how much do I sympathize with our dear Jenny upon what she must feel, at not only hearing that her little hero is safe, but that he has behaved so well in this most severe engagement [Waterloo, 18th June], and not the least of her pleasure (I ought to use a much stronger word) must be the consideration, the thought he shewed of writing from the field of battle to allay the fears of his family, and lastly his modesty, after all that he has gone through. We should be very glad to see his letter, which perhaps you could send us through London by a frank. It will be a feather in his cap as long as he lives to have been in this battle, perhaps the most glorious England ever fought. What they must have suffered in being 48 hours without food, and fighting all the time! Tell Jenny (and John if he is returned) that we congratulate them with all our hearts. Yesterday we were put upon

the *qui vive* by hearing in the morning that there was a report that Buonaparte had surrendered,¹ and not believing that to be possible, yet being persuaded there must be some good news, we waited the arrival of the mail with great impatience; and when we heard it was coming by, out we all flew to the gates, like Caroline to see the Duchess of Rutland, pell-mell, servants, children, and all. We had the gratification to see it come up dressed all over with laurels and favours, and as it dropt Dr Darwin's bag at the gate you may guess our trepidation in opening our letters. Jos had sent me a *Courier* which contained all the account of Buonaparte's abdication, and I had at the same time the pleasure of Elizabeth's letter. It is impossible to express our satisfaction and wonder. What will become of Buonaparte is the constant question? Some of our abominable papers are urging strongly the putting him to death, but Dr Darwin's scheme of sending him to St Helena is the best I have heard. Who will now be King of France? If England keeps to her declaration she must not interfere, but I suspect the Bourbons will at least have a *congé d'élire* in their favour, and yet I think Louis the 18th will never be able to keep his seat upon such a triplex throne. We shall be almost as impatient for to-night's paper as we were for the last. Jos talks of leaving town to-morrow, but I don't know whether he will go home or come here. I take it for granted we shall now have peace, and then I suppose you will be set a-gandering again. The bells are ringing and the guns firing away at a great rate.

We came here on Monday evening, dining and spending two or three hours at Hawkestone in our way. We brought the two ponies here, and Charlotte and I rode Fancy in turns. The day was very pleasant, and I liked it a great deal better than going all the way in a post-chaise. We are here in the middle of the hay-harvest, and the flower-garden looks beautiful. I find myself very comfort-

¹ His surrender to Captain Maitland of the *Bellerophon* did not take place till July 15.

able here; there is everything to make me so, and I always enjoy the society of Mrs Darwin, and I am pleased to see the young things enjoy themselves so well. There is an evening riding party of three every day (Joe being the constant escort), which is a very popular thing. The Dr as usual is very much engaged. He was out all yesterday.

Tom, son of John Wedgwood, who wrote the letter alluded to above, was a boy of seventeen, and was ensign in the Scots Fusilier Guards. His first letter is written the day after Waterloo. The fighting of the 16th must be that of Quatre Bras. The house and garden which he describes as repeatedly attacked by the French on the 18th, is evidently the Chateau of Hougoumont; and he seems to have been in the memorable charge which ended the day.

Tom Wedgwood to his mother Mrs John Wedgwood.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

NIVELLES, *June 19th, 1815.*

I take the earliest opportunity to tell you that we have had some very hard fighting, but that we have gained a most complete victory, and also that I am quite well and safe and have escaped unhurt. We removed from our quarters last Saturday week at Herrisenes and went to a village called Petit Roux, where we remained some time in quiet, but on Friday morning the 16th, at 2 o'clock, we were turned out and ordered to be under arms and ready to march at a moment's notice. Accordingly we marched at 5 o'clock to Braine-le-Comte and then waited for a few hours for other troops to come up, then marched and took up a position close to this town and about five leagues from our original quarters. We had just begun to pitch our tents when we had another order to march on immediately against the French, who had attacked the Prussians in great force, three leagues farther on, near a village called Jenappe. We arrived there about five o'clock. The 1st Regiment and Cold-streams attacked the French with the bayonet and drove

them back. We were kept as a reserve on the top of a hill, where we lay down in order to avoid the shots and shells, which were playing on us in great abundance. At 9 o'clock both parties ceased for want of light, but the French were driven back about half a league. The 1st Guards suffered much—had about 10 officers killed or wounded, and among the latter was Capt. Luttrell, but very slightly. Two very unfortunate accidents happened to them. They were charging a regiment of French, who came to a parley and said they would come over to us, but it was only a trick to wait for some cavalry which were coming on. They both attacked the 1st Guards together and repulsed them with a great loss. After that they met with a French regiment who were cloaked in red, and did not find that they were French until too late, and in consequence were repulsed a second time. We only lost a few men from the shells, and we lay all night in the field without any cover in consequence of our baggage being left behind.

Next morning our regiment was sent into a wood to skirmish. We had a little fighting. About 5 o'clock we were obliged to retreat in consequence of the French having driven back the left wing, where the Prussians were placed. We went back and took up a position on the heights of St Jean, about 4 leagues back. The French returned in the evening, and cannonaded us till dark. We all slept on the bare ground, with nothing either above or beneath us, in one of the most rainy nights possible, and before morning the ground on which we were was ankle-deep in mud. The French retired early in the morning, but came about 10 o'clock again in immense force. It is said they had 100,000 men, and we had at first 60,000 men, chiefly English, excepting a few Dutch and Belgic, the chief part of whom ran away at the first attack. The action commenced at about $\frac{1}{2}$ -past eleven by our artillery, which was drawn up about 20 yards before the first line, which was composed of our division and the 3rd Division of the line. The French attacked a wood on our right, on the skirts of

which there was a house, surrounded with a small wall, in which were placed the light infantry companies of the Coldstream Guards and our regiment, with orders to defend it to the last. The French were driven back, but advanced again with a fresh force, and succeeded in gaining entrance into the wood. They then sent fire-balls upon the house and set a barn and all the out-houses on fire. After being exposed to a heavy fire of shot and grape and shells for two hours and a half, in which we had 3 officers wounded besides a number of men, the right wing of our regiment and my company went to the assistance of the Coldstreams in the wood, in which there was a very heavy fire of musquetry. The French were during the whole of this [time firing] at the house into which my company and another entered, nearly one hundred men having now been consumed in the flames. The French forced the gates 3 times, and 3 times were driven back with immense loss, for we were firing at one another at about 5 yards distance. There was a large garden to the house which was surrounded by a wall on 2 sides, the house on the 3rd, and on the remaining side a hedge. We had another company brought into it, and a few Dutch who lined the garden wall, in which they made port-holes and annoyed the French very much. About 5 o'clock the French gained ground very much and made the English retire from the position on the heights, but were again driven back by a strong column consisting of cavalry and the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the 1st Guards, and the remaining part of our's, and after a hard struggle were obliged to give ground and retreat through the wood. They attacked the house again with renewed force and vigour, but could not force it. The house had a great deal of the walls down with their cannon, but they could not gain admittance. We afterwards received a fresh reinforcement of Guards into the house, and my company was sent out to skirmish. About 8 o'clock the first Guards and a part of ours charged the French with the bayonet and drove them entirely from the house. About that time a body of about 3000 Prussians came up, and the French

immediately retreated at a great pace, all our cavalry following them, with our regiments, drove them back double quick and dispersed them entirely.

My regiment had lost 16 officers killed and wounded, including Lieut.-Col. Sir A. Gordon, and Canning of my company, who were among the number of killed. Capt. Ashton of my company is also killed. The Duke of Wellington told us that he never saw soldiers behave so well as the Guards. The French have lost about 90 pieces of cannon and an immense number of killed and wounded. The Belgic troops who ran away went to Brussels, where all our baggage was, and said that we were entirely defeated, and that the French were advancing close at their heels. The consequence was that the people of Brussels began to pillage our baggage, but were soon stopped. I understand that my baggage horse is either killed or stolen; but I do not know yet, as we have not seen the baggage since the 15th, and all that time we have been lying on the ground, without any covering and not able to change our clothes. We have had nothing to eat, except a very little biscuit, and I have not tasted food now for 48 hours; but I am just going to have some, and I believe our baggage is to come up to-morrow. Another [trouble] is, that it is with the greatest difficulty we can get water, and what we did was horribly bad. I am now writing from the field in which we are to bivouac to-night, and therefore you must excuse the conciseness of this letter and I cannot get any more paper.

Good-bye, my dear mother, and believe me, most affectionately,

T. WEDGWOOD.

Tom Wedgwood to his mother Mrs John Wedgwood.

FRANCE, ENCAMPED NEAR COTTEAUX.
June 24th, 1815.

... We had the post of honor and were the first to begin the attack. At the affair of the 16th I was rather nervous at first, for we came quite unawares to the field after an

amazing long march, and I had not time to get collected but soon got right again. On the 18th I did not feel at all in the same way, as we expected the action, and I was prepared. I trusted in God and He has been pleased to spare me, for which I hope I am as thankful as I ought. The most disagreeable part was when we were on the top of our position, lying down doing nothing, with the shells and shot coming over like hailstones, and every now and then seeing 1 or 2 men killed. We had 2 officers wounded in that way. It was a very mournful sight next morning when I was on parade to see but little more than one-half the number of men that there were the morning before, and not quite one-half the officers. The Duke of Wellington was very much pleased with us, but I do not believe he was so much so with the cavalry, as they did not do what was expected of them. . . . We were five days without any baggage tents or anything else, and you have no idea of what we underwent during that time, sleeping in the fields without even a hedge to cover us, generally raining the whole night and the ground ankle-deep in mud. I was 48 hours without eating anything, even a bit of biscuit, and having very often to send above a mile for water, but now we have got our baggage and tents and are much better off. We are now about 8 leagues from the frontier, and are, I believe, to march straight for Paris. Most of the villages we pass through have the white flag hanging out, and *vive le roi* written on the houses. As yet we have found the people very civil, and they say they are very glad to see us. The Belgic troops behaved excessively bad, both in action and out, plundering and illtreating the inhabitants. I wish they would send them back to their own country, I think they will do us more harm than good. We have had two actions and they have run away both times. At the first action the Duke of Wellington was slightly wounded, and was saved being taken prisoner by the 92nd Regiment, who formed a square round him and by that means saved him. . . .

Tom Wedgwood to his father John Wedgwood.

PARIS, July 15, 1815.

. . . All the Emperors and Kings are now in Paris. I was on guard at the Emperor of Russia's on the 13th. He treated us very generously. The guard consisted of 100 men; he gave them 150 lbs. of meat, 200 lbs. of bread, 100 bottles of very good wine, and vegetables. The officers had an excellent dinner and might call at any time for anything. . . . About the middle of dinner Platoff came in and sat with us for a couple of hours and talked with us quite familiarly. He said he enjoyed his visit to England more than anything in his life, and that he liked the English women better than any others, and when he went out he shook us by the hand most heartily. . . .

I think the French are the most impertinent and most civil people in the world. As a proof of the latter, I was on guard at one of the gates of Paris and had black crape round my arm. A gentleman with two women came up to me in a very civil way and beseeched to know what was the meaning of the crape round my arm. I told them, but that was not sufficient for they asked who for, which made me stare, however I told them and walked away. . . .

This 3 weeks' campaigning has only affected me in one way, it made my legs very sore. For the first 3 days I did [not] take off my boots and they got wet several times and dried again on my feet, and when I got them off at last, I could not get them on again without cutting the leather half way down my foot, the consequence was that the insteps of my feet were made quite raw. There is also another thing which I cannot account for in the least. My face is quite contracted on one side; and when I smile my mouth gets quite to the left side of my face, and when I eat my upper jaw does not come exactly on my under one, and I cannot shut one of my eyes without the other, which I could do before; however I do not feel it quite so much as before. . . .

His face never entirely recovered from the paralysis brought on by exposure and want of food.

In 1815 the John Wedgwoods were living at Exeter, where were also Mrs Drewe and her family. Emma and Fanny Allen spent part of their homeless years there with their sisters, Caroline Drewe and Jane Wedgwood. Emma Allen thus describes her sister's house (July 22, 1815): "Jenny is one of the sweetest creatures God ever made, and I thank Him ten thousand times that I have you and her for sisters. I am sure it would be worth going many hundred miles for the sake of a reception from either of you. The furniture in this house is so good; it abounds so with flowers and there is such an air of elegance about it, that you cannot feel that its lovely mistress is misplaced in it."

Fanny Allen to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

BARING PLACE, EXETER, August 2nd, [1815].

MY DEAR BESSY,

I congratulate you on having your boys with you, on having seen Miss O'Neil and on John [Allen]'s having another son, but I do not congratulate you on Buonaparte's being in England, or the state of affairs in France, which I think detestable. I hope Davoust will preserve the army of the Loire, and defend France successfully against the Allies. Caroline [Drewe] and I have made a compact that we are not to talk politics, or I believe it would be more just if I were to say that I am never to say a word about politics either to her or before her, and this she says is all for my good. I have not one on my side, therefore it is as well to be silent. I hope I shall find you all stout Whigs on our return, to recompense me for the pain I have suffered to hear such atrocious sentiments expressed about France as I have done since I have been in the sweet county of Devonshire. I wish Joe would chaperon us this autumn to Italy, by the way of Germany. I would rather not see Paris in its present state. . . .

Your letter to Emma [Allen] is just come in and it is refreshing to me to hear a humane sentiment respecting Buonaparte. John Wedgwood has a strong inclination to go to Paris, and, if he meets with anyone who is going that



Mrs JOHN WEDGWOOD

From an oil painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, R.A.



To face p. 74, Vol. 1.

he knows, I have no doubt that he will go. Paris will be very disagreeable now I should think. I see the Louvre is shut to all but the military, which is preparatory to the [pictures] being moved I suppose. Lewis deserves to be tied hand and foot, and thrown out of France. . . .

I was at the Assize ball and danced with Abram Moore, who was so drunk that almost everyone was smiling as we went down the room. We have been at a play since Jane left us, and had Dr Miller for a beau, as Kitty would say, and he performed his duty well, as he walked home with us afterwards. . . . Kitty and Mackintosh are still dreaming on in town, and I am afraid their intention of going to Maer will end this year as it did last. Kitty holds a sublime and imperial silence to us, so we know nothing of her movements, not even whether she has been to call on the Duchess of Wellington. . . .

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her daughter Elizabeth (who is staying with the John Wedgwoods at Exeter).

ETRURIA, Aug. 13th, 1815.

. . . Joe has no intention of putting a foot in France. Lord Bathurst told Mrs Sneyd that it would be madness in any Englishman doing it further than Paris. I fully expect another explosion in France, and then what shall we have got by our battle of Waterloo, what, for our 20,000 lives and a hundred million of money? As for Buonaparte, he is suffering retribution certainly, but it may be a good lesson to the world, and it certainly is a mild retribution for the murder of the Duke D'Enghien, Wright, and Palm the bookseller. As to right, all war is a violation of right, and I don't know what we could have done with him since we engaged so wickedly in the war at all. It would have been too dangerous to have kept him here to set France in a flame whenever he saw a fit opportunity. He will be in banishment, but he will have every comfort in his banishment, and he will not be worse off than the Officers of the Regiments who guard him: not but I feel

some emotions of pity towards him too, but I don't know what else can be done with him. . . .

We have had very gay races, not that we went to the course any day, but there was more *nobility* than usual, inasmuch as the [Chetwodes] were there in full force. It was Miss Louisa's *début*, and Lady Harriet I was told was in the greatest fuss about their dress that could be; but I am sure it was fuss thrown away, as it generally is, for nobody seemed to observe how they were dressed. Charlotte was very well off in partners, as she danced with the steward, Stim, Dr Belcombe, and a Capt. Vincent. There were but four sets danced. Joe danced with Eliza Caldwell, Fanny Crewe, and Anne Caldwell. Joe is much improved in his dancing. I can't say much for my Hal in that way, but I was surprised he went at all. As for me, I yawned in company with Mrs Caldwell till about 5 in the morning, but I think I was rather in request too¹, as I was asked three times to dance. The handsomest girl there was a Miss Evans, the innkeeper of Wolverhampton's daughter, whose beauty did not redeem her parentage from many a sneer, and "Do you know who she is?" soon passed from one end of the room to the other. . . .

¹ She was fifty-one this year.

CHAPTER VI

1815—1816

The Allen sisters abroad—Paris after Waterloo—Harriet Drewe's engagement to Mr Gifford—Fanny Allen and William Clifford—A family gathering at Bath—Sarah Wedgwood's love-affairs—Bessy visits Mrs Surtees—Geneva society—The Sydney Smiths at Etruria—Kitty Mackintosh and her daughters—The Allen sisters' journey to Florence.

IN the autumn of 1815 the three sisters Jessie, Emma, and Fanny Allen went abroad for three years. Jessie was 38, Emma 35, and Fanny 34 years old. They were accompanied as far as Paris by John Wedgwood. The Continent was only just opened to English travellers after the Peace, and they were in Paris when the Louvre was being dismantled of the stolen treasures.

Emma Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

HOTEL DE TOURS, RUE N.D. DES VICTOIRES,
PARIS, Sept. 16, 1815.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

Here I am at present in a state so much happier than when I parted from you that I have longed to write to one of the beloved ones at Etruria, for I know how glad they will be to hear that, instead of repenting, I rejoice in my decision of leaving England, though till I had talked with Mackintosh, it was still passing in my mind to return from town to Staffordshire. But he so entirely reconciled me to the scheme that I became every hour happier that I spent in town, and so many of those I love going with me took from it the sadness I dreaded at quitting England. . . .

At one of the posts between Dieppe and Rouen, while the horses were changing, we walked under the shade of

some trees and fell in with an English soldier, who told us he was quartered at a French Count's, whose name he did not know, but who, he said, was a very good gentleman, and very kind to him and three more soldiers that were quartered in his house, and if there was any news always came and told them of it. He invited us to look at the Chateau. We did so, and while we were standing at the gates the Countess saw us and sent her servant to invite us in. We declined it because of our incapability of conversing in French, with the excuse of want of time, but the Countess with three other ladies joined us before we could get back to the carriage, and asked a thousand impertinent questions with the most gracious manners in the world; where we came from, what part of England we lived in, whether Jessie was married or not, what relation we were to John Wedgwood, &c., &c. This was the only thing like an adventure we met with during our journey from Dieppe to Paris. I thought Malmaison a charming residence. An English soldier was keeping the gates, and there my Lord Combermere has taken up his quarters. I understand he is the only Englishman who has followed Blucher's example and lives at free quarters at the inns. The women always spoke well of the English and otherwise of the Prussians, who they said took everything "*à point de l'épée.*" We met a great number of them on our road. Once they greeted us with "God save the King!" In return they had nothing from Fanny but abhorrence; you may guess how the sight of them made her blood boil. Since she has arrived here she has heard that the evil they have done has been much exaggerated, and this from a quarter she generally gives credit to. I don't know that what she has heard in their favour has softened her to them, but she is now too well pleased with her present situation to be very angry at anything. Our first entrance to Paris far surpassed our expectations, I think nothing can be finer than the entrance along the Avenue de Neuilly, from which we passed to the Champs Elysées, where all the British are encamped. It was a most beautiful and extraordinary sight, far, far sur-

passing anything I had fancied. The buildings are beautiful, and as far surpass those of London, as London does Paris in the neatness of the streets. Those of Paris are more dirty and disagreeable than I even expected, from all I had heard, to find them. These lodgings are handsome ones and I like them much, but we pay much for them, 250 livres a week. . . .

The gallery of the Louvre is beautiful beyond expression. If I were to mention one thing beyond the others that have charmed me it would be the Apollo. There is a beauty in that which the most ignorant eye must see, beyond all description. It is a pity Jenny [Mrs. John Wedgwood] did not come with us, there is much here that would please her. I feel still rather uncomfortable staring at naked statues with men all round one. We have met with a surprising number of our acquaintances since we came to Paris, not less than six in the first day; and this gave us a very English feeling. The Cawdors were the first, and their accost was more affectionate than I ever knew it. They continued with us as long as Lady Cawdor could remain, and after he put Lady Cawdor in the carriage he returned to do the honours of the Louvre to us. . . .

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

[PARIS], Sept. 25th, 1815.

. . . I cannot tell you with what affection I look on your and Charlotte's remembrance of me. I almost grudge to take out a needle or displace the thread, it looks like disturbing your work. . . . We spent yesterday at Versailles and St Cloud. I believe I am singular in my opinion; but Versailles rather disappointed me, or I should say did not come up to my expectation. The *fête* at St Cloud was very striking. It was a complete fair with pretty-looking fountains and fireworks; it was so completely French that it was worth seeing by all the English. At Mme Catalani's concert the other night I had very tender love made me by a Russian officer, moustached and painted up to his eyes.

He chose well considering my hatred. He asked me if it was my mother that was with me; I cannot guess whether this was Jessie or Emma. He begged to know what hotel I was at, said he should carry remembrances away with him, and asked me whether I should not also—he tried me in all languages, and then said, “You know the language of love.” I tell you this that you may know how a Russian makes love. . . . W. Clifford makes a good comparison in the way of opposition to G. Newnham [an acquaintance who had not called], overflowing with kindness and affection. He has been all over Paris endeavouring to get us a Shakespeare, and what is remarkable in such a place, in vain. He was too late by one day for a copy. . . .

*Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Fanny Allen
(at Geneva).*

ETRURIA, Oct. 30th, 1815.

I feel the want of your society, dearest Fanny, too much not to be a little sad at sitting down to write to you at such a distance, but I shall mend of that as I go on, and you will be looking out for another letter by this time.

Sir Samuel Romilly, I hear, reports that you must waltz yourselves into society at Geneva, and that if he had stayed there, he should have been obliged to waltz himself. So I suppose you are all pocketing your prudery as fast as you can. We have received Joe's, giving an account of his having placed my Hal. The place seems promising, but the salary is high, not that I wonder at or blame a man who gets himself well paid for the company of a raw boy.

I wish I may be the first to tell you of Harriet Drewe's conquest. Last Sunday I had a letter from Caroline [Drewe], the beginning of which was written in very low spirits. She had had a conversation with Mr William¹ in which he seemed to have no intention of continuing to her

¹ Mr William Drewe, brother of Caroline's late husband, the Rev. E. Drewe, was the present owner of the Grange Estate, to which her son Edward ultimately succeeded. The family is now extinct in the male line, and the Grange is sold.

the 60 from the Grange Estate, though he promised her 100 per an. to educate Frank when he was 14. She had been thinking that with all her economy she could not live at Exeter, and she had half finished this dismal letter when in came Mr Gifford and laid himself and fortune at Harriet's feet. You may guess the tone of the remainder of the letter, for besides being one of the cleverest and most agreeable men going, he makes by his profession already between 2000 and 3000 per an., and has realized 12,000. Harriet was so frightened that she was near fainting. He is now admitted as a declared lover, but nothing is yet settled and we have not heard again. Charlotte Drewe¹ is now as you may suppose very impatient to join her sisters and I like her the better for it. She has a great deal of affection about her, and her manners are simple. I tried her temper upon one occasion, in which she took what I said to her so well that I am convinced of her good nature, for though it was only a question of manner it is a ticklish thing to find fault with. Mary Havard is married, and is come with her husband to take possession of the Leopard at Burslem. Their master parted with them very amicably and made her a present of one guinea, and to Pepper, who had lived with him twenty years and had served him in the capacity of butler, valet, and keeper, he gave two pounds. See how good servants are rewarded when they happen to meet with generous masters! What is become of W. Clifford, my dear Fanny? I mean his person, not his heart, for if our friends are all right you have the latter safe enough. The question I would ask is whether you have been equally generous to him? and if so, I don't know that there is anything to be said against it, provided the income would not be too small. Tell me how you spend your time, and how you find the society, and above all whether you think you shall make out your two years or not, and how you get on in conversation. . . .

¹ Charlotte Drewe was visiting at Maer. She, and Frank and Louisa Drewe all died in early youth (1817-18). Mr Gifford, afterwards Lord Gifford, married Harriet Drewe in 1816.

Fanny Allen, in answer, wrote this dignified expression of her feeling for Mr Clifford. She was thirty-four years old, and it was the romance of her life. It must be remembered that her sister Bessy to whom this letter was written was almost like a mother to her.

GENEVA, Dec. 31, 1815.

. . . We have received a little note from W. Clifford a few hours before he left Paris, telling us of his immediate journey to England and begging to hear from us how we go on. I have left myself too little room to dilate on anything, but my inmost heart is yours at command. I think all my friends were out in their opinion respecting his sentiments. He feels a very tender friendship for me, but I do not think it is love. If he had given me his heart he should have had mine; there is no man out of my own family I love so much. He still talks of meeting us in Switzerland or Italy in the summer, but I do not think he has health or spirits for the journey. This is only for you, Jos, and the two girls—one is loath to acknowledge the readiness to give one's affection where it has not been asked.

William Clifford, owner of a small but beautiful property in Herefordshire, Perristone by name, was a very dear friend of the Allen family. He died in 1850 aged about 70. He must have been strikingly handsome, judging from a portrait of him in his old age by Watts, of which my mother had an engraving. It shews him with sad-looking dark eyes, thick, waved white hair, and clear-cut, strongly-marked features. He never married, though he was much attracted by other members of the family in later days.

A little packet of his letters exists in the Maer collection. They are to Jessie and Bessy, with but one to Fanny Allen. As I read these letters, a certain flavour in his character reminded me curiously of Edward Fitzgerald; the thought kept constantly recurring. Mr Clifford's life, too, was in some respects similar—a hermit-like existence, great power of winning and keeping friends, the same sense of failure, incurable hesitation, deep melancholy and a playful charm and sense of humour. He once said he had never taken any step he had not regretted, and this hesitation seems to have been all that prevented a marriage which apparently

would have added even more to his happiness than to hers. There was, however, a remarkably unembarrassed intimacy between them which lasted till his death. He was an intimate friend of the Chevalier de Bunsen. There is a story of his saying: "Bunsen always holds my hand when we meet and puts it next his heart. It is inconvenient when it happens at the soup, as it generally does."

The following letter gives an account of a great family gathering at Bath. The party consisted of Mrs Drewe and one of her daughters, the John Wedgwoods, Kitty and Sarah Wedgwood (sisters of Josiah of Maer), the Darwins, and Bessy with her daughter Charlotte. The Allens were now at Geneva, and had made friends with Sismondi.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Fanny Allen.

ETRURIA, Jan. 3rd, 1816.

. . . I am agreeably surprised to see how quick the communication is between us. Jessie will by this time have received my last from Bath, in which we all disclaimed giving an opinion worth having about your going into Italy with Sismondi. The more I think of it, the less I see any objection to it, always supposing that he is not a lover, which I can hardly suppose. If he is, and Jess is resolved against him, it might embarrass her, and perhaps would not be right to him. . . .

You will think no more of John and Jane [Wedgwood] coming out, for as John says he cannot know till next summer whether he can be spared from the Bank, it will be impossible for you to frame your plans with any views to theirs.

Jenny and I have spent a long time together now and not one ungentle word or look has escaped to cloud our affection, so tender if anything ails you in body or mind and so free from selfishness in any way. I think I could make her yet more perfect, and she always receives every suggestion with so much sweet humility that I almost reproach myself for not having the courage to try. I never saw Caroline [Drewe]

more charming. There is something so delightfully fresh in her hilarity, and she is so willing and able to contribute her share to enrich society, that I think her very nearly the most agreeable woman I know. Yet I should rank her character under Jenny's. She has not her tenderness. There is more locality in her feelings, and she is more taken up with her own views and concerns, but she is more agreeable where both are so agreeable.

I enjoyed my fortnight at Bath very much. Kitty [Wedgwood] was our housekeeper, and a busy time she had with us, for we were a pretty round party when we were joined by the Darwins. The more you can penetrate through the reserve of Kitty's character, the more you will see the beauty of it. Poor Sarah¹ was a good deal unhinged by Henry Swinney's appearance among us, but now her troubles are at an end, I think she is enjoying herself very much. I was exceedingly taken with Henry Swinney, there was something so good-natured, and simple, and unaffected that I felt that it would be easy to love him, if I saw much of him. He dined twice with us, and went to every public place with the party whenever he could. I advised Sarah to consider the matter well before she rejected him, as she certainly is not happy in her present situation, and nothing can alter that for the better except, it might be, marriage. That I could see no objection to him but his youth, and that was for her to consider. Kitty told her the same thing, but her answer was that she had no hesitation whatever, her mind was made up that they were every way unsuitable. Last night I had a letter from her wherein she tells me that she had had a letter from him which enabled her to put an end to the whole affair, and she seems much more comfortable. She was very nervous while this was in agitation. She slept inside Caroline [Drewe's] and my room, and we used to curl our hair together over the fire, and discuss Mr Swinney. She was very much pleased we liked him so much, for she was continually oscillating between her wish to be kind to him

¹ Sarah Wedgwood was then thirty-nine years of age.

and her fear of giving him false hopes by so doing. But I daresay you will have a much fuller account of these things from herself as I believe she writes to Jessie by this conveyance. We all parted for our different homes on Thursday last. Mrs Darwin asked Charlotte to remain behind, and as I thought she would like it, and the little variety she sees here would make it desirable in point of improvement to her, I consented, so she is now taking lessons of Miss Sharpe in singing and other lessons, drawing and dancing, and a high favourite she is with everybody. She begins now to talk very agreeably in company. All I am afraid is her present peace and repose being injured by finding out that she is admired. There is at present such an incomparable repose in her appearance, that it would be a thousand pities it should be disturbed.

Harry's last letter¹ was dated November 10th tell him, and I am very glad to find by it that his hard studies do not seem to have abated his spirits, and as to his whiskers, I beg he will not be uneasy about them, as he has found out that he may use burnt cork. I had rather hear that his head was upright on his shoulders than that his whiskers were a yard long.

But to return to my journey. I took the Oxford mail from Bath to Cirencester, and got to North Cerney to dinner. I was received very civilly by Mr Surtees; as to Harriet her spirits seem to me so quelled that there was no great expression of pleasure, though I firmly believe she was as glad to see me as she could be. But I never saw anything so different as her manner is to that of my other sisters. She speaks so low and so slow, that she gives me quite the impression of a person labouring under some immediate calamity, and yet I don't think these are her feelings, and we had some very comfortable conversation together. You all are the grand subjects that interest her, and I think letters seem to be the only comfort of her life, for the seeing her friends has so much alloy with it, that I

¹ Harry Wedgwood was studying at Geneva, boarding with a family.

doubt whether it gives her much pleasure. I have promised to send her any letters of yours that will do for circulation. Surtees was really as civil to me as he could be, yet I think him the most incomparably disagreeable man I ever saw, and we used to sit so long after dinner that I used to be ready to die of sleep. Neither sitting upright nor looking in the fire would keep me awake. On Monday I left them, and pursuing my journey, sometimes in the public coaches and sometimes in hack chaises, I got home long before dinner. I had rather go in a public coach a great deal, than in a hack chaise by myself, it is so cold and dismal; and one sometimes meets very odd characters in the coach, but one constantly runs the risk of having one's feelings jarred by incivility, which I think is the most disagreeable part of that mode of travelling. I found it very dismal travelling alone, lying down in my clothes because I was to be called at 5 next morning and knew nobody would be up to help me, getting up and sitting by the kitchen fire till it was time to go. All this with a companion would be matter of amusement, but alone it is rather dreary. I found my Elizabeth and her father quite well and glad to see me home again, and my little boys well and in excellent spirits, but they seem to me hardly grown at all. Erasmus Darwin is spending his holidays here. He is an inoffensive lad. Jos is very busy about schools, infirmaries, and those sort of things. Harry says you have got a new lover. Give my love to him and to my dear Jess and Emma. Farewell, my very dear Fanny, believe me

Ever affectionately yours,

E. W.

Emma Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

GENEVA, Jan. 14th [1816].

. . . I congratulate you and all your party on the return of your blessed sun among you,¹ tho' there was no gloom in its absence I can fully feel the joy of its return, and rejoice with you in it with my whole heart.

¹ Bessy's return from Bath and North Cerney.

Mrs Greathead gave a very pretty little ball last week which was thought very agreeable by all the dames, but for myself I thought it rather too long, as I generally do in my quiescent state, if my non-dancing English men fail me, which they did very much that night. Think of my luck in the foot way. I resolved on learning to waltz, took my first lesson on Xmas Eve, and that very day hurt the side of my foot which has kept me here ever since; and I have not been able to walk beyond church, and often with difficulty there. So ends my prospect of becoming a waltzer, and to tell you a secret I am afraid there is some prospect of gout before me, but for the world I must not whisper that ugly name or the dream of our tender years would vanish. I wish you had seen the Countess Zoutoff's tender manner when she found we were without parents. Her passion for Jessie is nearly as strong as ever, but Jessie began two weeks ago to find it a bore, and now heartily wishes she would take herself off to Russia, and all inclination to be her companion is gone. . . . On Jessie's and Fanny's return last night a little after 9 they found Sismondi awaiting them with Madame Coutouly. Sismondi urged us so strongly to give him an answer whether we would go with him or not next month into Italy that we engaged to make up our minds by the following Saturday. The letters we received from England rather encouraged our going, and one from Joe from Naples marked so strongly the enormous advantage we should find in having Sismondi our guide and protector from imposition in Italy, added to which, Mrs Weld's seeing not the least impropriety in our accepting his protection, as we were three, had nearly decided us on going, but we thought first we might as well ask Madame Constant's opinion, which I found occasion to do at Mrs Greathead's ball. Her opinion was in favour of it, but at the same time asked my permission to put it to her husband;¹ she did so, and two days after

¹ *Henri Benjamin Constant* (born of a French Huguenot family at Lausanne in 1767—d. 1830) was a French author and politician of some note. He had studied at Oxford in his youth. Like Mme de Staël, he was banished from France for denouncing Napoleon's

came here with his opinion, which was so far against our going that we wrote immediately to Sismondi to give it up. Madame Constant is the only charming woman we first found here who has retained her charms, and in my eyes they are very much increased by the sweet manner in which she entered into this business of ours, so delicate and so full of feeling. Both Jessie and I felt the giving up the Italian scheme a very great disappointment. As to Fanny one of her wayward *dégoûts* was on her, and I believe she found it a relief when the prospect of being shut up with Sismondi for a fortnight in a carriage was removed, but Jessie felt the disappointment of this, her favourite scheme, so much that at first I was disposed to feel as much for her in being obliged to give it up as for him. However, by good fortune, she was engaged that night to a ball and supper where she had more dancing and merrier dancing than any she has had before at Geneva, and Sismondi and the Italian scheme was quite forgotten till the next morning, when he came with the hope of changing our purpose, but in vain. Now Jessie has discovered the report of her going to marry him is strong enough to make her dislike the idea of going with him, and now she is a little afraid he will manage to get some married lady to join our party and we shall have no excuse for not going with him. He is the kindest, best, tenderest friend in the world, but for a lover, heaven defend him from thinking of it. I hardly ever saw anyone less calculated to excite the tender passion than himself. To do him justice, however, he is far from professing the lover; indeed his professions are all against it, but I often doubt whether his feelings are. His anxiety for our going with him may be all the want of society, which he feels particularly at Pescia and therefore is eager to get us there to help him out with his nine months' visit to his mother. An Englishman with half his store of mind would feel himself tolerably independent of society, but

despotic acts, and he travelled with her in Germany and Italy. Three years after this time he became leader of the Liberal party in the French Chamber.

with him it is a want that he is wretched without; he goes into it, is looked cold on, or fancies he is looked cold on, and returns home in a miserable state of dejection, but still goes if he has an invitation next day.

Sismondi tries to persuade us we are very much neglected here, I cannot for my life think it. We were at two balls last week, and have two or three invitations before us this week; they are more than I am disposed to accept, and quite enough to prevent the suspicion of neglect; considering we give nothing in return, I think great favour is shewn us. The gayest thing we have before us is the Prince of Mecklenburg's ball, which is to take place on Tuesday, the 28th; eight hundred people are asked, to whom he is to give a supper, and his father requests him to spare no expense in the business. Young Monod is one of his teachers and to him I fancy we owe our invitation.

Notwithstanding all you have heard of the charming people here, there is not one who will make me regret Geneva so much as our Hal.¹ He is almost as kind and affectionate to us as you could be yourself, and we shall miss his beaming face and gay spirits appearing among us every vacant moment. I wish you could see him when he mounts the stairs to inform us of an invitation to a ball. I have not room to tell you now how much the agreeable parts of his character are improved, he is so sociable and so gay that he's sure of being a favourite through life. . . .

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Emma Allen.

ETRURIA, Jan. 21st [1816].

I have not yet thanked you individually, dearest Emma, for the interesting letter I got from you whilst I was at Cheltenham. It was very well it came there, for we wanted amusement cruelly there, and did not find it so easy to get into society there as you have done at Geneva. Not but we were very comfortable among ourselves, but that we could have been at home. I think I told you that we met

¹ Harry Wedgwood, their nephew.

Henry Swinney at Bath and how much I liked him. When I left Bath he had not declared himself, but he did so the day after by letter, and Sarah's answer was as decisive and as kind as she could make it. I think she was very wise to reject him on the score of age, if she had no other objection, for ten years is a fearful difference on the wrong side. I don't know whether Fanny [Allen] is right in her estimate of William Clifford's sentiments with respect to herself, but if he is the man to make her happy, most ardently should I desire the connection. How charming the frank-hearted manner in which she speaks of him in her last. There is something very delightful in the *vrai* of her character. A word of affection or commendation from her is pure gold, for which reason I am so pleased at the favourable report she makes of my Hal's improvements. I know she would not say so "because she thought it would please me," as the poor Collier did to my father, but if she could not commend, she would say nothing. I intreat you, among the *petites morales*, to make him hold up his head, or else it must be terribly in the way of his waltzing partner. We have been so quiet since I came home that I have few annals to give you. We have indeed been asked out six or seven times, but I began by refusing, because I would not leave my boys for the remainder of the holidays, and I was very glad of being under the necessity of keeping up my consistency. We are expecting the Cid¹ and family on Wednesday to stay two or three days. I wrote to ask the Macks to meet them, but the Knight is at Dropmore, and Kitty cannot yet give me a decisive answer, whether she can come or not. . . .

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Fanny Allen.

January 30th [1816].

. . . I am glad you have decided against going to Italy with Sismondi, not because I see any impropriety in it, but because I should not have liked your being so much farther

¹ Sydney Smith.

off. But if M. Constant is against it, it is decisive, as men are always better judges than women, and he is besides (as the Smiths tell me) a very sensible man. The Smiths came here on Wednesday to dinner from Mr Philipps's of Manchester. Mrs Sydney, Saba, Emily, Douglas, and a sweet infant of two years old, called Windham, in their own chaise, a very good-looking affair that Sydney bought last year in London for £70. The Cid himself came in the coach. We had no company to meet them on Wednesday, but on Thursday I asked the three girl Caldwells, who stayed with us till Sunday, and very much they enjoyed their visit. You would be surprised to hear how little literary our conversation was. I don't think we talked of any book but *Rhoda*, which is a novel by Miss Jackson, very good, but which I thought the Cid overpraised. He was in very high fooling every day but the last, when, whether he was made flat by the departure of his three great admirers, or whether he was vexed by some letters he received I don't know, but he was silent and walking up and down the room a great part of the evening. We got him to read prayers and a sermon in the afternoon. The sermon was one he had preached at Sedgeley, it was against envy, and very good. He recovered his spirits next morning when Elizabeth and I walked to Newcastle and saw him depart in a Birmingham coach. They go to Bath to see his father. Mrs Sydney and her children stay there two months, Sydney I suppose as short a time as his filial piety will allow, as he hates Bath mortally, and loves London spiritually. I thought the Cid looked better than when I saw him last, but he gets fat. Mrs Sydney is both younger and handsomer than she was when here last. More good-humoured she could not be. Saba is grown a very genteel girl and seems perfectly good-humoured and amiable, but, like Fanny Waddington,¹ is so educated that all nature is gone, answering every word you say with a sweet undistinguishing smile that says nothing. She must be clever from her parentage, but it is impossible to find it out through

¹ Afterwards Mme de Bunsen.

all the teaching she has had. Douglas is to go to school in about two years, but it is high time he was there already. He is too much brought forward and grows conceited and arrogant. Emily is a very pleasing little girl and very clever. We had not much politics either. Sydney seems to think the Whigs' case hopeless, and speaks very gaily of his narrow circumstances; but he will never be distressed. He has too strong a mind not to act up to circumstances, and he is too wise to poison the happiness in his power by outrunning his income. It is easy to see that he is a rational and strict economist. He takes things very quietly. He does not like the Bourbons, but he thinks it is better they should be on the throne of France than Buonaparte, and he thinks the sending Buonaparte to St Helena the best thing that could have been done. To have kept him safely in England would have been impossible and he would have made disturbances. This week Parliament opens, and the opposition intend to divide against the minister. Mackintosh's furniture is sold, but not the house. I expect some of his great friends will give him an invitation to their houses in town, but Sydney says no,—now that it would be a real accommodation it would be against all rule. Kitty, I expect here, and I hope she will stay long enough to make it an accommodation, which by shutting up Weedon Lodge it might be. I shall be very sorry to miss Mackintosh but I don't expect he will ever come here.

There has been a very great sensation here from the failure of Roscoe's Bank at Liverpool and Mr Eyton's at Shrewsbury. The county is certainly very much distressed at this time. The farmers are ruined, and they have not taken advantage of the years of plenty they have had, but have lived upon the fat of the land, and they have scarcely any of them made any provision for this pressure. England will pay dear enough for putting Louis upon the throne of France in the end.

I am sorry to think that my little boys will leave us on the 10th. They have been so amiable these holidays that they will make us regret their loss very much, not a single

jar with each other has occurred, and I trust their tempers will be as excellent as some of their predecessors'.

How grateful to me, my dearest Fanny, was the proof of your confidence you gave me in your last. I should hardly think anybody good enough for you, but from your and Jessie's and Emma's opinion I think higher of William Clifford than almost anybody else, and should rejoice, if he were *the man*, to hear of his crossing the Alps. Poor Sismondi! though if he finds any married lady as you seem to think he will do, I cannot think why you cannot then go with him, as then the only objection will be obviated. I honour M. Constant for being so staunch in his opinion. A friend who will give advice that he knows is unpalatable is, on some occasions, invaluable. I perceive by Emma's letter that you never give any parties, which is very well, but on going away would it not be a pretty thing to give one just as an acknowledgement to your friends? . . .

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Emma Allen.

ETRURIA, Feb. 24th [1816].

. . . Kitty [Mackintosh] and her two girls came here on Monday se'nnight and very comfortable we have been together ever since. I hope and believe they will stay as long as Mackintosh stays in town, and that I suppose will be for the session. He writes very often to Kitty and his letters are journalwise, so that we know every day what he is doing. He went first of all into lodgings, but Lord Holland has asked him to his house and he is now there. I suppose you know that Lord Holland is in Bobus's¹ house in Savile Row. M. says that it is impossible to know how amiable Lord H. is without being in the house with him. M. seems to complain a good deal of nervousness. He seems to keep his own hours, and eats his chicken alone whenever he is not well enough to join the party. He goes to bed at 12 and always finds a supper laid for him at an early hour, though

¹ "Bobus" (Robert) Smith, Sydney's elder brother: his child-name stuck to him at Eton and through life.

they do not go to bed till three or four o'clock. Every evening there is a collection of distinguished men and agreeable women to be found there after the play and opera, and I think it must be the pleasantest house to visit at in London. Mackintosh has spoken once upon the subject of the treaties, but the debate was long, and the *Morning Chronicle* gave scarcely any report of it. He was not however satisfied with it himself, but he is too fastidious, as well to himself as to everyone else. Horner's speech on the same side seems to have gained great applause. I don't suppose the history goes on at present, but Fanny [Mackintosh] is copying some of the original letters of Prince Eugene from the Marlborough Papers, and Kitty and she are very busy every morning translating something for Mackintosh. Kitty's spirits and health are excellent, and there is so much life and originality in her conversation that her society is a great pleasure to us. We sit together all the evening, and the mornings I am not sorry to have at my own disposal. She has got a very decent manservant here and her little horses. She says they do very well for saddle-horses, but we have not been tempted by the weather to try them yet; I shall, however, soon. Meantime we make them pay for their keep by using them instead of hiring posters when we want to go out. I never saw two such grave girls as the two Mackintoshes, but I think them both clever. Fanny [Mackintosh, aged 16] seems to have a very clear head and a great deal of information very clearly arranged. She is a furious politician, as is likely, but I am not clear whether she is aware of the distinction that everybody ought to feel between patriotism and party spirit. Kitty is very kind and indulgent to them, but she has not accustomed them to prompt obedience. . . .

I don't wonder at your feeling so much the departure of the good and amiable Sismondi. It is not possible to withhold one's affection from such a man as that, if he were as ugly as the Beast in the old tale. You have already had so many agreeable results from your determination, that you have good reasons to trust to this, and go on cheerfully down the stream of life plucking all the flowers that lie in your

way, without being anxious to know whether you have fallen upon the most favourable current. . . .

Emma Allen to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

QUATTRO NAZIONI, FLORENCE, March 19th [1816].

. . . You will be almost as much surprised by the date of my letter as I am to find myself here. It appears to be very much like a dream, but I must tell you how it came to pass. After the flatness of Sismondi's departure and with feelings of despair about ever accomplishing our journey into Italy, at least during the year he was there, we put our names down with a *voiturier* for company into Italy this spring. Much sooner than we expected a *voiturier*, by name Populus, much recommended to us for the care he took of ladies, offered to convey us to Florence with a Mr Cunningham, a young man about your Joe's age, of very respectable character and good manners, who also took an old servant with him, who might be of service to us, as he spoke all the languages. We consulted our friends, the Welds, on this offer and they thought it too good an opportunity for us not to take advantage of. We were therefore introduced to our *compagnon de voyage*, whom we found out to be a nephew of Mrs Dugald Stewart's and brother of Lady Ashburnham. We were much pleased with his manners, which are remarkably gentle and polished, and tho' he is thought very handsome, and in two years' time comes into possession of several thousands a year, we agreed to go with him, fearless of any scandal attaching to our doing so, for when it was known that he was only of the age of our nephew, it couldn't be supposed we had any designs of marrying him. We agreed therefore with Populus to take us to Florence for £44, feeding and lodging us all the way except at those towns where we chose to stop for our own pleasure, and there we were to pay 15 francs a day for him and his horses.

On Monday the 26th of February we left Geneva in a coach and six good horses. Our Harry, with a sociableness that so much reminded me of his mother, got up at 5 to send

us on our way, tho' he had a walk of 2 miles back to take through the rain. His sociableness and frankness are two of his qualities that I delight in. I wish it could have been consistent with his education for him to have taken this journey with us; how he would have enjoyed it. I shall not attempt to describe to you the beauties of towns and countries that we have seen on our way, because you do not delight in description nor I in describing, suffice it therefore to say that we three and our handsome young gentleman took the route of Mount Cenis, which we crossed on the 5th day after leaving Geneva. Buonaparte's road over it is a capital one, so little steep that horses might trot down any part of it, yet it winds you by the side of the most tremendous precipices and over the tops of some of the highest mountains. But for yours and my distaste for description, I could give you a beautiful one of this country from Susa to Turin. That capital appeared very handsome to us on first entering, but its excessive regularity at last became tiresome. We remained from Saturday till Tuesday, which time we employed in running about to see the churches, palaces, &c.; and here was the first place we discovered what a beauty we were travelling with, for every man and woman turned round to look at him, and his conscious and shy look amused me very much. At the Cathedral, where the royal family were at Mass, we heard the finest music possible; the King looked good-natured and foolish, is not popular, but the first thing he did was to abolish torture. At Milan we found a most delightful letter from Sismondi welcoming our coming into Italy, which assured us of finding such friends in it in himself, his mother and sister, and expressed so much joy at the thoughts of again meeting us, that this friendly letter rejoiced us all. In the world we could hardly have found a more thoughtful, kind and active friend than he has been to us.

Modena is a very striking town on first entering, from its handsome gateway, broad streets, and gaily painted houses, but nothing looks gay or alive in the streets of Italian towns; the men you see there look so shabby, and women, you

hardly ever see any. The day after, we got to Bologna, upon the whole the most remarkable town we have seen yet. Here we rested two days; sent a letter to a M. Mezzofanti,¹ professor at the University, who came to us and gave us a list of the things worth seeing and his company, which was worth a great deal. Of Florence I cannot tell you much yet, as I have only been out once at the gallery. Owing to Sismondi, Madame de Staël had been on the look-out for us, and the Duchess de Broglie² called the morning after our arrival, gave us a general invitation to her mother's for every evening, and a particular one to introduce us to the lady of the Russian ambassador, and to as much of the Florentine society as we pleased. Albertine had no longer her London saucy manners but they were simple and she was almost kind to us. The next evening Jessie and Fanny went to her house, and she took them with her to the Russian ambassador's and introduced them to a great number of foreign nobility, as well as English, with which Florence is at this time filled, Lord Burghersh, the English ambassador, Lord A. Hamilton and several others. Fanny waltzed away with great spirit with two Italian noblemen. Jessie had not courage for that but remained the chief of the evening on the arm of Madame de Staël. I make my first appearance in the Florentine world to-morrow at Madame de Staël's. By that time I hope Sismondi will be arrived. His anxiety about us made him write two of the kindest letters in the world to prevent our feeling forlorn on first coming here. You may guess, as we did, that Madame de Staël's active attentions to us have been owing to him, he is so anxious to give us what he considers the best thing in the world, society. He and his mother and sister have been already on the look-out for a house or lodgings that we

¹ Mezzofanti (born 1774, died 1849), afterwards Cardinal and Keeper of the Vatican Library and an astounding linguist. He was said to know sixty-four languages and talk forty-eight. Byron called him "a walking polyglot, a monster of languages and Briareus of parts of speech." He amused people in Ireland by being able to talk English with the brogue to his hosts as well as Erse to the natives.

² Albertine, daughter of Madame de Staël.

should like at Pescia, but they will not decide till we arrive, but he appears to insist that we should put ourselves under their direction. This is not exactly the year to come out of England for cheapness. He tells us at Pescia, and we heard the same on the road, that all the articles of life in them are double their usual price. A bad harvest and Murat's armies were the causes assigned. Sismondi comes here immediately and remains about ten days with Madame de Staël, then takes us back with him to Pescia. . . .

CHAPTER VII

1816

The crisis in Davison's Bank—Its failure averted—The loss of the John Wedgwoods' fortune—Their move to Betley.

IN the summer of 1816 a crisis occurred in the fortunes of the John Wedgwoods. Davison's Bank, in which he was a partner, had apparently been in an unsound state for some time, and there was now imminent danger of bankruptcy. He had sunk nearly the whole of his property in the concern.

Mrs John Wedgwood to her brother-in-law Josiah Wedgwood.

MY DEAR JOS,

[LONDON], August 14 [1816].

I have no doubt that John has thanked you for your letter of the 10th, but I am anxious to add my thanks to his, for what was indeed a type of yourself, in its wisdom and kindness. I can also give you the only reward in my power (but which you will not think trifling), in the assurance that poor John has found considerable relief in acting on your advice. He had last night a quiet comfortable night, and awakened to-day refreshed and with quiet nerves. The confidence you urged him to make to me and the children was indeed suspected by me long, tho' I believe it was proved by the immediate shock it gave me that I had feared more than expected it. All my four children have borne it as I could have wished them, with entire resignation if the blow does fall on us, and with renewed tenderness to their father and myself. Tom I mention particularly, because he has hitherto seen life more in its holiday dress than the rest, but who, I am convinced, will concur without

a moment's hesitation in every regulation of economy it may be necessary to adopt. How poor John has been able to endure as well as he has, what has been his lot for the last few months, I cannot tell, but I have the comfort of thinking that his health is not hurt by it, and for the future, whatever may betide us, I am sure his load will be the lighter for our participation. If reserve were not incurable, I should hope he would lose the habit of being so from his late sufferings, and the relief I am sure he has had from opening his mind; at the same time I must bear testimony to the beauty of his temper, which with such a load on his heart has never for an instant been betrayed into the slightest irritation, nor indeed has it made him withdraw from general sympathy in what was happening round him.

Yesterday was a day of dreadful anxiety to us, but towards the evening money, in the course of business, flowed in, and when they shut shop their spirits were a good deal revived. This however is only temporary, and I will keep this open to tell you the result of to-day: if we are at last to fall, I grieve over these delays, but I am anxious to assure you, and my dear and anxious Bessy, that all our spirits are suffering much less than you may imagine them to do. The idea of ruin has so often been present to my mind, that it comes at last without a shock. Indeed a chance call from Mr Parke yesterday presented us with schemes as a resource for our future life, if the worst befalls us. His daughter is now at Boulogne, where the houses and articles of life are so cheap that I don't know that we could do better than in going there. One of its greatest advantages is the ease and cheapness of getting there. It is not so far as Exeter from hence, and then, my dear Jos, I should not feel as if I was going to quit you for ever, as I am sure our best friends would not fail to seek us out. Sometimes the society of my friends is dearer to me "than gold, yea, than much fine gold," therefore, I will not if I can help it, go beyond their reach. Till post-time farewell.

To-morrow will seal our doom either for good or for bad.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sisters.

[LONDON] 22 August, 1816.

I am now at liberty, my dear girls, to tell you the true reason of my coming up to town in this violent hurry. Secrecy is no longer necessary, as last night the whole affairs here were transferred to Coutts's. This is no longer a Bank, but all the old customers are referred to Coutts. It is a most desirable arrangement to this house, which must otherwise have stopt. Your balance and everybody else's is now at Coutts's, and everybody must be very glad to find their money there. If this had not happened they must have stopt this week, though they had property enough to pay 40s. in the pound, but there was no time. They therefore laid their whole accounts open to Coutts's lawyers, who verified everything with the most scrupulous exactness, and this whole week has been passed in the different negotiations, and in a state of anxiety on our parts difficult to describe. The definitive deeds were not signed till 4 o'clock this morning, and the partners of both houses were here up all night; and several times during the investigation they were nearly off. Thank God however it is now settled, and will be announced in to-morrow's papers.

Jos and I came up last Friday sennight upon hearing that the Bank could not go on another day. We travelled nearly all night and got here to breakfast. Our design was to bring Jenny and her children all down to Etruria. We found them, all but John, very much distressed, and he was very firm. We had no hope, and I was only here to enable Jenny to support the shock when it came. Mr Vizard thought of this scheme, and it was proposed to Sir W. Paston's bank, who declined. It was then offered to Coutts's, who from their being above all fear of a run were induced to take it, and they suppose they will get 3 or 4000 a year by it. We have been like drowning persons rescued from death. The Bank now finishes in an honourable way at least, and all the horrors of bankruptcy are escaped.

This was the thing that affected Jenny and Sally most, and they feel themselves quite in high spirits to-day, at having escaped; and for my own part I feel just the same. I will enter upon another sheet because I think you had so much rather pay a little more than have this interesting subject curtailed. We were obliged to be very cautious all the week, for if a breath of suspicion had gone out while it was pending, there would have been a run, and all would have been over. Happily dear Jenny's health has stood it wonderfully. The circular letters all go out to-morrow, and we are going to dine upon a haunch of venison from Dr Darwin, and on Tuesday we all go out of town in our gimerack for Etruria, and I trust we never shall spend so anxious and unhappy a week as the last. I took Jenny out to Hampton Court yesterday, as well to be out of the way as to see the Philippses. We had a delightful drive, and dear Jenny's elastic spirits rose to a very pleasant pitch. It is wonderful to see the composure with which they all bear the wreck of their fortunes, now they are secure of not being in the *Gazette*. That evil appeared so enormous, that everything else is thought light in the comparison. They will now stay with us till some arrangement can be made as to their future plans. . . .

John was largely helped in his difficulties by his brother Jos, his sisters Kitty and Sarah, and his brother-in-law, Dr Darwin. It was soon after this time that their friend Mr Tollet let them have a small house at Betley at a low rent, for the pleasure of their society, and also to be of service to them in their changed fortunes. Bessy mentions his great kindness to Jane with enthusiasm. "I almost worship Mr Tollet," she wrote. This arrangement continued for eight years, I think the longest time they ever stayed in one house. This was a pleasure to both families and a great delight to Bessy to have her beloved sister so near her.

CHAPTER VIII

1817

The Allen sisters at Pisa—Caroline Drewe and her family—Simondi's courtship—Algernon Langton and Marianne Drewe—Sarah Wedgwood and Jessie Allen—Anne Caldwell's marriage.

THE following letter gives an account of a family gathering at Pisa. Mrs Drewe's two children, Frank and Louisa, were dying of consumption, and were brought there as a last hope. Her two daughters, Marianne and Georgina (afterwards Mrs. Algernon Langton and Lady Alderson) were in the first bloom of their youth, Marianne a beauty and Georgina very piquante and attractive. Jessie, Emma, and Fanny Allen were also staying there to be a support and help to their sister, Mrs Drewe.

Emma Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

PISA, Jan. 16th [1817].

... Dear William Clifford has been with us during the last six weeks, and has shewn himself so inexpressibly amiable that every individual of our party is to-day in mourning for his loss. At first he wished to prevail on us to change our quarters for Rome, but he had too much feeling to wish to entice us from Caroline [Drewe] at present. Here therefore he stayed, for the sake of the company that I believe he likes best in the world; and would have stayed among it longer, if he did not consider it as a duty to return soon to England. You know how highly I always thought of his understanding and character. Now they are considerably raised in my opinion. His judgment is excellent on every point, and I know no one whom it is so satisfactory to discuss a subject with as him, he is always so right and

so gentle. He enters into all our feelings so ardently that I do feel him a very precious friend, and I wish to God his better health would make me feel more secure of him. He was so unhappy when he thought of leaving us about a fortnight ago by himself, that we proposed going over with him to Pescia, to see if Sismondi was inclined to travel with him to Rome. Sismondi was very glad of the offer, but it was no sooner accepted than William Clifford appeared to suffer so much from shyness, that I think he repented he had made it.

We hoped the last day of his stay with us should have been a snug one, and to our family dinner only Major Langton, Sismondi, and W. Clifford were invited. But we had not risen from it before two professors and a friend of theirs were announced. One was a decent man, Santi by name, who was satisfied with a visit of an hour long. But the other two remained till 12, during which time the Italian and patience of the whole party was spent. Sismondi went up to the mad professor and told him, as it was very difficult for the ladies longer to support a conversation in a strange language, they must introduce some plays to amuse them. He would not take this as a hint to be gone, tho' it appeared to us broad enough, but entered with great spirit into magical music and blind-man's-buff, which caused our provoked feelings to vent themselves in some hearty fits of laughter. To see our mad and melancholy men so seriously engaged to catch the young ladies made a most ludicrous scene. From Major Langton's¹ long arms it was almost impossible to escape, and the priest made such an inhuman growl that when he came near me, it had something of the effect of horror and fascination. He is now looking over my shoulder, and if he could read what I am writing, he would. This dreadful man promises to visit us every day for the next three months, and Jessie and Fanny will not agree to shut the doors against him, because of the help he may give them in Italian.

¹ Major Langton was so tall that when he was in a crowd in St. Peter's the Gendarmes ordered him to get down, thinking he must be standing on something.

Major Langton has now been *en pension* during the last month, his spirits are so improved that he has grown in favour with the whole party. I think he is attached to Marianne,¹ but I am not sure; it is however at present an attachment that does not sadden him, and I wish it never may. He has many schemes floating in his head of getting into the Church or getting a consulship. If he could realize these schemes, or rather one of them, I think Marianne would not be cruel. His affection to her and her sisters, and excessive tenderness to the invalids, must win its way into her heart. Mr Leonard Horner is also one of our sociable evening men; he comes in to refresh himself for an hour or two after the nursing of his brother, but always returns by ten, at which hour Francis Horner goes to bed. He has a very good voice and sings very agreeably with the girls, or the Scotch songs by himself.

The following letter is from Sarah, Josiah Wedgwood's youngest sister. Her nature was a difficult one. She was very sensitive and very rigid, and had strong views on all subjects, especially on conduct—her own as well as other people's.

Sarah Wedgwood to Jessie Allen.

MY DEAR JESSIE,

ETRURIA, Feb. 26 [1817].

Reading some old letters of yours the other day gave me an inclination to write to you. On the other hand I had never since I was born had less to say to you; the last four months have passed more entirely without incident of any kind than I could have thought it possible for so long a space of time to do, and the four to come seem likely to be as little variegated.

I need say nothing to the chief part of the contents of your letter, as you have heard that John [Wedgwood] and Jane have given up the thoughts of going abroad, and are going to place themselves where you had placed them in

¹ Major Algernon Langton took orders and married Marianne Drewe in 1820. She died in 1822 after giving birth to one child, Bennet Langton.

your wishes. The Betley scheme is in all our opinions a very excellent one, and it is very agreeable to their own feelings; if you saw the cheerfulness of all that family you would set your mind very much at ease about them. We are in great hopes that their income will not be much diminished by the late change, and then certainly it will be a most happy thing for John and Jane to be rid of an anxiety which has embittered their life for many years, particularly John's. He seems a much happier person than he was, even now before his affairs are fully settled; so don't torment yourself any more on their account.

You used me very cruelly in saying you had a great deal that was interesting to tell me, and then not saying a word on any subject that was interesting, except about Mr W. Clifford. On that subject I hardly know myself what I wish; yes I do, I wish that that might be which you say will not; but if wishes had any power in these no-fairy days, I should be very much afraid to wish this; for, charming as Mr W. C. is, I think the happiness of his wife would always be a very doubtful thing. I feel much less doubt about the chance that M. Sismondi's wife would have of being happy, and I do hope you have not been influenced in refusing so to be, by any reasons but wise ones. By unwise reasons, I mean the fear of John Allen's expressive eye when you present his brother-in-law to him, and such little feelings, which I know you would find it difficult to shake off, and which it would be a thousand pities that you should attend to, if for them you give up the greatest happiness this world can give—that of spending your life with a person who suits you, who loves you, and whom you love. For such a destiny I would run the gauntlet of all the quizzing that this quizzing age could shoot at me. If you find that you have done wrong, and that you are not happy, don't be ashamed to own that you have changed your mind to one, who would perhaps give his right hand to hear it.

I cannot take your advice in the regulation of my feelings about my friends. Friendship is to me a much

more serious thing than it is to you; with me, I may almost say, it is the only thing. I must be happy in friendship or do without happiness. I do not mean "or be unhappy," because I have found more than once that by changing myself from a feeling to a thinking being, I can go on pretty well, but I am unfortunately subject to relapses. What a friend I could make out of two of mine. If I could add the agreeableness, the charming and interesting qualities of Mrs S.¹ to the fine understanding and excellent and high qualities of heart and soul of Anne Caldwell, and if this superb creature would condescend to be my friend, I should think I had found such a treasure as the world never saw. But the gods are as likely to annihilate space and time to make two lovers happy, as to work the miracle that I desire at their hands.

Anne has been spending some time with me lately, and I have had a great deal of writing intercourse with her besides. The result of a more thorough knowledge of her has been an increased love and admiration of her. I don't think people in general are aware of the very great superiority of her understanding; I know you are, so I am not afraid of saying to you what I think of her. Besides her understanding, I have a great admiration of her wisdom. I don't mean that she is able always to act wisely herself, but she has a great deal of wisdom when she is not led astray by her feelings, or nerves, or anything of that sort. One thing that I value very particularly in her as a companion, is that I have never any thought or feeling *de trop* in my intercourse with her. With almost everybody one feels, "This part of my heart and mind and soul finds an answering heart, mind and soul in this person, but there is another

¹ Mary Ann Schimmelpennick (1778—1856) was a daughter of Samuel Galton, and cousin of Sir Francis Galton. As a girl she had the character of a mischief-maker, and one of her relations declared she had been the means of breaking off thirteen engagements. She also made false statements about Dr Erasmus Darwin, which are published in her *Life*, and contradicted in Charles Darwin's *Life of Erasmus Darwin*. But she afterwards became a most virtuous, religious, and learned lady. She wrote on the "Theory of Beauty," and on the "History of Port Royal."

part of me which is of no use in this friendship, that part I must reserve for such another person," but with Anne no part need wait. Whatever mood I am in, I find something in her that suits that mood; and I never have to keep back any thought or feeling from the consideration that some other person will be more likely to enter into it. This is partly owing to the richness and fulness of her mind, and the strength of her feelings, and partly to our ways of thinking and feeling being alike. I think you will be surprised after all I have said in Anne's praise, that I should not be perfectly satisfied and have no longings for this compound friend composed "of every creature's best": you will perhaps, still think me very foolish when I have explained myself, but that is a thing I never minded with you, and this letter is entirely for your own eye. It is my misfortune to be not of an affectionate disposition, though affection is almost the only thing in the world that I value; I don't know why I should be ashamed to own what I cannot possibly help, an extreme fastidiousness about charm and agreeable qualities; there are very few persons in the world who are agreeable and charming enough in appearance, manner, and conversation to give me a lively pleasure, and I seem as if I could not feel affection enough to satisfy me without that. It is partly owing I suppose to my so seldom feeling a lively affection, that I feel its sweetness so very sensibly when I can catch it, and that I seem almost as if I could not bear to be without it.

I have been hesitating whether I would send you this strange letter begun yesterday. I think I will venture, as we had the satisfaction of hearing a better account from Pisa last night, so that I hope you will be in a humour to be indulgent to one of the *épanchements de cœur*, which I seem impelled now and then to offer to your mercy.

I think I have never written to you since I read *Glenarvon*.¹

¹ Lady Caroline Lamb (wife of William Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne) was an eccentric, fascinating, inordinately vain woman. *Glenarvon* owed its brief success to the caricature portrait of Lord Byron, with whom she had fallen passionately in love. Byron wrote: "As for the likeness, the picture can't be good; I did not sit long enough."

I agree with you in admiring it exceedingly in some respects, though I said you must have been absolutely crazy when you said it was not against Lady Caroline Lamb to have written and published it. I do think that was one of the most shameless acts that a woman was ever guilty of. I am surprised that so little was said of the beauty of the work. I did not think the moral feeling of the London world had been so strong, as to prevent them from seeing or owning the power of fine writing. I almost think that as a picture of the feelings, *Glenarvon* is superior to any work I ever read; if I did not feel sure that the author described her own feelings, I should think her a woman of great genius. As it is, I am very much inclined to think her, in that particular department of representing feeling, superior to Madame de Staël, for she too, I believe, can only paint what she has felt or seen. If the eloquence, energy, and beauty of many scenes in *Glenarvon* had been bestowed on a less abominable subject, what an admirable work it would have been. That is not quite true neither, for she could never write a tolerable story. I have a particular taste for Lady Caroline's humour, as well as her *passionné* writing. I think it is remarkably easy and entertaining. It must be owing to the same severe morality which surprised me about *Glenarvon*, that we hear so little of Lord Byron's last volume of poetry. I suppose one ought to admire that goodness which makes people insensible to beautiful poetry because the writer behaved ill to his wife, but I can't find it in myself, and I admire some of his late poems very much. We have been reading the new edition of Wordsworth's poetry, in which there are several new things. I like some of them very much, yet I don't know if we (meaning by "we" the Miss Allens and myself) have not admired Wordsworth rather above his merits. My present notion is (how surprised he would be to hear that any human being could have such a notion) that he has not understanding enough to be a very fine poet. I have been reading a pamphlet by Mr Coleridge, which he calls "The Statesman's Manual, a Lay Sermon." It would quite have killed us if it had come out

some years ago, when we were fighting in his cause against his despisers and haters. I do think I never did read such stuff as the sermon, such an affectation of the most sublime and important meaning and so much no-meaning in reality. I can't see how any human being could possibly learn anything either about their duties, or anything else, by the whole sermon. The notes I like much better, but he has the vilest way of writing that ever man had; he is as insolent as his brother-Lakers, takes the same high ground, no mortal can tell why, except that it pleases them to think that their proper place is on a throne, and he writes more unintelligibly, more bombastically than any of them. . . .

Considering that I began with nothing to say, I think I have travelled over a good deal of paper, I hope what I have heard is true about the cheapness of postage at Pisa. Tell me what you pay for this great packet of—I don't know what. Give my kind love and best wishes to Mrs Drewe and all your party. Farewell, my dear Jessie, ever yours affectionately, S. W.

The letter just given shews, as might have been foreseen, that Sismondi had fallen in love with Jessie Allen, and had proposed to her, meeting at first with a refusal. The Allens left Pisa in the spring, after the death of Frank and Louisa Drewe, and went to Frascati.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Emma Allen.

ETRURIA, Aug. 25, 1817.

. . . I am very sorry you have lost some of your friends, and very glad you have lost others. We shall now be looking out for your dispatches by the inconceivable Mrs Waddington. I hope you have not been indiscreet in what you have sent by her. What is become of our Jess that she is so idle at her pen? Great are the lamentations upon that subject. Sarah [Wedgwood] says she has not heard from her since Jan'y; I have not for the last six months, and Baugh says he has not heard from either of you for the last nine months. . . .

Sarah has been unwell and out of spirits, but she is reviving now, but I don't think she ever will be happy at Parkfields. There is not enough to do. She is incomparably benevolent, but she has not patience to enter sufficiently into the details to produce occupation. For instance, she gave a very large sum to the poor of this parish to be distributed in clothing; but she gave it to the overseer, in consequence of which it was done at a stroke. It only saved the poor rate, and when she had given the money, there was nothing more to be done. Had she managed it herself it would have been occupation, besides the more immediate exertion of her benevolent feelings. I dare say you have heard of Kitty and Sarah's munificent present to the distressed poor in Cardiganshire. If you have, it will bear repetition. Lord Robert¹ made quite an eloquent and most heartbreaking statement on the distress of the poor among the hills last winter, in the House of Commons, which made a great impression. The Chancellor of the Exchequer sent him 50 out of his private purse to assist them. Kitty and Sarah sent him 200.

The Caldwells are exceedingly pleased with this match of Anne's, and I like him² very well. She is I believe now entirely attached to him. Nobody ever took more pains to be in love than she did, but she has succeeded, and will, I hope, be very happy. All bridegrooms are Nonsuches, but he really does seem very amiable.

Tell me a little of your rate of living, for now that your annuities are about to be in part redeemed, I am like old Martha, as Kitty calls me, troubled lest your income should fall short. I hope you will not stay long enough away to make me cry, like Mrs Evans of Panty-trendy, "to see you so frenchified." At any rate, do not stay long enough to give you a feeling of estrangement when you come among us.

I have framed my Fanny's beautiful portrait, and it stands on the drawing-room chimney-piece, and is admired

¹ Lord Robert Seymour of Taliarris, father-in-law of John Allen of Cresselly.

² Mr Arthur Marsh, son of the senior partner in the Bank of Marsh, Sibbald and Co.

by everyone, even the fastidious Jos says it is excellent. I have got John Allen's as a companion to it, which puts me in a passion, but having no better I am forced to take up with that. I mean to frame Caroline also. Can you get me a good one of yourself and Jessie? I should be very glad to pay for them, of about the size of Fanny's. I should delight to have them. A thousand loves to you all, my dear sisters and nieces, E. W.

CHAPTER IX

1818

The Josiah Wedgwoods in Paris—The Collos Cousins—William Clifford—Dancing lessons—Madame Catalani—Emma's first letter—Society and housekeeping in Paris—Fanny and Emma at school—A letter from their old Nurse.

IN 1818 Josiah Wedgwood, his wife, and his four daughters journeyed to Paris, and stayed there some months. Elizabeth was 24, Charlotte 21, Fanny nearly 12, and Emma nearly 10 years old. Young as she was, Emma vividly remembered to the end of her long life the impression of this first landing in France. She often spoke to us of the enchanting strangeness of it all, the foreign aspect of Calais, and even its smell.

The society of William Clifford added greatly to the pleasure of their stay in Paris. All four daughters were more or less in love with him, even Emma at ten years old. He appears to have been especially attracted by Charlotte, then in the first bloom of her beauty, and felt the charm of her voice and singing. He also greatly admired Mr Wedgwood, and Bessy wrote of him during this stay: "His whole life seems to be made up of regrets, and his constant refrain is, 'I wish I had known Mr Wedgwood early in life.'"

Madame Collos, who first appears in the letters from Paris, was the daughter of Roger Allen, a younger brother of John Bartlett Allen of Cresselly, and therefore a first cousin to Bessy. Monsieur Collos, her husband, was an officer in the French army. He was taken prisoner in the landing of the French at Fishguard in 1787. Mrs Allen of Freestone remembered seeing the prisoners marched into Pembroke and shut up in the churches, as there was no prison to hold them. When released on parole, Monsieur Collos gave music lessons, and thus became acquainted with his future wife. In 1818 he lived in the Rue de la Grande Truanderie in Paris, and was then a fishmonger by trade.

Charlotte Wedgwood to her brother Henry Allen Wedgwood.

MY DEAR HARRY,

PARIS, March 19 [1818].

We arrived here last Saturday, after being from Wednesday morning on the road. We found a letter from Madame Collos at the Barrier, directing us where to go, and we found very pleasant lodgings at l'Hôtel du Mont Blanc, rue de la Paix; it is a very gay situation. . . . Yesterday we drank tea with Mme Collos, and after tea went to see the scholars of the dancing-master who teaches the children to dance. I was very much amused with little Louis, who pressed me and the little girls very much to dance, and when at last he prevailed on Fanny, he made her an elegant bow and kissed her hand with as good a grace as Sir Charles Grandison could, which had a very ridiculous effect, as the little gentleman is but seven years old and very little for his age; and when we got up to go to the dancing-school, he took out Emma, gave her his arm, and led her off. Friday 20. Yesterday was the grand procession of Longchamps, which we made part of; it was the gayest sight I ever saw, the day was beautiful and there were such crowds of people that it appeared as if Paris must have emptied itself. They were all dressed in the gayest colours, and some of the equipages were most magnificent, particularly the Duke of Wellington's, which was the finest of all. We got into the line of carriages and were more than two hours before we got home. Sismondi drank tea with us, he talked a great deal; he is not near so ugly as he has always been represented to us. I should like to see more of him. We have a maid named Aglaë who gives us some amusement from being so exceedingly French; she makes a good contrast with our *valet de place*, who is the stupidest German that ever was seen, and she makes heavy complaints of his stupidity; when first he came, and she found that his name was Paul, "Ah monsieur," she said, "c'est dommage que je ne suis pas Virginie."

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her brother Harry Wedgwood.

HOTEL DU MONT BLANC, RUE DE LA PAIX,
April 8, 1818.

. . . We are grown very grand people, we have been in company with a Queen, sitting quite at our ease as if we were as good as she, and not even rising when she came in and went out. It was at Mme Récamier's,¹ to whom we had letters from Miss Edgeworth, and she has been remarkably civil to us. She asked the Queen of Sweden on purpose for us to see her and offered to present Mamma, but she would not accept the honour. The Queen is a very plain little woman, in a large bonnet and shawl. Mamma sat by a very merry lady who has taken a fancy to her and is coming to visit her. M. Sismondi was there, M. Benjamin Constant, M. Chateaubvieux, so we were quite among the *littérati*. A very chatty gentleman who talked English fell to the share of Aunt Kitty and me, and went over now and then to Charlotte and would make her talk French, which she hates doing. . . .

I think Paris is a much more beautiful city than London, though there is not that appearance of solid wealth as in the many well-built streets of London; but we have nothing to compare with the Place Louis Quinze for elegance. The cleanness too is so delightful.

Our great stay and support here is Mr Clifford, who comes in at all hours, and we see him at least twice a day. We have been doing our utmost to make him buy a new hat, and I expect him to come in presently to shew his transformation by a French hat. The girls [Fanny and Emma] are very busy with their master. Mamma has been thinking a little of putting them to a French school, which they rather like the thoughts of, to my surprise. Mme Gautier has promised to get us if she can to some French balls, and accordingly we are taking some lessons of a Mulatto man in

¹ Mme Récamier was at this time a woman of forty-one. For more than twenty years her *salon* had been the resort of the brightest wits of the time. She lived till 1849.

a black night-cap and iron-heel boots, who we hope will make us accomplished dancers. But it is a secret, as we think ourselves too old to learn and are ashamed of it.

We are going to-night to a *soirée* at Mme Catalani's. We dined there the other day and had rather an odd day. There were two Italian ladies there, sister-in-law and niece of Catalani, and a very vulgar Frenchwoman, who all talked as fast and loud as possible. After dinner Catalani called Charlotte over to her, whisked off her handkerchief, pulled down her shoulders, pinched her stays together, and declared she held herself like a grand-papa. You would have laughed to see Charlotte in the hands of two or three foreigners pulling her about so, and paying her plenty of compliments into the bargain. She submitted to it all wonderfully well considering. We are getting quite dissipated, invitations are coming in so fast. And now, my dear Harry, I shall finish this letter to Frank, because the poor man has scalded his leg and is laid up. So you must send him this letter, and do not let it be a week on your window first. So good-bye.

My poor dear Frank, How come you not to have left off your old trick of killing and maiming yourself, do you like it still? I think you are quite right about Gil Blas, and therefore it is not a book that I care whether I read or not. Mamma and Charlotte and I dined the other day at Mr Newnham's, where we met the great traveller Baron Humboldt,¹ who is the most amusing man I have seen a long time, and talks faster than anybody but Dr Darwin, but so clear that you can hear all he says. He was talking a great deal about the Northern expedition that Hensleigh's friends know so much about. He said that beyond a certain northern latitude the Aurora Borealis is never seen. . . .

¹ Alexander von Humboldt (1769—1856), the great naturalist, whose travels in S. America had made him famous. Those travels with all the wonders of tropical scenery are described in his *Personal Narrative*; and it was in part the reading of that book that made Charles Darwin eager to accept the offer of the post of naturalist on the *Beagle*.

Emma Wedgwood to her brother Frank.

MY DEAR FRANK,

We have got such numbers of masters. Two belong to Charlotte and two to us. I like the Coloes very except the youngest Louis who bothers one very much. At the dancing school there is a little dance every Friday and we go and dance very often they are going this moment to put in the post-office yours Emma Wedgwood.

This little letter is, I believe, the only scrap that has been preserved of Emma's writing when a child. The look of it is not at all prophetic of her writing in after-life. The words run in a very tipsy fashion across the page and seem as if formed with much labour.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Fanny Allen.

PARIS, RUE CAUMARTIN, No. 19, 15 May, 1818.

. . . Nothing can be more comfortably settled than we are here. We have a remarkably pretty little house to ourselves, in the genteel part of the town. The girls take a dancing-lesson every morning, Italian, French, singing and music three times a week; so it is not our fault if we are not very accomplished, but I am afraid we may forget to read. Nothing can exceed the kindness or the agreeableness of your two friends, but alas! Mr Clifford goes to England on Monday, and you must direct to him at Mrs Bosanquet's. The Caldwells are here and are as busy as possible, but I am afraid they lose some enjoyment in their eagerness not to miss any. Mr Clifford took them a little in dudgeon at first, as he feared they would interfere with the snugness of this place, but he went with us yesterday to Hotel Tamise, rue de la Paix, where they are to drink tea, and liked them very much.

I should have a thousand affectionate messages to you if I could spare paper, but that I cannot. I am obliged to make free with the top of Mr Clifford's letter, as it is, and I don't know whether he has finished. I am going to pay

a visit to Madame Récamier on Sunday and to return by Sceaux. Mrs Collos we see pretty often, though I am afraid not quite so often as she wishes. It is natural for her to wish it, but the consciousness of that sometimes makes me feel uneasy in not doing more, but I cannot find time or inclination. She is very affectionate and full of zeal in our service, but I think you had better give her no commissions before you come here of any sort. . . .

William Clifford to Fanny Allen.

MY DEAR,

It is all the fault of that irreproachable Mrs Wedgwood that I did not write to you long ago, for I have been bursting with affection ever since I received your kind letter and not known what to do with it. I began a letter yesterday, but I got bothered with Mrs Collos's English (as she is pleased to think it), and now here is the same hashed up again. I go on liking the house of Wedgwood *vastly*, but it is now nearly over, for I am leaving Paris next week and I am not so extravagant as to keep up an establishment of useless friends out of reach. Your Mr Sismondi is in high bloom, and very constant to you, notwithstanding a great deal else to do or to enjoy. I now and then try to tease him into some sort of a kindness towards me but he seems to have made up his mind on that point. . . .

Your sentence on me that I am never to be in love is rather disheartening, and I got another letter at the same time to the same effect; and it will perhaps set me about trying one of these days, but I suspect with you that it is not my vocation. I have nothing more to say without looking for it, which would be as bad for you as me. Remember me most kindly to Mrs Drewe, Misses Marianne and Georgina, and let all my old friends believe me ever very sincerely theirs,

WILLIAM CLIFFORD.

Which do I like best of Misses Elizabeth or Charlotte ?

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her father in England.

RUE CAUMARTIN, May 24, 1818.

. . . We had a day at Montmorenci last week with Mr Clifford and the Caldwells which I enjoyed very much, The weather was delicious, we mounted our asses and went into the woods, which are the prettiest things now you can imagine, fine chestnut trees over grass, and a great deal of copse of chestnut, which makes by far the prettiest kind of underwood, so soft and rich and thick, and without brambles. We took a baggage ass with provisions, and three ragged boys to drive, and spent all the day under the trees. It was amusing to see the difference between our two French servants and any English ones. They were playing all manner of pranks with the asses and screaming and laughing like boys, quite as much at ease as if we were not looking on. They enjoyed the day full as much as we. Emma and Fanny were very happy on their asses, and quacked accordingly. Last night we had our *soirée* which Mr Clifford foretold before you went. It did as well as a collection of people, few of whom knew one another, could do. There was a whist party for the Baronne de Barbier, who is a fat, happy-looking woman. Sismondi and Mr Newnham had a political discussion; John Blunt had the Caldwells to talk to, and Mrs Strolling sang several songs with a very fine voice indeed but not near so well as we heard her at her own house.

We had a dutiful day with the Truanderie last week. They came and drank tea as well as the Caldwells. Mme Collos refused an invitation to our *soirée*, which I was glad of I confess. Mamma was very tolerably satisfied with our performance last night, and with flowers and a lustre the room looked very pretty.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her husband.

SATURDAY, June 6, 1818.

I must answer your letter this moment, my dear Jos, while the impression of its kindness is warm in my heart. You cannot guess half the pleasure it gave me, valuing your approbation and your affection more than anything in this world. I am very glad one cause of my uneasiness is removed in the generous resolution you have taken, and another still more important in the improving state of Jenny's health. Poor Caroline's¹ hard fate still presses heavily on my heart. . . .

We are all much pleased at the improving prospect of our Swiss tour, though we had made up our minds to come home with a very good grace if it could not have been accomplished.

Mr Clifford is really gone. He went with Mr Clive² early yesterday morning. He spent the day preceding with us, and he seemed quite low at parting. He gave us all three a very pretty fan apiece as a parting *gage d'amitié*, but Charlotte is decidedly his favourite, and with any other person in the world I should say it was love, but he persists in saying he shall never see any of us again. Mr Sismondi and Mr Gallois were very agreeable and suitable to each other the day they dined here. They were amusing themselves a little with Madame Récamier's establishment at Val de Grace, the place we visited her at, though they did not speak of it as if it was at all against her reputation. They said that she and M. Montmorenci had hired the house of M. de Chateaubriand, as a joint concern, but it was so small that there was no room either for Madame de Montmorenci, or M. de Récamier, and that she had consulted her friends and they had told her there was nothing odd in the scheme. They like the place so much that they talk of purchasing it between them.

¹ Mrs Drewe, who was still in Italy with her daughters Marianne and Georgina. Her daughter Charlotte was fatally ill in England.

² Edwin Bolton Clive of Whitfield, sometime M.P. for Hereford.

M. Récamier returns to Paris every evening. I did not hear what Madame de Montmorenci does.

Our restorateur's bill comes to a little more than 5 Napoleons a week, finding our own bread. Our washing nearly 2 Napoleons, our bread about 17 francs. Butter, milk and cream 1.10 per diem. Then there is water and wood and numbers of other little things, but one certainly lives cheaper here than one would do in London. . . .

On June 24 the father, mother, Elizabeth and Charlotte went to Switzerland, partly to place Frank and Hensleigh with Mr Chenevière at Geneva, where Harry had formerly been. The two little girls were left at a boarding-school in Paris during their absence of some months. Every Sunday they passed in the Rue Truanderie with their cousin Madame Collos. My mother told us how the house smelt of fish, and how she could not bear little Louis. She wondered at her mother's leaving two such little girls alone in Paris. In September the whole family returned to Maer.

*M. Jones (their former nurse) to Fanny and Emma
Wedgwood.*

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

CHESTER, Dec. 8, 1818.

I have neglected you very long after your desiring an answer, but I thought I should meet with an opportunity and so I have. I was very happy you may be sure to see a line from those whom I love and to hear of every body being got quite well and I think Tritton your little Dog must be a Treasure to you to go about with. I wish I could come and go with you and see how much you are grown. I am afraid of you overgrowing me at least by recollection of old times when your legs was so short you could not get up and down Maer Hills but used to ride upon my back—those were pleasant days indeed I am very happy now with my aunt and Mrs Robberts two old women for companions now not little Doveleys—Mrs Robberts is 84 years of age and my aunt is 74 both very cheerful and good tempered and me very busy from

morning till night. . . . You did not tell me how you liked being left in Parris when all the party left you to go into Swisserland. I dair say you thought it was for the best and was very orderly about it. I dair say your cubboard ware you put your clothes is very tiday you can find your things in the dark Hannah says you are very tiday I hope she is good-natured to you and then I know you will be to her. . . . Now with evry warm wish for your Health and Happiness I am yours affectionately

M. JONES.

Please to remember me kindly to Peeter and Molly.

CHAPTER X

1819

Jessie Allen and Sismondi—An outpouring to her sister—Bessy's reply—Some account of Sismondi—Their early married life—Posting across France.

IN the autumn of 1818 Jessie, Emma, and Fanny Allen came back after their three years' absence on the Continent. As has appeared, Sismondi had proposed to Jessie in 1816, and although he had been refused he continued his suit. The following letter shows her frame of mind. She was staying at Cresselly with her brother John and his wife.

Jessie Allen to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

CRESSELLY, Dec. 2 [1818].

I love to be called upon for a letter by my own Bessy. Mrs Allen received yours yesterday, and there was a sweet remembrance to me. I have not written to you since I have been in England, because others have, from where I have been, which rendered it unnecessary. I have been myself in such a painful state of indecision and doubt I could not have any pleasure in writing, and I did not like to speak openly till I knew my own mind better; and I was continually expecting to know it, and continually awoke hesitating, indecisive, and uncomfortable as I went to bed. I would have given anything to have talked with you, consulted with you, but I should have had no comfort in writing. I forget that all this is algebra to you, but I left Geneva promising Sismondi to reconsider his offer, and try if while in England I found my heart steadily rejected him. It did not, even while I persisted in refusing him. I did not intend

he should find that out, nevertheless; but he did in our many tête-à-têtes at Chamouny, and above all I betrayed myself when we came to part. This occasioned his renewing his offer, with an affection and a warmth of feeling that might have made me happy if half-a-hundred other affections had not drawn me another way, and shame and irresolution and timidity had not frightened me, and made me uncertain of myself, and doubtful whether I should have courage to answer the hopes I had raised. He expressed himself with a vehemence that frightened me while these doubts tormented me, and I wrote coldly, and to remind him of the terms on which we parted, which were, that we were each to try if we could live happy separately. We were each to use our best efforts to do so, and only take the remedy of marriage if we found we failed, using the utmost openness and frankness one with the other. After we parted I found he loved me too well to be placed on such terms, and that indecision was the worst state in the world to have thrown a nature so impetuous, so naturally decisive as his. My letter, which I only intended to prepare him for what I could not answer would not be, hurt him inexpressibly; this grieved me, and I wrote to him again soothingly and tenderly, but in the meantime I received three letters that appeared to me harsh, and that gave me an idea that the fortnight I had allowed my cold letters to operate on him had cooled his affection, that the mischief to him was done and could not be undone, and therefore the best thing I could do now was to hurt no others, and to finish with Sismondi. Under this impression I wrote to him yesterday, but just as I had finished my letter came one from him in answer to my kind one, by which I perceive I was deceived, that he loves me as tenderly as ever; and this effort has shewn me also more of my own heart than I knew. I love him more than I would allow even to myself, and I began to think I cannot be happy separate for ever from him. I did not send that letter, and thus I now stand, and thus painfully have I passed the last month, mixed nevertheless with moments of exquisite pleasure

from all the tenderness and happiness of a return to a very dear country, and a delightful family, which I must always think and say mine is, when no one hears me but one that will sympathise with me. These joys tho', only made my situation and my choice more difficult. At first I intended saying nothing to John [Allen] or to anyone till my mind was made up. I knew they would tell me to consult my own feelings only. But I found secrecy from John was intolerable, as it would be from you and Jane [Wedgwood] if I held any intercourse with you. I therefore, trembling, bathed in dew, cheeks burning and mouth parched, opened my case to him. Anything was better than reserve with one so tender, so considerate of my future comfort, that his mind seemed solely occupied with plans for us, so that every word he uttered, every look was a reproach to me. I was much happier after having spoken to him. I never will have mystery with those I love. John was not more vexed than I might have expected. He said indeed it was the greatest blow he could have received; his cherished hope had been that we should have passed the close of our day together; that my marriage would be to him the same as if I took the veil in a distant country, but that after all I must consult only my own heart. He would rather not see me at all than see me unhappy. That he thought the wisest way was for me to consider, not whether I could be happy with Sismondi, but whether I should be unhappy without him, "for he believed no one ever had so much to give up as I had." And indeed that is true. When I think on all I have to give up, I question how it is possible. I appear to myself unaccountable that I should have arrived in a situation to place it in doubt; but when I take the pen to put an end to it, I am panic-struck, and so much tenderness in spite of myself is expressed, that my letter, when I say no, only tells how painful it is to me and how many regrets must follow. I must however finally decide in a day or two. I cannot wait even your answer. I have been horribly diffuse, intending to be very concise. I

doubt also if I have been clear, I am sure I have been very candid. I believe I have shown you the utmost of my feelings on both sides. I long to know your opinion, or feelings rather, tho' they can be of no use. Dearest Bessy, it is very hard to act in opposition to the opinion and feelings of all we have ever loved. I want you to comfort me. We have had here the most delightful reception that could be given. It is impossible to be more attentive to our comfort than Mrs Allen, or more tender than my own Jack. The way he has taught his children to love us before they knew us, tells his own affection. They are the finest children I ever saw; Harry¹ is I think a beauty, they are not so much spoiled as I expected, but too much so, to be as engaging as they would be naturally. They are the most affectionate children I have ever met with, and that their little faces express, but I perceive no symptom of genius in either. . . . Give our tender love to my dear Jenny, Jos, and all I love, which you will find out from all you love yourself, and God for ever bless my own own.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Jessie Allen.

SHREWSBURY, Dec. 6 [1818].

My being at this place, dearest Jessie, has occasioned a delay of two or three days in my getting your letter, which I did not do till last night, otherwise I could not have let it remain a day unanswered. How little did I think of the painful struggles you were going through, at the time when I imagined you giving and receiving unalloyed pleasure, and how sorry I am that the very circumstances, that are so gratifying in other cases, the extreme love of your friends, only serve to add to your difficulties. But this is not now to be considered. You would not yourself wish them to be insensible to your value, to be insensible to your, I will not call it loss, but absence. Your own happiness, my dearest Jessie, is the point upon which we must all fix our eyes, and I pray God to direct you for the best. I cannot read the

¹ H. G. Allen (1815—1908), Q.C. and M.P.

sweet and candid picture you have given me of your own heart without being persuaded that you will be unhappy in giving up Sismondi, and which of us would not a thousand times rather see you happy with him, than have your society, if you yourself are to be the victim of your too tender nature? We have all made our election without reference to you, and you have a full right to do the same. In comparing your situation and ours, we don't stand at all upon the same ground. *We* risk the loss of a very great pleasure, but *you* risk the happiness of your life; therefore dear dear Jessie, lay aside every consideration that will prevent your seeing what that is, and be assured we all love you too dearly to repine, if happiness should be the result, whichever way you decide. Perhaps the die will be cast before this reaches you, and if it is, I am anxious that you should feel no misgivings to torment you. To be united to a man you so entirely love and approve, is worth some sacrifices; and you must let it balance whatever there is of this nature in marrying Sismondi. From having lived two years abroad, you are a better judge of the life you are likely to lead than most women who follow their husbands to a distant country, and very few women have had the opportunities of knowing the character of the man they marry that you have. I think you cannot be happy in giving up the man you love, and I see no reason to doubt your being happy with him. I don't touch upon income, because no doubt you have not let that go without some consideration. I say nothing of my own opinion of him, because I saw too little of him to make it of any importance, but he appeared to me everything that is amiable, and his sentiments and tastes are all so congenial to your own, that if he lived in England, and had a little more money, we should all rejoice in the connection. . . .

Your account of the children is delightful, and I am convinced from what you say that it is a good thing to teach children to be affectionate, and it is not so likely to do (what I used to fear) give them grimace, as to inspire them with the real feeling. . . .

Jessie's engagement to Sismondi took place, and the following is Mr Clifford's congratulatory letter:

William Clifford to Jessie Allen.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

[1819].

I cannot help writing direct to yourself, though with the risk of being somewhat in the way, to tell you my most earnest wishes for your happiness. You have chosen a very able, a most excellent man, who loves you very ardently—at least I believe all this, but Mrs Wedgwood sneers so at my penetration that I am afraid of putting it on paper. You must make it a marriage article that M. Sismondi is to be no longer my enemy. I expect to find in him an affectionate friend-in-law. You know I was always *magnanimous*, and did justice to his 1001 fine qualities, in spite of his perverse dislike to my poor self, and I do not grudge him the best wife in the world.

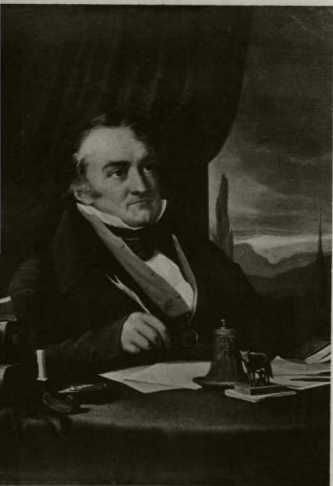
I long to be among you, but I should have been terribly in the way during all this secret concoction, and I had a lucky escape of it.

God bless you, my dear friend. When you see M. Sismondi will you remember to make him my warmest congratulations, and for the life of you let there be no change in your kindness to your own G.—a name, however, so little respectful that I cannot reconcile myself to writing it, though truly glad to hear it once again.

Saturday, WHITFIELD.

Jessie married Sismondi in April, 1819. He was then 46 and she was 42. The plunge, when taken, proved at first more than she could endure, and she was wretched at leaving her sisters and England. But she gradually became inured to the separation, and her deep attachment to Sismondi and his passionate devotion to her made her completely happy.

Jean Charles Léonard Simon de Sismondi (to give him his full name), born in 1773, came of an Italian family which had been settled in Geneva for two or more generations, and bore the name Simond. He called himself de Sismondi,



Mme Munier-Remilly

J. C. de SISMONDI



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claiming descent from the noble Pisan family of that name. At this time (1819) he was a person of importance in the literary world, having lately completed his history of the Italian Republics, the work which made his fame. He had passed through great troubles and dangers in early life. At the time of the Terror in Paris (1794), there was a similar outburst of democratic fury at Geneva, and he and his family narrowly escaped being massacred. They fled to Tuscany, losing most of their property. On getting back to Geneva Sismondi devoted himself to literature, and attached himself to the circle of Mme de Staël at Coppet. At this time, being quite poor, he wrote hundreds of articles in Michaud's *Biographie Universelle* at six francs an article. It was just about the time of his engagement that he began his great *Histoire des Français*, at which he worked some eight or ten hours a day for twenty-three years. He died when finishing the 28th volume. One more was added after his death to complete the work. It was the first continuous history of France, and made him the foremost historian of his time. St Beuve, in one of his *Nouveaux Lundis* (Vol. vi., 1866), gives it great, though curiously qualified praise: "Si j'avais à conseiller à une jeune personne sérieuse, à une lectrice douée de patience, un livre d'histoire de France qui ne faussât en rien les idées, et où aucun système artificiel ne masquât les faits, ce serait encore Sismondi, que je conseillerais de préférence à tout autre."¹ Sismondi wrote several books on Political Economy, wherein he attacked tooth and nail the fundamental principles of the orthodox economists. Some of his denunciations of competition, machinery, etc., remind one of the utterances of Ruskin. He advocated what we now know as "profit-sharing."

In earlier and later life Sismondi gave proofs that he was a man of courage. During the Terror of 1794 a proscribed Syndic fled for refuge to the country-house of Sismondi's mother, which touched the French frontier. There the fugitive was hidden in a pavilion in the garden. At midnight troops were heard approaching. Sismondi rushed to wake the Syndic, but could not rouse him; whereupon he tried, alone, to resist the soldiers as they attacked the door of the

¹ Sir George Trevelyan, in commenting on this passage in a letter to a friend, writes: "I have no doubt whatever that the quotation from St Beuve refers to Michelet's *History*, which is at the same time the best history of France and the most nastily improper history in existence."

pavilion, but was knocked down by a blow from a musket. The Syndic gave himself up, was marched off the premises, and shot.

In 1838 Louis Napoleon (afterwards Napoleon III.) was in Geneva. Louis Philippe's government protested against his being allowed to live there plotting against the French monarchy. At this Switzerland was very wroth, and Genevan patriotism flamed up into a white heat of indignation. Sismondi believed, probably with justice, that the French government had right on its side, maintaining that Louis Napoleon's claim to be a Swiss citizen was a mere pretence, historical facts having made all Buonapartes irrevocably Frenchmen. This attitude made him terribly unpopular, and his friends feared the populace would set his house on fire. The incident shewed his political foresight as well as his courage, for at that time Louis Napoleon was thought merely a conspirator *pour rire*. Sismondi perceived that the man had capacities, and forces at his back, which were not to be despised.

A little anecdote is told illustrating his kindly nature. He employed for many years a locksmith who was a wretchedly bad workman and did everything wrong. A friend asked, "But why do you keep him on?" The answer was: "I am his last customer."¹

Sismondi had affectations and small vanities which were distasteful to English ideas. I remember my mother's describing how he would say "*petite Emma*," as she was coming into the room, in an affectedly caressing way. But in all essentials he was worthy of Jessie, and he was boundlessly hospitable and kind to all his English connections. His sister-in-law Fanny, in spite of her real regard for him, behaved like a spoilt child, refusing to get out on the side of the carriage where he stood for fear of having to take his hand. That he made her welcome to his house for months at a time shews true magnanimity of nature, and illustrates his profound devotion to his wife.

¹ The above paragraphs were written by my husband. No complete life of Sismondi, was I believe, ever published. Vol. 72 of the *Quarterly Review* (1843) contains a long and interesting account of him, and Edmond Scherer's *Littérature Contemporaine du XVIII^e siècle* (2nd edn. 1876) has much about him and the Geneva-Coppet literary people of the time. Virgile Rossel, in his *Histoire Littéraire de la Suisse Romande*, says of Madame Sismondi: "Sa femme, une chrétienne fervente, un peu mystique, le ména insensiblement d'un scepticisme paresseux à une foi très active, non point à la foi littéraire, à l'orthodoxie traditionnelle, mais à une religion de devoir et d'amour."

The following letters, written two years after Jessie's marriage, and describing her return home from an absence in England, may best be given here, and thus finish the picture of her early married life.

Fanny Allen to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

CHÊNE, 31 May, 1821.

. . . When we drove up here Sismondi was in a transport, like a child that could not contain itself, at the door, and Jessie looked also delighted to see him again. Their meeting has given me great satisfaction. He has been as busy as a bee to get the house in order for her; it is made very comfortable, and so clean that it is a luxury after the inns of France. The library downstairs is a nice room, entirely covered with books, the drawing-room, where we are now sitting, will when it is carpeted be comfortable also, it is fitted up with red and gold-colour calico, which looks warm. Then there are two sofas, and when there is a large table, and it gets the look of habitation it will be a nice room. Our bedroom is large and commodious, a light yellow paper and white beds. Sismondi has papered nearly all the rooms in Jessie's absence; he has bought a little carriage, a horse, and a cow; he is very fond and proud of his purchases. He said he had made £120 by his lectures. He bore the disappointment of Jessie's failure¹ uncommonly well, though he still thinks that he is right and the English bookseller wrong, respecting the probable sale of an English translation of his French History. Jessie found her bureau filled with money, both for her allowance and for the business of the house. Sismondi appears to me to hit the right middle of liberality and prudence. He is an excellent man, and Jessie looks very happy and beaming with him. She has not been fatigued, and to-day she is in your purple gown, looking better than I have ever seen her do at all. You will be interested in all these particulars about her, and I am sure

¹ Jessie Sismondi had attempted to arrange for the publication of a translation of his history made by her.

it will give you pleasure. You know we expected to find the poor beast gasping in the garden but Beauty has had better luck in reality than in the tale. . . .

Emma Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

CHÈNE, June 1, 1821.

. . . I never saw such rapture as his to meet Jessie, or such a state of happiness ever since we arrived. Jessie also appears gay and happy, and amuses herself in talking nonsense to puzzle him. She is much pleased with the alterations he has made in the house. There are two very agreeable summer sitting-rooms, in winter I suppose there will be a difficulty in keeping them warm. At present, and particularly when the weather gets hot, we shall find the coolness and space of this house quite the thing.

I have not cared to repeat the account of our journey because I wrote it yesterday to Baugh [Allen], but for fear you should desire to know it, I must tell you that our departure from London was upon the whole far less sad than I expected it.

To avoid Paris we took the upper route, but to shorten it, were directed at Calais not to go as far as Cambray, in following which direction we fell into the most detestable roads that ever were, and we got frightened and tired, expecting the carriage to break to pieces, and were obliged to walk for near two posts. Thursday was a very heavy day on us. After toiling all day till six in the evening, among bad roads which made us tremble for our carriage after we had got out of it, when we arrived at the post, the one before St Quentin, they assured us we should have a charming road on; but unluckily we soon found that we had to contend with roads infinitely worse than what we had passed in the morning, and it became so deep and narrow, that before the carriage stuck fast, we felt assured the foolish boy who was driving us had mistook his way. When it did we scrambled out as we could. Jessie stood guard on the carriage while Fanny and I ran different ways

over a great wide ploughed plain, almost at the extent of which I observed a farm-house. However before I reached that I fell in with some waggoners, and they and their horses after a time helped us out of the rut; then we took one of them as a guide to the Saint Quentin road, for we were, as we expected, in some cross one in which, they told us, if we had gone much further we must inevitably have been over-turned. We had to walk full two hours following our unhappy-looking carriage, appearing every five minutes as if it was going to be plunged [word torn off]. The villages we passed through were like Jeffrestone, quite as full of [mire], and darkness was coming on so fast, I wonder we escaped being swallowed up in it. It was quite dark when we arrived on the *pavé*, and never was I more glad in my life to arrive at any place; and we arrived at St Quentin between ten and eleven, tired and out of humour, which a dirty inn did not improve. The next day we had still to contend with bad roads, but fatigue made us take them as gently as possible, and as our carriage had escaped the day before with no more damage than six franks repaired, we began to feel confidence in it; and Fanny's outcries when the carriage went aside subsided, and I was surprised to observe how little harm so much fatigue did her. After, or rather before we arrived at Dijon, and from thence on to this place, our journey was entirely agreeable, the travelling in and view from the Jura finer than I ever thought it before. The weather was splendid, and Mont Blanc broke on us in all its glory. . . .

CHAPTER XI

1819—1823

Emma Allen at Maer—Fanny and Emma Wedgwood—A gigantic cheese—Races and Race-Balls—A singing party at the Mount, Shrewsbury—Dr Darwin and his daughters—Fanny and Emma at school in London—Sunday-school at Maer—The Sismondis at Geneva.

IN 1819 the Wedgwoods left Etruria, and from now onwards lived at Maer. Whilst the house was being painted the family went to Cresselly, leaving Fanny and Emma, then 13 and 11 years old, under the charge of their aunt Emma Allen at Maer.

Emma Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

MAER HALL, Nov. 15th, 1819.

. . . Emma says you are all so good about writing from Cresselly, that she thinks once a week will not be good enough for us to reply to you. In compliance with her opinion I advance my time for writing to you. . . . Now for an account of the home department, which is just as flourishing as it can be. I marvel at the strength of the girls' spirits as much as I do at the perfection of their tempers. I feel now very sure that not only not a cross word ever passes between them, but that an irritable feeling never arises. Fanny, to be sure, is calmness itself, but the vivacity of Emma's feelings, without perfectly knowing her, would make me expect that Fanny's reproofs, which she often gives with an elder sister air, would ruffle her a little; but I have never seen that expressive face take the shadow of

an angry look, and I do think her love for Fanny is the prettiest thing I ever saw. But I am observing to you what I am sure you have observed yourself a thousand times, but these little creatures have filled my mind more than any other subject lately, so I like to let a little of it out to you. I ascribe much of Emma's joyous nature to have been secured, if not caused, by Fanny's yielding disposition; had the other met with a cross or an opposing sister there was every chance that with her ardent feelings, her temper had become irritable. Now she is made the happiest being that ever was looked on, and so much affection in her nature as will secure her from selfishness; and I believe it is according to Sarah's theory that plant and weed do not grow together. I am almost afraid to tell you how active we are, for fear you should expect more fruits from it than we shall be able to produce. We get up all three of us now every day by candle light; to-day we were at breakfast at $\frac{1}{2}$ after 7, and by 10 the Bible and the reading Italian was over with both girls, when I left them for Betley. In general we find ample employment till 1, and then find an hour for music when we come in at 3 or half after. I believe I told you before that they declared their resolution of taking an additional half-hour to their music. I believe they have not missed doing so for one day since, between dinner and tea. The drawing has rather fallen, through mending stockings, talking nonsense, and playing with kitten. I do not know what their father will say at such a show of cats, but 3 is now our number except at schooltime, and then kitten is expelled, for I found she made me idle as much as either of them; there is something very irresistible in the gambols of such a little crumb of a thing. In spite of Joe and the cats, we contrive to keep the room very comfortable and tolerably tidy; it is what I labour most at. Their father's coming down to-morrow will, I hope, stimulate them to fresh exertions, as I assure them he approves of tidiness. The worst news I have to tell you is that I fear Triton is lost. He would frequent Lightfoot's, and it is supposed a soldier enticed him away; he has not been heard

of since this day week, when the girls and I first missed him in our morning walk. Good night, dear Elizabeth, I am very tired, so I wonder why I wrote so much to you.

Affectionately yours E. A.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Madame Sismondi.

[MAER], March 23, 1820.

. . . Your Parmesan cheese and the noble basket of figs are arrived safe, and the size and beauty of the cheese has been the wonder of Maer. Mr and Mrs Harding came over to see it, and pronounced it the most beautiful cheese that ever was seen, and I got them the receipt from Jenny [Wedgwood's] letter and they are determined to try it this summer. We were obliged to saw it, and we lived upon the sawdust for some days. A thousand thanks for that and the figs. I hope you will taste them both with us, and see how excellent they are, though you will not have the endearing sentiment that gives them such an increased value to us. I have sent a piece to Parkfields, Betley, and London, and I have got one for Mardocks when Kitty [Mackintosh] goes, and I have got such a quantity besides; it is indeed a magnificent cheese. You ask, my Jess, what the carriage was, and in compliance with your wishes I must tell you that it was somewhere about £3, so that it does not reach the value of it, as you fancied it might, as I believe Parmesan cheese sells at 1s. 6d. a pound, and this I believe does not come to 6d.

Kitty M. has written to desire me to send the horses for her on Saturday. She also encloses us a letter from Mr Leslie¹ to Mackintosh, pressing him exceedingly to offer himself for the vacant chair at Edinburgh, assuring him that for some years it will be worth £1500 per ann., and saying

¹ John Leslie (1766—1832), son of a Scottish carpenter, was at this time Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh. He was well known to the Wedgwood circle through his friendship with Tom Wedgwood, who had been his fellow-student at Edinburgh, and who had secured to him an annuity of £150 a year to enable him to work at Physical Science. (See *Tom Wedgwood the First Photographer*.)

that he thinks if he proposes himself there will be no opposition to him, and that he may attend Parliament, as he will be at liberty from March till November. I wish exceedingly he would offer. Kitty's opposition is very much abated, but Lord Lansdowne and Lady Holland are both against it from selfish motives no doubt; for those people who fare sumptuously every day have no idea that anybody is ever in want of a dinner, and when full gorged themselves have leisure to speculate at their ease upon the conduct of their poorer neighbours. Lady Holland had the face the other day to ask Baugh [Allen] to put off his marriage for a year! Her only motive, to keep the Warden¹ a little longer in her shackles, and this is the way she balances her own slightest conveniences with the happiness of others. . . .

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Madame Sismondi.

MAER, May 16, 1820.

. . . Kitty Mackintosh and her daughters went on Wednesday, and her visit here was entirely agreeable from beginning to end. She was kind and affectionate to me and good-humoured and agreeable to everybody. I think I may say with truth that no cloud ever interrupted the pleasure I had in her society. Her girls seem very happy with her, and though she gives them multitudes of directions, as she neither insists upon obedience, nor goes out of humour when she is not obeyed, it does not interrupt the general harmony. It had only this bad effect that Fanny [Mackintosh] constantly mounts the opposition coach and drives it with the most uninterrupted composure.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Madame Sismondi.

MAER, July 31st, 1820.

. . . Having given you a little respite, it is time, dearest of the dear, to begin again. . . .

¹ Dr John Allen succeeded to the Mastership when this was vacated on Baugh Allen's marriage.

The Races began yesterday, and by accident we have had the smartest set-out we ever had, as our carriage is new, and being so many we were obliged to have four horses; and the post-boys had been stimulated by a rival inn to sport new blue jackets and silver-laced hats, so we went to the Course gloriously. Eliza, Caroline, Tom and Bob Wedgwood¹ are with us, and I find it much more comfortable not to have any *outlyers*. To-day however we have the Sneyd-Kynnerslys, who dine and go to the ball. Eliza Wedgwood is Lady Patroness, but she is looking very ill, and she has no vanity to gratify. I can't think what is the reason, she seems to have no disorder, but she is just like a fading flower. Charlotte had a new pink spencer and bonnet, and I never saw her look so handsome in my life. (N.B. You need not answer any of these sort of remarks.) Sarah lent us her phaeton, and I put in it little Pepper and Mustard, alias Fanny and Emma, to go to the Course, but that might have been a serious matter, as the horse took fright, and overturned them and their driver; but luckily without the smallest injury to any of them. After the Course we went to Dr Belcombe's to tea, and then to the Play.

Friday. The Races are over, and we are once more quiet and a little dull, not that the excitement has been great. We have had one very good ball, and one abortion of one last night that I had the misfortune of being prime agent in, and at which there were not more than 20 people. They are not like our old Haverford meetings, when we could dance six nights together. . . .

These races and race-balls appear to have played a large part in country life. Fanny Allen, after describing their Pembrokeshire race meeting wrote (1820): "We had races, which I enjoyed the most of all the proceedings; it was the prettiest race I ever saw. I believe that among amusements my passion is horse-racing."

Susannah, the sister of Josiah Wedgwood, and wife of Dr Robert Darwin, had died in 1817, when Marianne, the eldest daughter, was 19, and Caroline 17 years old.

¹ Children of the John Wedgwoods.



Antique Photo

Water - Colored - 1850

Charles Darwin's sisters Catherine

*From a photo taken in the possession of
Mrs. Margaret of Leith Hill House*



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Antiquary Graph.

Walker & Co. London, photo.

Charles Darwin & his sister Catherine
From a chalk drawing in the possession of
Miss Hodgwood of Leith Hill Place.



Marianne and Caroline took charge of the household on the death of their mother, and Caroline taught her little brother and sister, Charles and Catharine, who were eight and seven years old.

The following letter tells of a gathering of girls to take singing-lessons at Dr Darwin's, the Mount, Shrewsbury. The Miss Owens of Woodhouse, mentioned in the following letter, were the daughters of a Shropshire squire living some miles from Shrewsbury. My father kept up a warm friendship for Sarah, the eldest Miss Owen (afterwards Mrs Haliburton), and many were the stories we heard about his visits to Woodhouse.

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her aunt Fanny Allen.

MY DEAR FANNY,

SHREWSBURY, 30 Nov., 1820.

When we came here we found the Dr at Berwick where Lady Hill is very ill after her confinement, so we had a quiet dinner with nobody but Erasmus. The next day Caroline was very busy scrattling¹ and making a gown which was to be done in one day, and having her hair cut and the rooms arranged. Sunday we dined at half-past one, drest afterwards, and sat about 3 hours expecting the tide to come in about dark, and rather stiff and awful the evening was. I now like Mrs Owen very much, but her manners are at first very grave and cold. Miss Owen is a very little girl of 16, a most prodigious friend of Susan's, and Mr Sor is constantly making fun of their friendship, for which Susan hates him heartily, but Miss Owen does not mind. They sit by one another, and then Mr Sor quizzes them, then they sit asunder, but all in vain; he says such entertaining things with such amusing looks that it is impossible not to laugh. Miss Owen began the *Mysteries of Udolpho* when first she came, but Mrs Owen thought it would take her up so much that she would not be able to attend to her singing, so she first tried to reason her out of

¹ "Scrattle," a north-country word. It means, as used by the Wedgwoods and Darwins, tidying up, arranging and seeing to things generally. Other meanings are also given in the *Dialect Dictionary*.

it, and when that had not much effect, she gave her a shilling to put off reading it till she went home, and gave her *Guy Mannering* and the *Romance of the Forest* to read meanwhile; but she says she would like to have the book again and give back the shilling. We dine at 6 and the whole morning is taken up with the lessons, except about half an hour given Mr Sor to run on the gravel walks. Then after tea till bedtime Mr Sor sits at the pianoforte and plays and sings different things from memory, sometimes roars a whole chorus till he is quite red in the face, or plays the guitar. Then all we young ladies perform our different performances. Charlotte and I always sing a trio with Mr Sor, which is perfectly delightful, he sings so beautifully. I should like to spend our whole lessons singing with him instead of learning. Last night he made us laugh till we cried with taking off the whole French opera, *Lais*, who roars in the depths of his stomach, and Madame Somebody who shakes her two arms at once.

There is just come in a heap of new music and everybody is rushing to examine it, so I shall go after the rest. . . .

The life at Maer, with its careless freedom and absence of restraint, was a great contrast to that at the Mount. There all was orderly and correct, and everyone must conform to the Doctor's views of what was right. He was extremely kind, and my mother was attached to him, but she never felt quite at ease in his presence. No one must speak so that he did not hear, and she would describe how he would say, "Hm, hm, what is Emma saying?" I remember her telling us that a boy was naturally uncongenial to the Doctor. He was cautious, even timid as to bodily dangers, though with great moral fearlessness, and the venturesomeness and untidiness of a boy were equally distasteful to him. No son however could have been more devoted and more reverent than our father. Indeed, when he said, "My father thought or did so and so," we all knew that in his mind there could then be no further question in the matter; what his father did or thought was for him absolutely true, right, and wise.

Caroline and Susan Darwin both had high spirits, abounding life, and deep feeling.

Caroline was not regularly handsome but her appearance was very effective; she had brilliant eyes and colouring, and black hair growing low on her wide forehead. "She looked like a Duchess," her cousin Frank Wedgwood wrote of her. Both were tall, and Susan had both beauty and sweetness. Fanny Allen spoke of Susan as pleasing her extremely: "She is so handsome, so gay and so innocent." Susan Darwin and Jessie Wedgwood, daughter of John Wedgwood and also very pretty, both great flirts¹ in an innocent way, received the nicknames of "Kitty and Lydia" in allusion to Kitty and Lydia in *Pride and Prejudice*. But we were always told that Susan had a settled resolution against marrying.

In January, 1822, Fanny and Emma Wedgwood (then aged nearly 16 and 14) were taken up by their mother to London to be placed at school at Greville House, on Paddington Green. Paddington was then a semi-rural village.

The school was described by Bessy as a comfortable old house, and Mrs Mayer, the mistress, as a good-humoured, motherly sort of woman, but "not strikingly genteel," and she added, "Fanny and Emma went very cheerfully, but shed a few tears at parting." The teaching at this school could not have been very enlightened. In French history they never got beyond Charlemagne, as with every new girl the class began again at the beginning with Clovis. Emma was one of the show performers on the piano, and was one day sent for to play to George IVth's Mrs Fitzherbert.

All letters to and from the girls were read by Mrs Mayer, and Bessy told Jessie Sismondi that she should not let the girl write to her, as she was sure their letters thus supervised would not be worth the postage. In one letter their mother wrote that she was glad to perceive from their mention of Mrs Mayer to their cousins that they have hearts alive to kindness when it is shewn them. "It mends our hearts to feel warmth towards those that are kind to us, and this I hope will urge you never to forget how kind your aunts have always been to you, and do not forget a message now and then of enquiry or affection towards them."

She also told them how she was giving prizes for quiet behaviour at the Sunday-school at Maer, which was taught by the family and held in the laundry. There was no week-

¹ My father told me that anything in coat and trousers from eight years to eighty was fair game to Susan.

day school, and this Sunday-school, containing 60 children, gave whatever education they received. Emma, when she left school, also taught there. She composed four delightful little stories written in simple words and just suited for a child's mind. These she had printed in large type for the use of the school. We, her own children, were taught to read out of this little book, and were fond of these stories, which are among some of our earliest recollections. We especially enjoyed her mis-spelling, as we thought it, of the word "plumb" in a story about a "plumb-pie."

Fanny and Emma spent only one year at Mrs Mayer's, though Emma was barely 15 at the end of the time. After this her education was continued under the supervision of her sisters Elizabeth and Charlotte, with occasional masters when opportunities occurred.

*Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Fanny Allen
at Geneva.*

[LONDON] Jan. 22, 1822.

... At dinner we had Mr Whishaw and Mr Vizard, a very pleasant day, but the best part of the whole was that Mr Whishaw took me for you, my Fanny, all dinner time. I have not been so pleased a great while. I had a new cap on. I will always put it on when I mean to be charming. Now when I have so long been pitying myself for growing old¹ and ugly to be taken for my Fan! I thought he attended to me more than usual at dinner, but I only set it down to my being particularly agreeable.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Madame Sismondi.

MAER, April 8th, 1822.

I have now two delightful letters to thank my Jessie for, and I can send this for nothing by Edward Holland, which is a great encourager to begin a long letter. I shall send you the two last *Edinburgh Reviews* by him, indeed, I should have done so before if I had not imagined you had them in some other way. *Blackwood's Magazine* is always running

¹ She was fifty-eight, and Fanny Allen forty-one years old.

at the *E. Review* and at all the authors with a malignity that I don't know how to account for. A number is regularly sent to Mackintosh at Brooks', he does not know from whom, and it generally contains some abuse of himself. It is astonishing the ill-will he excites, and I do believe it is nothing but his ill manners, for as to political animosity, he cannot excite that, one would think, being the most moderate of the whole set. . . .

I think you used Fanny [Allen] very ill, not to let her see her lover. I see you keep up your old ways of managing her and Emma. Was there ever such a saucy way of rejecting a poor lover? . . .

I beg, my Jessie, you will not say anything to take off from the pleasure I have in being Scott purveyor to your highness. I think Mr Sharp undervalues Scott. The five ladies he ventured to compare to him were, Mrs Radcliffe, Madame d'Arblay, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, and Mrs Brunton,—the latter surely very inferior. It is very odd, if true, but I am assured Miss Austen's works do not sell well, and Mackintosh rates her above them all, even Scott himself I think. Miss Edgeworth is now in lodgings in London, shewing the world her sisters, and her sisters to the world. She has been spinning out visits to all her acquaintance, and she has the credit of wanting to marry up the young ones; but Fanny is delicate, and I should think it very likely she might go off as so many of her family have done. Eliza [Wedgwood] met them at a dinner Mrs Holland¹ gave them in Russell Square the other day; but it was altogether a great mess, they came three-quarters of an hour after the dinner-hour, and went off before tea to two other parties. Her chief topic was dress, and the true Parisian cut of a gown. Surely this is affectation.

Jos has ordered me a little one-horse phaeton, instead of the char-a-banc that I was thinking of, and that gave you so much trouble. I think I shall not ride much any more;²

¹ The Swinton Holland family, whom the Wedgwoods visited frequently in London, were related to them in the same way as the Peter Hollands.

² She had had a bad fall from her horse shortly before.

I am grown timid, and my arm continues weak. I don't think however, as it is not the bridle hand, that it would hinder me if my spirit was better. However when I have got my Shandredan I shall not want to ride.

Madame Sismondi to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

GENEVA, Dec. 19, 1822.

. . . We are made very happy by the good account you give of yourself. You have occupied my thoughts and feelings very much since my presentiment gave me the first alarm; more than I liked to say while you were still unwell; it seems the same thoughts and prayers occupied us at the same time. I believe I am a little superstitious in my loves and friendships, and I like to encourage it contrary to my understanding, because it is agreeable to my feelings to give as it were a little sacredness to them. You would think me a fool if you knew what notice I take of periods, coincidences, similarities, and the whole train of accidents that constitute the lighter superstitions. I often think if I were you, how fearless I should feel of death. Perhaps it is our duty to aspire to the highest degree of perfection we are capable of in this life, but my aspirations, my hopes, my prayers even, do not go beyond what you are; and oh that I may one day reach that, so as to be inseparably united to you. A very warm devotional feeling is more a great enjoyment to oneself than necessary to our salvation, I should hope, from its depending so much on the physical constitution of our nature. The mother of a family can never hang so loose on life as one whose cares and hopes terminate in her own generation. I should feel ever ready to quit life if I had but reached your standard, and this is one of my consolations for never having known the highest class of feelings granted us.

I have been interrupted no less than three times in this little scrap of a letter; I do not know now what I was going to say and I see what I have already said is broken out of



MADAME de SISMONDI

Aged 45

From a miniature by Leakey



To face p. 144, Vol. I.

all time and tune. I hate having the chain of my thoughts and feelings broken when once I have begun a letter. When I return to it it gives me a disgust for what I have already written—we shall see how that will be to-morrow. I was full of nothing but you and myself when I began, but now the accounts of the *ménage* (as we Genevoises call it), a mantuamaker and a little talking Irishwoman, have put 20 other things in my head. Farewell to you and me for to-day.

20th. This goes, though it is a pity to shew what a goose I am, but I do not mind it to you, who have love enough and to spare for me to shew myself under what colours I choose. My boast of "hanging loose on life" needs some explanation, lest you may think it arises from a sad feeling, or a want of happiness, which is by no means the case. I am afraid of its being an audacious feeling, till I am what you are, and therefore do not give it all the encouragement I might, but I am so contented with it that I sometimes think I would not change it for a circumstance that would, I have always thought, give greater happiness than anything in this world, that is, supposing I had as much good luck, if luck it might be called, as you have had, lest it should bind me too much to life. You are not to imagine that I have any discontent with my present existence, because I do not feel more bound to it. I am not sure I did not feel the same when I was with John [Allen] at Cresselly, but I am very timid of the future; the latter days of those who have not youth and life around them must necessarily be mournful at the best, and might be very painful. As soon as I am worthy I should be glad to escape from it, yet my daily life is almost as happy and as gay as it was in my best days, I believe, and will be so as long as I keep in sight all I love—alas, it is but mental sight. But if I had settled in England I could not have lived with all, nor could I have even seen them more often; and I have one that, if a longing seizes me, will let me go to-morrow; and that every day I live with him makes me the more feel how much he suits me, how much he loves me and who will stay

by me to the end, and whom I love to a degree that makes me often forget all I have lost. Who is there in life that has not to weigh the good and evil? and it often happens to me that the evil kicks the beam. I have only to keep my thoughts from the past and the future, the present is calm, comfortable, happy, and frequently from animal spirits joyous. I do not pretend that Sis is the most agreeable man that lives, but to me he is a choice companion. I have more thoughts and feelings in common with him than I have even with the sisters I have most lived with; and then such tenderness, such indulgence as I had never imagined or hoped for, and a firmness to resist me when I am a fool, for which I love him all the better, though he thwarts me; but there are times I like being thwarted. As for the material of life, I have never at any period felt so completely easy. I have no wish ungratified, I have my pockets generally full, and a year's income in advance. I do not exaggerate when I say all this happiness that I have been displaying to you is gone when you are ailing.

We luckily came into the town the day before the first snow, and find ourselves very comfortable. We have not yet gone out much, but in the fortnight that we have been already housed, we have had three of our reading *soirées* which have been very agreeable, and I have given one little talking one, which went off with great success.

I find here I am very apt to make friendships with bad women, by some means or other I have great attraction for them. There is a Russian here, daughter to one of the Russian ministers, a Prince Lapaukyne, that has taken a great fancy to me, and has deputed me sometimes to chaperon her daughter, a fair clever girl who they say is really a daughter of the Emperor Alexander, and whom her reputed father will they say make one of the greatest heiresses in Europe. Her mother is very handsome and very elegant and modest in her manner. She is also very clever, and as agreeable company as a person can be, whose character does not keep pace with her other attractions. I am not myself sure she is out of the course, but she is out of

society, and under very suspicious circumstances. I cannot abandon her also, but I am not sorry that she has set off to-day for Paris. . . .

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Madame Sismondi.

MAER, Jan. 30, 1823.

. . . I am going to begin a letter to you, my beloved Jessie, without knowing when it will be finished; for I am going presently to spend a couple of days at Betley Hall. . . . But I will not fall into egotism before I have told the very great pleasure your last gave me, by entering so fully into your own situation and feelings, and by giving me such an entire conviction of your happiness. Dearest Jessie, how much I am obliged to you for it. What could console us for your distance, but the knowing this? and how very much does it increase my affection (shall I call it?) for Sismondi. He would be an odd person if he did not value such a wife, but how many odd ones are there in the world for one Sismondi. Give him therefore my love with more than usual warmth.

Sunday.—I took this to Betley on Thursday thinking I might find some odds or ends of time to finish it, but they never came and I brought it home as I took it there. Jos and I, with Elizabeth and the two younger girls, went to pay a friendly visit, where by agreement there was to be no party to meet us. I enjoyed my visit very much, liking Mrs Tollet and the girls so much as I do. We had a great deal of working, talking, and singing. Mrs Tollet is exceedingly religious, and I think her duty to God is the first object of her thoughts. She is also so single-hearted that it is a great pleasure to be with her, and to read a heart so entirely without guile. . . .

I am very much complimented on my improved looks, which only convinces me how ill I looked before. With respect to my soul's health, oh how I wish I was what your too flattering opinion makes me. Do you know that I never feel so humbled as when I look at the picture in your imagin-

ation and compare it with myself; but still I love the affection that does so misrepresent me and would not lose it for worlds.

I have been reading a good deal about the doctrine of original sin and the being born again, and I am puzzled. If we are incapable of the least effort of ourselves, and must owe every good thought to the inspiration of God, it seems to put good and evil out of our own power. Is this Calvinism? This is Mrs Tollet's doctrine, and I believe that of most of the evangelical clergy. . . .

CHAPTER XII

1823-1824

Bessy's lessening strength—A Wedgwood-Darwin party at Scarborough—A visit to Sydney Smith at Foston Rectory—A memorable debate—An averted duel—Emma confirmed—Revels and flirtations—Kitty Wedgwood's death—Sarah Wedgwood builds on Maer Heath.

BESSY was now 59 years old, and her sensitive temperament often caused her to suffer, as age told upon her health. She wrote (1823): "When I consult my feelings they are often so lively that I am obliged to watch my expressions for fear of their appearing to want truth." And again to her sister Fanny: "I feel a great desire to refresh my oldness with a new scene. . . . Some causes of anxiety I have had, and they do not pass lightly by me." Perhaps for the sake of Bessy's health the Josiah Wedgwoods planned a visit to Scarborough. Bessy wrote (June 13th, 1823): "We travel in the phaeton, holding four, and a stanhope for two. This will make us longer on the road, but as our object is to see the country it is rather an advantage, and I expect great improvement in my own health from the moderate way in which we propose taking the journey."

Fanny Allen, Marianne and Susan Darwin were to meet the party at Scarborough greatly to the satisfaction of both sides. The following letter gives an account of a visit made whilst staying there to Sydney Smith at his parsonage, Foston-le-Clay. He had been his own architect, and it was there that he bought an ancient green chariot (christened the "Immortal") to be drawn by his cart-horses; had his furniture made by the village carpenter, and found a "little garden girl shaped like a milestone," nicknamed her "Bunch," and trained her to become "the best butler in the county." It is said that the gardens he provided for his parishioners, at a nominal rent, are still called "Sydney's orchards."¹

¹ See Reid's *Life of Sydney Smith*.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Madame Sismondi.

SCARBORO', August 30th, 1823.

. . . I have been waiting for something very agreeable to season my letter with before I wrote to my ever dear Jessie, but we are much too quiet to give me any hope, and I cannot rest any longer without telling you how very much I like my precious ring that Fanny [Allen] brought me from you. I think it very pretty, but it is of more value to me than if it were of rubies, coming from the dear hand that sent it. It also puts me constantly in mind of you, not only because you were the giver, but because you yourself wore one of the same kind when I last saw you, and I never look down upon my hands without thinking of you; and it is never off but when I go to bed.

You will delight to hear that our Fanny looks and is in high health; her complexion is much finer than when we parted, and she looks not a day older, and in my opinion prettier. She is also in excellent spirits and adds very much to the pleasure of our domicile.

It is curious to see how much quieter we are here than even at Maer, for we don't know a single person here, though the town is full of very smart-looking people and very gay equipages. *Au reste* it is a pleasant place, but the beach very, very inferior to Tenby. We went to the first ball, and the attendance was so thin that it quite discouraged the girls, and though I tried to persuade them to try again I could not succeed. The poor master of the ceremonies looked so melancholy that he excited my tenderest sympathy. I think public balls are getting quite out of fashion. At the last York Race ball, which used to be a place where all the grandees of this very opulent county used to delight in shewing themselves, there were only seven couple. I think it is your stately quadrilles that have made the balls so dismal, because the English ladies now dance them as if they were at a funeral and dancing the dance of death. There are a very good company of strolling players here, but they

play to such empty houses that I don't know how they exist; and yet they gave us wax candles last night and were rewarded by an unusually good house, but it seemed an extraordinary piece of good fortune. Last week Fanny Allen, our two eldest and I, paid a visit at Sydney Smith's about 30 miles from here, and were rewarded by four of the merriest days I ever spent. They have built a very pretty Parsonage, and furnished it very comfortably without being expensive. I never saw such a manager as Mrs. Smith. Everything is so well done without bustle that I can't think how she contrives it. They have a large farm, which he says he manages better than any farmer in Yorkshire; the effect of it is however an air of plenty in every department that is very agreeable. They see a great deal of company, and in the most agreeable way of friends coming from a distance to spend some days, and not stiff dinner visits. I like the daughters too very much; Saba is not handsome, but has a very elegant figure. Emily is in my opinion very much so, she has a most beautiful figure, very tall, very brown, bright black eyes, and fine teeth. She is coming out for the first time at the approaching Music-meeting at York, and great are the preparations therefor. We saw two of the dresses which were to make a figure there, one for each was sent down by Miss Fox and Miss Vernon; a white tulle, worked one in blue and the other in pink, and the second dress was from Mrs Smith's old Indian stores, a silver gauze. Mrs Smith has taught them everything, and they sing and dance extremely well. They are all certainly in a much happier and more desirable situation than as they were in London. . . .

Madame Sismondi to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

GENEVA, January 28, 1824.

It is a long time, dearest Bessy, since you have had the pleasure of paying for a letter from me, though you have had news of us recently enough; it is to be sure of little consequence to whom the letter is addressed in a circle where

all are beloved, but I have a great pleasure in giving and receiving the endearing terms from you. I have great hopes that this will be one of my golden years, who knows, perhaps your dear face may shine upon me? I do not see why I may not see you at Chêne. I like to think it probable, and the little improvements we are making give me so much the more pleasure because I think it possible you may look in upon them. For my own part I feel vexed to have lost so entirely all taste for travelling. A journey weighs upon my mind as a penance more than a pleasure, and though I remain alone, I am glad not to have to go to Paris with Sismondi this April; thus pleasures drop from us like leaves, one by one, till we arrive to feeling that repose is the greatest of all pleasures. Poor Emma [Allen] is confined with broken chilblains. It is not for want of fires that she has them, for I endeavour to keep up a continual blaze, and our winter rooms are very warm. What could John mean by keeping himself and his friends without fire such an October as we have had? How I detest the economy of the rich, always falling meanly on the necessities of life. You shall want bread and fire in a house where you may be gorged with dainties. I remember feeling hungry all through the day at Dunster Castle till 6 o'clock, when a glutton's dinner was put before one of two dozen dishes. . . .

I saw a letter the other day from Mr Mallet to Mrs Marcet, which said Mackintosh's history was in great forwardness, that he had this winter read parts of the first volume to Lord Holland, who liked it very much, and it would be published in the spring. How much I wish the news were true.

My Thursday evenings are in great repute, so that I even receive solicitations of admittance, but this more embarrasses than pleases me, because it is ill-natured, pedantic, and a thousand evil things to refuse, yet their convenience and agreeableness is completely destroyed by admitting numbers. It is a great fashion and a great pride to admit as many men as possible in the *soirées* and I am the only one who exclude or rather limit them, and it is one of the great

reasons that my *soirées* are more agreeable, because the conversation being general, the women take a part. Besides my poor little gentle Marcette, who does very well to give tea to a dozen people, would be ramfuzled to give to forty. Mrs Marcet¹ is inclined, I think, to manage me, and I do not feel inclined to resist because she likes me and flatters me. I intended this year to save giving a large party by admitting by little and little into the Thursday evenings all to whom I owe any civility. Accordingly I began with Sis's sacred *société de dimanche*, and took Mme de Candolle to begin. Mrs Marcet, who observe is self-invited, said to me the other day, "Oh, I hope you mean to ask Mme de Candolle again, she enjoyed it so much." "Indeed, I do not know, I have a great many to ask; it is not so easy to me to give every week large parties, I have no men-servants. It is only as many as the maid can serve tea to that it is convenient to have." "But you may always hire a man here, it is so easy; they are always to be had for 3 francs." The dialogue ceased, but thought I to myself I shall say no more but certainly take my own way. Our parties are not at all the more agreeable for having Mrs Marcet; she adds very little to society and very often interrupts conversation by creating a double one, in which she speaks so loud as to finish by annihilating a better one. There is, however, a perfect naturalness in her and good sense that makes me like her company, even though she sometimes tires me by bad taste, and sometimes putting an importance which rich people are apt to do in their own little affairs, so as to make the prime part of the conversation.

We have a good deal of musick this winter, and I enjoy it very much; every other Monday we go to an amateur concert where the musick is really very pretty, our subscription 30 florins (a florin is something less than 6*d.*), for

¹ Mrs Marcet was the daughter of a Swiss merchant settled in London. Her husband was a Genevese by birth, who had been a London physician, but lived at Geneva after his retirement from practice. She was the author of excellent little books on scientific subjects, which had a vast circulation. Her *Conversations on Political Economy* was her best-known work, and was warmly praised by the leading economists.

which there were ten concerts, an amusement not too expensive. Last Wednesday the first singer from Vienna stopt and sang to us in her way to Milan. She is very young, her voice magnificent, little inferior to Catalani. . . .

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her daughter Elizabeth at Russell Square.

SUNDAY NIGHT [7 March, 1824].

. . . I have missed you and Fanny very much, and that makes me think that if any of you marry I shall feel very dismal without you. However, I hope you will enjoy your lark as much as possible. I am glad Emma [Holland] has shewn her old cordiality to you, and I daresay Anne [Marsh] will do the same. Let me advise you by no means to stand upon your points with any of your friends. I am sure it is not the way to be happy or wise either. Don't lose any opportunity of calling when it comes in your way without minding whether you owe them a visit, for a volunteer at a convenient season may sometimes spare you a long walk at an inconvenient one. . . .

Addition by Charlotte Wedgwood on the same sheet.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

You left word with me to send a bottle of physick to Llew's child without mentioning what physick it was to be. There is come a bottle from Mr Turner's which, as nobody owns, I conclude to be the one, and I shall venture to send it if I hear from Mr Turner that it is made from a prescription that is in your drawer. . . .

In the letters there are frequent allusions to Elizabeth's doctoring of the poor people and children, and it is impossible to help thinking that they ran a good deal of risk. Her mother spoke of two grains of calomel being given to a young child every other night, but as it was worse and had a sore mouth it was stopped. And Elizabeth wrote to her sister Fanny (March 20, 1827), "Little George Phillips has

been ill, but with the help of three bleedings, a blister and three doses of calomel, I think I have made a cure of him, as it was high time, you will think, I should."

Bessy, who till now had kept remarkably young, began to show signs of age. She thus describes her life (March 9th, 1824): "I only divide my time between riding Peggy and reading Sévigné by the fire with an interlude of knitting my stocking." She had "a little ass" (Peggy) on which she rode whilst the girls walked beside her. I remember my mother's telling me of these walks on the sandy paths amongst the wild heath and through the fields of Maer, as if they were one of the happy memories of her youth.

Emma Wedgwood to her sister Elizabeth.

[MAER, March, 1824.]

. . . Will you get four fine cambrick pocket handkerchiefs and eight common ones for everyday? Then a common printed cotton gown. I do not wish to give more than 10s. for it. I should like a blue, pink, or buff one. If you happen to be in a ribbon shop, will you get 3 yds. of not very handsome ribbon for a turned straw bonnet. I am quite indifferent about the colour, except not straw colour. Do not give yourself any trouble about the rib, for I can get it very well here.

A year or two later it was Emma who took charge of her elder sisters' dress and appearance. Elizabeth and Charlotte were both extremely indifferent on the subject, and Elizabeth always wanted her money for purposes of charity. Their mother wrote to her husband (April, 1825), "pray make the girls go out well appointed. My dear Eliz. I particularly mistrust because she always goes on the principle of wearing the nearest to inadmissible she can."

Emma, with her clever hands, was hair-dresser to the whole party on all state occasions; she used to twist up their long hair into little bows on the top of the head, with curls on each side; this she described as most becoming. Her own glossy brown hair kept its warm tint almost to the end of her life, with hardly a grey hair in it. It was abundant and long. She could sit on hers, but Charlotte's beautiful fair hair reached to her knees.

The great debate described in the following letter, and especially Brougham's speech, formed an epoch in the history of the struggle for the abolition of slavery. Smith was a missionary clergyman in the West Indies. The planters accused him of having excited the discontent of the negroes amongst whom he had worked, and of having incited them to rise against the whites. After an outrageously unfair trial he was convicted and sentenced to be hung; but his execution was adjourned until the views of the home Government could be known. Meanwhile he died from the effects of confinement in an unhealthy dungeon. Brougham denounced the trial as a "monstrous violation of justice in form as well as substance," and moved a vote of censure on the Demerara Government.

Fanny Allen to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

9, KING STREET, SUNDAY [13 June, 1824].

. . . The House was in a great bustle as we got in, owing to Gourley's attack on Brougham.¹ I was very much alarmed at first, fearing our principal performer would be prevented from appearing on the boards that night, but I was relieved on seeing him in his place, and hearing him get up and give an account of the assault. The debate on Smith began almost immediately, and I certainly never had such a treat in my life. Lushington's² speech was sensible, but his manner was too theatrical and his voice pompous. Tindal answered him. It was his *début*, and his taste was strange in chusing so odious a subject to begin his House of Commons career. It did not appear to me a good speech, though some said it was. Williams' speech was very good indeed. Copley's, the best on his side of the House, I think. Wilberforce's feeble, and no attention was given to him, which was very bad, or as Mackintosh said brutal. Canning's

¹ He had been violently assaulted in the lobby of the House by a lunatic named Gourley.

² Most of the speakers mentioned were leading lawyers. Lushington, Tindal, Denman and Scarlett (Lord Abinger), all became famous Judges; Copley, then Attorney-General, was afterwards Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Chancellor. Peel was then Home Secretary, Canning Foreign Secretary, in the Tory ministry. Wilberforce was in failing health and gave up parliamentary life soon after this.

speech was not a very good one; he had a bad cause and he appeared to feel the weight of it. Denman spoke very well, but Brougham's speech was delightful. He spoke for an hour and 10 or 20 minutes, and it was the most incomparable thing I ever heard. I could have screamed or jumped with delight. He handled Scarlett and Canning to my soul's content—tossed them about like a cat a couple of mice from one paw to another, teased them and threw them into the air, with equal grace and strength. Copley and Tindal had their share. The cheers of the house was like a dram to one. Mack said that Brougham's speech gained 3 votes, one a West Indian, and had sent off 8 from the House without voting. The Ayes and Noes sounded so equally numerous, that the division was a very interesting moment, and the cheers were glorious on the numbers being told. I saw Mr Canning pick up his papers very much crestfallen and walk off very slowly. He kept his head down all the time of Brougham's speech, and Mack said Peel looked extremely disturbed at it, visibly so. John [Allen] and M. came up to the ventilator¹ in a great state of excitement; the former said it was the best speech he had ever heard in debate. I must not forget to tell you our pretty history in the ventilator. Mr Money brought up Mr Inglis² to us. He staid to hear a little, and our Cerberus came in and sent him off. Mrs Littleton and Lady Georgina Bathurst came late, only to hear Canning's speech, and as soon as Brougham was up they told their gentlemen they were ready to go and went off!!! Mr Horton Wilmot was not forgotten in Brougham's speech; he threw a pebble and felled him to the ground. We found broad daylight below stairs, and the faithful W. Wright in the Coffee house. We all walked together up

¹ The ventilator was the then Ladies' Gallery. The old Parliament house (before the fire of 1835) was the ancient St Stephen's Chapel—its site is the present hall where the statues of statesmen are. In this a ceiling had been put below the high Gothic vault of the building, and in this ceiling there was a large oval opening round which the ladies sat, looking down into the House below—ministerial ladies on one side, opposition on the other. One heard there better than anywhere in the House.

² Afterwards Sir Robert Inglis, the well-known Tory M.P.

Whitehall, Mackintosh in great spirits and London looking still and free from smoke. I never saw it in such beauty. We took leave of John just as we got into a hackney coach, which I was sorry for, as I liked the walk better, and the red eastern sky looked beautiful. It was after 4 before we got to bed; and I slept soundly till eleven, when I got up, with only the penalty of a headache, which I will gladly pay again for such another night. . . .

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Madame Sismondi.

CRESSELY, Aug. 6th, 1224.

I will readily come into your compact, dearest of the dear. It gives me so much pleasure to think that you would like to hear oftener from me, that I shall resume my old custom of sending you a letter the beginning of each month, and this for the first. . . .

I have been round the wood to-day on Johnny's Donkey, with Jos and the three boys; this is the way I like children's company. Bob was on his pony, the other two on foot gathering wild strawberries and bilberries, in no profusion, as you may very well remember, but affording as much pleasure in the pursuit as if they were, and presenting them to me with real good will.

We travelled down in the Phaeton so we were a good while on the road, because we paid a visit to Mr Clifford on our way. When we were at Perrystone John and Jane drove over in their little carriage and spent the day with us. She was looking bright and blooming to quite an extraordinary degree.¹ Mr Surtees and Harriet had been spending four days with them to consult Dr Baron and Jane invited them to their house, thinking she should get a little of Harriet's company by it, [but] she and Jenny had only one walk together the whole time. The whole family were on the alert running up and downstairs all day to answer the bell

¹ In 1829 Bessy wrote: "Jenny's youth and beauty is the admiration of all the world, and she was thought the other day to be young enough to be [her daughter] Eliza's daughter."

and John fetching the doctor two or three times a day, I believe, and yet he did not seem the least sensible of any of their attention. Harriet is positively very much attached to him, incredible as it may seem, but her gentle nature could not see a person so dependent on herself for any comfort without becoming so. *Au reste*, as you French say, he is a dying man, but Dr Baron thinks he will hold out another winter. . . . The same dull things he used to say twenty years ago he says now, the same spiteful hits at Mackintosh. . . .

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

CRESSELLY, Sept. 14th [1824].

. . . Yesterday brought to a happy conclusion a disagreeable business between John [Allen] and Sir John X. I must tell you that Mr Adams and John, as joint trustees for Mr Phillips, thought it right to lay out a certain sum of money, left in Lord Milford's will for the purpose, in the purchase of land; and bought a valuable lot, at the valuation of a man of business near to Sir John's property. Both Sir John and Lady X. have been very violent about this and have pretended it was done in enmity against him. John wrote to him last week saying that he hoped that neither he nor Mr X. would abstain from shooting over the estate just purchased, that he should scarcely have taken the liberty of mentioning this, if it had not been told him that they had considered the object of their buying this estate as hostile to him, which was very far from being the case. In answer to this civil letter, John received on Friday last a most insolent one from Sir John, saying that he should never accept any obligation from those who were so little his friends, and that he should consider it neither honourable nor (something else, I forget what) to buy an estate in opposition to the wishes of a gentleman, the next neighbour. You will observe that these are not the words of the letter but only the purport of it.

John was of course very much annoyed at receiving this,

and the following morning went to Pembroke, pretending on money business, but really to look for some person to carry a message to Sir John. General Adams, whom he had fixed on, he found gone to Haverford-west. . . . Yesterday morning he wrote to Lord Cawdor to beg he would meet him at eleven o'clock at Pembroke. He was almost driven to despair for some one to carry his message. He felt he had scarcely a right to ask *Ld. Cawdor*; he was therefore very much pleased when Lord Cawdor undertook the business with great kindness. [*Ld. C.*] rode off immediately to see Sir John, who at first denied himself, but on receiving a note from him, came running out and brought him back. Lord Cawdor said he talked a great deal of nonsense, about the injury of buying contiguous lands. Lord Cawdor endeavoured to set him right, and told him that according to his principle there must be an end of auctions altogether, and that he also should be glad to buy an estate of Sir William Paxton's which lay close to him, if he could keep off all bidders, and get it cheap. Sir John said, "Oh! he did not mean that, he did not want to get it cheap." After some difficulty to keep him to his point, Lord C. got him to say that he had no meaning in using the word "honorable" but to round his sentence, "honorable" was "liberal," "gentlemanly," etc. Lord Cawdor wrote a definition of Sir John's offensive sentence according to his new mode; and with this paper rode off, and was back again with John soon after two at Pembroke. This affair is another proof of the imprudence of making anything that looks like an apology for what you have done, that bears an unpleasant aspect. An apology ought never to be made but when you are absolutely in the wrong, and are willing to be considered so. . . .

Emma, now 16 years old, was confirmed in the autumn of 1824. Her mother wrote to Elizabeth: "As the confirmation will soon take place I think it will be right in Emma to be confirmed, and therefore I hope she will feel no objection. You and Fanny had better go with Emma, and if your aunt

Sarah's horses and carriage are disengaged, I advise you to ask her to lend them to you, that you may make the most respectable appearance you can." She then goes on to say that Emma had better read a little on the subject, "but do not let her be alarmed at that, it will be but little and the subject is simple; . . . perhaps one ought not to press it, any more than as an opinion that it is better done than omitted, as it is better to conform to the ceremonies of our Church than to omit them, and one does not know that in omitting them we are not liable to sin." This strikes one as a very eighteenth-century way of viewing one of the most solemn ceremonies of her Church, with no concealment of the fact that anxiety as to the carriage and respectability of appearance was prominently in her mind. Emma's diary shows that she was confirmed on September 17th, 1824. A few days later there was a large party of cousins at Maer, and these entries in her diary follow:

30th Sept. Susan, Catherine, and Robert came: "wicked times." 1st Oct. Revels; 2nd, Revels; 4th, Revels; 5th, Acted some of Merry Wives; 6th Oct., quiet evening!

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Fanny Allen at Cresselly.

MAER, Oct. 6th, 1824.

. . . I have been wanting to write to you, my ever dear Fanny, some time, but these young things have kept me in such a whirl of noise, and ins and outs, that I have not found any leisure. I may say to you under the rose, and without the smallest disrespect to the company, that a little calm will be very agreeable, and on Saturday I expect it; and if the weakness of human nature forces me to expect it without pain, it is not my fault. Susan and Catherine Darwin came here by the back carriage, when their sisters went away, and the Tag Rag company, led on by Harry, is again set up. As for Harry, he is in the highest state of excitation just now you can conceive; (*private*) very much in love, and not very cruelly treated by his mistress. You must not drop a word of this to anyone but Emma [Allen], as I should get into a horrid scrape with him if he knew that I spoke of it, and I only tell you to divert you in your solitude. The fact is that he certainly is *épris au dernier point* with Jessie

[Wedgwood]. Whether it will last after she is gone is another thing, but I think it is very well she is going. (Now do remember, my dear Fan, not to speak of and not to leave my letter about. This by way of parenthesis, and now I shall go on.) They have been dancing every night and last night acting besides. She is looking very pretty, very merry, sitting always by him, and very much taken up with him. Whether she sees her power and is pleased by exerting it, or whether she is unconscious I don't know, but as I said before I am glad she is going. At the same time I like her very much, and if he and she could afford to marry, I should desire no better. After all he may forget when she is gone, but I am sure there is danger in their being together, and I don't much like mounting guard every evening till it pleases them to go to bed, or watching them talking nonsense and playing "beggar my neighbour" or other such lover-like pastimes. Susan Darwin comes in second best, and I was in hopes would have caused a diversion, but she has no chance. In short we are just now very flirtish, very noisy, very merry, and very foolish. Last night they performed some scenes in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" without Falstaff, for Jos's and my amusement, for they had no other audience. The parts were thus cast: Mrs Page, Susan; Mrs Anne Page, Jessie (both looked uncommonly pretty in long waists); Mrs Quickly, Elizabeth, excellently acted; Dr Caius, Harry; and Slender, Frank, very well acted; Sir Hugh Evans, Hensleigh, and Mine Host, Joe, very indifferent; Master Shallow, Emma, very good; Mr Fenton and Simple, Fanny; and Mr Page, Catherine Darwin, very fair; the other characters were left out. If they had known their parts more perfect, it would have gone off very well, but Charlotte, who was prompter, was obliged to lift up her voice so often that it had a very deadening effect, and the want of audience too is very flat. After the play there was a ball.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Fanny Allen.

SHREWSBURY, TUESDAY NIGHT,
Dec. 15th, 1824.

. . . We came here from Stych on Saturday. I went as chaperon to the Drayton Assembly [from Stych] with Miss Clive, Susan Darwin, Charlotte and Fanny, with Joe and William and Edward Clive, but it was a bad and very thin ball and double the number of ladies to the gentlemen. I like the two young men very much. Edward set up a grand flirtation with Susan, who is the only one of the family who has the least talents that way, and like my dear Caroline [Drewe] I could not help fancying that William was a good deal pleased with Charlotte. We staid the following day there pleasantly enough. . . . Charlotte came on here with me, but she has paid for her whistle in having caught such a cold that she had till to-day entirely lost her voice. I find myself very comfortable here, the Dr is very kind and I am always very fond of Caroline. I wish I could inspire Joe with my sentiments, for I should like her for my daughter more than anybody I know. I have been with her to-day at her infant school, and I could scarcely refrain from tears, but not tears of sorrow, at seeing the little creatures, all at the word of command, drop down on their knees and say the Lord's Prayer. They sung two hymns very tolerably, and a whole set of them, none more than four years old, seemed to me quite perfect in their multiplication table. I was quite surprized at their proficiency; not that they were all quite under command, for some of the new comers were toddling about the room without knowing what they were about, and others were lying down upon a bed that was placed in a corner of a room for that purpose. Caroline means to send you down the report, if she can get it ready for Lady Bath, as we think it will show at once the necessary expenses, and all that she may want to know. At the same time the reality is not so picturesque as the description, which a person who wishes to put it in practice must be prepared for. She must not expect to see rosy

little cherubs in white frocks and pink sashes, but on the contrary perhaps, for the most part, pale, sickly, and dirty little children; but this will enhance the virtue of those who seek them out. I admire Caroline's animation about it, her perseverance, her gentleness to the children, and I thought all the time how happy the man who should call her his wife, and how much I should like my Joe to be that man.

Are you not surprized at Sarah's going to build on Maer Heath? I am very glad of it, for I think it will give her interest and occupation. You can't think how happy she seems in making her plan and settling the site of her new abode, and she says she is quite amazed at herself that she should ever build a house with a south aspect, a cross light, and a bow window! all of which she now meditates.

Kitty Wedgwood, the eldest unmarried sister of Josiah Wedgwood of Maer, had died in 1823. She must have been a woman of striking though reserved character. Dr Darwin used to say she was the only woman he ever knew who thought for herself in matters of religion. This death left her sister Sarah quite alone, and she now left Parkfields in order to live near Maer.

CHAPTER XIII

1825-1826

Fanny and Emma Allen return to Cresselly—The death of Caroline Wedgwood—The Grand Tour of the Josiah Wedgwoods—Frank Wedgwood at Maer—Their return home—Allen Wedgwood Vicar of Maer—The anti-slavery agitation.

IN 1825 a great change took place in the lives of Emma and Fanny Allen. Their brother John's wife died after a long illness, and they returned to live at Cresselly to take care of his four children—Seymour Phillips (called Bob), Harry, Johnny, and Isabella. Fanny's pet was Johnny, 6 years old; Emma devoted herself to the little Isabella. After regretting that her sister Jessie had no children, Emma wrote: "It is very consoling to live among the springing things when you are yourself declining, and without children I sometimes think it is almost impossible to grow old with grace. . . . Isabella is become, perhaps from imitation of Johnny, nearly as fond of me as he is of Fanny. Her favourite place is now on my lap. She is so volatile that I daresay this taste of hers will not last, but it appears so strange to me to have anything so fond of me that I feel it is creating in me a feeling that will not pass away." Emma Allen's attitude was striking in her dignified and open acceptance of the fact that everywhere her sisters were more popular than herself. She said of her brother in 1818, "John I am sure shews me more affection than he ever did before, and if you could but know how I have always loved him you may guess how delightful his tender manners are to me." Bessy, however, wrote of this sister a few years later: "We shall miss her very much. If I did not love and value her as I do, I should feel the benign influence of her contented spirit and tranquil soul."

Caroline, the second daughter of the John Wedgwoods, died early in 1825. This death affected her family deeply. They had before been inclined to belong to the Evangelical

party in the Church of England, and this loss made them adopt a rigid form of that creed which seemed narrow to the Josiah Wedgwoods.

In the autumn of 1824 a scheme had begun to mature for the Maer family making a long tour to Switzerland and Italy. Many preparations for the journey were discussed in the letters to and from Geneva, and one perceives how serious an affair it then was to take a large party abroad. Amongst other arrangements two carriages had to be bought. Bessy wrote to Jessie Sismondi asking her to get evening gowns for the girls, which she appeared to think could be made by simply giving the length of their skirts, with a remark that they are not fond of having their things tight. But Elizabeth more practically added: "Unless your mantua maker is a witch, it is impossible she should make our bodies, so do not trouble her about the size."

They went by Paris to Geneva. Bessy gave up an evening to visiting Madame Collos. In a former letter in speaking of a proposed visit of the Sismondis to Paris, Bessy wrote to Jessie (April 8, 1822): "When you go to Paris how will you get off from the Grande Truanderie? It will be something of a bore, though my heart smites me while I write it. It would not however be necessary for you to do so much duty as it would be for me, if I were at Paris. I sometimes think it would be difficult to do, as Kitty [Mackintosh] says she always does, 'exactly the right thing.'" This reminds me of my mother who never neglected any humble friend or relation, especially if their society was not found generally amusing, yet never took an exacting view of the duties of others.

It was decided that Bessy's health would not allow her to join in the Italian tour, so after the whole party had been five weeks at Geneva, Jos and the four daughters, with Henri the Courier, set off on the 8th of March to cross Mont Cenis, Bessy staying behind with the Sismondis. Elizabeth wrote to her mother from Aix to express her "longing desire" that she could have been of the party, and said "it has felt to-day like anything but a party of pleasure."

The Sismondis, after the departure of the Italian party, made their annual move to their little *campagne* two or three miles out of Geneva.

*Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Fanny Allen at
Kingscote.*

GENEVA, Ap. 21, 1825.

Jessie is gone to Chêne with Sismondi to hang up her curtains and to scrattle about, as we go there to-morrow, and she piques herself upon my finding it *very* comfortable. I have been waiting for a little pause in her correspondence to thank you, dearest of Fannys, for yours of the 6th of last month. But another from my ever dear Jenny [Wedgwood] has made my gratitude to you both overflow, and I am enjoying being "by myself," that I may write to you quite at my ease in this little drawing-room, with a good fire, and just at Emma [Allen]'s own end of the table where she used to study. I pretend to study French, but in a very dawdling manner. Indeed we dawdle a good deal over everything, and can with some difficulty breakfast before 10 o'clock, do no work, and scarcely read at all. I hope we shall mend our manners when we get to Chêne.

I felt a little low-spirited when they all went, but I trust my Jessie did not perceive it, and I am now extremely comfortable. Who could be otherwise with such a kind, such an affectionate and such an agreeable hostess? Yet to give up sweet Italy and noble Rome, never again to have a chance of seeing them! I did it willingly, but it was something like putting on a blister, it made me smart.

Jessie gave a grand Soirée last night, which, she insists upon it, has offended all her company. I saw no signs of it, but she says that many of the second set gave out signs of dissatisfaction at being so grouped, and a few of the aristocrats would think themselves *encanaillés*. She asked about 60, but more than 20 sent excuses, and those of the best, and the Tag Rags sat all one side of the room, not moving from their seats and doing nothing. The gentlemen having no seats were obliged to stand. Poor Madame Piscara and Madame Rossi sat as usual, almost by themselves, and it is no small proof of the pride and ill-nature of this place, the

manner in which these two harmless women are treated. I never saw such a place for taking huff. Madame Soret has taken me so much *en grippe* that she will hardly speak to me, and I can't guess how I have offended her. I thought her very tiresome at Mr Simond's party the first time we met, but I don't recollect I ever said so to anybody. But to return to Jessie's party—I played cards with Madame Butiné, Mr Viesseux whom I liked very well, and young Spencer son of the Poet,¹ *beau comme l'amour*, but too sensible of it. Jessie did not ask any of her select acquaintance, Madame Constant, de Candolle, and half a score others who she said would think themselves affronted to be asked to such a party—did you ever hear the like? I feel as if I were walking upon eggs among them. Yet I like a great many of them, but I don't much enjoy the feeling of being so much on sufferance with my bad French among them, and I am discouraged in getting the better of it from seeing what little progress Jessie has made. I doubt our modest Harriet's being entirely happy here if ever it is her fate to settle here. Jessie is in fact everything to her, but will Jessie be enough? Jessie had a letter from her yesterday written in such gay spirits that it was quite delightful to see, yet Surtees seems very ill. She speaks in another place so prettily upon sisterly affection that I must quote her. "Could she know the infinite blessing of sisterly affection, and the happiness it can give when there is little other source from whence to draw it, she would foster and nourish the holy flame with a vestal's care"—I have spoiled it by taking it out of its place, but it shews you the source of her own happiness.

Jessie grumbles exceedingly at going so soon to Chêne, but I like it. I never saw such an universal favourite as she is among the men. I have been speculating upon the reason, and I think I have discovered it to be a little degree of coquetry that she mixes up in her manner that makes her

¹ W. R. Spencer (1769—1834), a minor poet who had a certain popularity. He appears in *Rejected Addresses*: "Sobriety cease to be sober."

so attractive. Mr Pictet¹ is I think in love with her, and Mr de Candolle seeks her company with more gallantry than common acquaintance usually use. The whole town is in mourning and grief for Professor Pictet who is to be buried to-morrow. I don't like Madame Simond, but am much pleased with Madame de Candolle, Bossi, Dumont, and Favre.² We scarcely ever fall in with any young girls as they are all with their Societies. I suppose there were a dozen young men here last night and only two young women. To-night is the select Thursday evening—we expect Mme Constant and Mme de Candolle. God bless you all now at Kingscote. My dearly beloveds', E. W.

Bessy received many letters from her husband and the girls while on their Italian journey. These contain less expression of enjoyment than might have been expected, but my mother told us she never felt well all the tour. They were all deeply impressed with the poverty of Italy. Jos wrote, "I never saw so much misery in so small a space before, and really it is paying dear for any pleasure that travelling affords, to be besieged by crowds of hideous men, women, and children begging importunately every time we stop to change horses."

Their aunt Jessie had been anxious about the girls' dress and appearance. Elizabeth wrote to her mother after a party at Florence (Ap. 1825): "Emma acquitted herself

¹ Adolphe Pictet (1799—1875), Ethnologist. Professor Marcus Auguste Pictet (b. 1752), whose death is mentioned above, was a Physicist.

² These four names appear constantly in the Geneva letters. De Candolle (1778—1841), the famous Botanist, was Professor of Natural History there from 1816 to his death. Bossi is mentioned by Edouard Scherer as one of the literary Geneva-Coppet circle. Dumont was one of Sismondi's best friends and one of the foremost figures in the intellectual society of Geneva. Rossel, in his *Histoire Littéraire de la Suisse Romande*, speaks of him as "ce savant actif et jovial dont la rondeur et l'entrain contrastaient avec le ton pédant et les airs ennuyés de la société Genevoises du temps." He was a friend of Mackintosh and other leading English Liberals, and had been intimate in England with Bentham, of whose doctrines he was the chief continental apostle. Favre was a man of great learning and a profound historical student—Mme de Staël called him "mon érudit." He and Sismondi had been prison companions thirty years before this, at the time of the Genevan "terror." The Simonds were relatives of Sismondi.

very well with the nice lady on the sofa; and tell Jessie we dressed our hair as we thought in good style. I do not know how the curtsies were performed." My mother told me they were plentifully stared at, four very English-looking girls, all with fresh complexions and pink cheeks and all with spectacles. At Sorrento she said the courier locked them up in their room to ensure their safety from insult when they were left alone for a little.

Bessy meanwhile joined in the social life of Geneva and Chêne and enjoyed it all. A young Englishman (I think the beautiful Mr Spencer) became much devoted to her and was called her "*Cavaliere Servente*." She wrote to her husband to express uneasiness at having felt obliged to play cards on Sunday out of civility, to which he answered (30 March, 1825): "One word about your playing cards on Sunday, as you do not think it wrong to do so, why should you object to [your sisters] Caroline or Jane knowing that you did? I am rather afraid of Evangelicism spreading amongst us, though I have some confidence in the genuine good sense of the Maerites for keeping it out, or if it must come for having the disease in a very mild form."

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her mother (at Chêne).

PIAZZA BERBERINI, ROME, April 14, 1825.

. . . We look upon ourselves as the very luckiest people that ever were, to have a second illumination of St Peter's and fireworks on purpose for us as it were. We were rather in a puzzle as to our dress, as the invitation to Torlonia's theatre was to spend the evening, and we should have to sit in an open gallery over the river. We consulted Mrs Bunsen, who told us to go full dressed; so to prevent catching cold Charlotte and I put pink handkerchiefs on our heads, and our black satins, which are the most comfortable gowns in the world. At half-past 6 we set out to take our station in the Place of St Peter, which, the way we went, is two miles off. By the time we got there the paper lanthorns were lighted, and we saw the men sticking to the outside of the dome, and climbing up the cross. As it grew dark the illumination became more and more beautiful, and when the clock struck eight, the whole church looked alive

with torches, and in half a minute the entire church and porticos became the most brilliant scene I ever saw.

Sunday. I am sorry you have taken at all to heart Papa's simile for himself. I think he enjoys what he sees here as much or more than any of us. He has not so much pleasure in the travelling itself, but he liked that better when he had thrown all trouble and anxiety off his shoulders by going with a vetturino. . . .

We went last night at 7 to see the pilgrims at supper. All pilgrims are fed and lodged for three days, and waited on at supper by a society of ladies and gentlemen, Princesses and Cardinals. We went very luckily without Papa, who would have been heartily tired as it turned out, but we had an amusing evening. We knocked at the door and were announced as four foreign ladies, and found ourselves in a great hall with tables with lamps and writing things, and a few men in red gowns laughing and talking and bustling backwards and forwards. There we stood helpless some time, not knowing where to go; till at last the old man in red who let us in, after a quantity of gabbling and gesticulating which we could make nothing of, fairly put us out into the street again and shut the door on us. By this time the carriage was gone, so there we staid in the dirt and the dark, till the door was opened again to let in some more ladies, and we pushed in after them and followed them thro' the hall and several more places, full of bustle and pilgrims and soldiers, till we got upstairs to where the women pilgrims were to sup. There we found two very long well lighted rooms with tables down each side, and I should think some hundreds of ladies without their bonnets and most of them in white aprons to serve. There was a middle room besides, where there was a set of women with towels on their heads, listening to a sermon from a man in red. After this they went on their knees, and said such a number of Ave Marias that I was tired waiting to see the end, and they must have wanted their suppers terribly which they did not get till near ten o'clock. The Princess Doria was going about directing, and the Queen of Etruria's daughter and two

other young Princesses Ruspoli, who looked as if they were carrying about the trays for fun. We were almost the only strangers there, as the Princess had given orders that none should be let in that night, as she was expecting the King and Queen of Naples. However nobody looked sour on us, and indeed I never knew such civil people. One good-humoured talking lady staid with us great part of the time; another took me about and told me who the people were; another genteel young lady who was serving talked English to us, and at last said she and her mother and sister would be happy to visit us; and if we were fond of music, she played the harp and her sister the piano. So we exchanged directions and we were to call on her to-morrow. She was pleasing and natural. Another lady began a conversation in English with me with "Are you an Englishman?" and was very civil. The King and Queen with the Duke of Lucca in a red gown and various other great people came in, and at last we came away, guided by our good-natured first friend, whom we set down with a fat friend of hers; and at parting she also gave us her direction and desired us to call, so that even you could not have wished a more productive evening in the way of society. By the way I must say how friendly Mrs Bunsen is—she is pleasing from an appearance of great modesty and gentleness, but she still runs on in the same monotonous way she used to do.

Charlotte Wedgwood to her mother.

[ROME], April 29, 1825.

... We like Rome so much that all Jessie's scoldings cannot persuade us to be sorry we left Florence so soon. Now that we are within a week of the end of our month here, I grudge every day that passes. I scarcely know why I like it so much. I think it suits Papa too very well. All his time that is not occupied in seeing sights, he employs, as it appears very much to his satisfaction, in looking out of the window and watching the idle groups of common people that this square is constantly filled with. They are so

picturesque, and I think handsome, that they afford constant amusement. We want nothing, my dear Mama, but that your strength would have permitted you to come with us; but when we are resting from our travels our life is much more fatiguing than on the journey, which would never have done for you; even Papa has sometimes been quite fatigued at the end of the day. The English are leaving Rome very fast. Last Sunday there was a very thin congregation, and the Vatican, which the first day we went to it was like a gay promenade with the numbers of English, is now left to the Pilgrims and ourselves. We always meet crowds of them, and their simple staring mahogany faces and the gay dresses of the women make a great part of the amusement of going there. They seem to take very much to Elizabeth, having applied to her several times for any information they wanted, and she has had long conversations with some of them.

On Thursday we were to take the Persianis to Villa Borghese, but it rained and we could only bring them here. But we found not the least difficulty in entertaining them, as we had only the two girls, whom I like very much. Giulietta seems to me to have some very heretical notions, at least there are many points of their church rules that she made not the least scruple to disapprove very much, and she said the priests were selfish and thought of nobody but themselves. And her opinion of Convents and Nuns seems very bad; she gave us an account of the dreadful life they lead at the two strictest of the convents. I cannot conceive how such horrible places have existed so long. They are called *Vivi sepolti*, and no name could be so descriptive of them. . . .

Frank Wedgwood to his sister Fanny.

DEAR FANNY,

MAER, WEDNESDAY, April 27 [1825].

I mean to write you a very long letter all about Maer. . . . Peggy is banished to the Moss for biting the hedges, and somebody has built her a snug little hut of

stumps out of a hedge that has been grubbed up, hurdles and so forth. I think Squib pined when I was at Edinburgh, for I left him fat and found him lean; yet he will not go to Etruria with me, and if he does not see Jos set out to come back, he had rather stay all night there than come home with me. . . .

I have had the school two Sundays. I take them in the servants' hall, which is better than the laundry, there are fewer things for them to spoil, particularly now there is some wet plastering in the washhouse. I got on pretty well with them, particularly the second time; I follow Elizabeth's plan of giving them each a ticket and one for the cleanest hands. When service is in the afternoon, I get all the school over at once and the subject of going to church is not mentioned between us; I have stuck up a notice in school that I will punish them if they behave ill there. I am very busy pruning oak trees, and as soon as Mester Dabbs has set th' taties, I shall take one of the men into my service and do great execution amongst boughs and snags. I am so busy now that I have not time to read over the pottery Gazette; indeed if you saw us dispatch our dinner you would think that we had hardly time for that.

We have had some turns out in the potteries, chiefly I believe because the masters, in their eagerness to undersell one another, keep increasing the sizes of their ware without increasing the prices of making; they have had some meetings at Newcastle and Hanley to try to bring all the sizes to a common standard, in which I should think that they will not succeed. Last week the colliers turned out, so that many of the works stopped for want of coals. I do hope they will not frighten the parliament into re-enacting the combination laws. As Jos and I do not spend much of our time in chattering, and to be even with you, we have agreed to keep journals too. I will give you an extract from mine: Monday. Went to Etruria as usual; rained a little; thought at one time of putting on my greatcoat, however it went off; cauliflowers boiled crisp. Tuesday. Squib went rather farther than usual with me, viz., to Maer field-gate.

Barbara would not drink. Wednesday. Got wet. Thursday. Ditto. Friday. Ditto twice. Saturday. Counted 21 carts going to market; the fire went out; told the boy to light it again, which he did; thought the damsons tasted salt; Jos said "No, it was fancy." Jos's journal I have not seen, but I believe it is conciser than mine. Apropos to journals it would save you much trouble if you were to write a family journal, for they must all be exactly the same; do not let me find "excessively" more than once a day in it.

My love to all of you,

Your affectionate brother, F. W.

Josiah Wedgwood to his wife (at Chêne).

SORRENTO, May 24, 1825.

. . . All these boasted places only confirm my preference of England and of Maer. I am quite surprised at the attachment of your sisters to Rome, especially as I suppose they had not a carriage constantly, for the filthy habits of the people and the total neglect of the police as to cleanliness, make the town very disagreeable even for a man to walk about in, and intolerable I should have supposed for English women. As one instance, towards evening you every now and then hear vessels emptied of water, or some less innocent contents, from the windows of the houses, without notice; and as far as I could ever perceive without the precaution of looking whether the street was clear. . . . I believe I shall quit this country without any desire ever to return to it, but if possible with a deeper detestation of the principles which cause its degradation, and a more heartfelt approbation of the contrary ones which are in operation in our own happy country, and of the men who are supporting them. I don't know whether the Italians are subject to the same annoyance, or whether, if subject, they become insensible to it, but the mere importunity of the miserable beggars that you meet with at every step, and who ask for alms with loud cries and as much earnest-

ness as if their existence depended on succeeding in each instance, makes a walk a scene of persecution. In short this country has so many odious or painful circumstances which move one's indignation, contempt, or compassion so powerfully that the charms of scenery and of climate cannot have their proper effect. In short I remain at least as good a John Bull as I came out. You must not think however that I have looked only at one side. I have had much pleasure, and I have satisfied a wish almost as old as my memory, and I must not expect to escape the lot of human nature that there is disappointment in the gratification of all desires. "Man never is but always to be blest." I heartily wish you could have partaken of my pleasures or disappointments, but many, I believe most, of the pleasures would have been fatigues to you. I trust however that this first long separation will be our last. I turned my face northward from Paestum with the feeling of being on my way to meet you. . . .

If you do not contrive to meet us at Milan for the purpose of going with us to Venice, I rather think we shall not be unlikely to give up Venice altogether. I suspect that by that time we shall think the sight of Venice will scarcely repay us for lengthening our route so much. We think that Canaletto and the Panorama have made us familiar with the appearance of Venice, and besides the appearance, there is not much for such cursory travellers as we are, except some pictures. After my lamentations in my last for the want of the boasted blue sky of Italy, you will be sorry to hear that the sky has been obstinately grey and the atmosphere hazy; and I am satisfied that we have scarcely ever in England so many days together so unfavourable for showing scenery as we have had here. I am afraid you will think me a very smell-fungus, but I believe there has been more humbug about Italy than any other country in the world, and travellers have affected raptures that they have not felt. Whatever I may express, I shall certainly feel very great delight at seeing a certain *chien de visage* again, a feeling in which my companions

will share for they love you dearly. I am, my dear Bess,
Your most affectionate J. W.

The tour to Venice was given up, and the family returned home in September, after two months spent at Chêne, including a short visit to Chamounix. The tour in all had lasted nine months. They arrived at Maer on October 1st, 1825.

In spite of any drawbacks which may have arisen from their want of enterprise, this tour was an immense advantage to Emma in enlarging her sympathy and outlook. She never lost her wish to see new scenes, and even to within a few years of my father's death had day-dreams of another tour abroad.

Madame Sismondi to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

[CHÊNE], FRIDAY, Sept. 9 [1825].

. . . Dearest Bessy, how long have I been accustomed to your sweet face as my inmate; you seem by this visit to belong doubly to me, and how do you think I can live without it now? I never felt a parting so much and so long before; there is no describing the desolation of the house—the very cats seemed to feel it. The servants seemed to have pity on me, and came to me with a gentle step and low voice and sad look as if a death had been in the house. They have been expatiating to M. Hermes on the *Angels* they have had to serve, from whom I have had it again in language that you would all laugh at as exaggerated, but which suits me exactly. I long for a letter, and shall go by and by to the town in spite of the rain to see if I have the good luck of a word from, it seems to me now, the only people I love in the world. I hate everybody here. I believe it is very true that women know how to love only by contrast. I am unwilling to think that it is a fault peculiarly my own, I must correct it if it is; when faults are general to our nature I do not trouble my head about them; it is vain to struggle against them, and if I succeeded in destroying one it is ten to one I did not destroy with it some great charm. Munier gave us a beautiful sermon;

it was yesterday the great national fast, a day set apart for an examination of the blessings of heaven on this land, and the faults of the people. It follows the Great Communion, and is a day more sacredly and universally kept than any Sunday, in commemorating the blessings, prosperity, and general happiness of Switzerland. He contrasted it with the misery and sufferings of the Greeks, with very great eloquence but very shortly, and asked our prayers as fellow Christians of a Christian people engaged in a defensive war against extermination, whose sufferings were beyond description. It was impossible to say a few words with greater beauty and feeling and piety. How I wished for you ! but when and where do I not wish for you ? Yesterday evening above all. I never wanted the girls so much, having a set of young Englishmen to entertain, and only the little Princess and my *triste* self to amuse them. There were Dr Holland, and Capt. Elton, Mr Allen, the two *Prévôts*, and Bonstetten.¹ They all sat round the dining-table to tea, but I am afraid it looked a *triste* shop. Feeling out of spirits I had invited no one, but on Wednesday poured in the above English *recommandés*, and made me feel sorry I had not endeavoured to amuse them better. Captain Elton is the brother of Mrs Hallam, a jolly naval Captain full of gaiety and high spirits, finding his own amusement like a jolly tar. I am not sure even he had not taken too much champagne—he was easily pleased, only “hoped to God I would not make him talk French aloud, he did not

¹ Karl von Bonstetten (1745—1832), a constant figure in the Sismondi circle, was a Swiss publicist of European repute, and had been in middle life a politician. He was an author of some note, writing on (*inter alia*) the Laws of the Imagination and on Climate as affecting human character. He had studied in his youth at Cambridge, Leyden, and Paris. At Cambridge he became extremely intimate with the poet Gray. For three months he spent every evening with Gray, arriving at five o'clock and lingering till midnight. Gray could not get over the wonder of Bonstetten's ardour and vitality: “Our breed is not made on this model. . . . He gives me too much pleasure and at least an equal share of inquietude. . . . God bless him ! I am unable to talk to you about anything else I think,” Gray wrote to his friend Nicholls. Rossel describes Bonstetten's old age as “une longue rajeunissement.” See Gray, by Gosse, *English Men of Letters*.

dislike talking it apart with some pretty woman " and accordingly stole round behind Princess Pietra Santa's sopha and looked very well pleased as long as he could detain her. I felt all my love of the navy character awake within me. How I did wish for my angelic voices to delight him; they still sing in my ears, and I know would have enchanted him. . . .

I staid by myself on Monday till near 3 o'clock before I could be in trim enough even for Sis. . . . We tried to read German together but it would not do. "Grand Dieu, que j'ai été tourmenté tout le jour par les voix délicieuses de ces enfants, et les airs enchantants qu'elles ont chantés hier. Est-il possible que je ne les entendrai plus?" I can never speak tenderly enough for Sis.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Madame Sismondi.

CHALONS, Sept. 9, 1825.

I can hardly reconcile myself to having lost you—to you I could venture to lay open my most foolish feelings, certain of your gentle sympathy. You have certainly the happiest mixture in the world of tenderness and gaiety, and you make everybody happy who lives with you as I have done for the last six months.

Emma Wedgwood to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

MY DEAREST AUNT JESSIE, MAER, Oct. 7, 1825.

I am very glad to have this little bit to tell you what longings I have to see you again since we parted. I am very sorry you happened to see that horrid letter of Jos's. We meant to have kept it a profound secret from you, the Canal meeting being put off. It gave us such a pang as soon as we heard of it; but never mind for we *will* come and see you again. You can't think with what pleasure I think of it, but I am afraid it will be a long time first. Charlotte is at the Derby music meeting or she would thank you very much for your letter, and dear

M. Sismondi for his nice affectionate little note. I am sure I thank him with all my heart for my share of it. I enjoy being at home very much, though it looks rather rainy and stormy at present. I do hope that you will quite have got over our going away by the time you get this. I cannot bear to think of you as being melancholy. Everybody compliments Mamma on her good looks, and says she looks much better than when she went away. You and my uncle and our charming visit at Chêne are never very long out of my mind. I think it is the happiest time I ever spent, and that is saying a great deal. I will enjoy it again some time.

Good-bye, my own aunt Jessie, EMMA W.

Jessie wrote to Bessy (13 Nov. 1825): "I answered your last lovely letter to Emma because her postscript was irresistible. I love to encourage the tenderness of children I love as if they were my own, and who will, I hope, from time to time supply to me the place of them. It is a tie the tenderer between us if you will let me participate in the choicest blessing you have, or any mother ever had as they tell me here. I am so little disposed to question it that I would they were my own." The natural longings of a childless woman can more than once be traced in Jessie's letters and appear in her attitude towards her nieces. She was happy in winning a warm response to the passionate love she felt for them. My cousin, Julia Wedgwood, told me that the romance of Elizabeth's life was her love for her aunt Jessie, and Emma's was equally warm. She was from early days her aunt's pet child, and the relation only became closer all through her girlhood. Although after her marriage the cares of husband and children prevented frequent intercourse, their love lasted through life.

The only event to be chronicled, in the following winter 1825-6 is the coming of Allen, eldest son of John Wedgwood, to take possession of the little living at Maer. He was still lame from a long illness. In a letter from Kingscote (the John Wedgwoods), in May, 1825, his aunt Fanny Allen wrote:

Allen is still going about on his crutches. He appears feeble, and I should be afraid would never be any better

than an invalid. He has invalid habits also, which I am not at all sure is a bad thing for him, as it gives him thought and occupation. Last week I was amazed at his watching the clock to have his tea precisely as the clock was at half-past eight. Eliza had had the tea in for our whole party at eight or perhaps a little before on Jane's account. The general tea was finished at quarter-past eight, and he sat watching the clock till the right minute to order in the tea-kettle. He puts Jane and Eliza something beside their patience, so it is well that he will have an establishment of his own, and arrange his meals according to his own fancy.

This is exactly as I remember him 40 years later. But he had a kindly simple nature, and, like his father, was devoted to flowers and gardening. When he came to Maer, Bessy in her abounding hospitality said to him, "Allen, remember we shall always be glad to see you any and every time." This speech was taken literally, and I believe for years he came up once in the morning to see what letters had come, once in the afternoon, I suppose to see what they were going to do, whilst in the evening when they came out from dinner he was settled in the one armchair. His uncle Jos occasionally talked of representing to him that they sometimes wanted to be alone, but was too kind-hearted ever to carry out his intention. However by 1833 these visits had come to an end, I think through some representation of his brother Robert. Emma Wedgwood wrote in that year: "Nothing can be more modest than he is; indeed I wish he would come in sometimes without being asked. He is so thoroughly amiable that one gets fond of him."

One constant interest of the Maer family during these years was the anti-slavery agitation. Bessy wrote (March 13, 1826): "We are exceedingly interested in the abolition of slavery. Jos has exerted himself wonderfully for a man of his retired habits in getting up a County Petition, and has succeeded and it has been presented. We have also got up a local one from the four neighbouring parishes hereabouts; and I hope shall never let the matter rest. There is certainly a great stir in England at this moment. The Clergy and the Methodists have taken it up very warmly, and now that England is awakened I trust in God this enormity will cease." And two years later: "Sarah [Wedgwood] is ab-

sorbed very much by her interest in favour of the Blacks. She spends a great deal in the circulation of anti-slavery publications, and she has herself written or compiled a little pamphlet for the benefit of those who are not sufficiently interested in the subject to seek for information among the many books that are written. We have established a Ladies' Society at Newcastle, but we don't meet with much success among the higher gentry. The set below them (our *Rue Basse*) is much more impressible." A quaint evidence of the family's interest in the cause is shown by the fact of various little manuscript books of journals and collections of prayers, amongst the Maer records, being bound in the disused covers of Anti-slavery pamphlets.

CHAPTER XIV

1826-1827

The Sismondis in England—Bessy and her daughter Charlotte at Ampthill—Fanny and Emma Wedgwood at Geneva—Sarah Wedgwood's generosity—The Prince of Denmark—Edward Drewe's love-affair—Harry Wedgwood on French plays—Fanny and Emma return home—Lady Byron at Geneva.

IN the spring of 1826 the Sismondis came over to England. Fanny Allen wrote of Jessie (May 25, 1826), "her countenance is as charming as ever, which makes her better worth looking at than any beauty I know." Harry Wedgwood described Sismondi's bows as tremendous: "he and I salute one another in the style of the frontispiece to *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, and he ought to have married good Mistress Accost instead of Aunt Jessie."

After visiting the Mackintoshes in London they went, towards the end of June, to Maer. Bessy wrote: "He is such an entire lover of music that the evenings are completely filled up with it." "Je n'ai pas éprouvé un moment un plaisir égal à celui que me donnait '*Un palpito atroce*' ou '*O notte soave*,'" Sismondi told Elizabeth, writing from Paris, where he went at the end of August, leaving Jessie to pay her visits to Cresselly and elsewhere alone. Jessie was not allowed to see Mrs Surtees, her poor imprisoned "Sad," as she called her. This was the only blot on her stay of many months in England.

As these visits drew to a close, Bessy decided to send Fanny and Emma back with Jessie to spend eight months at Geneva. It was an effort to part with them, but she thought it would be good for the girls, they wished it, and it would soften the parting for Jessie.

Madame Sismondi also had her nephew Edward Drewe, a boy of 21, to convoy out. He had left Oxford, but he was not intended for any profession, being the heir-expectant

of Grange, the Devonshire estate, then in the possession of an uncle 79 years old. Bessy was a little afraid her sister Mrs Drewe might think she had views on him for Fanny or Emma, as he was prospectively a good match.

Bessy went to London to see Jessie and the girls off. She described the parting to her husband, writing from Ampthill, a house lent to Sir James Mackintosh (Nov. 19, 1826): "Our little girls shed a few tears at parting with me yesterday but they went off very stoutly and not at all repenting. I am surprized at my own tranquillity at the thoughts of losing them for so long a time; when I hear that they are safe on the other side of the Channel I shall be quite easy."

In one of her first letters to them abroad she wrote these few words of advice: "I am sure you will make it your duty and your pleasure to enliven your Aunt Jessie's winter by your cheerfulness as much as she will yours by her gaiety. Shew yourselves pleased with what she does for you, and do not be afraid of making the gratitude that you must feel both for her and Sismondi apparent in your manners to both."

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her husband.

AMPTHILL PARK, Nov. 24 [1826].

. . . We are very comfortable here, and not so cold as we were at first. Charlotte and I smuggle an hour's conversation with Sir James every evening after dinner, by remaining in the eating room while Kitty [Lady Mackintosh] goes to her darling newspaper, and Fanny [Mackintosh] takes the opportunity of going to the pianoforte. At these times he seems to enjoy conversation, and he is so wise and luminous in all his views, that I feel that I have made a step towards wisdom in listening to him. I am sure he has great feeling; he spoke with such tenderness of his daughter [Mrs Turnbull] the other night, and with such gratitude of Dr Darling for his attentions to her that he filled my eyes with tears.

Kitty is writing to Sarah [Wedgwood] upon the Cruelty subject. She has been getting a man convicted of cruelty to his ass, and he is sent to prison, but Kitty has been visiting his wife and supplying her with money and blankets

while he is away, and Kitty told me that the wife seemed not displeased that the man was gone.

Charlotte, who is very comfortably sleeping by the fire, would join me, if she were alive, in love to you and your three companions, not forgetting Tony. Hoping at no unreasonable distance to see that *chien de visage*,

I remain, my dear Jos,

Your affectionate E. W.

The four travellers, Mme Sismondi, Fanny and Emma Wedgwood, and Edward Drewe, reached Calais on 25th Nov. 1826. Emma wrote that day to her mother: "Aunt Jessie told us that she did not know how she could have borne leaving England if we had not gone with her, but now she did not mind. Edward is very happy running about looking at carriages and seeing about passports. Luckily everybody here speaks English. . . . We came over with half-a-dozen smugglers who teased us very much to wear some plaid cloth cloaks for them, as they said they would not take them from us but they would from them, but we would not, as you may suppose."

Their mother wrote many little instructions to the two girls at Geneva. She begs them to pay regularly for their letters and to be exact in their accounts, "this is more for one of you than the other, your consciences will tell you which," and it is easy to guess that the exact Fanny needed no such reminder. Also, "I wish you would generally or always say something to or of your aunt Sarah in your letters; she always enquires very kindly of you, and I should like to have something to say from you to her."

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her husband.

MY DEAR JOS,

AMPTILL PARK, Nov. 28 [1826].

I write to rejoice with you over the safe arrival of our dear children and their companions on the other side the water. It is so pleasant to receive the letter before one had begun to expect it. Now I am quite easy about them, and feel very glad that their company has been such a support to Jessie.

Charlotte and I have great pleasure in our evening's conversation with Sir James. He perceives her good understanding and seems to take a pleasure in talking to her. After tea he reads to us aloud some German stories translated by Gillies, which being short and full of wild incident, are just the things for reading aloud, and he reads admirably. His spirits are pretty fair, which I wonder at considering how full his thoughts are of "fair occasions gone for ever by." He is now, he says, obliged to toil like a labourer because he would not work when he was so much better able to do it, but if he can but live to get his history through the press, of which he now seems to doubt, he will compound for all the rest. He is working very hard, and at the same time takes as much care as he can of his health, but he looks ill, and I never saw any one's hand shake as his does. . . .

The following is a fragment of a letter from Marianne Thornton¹ to Hannah More. It records the beginning of a devoted friendship between Fanny Mackintosh and Miss Thornton, which played a large part in both their lives.

Marianne Thornton to Hannah More.

THE MANOR HOUSE, MILTON BRYANT, BEDS.
Feb. 12th, 1827.

I found my sisters here setting up a warm friendship with a new country neighbour, Miss Mackintosh, daughter of the Sir James, who has Ampthill Park here, a place of Lord Holland's, which his lordship has lent Sir James while he writes his history. Miss Mackintosh is everything his daughter should be—and more, much more than anyone would expect her to be—very clever, full of information, yet loving fun as well as any child, and abounding in life and spirits. Yet as pious and devoted as if she had been a Miss Wilberforce, and most anxious to do good in the wretched

¹ Sir Robert Inglis, of Milton Bryant, took charge of the large family of Thorntons when their father, Henry Thornton of Battersea Rise, and their mother both died in 1815. Marianne, the eldest daughter, was only 18 at the time.

village, which under the Holland influence you will guess has had little done for it. She canters here on any cart- or coach-horse she can find, and returns loaded with good books and good advice as to how to proceed from the Miss Inglises, who are well able to give both. She never mentions her father's religious opinions, but seems so excessively fond of him, and he of her, that I think *her father* and Robert Hall's friend cannot but end well.

Emma Wedgwood to her sister Elizabeth.

GENEVA, Thursday, 4 Jan. [1827].

This week has been very quiet except Monday, when there was a ball at the Theatre in commemoration of the restoration of the Republic, where everybody may come that pays 6 fr. The whole Theatre was quite full and it looked very pretty. We were to dance with whoever asked us. The first man I danced with was very disagreeable and vulgar, which put me rather in despair for the rest of the ball; however the rest of my partners were very tidy, so I liked it very well. I had the good luck to dance with one or two Englishmen. I was quite surprised to see the shopkeepers here look so much worse than any English shopkeepers. I had much rather dance even with Mr Timmis than with most of the people there. When I was afraid any particularly horrid-looking man was going to ask me to dance I began such a very earnest conversation with Fanny that they could not interrupt me. The room looked very gay from having a great many people in uniform, especially the Prince of Denmark and his three governors. Sismondi was very indignant with the behaviour of some English young ladies sitting by us, who, when anybody asked them to dance that they were not acquainted with, looked very glum and answered, "*Je ne danse pas.*"

I have had a music-master for more than a fortnight now. He is a German and despises every music but German very much. He takes great pains about playing with expres-

sion, but I think he plays with so much expression himself that it is as if he was mad. . . .

The Prince [of Denmark] gives a ball on the 18th at his house in the country to which we are to go, and we are to go to the Redoute this day (Saturday) week. These are our only balls at present. I have made great progress in hair-dressing, and I make both our heads look very dashing.

Sismondi and we get on very well together, and we talk very well and listen very tolerably. He is more affectionate than ever, which I am very grateful for. I am afraid he will never leave off kissing our hands. I was in hopes he would after we had been here sometime, but he is more constant than ever. I am sorry Tony is become so fat, I do not know what he will do without me to whip him and starve him.

Sunday. Yesterday we went to Mme Pictet Menet's and had a very comfortable evening, which finished by dancing, to my great joy, for I had the fidgets of wanting to dance ever since the ball at the Theatre. I get on in waltzing very well.

Is the school as full as it was when we left home? You must tell us everything in the world that you have been doing, and all about that charming place, Maer. One feels interest about the most insignificant things from being such an immense way off. Mme Beaumont and Edward sung last night, but I assure you nobody sings as well as you and Charlotte. We are going to have a comfortable evening at home to-night without Sismondi. You must not think me wicked for putting that. I like him much better than I did.

I heard that Aunt Sarah has not got into her new house yet. Will you give her my best love?

Her words about the expressive playing of her master "as if he was mad" are delightfully characteristic. She always kept the same horror of any exaggeration of feeling.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Emma Allen.

MAER, January 16 [1827].

Sarah dined here the other day in very good spirits, though the troubles and complaints of her small establishment are beginning to come in, and she has done too much for their accommodation not to be expected to do more. While I am upon the subject of Sarah, I cannot resist telling you that she subscribed £200 to the distressed manufacturers at the general Committee under an anonymous signature. I do believe she has given away near £1000 last year in different acts of benevolence. Who can say that a woman is not as capable of managing a large fortune as a man, or that a single woman has not as many opportunities of doing good as a married one? I wish I could preach singularity among my poor neighbours I know; for I do believe that if nobody would marry who could not maintain a family till they were thirty years old, there would be no poor in England. The distress all round us makes this now more apparent than ever, and yet in the town of Newcastle there was never known so many poor marriages as this year. Many young couples under twenty have been married, who had not a single article of furniture to begin the world with and have been obliged to go back to their parents with the prospect of an increase of misery.

My two little girls seem very happy at Geneva and will spend a much gayer winter than they would have had at home. I wish they may also reap the benefit of being with two such minds (for I must say that Sis. possesses also a superior one, however one may owe him a grudge) and Jessie's is beyond discussion. I hope they will open their eyes wide to what is excellent and then they must be the better for it. . . .

Fanny Wedgwood to her mother.

January 21st, Tuesday [1827].

... On Thursday the Prince of Denmark gave a grand ball at the Casino (the place where the Redoutes are given), to which we went. It was a very pretty sight. In the middle of the ball they danced a cotillion which I should think lasted upwards of an hour, which cut a great many people off from dancing. The Prince danced almost all evening with Mrs Lambton, and after we were gone people say there was a scene between them, some say that he threw himself at her feet, others that he gave her his feather; what did happen I don't know, but Edward [Drewe] looks and talks very mysteriously about it and all Geneva is very busy talking her over. I suppose she has been very imprudent, but I think they judge her very harshly, for if she did flirt a good deal with the Prince, he is only a boy of 18, so she might think there was no great harm in it. But whatever has happened people seem to cut her now, for she is going to give a ball on Tuesday week, and I am afraid many people will send her excuses, for several have said to Aunt Jessie, "You don't mean to go of course." However, Aunt Jessie means to stick by her and go to the ball if we are the only people there, so she does not encourage Edward to tell anything against her. . . .

Dear Mamma, you need not be afraid, though we are very happy and comfortable here, that we shall be sorry to come back to you. I love Maer much too well not to be glad always when I come home.

I am surprised to see all the old men come to the balls here. I should have thought they would much rather have stayed away. Sismondi looks very unhappy at them, I never saw such an anxious-looking man as he is.

Madame Sismondi to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

GENEVA, 27 Jan. [1827].

What a dear letter I have left so long unnoticed, my beloved Bessy! Do not think from that, that I have been insensible to its merit, or have loved one bit less its dear writer; on the contrary my love for you burns daily and never sleeps but when I sleep myself, and not always then, for I dream much of you. It burns daily by means of your two children, who are a delight to me every instant of the day; otherwise I do not know that you would have more than your share, but I cannot help your being uppermost when I hourly feel the benefit of your love and confidence.

We are all gay and happy, and Sismondi far from being the least so. He loves Emma and Fanny and enters into all their little interests of vanity with greater warmth than I do, because he does not understand as well as I do how completely without vanity they are. If they are not immediately taken out to dance he swears, and can hardly stay in the room. If they dance he can look on unwearied, and support all the ennui of a ball-room, which he never could bear since he had himself left off dancing. They surpass even my hopes of giving him pleasure; he enjoys every moment at home, and has a greater interest when we go out. He thinks them very pretty, and will tell them so, in spite of all my injunctions and threats that I will tell you. They do not however seem to give him the least credit, and the other day Emma laughed in his face when he said on occasion of our admiring the beauty of Emma Pictet that he would not give one of his own little Emma Wedgwood for ten Emma Pictets. He admires Fanny very much, and as he never hides anything he feels, he tells her he thinks her very pretty—will this do her any harm, think you? None at all I believe, for they will not believe themselves a bit more good-looking because he calls them *jolie*.

I hope the girls had dancing enough on Saturday, they could hardly stand when they came in. They are remarkably well, and look so blooming that I receive endless compliments on their *fratcheur*. Dearest Bessy, I could not help laughing at your charge that they should keep an exact account of little items, letters, bills, etc.; they seem to me as exact as you could be yourself. Sis and I find daily something in the quiet qualities to love them the better for, but Sis wishes exceedingly to inspire them with some more showy ones. He tries to persuade them of the solid virtue of benevolence in the art and love of conversing; that they may by that power divert the real sorrow they may also cheer and console; in short he finds very pretty arguments in favour of a little coquetry. But do not fear, I do not think you will find them one bit more coquettes than when you trusted them to us. The firmest conviction of the advantages of a quality will never teach it us, and they would prove very sturdy pupils against even the approaches of what they conceived evil. If he succeeds in convincing them of the virtue of not giving way to a disposition of silence, that casts almost imperceptibly a gloom around them, he will do them a great service; and I do not fear at all the coquetry that might ensue from his doctrine. You will I am afraid, from what I have said, think they are more silent than their neighbours, I have expressed myself so awkwardly. Not at all; Sismondi reproaches me more than he does them. Conversation is an art learnt by foreigners from the moment they can speak, and to which I cannot as I have told him aspire, nor is it so much needed in our dear untalking land. There is a pretty gaiety about Emma, always ready to answer to any liveliness and sometimes to throw it out herself, that will cheer everybody that lives with or approaches her. There is some disposition to silence in Fanny, which I am glad to see Sismondi perseveringly combat, and I think no one can be so persevering as he is. He says always he thinks Emma the prettiest, but he acts as if he thought Fanny was, he says there is something particularly pleasing to his

taste in her countenance. I am very glad of it; the world soon shows which is really the prettiest, and when two go so much together, it is difficult that the one not preferred should not be mortified. Fanny looks remarkably well in a ball-room; she holds herself well, is most radiant in her person and brilliant in her colouring; so that it is never known we perceive the difference. How I do wish they were my own children, from whom I should never be separated, with whom I might play what pranks I pleased. Sis thinks Edward all the fools on earth not to be in love with Emma, he cannot imagine how it can be avoided. Edward goes out now almost every evening, he is much liked from his gaiety, his good breeding, and his *charmante figure*. But he comes to us morning and evening whenever he can. For my own part I love him very tenderly; I have never met with such docility in any human being, or hardly more affection, and always such perfect good and gentle breeding, that in living a long life with him one is sure of being secure from the smallest rudeness, even roughness. Not so with his sisters; he has all their sweet temper. I am convinced Caroline has done the wisest thing she could in sending him here. The fashion of the place is strict morality; he will always go in the extreme of the fashion. . . .

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her sister Fanny.

MAER, Saturday, Feb. 17 [1827]

. . . Caroline Darwin left us yesterday—we could not get her to stay any longer, *tho'* we assured her she would not find herself the least wanted when she got home. She says she has been in a foolish talking humour so long that she is quite tired, and is gone home hoping Susan will let her be serious. . . .

She had a very pleasant letter from Charles [Darwin] while she was here, begging to know whether Wilcox [the gamekeeper] was still Lord paramount here, and if she could find out without much trouble, he should like particularly

to know how many head of game have been killed. He and Erasmus are quite troublesome in being so fond of letters from home. . . .

Emma Wedgwood to her mother.

GENEVA, 25 March, 1827.

I see you, as well as we, are thinking about our coming home. I hope you will settle about the time. It will be much pleasanter with respect to aunt Jessie that she should not think us wanting to go away. Aunt Jessie was thinking of our making a little tour with Frank. I know we should enjoy it very much, but we have already had so much pleasure and been so long from home, that if you and Papa had rather we came home sooner, we shall be perfectly satisfied. I assure you I do not wish anything about it. And you are always so ready to give us pleasure that I am sure you will, if you have not some good objection or wish. . . .

Aunt Jessie has just given me leave to tell you of Edward's love affair, which I have been longing to do all thro' this letter. However you must keep it a secret till you hear of it from aunt Drewe. He has fallen in love and proposed to Adèle Prévost and she has accepted him, to our great surprise, as she is 24 [Edward being 21]. Aunt Jessie wrote a fortnight ago to aunt D. about it. For my part I think she will make a very nice wife for him. She is rather pretty but very old looking. Adèle's father gives a reluctant consent in case aunt D. has no objection. The courtship was very short; I don't think he met her 10 times before he proposed and was accepted. I think you saw her when you were here. She has the most sober, steady manners, and not at all the sort of person to fall desperately in love. What a pity I did not begin this delightful subject before; now I have no more room. It amuses me very much, but aunt Jessie is vexed about it. Good bye dearest Mamma. Your affectionate EMMA W.

The Drewe family now consisted of Mrs Drewe, Edward, and his two sisters, Harriet, Lady Gifford, and Georgina, Mrs (afterwards Lady) Alderson. Marianne, Mrs Algernon Langton, had died in 1822, leaving one son. Lady Gifford was now a widow with seven children, Lord Gifford having suddenly died in the midst of his brilliant career. Edward Drewe's love affair caused a great commotion in the family, and it was apropos of this that Harry Wedgwood composed the quatrain often quoted in the Wedgwood circle:

Write, write, write a letter!
Good advice will make us better,
Sisters, Brothers, Father, Mother,
Let us all advise each other!

Emma Wedgwood to her mother.

GENEVA, Ap. 24 [1827].

. . . I was rather surprised to find you did not expect to see us home before July. I shall be very sorry to leave aunt Jessie whenever it happens, but then I shall be so glad to come home and see you all that I don't mean to trouble my head about anything, but let things take their course according to aunt Jessie's maxim. Sometimes I take a violent longing to go home, but it goes off in 5 minutes. . . .

My mother often spoke of this stay at Geneva as one of great enjoyment, chiefly I think owing to the society of her beloved aunt Jessie, but also to the balls and sociability of Geneva. I remember her saying that after dancing with your partner it was *de rigueur* not to say one word to him but to be brought straight back to your chaperon.

*Charlotte Wedgwood (staying with her cousin
Mrs Alderson) to her sister Emma.*

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, May 6th [1827].

. . . I came here on Tuesday night by the mail, under Harry's escort. We were under the hard necessity of getting up at three o'clock and then driving to Stone, expecting all the way to be too late for the mail. Our fat phaeton mare was never so hurried in her life, for unlike dear Duchess,

there is scarcely any persuading her even with the whip to get on. We arrived in time, however, and had a very beautiful day and good journey, and arrived near eleven without being at all tired. There is no travelling that fatigues one so little as the mail. I could not help grudging to leave the country at this beautiful time of year, and particularly the garden, for the time is just coming on when I expected to see the effect of all my arranging of the flowers, that I took such pains with last year; and the peonies were just coming out. We had been working very hard for the last ten days for the bazaar for the Spanish and Italian refugees; I, in drawing chiefly, and Elizabeth and Mamma embroidering work-bags and making pen-wipers and skreens. . . .

Mr Alderson is a pleasant host. He puts one so completely at ease, which is seldom the case with the master of a house. He is sociable and rather merry and talks a good deal and very agreeably.

Sunday 13th. Yesterday the Aldersons gave a dinner-party. Dr and Mrs Maltby, Chief Justice Littledale, the Andersons and the Lockharts were the party. Mrs Lockhart¹ is particularly pleasing, she is so simple, natural, and modest. Mr Lockhart is remarkably handsome, and I think, notwithstanding my prejudices, would be agreeable if he would come out more, but he seems reserved. Georgina managed for me to sit next him at dinner. Mr A. and Georgina are obstinate about making me sing, which I had much rather avoid. G. never sings herself, which leaves me the only musician, and except people are particularly fond of music, it is the most dullifying thing that can be to a party. One feels it rather hard to be obliged either to bore the party or be disobliging. Fanny [Mackintosh] and I went to hear Chalmers² on Friday at the opening of the new Scotch church. He has a very bad voice, but is cer-

¹ Sophia, daughter of Sir Walter Scott.

² Dr Thomas Chalmers (1780—1847), theologian, preacher, and philanthropist. Lockhart said he had never heard "a preacher whose eloquence is capable of producing an effect so strong and irresistible as his."

tainly a very fine preacher. If he had but Mr Irving's¹ beautiful voice he would be perfect. Mr Irving gave a prayer of an hour's length, which is I think more than twice too long. Moreover his praying is so theatrical as to be disagreeable,—a much worse fault in praying than in preaching. There was an immense crowd, and quite a riot at one time made by the people outside breaking in.

I never knew such a bustle as I have been in. That and the trouble of one's clothes are the disadvantages of London. I feel as if I had time for nothing. Every minute that I have is required for drawing that my lessons may not be thrown away upon me. I have had two, and like Mr Copley Fielding very much.

Early in 1827 Harriet Surtees's long servitude ended with the death of her husband. She had not any settled place of abode during the first years of her widowhood, but stayed much with the Sismondis. The following letter from Harry (now a barrister in London), was written to his mother just after a visit to Mrs Surtees, and while she was with the John Wedgwoods at Kingscote.

Harry Wedgwood to his mother.

5, ESSEX COURT, TEMPLE,
Thursday [24 May, 1827].

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I congratulate you on your change of quarters from Cheltenham to Kingscote, though my own *goût paysager* is not so strong as it used to be, or my taste for London is

¹ Edward Irving (1792—1834), divine and founder of the Irvingite or Holy Catholic Apostolic Church. The movement is remembered in connection with outbursts of articulate but totally unintelligible expression, called "speaking with unknown tongues," which took place about this time. The speakers regarded themselves as the mere channel of some divine influence. Irving himself never spoke the "unknown tongues," but was exceedingly indignant with "the heedless sons of Belial" who maintained that it was mere gibberish, and protested it only wanted the ear of him whose native tongue it was to make it a very masterpiece of powerful speech. Mary Campbell, who first had the gift, in a little farmhouse at the head of the Gairloch, conjectured for unknown reasons that it was the language of the Pelew Islanders. Irving was a lover of Jane Welsh (Mrs Carlyle). "If I had married Irving, we should have heard nothing of the tongues," Mrs Carlyle wrote long afterwards.

stronger. London is full of dirt and ugliness and vulgarity, but London is London after all, and it is something to have the freshest news and the freshest fish, and to see everybody and everything. Here am I, a Staffordshire man, 150 miles from home, and yet of Staffordshire people alone I have seen and heard of I don't know how many. Is it nothing to have Mr and Mrs Tomlinson and Miss Tomlinson, of whom Jos himself said that she was no worse than other young ladies? What greater advantages should I enjoy at Hanley or Cowbridge or Burslem or Tunstall? The country is a very good place to see good company in, but is very blank by itself, and so I daresay Jos and Allen have found it by this time. What brilliant evenings they must be spending together, what a flow of soul! I pity even Squib when I think of it. We have all been stirring about here in town, plenty of dinners, plays, and operas, but all in the family way as Matthews says, which I think a very pleasant way (whatever Mrs Alderson does at this time). It must be confessed Mrs Holland's family dinner was *tant soit peu ennuyeux*. Nobody shall persuade me that Dr H. is either the most agreeable or the cleverest man in London. If he was he would not have shocked Charles Darwin by saying that a whale has cold blood, or the universe by eating with his knife, or me by the patronising manner in which he mentioned what he had done with Ministers in favour of Sir J. Mackintosh. He said Lord Lyndhurst had asked him as to Sir J.'s health and capabilities, of which he had made as favourable a report as he could; and Ld. L. had also, I think, said something about making him a Baron of the Exchequer; but that is out of the question, for though the work in London is nothing, and therefore he might easily do that, neither his health nor his legal knowledge can be fit for circuit.

Fanny Mackintosh, Charlotte and I went with Mrs Swinton Holland and her two daughters to [Rossini's] *Semiramide*, for reports of which I refer you to Charlotte, only it was a sort of music in which I could have whistled a part all through, so that it cannot be very original. Mlle Pasta's

acting was very fine, and worth 10 nights of Miss M. Tree's "Home sweet Home" work, or Miss O'Neill's pulling away at the pocket handkerchief which hung at the small of her back. There was no ballet. On Monday I went with, or rather after, Caroline Darwin, Charlotte and Frank to the French play, where I was confirmed in my opinion of the superiority of French plays and actors over English. In the *Demoiselle à Marier*, the demoiselle comes jumping in in her morning gown, and boasting of what a breakfast she has eaten, and what a walk she is going to take, when she is packed off by her maman to put on her best gown to receive a visitor. This horrifies her, for she is sure she shall have to sing; accordingly when the visitor arrives, in come all the family *en grande tenue* and Mademoiselle as awkward and frightened as possible. She is bid to hold up her head and say something, and is sent to fetch her drawing of the *tête de Romulus*, but to her great relief the visitor is so disgusted with all this exhibition that he declares off. However he stays to dinner, and Mademoiselle takes off her fine gown, and is so happy and pleasant at being released that she and the gentleman fall in love and it is all settled. An English actress would have been hoydenish when she was not affected, and vulgar all through, but this French one never seemed to think of the audience, or of her dress or attitudes, but was just as if she acted for her amusement. Charlotte and I both remarked that in all these French *petites pièces* all the characters are made extremely good-natured, and that makes another contrast with English afterpieces. A third contrast is in the women's dresses, which I think are not only infinitely better but much cleaner at the French Theatre.

Having gone through my dissipations it is time I should inform you that I have won Uncle Allen's cause for him, that is with the assistance of the Attorney-General and Taunton. It was tried the day before yesterday before Littledale. I was in a horrid fright, for I was responsible to Uncle Allen in three several capacities of Pleader, Counsel, and nephew, and he chose to come and sit in court to quiet

my nerves. However the other side did not take the only objection I was afraid of, and we got a verdict for the sum awarded. I had nothing to do but to open the pleadings and ask one question and so I earned six guineas. The Attorney-General was very civil, and was graciously pleased to enquire whether my father was John or Jos, and hoped he should be often "with me" at Westminster.

You will probably have heard from Charlotte how the first day's bazaar [for the Greeks] went off. She and Hensleigh were there. There was an immense crowd and everything sold very dear. The Burmese screens went directly, and so did Charlotte's pictures; the best at 30s. and so downwards. I should not wonder if I might have sold a goose trap if I had sent one. I had a brilliant idea for something which would have fetched any money, but it did not occur soon enough, and so it must wait till the next bazaar, but it certainly will be the prettiest toy ever invented. . . .

At the end of May Jos, accompanied by Caroline and Charles Darwin, set out to fetch the two girls home from Geneva. Charles was only to go as far as Paris and then return. This was the only time he ever set foot on the Continent.

*Josiah Wedgwood to his daughters Fanny and Emma
at Geneva.*

PARIS, Saturday, 26 May, 1827.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRLS,

. . . I am very glad that I induced Car. D. to come with me. I need not tell you how agreeable a companion she is, and she has so much taste for beauty that it is a pleasure to travel with her. She has not seen Jessie [Sismondi], I believe, since she married, but unless I am much mistaken Jessie will like her much and Jessie's husband too, at least I expect and hope it. To return to our journey and voyages; I went to bed the moment I got on board at 1 o'clock, and lay till we got into Dieppe at 11. Caroline

was ill, but took not the least harm, and Charles, though not quite well, made a very hearty dinner on roast beef. We should have been tempted to stay a day at Rouen, if the weather had been good, but it has been detestable ever since we landed till this afternoon. (P.S.—Rain again.) I am glad you have got the great Henri, but my mind mis-gives me that he knows nothing of German, which I neglected to mention to you as a necessary requisite. *N'importe*—his great qualities will make up for the trifling circumstance of not one of the party speaking the language of the country.

Tell my dear Jessie that her addition to your former letter to your mother was not thrown away upon me. Nobody can do kind things with so much grace as she does. . . .

Caroline Darwin to Fanny and Emma Wedgwood.

MY DEAR FANNY AND EMMA,

26 May, 1827.

(I know you like being classed together, and as Charlotte and Eliz. to this day speak of you both as if you were but *one*, I shall follow their example.) Many thanks for being so glad that I joined this delightful excursion. It was very good-natured of Uncle Jos to think of me, but there never was a kinder person and the pleasantest travelling companion. I am quite losing all my former fear, and Charles, who came with us as far as Paris, joins me in a chorus of admiration whenever he leaves the room. . . .

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Wedgwood.

CHÈNE, Sunday, 1st July [1827].

. . . My dearest children, if I was to say I did not miss you, that the house was not very empty, very silent, and very desolate, I should not say what was true. But you will, I know, be glad to hear that I think more on my good fortune in having you so long, having had so much more of my own Jos than I expected, and seeing and renewing my

affection for Caroline Darwin, than on the loss I have sustained, which I endeavour to think as little of as possible. And for that I drive the image of my little idiot for the present out of mind as much as I am able, but it is an obstinate little toad that holds its place very tenaciously.

If you are like me, you will like to have a very minute account of our days since you left us. Soon after quitting a place I like to know the disposition of every moment if it were possible, so here is a little journal for you. Sismondi and I sat down to our *tête-à-tête* dinner for the first time since the 17th of May, 1826, 13 months and 10 days exactly. I cannot say that either of us enjoyed it. It was soon interrupted by the return of Edward before we had risen from the table, his manner gentle and affectionate as one that was to supply a loss. We all walked to the distant field and sat down on the hay, very silent and not very rejoicing.

Tuesday, 3rd. We have this morning had Suriotes to breakfast; he was one of the Greek deputies in London, through whose hand our poor loan slipped, Lord knows how, for I am sure he does not; he is a clever man and his conversation was very agreeable. He is on his road to Greece; he seems to think that Greece is lost as far as fighting goes—a remnant might still be saved by negotiation, but he seemed discouraged more than he was hopeful. We have just too had a visit from Lady Cawdor,¹ looking very fine and handsome, and she was agreeable too, but for the little laugh that accompanies all the sensible things she says. She told us she had just received a letter from Lord Carlisle that the Corn Bill had passed the second reading in the House of Lords, so that is well finished. She said Lord Lansdowne had given great trouble by his indecision and weakness, but that she believed he would take office presently. He would have Ld. Dudley's place, who only held it temporarily out of friendship to Canning, and she always thought Mackintosh would come in with him. I wish he may, but I dwelt a good deal on the hardship of overlooking him, in hopes she may

¹ Lady Cawdor, daughter of the second Marquis of Bath, and one of the great ladies of Pembrokeshire, was an old friend of the Allens.

report it to her brother and he to Canning. She said it was perfectly true that the King was very angry with the ex-ministers, above all with the Duke of Wellington. He said Canning had in the first instance been forced on him, and then they wanted to force him to send him out, but this time he should be his own master.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Fanny Wedgwood.

CHÈNE, July 10 [1827].

. . . The house still feels very empty without you, very silent, very *triste*, above all of an evening, and Thursday I thought it odious. To be rid of this evening melancholy we go out in the *char* pretty regularly as soon as the sun is sufficiently low. My spirits have not sunk at all, and I have escaped a great evil. For when I am low no one is so prostrate as I am, no one so disagreeable, as your Aunt Sara used to say, and she was right. The truth is from the beginning of your stay I have had my feelings in training to meet with courage the termination which I knew must too speedily come. I was determined Sismondi should have no reason to regret the visits of those I love, but that he should feel they permanently benefited me. I am happy to tell you he was quite as low as I was myself, and that our feelings never were in more perfect unison. Since my letter to Emma I have read again Medwin's conversations of Byron, and going one evening to town for the second vol. I received a letter from Lady Byron saying she was at Sécheron; so putting the vol. in my pocket I went and paid her a visit. I sat with her till I fancied I saw symptoms of thinking our visit long enough, or I should have liked to have stayed longer, though Sismondi thought her intolerable. She talked more than I expected, and her manner was less cold. She talked like a sensible and good woman. She looks thin, pale, and old for her age, there is a stiffness in her features, and she has a mouth that could never admit her to be very pretty. She speaks in the low and languid tone that Sismondi thinks so insupportable. She was sitting apparently

writing at a table on which lay open a manuscript book that looked very like a journal. Her husband in *Don Juan* accuses her with some impatience of writing journals; at another table sat a young man reading who took little notice of us or our visit, and spoke only to question Lady Byron on something she said, in a manner not quite civil. Ada, a child of ten or twelve, went out as we came in, and so rapidly that I could not see her; but luckily she returned before we went, with her face all illuminated, in spite of some expression of timidity, to bid her mother look at the Mont Blanc red with the setting sun. I never saw a finer child; brilliant with health, a gay, open, sweet-tempered expression, but no regular lines of beauty; yet she may turn out a great beauty; and nobody can say what her childish, unformed features might turn out, and her mouth and eyes are very fine. She is fair, and has not the least resemblance to Lord Byron. We invited Lady Byron to tea the Thursday, but she was going to Chamouny and declined, but promised me a visit from Ouchy, where she is going to stay some time.

On giving Edward his allowance the 1st of July we found so far from having saved anything he had spent more than his allowance; I could think of no better plan (that he would follow, that is to say), than to persuade him to go to St Gervais, where he can live for five francs a day and can have nothing to buy, there being no shops of any kind, and an almost impossible thing to get anything from Geneva. He is gone this morning in the diligence, another triumph I gained; he wanting to take a *char* and to prove to me it was the cheapest way. I was obliged to call Adèle to my assistance to make him go. She came to breakfast with me last Friday, and I entertained her by relating Edward's extravagance. He flew into a passion with me, which I repaid him with interest. After my telling him he was too stupid to understand the meaning of words, and that I would rather beat my head against a stone wall than talk to him, he had the humility to throw his arms around my neck and ask my pardon, as if I, too, had not sinned. To

say the truth I was ashamed of myself; he has a very sweet, unresenting disposition.

On Friday I went again to Lady Cawdor, and asked her to come and breakfast with us on Sunday or drink tea again on Saturday. She refused both invitations, which gave me great pleasure, but said she would meet me on Sunday at La Boissière. So here ends the plague of my hospitality to her; she is looking still very handsome and was much admired here on Thursday, and at La Boissière on Sunday. Certainly she has the sweetest countenance I ever beheld in a woman of her age. Age generally long before 50 gives us a few wrinkles that look very like frowns; her brow is still smooth and polished as at 20.

Emma Wedgwood to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

COLOGNE, Friday, July 20 [1827].

. . . Fanny found your letter here. I must say you write the pleasantest letters in the world, because you tell your own feelings and that is what one is most interested about. I shall leave to Fanny to tell you about our delightful journey from Mayence here, because she has much more taste for the beauties of nature than I have. I am sorry for Edward at Gervais, but I have no doubt he will make many bosom friends in a short time, as he always does. I wish I had been by to see you in such a passion, you naughty woman. . . .

After arriving at Maer, Emma wrote (31 July, 1827) that she felt it quite natural to be at home, and that she was very happy, though very idle and dissipated. "Mamma read aloud all the poison for us in your last letter. I suppose she thought M. Moulton's compliments will not ruin us for life. Those cunning old men know that anything about *vos aimables nièces* will go down with you."

CHAPTER XV

1827—1830

The Mackintoshes at Maer—A bazaar at Newcastle—Bessy on the Drewe-Prévost affair—The house in York Street sold—The John Wedgwoods abroad—Edward Drewe's marriage—The Mackintoshes at Clapham—Bessy's illness at Roehampton—Harriet Surtees at Chêne—Harry Wedgwood's engagement—A gay week at Woodhouse.

FANNY and Emma found a large party at Maer on their return from Geneva. The aunts Caroline Drewe and Harriet Surtees were there, as well as the Mackintoshes. It was soon after the death of Mr Surtees, and Emma wrote as if before this visit she had scarcely seen her aunt Harriet, whom she thought more like her mother than any of her other aunts. The Mackintoshes had come for a stay of six months. Book-shelves and writing-tables had been specially prepared for Sir James to work at his History. Emma wrote, "Sir James shook hands with me, to my great surprise. He is very pleasant and talkative." Bessy described his bearing the bitter disappointment of getting nothing in Canning's Cabinet¹ with calmness and fortitude, and several times mentioned with pleasure that no shade of disagreement had ever interfered with her enjoyment of her sister Kitty's society. Lady Mackintosh was attempting amongst other things to reform Smithfield cattle market, and some very good letters by her on this subject appeared in the *Times*.

¹ Canning's Cabinet of 1827 was composed of Whigs and Tories, and, according to Scarlett, Canning was surprised that Mackintosh was not proposed as one of his colleagues by the Whigs. Mackintosh was shortly afterwards made a Privy Councillor, but it seems that he had not made a sufficient mark as a practical politician, or was regarded as too infirm in health to be fit for any important office. His health had suffered permanently from the Indian climate. In the Whig Government of November, 1830, he was made a Commissioner of the Board of Control.]

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Madame Sismondi.

MAER, Monday, Aug. 27, 1827.

Mackintosh is come home after attending poor Canning's funeral. Alas! what a loss he is to all Europe. There were many at the funeral (M. said), who could not control their grief. . . . M. had a long conversation with Dr Holland about Canning's illness. It was his misfortune, and everybody's misfortune, that he was so pressed by circumstances, that he had not time to be ill. When Dr Holland came to him the first day, Canning said to him, "Dr, I have been struggling with illness these three months, and it has now conquered me." He had had shivering fits for four days, during which he had been giving dinners, and attending to his business. Dr Holland had no hope of him from the first day. On one of these days when he was so ill, he had his Secretary with him at his bedside for three hours over accounts. After he had done he said, "Now let's have a tug at Portugal." "No, sir," said the Secretary, "you have done enough, you must take repose," and he took his advice and fell asleep.

Mackintosh is in very agreeable spirits. I think he finds himself comfortable here, and he is a great acquisition to us in point of society. He generally sits a good while conversing after breakfast, then he goes up to his room for the morning, and we don't see him till dinner. He has his horse here, and rides every day before dinner. He has his own books, and he is established in the middle room upstairs for his study, and he sleeps in the next. In the evening he joins us at tea, and if we have no other company he is very obliging in reading anything we like to us, and he reads so well that it is a great treat. Kitty is also very comfortable; she spends almost all day in her own room and is very busy at her studies, amongst which the newspapers have their usual share, but always on the side of benevolence and humanity.

You take so much interest in my inmost feelings that

I think you will wish to know how I like my two little girls now that I look with a fresh eye upon them. I think you and my kind Sismondi have done them good, but I don't perceive any marks of spoilation that I rather expected from both your kindness. I perceive that they converse with much more ease than they did, and are quite as unaffected. Emma is a little bronzed, but Fanny is one degree nearer prettiness than she was; but I hope she will never make the mistake of thinking that she is pretty. I must give you the same caution that you did to me when they were with you, which was, not to notice any of my remarks upon themselves; for they would think it hard to be debarred from any part of your letters, and you know how remarks get strength by repetition.

Harriet's [Surtees] income will be too small to allow her to keep house comfortably, but her gentle, cheerful and accommodating disposition will always make her company precious to us all. She has only to chuse where she will be. Her modest docility is so striking that it almost makes one afraid to propose anything to her, for fear of her doing what she would rather not do.

*Sir James Mackintosh to his brother-in-law
John Allen.*

AMPTHILL PARK, 3 Dec., 1827.

I passed three months at Maer most agreeably in all that depended on the Rulers. Before I went I sometimes suspected that you had all exaggerated the Excellencies of your eldest sister, without going quite so far as to suppose that she was a graven image whom you had set up to fall down before and worship; but I now adopt your Worship. I never saw any other person whose acts of civility or friendship depended so little on Rule or Habit, and were so constantly refreshed from the Wellhead of Kindness with the Infusions of which they seemed to sparkle. Her benignity is indeed most graceful. I used to rally her on the gentlest mistress in England having the noisiest household. Both

the elder girls¹ are excellent, and the second is charming. The rest of the Family are more good than agreeable. I except Hensleigh, who is, I fear, doomed to ill-health.

John Allen and his sister Fanny were at Geneva in the autumn of 1827 *en route* for Rome. In Madame de Bunsen's Journal to her mother she wrote:

Rome, 29 Nov. 1827.²

The company of Mr Allen is a real pleasure to me. I am more than ever aware of all that is good and excellent and respectable about him, but his foibles have grown old with him as well as his good qualities, and he is as fond as ever of repeating anecdotes of Brooks's: he has however changed the chit-chat of Holland House for that of Woburn, and the names of Scarlett, Brougham, etc., for those of the Russells and the Seymours.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Emma Allen at Cresselly.

MAER, Oct. 31st, 1827.

Having just put your letter in the fire, unread by any save Elizabeth and myself, I proceed to answer it, my ever dear Emma. . . .

It is not like my dear gentle John [Allen] to speak as he does of the Prévost family. We are all accused of a clannish feeling with respect to each other that has a tendency to make us inconsiderate to other people, and I think John's feelings for Caroline [Drewe] blind him, and make him unjust. I was very much amused by a *bon mot* of Mr. Alderson's, apropos to this subject, which Harriet Gifford told me. Speaking (I believe a little too roughly) on the sort of exclusive feeling that all Caroline's sisters have for her, "I declare," said he, "if I were to break both my legs Mrs Drewe's sisters would only say '*Poor Caroline.*'"

¹ Elizabeth and Charlotte are the two elder girls. Jos, Frank, Fanny, and Emma would be those who are "more good than agreeable."

² *Life and Letters of Frances, Baroness Bunsen*, vol. i., p. 294.

One word more of our clan—my dear Emma, I would not upon any account press Jessie to return with John [Allen]. It would be very unfair to Sismondi, and the opportunity is not a reason strong enough to make him so unhappy as I think her coming would do. . . .

Kitty [Mackintosh] is very busy about a number of good things, and she has been in correspondence with numbers of people. Mackintosh has had one or two fits of giddiness but they did not last a minute, but it has very much interrupted the history, which goes on so slowly that I am quite in despair about it. He can't do much at a time now for fear of his head; he will do nothing after dinner, and he generally takes two walks and a ride in the morning, so that when he is best able there is not much time for it. His spirits are cheerful enough, but the mortification¹ has sunk deep, and will not now be cured by anything that is likely to occur. He is in a very amiable humour, and so friendly to me that I have begun to love him. We play a rubber every night, which he enjoys very much, and considering he is a genius, he plays very decently. The Darwins go on Monday. I like them very much, but I shall not be sorry to have our party lessened. There is very little pleasure in what the young ones call a row. Hensleigh is gone, and him we all regret. He and Fanny Mack are great friends and cronies.

All this autumn Maer must have been full to overflowing. Susan and Catherine Darwin came for a month, and Harry appears to have filled up some spare time in flirting with Susan, although his real love was his cousin Jessie, daughter of John Wedgwood.

Emma Wedgwood, now nineteen, was leading a happy, girlish life, taking what parties, balls and archery meetings came in her way. Charlotte and Elizabeth were only too happy to retire from all gaieties in favour of the younger girls. My mother used to tell us that at these balls they had white soup and pikelets for refreshments, and she said it was a work of danger to eat slippery buttery pikelets in ball costume.

¹ The mortification of not being given office in Canning's Cabinet.

Since the Genevan visit, Emma, in writing to Jessie Sismondi, expresses herself with greater warmth and expansiveness than is usual with her, and often signs herself "your affectionate child." Jessie adopted the phrase and from this time forth generally called Fanny and Emma her children.

Emma Wedgwood to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

MAER, Sunday [April, 1828].

MY DEAREST AUNT JESSIE,

Mamma sent us down your letter some time ago, and we were rejoiced indeed to see your dear handwriting. We did not hear of your illness till we heard you were recovering, but that was not enough to prevent our feeling very uneasy about you. . . .

We have been making a great many things for this Bazaar, which is for building fever wards to the Infirmary, and our heads have been so full of it, that if I don't take care I shall write about nothing else.

Friday. On Tuesday Charlotte, Fanny, and I went to Newcastle to arrange our table. . . . It looked very nice with some pink calico on the wall behind us, pinned all over with skreens and bags. On Wednesday morning aunt Sarah took two of us in her carriage, very smart in those white hats you are acquainted with, which were of great use. All the world was there, smart people and common people, and the room was so crowded one could hardly stir about. It was very amusing selling, and we sold nearly all our things the first day. Charlotte's drawings came to great honour. . . . The proceeds of the first day was £700. Our table got £59, of which £34 was our own making. And now we don't mean to mention the name of a bazaar for the next three years. . . . I am very glad Edward [Drewe] is going to be married in May, I am sure it is much the best thing for him. If I was his mother I should be very glad to have him off my hands. I am going to finish your stool for Edward to take over. The top is the same as the one you have got but the sides are different, which I hope you won't

mind. Be sure you don't say when you get it, "Well it's a wonder such a little idiot could make a decent stool."

I think a great deal of the delightful winter we spent with you. The part which gives me by far most pleasure to think of is your affection for us, and your and my dear uncle's sympathizing with us in all our pleasures. My dearest aunt Jessie I hope you know how tenderly I love you, but it is no use telling it to you for you will believe it without.

Your affectionate,

EMMA W.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Wedgwood.

CHENE, May 21st [1828].

I have received by Edward your pretty stool, my dear little Emma. You cannot imagine the pleasure it gives me, since I have done nothing but lament my folly in having given away the other to a person who cares nothing about me. I confess this you have sent me is still prettier and admirably worked, and I am at last consoled for the loss of the other, though you can give me no consolation for being a fool.

One always takes liberties with those one loves. I felt I loved you enough and you me to need no assurances of form between us, and put by writing to you as a pleasant task that awaited my leisure. While John and Fanny [Allen] were with me I gave myself a complete holyday. Alas! it was but for one short eight days, but it was more than I had expected, and I felt very grateful and satisfied and enjoyed the week extremely. The good spirits they gave me gave me also strength, and I walked with them sometimes near a mile, tho' I had hardly mounted the staircase without help before they came. Both were pleased with their journey, and John spoke in the highest terms of the incomparable companion he found in Fanny. And well he might, for independent of the attention she pays him and all the care she takes of his health and pleasure, she never gives herself any holyday in her efforts to entertain him.

I should not call it effort, for her conversation is rich, flowing, spirited, without the least effort; only I mean if he is tired of reading she is always ready to refresh him, and often puts down her book when she would rather read, or walks with him when she would rather sit still. This constant exercise of her understanding keeps it in great force, and I have no doubt she will preserve its power later than any other person, as well as accomplish herself in being the first companion in the world, and by that be the best consoler in sorrow, and the best comforter in sickness. I bore the parting from them better than I could have hoped. I saw the carriage drive out, with the empty place I once hoped to fill, without flinching. But in this I had no merit, I felt I was not strong enough to travel, and I never long for what I cannot do.

The spring has been beautiful; we have greatly enlarged our garden, we have built a new kitchen, we have made a poultry court. M. Pasteur has given me six fine hens that give us fresh eggs every day. I have fifteen merry little chickens, and I spend a great deal of time among them, so that I have changed my mode of living. I have a much more material existence, and perhaps shall find better health in it. My long sickness has retarded my flower-garden, but I mean henceforward to direct the kitchen-garden also, and now that I have a decent kitchen I shall often be head cook. The misfortune is that Sis is no gourmand; he will not thank me for my dainties, or know them as such, and I shall have little encouragement.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Madame Sismondi.

MAER, June 1st, 1828.

. . . I do love your Sis with all my heart for his kindness in pressing you to invite Edward to your house. Poor lad, I felt very sorry for him during the squally visit I had at Roehampton.¹ . . . Caroline [Drewe] bothered herself

¹ Lady Gifford, Edward Drewe's sister, lived at Roehampton, and Mrs Drewe was often there.

by asking advice¹ after she had acted. I do believe as a general maxim it is far better not to ask advice on most occasions. I am afraid we made her a little angry (certainly we disappointed her) by not being able to see M. Prévost's offer, of taking the young ones in, and making them an allowance, in a very odious point of view; as it seems to us (that is to Jos, Elizabeth, and me) a very natural offer, where money was the obstacle, to remove it if possible; and whatever you may please to think, my Jess, as to her being in love, I dare say her father thinks her *éperdument*. When I put myself in their place, I cannot feel that I should think much of pleasing the Drewes.

Jos went to London to-day about selling his house in York Street.² He has long been thinking of doing so, as it has not answered for some years, but the procrastination natural to an uncertain step has hitherto stopt him. I don't know whether it is a prudent thing or not, for I really am in entire ignorance of Jos's finances, nor do I believe he knows his own income, but he says the produce of the works was deficient in a very large sum last year. Still he is so perfectly at his ease that I am not afraid. I don't believe we are in any danger, and I believe if we were to be much poorer than we are, it would take very little from the happiness of any of us. My poor Hal is the one I feel most anxious about. I begin to despair of his making anything like a competence at the bar, and I believe he has set his heart upon his cousin [Jessie Wedgwood], as many others have done before him in vain. Hensleigh is I think very heart whole, but he is much more likely to succeed in his profession. He has two or three years more in store and he is more industrious; I believe also he has more talent. It is a great thing for us that with four grown-up sons they are none of them extravagant. What should we do if they were? Frank is an excellent fellow, he is right-

¹ As to her son Edward's immediate marriage without waiting till he came into his estate.

² The London show-rooms. It was on the east side of the southern end of the street and afterwards became a chapel. Mr Stopford Brooke preached there for many years. It was sold for £16,000.

minded, steady, and just what an English merchant (if you can call him such) ought to be, exact to punctilio in all his dealings, active and industrious. My daughters are also excellent. As I conceal nothing from you, I may confess that my hopes of seeing them happily settled in life diminish every year, and are now grown very flat. But these are worldly views, and I hope they will also every year give way to something better, and if we cannot turn the tide of prosperity our own way, I hope we may learn to be content without it. All this is under the rose. They are all too greedy after any letters of yours to let me easily keep them to myself; therefore take no notice. You will I daresay have heard from Jenny [Mrs John Wedgwood] from Havre. I am very sorry they are gone abroad, because I fear the expense for them and they do not know how to do upon a little. I am a little vexed and mortified that they have given up all thoughts of settling in Staffordshire. Jenny and I have lived many years in close neighbourhood without the shadow of disagreement or coolness, and I should like to have tried once more and finished our lives so. Many loves from here to you and Sis, and pray give my love to poor Ned. Ever yours, dearest of the dear, E. W.

The John Wedgwoods were a much-wandering family. In the summer of this year they were at Honfleur in Normandy, and by the autumn in Geneva, where they remained, either with or near the Sismondis, for about eight months. In the summer of 1829 they were in Italy, and on getting back to England settled themselves for a time in a house, "The Hill," near Abergavenny.

In June 1828 the Drewe-Prévost engagement ended by the lovers marrying. Bessy, in the many discussions on this subject, was characteristically calm as compared with the impetuous Jessie. After their marriage the breeze calmed down, so far at least as the letters show, and Adèle was warmly welcomed by her mother-in-law when they came to England.

The Mackintoshes had now made a home at Clapham near their friends the Thorntons. Harriet Surtees, who visited all her sisters in her widowhood, was described as having recovered her health and beauty. Kitty Mackintosh

persuaded her to leave off her widow's cap and curl her hair again. Bessy wrote (Dec. 4, 1828): "Mr Henry Thornton is her great admirer, and says she has the sweetest expression when she speaks and smiles that he ever saw, and a gentleness and timidity of manner that is very charming."

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Madame Sismondi.

MAER, Oct. 6, 1828.

We have had John [Allen] with us for a fortnight, and he was as cheerful and as agreeable as ever I saw him; there are three of our family that never grow old, and he is one.¹ It happened, as usual, that we had the house full of cousins, but I contrived to get a little driving and a little riding with John, very much to my satisfaction, and in the evening he always seemed pleased with the girls' music. My own anxious heart sometimes played its usual tricks in damping my own enjoyment, under my fears of not making it agreeable to him, but this is a malady of my own which I believe will never leave me.

Jos makes a very comfortable report of the Mackintoshes' house at Clapham, and I think it is the best hit they have made at all. I am particularly pleased that Fanny [Mackintosh] is fallen into friendship with the Thorntons and Inglises, as they are very good people. She writes here very often and her letters are particularly agreeable. I may well be interested about her, for I think she and Hensleigh will never help falling in love with each other, so much as they are together.

Emma is going down with Miss Morgan to pay a visit to the Miss Aclands at Clifton. Her manners are in her favour, and she is more popular than any of my girls. Her manners to men are very much to my taste, for they are easy and undesigning without coquetry. Charlotte is too distant, and Fanny a little stiff. Elizabeth is very agreeable in my eyes, but she wants personal attraction, and she and Char-

¹ Meaning, I believe, besides her brother, Jane Wedgwood and Jessie Sismondi.

lotte give way to the two young ones in amusements and going out. . . .

About this visit of Emma's to Clifton, Catherine Darwin wrote (28 Sept., 1828), "I have no doubt your going to Clifton will answer to you, as you have an unfeigned passion for gaiety and novelty in my opinion."

In the winter of 1828-9, the Wedgwoods had for the first time a regular pair of carriage horses, which was a great pleasure to Bessy, and Emma wrote to her aunt Jessie that her mother will "tire the roads driving about." It seems strange that living with so much comfort and exercising so much hospitality this luxury should not have been hers till she was 64 years old.

In March 1829 Bessy went up to London with her husband, staying a night at his lodgings in Palace Yard, and going on the next day to visit Lady Mackintosh at Clapham. Hensleigh came to act the part of a daughter to her, and do her little errands. His mother wrote: "Dear Hensleigh, I don't wonder some people like him, he is so sociable and so pleasant. He has just been buying me a sash and a watch-ribbon to save me the going out, which I never like to do in London except in my coach."

After the visit to Clapham, Bessy went to her niece Lady Gifford at Roehampton. While there she had a mysterious seizure from which it was feared at first she would not recover. The anxiety about her illness continued for some time, and they were thankful as soon as she was able to return home.

Harry Wedgwood to his sister Emma.

MY DEAR EMMA,

19th June [1829].

. . . Jos will carry you this, having taken his dose of dissipation with the rest of the world, I don't think he has seen much, certainly not when compared with the never-enough-to-be-sufficiently-fatigued Darwins and even they have not seen the first of all London sights, Greenwich. I had the melancholy task of seeing them out of London and though Susan had hypocritically dressed herself in black, a merrier parting never took place—the young ladies were all in roars of laughter as they came downstairs and we drove

off for Islington in a coronetted Jarvey; as we came through Oxford Street I saw a chariot with better horses (ours were miserable) so I tumbled them both out into the street with their bags &c. in their hands and trans-shipped them—the Jarvey must have thought it a manœuvre to puzzle pursuers. At Islington we drank tea in a lively apartment looking down five different roads and there I washed my hands of them. Edward Holland did not come back from Glostershire till the next day, when he was pleased to express his regret at not having returned before their departure in very handsome terms. Neither of them will ever be mistress of Dumbleton, nor you nor I either. I am sure that he will make an alliance in Glostershire. As to his two sisters I have seen more of them lately than ever and I have made up my mind that if Mrs Holland should object to let me have both of them—but this is premature. Last Thursday I went to the uproar [opera] with a party which would have been a very pleasant one but in came Miss Defil and she played the devil with the party for a more odious little piece of clockwork I never saw; she neither smiled nor sneezed nor “asked if our tea was to our liking,” and I will lay 10 to a little, that when they come to cut her up under the new anatomy bill they will find that her heart beats with a horizontal escapement. Malibran was Susannah and Sontag the Countess. Hensleigh and one of the Mr Defils came up from the Pit (where Devils are generally supposed to come from); this one seems to me to think Charlotte Holland worth cultivating, which pleases her; the worst thing about him is that he says ve’y cu’ious if you know what that means, but perhaps that may be only his spring voice for Greenwood tells me that all the men who come to town in the spring leave their country voices behind them with their velveteen jackets. Conclusion: I hate all male and female cockneys and, as Goldsmith says, “my heart unmetropolized fondly turns to” my country cousins. There never was any one so improved as Catherine [Darwin]. Even in looks, as well as internal matters, she stands very high in my list. I always thought Cuthbert Romilly an ass

but his saying that young ladies are worth nothing after 18 shows that he is the grandfather of stupidity himself. . . . I envy you two things at this season the peonies and the aunts. I am afraid they will both be out of season and gone when I get home, which I mean to do on the 7th July for a bankruptcy meeting. Give my love to all. I have ordered skulls,¹ do you want any brains? Your affectionate brother H. A. W.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Wedgwood.

CHÈNE, July 9th, 1829.

At last I have time to thank you, dearest little Emma, for your sweet letter. It gave me great pleasure in many ways. First and foremost that your affection to me is so vivid that you need the expressing of it now and then. Be certain that you excite my gratitude and warm my love to you whenever I see your handwriting, and read your affectionate expressions. We returned last Sunday evening from "sending" the John Wedgwoods, if you know the Cresselly expression, as far as Interlaken. I enjoyed the journey while with them exceedingly, in spite of much bad weather. The return I was more than melancholy, so that the rain, which poured on us for the greatest part of the way, was indifferent to me. After I had got back to Thun, I found I might have finished the day with my beloveds without prolonging our stay from home, and without increasing our expenses. I was in despair and odiously disagreeable to Sis for the greatest part of the way back. My spirits began to cheer at Bulle, and from Château St Denis to Vevay I was again in great enjoyment. But that was Saturday afternoon, and I had been odious since Wednesday one o'clock, when I parted from the dear ones who had made the last 8 months so happy, and who had cured me of all my ails. On Sunday we returned from Vevay in the steamboat, having been absent ten days and spent sixteen napoleons. My good health gives me now such strong spirits that little

¹ Probably skulls for the boats on Maer Pool.

makes me gay and nothing long sad. Lady Davy¹ came a few hours after our return. I suffered her to go away to her inn without inviting her to return to us. I fancied I saw that she was disappointed; it is painful to disappoint people's expectation of you, and I felt uneasy; and yesterday when we dined with her at her inn and saw that she was melancholy, solitary, nervous, I prest her to return to us, and she comes on Saturday to breakfast. If the weather permits we are going another little tour with her.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Emma Allen.

MAER, Sept. 3rd, 1829.

... Jessie [Wedgwood] is I think prettier than I ever saw her, and she really is uncommonly pretty. She went with us to the Archery on Thursday last, and was very much admired; and what is more, she got the first prize, a beautiful pair of earrings. I had the three prizes in my possession at setting out, in right of my office of Lady Patroness, and I narrowly escaped bringing them all back again as I did before, but luckily by a little juggling between Fanny and Emma, they contrived to let Mrs Meeke in for the last prize. Fanny was entitled to the two first prizes, but it being a law that they were not to go to the same person, Fanny made her election for the second prize, which gave Jessie the first. It is comical enough that even a visitor at Maer should be so successful, as in the case of both Jessie and Miss Acland. As for Fanny and Emma, they are quite dragonesses, but nothing pleased me so much in their success, as the sincerity with which they tried to waive their glories in favour of the

¹ Lady Davy had been a widow a few months. Her late husband, Sir Humphry Davy, the famous chemist, was an early friend of Josiah and Tom Wedgwood, who made his acquaintance in 1797, when he was only a doctor's boy at Penzance, and he afterwards helped Tom in his photographic work. Lady Davy was a clever and brilliant woman and made a figure in London society. She was a brunette of brunettes, and Sydney Smith, one of her admirers, used to say she was "as brown as a dry toast." Faraday said of her, her temper made "it oftentimes go wrong with me, with herself and with Sir Humphry." She died in 1855.

other competitors; and nothing pleased my little Emma so much as losing the second prize which was so near being judged in her favour. Perhaps they carried their scruples further than necessary, but there was a delicacy in the feeling that I could not but feel pleased with. Miss Acland is gone, very much to my satisfaction, but don't tell Harry I said so. Flirting girls are dreadful bad company, and make everybody that comes within their influence very bad company also. . . . Jenny received a letter from Jessie last week, in which she describes her sufferings at not having heard from any of us in almost frantic terms; and it has put me on the stool of repentance for my part of the neglect. Her feelings turned upon not hearing from Harriet for twenty days after the 1st of August, when she said she was positively to begin her journey. Jessie was convinced that she was either dead, or too ill to begin her journey. I am really very sorry that our Jessie is so much the victim of her feelings, and these feelings are unreasonable, for if either of these two misfortunes had happened she must have heard. She said that when the first letter (after 7 weeks) came from Jenny, she tore it all to pieces in her nervous efforts to open it; and for some time she could not read it for tears. I take blame to myself for having been so long in writing, but then I had no conception but that she was hearing within the usual intervals from some one or other of us. She now proposes that we should all write at stated times, and she has allotted me the 15th, or from that to the 20th of each month, and I intend to follow that suggestion and begin from this present month. . . .

Madame Sismondi to Elizabeth Wedgwood.

CHÈNE, October 16 [1829].

You have probably seen in the newspapers what a loss Geneva and we have had in the death of Dumont.¹ The loss is irreparable and we are in despair. The body was

¹ See note, p. 169.

embalmed and brought here and buried on Tuesday, the whole town following as mourners. I never knew a mind so rich, a conversation so inexhaustible, a person so full of anecdote, of which he never repeated, not indeed enough to please my taste. I like a twice-told tale very much. The ranks of those I love thin most rapidly here, and there are none rising to fill their places. We are in great anxiety for Mme de Staël's¹ little one; it is dangerously ill. I saw her a short time before she set out for Broglie, hanging so fondly over it, saying it was more than life to her, laying before us all her plans for his education and happiness. She appeared to me so amiable, so sensible, I envied her for Caroline [Drewe] since she had come so near her for her daughter-in-law. The child had fallen downstairs and though he was not hurt at all, she had been long unwell from terror. I feel so interested for her I cannot help mingling her in my prayers for those I love, in this cruel trial. Harriet [Surtees] received a letter from Fanny Macintosh from Broglie. I admire Fanny M.'s letters very much, they are simple, very sensible, very affectionate, and agreeable from a constant appearance of good and right feeling in them. She and her father were also without letters from Kitty,² so that I cannot guess what is become of her. I think she must be on the road. . . .

I think Harriet much improved in looks since she has been here, her oldness begins to wear off a little. It might perhaps have been a good deal owing to the journey, for nothing gives so worn a look as travelling. During my ill health, it was often a pleasure to me to feel myself the weakest part of the chain. I have lost that pleasure now, but in revenge I have such a feeling of well-being, of gaiety, youth, health, &c. I cannot regret it: I can regret nothing. I have not had such feelings since long before I left Cresselly for the first time. Harriet is so associated with the merri-

¹ The daughter-in-law of the famous Mme de Staël. Edward Drewe had been attracted by her, as Mlle Vernet before her marriage, during his long stay in Geneva (1826-7).

² Lady Mackintosh was much out of health and was coming to stay with Mme de Sismondi.

ment, folly, nonsense of my childhood, that she has brought it all back to me; and a wise person would sometimes think us drunk, if they heard all the nonsense and laughter we give way to. Sismondi looks astonished, confounded, tho' pleased, and asks the meaning of things to which there is none. That passes his comprehension, but he laughs nevertheless from our merriment. Dearest little Sad, she is not a bit afraid of him, and I trust will recover her nerves entirely in such perfect repose as she will find here from all that can agitate her. She has no dislike at all to our *soirées*, she makes tea for me sometimes, and looks tranquil and at her ease at them. We begin now to be solitary, and I expect no company for the next three months. It is a time of year I enjoy exceedingly. . . .

In November Harry Wedgwood's long courtship of his cousin, Jessie Wedgwood, was crowned with success.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Emma Allen.

26 Nov. 1829.

. . . Harry will now have a stronger motive than ever he had before to apply, and I am sure he will be content with a little if he can make her happy, which I hope to God he will do. . . .

My little Emma is gone up with Harry to pay Fanny Mackintosh a visit, and I have only just heard of her arrival at Clapham, and seeing the dining-room all lighted up as she drove into the court, and the Historian himself in full discourse (as she saw through the window) with a party of gentlemen. Emma, however, desired to be shown up to Mrs Rich's room [Fanny's step-sister], where she had a very comfortable cup of tea and dish of chat with her. Fanny came up to ask Emma whether she would come down and see Mr Wilberforce and Mr Whishaw and Mr R. Grant, all which she declined, and I dare say Mackintosh thought her a great fool for doing so. . . .

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Madame Sismondi.

MAER, Feb. 15, 1830.

. . . Jos is gone to London but he did not leave a very flourishing house behind, most of the family being more or less teased with colds. Charlotte's is the worst, having been confined a fortnight, and she is now sitting up on the sopha in her Night-Cap and Bed-gown, looking the goodest person you ever saw, and reading *Lovers' Vows*¹ for the improvement of her mind.

Harry very often comes over to see us, and seems very content in making his preparations there² at a snail's pace. I wish he may succeed in making it comfortable for Jessie, but one of his last performances has been buying a new hearth-rug for the dining-room, black and white, and by his own account it looks like a pall—I think I must take it off his hands. I am reading Madame de Maintenon's letters, and though I have neither respect nor admiration for her character, I find so many sentiments and feelings that I have myself experienced, that I find a good deal of enjoyment in running through them.

I have the greatest love and admiration of Eliza's character, yet I own it has not been raised by the manner in which she has seemed to feel her sister's marriage, because it seems to me so unreasonable. If two sisters live together one must marry first, or both must remain single for the other's sake, which would be a preposterous supposition. . . .

The following letter is undated but may be put at about 1830. In that year Catherine Darwin was 20 and Susan 27 years old. The Owens of Woodhouse, as has been said, were intimate friends of the Darwins.

¹ *The Lover's Vows* is the play acted in *Mansfield Park*. "Do not act anything improper, my dear, Sir Thomas would not like it. Fanny, ring the bell; I must have my dinner," said Lady Bertram, when it was under discussion.

² At Etruria Hall, where they were to live, shutting up what rooms they did not need. They married in October, 1830.

Catherine Darwin to her cousin Emma Wedgwood.

MY DEAR EMMA,

SHREWSBURY, *Saturday.*

Susan and I are just returned from our rackety week, and my head is in a most rackety state. As my frank is for to-morrow,¹ it will be very pleasant to send you a true and sober account of it all. Tuesday, I took Susan to Woodhouse and then went on to Tedesmere,² where I found but a small party, as they had had various disappointments. I was so comfortably at my ease from being the only young lady, and it was so little formal, that I rather enjoyed it. I had a most delightful ball and danced every dance as long as I was there. I found the Woodhouse immense party great comforts, and not at all formidable. Certainly an Oswestry ball is far better than the Shrewsbury ones. It is a little room and nobody is formal, no grandees, and always plenty of gentlemen, that first of all considerations. The next morning I was delighted to change the Baron's abode for Woodhouse. The Owens sent their pony carriage over for me. There was an immense party there. We had all kinds of games and dancing till 12, when Mr Owen instantly dissolved the party. They were all rather tired after the ball, and I did not myself think it half so delightful as it describes, and I suspect nothing ever is so pleasant in reality as it is in description. It is hardly possible for common mortals in my opinion to wind up their spirits to the Woodhouse pitch; more than half the gentlemen indeed were a little too much stimulated. I enjoyed a great deal of it however very much, and there was a great deal of laughing and fun. There was the most immense party at dinner on Friday. There were a number of people invited to dinner, under the belief that the former party in the house would be gone by that time, but when

¹ A member of Parliament franking a letter was bound to write on it the date (in words), and the name of the addressee, and the frank was good for that date only.

² The Bulkeley Owens.

Friday morning came the Owens pressed the Leightons and us so much to stay that we did till to-day. It was a grand puzzle how in the world to dine 29; it was at last settled to have two side-tables, each of 6; 2 gentlemen, a President and Vice-President, and 4 ladies. We drew lots for our places, and each had a ticket; the rival side-tables betted who could make most noise. Of course each party stand up for themselves; we certainly had famous fun this evening. There were quantities of waltzing, dancing, games, &c. till about 1, when the Leightons drove home to Shrewsbury. The whole party I should think must be pretty well fagged to-day, as this has gone on for nearly a week. Fanny Owen was the belle. I do not wonder, for I never saw such a charming girl altogether as she is. Susan was in her glory and in violent spirits. She would call this a most unfair account of things if she was to see it, and would send you a far more flaming description. I should think that I enjoyed it about half as much as she did. At last my journal is come to an end. I have just heard from Charles to say that he comes home on Monday, and I am so glad to find that he likes the Foxes as much as I did, as he says, "that they are all perfect." I am afraid you will hear as much about them from him, as you did from me. Good-bye, dear Emma, my best love to my dear old Fan.

Ever yours, E. C. DARWIN.

I have just been talking to Susan over our gay doings and she has just said "what a delightful visit I have had. I never enjoyed anything like it—so gay—we never talked a word of common sense all day." Guaranteed by me. Susan gives leave for this anecdote.

My father told many stories of all that went on at Woodhouse. He was very fond of all the Owens, and he had evidently been greatly attracted by Fanny Owen. He told me once how charming she looked when she insisted on firing off one of their guns, and showed no sign of pain though the

kick made her shoulder black and blue. I was then only a child, but I can still remember the expression of his face, and the very place where he stood in Stonyfield at Down. He was a great favourite with Mr Owen, a peppery and despotic squire of the old school.¹ The household was large and not always very orderly. Mr Owen used to hear, or imagined he heard, people walking about late at night; so he determined to trap them and piled up a mass of crockery at the top of the stairs. Hearing a noise late at night, he went out to catch the offender and be ready for the crash, but forgetting exactly where his trap was laid, himself sent all the crockery flying down the stairs, causing Mrs Owen to laugh so much that he went into a furious passion. Another of my father's stories was of how Mr Owen heard a noise of some sort in the middle of the night, and got up and looked out of his window. There he saw a woman sitting on some steps leading into the garden. So he went off to call one of his sons known as a fleet runner, and told him to go and catch this unknown woman. As soon as they approached the window, off set the woman and off set young Mr Owen after her. But as he got near, he perceived it was one of the under-servants, and telling her to run for her life, he promised he would not catch her, knowing that she would be dismissed on the spot if he brought her back. Great, as may be imagined, was Mr Owen's wrath and scorn when his son came back alone, much blown, and saying he hadn't been able to catch the girl. Her story was that she had come home too late and was sitting outside till the morning. The truth was never revealed to Mr Owen.

The following letter illustrates the increased luxury in our habits of living. It must be remembered that Dr Darwin was earning at this time a large income.

Catherine Darwin to her cousin Fanny Wedgwood.

SHREWSBURY, *Thursday Evening* [Dec., 1830].

... There is a spell in this house against my being ever really and deliciously quiet. I cannot help being all day long in a fidget and a bustle and making myself a great many little things to think of. I am sure you will feel the

¹ I was told that he once thrashed one of his grown-up sons so severely that his son was in bed for a fortnight.

full delight for me of what Papa has very good-naturedly given me leave to have; a fire for the morning in his Bedroom upstairs, which I have made very snug. I have only had my Boudoir one morning, and then did enjoy it supremely. I found the Dining Room quite unbearable, so desolate—and this scheme is not quite so extravagant as it sounds, as I hope there will not be a fire in the Dining Room, when we are quite alone, till dinner time. I feel myself bound to make all apologies for such a piece of indulgence. . . .

CHAPTER XVI

1830-1831

Lady Mackintosh's death—Sir James Mackintosh a member of the Board of Control—Hensleigh Wedgwood engaged to Fanny Mackintosh—Elizabeth in London—The second reading of the Reform Bill—A meeting between Wordsworth and Jeffrey—Josiah Wedgwood defeated at Newcastle—Edward and Adèle Drewe—Fear of cholera—Mrs Patterson and Countess Guiccioli.

LADY MACKINTOSH had left home in the autumn of 1829, and after staying in Paris for a time, went to Chêne to be with her sister Jessie. She died there on the 6th May, 1830, from what appeared to have been a paralytic seizure.

Madame Sismondi to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

[CHÊNE], May 25th, 1830.

[After speaking of Lady Mackintosh's illness.]

She was, too, so little demonstrative herself that one could never shew her the little caressing tendernesses that others are continually exciting and which she seemed to disdain, tho' I have reason to think she did not in reality, but would have been cheered and comforted in accepting. One evening that we had been sitting up together very late. . . . Harriet [Surtees] affected to leave her by herself at that hour, threw her arms round her neck and kissed her as she wished her good night. She never answered, never returned it, never looked at her. Yet the next morning she told me she had felt it tenderly. Her faults of temperament were redeemed by many great and noble virtues, and I cannot but think her death, thus sudden and

without suffering, is a most merciful dispensation. She could neither make herself nor others happy, and I dreaded the future (which must necessarily have darkened more and more on her as she advanced) so much, that it seems to me as if a great evil was withdrawn from me, in its being denied to her. If she could have got Fanny [her daughter] out to her I think she had some vague notion of never returning. The suspicion of this, that the pains in her limbs were exaggerated for this purpose, made me slow to perceive her real ails and hardened my feelings towards her. The event has shown how unjust I was in my suspicions, and I now believe she made very light of the fore-running symptoms of her terrible disorder. Here, dearest Bessy, is my remorse, and that is really my sorrow for her, and not that she has escaped from a life her many virtues and her great means of happiness failed of making happy to her. The disorder had been stealing on all the winter and was clearly no one stroke. . . .

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Madame Sismondi.

MAER, 17 June, 1830.

. . . I feel exactly as you do. I go back to think over what I could have done to have made her happier, and I am sad when I think that she was less cordial to me the last year, and that I might have done more for her. But for you, my beloved, it is the hardest thing in the world that you should suffer from these feelings. If any suspicion crossed your thoughts that there was more perverseness than malady in our poor sister's state, it must have been involuntary, and if you never gave it vent to herself, it cannot be a matter of reproach to you. I am witness that as far as one could judge from her letters she was perfectly satisfied with everything at your house, and I grieve now at having burnt her last letter, because it was written in so cheerful a mood that I should now derive comfort in reading it, perfectly collected and expressing but one regret that Fanny had not joined her. . . .

In November, 1830, Sir James Mackintosh, after being often passed over, was offered by Lord Grey an appointment as member of the Board of Control¹—a place that his friends thought unworthy of his talents. Charles Greville wrote: "If he had not been a man 'whom no sense of wrongs could move to vengeance' he would have flung the India Board in Lord Grey's face when he was insulted with the offer of it."² And Jessie Sismondi wrote (5 Feb., 1831): "I felt bitterly the place his friends had found for him, and shed tears, not of a soft nature for him, but of rage against his *soi-disant* friends. His has been a life sown thick with mortifications, notwithstanding that he was gifted high enough to have bid defiance at least to that feeling."

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Madame Sismondi.

THE HILL. [The John Wedgwoods' house
near Abergavenny.] Nov. 22, 1830.

I am coming now into order, my dearest Jessie, and this is very near my old days for writing, but I have left your last letter in my desk at home, so that if any part of it requires an answer, it must stand over to next month. Meantime I shall begin *telling*. We are all agog about the late extraordinary change of Ministry,³ it was such a surprize that I don't think anyone on either side expected it the least, nor I suppose would it have happened if his Highness's troops had been sufficiently upon guard, as in that case they would not have been in a minority. I shall run the risk of tiring you by repetition in naming the new Ministry as they now are, but nobody can guess how long it may stand. Fanny [Allen] had a letter from Mackintosh last night, and I will copy what he says for your information, he is now in little lodgings in Madox Street:

¹ The home government of the East India Company consisted of the Court of Proprietors, the Court of Directors, and the Board of Control. The President of the Board of Control might be called Secretary of State for the affairs of India, and practically conducted the business, but rarely calling upon his colleagues for assistance.

² Greville's *Diaries*, Vol. iii., p. 317.

³ The resignation of the Duke of Wellington's Tory Ministry, 16 Nov., and the formation of the Whig Ministry under Lord Grey, which ultimately carried the great Reform Act. Lord Grey became Prime Minister 17 Nov.

"Never was there an event so singular as the overthrow of the Duke by the first resolution¹ of a H. of C. chosen under his reign. It is probable that if he and his accomplices had done their worst, they might have delayed it. But from despairing of more than a fortnight's painful struggle it is likely that they were wearied into submission. Some of the minority were so stupid as not to be aware of the consequence of their votes to their friends in power. Brougham has in the last 18 days shown his strength and his lunacy. He had a dreadful *scene* with Lord Grey the exact object of which I could not make out. But after an altercation so violent, and such language of disregard towards the new ministers in the H. of C. by B., it was thought impossible that he should now join them. At ten o'clock last night I received a note from Lady Holland closing with these words, marked as I shall mark them. Brougham is Chancellor!!! Brougham's possession of the Great Seal has, I am told by Dr Holland, produced the most intense alarm among lawyers and parsons. With him he brings rashness and odium, but without him in either house there could not have been a fortnight's administration. Lord Melbourne, a lazy and singular man, will be a bad secretary in the Home department. . . . Every living soul thinks that Lyndhurst would have been a scandal."

So far Mackintosh's letter, which I have copied thinking it would at once let you into the state of things, and as I suppose it is confidential you may perhaps avoid quoting M.'s name to any English or foreigners who would repeat him over again. I must add that M. himself has the appointment of a seat in the Board of Control under Charles Grant, who is President. This *last* is not quite as we could have wished for him, but it is £1,500 per an., and it would be senseless to grumble at getting the £10,000 prize in the Lottery because we do not get the £20,000; and he will have solid comfort, and leisure in his present appoint-

¹ The motion by Sir Henry Parnell on the Civil List, which was carried against Wellington's Ministry on 15 Nov., by a majority of 29. The new Parliament had been elected on the death of George IV. whilst Wellington was Prime Minister.

ment. They now talk of taking a furnished house for a year, and I hope they will not launch out too much at first, as considering the "alacrity in sinking" that the Whigs possess, another turn of the wheel may again put them at the bottom.

My coming here was a start of my own. Caroline [Drewe] is in good spirits for her. She has been much gratified by Edward's affectionate and really proper behaviour on many occasions, and I am sure it will be a very great increase to her happiness to have him and his children and Adèle at Grange. Edward is quite adored (Car. says) in the neighbourhood by all his poor tenants and neighbours, from his gracious manners, shaking hands with them after Church, &c. In short he seems to have done all he had to do in the best possible way. . . .

He had recently inherited the Grange estate. Apropos to some trouble he got into from following his brother-in-law Baron Alderson's advice, Bessy wrote (27 Dec., 1830): "I have more than once observed that advice does mischief, I suppose because the adviser feels no responsibility and therefore shabby feelings operate without the drawback of self-reproach."

In 1831 Hensleigh became formally engaged to his cousin Fanny Mackintosh. The following letter from Elizabeth was written during a visit to the Mackintoshes. Mrs Rich, a daughter of Mackintosh by his first wife, was now a widow and lived with him. Her husband had died at Shirâz, and Mrs Rich's hair went snowy white, it was said, the night after his death.

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

14, GREAT CUMBERLAND STREET,
March 27, 1831.

MY DEAR JESSIE,

I have been here enjoying myself very much these last five weeks. It has been a most interesting time to be at head quarters, and very pleasant quarters they are. Sir James, in spite of being up almost every night till near 4 o'clock, looks quite a different man from what he was

last year, and says himself that he has not felt so well for six years.

The two nights of the struggle on the second reading of the Reform Bill, Fanny [Mackintosh] went down to Mrs Robert Grant's, which is in George Street just by the House of Commons, to be at hand to hear the result, and to receive bulletins from the Thorntons in the ventilator. It was amusing to see how interested even Mrs R. G.'s servants were—the housemaid coming in "if you please ma'am John has just been over, and Lord Mahon was speaking *against*." I sat up for them at home as long as I could, but could not last till 4 in the morning; but even at that hour there was a crowd about the House of Commons who cheered the reform members as they came out. I have never seen near so much of Mrs Rich before and I like her very much. She must once, I am sure, have been a very lively person, and now is one of the most agreeable people in a *tête-à-tête* I ever saw. She is quite cheerful and talks more before her father than she used to do. She has her own line of acquaintance among whom she is very much engaged. She has taken me four Fridays to hear Mr Scott¹ (whom she delights in) preach in Miss Farrer's² drawing room. I now despair of much liking him, which I should like to be able to do as much as she does; but he seems to me to try too much to put things in an uncommon point of view, and to get into regions that we can know nothing about. He prays, and reads a chapter and then speaks his discourse, which is certainly a very striking piece of oratory. Another little society of five or six ladies that Mrs Rich belongs to meet once a week to read the Bible

¹ Alexander John Scott (1805—1866) had been a minister of the Scotch church, and at one time an assistant of Edward Irving. He was ejected from the pastorate of the Scotch church at Woolwich, but remained there some years preaching to a little congregation of his own disciples. Later he became the first Principal of Owens College, Manchester. He was a man of great mental power, great learning, and a singularly impressive personality, as we know from the testimony of various notable persons, Carlyle, Bunsen, Frederick Maurice, George Macdonald, Fanny Kemble, and others.

² Aunt of the first Lord Farrer.

and pray together; in short I think it is growing into a very religious world. The only thing I think is a pity is the number of people who believe in the Scotch miracles [Edward Irving], and the number of people who perform them. There are at least half a dozen other people, some maid servants and some ladies, who speak with tongues, besides the Port Glasgow people, and when Mrs Rich gives one the accounts with the solemnity of perfect belief in them herself, one is almost infected by it oneself.

Fanny had a grand dinner yesterday, Bishop Copleston,¹ Sir T. Denman (whom I admire very much—he has all the dignity of virtue in his look and manner), Jeffrey, Lord Nugent and Sheil, and for ladies Lady Gifford and Miss Thornton. There was a party in the evening too which was made memorable by bringing Wordsworth and Jeffrey together. When Sir James proposed to Mr Wordsworth to introduce them to one another he did not agree to it: "We are fire and water," he said, "and if we meet we shall only hiss—besides he has been doing his utmost to destroy me." "But he has not succeeded,"² Sir James said, "and he really

¹ The grand dinner was as follows: Bishop Copleston (of Llandaff), 1776—1849, was a strong Tory, famous for his bodily strength and activity. He wrote a parody on the early numbers of the *Edin. Rev.* "full of the finest irony." Sir Thomas Denman (1779—1854), Attorney-general, afterwards Lord Chief Justice. He was "gifted with a handsome face, a winning, though shy, manner, an exquisite voice, and a tall and active figure." The well-known Francis Jeffrey (1773—1850), founder of the *Edin. Rev.*, and then Lord Advocate in Lord Grey's ministry. Lord Nugent (1788—1850), younger son of the first Marquis of Buckingham, M.P. for Aylesbury, an extreme whig and supporter of Queen Caroline. Richard Lalor Sheil (1791—1851), dramatist and Irish politician. The ladies were also distinguished. Lady Gifford, the eldest of the handsome Miss Drewes, and Marianne Thornton, a woman of remarkable character, one of the well-known Thorntons of Clapham, handsome, dignified, witty, and an admirable talker.

² Wordsworth would of course think of Jeffrey as the man who had done all that critical authority could do to bring to naught the work of his life. It may be said that Jeffrey is now best remembered by the "This will never do!" with which (seventeen years before this time the *Edinburgh Review* had saluted the appearance of the *Excursion*. He had heaped like contempt on the two little volumes of 1807 wherein the world had read for the first time the *Ode to Duty*, the *Song of the Feast of Brougham Castle*, and the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*.

is one of your greatest admirers," and upon that he took Mr Wordsworth by the shoulders and turned him round to Jeffrey and left them together. They immediately began talking, and Sir James came very proud to tell us what he had done, and to fetch us to see them; and Mr Wordsworth looked very happy and complacent. Mr Lockhart said it was the best thing he ever saw done. The two enemies liked one another's company so much, that when the rest of the party broke up at past 11, they remained talking together with Sir James, discussing poets, orators, and novelists, till one o'clock, with Mr Sheil listening with all his ears, and Mr Empson¹ and Fanny and Uncle Baugh as audience. I, alas! was obliged to carry my head to bed. Sir James enjoyed his two hours' talk very much.

My father is attending the Canal meetings in New Palace Yard. He has got his little mare with him, which makes him take it very patiently and prevents his falling sick. He is going down to Maer and his Water-works the end of this week, but I mean to let him go without me. Now I am in this bustle I like to stay and see a little more of it. But the thing I am most anxious to hear is the debate on Tuesday on Slavery. Macaulay's speech on the reform bill almost made me cry with admiration, and I expect his speech on so much more interesting a subject to be the finest thing that ever was heard. It is most unfortunate for this question that it should come on now. Who has leisure to listen to the still small voice of justice in the midst of such a turmoil? And what ought this nation to expect at the hand of God but calamities and disgraces as long as we will not hear it, and suffer those daily murders to go on? Fanny has just been reading a little of one of Jeffrey's reviews of Wordsworth, and W. really shewed no small degree of placability in his good fellowship with him last night. . . .

¹ William Empson (1791—1852), Editor of the *Edinburgh Review* from 1847 and successor to Mackintosh as Professor of "Polity and the Laws of England" at Haileybury. Brougham called him a bad imitation of Macaulay.

In the spring of 1831 Josiah Wedgwood stood for Newcastle-under-Lyme.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her sister Emma Allen. (At Mrs Holland's, New Norfolk St., Park Lane.)

MAER, May 11, 1831.

. . . I thank you very much, my dear sisters, for the warmth with which you have taken up *our* cause. I am not less warm on *yours* and if you [John Allen] had come in at Pembroke, I should have been consoled for being thrown out at Newcastle. As it is, I think Jos is very little disappointed; it is not a pleasant situation to be baffled, but it was so much on public grounds that he stood, that his personal feeling is not much, and I believe what he has belongs to the gentlemen who have brought him in. However the election was carried on with no unnecessary expense, as it seemed by mutual understanding, as there was no treating, and the out-voters were not brought in; so that I hope there has not been much money thrown away. . . . I fully expect that *we* shall be members for Stoke upon Trent,¹ i.e. the Potteries, and if we are it will be a much pleasanter seat. Jos had not before this quite made up his mind to accept it if it should be offered him, but what has lately passed has settled that part of the question; and, if I live so long, I shall like to be obliged to spend some part of every year in London. But I have great misgivings that I may not, and though it does not in any degree lower my spirits, it gives me a degree of uncertainty as to worldly matters that flattens hope. If it would please God to give me brighter hopes instead, I should be happy, and that I hope will come nearer and nearer as I approach the confines. One of my dearest earthly hopes is now to see Jessie [Sismondi] and my castle is to meet her at Paris, or to return with her if she comes to England which I hope

¹ The expectation was that in the Reform Bill the Potteries would be given a seat and that Josiah Wedgwood would be the first member elected.

she will do. . . . I feel a little flat this week after the excitement of the last, but *ça ira*. Farewell, my dear Emma, with warmest love to you all.

*Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her daughters Fanny
and Emma.*

MY DEAR GIRLS,

MAER, May 20th, 1831.

. . . I feel very grateful to Mrs Holland for the pleasant visit you have had with her, and to her good-natured daughters for promoting your pleasure so much as they have done. We have now pretty well done with our Newcastle bustles, as they were yesterday finished by a dinner given to your father by the Mayor and Burgesses, from which they did not come home till near 12 o'clock. There dined about 90, and they were drinking toasts and cheering all the evening. Harry and Frank dined there, and had their healths drunk and returned thanks in neat speeches, &c. Frank had one compliment paid him, for his canvassing accomplishments, which I did not expect, *viz.* that he was so good a canvasser that the gentleman who spoke believed that if it had been for himself, he would have been returned—*voilà !*

We have beautiful summer weather now, which I mention for the honour of Staffordshire, as it sometimes lies under a bad name for weather. I have had a delightful letter from your aunt Caroline [Drewe] giving a glorious account of Edward's entry into his own country, and of the delight given and received by Adèle on the occasion, who looked, she said, quite lovely when she was introduced to his tenants, and received them charmingly.

Mr Hulme comes here regularly every Sunday, and dines after evening service. His conversation is too like Blackwood's Magazine, but he is cheerful and we don't mind him. Gipums is getting larger, and I am beginning to sigh over the puppies who are so soon to meet a watery grave, *mais que faire ?* . . .

After this the Edward Drewes appear no more in these pages, although there are casual allusions in various letters to their prosperous and happy life, and one in especial speaks of their paying a visit to the Pembrokeshire relations, travelling there with four horses in great style.

The girls were brought home from London by their father, and Bessy wrote that "they have had their fill of amusements and going about, and to crown all are very glad to come home."

Madame Sismondi to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

CHÈNE, Oct. 20 [1831].

. . . Sis now looks forward to the visit [to Cresselly] with pleasure, I with delight. My poor little Sad perhaps yet does not know of it, for yesterday when I almost expected to see her, her six weeks being terminated, came a letter with the postmark Conegliano. Judge if I was not in a passion; Miss Smith,¹ my evil genius, had lost her passport—delayed to send back to Venice for a new one—then she is oftener ill than well, sets off at 11 in the morning instead of 8, as she promises over night, or 6, as any reasonable *voiturier* traveller would do. I feel as I do sometimes in my sleep when I cannot put my cloaths on. . . . We must travel *voiturier*, which among many conveniences and suitablenesses has its plagues for an impatient spirit. We shall be at Paris about the 13th, stay three or four days there . . . [reaching] Cresselly, my beloved Cresselly, about 1st Dec. This is giving as short delays as we can with such slow going. We pass all Dec. there, and then, alas, begins our long journey back. Will you not, beloved Bessy, with Elizabeth and Charlotte return with us to Paris? We will cherish you as the apple of our eye, take such care of you, go as slow as you please in vetturino, which is no fatigue. I live in hopes all this may be done, and I am as happy as a princess, and think no more about the cholera, or tumults, or war, of which two last, to say the truth, I had never

¹ Miss Patty Smith, eldest daughter of William Smith, M.P. for Norwich, who was travelling with Harriet Surtees.

any fear. I am making my preparations, and heaven grant us a happy meeting. If you expect I can write sense to-day you are very much mistaken, my own dear Bessy, I can do no such thing for thinking of your sweet sweet face and your dear dear voice, and a thousand other things which all finish in a prayer for our happy meeting. I told John I should write no more to anyone, for I can write no more than a fool when the prospect of, seeing them is close before my nose ; so I might as well have spared your purse to-day, but your letter gave me an ecstasy so you must take its consequences.

We have had, after a dropping summer, the most beautiful autumn I ever remember to have seen. I do not exaggerate when I say I never stirred out without an ecstasy. The warm golden colours at home, the gilded snow and blue in the distance, gave such a view that every walk became a prayer. But Harriet in Italy has not had this weather. She had little sun even at Venice. We have besides had that phenomenal light after sunset which no one has explained, and which has been so bright in Italy as to give superstitious awe and fear to the people. Here it has only been very lovely, very transparent, very deep red, or orange that has remained long after the moon was up, and almost tamed its brightness. In the west was the golden light the other evening, and in the east the silver as we returned home between 6 and 7.

We had two and twenty carriages in our little courtyard last night and more [guests] than I could reckon in our salon, in which were [people] of all nations, but of Englishmen only two, Jos's friend Mr Chetwynd and his friend Mr Lamb, whom we saw act the other night very well and in a very pretty, indeed more than pretty, theatre. Mr Chetwynd was Henry IVth superbly dressed. We had several Polonais last night. We had some perfectly delicious singing from the Prince Belgiojoso—how I wished for Elizabeth and Charlotte! He wanted so much some ladies or men to sing beside himself to keep him in countenance. He will never come now the same evening with the Countess

Guiccioli for fear of being made to sing with her, which, altho' she has a superb voice, he cannot bear to do. If you will be a good girl and come to Paris, you shall hear him too. The preceding Wednesday I had the hard little Mrs Patterson too.¹ Guiccioli, who had been very intimate with her at Florence, seeing one person in a room full of strangers, crossed it eagerly to speak to her; the hard little woman turned her back on her eager accost, with a rudeness remarked by everybody in such a little room, and the Guiccioli was so overcome, not being well before, that I thought she would have fainted. Her hand was bathed in a cold sweat. I gave her some wine and water, pretending that it was the terror of singing. I sent a young Frenchman to scold her [Mrs Patterson], and ask her why she did such a thing. She said "Oh it is not for her conduct with Lord Byron, that I have nothing to do with—but she is such a hard little cold dry-hearted woman, I could give you a thousand little odious traits of her"!! Who ever knows themselves? . . .

¹ Elizabeth Patterson, daughter of a merchant in Baltimore, ex-wife of Jerome Bonaparte. The marriage was declared null by Napoleon, and Jerome was forced to marry Catherine, daughter of the King of Würtemberg.

CHAPTER XVII

1831—1832

Charles Darwin's voyage round the world—Hensleigh Wedgwood appointed a Police Magistrate in London—His marriage to Fanny Mackintosh—Fanny Allen and the Irvingites—The cholera—Sir James Mackintosh's death—Charlotte Wedgwood marries Charles Langton—Frank Wedgwood marries Fanny Mosley—Charlotte at Ripley—Fanny Wedgwood's death.

IN December, 1831, Charles Darwin sailed for his five years' voyage round the world. Captain Fitzroy had offered to give up part of his own cabin to any young man who would go as naturalist on the *Beagle*. My father in his *Autobiography* wrote: "I was instantly eager to accept the offer, but my father strongly objected, adding the words, fortunate for me, 'if you can find any man of common sense who advises you to go I will give my consent.' So I wrote that evening and refused the offer. On the next morning I went to Maer . . . and whilst out shooting, my uncle sent for me, offering to drive me over to Shrewsbury and talk with my father, as my uncle thought it would be wise in me to accept the offer. My father always maintained that [my uncle] was one of the most sensible men in the world, and he at once consented in the kindest manner. I had been rather extravagant at Cambridge, and to console my father said 'that I should be deuced clever to spend more than my allowance on board the *Beagle*'; but he answered with a smile, 'But they tell me you are very clever.'"¹ Fanny Wedgwood wrote: "Charles Darwin sails to-morrow, he writes in great spirits, more charmed than ever with the Captain, and he seems fully to expect that they will go round the world, as he says the instructions of the Admiralty were all as Capt. Fitzroy pleased."

Hensleigh, to the great delight of everyone and after

¹ *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, p. 59.

many hopes and fears, was appointed to a Police Magistracy at the end of 1831. This meant that his marriage could now prudently take place.

Emma Wedgwood to Fanny Mackintosh.

MY DEAREST FANNY,

Dec. 6th, 1831.

You may think how pleased I was at your note. Hensleigh's last letter was so low that I had almost given up all hopes, and the first line of your letter struck me in the contrary sense from what you meant. It was delightful indeed when I found out how it was. How nice it is my dear old wife. Now don't be long a marrying. . . .

It was arranged that Hensleigh and Fanny Wedgwood were to make a joint household with Sir James and his son Robert. This was necessary, as neither Sir James nor Fanny would consent to leave each other.

It was at this time that Charlotte Wedgwood first saw Charles Langton,¹ and after only a fortnight's acquaintance became engaged to him. He had been tutor in Lord Craven's family. Fanny Wedgwood wrote in her Diary on the 12th Jan., "The happiest day of my life. Mr Langton proposed to Charlotte and we were all in a perfect ecstasy."

Emma Wedgwood to her sister Elizabeth.

[LONDON], Jan. 27, 1832.

Fanny is very pleasant and open in telling one how happy she is, and in showing her fondness for Hensleigh, which she does in a nice playful manner. . . . After luncheon Harriet [Gifford] and Charlotte went to Howell and James' to get Charlotte's clothes. She got a green silk pelisse and a virtuous coloured silk gown, which will touch your heart and which we all highly approve of, and for the evening, a black satin and an apricot coloured silk, and a pink muslinish

¹ Algernon Langton, Charles's uncle, had married Marianne Drewe, sister of Lady Gifford and Lady Alderson. Probably this connection brought Charles Langton into the Wedgwood circle.

sort of thing for commoner occasions, and that is all she means to get, except a white muslin.

When they came back they found Dr Holland drinking tea here, and he paid his congratulations to Charlotte with great *tendresse*. He looked wearied at Sir James, who was certainly very tiresome to him, and never would listen to him or let him finish what he was saying.

In the morning Mr Langton had taken Charlotte to Howell and James' and made her choose presents for him to give us, a beautiful gold pencil-case for Fanny, and a very pretty ring for me; so Charlotte knew our different weaknesses very well. Mrs Rich and Miss Cardale were going to the Ventilator, and as there was a spare place I went with them. We arrived unluckily too late to hear Spencer Percival's furious speech for a general fast.¹ We came in for the tail of Lord Althorp's, which we could not hear. Several people were coughed down who supported Mr Percival, and there was a good deal of impatience during his second speech, which made Mrs Rich think the whole house in such a dreadful state of impiety and rebellion against God that she was crying bitterly most of the time. As soon as Mr Percival had withdrawn his motion he came up to his wife who was in the Ventilator and talked to Mrs Rich, and I was very much pleased with the good-humour and mildness of his manner just after hearing such a violent speech from him. I heard him saying that he had been very well listened to, but that he felt so completely that the whole House was against him that it was as if he was talking against a stone wall.

After we had put Miss Cardale home Mrs Rich talked to me about the tongues. The youngest Miss Cardale is often heard in her own room talking the tongues and making religious exclamations.² She is got to look very much worn

¹ The general fast was to be for the cholera, which was then raging. It was the first appearance of the disease in England.

² These religious exclamations, and the repetitions spoken of in the next letter, were much associated with the speaking in "unknown tongues," and were in both cases thought to be the direct result of some divine influence.

and depressed, and would wish very much not to have any more manifestations. Poor thing, I should think she would become quite mad soon. . . .

The following letter tells of Frank Wedgwood's engagement to Fanny Mosley, daughter of the rector of Rolleston. This makes the fourth Fanny in the Maer circle. To avoid confusion the wives of Hensleigh and Frank will be distinguished as Fanny Hensleigh and Fanny Frank.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

DULWICH, March 1, 1832.

. . . You are all as busy as possible now I suppose with your two brides and arrangements for my dear Lotty's wedding. I think she pays your judgments or tastes too great a compliment in getting a white bonnet. Caroline [Drewe] who has just left us, talked of the fashion being to be married in a veil. This is certainly the prettiest costume and it would save the carriage of a bonnet, which I am now thinking is a great evil, so that you would have had something more to do with me, had I been in Charlotte's place, before you would have got me to send for a white bonnet, having bought a straw one. I have a pleasing impression of Miss Mosley, from what you have all said, and I rejoice very much at it for Frank's and your sakes. . . . I do not know whether Fanny [Hensleigh] mentioned my going with Mrs Rich to Mr Irving's early prayer meeting last week. I repeated it again, yesterday, and I am come out of my experiences more unbelieving than I was before—indeed I think I had a little belief. I expected I am sure something extraordinary, something at least that I could not account for, and there was nothing out of the common way, except indeed the extravagance of minds not quite sane. It was perfectly dark when we got to the church, which was very faintly lighted by two small globe lights on a table under the reading-desk, where Mr Irving sat like a magician. There were the usual prayers and two psalms

sung, and a chapter in the Bible from Kings, of Elijah destroying the prophets of Baal, which he likened in his (Irving's) prayer afterwards to the ministry of our Church generally, and said that the ministry of Christ's Church had fallen to them who had the gifts of the Spirit given to them. After Mr Irving had finished he lay back in his chair, and gifted Mr Backster from Doncaster came forward. He read the 1st of Acts and during the course of his reading he raved like a maniac; repeating the same word or phrase six or seven times over, and mixing up finally the chapter in Kings, the 1st of Acts, and all the Revelations together, and raving with as small a portion of the Spirit, I should have thought, if they had not said otherwise, as any teacher ever had. He continually returned to the prophets of Baal. On walking home afterwards with Mrs Rich, I told her that I should have thought Mr Backster insane if left to my own judgment; she told me she thought every repetition that he had used commanded by the Spirit, and quoted the verse "line upon line," &c. as the authority. The last day I was there it was pretty nearly the same thing again, except that Mr Irving had a more affected manner and his tone was lower, as also Mr Backster, who did not rave, but spoke in a sepulchral tone of the probable persecutions they would undergo, and a recommendation to behave as Christ did. He began "Oh that he would rend the Heavens and come down," this he repeated several times, and also "the Enemy is amongst us"; then another man prayed in a crying tone; then Miss Emily Cardale repeated much of what Mrs Rich writes, in a shrill tone and in an unvarying note, with her figure perfectly still: "Oh you do not know Christ" six times over; then "Christ is love," and so on in texts of Scripture for about 10 minutes I should think; and then Mr Irving thanked God in prayer for the messages sent us by the Spirit, and we were out at 10 minutes after 8. Mrs Rich appeared much affected during the whole course of the service, so I made no observation on our way back, and listened to her and a friend whom we picked up on the way, talking of these wonderful things.

The Sismondis, accompanied by Fanny Allen, left England in March. The quarantine mentioned below was on account of the cholera in England.

Fanny Allen to her brother-in-law Sir James Mackintosh.

HOTEL RIVOLI, RUE RIVOLI,
March 13, 1832.

MY DEAR MACKINTOSH,

. . . Sismondi told you of our bad passage and how we fared in the Quarantine Station. The first, to be sure, was as bad as possible, but it did not do either Jessie or me as much mischief as your chicken-bone.¹ I do not know whether I am indebted to the strength of my constitution or to the merits of sea-water for my escape from cold or fever after sitting 14 hours in clothes drenched through by the waves. The Quarantine was not disagreeable; it was rather more an odd position than a disagreeable one. I do not consider the three days there as lost days; our company were more French than English, and I was amused at observing their different manner and character. We did not suffer from cold in our station, though it was a mere wooden shed, divided into three parts for the men, women, and our common sitting-room. The beds were excellent, and our eating not bad, so that we were not to be pitied; though I must add we enjoyed Dessin's Inn very much when we were let out of our Quarantine. Sismondi bought a French travelling carriage which took us and all our luggage, very comfortably and moderately, my share for the whole expenses of the journey from Calais being only 6 Napoleons. . . .

Sismondi made a course of visits yesterday morning to his friends. He reports the impression he received was, that among the ministerialists, when they talked of and rather expected the downfall of our ministry, they seemed to him to look with something of satisfaction to the return of Sir R. Peel and the Duke. Sismondi called on Madame

¹ This proved to be a fatal accident; a splinter lodged in his throat and caused his death.

de Broglie¹ yesterday and saw her. She looked ill, and very low, but she talked with great calmness of the illness and death of her daughter, who suffered, poor child, very much before her death. The economy of the Citizen King is talked of, which is as it should be. A brother of Copley Fielding, the water-colour painter, gives lessons to the royal family, and he says the King bargains for a sheet of drawing-paper. Paris looks very handsome and we have a bright sun for some hours in the day; on our way here we paid a visit at St Denis to all Sismondi's old friends, Dagobert and Pepin le Bref. It is an interesting walk among the dead. I know nothing more of Paris, except that the ladies' bonnets are very small; they wear feathers in them. I feel very anxious respecting the Reform question and all that hangs to it in England, also of the cholera. I trust that we shall hear from one of you, it would be a great treat to have a few lines from yourself; but you have too much to do for me to ask it, and sometimes, when I am very disinterested, even to wish it. God bless you, and preserve your health.

Yours, dear Mackintosh, affectionately,

F. ALLEN.

Mackintosh died on May 30th, 1832, having never recovered from the effects of the accident mentioned in the previous letter. A year before Jessie Sismondi had written of him to her sister Bessy (5th Feb., 1831):

I think of his life which I now look on as almost finished with the greatest pity; not without blame, it is true, but it is almost lost in pity. He had an understanding to comprehend all the beauties of the high moral feelings and those of affection, but not the heart ever to feel them, so that he knew their heaven, sighed for it, yet, as if a curse was on him, could never put his foot into it. He loved passionately and fondly only one person [his wife] in the world, and she

¹ Albertine, the daughter of Madame de Staël, married to the Duc de Broglie. She was distinguished by her beauty in youth, and in her maturity by a deep and somewhat evangelical type of religion.

never could love him, though he was the only person in the world that truly loved her.

Years ago Coleridge wrote of him to Tom Wedgwood, "I never doubted that he *means* to fulfil his engagements with you; but he is one of those weak-moraled men, with whom the meaning to do a thing means nothing. He promises with his whole Heart, but there is always a little speck of cold felt at the core that transubstantiates the whole resolve into a Lie, even in his own consciousness." His daughter Fanny was deeply attached to him, and the short time spent with her after her happy marriage, must have been a ray of sunshine ending his troubled career.

Charlotte Wedgwood was married on 22nd March, 1832, and Frank Wedgwood on 26th April. Catherine Darwin, writing to Fanny Wedgwood of Charlotte, says, "Your account of her sounds charming and just what she so amply deserves. It is very nice that a *perfect* person should be enjoying *perfect* happiness." The Langtons began their married life at Ripley in Surrey, where they lived for about a year.

Charlotte Langton to her sister Fanny Wedgwood.

RIPLEY, WEDNESDAY [August 6, 1832].

. . . Very fortunately we have had the most beautiful weather since my aunts came, so that with the help of our dear little ponies who are getting great pets, I have not found the least difficulty in entertaining them. . . .

I do not think that we shall bring our ponies to Maer. Besides crowding the stables there, the three-year old must be too young for a journey one would think, tho' he drew us four no very light ones 24 miles the other day, and came back as fresh as possible, pushing on whenever the reins were slackened. The only thing that makes Charles think of it is the danger of their being stolen, and I believe we shall have them taken up every night to secure them.

Charles Langton's caution was a marked element in his character. Much later in life the Langtons wished to settle

near us at Down, and my father told us how our uncle Charles would not buy Baston, a charming house on Hayes Common, because he saw *one* rough-looking man on the Common, and thought it would not be safe for his wife and little boy to walk there alone.

This summer Emma lost her beloved sister Fanny, from whom she had never been parted for more than a week or two. She died on August 20th, 1832, aged 26, after a few days' illness from some inflammatory attack. Her sister Charlotte wrote to Emma, "I feel with you, dear Emma, that all our recollections and associations with our Fanny are peculiarly free from anything bitter or painful. She was so gentle that a harsh word could hardly ever have been addressed to her, and her wishes and expectations for herself were so unpretending that it made her life one of much calm happiness and very free from disappointments and anxieties."

Amongst my mother's papers there is a short record of her feelings on this loss—the first that ever came really close to her. It is evidently written entirely for herself:

"At 9 came on the fatal attack and in 5 minutes we lost our gentle, sweet Fanny, the most without selfishness of anybody I ever saw, and her loss has left a blank which will never be filled up. Oh, Lord, help me to become more like her, and grant that I may join her with Thee never to part again. I trust that my Fanny's sweet image will never pass from my mind. Let me always keep it in my mind as a motive for holiness. What exquisite happiness it will be to be with her again, to tell her how I loved her who has been joined with me in almost every enjoyment of my life."

Emma Wedgwood to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

MY DEAREST AUNT JESSIE,

MAER, Sept. 15 [1832].

How grateful I feel to you, my dear aunts, for the love and sympathy you have for us. Mamma and Elizabeth set off on a little tour in North Wales last Monday with uncle Baugh. I have great hopes it will do Mamma a great deal of good. She has found it more difficult to recover her cheerfulness than we have, but change and travelling always

act upon her spirits very much. I do not like that you should be thinking of us as more unhappy than we are. I think we all feel cheerful and susceptible of happiness. I do not expect or wish to miss our Fanny less than we do now. The remembrance of her is so sweet and unmixed with any bitter feeling that it is a pleasure to be put in mind of her in every way. I feel as if it was a very long time since we had lost her, though it is only a month next Monday. I suppose it was from having thought of little besides since then. In looking over her desk, I have found many little journals of happy visits and journeys that we have been together, which are a great comfort and bring them so close to my memory. Sometimes I feel a sad blank at the thoughts of having lost my sweet, gentle companion who has been so closely joined with me ever since we were born, but I try to keep my mind fixed upon the hope of being with her again, never to part again. Such a separation as this seems to make the next world feel such a reality—it seems to bring it so much nearer to one's mind and gives one such a desire to be found worthy of being with her. Hers has been a gentle, happy life and I think her spirits were weak, and she would not have borne up so well as the rest of us in the sorrows she must have gone through had she remained here. I feel a great pleasure in telling you how faultless she was, tho' I think you know it as well as I do. I remember so many things when she was quite a little girl, which shewed how completely without selfishness she was even then, and she was always ready to give up little things or great ones. I am sure Papa misses his little secretary as he used to call her. She suited him so well.

I am very sorry you feel so anxious about the cholera. It has been mild at Newcastle and I hope is abating, much more than half recover. There is no fear of it here, as it has not even spread to the Potteries, which are so much nearer. It has been dreadfully bad at Bilston, an iron place not much larger than Newcastle, and hundreds have died in a month. There has been a large subscription for

them; there are said to be 300 orphan families to be provided for. I believe it is a wretched place and the people very low. Thank my dear aunt Fanny for her anxiety that we should take care of our healths. There is no need to mind me, as I am very strong and have very little to do, but I do want Elizabeth to take great care of herself, and I try to save her going about among the cottages whenever she will let me. . . .

CHAPTER XVIII

1832—1834

Josiah Wedgwood elected for Stoke-upon-Trent—Bessy's serious illness—The Langtons at Onibury—Miss Martineau and Mrs Marsh—Hensleigh Wedgwood's scruples as to administering oaths—William Clifford abroad—A tour in Switzerland and visit to Queen Hortense at Constance.

AT the end of 1832 Josiah Wedgwood was elected in the first reformed Parliament for Stoke-upon-Trent.

Emma Wedgwood to Madame Sismondi.

MY DEAREST AUNT JESSIE,

16 Dec. 1832.

Mamma has been saying she meant to write to you every day since the election, but I think our news will be quite flat if we leave it any longer, and now I am afraid we shall not be the first to tell you that Papa was elected by a handsome majority. The numbers were Wedgwood 822, Davenport 625, Heathcote 588, Mason 240. Mr Mason is a thorough-going Radical, so we were all very glad at his being so low on the poll. Papa and all of us were very much pleased at his coming in so grandly, especially as he is become too Tory for these Radical times. We were very secure after the first day's poll. Jessie [Wedgwood] and I went to Hanley to see the candidates going to Stoke to be nominated. Papa went first with his sons and some more gentlemen, his proposer and seconder, in the carriage open with 4 horses; a few carriages followed, and then the tag-rag and bobtail in gigs, carts and phaetons. Then came Davenport, who looked much more numerous,

which made us rather low: I suppose we should have been still lower if we had gone to the nomination, for Papa was received with silence, Mr Davenport with hisses and hootings, Mr Heathcote with some applause, and Mr Mason with rapture, which shews how little a nomination shews one of how matters will turn out. Papa's speech looks well in the newspapers. He was listened to without applause, as he says, tho' the newspaper is more obliging and gives him a good many cheers. The next two days the voting took place, and what a pleasant short affair it is now to what it used to be. There was some rioting and some who voted for Davenport had all their windows broke. . . .

Charles Langton and Charlotte are still with us. He has offered himself for a visit at Lord Craven's and Charlotte will stay here the while. It is very nice of him not getting impatient to be at home again. We are all very fond of him. His manners to Mamma are quite charming, so playful and attentive. He has not a spark of the natural enmity that most people have for their mothers-in-law. Mamma enjoyed her little trip to see their living very much. The country about Onibury¹ is very pretty, and the poor people well off and a very small parish.

As to her husband's going into Parliament Bessy wrote to Jessie Sismondi (22 Dec. 1832), that she is not only gratified at seeing his character rated as it deserves, but that she cannot help thinking it will give their children a lift in point of station, "a worldly feeling I must confess, but one I find myself not able to contend with." In the same letter she speaks of her listlessness and languor making it painful for her to write; and it is evident now that her health had seriously failed. In March, 1833, she promises Jessie not to be so long again without writing, and speaks of lying awake a prey to sorrowful musings. But she mentions her enjoyment of her first grandchild, Godfrey (the son of Frank), and how she is continually finding new beauties in his "little snub face." The letter ends: "You are *par excellence* the best beloved of all the sisterhood, and what is more you are not envied on that account."

¹ Charles Langton's living to which he had just been appointed, between Church Stretton and Ludlow.

About this time my mother received four or five proposals of marriage, after a girlhood passed entirely without any love affair. She said to me once "we got quite weary of it," and then described how one of the rejected, a neighbouring curate, walked Elizabeth round and round the Pool, half crying, and asking what Emma found to object to in him.

In the spring Bessy and her daughters paid long visits to her married children, Charlotte still at Ripley, and Hensleigh at Clapham. Seeing both her children so happy seems to have soothed her anxious mind. She also visited other relations settled in or near London. Whilst staying at Lady Gifford's, she had a fall, followed by a serious illness. This must have been a seizure of an epileptic nature, for, from now onwards until her death in 1846, she suffered from attacks of this malady. In this fall she broke some bone, and was never able to walk again. These thirteen long years of helplessness are sad to think of, but the anxieties which had weighed on her quite left her, and the brightness and wonderful sweetness of her nature made it a pleasure to be with her, especially to Elizabeth. My mother felt more and more, as time went on, the sadness of her increasingly impaired mind.

Emma Wedgwood to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

Aug. 5, 1833.

It is such a pleasure to send you such a good account, for I am sure nobody will feel more (or so much) joy than you at my dear Mamma's recovery. We feel impatient to be able to see the time when we can return home, but we must not think of it yet, and it is very lucky Mamma does not feel at all impatient to move. Fanny and Hensleigh have been coming constantly, and she is the nicest nurse possible, and endeared herself very much to us by her affectionate feelings for Mamma and joy at her recovery. Papa is not able to come as often as he wishes, as he is on a Liverpool Committee and the Slavery Bill in the evenings; so he is only able to come on Saturdays and stay till Monday.

Harriet [Gifford] and I went to the Ventilator to hear O'Connell's quarrel with the Reporters, whom he accuses of reporting his speeches falsely, whereupon they say now

they will not report a word more of his; so now he declares they shall not report at all, and he had the gallery cleared of all the strangers and the reporters amongst them yesterday. It was a most foolish passionate thing to do as the Reporters are sure to gain the day in the end.

Aunt Emma is in much better heart about Isabella now than she was at the beginning of the holidays, but she is entirely dissatisfied with the school. It is a pity Aunt Emma is so easily cast down about her, as girls are sure to turn out well, and high spirits and troublesomeness seems to be I.'s faults, which are sure to mend.

Emma Wedgwood to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

MAER, Thursday [10 Oct. 1833].

MY DEAREST AUNT JESSIE,

. . . Papa and Eliz. came home on Tuesday after spending a week at Onibury. They took a walk every morning though they had very middling weather to see the pretty country in. Mr Langton used to be rather afraid of Papa, but I think he has quite got over that, and they talked away together very well, Eliz. says. I think he is never quite at his ease when any of our men are there, at least he is not near so merry as when there is nobody but Mamma, or one of us. Papa has persuaded them to come here for all the winter months, as though this is not a very warm house, it is much warmer than theirs. He was going to have a curate any how for the winter, so he may just as well come here, and it will be very pleasant for us having them for so long a visit. I was there the week before with aunt Sarah, and saw a good many of their neighbours. Charlotte was rather unhappy at the outside of her house being so untidy when some smart people called, but Charles takes everything easy and Charlotte has a decided turn against scrattling, so that their tidying goes on at a very slow pace, and as they are to leave the place, they have no inclination to do much. Susan Darwin says they

had much better have her for a week to set them to rights, and I am sure she would do more than C. in a month.

The other day Miss Martineau¹ dined at Clapham with Mrs Marsh, and she made Fanny feel very awkward by saying, "I was much distressed to hear from several quarters that you were disgusted at my conversation some time ago." I don't know what answer Fanny made, but it was true that we were all rather shocked at some of her opinions on matrimony, and we had been talking about it to Mrs Marsh, and I have no doubt that was the way it came round to her in some of their arguments on that subject. Miss M. took such a fancy to Fanny that I am sorry she found out she had not pleased her, and it showed great good nature her mentioning it in that open way to her. We were all rather contrite at having said anything about her opinions to Mrs Marsh and Dr Holland; and it was partly our fault, as we drove her on to say that she thought marriage ought to be dissoluble for any cause however slight. It is a pity her being so open, as it will excite a great prejudice against her and make people consider her, though very unjustly, as if she was not a moral person. She is so happy, good-humoured and conceited that she will not much mind what people say of her. I scorn to spin out a letter, so I will wish you good-bye, my dearest.

The following letter relates to the proposed resignation by Hensleigh of his Police Magistracy, on account of his scruples with regard to administering oaths. He put off the final step till 1837.

Josiah Wedgwood to Monsieur and Madame Sismondi.

MY DEAR JESSIE AND SISMONDI, MAER, Dec. 21, 1833.

I received your affectionate and most gratifying letter only last night, and I must not lose a day to send you my cordial thanks for it. You will have heard that Hens-

¹ Harriet Martineau (at this time thirty-one years old), was becoming a literary lion through the great success of her Political Economical stories.

leigh did not send in his resignation and that, for the present at least, he does not intend to do it. The resolution was most hasty and rash, and I don't pretend either to justify or account for it, but I conceive that the overwhelming interest that he has in retaining his office had the effect which would be natural with some minds, that it alarmed him and made him distrust all the suggestions of his understanding in favour of retaining his post, that he was, in short, fascinated, and ended the struggle like the little bird who jumps into the open mouth of the glaring snake. Having now got over the first impression, I am in hopes that the arguments for retaining his office will have their due weight with him, and especially as his mind is now turned to exertion for the removal of unnecessary oaths, in which he must see that his situation as an acting magistrate will give him a weight which would be lost by giving up his office. If after taking sufficient time to restore the equilibrium of his mind, after giving the subject ample and deliberate consideration, taking all means of informing himself and profiting by the learning and judgment of others, he should form a solid conviction that administration of oaths by a Magistrate is forbidden by the gospel, there can be no doubt that it will be his duty to resign; and however great may be one's concern one cannot blame him, though even then he cannot expect to be supported by much of the sympathy, respect, and admiration, which are given to great sacrifices for objects which all men feel to interest human nature.

Your kind solicitude induces me to say of myself that I am quite well, and I suppose even my looks are better than on the occasion when they created Jessie's compassion. I was rather surprised at Jessie's pity for my lot in life, having always thought myself a fortunate man. It is true I have suffered some losses in which my affections were much concerned, and some misfortunes; the chief of which, my dear Bessy's state, is lightened and almost removed by the gentleness, sweetness, and cheerfulness with which she bears her lot, and with which her delightful nature shines

out to the last. . . . Our whole family are now assembled, except Hensleigh, all well; and I often think that if they have all taken the quiet path of life, they have none of them made us ashamed or sorry. Of some of them I might say much more without your dissent.

Believe me, my dear brother and sister,

Affectionately yours,

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.

William Clifford, of Perristone in Herefordshire, will no doubt be remembered in the letters of 1815, and also of 1818, when the Wedgwood family were in Paris. Two orphan nieces now lived with him, and the following letters were written whilst he was on the Continent, where, as he wrote to Mrs Wedgwood, "it is thought proper that I should go to complete my young ladies. I suppose Paris is the place, and once in motion, my inertness is not likely soon to stop. I hate the thoughts of it, and shall contrast it all bitterly with our merry days there. My first look out shall be for Aglaë¹ who I dare say after your excellent lecture has turned out incomparable. You talk of growing old, but you will never know anything about the matter—for myself, I feel older than anybody ever was before, and the everlasting hills themselves are quite as fit to move."

From William Clifford to Madame Sismondi.

MY DEAR MADAM,

[PARIS, July, 1833].

I have just this moment got the most cordial letter ever written, even from the Principality. But it was not very logical, for I do love you very much yet I won't drive straight to your most hospitable house with my tribe, but I will give you every moment of my time at the risk of making poor M. Sismondi ill, to see how I spend my day, but you shall hide it from him as much as you can, or persuade him I am doing something all the while. I know he will do his best to like me for your sake, and I will

¹ Mrs Wedgwood's naughty maid, when they were in Paris in 1818. .

like him for his own very sincerely, though he was in a cruel hurry to part us all when we were once together again. You know I love the longest letter and read it over and over again. I began two or three to you about Christmas time, wishing you a merry Christmas. Then I thought spring might draw you to Paris. Thank you for all you say of my dear nephew. I can promise he is the better liked, the more he is known, and my nieces too are very well in their way, but I am pretty well worn out and very much tired of it all—and it is all very much tired of me.

Still very faithfully yours,

WILLIAM CLIFFORD.

Now I have had one letter from you, I long for another. Do.

William Clifford to Madame Sismondi.

GENOA, October, 1833.

. . . A letter from my dear Miss Fanny [Allen] got here at last, and she is on the whole reconciled to Mrs Wedgwood's state as better than she expected—particularly in the main point—"her memory quite good, the same truth of observation, the same gentleness and kindness of character," and "a cheerfulness that so peculiarly belonged to her about her still. She suffers little or no pain." All this you know already, and is great comfort, but they seem to have little hope of her getting better than she is. It is happy for Mrs Langton that she is married.

Thank you for all you say of my girls, but you do not know much about them. All fine you say of me is likely to be true, for you have known me off and on 36 years, but there is no reason I should triumph over M. Sismondi. On the contrary, tell him, I am his obliged and faithful servant, W. CLIFFORD.

In the journal Baroness Bunsen wrote for her mother, Mrs Waddington, there is the following mention of Mr Clifford during his stay in Rome, where he spent the winter 1833-4:

Dec. 4, 1833. In the evening, if we are at home and have not too many visitors, I finish up my sketches. For this I

had a bit of praise from Mr Clifford which greatly pleased me. The day after he had seen me thus employed he said, "How I like that making the most of odd times! it is what everybody ought to do, and what *I* never do! and thus I have done nothing, and learnt nothing in my life." Mr Clifford's being here is a great pleasure to us: he is really a delightful person, entering into everything and enjoying everything like a child.¹

William Clifford to Madame Sismondi.

[ROME], May 4th [1834].

. . . My two nieces have had anything but a pleasant winter. Emily had not been three days in Rome before she caught small-pox. The effects of it lasted till we were about departure, and then by way of finale she caught scarlet fever, but now she is got pretty well and ready to catch something else. This threw us sadly out of the great occupation of society. You may suppose we were not very popular, having nothing to give people but contagion. But we did not much care for them, not having M. Sis. to fight for us. Ld. and Ly. James Hay were very civil and we fancied them much, but they were very much occupied so we did not often meet. The girl is just what you say, so sunny and cheerful, and certainly made after the old receipt of making your hay when the sun shines. They are gone and everybody else also. We are always the survivors. Ly. Davy is on the brink of departure. I have never yet told her of your kindness to cows and keeping a neighbour by way of company to your own, which I hope will atone for your cruelty to horses. Miss Mackenzie to say the truth is uncommonly agreeable, and makes me waste a great deal of time in scolding her horrid uncomfortable ways. Your family are good for nothing about writing, so I know none of their adventures. I was at a wedding yesterday (Palazzo Cafferalli), which brought many a tear to my eye, foolish

¹ *Life and Letters of Frances, Baroness Bunsen*, vol. i., p. 404.

enough in this world of chance and change. Meanwhile let those that remain in it try to like and cherish one another, and write soon. Direct to Perristone near Ross, where we mean to return, slowly, slowly. I have given all my hurry to my nephew, which he calls dispatch, and will run as unmercifully as you *would* have done poor Lady Davy's pair of horses. And do tell me a great deal of news—I won't begin again, so good-bye.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Wedgwood.

CHÈNE, July 29, 1834.

. . . We found all well on our return last Wednesday, and I thank Heaven no ill news from England in the many letters that lay waiting for me on the tables, and which I opened with a beating heart. I so enjoyed the first part of our tour; all the little circumstances and incidents were always so much in our favour that I superstitiously began to fear some ill luck at the end. At Vevay I met poor Mrs Marcet for the first time since her loss.¹ She was overcome almost to fainting at first, but attributed it to heat and fatigue, said she would lie down and return to us in half-an-hour, which she did, talking on indifferent subjects and no allusion was made on either side to what, it was but too visible, both our hearts were full of. She intended to return with us in the steamboat the next day, but when the morning came she had not courage. I am nearly sure it was because we were in the boat—she would suffer less with strangers.

We, that is Sismondi and I and our portmanteau, left Schinznach on the 9th of this month in a nice little one-horse cabriolet, that stole softly and quietly over the ground, and quick too, directing our course north-eastward. We saw the baths of Baden, Zurich, . . . Constance, St Gall, the pretty Lake of Wallenstadt, where I read your name with your father's in the inn book which vividly brought back the time you so sweetly alluded to, my Emma, which

¹ The death of her husband.

can never return for either of us—but whatever returns as before? It is our wisdom to separate and treasure up only those remembrances that soothe. . . . We saw Glarus, . . . Lucerne, Berne, Fribourg, and Vevay—this took us exactly a fortnight, and the expense as nearly as possible to a Napoleon a day each, and travel as economically in Switzerland as you please you cannot spend less. At Constance we spent a day with the Queen Hortense,¹ and it was the most interesting of our journey. She is become fat, and does not look as if she had ever been handsome, but she has a very pleasing expression of sweet temper and great kindness in manner. We arrived about 2 o'clock and did not leave till 8, and the whole six hours were passed in causerie, with the exception of a dinner of one course quickly despatched, and I found it much too short for all she had to tell and shew us. I felt much as if I was playing at Kings and Queens, in addressing her as "Majesty," but a better feeling than courtesy forbids us take away the title from the unprosperous unless they have themselves the good sense to drop it. She speaks of all her wrongs without the least resentment, with a philosophic calmness that would indicate a higher understanding than I suspect she possesses, but it is only suspicion, for she might be very clever for anything I know to the contrary. She talked very openly of her past life, regretted she had not been earlier aware of the importance and of the extraordinariness, please to let the word pass—of it, that she might have taken daily notes of it. It seemed to her at the time the natural course of life, and she passed through heedlessly. She read us part of her journal or memoir that had reference to her mother's divorce. It evinced the sternness of purpose that is always given to Buonaparte, but it shewed also tenderness and strength of affection in the bitter tears even to sobs which he sometimes gave way to in carrying it through. She shewed us in her cabinet a cast of Buonaparte taken after

¹ Ex-Queen of Holland, daughter of Beauharnais and the Empress Josephine and mother of Louis Napoleon (afterwards Emperor), now a youth of twenty-five. She was living apart from her husband.

his death. It looked affecting from an expression of deep yet quiet suffering. Near this cast she had preserved the portrait of his second wife and child, on which his dying eyes were fixed, and which always hung at St Helena before his little camp bed. Over these was hung the Cashmere sash he wore at the battle of the Pyramids, blackened with gunpowder. He had given it to her to wrap round her head one day that she had taken cold. She shewed us also the scapulaire of Charlemagne; it was taken from his tomb at Aix-la-Chapelle and given by the town to her mother when she visited it as Empress. There was in it a bit of the true cross enchased in crystal as big as a turkey egg, set in jewels, and a bit of gold chain that fastened it round his neck. She had several interesting portraits, and is herself no contemptible artist. She takes strong likenesses and finishes them very prettily. Her Chateau of Ehrenberg is beautifully situated on the steep side of a mountain covered with the richest vegetation, the most magnificent oak and walnut trees, looking down directly into the Lake of Constance; it is furnished as the most elegant and most comfortable boudoir of Paris would be. It was delicious to take shelter in it from the scorching sun. She has two dames d'honneur, an Italian physician, and a French artist living with her besides her son the Prince Louis. She told us she believed she would come this winter to Geneva, for the sake of making her son live in a way more consonant to his age than with her at Constance. She gave us a book she has just published, and that I am sure would interest you very much—Memoirs of her son's escape from Italy after the last Revolution, and after her eldest son's death.

I have just received my dear Mackintosh's *History of the Revolution*, and your letter has lain by in consequence. I cannot read it with quiet nerves. The Memoir¹ prefixed does not so sorely vex me as it does Fanny [Allen], tho' done by no friendly hand. There is no malignity, which I feared, and he has quoted so largely and so judiciously

¹ A fragment of a *History of the Revolution in 1688* was published after Mackintosh's death, with a memoir prefixed by a Mr Wallace.

from Mackintosh's early writing and late speeches, that it must raise M. in the opinion of everyone who reads; and then when M. speaks so well of himself what signifies the opinion and judgment of the foolish writer? It can do him no harm. This should be a warning to Robert not to cut out anything but what is absolutely necessary of his father's writing, whether journal or letters. I am rather afraid of Robert's over-delicacy of home subjects; yet those will shew M. in the brightest light, and they are those after all that make known the true character. . . .

CHAPTER XIX

1835—1837

Home life at Maer—Mrs Marsh as novelist—Emma Wedgwood visits Cresselly—Mrs John Wedgwood's sudden death—Emma Wedgwood at musical festivals—Charles Darwin returns home—Emma at Edinburgh—C. D. on marriage.

THE home life at Maer had by now become much changed. Emma had lost through the death of Fanny the companionship of a sister of her own age, and the failure of their mother's health made it necessary that either Elizabeth or Emma should always be at home. It is as nurse and caretaker that she now appears, and also as aunt to the next generation, which numbered four.

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her mother,

CLAPHAM, Tuesday, 3 March [1835].

. . . Saturday we dined at [the Marshes]. . . . Anne was very pleasant, and when we got round the fire after dinner she talked a great deal with an openness that was very engaging about her book [*Two Old Men's Tales*] and her feelings. I was in hopes that her being known as the author would have saved her from hearing disagreeable things; but she told us of some things that had been said that she would have given a thousand pounds rather than they should have been said. I cannot think who could tell her. She was very much amused when she dined at Lady Milman's to find Mr Murray paying court to her as if she was somebody. I think the vexation of being known has more than counterbalanced the pleasure of her success, but the pleasure of the writing itself seems to be very great. (I can

hardly write for Snow [just two years old] who is romancing on, and acting, and speechifying, but what it is all about I have not an idea, but "jingle, jingle," comes in very often in the discourse. I have just made out "a large wind blew the little wind down," with a very important shake of the head.) There is wind enough to-day to blow many things down besides little winds. . . .

Emma Wedgwood to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

MAER, Friday, Ap. 11 [1835].

. . . We have had visits here from Susan Darwin, and the Hollands, so that I have not been at all solitary. I think Susan quite won Allen [Wedgwood]'s heart by her attentions. She was missed one day and nobody could find her anywhere, when at last she was discovered sitting very comfortably with Allen, with a bottle of cowslip wine and some sweetmeats before them. She says Allen coloured up very much when the Colonel's face was seen prying in at the window but she was quite hardened herself. I think she is the happiest person I know, such constant gay spirits and such little things give her so much enjoyment. . . .

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Wedgwood.

May 3, 1835.

. . . I think Anne's *Tales* particularly interesting; they both robbed me of some of those precious tears I am so chary of shedding. I prefer the first, there is greater purity and far greater truth. *The Admiral's Daughter* is deficient in both these qualities, and interesting as it is, I can hardly forgive its immorality. Nevertheless I should like to read more by the same author, and shall be sorry if indeed she is, as she now feels, exhausted. I have received the last *Edinburgh* too, and have again and again to thank my beloved Bessy. If she is one-tenth part as prodigal to others as she is to me, she will not reserve for herself enough even

for "a ha'porth of snuff, God bless her," as Montagu¹ would say, but I say it with more fervour and less affectation.

Like you I do not know whereabouts you are in our history, so forgive me if I *radote*. Harriet [Surtees] wrote lately to your aunt Sara, and doubtless told her of our plan of going into Italy in August for a twelvemonth. For my own part, I quit my dear little Chêne and all its dumb inhabitants with great pain. I hate moving, I hate travelling, and already I have been crying over the warning I have given all the servants who have been crying too.

We are going this evening to take leave of our great friend Lady Osborne, who goes to Ireland soon, and I take to her a *cadeau* for my dear old friend Mrs Dillon. It is the first handsome present I ever made (that is to say handsome for my purse), and you cannot think how much happiness it gives me to make it—I am only afraid it will never reach her. It is a chain of gold enamel, nearly £15, and it is astonishingly cheap, I have seldom seen so handsome a one. My generous Sis. insists upon paying for it, but then I should not feel it my gift, so he shall not have that pleasure.

In the autumn of this year Emma was three months away from home, paying visits to Cresselly and elsewhere.

Emma Wedgwood to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

MAER, Nov. 29 [1835].

... Aunt Fanny was in charming spirits and conversation, which was a fresh pleasure to me every day, especially in our walks, and she used to curl her hair with me. I liked renewing my recollections of Tenby, and it looked as bright and pretty as it used to when I was a child.

A Miss X. of this country is making a great noise in the

¹ Basil Montagu (1770—1851), natural son of John Montagu, 4th Earl of Sandwich, was a friend of Coleridge, Mackintosh, etc. He had tried to marry Sarah Wedgwood, it was always supposed for her money, but at what date does not appear.

world. She has been in love with her father's coachman for 10 years and is now quite resolved to marry him. Her father is in despair about it, and says he will shoot himself if she does, and he and the other sisters are so ill that they think they will die of it. The coachman is drunken and a bad man, and engaged to the cook, but Miss X. remains quite steady in her purpose and as she is 25 nobody can stop her. . . .¹

Fanny Allen wrote to Emma (March 2, 1836): "Did I tell you what success your beasts met with at the school? I have been trying my hand at a lion, but it looks like nothing at all. I wish you would do me a bear and a lion, good-sized, any leisure time of yours, and let them be by you for any opportunity that may happen in the next 5 or 6 months. The beasts your acquaintance here are all well. Clio wins her way with everyone. John's particular love to you. You have won his heart completely."

These "beasts" were cut out in paper, for which art my mother had a particular talent, though I remember pigs as being her *chefs d'œuvre*.

Jane, Mrs John Wedgwood, who had never had good health, died quite suddenly at Shrewsbury, where she had gone to consult Dr Darwin.

Fanny Allen to her niece Emma Wedgwood.

MY DEAR EMMA,

CRESSELY, Ap. 25, 1836.

We were totally unprepared for the intelligence from Shrewsbury yesterday, it seems yet to me like a painful dream that makes me restless. One's understanding as well as one's eyes are holden sometimes with regard to the illness of those dear to one; and it has been so in this instance more than in any other case I ever remember. Almost every word and action of hers during the past winter is before me, and I can think and speak of nothing else; and my own foolish blindness is before me

¹ Strange to say, Miss X. was believed to be happy in her married life. She lived according to her husband's position and brought up her children in the same rank.

too. There never was such ardent and unbounded affection as in her; it seemed as if her religious feelings had given her a power of loving unknown to less pious characters. The last ten months have carried away with them a treasure of affection, of tenderness, and of religious example to us. I trust the prayers of these two dear sisters¹ for us may be heard, and that we may join them in a very few years.

Several letters of my mother to Fanny Hensleigh Wedgwood, written in 1836 and 1837, have been preserved. They remind me of her later letters; they are written in the same casual, careless style, often giving a picture of the family life in a few words with a happy touch, but are intermixed with little details which would now be of no interest.

Emma went to the Manchester Festival this year and heard Malibran, who made an undying impression on her. She often spoke of her charm as quite unequalled, and especially of her possessing the full beauty of a soprano and contralto voice. She also went to the Festival at Worcester, staying with her cousin Charlotte Isaac (*née* Holland), at Henwick. There she heard Clara Novello.

Emma Wedgwood to her sister-in-law Mrs Hensleigh Wedgwood.

Clara has such a simple dawdling little voice and way of speaking, one feels quite surprised that such sounds can come out of her.² There is something quite tragical in poor Malibran's death [23 Sept., 1836] especially after having seen her singing away so few days before. Mrs Novello, who is an acquaintance of Charlotte's, told her that as soon as ever Malibran was dead, de Beriot (her husband) set off to Brussels without even leaving a servant with the body.³ It is hardly possible that he should not have cared for her. I have been wishing to have you for a companion at these concerts so much. . . .

¹ Caroline, Mrs Drewe, had died in 1835.

² Clara Novello was then a girl of eighteen, but she was already famous, having been singing in public for two or three years.

³ "Two hours after her death he was in his carriage on his way to Brussels to secure her property." *Grove, Dict. of Music.*

These festivals were an immense joy to her all through her youth, and in this way she heard a good deal of the best music. She was calm over music, deeply as she enjoyed it. But one of the very few times in my life that I saw her lose her self-control was when Clara Novello sang the solo verse of *God Save the Queen* at the opening of the Crystal Palace. My mother broke down then and sobbed audibly. The scene was extraordinarily impressive—the standing crowd, the Queen and Prince Albert present, and the wonderful volume of the rich soprano voice, sustained and round and full, filling the enormous building.

Charles Darwin returned from his voyage round the world in October, 1836.

Charles Darwin to his uncle Josiah Wedgwood.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

[SHREWSBURY, Oct. 5th, 1836].

The Beagle arrived on Sunday evening and I reached home late last night. My head is quite confused with so much delight, but I cannot allow my sisters to tell you first how happy I am to see all my dear friends again.

I am obliged to return in three or four days to London when the Beagle will be paid off, and then I shall pay Shrewsbury a longer visit. I am most anxious once again to see Maer and all its inhabitants, so that in the course of two or three weeks I hope in person to thank you, as being my First Lord of the Admiralty.¹ I am so very happy I hardly know what I am writing.

Believe me,

Your most affectionate nephew,

CHAS. DARWIN.

Remember me most kindly to aunt Bessy and all at dear Maer.

Caroline Darwin added on the same sheet:

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

Charles is come home so little altered in looks from what he was five years ago and not a bit changed in his

¹ It was, as before said, his uncle's influence which had induced his father to consent to his joining the *Beagle*.

own dear self. He had landed at Falmouth on Sunday evening, and travelled night and day till he came to Shrewsbury late last night. We heard nothing of him till this morning, when he walked in just before breakfast. We have had the very happiest morning—Charles so full of affection and delight at seeing my father looking so well and being with us all again.

He is looking very thin but well—he was so much pleased by finding your and Charlotte's kind notes ready to receive him. I shall indeed enjoy, my dear Eliz., going to Maer with him. How happy he will be to see you all again. When I began this letter I did not know he would feel tranquil enough to write himself, but he said he must be the first to tell uncle Jos of his arrival. He feels so very grateful to uncle Jos and you all, and has been asking about every one of you.

Now we have him really again at home I intend to begin to be glad he went this expedition, and now I can allow he has gained happiness and interest for the rest of his life. Good-bye, dear Eliz. It is pleasant to write to those who sympathise so entirely with us.

Emma Wedgwood to her sister-in-law Mrs Hensleigh Wedgwood.

MAER, Monday [Oct. 1836].

. . . We are getting impatient for Charles's arrival. We all ought to get up a little knowledge for him. I have taken to no deeper study than Capt. Head's gallop¹ which I have never read before. I am afraid it won't instruct me much. Charles seems to have been much struck with the sight of Hensleigh walking up the street with a bandbox in one hand and a child in the other. He seems to have nearly settled in favour of living at Cambridge, which is a pity for Erasmus's sake; but I should feel sure that Charles would like Cambridge best, as he has a particular spite to London I believe. . . .

¹ Sir Francis Head's *Rapid Journeys across the Pampas*, published in 1828.

I took to gardening at a great rate. I think one enjoys being alive more in that sort of late autumn fine weather than at any other time of the year. Good-bye, my dear F.

Emma Wedgwood to her sister-in-law Mrs Hensleigh Wedgwood.

MAER, Monday [Nov. 21, 1836].

. . . We enjoyed Charles's visit uncommonly. We had been very handsome in inviting all the outlyers of the family to meet him, and the last morning the chaise from Tern Hill¹ did not come, and we persuaded them to stay, and had just made ourselves comfortable and planned a walk when the chaise arrived. However we got them to let us send it off, though Caroline felt it to be rather naughty, and we had a very nice snug day of them to ourselves. Charles talked away most pleasantly all the time; we plied him with questions without any mercy. Harry and Frank made the most of him and enjoyed him thoroughly. Caroline looks so happy and proud of him it is delightful to see her. We had her a whole month, and I never enjoyed a visit of hers so much; she was so very nice and settled herself more at home here than usual.

Charles was quite angry with Charlotte's picture. He studied it many times to see if he could find any likeness and said: "I hope to fate she is not like that picture." I suppose he has rather a poetical idea of her, for the picture is certainly very like.

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

MY DEAR JESSIE,

MAER, Dec 14. [1836].

I received your dear letter while our pleasant guests were with us. I never saw uncle Allen looking better nor in better spirits in my life. His perpetual pleasant and sweet looks and merry laugh were quite delightful to see and hear.

¹ Tern Hill, on the road to Shrewsbury.

He enjoyed very much seeing my mother so well and gay, and she was exhilarated by his company in a manner that she would not have been capable of two or three years ago. They had a merry battle at whist every night, in which numberless old scraps of songs used to come forth from the extraordinary store-houses of both their memories, and enquiries about people so long gone by, that the wonder was how they even recollected their names. . . .

Emma Wedgwood to her sister-in-law Mrs Hensleigh Wedgwood.

MAER, Saturday, 17th Dec., 1836.

. . . We are in such a dissipated humour that we have actually invited the Mainwarings and Mrs Moreton for next Wednesday, and then we shall be clear of the world for a year to come.

Catherine tells me they are very anxious to have your and Hensleigh's real opinion of Charles's journal. I am convinced Dr Holland is mistaken if he thinks it not worth publishing. I don't believe he is any judge as to what is amusing or interesting. Cath. does not approve of its being mixed up with Capt. Fitzroy's, and wants it to be put altogether by itself in an Appendix.¹

I envy you Mr Scott's lectures. If he makes you understand the Epistle to the Romans I shall think him a great genius. We had a very nice visit from Godfrey.² It was pleasant to see how fond he is of his little maid, he always saved some dessert or asked for some for her. His only *bon mot* was enquiring what papa's overalls were and saying, "Are they to prevent his hurting his knees when he tumbles

¹ The Journal was originally published in 1839 as vol. iii. of the *Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of her Majesty's ships "Adventure" and "Beagle" between the years 1826 and 1836*. In his autobiography (*Life and Letters*, i. p. 80) he wrote: "The success of this my first literary child always tickles my vanity more than that of any of my other books."

² Godfrey Wedgwood was now just upon four years old; Amy his sister was seventeen months.

down?" I began teaching him to read, which he did not much like but never rebelled. . . .

Emma, accompanied by her brother Jos, went to Edinburgh this winter to pay a visit of about two months to her cousin Lady Gifford, who was then living there.

Emma Wedgwood to her sister-in-law Mrs Hensleigh Wedgwood.

1, ATHOLL CRESCENT, EDINBURGH,
Tuesday [Jan. 24, 1837].

. . . We found Harriet [Gifford] blazing with gas in a handsome house, and she gave us a very pleasant, cordial reception. We are quite surprized at the wonderful civility of all Harriet's friends, calling upon us and inviting us out just as if we were somebody, and I think their manners are so much more civil and cordial than English people's. We have the Celtic ball on Friday and that is all our gaiety at present. We found all the family here just recovering from the influenza and looking ill.

Godfrey's picture turned out very successful; Mr Holmes¹ has carried him off and means to put him in the Suffolk St. exhibition. It is much more beautifully painted than Mr Richmond, but I don't believe he has so much talent. Indeed he is such a perfect little idiot that one can't imagine how he has sense enough to do anything. He used to say, "I'm just a going to walk round your beautiful river" [meaning the pool], till one day Shot fell upon him and tore his cheek, and he would not venture out again. We were very sorry for the poor little man, for the fright put him quite out of spirits, and I don't think he will ever venture to face a dog again, as he seems to think they have a particular spite to him. And I think it must be so, or what could have possessed Shot? Lord Gifford is coming next week, which I am sorry for, as I hate a boy of that age [19], one has nothing to say to them. I don't think I shall want any clothes but

¹ James Holmes (1777-1860), water-colour and miniature painter. He had many distinguished sitters, amongst others Lord Byron.

a bonnet, which I have got, as I don't expect many balls; and I have a new muslin which will do for two or three.

Fanny Hensleigh wrote to her hoping that she would be "smart enough" for her gaieties. A fear of this kind creeps out more than once amongst the cousinhood. Certainly no one thought less of dress in her middle life, although in my memory she was always suitably yet simply dressed. But in her old age she recognised its importance, and I remember her saying that she felt it dismal that her sister Charlotte took so little interest in making herself look nice; in 1883 she wrote: "The two B.s are gone to church, one of them what Bernard thinks quite too swell; and I think her hat too much so. But a person is much happier in my opinion for being fond of dress."

In the following letter Emma alludes to a rumour of Charles Darwin becoming engaged to a Miss ——. There used also to be jokes about Erasmus and Miss Martineau, against whom his father had a great prejudice.

Emma Wedgwood to her sister-in-law Mrs Hensleigh Wedgwood.

MAER [May 23, 1837].

. . . Disputes run very high here upon the subject of *Violet*.¹ Some of the party are quite convinced it is written by a woman and have some suspicions it is Mrs Marsh. She acted very well when she was here if it is hers, and did not show the least interest on the subject. I think it is much too clever for the author of the two last old men [*Old Men's Tales*]. Aunt Fanny [Allen] is in a rapture with *Sartor* and feels quite convinced that Teufelsdröckh is meant for Coleridge, and we want to know from Erasmus whether Mr Carlyle was a friend of Coleridge's. She thinks all the conversations and thoughts are so exactly like Coleridge. For my part it is such very hard reading that I think I must give it up.

Godfrey's dislike to reading continues quite alarming, and I am obliged to coax down his lesson with a French plum or something of that nature. I shall be very curious

¹ *Violet la danseuse*, a pathetic novel that had a great success.

to know whether Susan and Catherine [Darwin] really like Miss Martineau—I expect they will. They seem to take very kindly to their other sister.

We find *Pickwick* not at all too low for our taste, and it reads aloud much better than to oneself.

My mother had always a good opinion of a little bribery for getting over small childish difficulties. Even when there was no difficulty she sometimes resorted to it. I remember her using gingerbread as a bribe to her little grandson Bernard, then about four years old, to induce him to stop drawing the house from the lawn at Down. He had sat there all the morning and she was wearied at his pertinacity.

Charles Darwin was now settled in London. Some rough notes of his which were kept by my mother and endorsed by her "C.D. on marriage," show that ideas on this subject were floating through his mind. They are undated but were probably written in 1837. They were roughly, almost illegibly, jotted down on scraps of paper and perhaps hardly written in earnest. Among the advantages are: "Children (if it please God)—constant companion (& friend in old age)—charms of music & female chit-chat." Among the disadvantages: "*Terrible loss of time*, if many children forced to gain one's bread; fighting about no society." But he continues, "What is the use of working without sympathy from near and dear friends? Who are near and dear friends to the old, except relatives?" And his conclusion is: "My God, it is intolerable to think of spending one's whole life like a neuter bee, working, working, and nothing after all.—No, no won't do.—Imagine living all one's days solitarily in smoky, dirty London house—Only picture to yourself a nice soft wife on a sofa, with good fire and books and music perhaps—compare this vision with the dingy reality of Gt Marlboro' St.

Marry, marry, marry.

Q. E. D."

CHAPTER XX

1837—1838

Josiah Wedgwood's engagement to Caroline Darwin—The Sismondis at Pescia—A tour in the Apennines—Mrs Norton at Cresselly—Emma at Shrewsbury and Onibury—Hensleigh resigns his Police Magistracy—A family meeting in Paris—Bro's illness.

THE following letter was written just after the engagement of Josiah Wedgwood to his cousin Caroline Darwin. He was 42, and she was 37 years old. His mother had longed for this to happen thirteen years ago.

*Emma Wedgwood to her sister Elizabeth Wedgwood,
at Onibury.*

MY DEAR ELIZ.,

MAER, Sunday [1st July, 1837].

On Friday I went directly after breakfast on the pony to tell aunt Sarah the good news, and took a nice little note of Jos's to her, which was rapturous enough to please her very much. Later in the day I went to Seabridge [the Harry Wedgwoods] time enough to have a talk with them before dinner. Jos had called in his way to Etruria to tell them, which had pleased them. He was so agitated he could hardly tell them. They were very much surprised, and I was wrong in my notion that it had come into their heads. They were very full of joy and sympathy. I should have been dreadfully put to to help telling the Tollets, but luckily Harry saved me that agony by telling himself. Eliza and Jessie [Wedgwood] thought of a delightful little scheme for me, which I am going to put in practice by their kind help in coming to take care of Mamma, viz. to go to Shrews-

bury for a few days. It will be so very nice to see them while it is so fresh. They pressed me so warmly to go that I do not believe they feel the least uneasiness about being with Mamma.

Jos is in an agony of impatience, and said to me yesterday: "I have sent another hurrying letter to Frank, but whether he comes or not, I shall go and leave the Works to themselves, for I cannot bear to stay any longer." He had your letter in his hand, and said something half finished with great feeling, about not having said half enough in his letter to you, I understood. I asked to see your letter, which he showed me, tearing off the beginning; which makes me long to see what he wrote to you, as I guess what it was. It is delightful to see how much attached he is to her. Whenever I have talked to him alone he has burst out, in a way as if he could not contain himself, about her exquisite charm. What did she say to him? I shall die if I never know. I tried to make him tell me, but he was too cute for that. I long to talk it over with dear Charlotte. If I have the goodness in me I shall return home on Thursday, but as I can hear every day by the coach now the railroad is open, I might possibly stay three nights. Tell me if you think I had the least better not, as two days will quite satisfy me. I shall so enjoy seeing them. I think dear Caroline will be pleased with some things I can tell her.

The Sismondis were now at Pescia, making the long stay in Italy spoken of in the last chapter. Harriet Surtees and Emma Allen were with them.

Emma Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

VALCHIUSA [PESCIA], July 1 [1837].

. . . Jessie's great deafness prevents conversation being half so agreeable and gay with her as it used to be; but tho' she is not merry as she used to be, it is a great point that she is not melancholy. She is calm and sweet as ever,

and ever will be one of the sweetest beings the sun ever shone on. . . . I suspect it is with no small pleasure Sismondi anticipates having his wife to himself this autumn and winter; it is a treat that he has been very long without, and I feel it has been hard on him to have seen so much of people he could never get a taste for, no more than they could for him. But it is a great comfort for me to observe how perfect Jessie's affection is for him. He is quite sufficient for her happiness, and she adopts with such admirable grace all his tastes and even his whims. I believe there is one thing keeps me out of his favour, which is I cannot read up to what he writes. I cannot admire or approve of all his notions, and he is too sensitive for me to dare to criticise them. He appears to me the most conservative man I know, as far as cherishing old ways, or what I should call old abuses, and opposing all improvement. Not even infant schools and savings-banks escape his condemnation, while beggary meets with his strenuous support. Of course the present state of distress in the trading world confirms him in his system,¹ and I fancy his pen is going full tilt on the subject. But he has such an intemperate horror of cotton manufacture that he could not bear my saying it had added to the comfort of our poor in giving them sheets in their beds, which in my youth few of them knew. . . .

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Wedgwood.

PESCIA, 16 July, 1837.

. . . Dear Joe, how heartily I wish him health and long life to enjoy the happiness his wise choice has insured. His excessive modesty has always kept him ignorant how tenderly he was loved. I dare say he does not know that he has always been the dearest of my nephews, that I have still by me the few long and affectionate letters he ever wrote to me, and that in '35, I read over what he had written in

¹ See p. 129 for his views on Political Economy.

'15. I beg too you will give my love to dear Caroline Darwin. May she be rewarded for her acceptance of our Joe by being the fondest loved and happiest wife on earth.

Monday 17. I am a little quieter to-day though just as glad, but I can proceed to other matters, and to begin I will tell you that last week the thermometer here was 90 and above. We (not one of us as you know very youthy) had the courage to undertake a riding excursion in the mountains, which answered entirely. . . . Our first sanctuary, Vallombrosa, was beyond my expectations beautiful. I give you no description for that's a bore, but the water there was clear and delicious, better than champagne; the dinner most excellent, and the fragrant hay scenting the whole air. . . .

At Camaldoli we were received much in the same way as at Vallombrosa. Our guide said the monks were there more "amorosi," and so indeed we found them. Sismondi found a friend under his white cowl, a Pesciatino, a clever and "enlightened" man. The white monks seemed the aristocracy of the monkish orders, we were struck with the personal beauty of many. They were all fat and blooming; I guess not much given to rigid fasting. At Vallombrosa they were in black, at La Verna in ragged brown, and dirty and poor looking, as if the servants of the two other orders. These last are supported entirely by begging; yet about 200 persons are daily fed at the convent. It is rather costly to go from convent to convent, but it is a delightful tour to make, for they are always placed in Italy high and beautifully.

Charles Darwin to his cousin Elizabeth Wedgwood.

MONDAY [GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET,
28 Aug. 1837].

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

I am very much obliged to you for thinking of so pleasant a party as the Music Meeting would have been to me. It would have been like the never-to-be-forgotten [one] many years ago. But I find I cannot leave London:

consider the infinite importance to a young author of his first proof-sheets. You will say I am utterly unworthy, when I tell you that I think I would sooner pay Maer a quiet visit, than hear all the drums and fiddles in the world together. . . . To write a book I do not doubt is a very grand thing, but there ought to be a deal of satisfaction from some source to repay one for all one loses. What a waste of life to stop all summer in this ugly Marlborough Street, and see nothing but the same odious house on the opposite side, as often as one looks out. I long to pay Shrewsbury a visit, and pray recollect I have put your most good natured invitation a little further back in the autumn when I will be quite free. Give my love to all at Maer and believe me, dear Elizabeth,

Yours affectionately,

CHARLES DARWIN.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

CRESSELY, Sept. 28th [1837].

You will not guess whom we are expecting here to-day, so I may as well tell you. You know we are not fastidious in the morals of our lady friends from the example of the Countess Guiccioli, and Mrs Norton is our expected guest. Charles Brinsley Sheridan comes with her, and a Mrs Barton, who has been staying at Tenby this summer. John [Allen] met this party at Baugh's two days ago, and asked them here, after seeing the dock-yard and launch to day—Baugh of course is master of the ceremonies. Lady Cawdor has been staying here these last two days; she is just gone, but she said she should have had no objection to meeting Mrs Norton at all. Though the trial¹ revealed a mode of going on that was rather strange and not altogether re-

¹ The trial was a year before this. She was accused of an intrigue with Lord Melbourne. The result entirely vindicated her character. It is said that some of Lord Melbourne's notes to her, gave Dickens hints for Mr Pickwick's "chops and tomato sauce" letter to Mrs Bardell.

spectable, her guilt or innocence she put out of the question. . . .

Our ladies are gone, and I have been a good deal amused on the whole. Mrs Norton is a very fine actress, scarcely inferior to Grisi, I think. Her manner is very striking, so perfectly still; which was strongly contrasted by her companion Mrs Barton, who had all the flutter and unquietness of vanity, that most restless of all feelings. Mrs N. is very beautiful—the countenance of a Sybil. She sang several songs to us, some of her own composition, and Moore's, and others; her voice and manner of singing are quite perfect. I have not enjoyed anything so much for a long time as when she sat at the instrument. Mr Sheridan is a sensible man, but he talks little, and leaves the stage clear for his niece, who does her part incomparably, neither talking too much nor too little. Everything she does or says is so perfectly sensible and in good taste, and yet I should say she is not attractive. Mrs Barton sails for Ireland to-night, but I should not be surprised if we were to see Mrs Norton and Mr Sheridan here again; they stay a fortnight longer at Tenby.

Baugh is in very good spirits and is fully occupied administering advice and comfort to Mrs Norton, who has carried away the hearts of Harry and Johnny [Fanny Allen's nephews]. They are wild with enthusiasm. Her singing carried all before it. . . .

Emma Wedgwood to her sister-in-law Mrs Hensleigh Wedgwood.

MY DEAR FANNY, ONIBURY, Friday [3 Nov., 1837].

I set out on my travels last Tuesday week and got to Shrewsbury. Susan was at Woodhouse, but I had plenty of pleasant talk with Catherine, and Susan came home on Friday. She had been to the birth-day at Wynnstay, which is the grandest thing that can be seen; more than 200 people sitting down to a magnificent dinner

upon plate and a ball and supper afterwards. The pole of their carriage was broken in coming to the door, so they were rather in a quandary. Everybody went away but those who were staying in the house, when young Sir Watkin, who was very tipsy, offered them his chariot, which they thankfully accepted. It was rather a squeeze and Susan came home sitting at the bottom of the carriage. . . . I find a week long enough at Shrewsbury, as one gets rather fatigued by the Dr's talk, especially the two whole hours just before dinner. It is best to be there in the middle of summer, as one has more sitting out with the girls. The Dr has been as pleasant as possible, and I never saw [him enjoy] anything so much as Susan's account of all her gaieties. . . . The days have been passing very snugly since I came to Onibury. I quite enjoy the novelty of reading a good deal, and have the luck of finding Scott's life here and several books I wanted to read. Charles [Langton]'s hands are very full of business, what with the organ, setting up a bath in his dressing-room with a patent invention of his own for pumping up hot water, altering the kitchen grate and all the other grates in the house, with another patent invention to avoid draughts, the cow being confined &c., he is very busy, and has only time to study a little of *Pickwick* between whiles. Charlotte is getting a proper degree of interest about the cows, and is very dutifully gone this morning to see the new-born calf. A dinner-party is gradually brewing here, but it takes so much screwing up of their courage that it will not happen in my time.

Poor [Harriet] Martineau seems going down the hill with Hensleigh and Erasmus, so I hope you will stick by her. The Dr read the first article in the *Westminster Review*¹ before he knew it was not hers, and wasted a great deal of good indignation, and even now he can hardly believe it is not hers. I am sorry to say I wish to read the *Vicar of*

¹ The article is a passionate call to the Radicals to rise against the Whigs and to get enacted the measure which is to save the country, the Ballot. "We had faith in the Ballot, even without the Reform Bill. We had no faith in the Reform Bill without the Ballot."

Wrexhill. Is it so bad that one would be ashamed to own to having read it ? for my morality extends no further than that. Hensleigh's letter was sent on here and you may be sure we made much of it, as it was a day of incessant rain, so that I had a little too much leisure time for my studies. Good-bye, my dear Fanny, send me some children-talk.

Hensleigh had followed his father's wishes and had not thrown up his Police Magistracy in 1834; but he now felt that he could no longer constrain his conscience. The loss of the income was a most serious one to him and his family, and meant their being reduced to live on £400 a year. Fanny showed great magnanimity in the way she bore the loss of fortune for a scruple that she did not share.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

CRESSELLY, Dec. 17, 1837.

I have received a sweet letter from Fanny, telling us of Hensleigh's decision. He has done his part nobly, for I cannot doubt that this pause of four years has been a sacrifice made to his wife and family, and a compleat trial of the truth of his inward guide. It is also an assurance, as it seems to me, that his first decision was not a hasty one. He must have looked at the subject ten thousand times for once that any other person less interested could have done; and though I am very sorry that his conscience demands the sacrifice, I feel when I think of him alone, that I am glad his struggle is over. Fanny is the wife one would wish him, and she does her part as well as he does his; and they will be rewarded, though it most probably may not be in pounds, shillings and pence. I rejoice to hear from Fanny also that your father, who is the next person to be considered, takes it so well. I should expect it from him, for Hensleigh has been taught by his parents. It is the first instance I have known of a great sacrifice made to a Christian principle; I endeavour to check and keep down the expectation or hope of reward, but it will come, and I cannot

help it. I was very glad to hear John [Allen] say, after reading Fanny's letter, which touched him a good deal: "With these feelings Hensleigh could do no otherwise than he has done." He has commonly more worldly feelings than I like to see in him and he sometimes from want of thought gives them out before his children; but though he is exceedingly sorry for Hensleigh's decision he considers it a thing sealed and apart from argument. When they get into your happy and peaceful harbour, I trust all the painful or painfullest part of their trial will be over. . . .

Do not fail to give my affectionate love to Joe and Caroline when you see them. How does your mother take it? Ever dearest Elizabeth and Emma,

Yours entirely,

F. ALLEN.

I think you will all have a delightful winter together.

At the end of the Sismondis' long stay in Italy, before settling again at Chêne they went to Paris, where was a great family gathering. John Allen of Cresselly and his daughter Isabella, Harry and Jessie Wedgwood, Emma Wedgwood and Catherine Darwin all made a trip to Paris to meet them, and there spent about three weeks.

Emma Wedgwood to her mother.

MY DEAR MAMMA,

BOULOGNE, May 15, 1838, Sunday.

Here we are safe and sound after a most excellent passage. This morning we have had our breakfast interrupted only by running to the window to look at the diligences going by.

I will now go back to the beginning of our adventures. We had a very pleasant drive to Birmingham, Harry in a rapture with the green meadows full of yellow flowers all the way. We set off by the railway at 9 next morning, arrived at Rugby at 11½, and got into a coach without the least bustle. We found our four hours in the coach so far more fatiguing than the rest of the journey that we advise

aunt Harriet to come by the railroad after all.¹ . . . The benevolent will all rejoice to hear that we really got to the *Lady of Lyons*. It was very pretty and charming, and Macready managed to make himself look quite young and lovely. It was a great piece of good fortune and one duly appreciated by me. . . .

Emma Wedgwood to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

[MAER], July 21, 1838.

I assure you I found myself rather flat and dull after all my dissipation and pleasure, but we have had such a sober quiet fortnight to ourselves that I am sobered now, and can read my book. The beginning of my stay in London was very pleasant till poor Bro fell ill. Robert Mackintosh was very bright and pleasant, and dined with us or came in the evening every day, and Charles [Darwin] used to come from next door, so we were a very pleasant, merry party. Robert is working very hard writing at his office, whatever that may be, for nobody but Harry ventures to ask him; and I was amused to see what a quantity of pumping it took to get a strait answer from him. The Hensleighs and I went on the Sunday to Woolwich, which I enjoyed particularly. Not entirely Mr Scott's merit, but it was a beautiful day, and such a pretty place and a nice drive, but I did like Mr Scott's sermon very much. Mr Carlyle dined with us in Marlborough St. which you won't care about. I did not hear much of what he said, but his look is quite remarkably pleasant, and he has the most straitforward manner in the world and talks the broadest Scotch. . . . Then poor Bro fell ill, and we thought of little else. I never saw such self-command as Fanny's, managing to look cheerful almost all day except early in the morning, when she was overdone with the night's watching. She looked very miserable the morning

¹ This was probably Emma's first experience of a railway. The travelling would seem to us very slow, 2½ hours to get from Birmingham to Rugby, a journey which is now done in 45 or 50 minutes.

I came away, sitting on the bed watching his poor little miserable face, which was enough to make anybody cry to look at. It was the only time I saw her crying. The day we almost expected to hear of his death, a letter came to say he had rallied and taken to food and had laughed. You may fancy how happy we were. Your letter came in that happy morning too.

I have been meeting Monsieur Sismondi's name very often lately in Wilberforce's *Life* with expressions of great respect. I am disappointed in the *Life*. His dull sons have put in such a quantity of repetition that one is quite weary of the same religious sentiment repeated 50 times over in nearly the same words. And they have been very spiteful about poor old Clarkson, who is blind and 80 years old, which I think might have made them careful not to hurt him, and one feels very sure their father never would. Wilberforce's letters, I think, are not very agreeable or clever, but very sweet (in a good sense).

Elizabeth's smart gown is much admired and just the becoming colour. She has worn it twice which shews she is getting extravagant. The first time, I must own, I was obliged to be rather strict with her to make her put it on. I have been perpetrating a practical joke with Elizabeth's help, the first we were ever guilty of in our lives. We have been writing a letter from d'Etchégoyen to Uncle Allen proposing a visit to Cresselly. There were some beautiful sentences in it extracted from a real letter of his to Harry which arrived not long ago. I am not sure that it will come very apropos if Uncle Allen is not quite recovered from the gout.

Emma Wedgwood to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

MAER, Nov. 1, 1838.

How happy you must feel that all fear of war is over.¹ I don't at all understand the merits of the case, but I admire

¹ See p. 130.

the spirit of so small a state as Geneva standing up against great big France. . . .

I have been gadding again. I went with Miss Morgan to Bristol to visit Mrs Harrison, who was Ellen Acland. I thought as I had a comfortable escort both ways I would do a piece of friendship once in a way, and it answered very well. I enjoyed some rides on those beautiful downs. Certainly riding is a different thing there to what it is here along the roads and between the hedges.

I met with a great misfortune to-day in my nice new Parisian merino gown, which I was wearing almost for the first time. I was carrying a great can of treacle-posset to an old woman and turned it over upon my flounce. I came home rather sticky and dejected, but I find it will wash out and be none the worse. I tell you this interesting event because I know you hate slopping your gowns so much. Our pretty neighbour Miss Mainwaring is going to be married to a Mr Coyney. It is pleasant the Mainwarings being so unsociable. They never ask us to dinner but once a year and hardly ever call, which is very comfortable. Our last neighbours there used to invite us much too often. . . .

END OF FIRST VOLUME



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EMMA DARWIN
A CENTURY OF FAMILY LETTERS

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EMMA DARWIN A CENTURY OF FAMILY LETTERS

1792-1896

EDITED BY HER DAUGHTER
HENRIETTA LITCHFIELD

IN TWO VOLUMES
ILLUSTRATED

VOL. II



LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1915

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

WORDSWORTH: *Ode to Duty*.

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Mrs Josiah Wedgwood of Leith Hill Place dies—Frank Wedgwood's death—The Parnell Commission—My mother's ill-health—Her affection for Down—Lord Grey and Princess Lieven—The death of Hensleigh Wedgwood—My illness at Durham—Leonard Darwin stands for Lichfield—The grandchildren at Down 281—299

CHAPTER XXI.

1893—1896.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CHILDREN OF JOHN BARTLETT ALLEN OF CRESSELLY (1733-1803).

1. Elizabeth (Bessy) (1764-1846) m. *Josiah Wedgwood* of Maer.
2. Catherine (Kitty) (1765-1830) m. *Sir James Mackintosh*.
3. Caroline (1768-1835) m. Rev. *Edward Drewe*.
4. John Hensleigh (1769-1843) of Cresselly, m. *Gertrude Seymour*.
5. Louisa Jane (Jane or Jenny) (1771-1836) m. *John Wedgwood*.
6. Lancelot Baugh (Baugh) (1774-1845), Master of Dulwich College, m. 2^{ce}.
7. Harriet (sometimes called Sad) (1776-1847) m. Rev. *Matthew Surtees*, of North Cerney.
8. Jessie (1777-1853) m. *J. C. de Sismondi*, historian.
9. Octavia, died young.
10. Emma (1780-1866) unmarried.
11. Frances (Fanny) (1781-1875) unmarried.

CHILDREN OF JOHN HENSLEIGH ALLEN OF CRESSELLY (1769-1843).

1. Seymour Phillips (1814-1861) of Cresselly, m. *Catherine* dau. of Earl of Portsmouth.
2. Henry George (1815-1908).
3. John Hensleigh (1818-1868).
4. Isabella Georgina, m. *G. Lort Phillips* of Laurennny.

CHILDREN OF SIR JAMES AND LADY MACKINTOSH.

1. Bessy (1799-1823) unmarried.
2. Fanny (1800-1889) m. her cousin *Hensleigh Wedgwood*.
3. Robert (1806-1864) m. *Mary Appleton*.

CHILDREN OF MRS DREWE.

1. Harriet, Lady Gifford.
2. Marianne, Mrs Algernon Langton.
3. Georgina, Lady Alderson.
4. Edward, m. *Adèle Prévost*.

CHILDREN OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD OF ETRURIA
(1730-1795).

1. Susannah (1765-1817) m. Dr *Robert Waring Darwin*. Charles Darwin was their son.
2. John (1766-1844) Banker, m. *Jane Allen*.
3. Josiah (1769-1843) of Maer, Potter, m. *Elizabeth Allen*.
4. Thomas (1771-1805).
5. Catherine (Kitty) (1774-1823) unmarried.
6. Sarah Elizabeth (1778-1856) unmarried.

CHILDREN OF JOHN WEDGWOOD (1766-1844).

1. Sarah Elizabeth (Sally, then Eliza) (1795-1857) unmarried.
2. Rev. John Allen (Allen) (1796-1882), Vicar of Maer.
3. Thomas (Tom) (1797-1862) Colonel in the Guards, m. *Anne Tyler*.
4. Caroline, died young.
5. Jessie (1804-1872) m. her cousin *Harry Wedgwood*.
6. Robert (1806-1880) m. 2nd.

CHILDREN OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD OF MAER (1769-1843).

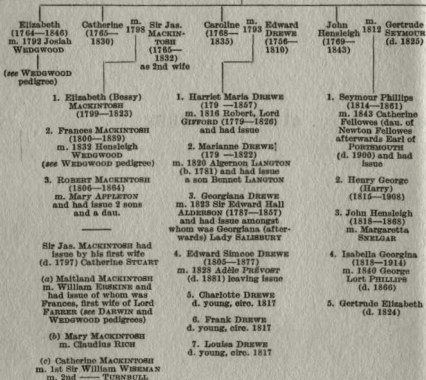
1. Sarah Elizabeth (Elizabeth) (1793-1880) unmarried.
2. Josiah (Joe or Jos) (1795-1880) of Leith Hill Place, m. his cousin *Caroline Darwin*.
3. Charlotte (1797-1862) m. Rev. *Charles Langton*.
4. Henry Allen (Harry) (1799-1885) Barrister, m. his cousin *Jessie Wedgwood*.
5. Francis (1800-1888) Potter, m. *Frances Mosley*.
6. Hensleigh (1803-1891) Police Magistrate, Philologist, m. his cousin *Fanny Mackintosh*.
7. Fanny (1806-1832) unmarried.
8. Emma (1808-1896) m. her cousin *Charles Darwin*.

CHILDREN OF DR ROBERT WARING DARWIN (1766—1848)
AND HIS WIFE SUSANNAH WEDGWOOD (1765—1817).

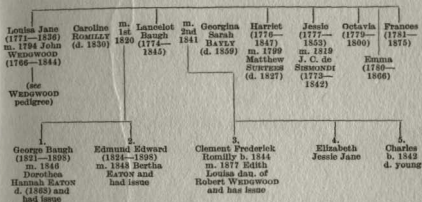
1. Marianne (1798—1858) m. Dr *Henry Parker*.
2. Caroline (1800—1888) m. her cousin *Josiah Wedgwood* of Leith Hill Place.
3. Susan (1803—1866) unmarried.
4. Erasmus Alvey (1804—1881) unmarried.
5. Charles Robert (1809—1882) m. his cousin *Emma Wedgwood*.
6. Catherine (1810—1866) m., late in life, Rev. *Charles Langton*.
Charlotte Wedgwood was his 1st wife.

ALLEN PEDIGREE

John Bartlett ALLEN m. Elizabeth HENSELIGH
(1733—1803) 1763 of Pantegrove
m. a second time and (1738—1790)
had three dau. who
d. young

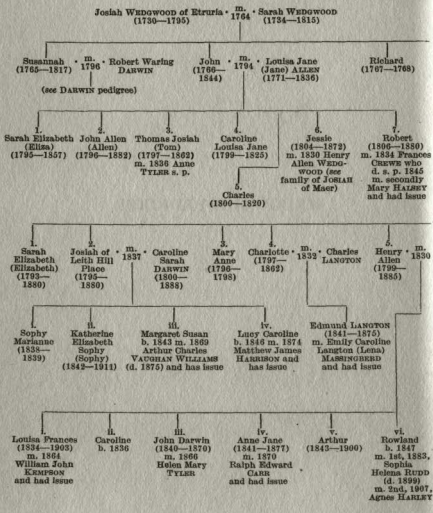


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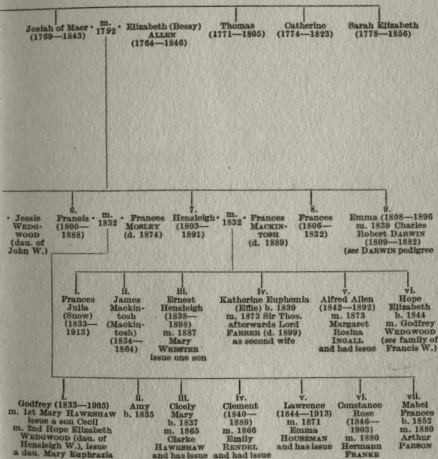


WEDGWOOD PEDIGREE

WEDGWOOD

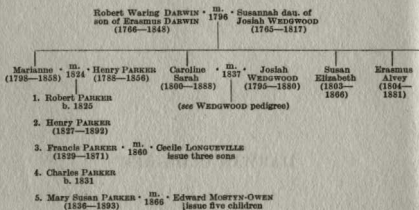


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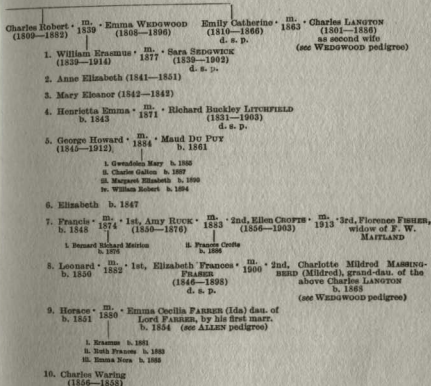


DARWIN PEDIGREE

DARWIN



PEDIGREE.



A CENTURY OF FAMILY LETTERS

CHAPTER I

1838—1839

Charles and Emma engaged—Dr. Darwin's delight—Suburbs versus London—A letter from Sismondi—House-hunting.

It seems to have been in the summer of 1838 that my father determined to ask Emma to be his wife. He was however far from hopeful, partly because of his looks, for he had the strange idea that his delightful face, so full of power and sweetness, was repellently plain. He went to Maer on Nov. 8, and on Nov. 11 "The day of days," is written in his diary. The letters which follow show how warmly the engagement was received by friends and relatives alike.

Charles Darwin to Charles Lyell.

SHREWSBURY,

Monday [12 November, 1838].

MY DEAR LYELL,

I suppose you will be in Hart St. to-morrow, the 14th. I write because I cannot avoid wishing to be the first person to tell Mrs Lyell and yourself that I have the very good, and shortly since very unexpected fortune, of going to be married. The lady is my cousin, Miss Emma Wedgwood, the sister of Hensleigh Wedgwood, and of the elder brother who married my sister, so we are connected by manifold ties, besides on my part by the most sincere love and hearty gratitude to her for accepting such a one as myself.

I determined when last at Maer to try my chance, but

VOL. II.

1



I hardly expected such good fortune would turn up for me. I shall be in town in the middle or latter end of the ensuing week. I fear you will say I might very well have left my story untold till we met. But I deeply feel your kindness and friendship towards me, which in truth, I may say, has been one chief source of happiness to me ever since my return to England: so you must excuse me. I am well sure, that Mrs Lyell, who has sympathy for everyone near her, will give me her hearty congratulations.

Believe me my dear Lyell,

Yours most truly obliged,

CHAS. DARWIN.

Dr Darwin to Josiah Wedgwood.

DEAR WEDGWOOD,

SHREWSBURY, 13 Nov. 1838.

Emma having accepted Charles gives me as great happiness as Jos having married Caroline, and I cannot say more.

On that marriage Bessy said she should not have had more pleasure if it had been Victoria, and you may assure her I feel as grateful to her for Emma, as if it had been Martineau herself that Charles had obtained. Pray give my love to Elizabeth, I fear I ought to condole with her, as the loss will be very great.

Ever, dear Wedgwood, your affectionate Brother,

R. W. DARWIN.

Josiah Wedgwood to Dr Darwin.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

MAER, 15 Nov., 1838.

A good, chearful, and affectionate daughter is the greatest blessing a man can have, after a good wife—if I could have given such a wife to Charles without parting with a daughter there would be no drawback from my entire satisfaction in bestowing Emma upon him. You lately gave up a daughter—it is my turn now. At our time of life our happiness must be in a great measure re-

flected from our families, and I think there are few fathers who have on the whole more cause to be satisfied with the conduct and present circumstances and future prospects of our families. I could have parted with Emma to no one for whom I would so soon and so entirely feel as a father, and I am happy in believing that Charles entertains the kindest feelings for his uncle-father.

I propose to do for Emma what I did for Charlotte and for three of my sons, give a bond for £5,000, and to allow her £400 a year, as long as my income will supply it, which I have no reason for thinking will not be as long as I live.

Give my love to your fireside and believe me,

Affectionately yours,

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

I have begged a bit of Papa's letter to thank you from my heart for the delightful way in which you have received me into your family, and to thank my dear Marianne and Susan for their affectionate notes, which gave me the greatest pleasure. One of the things that gave me most happiness is Charles's thorough affection and value for Papa. I am, my dear uncle, yours affectionately,

EMMA W.

Charles Darwin to Emma Wedgwood.

SHREWSBURY, *Wednesday Morning*
[14 Nov. 1838].

MY DEAR EMMA,

Marianne and Susan will have told you what joy and happiness the news gave all here. We have had innumerable cogitations; and the one conclusion I exult in is that there was never anyone so lucky as I have been, or so good as you. Indeed I can assure you, many times since leaving Maer, I have thought how little I expressed how much I owe to you; and as often as I think this, I vow to try to make myself good enough somewhat to deserve you.

I hope you have taken deep thought about the sundry knotty points you will have to decide on. We must have a great deal of talk together when I come back on Saturday. Do have a fire in the Library—it is such a good place to have some quiet talk together. The question of houses, suburbs versus central London—rages violently around each fire-place in this house. Suburbs have rather the advantage at present; and this, of course, rather inclines one to seek out the arguments on the other side. The Governor gives much good advice to live, wherever it may be, the first year prudently and quietly. My chief fear is, that you will find, after living all your life with such large and agreeable parties as Maer only can boast of, our quiet evenings dull. You must bear in mind, as some young lady said, “all men are brutes,” and that I take the line of being a solitary brute, so you must listen with much suspicion to all arguments in favour of retired places. I am so selfish, that I feel to have you to myself is having you so much more completely that I am not to be trusted. Like a child that has something it loves beyond measure, I long to dwell on the words *my own dear Emma*. As I am writing just as things come uppermost in my mind, I beg of you not to read my letters to anyone, for then I can fancy I am sitting by the side of my own dear future wife, and to her own self I do not care what nonsense I talk—so let me have my way, and scribble, without caring whether it be sense or nonsense. . . .

My father echoes and re-echoes uncle Jos’s words, “You have drawn a prize!” Certainly no man could by possibility receive a more cordial welcome than I did from every one at Maer on Monday morning. My life has been very happy and very fortunate, and many of my pleasantest remembrances are mingled up with scenes at Maer, and now it is crowned. My own dear Emma, I kiss the hands with all humbleness and gratitude, which have so filled up for me the cup of happiness—It is my most earnest wish I may make myself worthy of you. Good-bye.

Most affectionately yours,

CHAS. DARWIN.

I would tear this letter up, and write it again, for it is a very silly one, but I can't write a better one.

Since writing the former part the post has brought in your own dear note to Katty. You tell me to be a good boy, and so I must be, but let me earnestly beg of you not to make up your mind in a hurry: you say *truly* Elizabeth never thinks of herself, but there is another person who never thinks of herself, but now she has to think of two people, and I am, thank Heaven for it, that other person. You must be absolute arbitress, but do, dear Emma, remember life is short, and two months is the sixth part of the year, and that year, the first, from which for my part, things shall hereafter date. Whatever you do will be right, but it will be *too* good to be unselfish for me until I am part of you —Dearest Emma, good-bye.

! *Emma Wedgwood to Madame Sismondi.*

MY DEAR AUNT JESSIE,

MAER, Nov. 15th [1838].

Nothing is pleasanter than writing good news, and I am sure you will be pleased with what I have to tell you. When you asked me about Charles Darwin, I did not tell you half the good I thought of him for fear you should suspect something, and though I knew how much I liked him, I was not the least sure of his feelings, as he is so affectionate, and so fond of Maer and all of us, and demonstrative in his manners, that I did not think it meant anything, and the week I spent in London on my return from Paris, I felt sure he did not care about me, only that he was very unwell at the time. He came to see us in the month of August, was in very high spirits and I was very happy in his company, and had the feeling that if he saw more of me, he would really like me. He came down again last Thursday with aunt Fanny, and on Sunday he spoke to me, which was quite a surprise, as I thought we might go on in the sort of friendship we were in for years, and very likely nothing come of it after all. I was too much bewildered all day to feel my happiness and there was a

large party in the house, so we did not tell anybody except Papa and Elizabeth and Catherine. Dear Papa, I wish you could have seen his tears of joy, for he has always had a great regard for Charles, and Charles looks up to him with the greatest reverence and affection. I believe we both looked very dismal (as he had a bad headache) for when aunt Fanny and Jessie [Wedgwood] went to bed they were wondering what was the matter and almost thought something quite the reverse had happened. Fanny Hensleigh was 'cuter, and knew quite well what had happened. I went into their rooms at night, and we had a large party talking it over till very late, when I was seized with hunger, and Hensleigh went down to forage in the kitchen and found a loaf and 2 lb. butter and a carving knife, which made us an elegant refection. Catherine was delighted, indeed I was so glad to find that all of them had been wishing for it and settling it. It is a match that every soul has been making for us, so we could not have helped it if we had not liked it ourselves. He and Catherine went off to Shrewsbury on Monday, so that I had not much to do with him, but we had time for some satisfactory little talks which made us feel at ease.

I must now tell you what I think of him, first premising that Eliz. thinks pretty nearly the same, as my opinion may not go for much with you. He is the most open, transparent man I ever saw, and every word expresses his real thoughts. He is particularly affectionate and very nice to his father and sisters, and perfectly sweet tempered, and possesses some minor qualities that add particularly to one's happiness, such as not being fastidious, and being humane to animals. We shall live in London, where he is fully occupied with being Secretary to the Geological Society and conducting a publication upon the animals of Australia.¹ I am so glad he is a busy man. Dear Eliz. rejoices most sweetly with me and forgets herself entirely, as, without meaning a compliment to myself, I am afraid she must miss me very much. I am sure I could not have

¹ *The Zoology of the Voyage of the "Beagle."*

brought myself to rejoice in her marrying. Mamma takes it very comfortably and amuses herself a good deal with planning about houses, trousseaux and wedding-cake, which last we were in hopes she would not have thought of, as it is a useless trouble and expense. I bless the railroad every day of my life, and Charles is so fond of Maer that I am sure he will always be ready to steam down whenever he can, so that we shall always be within reach of home. I think I have egotized nearly enough, but I feel sure that you and my dear uncle will enter entirely into my happiness.

Catherine and Charles's return home made a great sensation, for she had written word that they were not coming till Tuesday. Susan says the Dr looked very much pleased when he heard the cause of their return. Aunt Sarah was delighted; she told Eliz. she had quite given it up in despair. We are going to dine with her to-day, when we shall do a considerable quantity of talking. I don't think it of as much consequence as she does that Charles drinks no wine, but I think it a pleasant thing. The real crook in my lot I have withheld from you, but I must own it to you sooner or later. It is that he has a great dislike to going to the play, so that I am afraid we shall have some domestic dissensions on that head. On the other hand he stands concerts very well. He told me he should have spoken to me in August but was afraid, and I was pleased to find that he was not very sure of his answer this time. It was certainly a very unnecessary fear. Charlotte returned home before he came, which was very vexatious, and I am afraid she is too good a wife to leave her husband again so soon. I have been writing a good many letters so I will wish you good bye, my dearest. Give my tenderest of loves to M. Sismondi. I now rejoice more than ever in having met you at Paris. Your affectionate

EM. W.

I went strait into the Sunday School after the important interview, but found I was turning into an idiot and so came away.

Monsieur Sismondi to Emma Wedgwood.

CHÈRE EMMA,

CHÈNE, 23 Novembre, 1838.

C'est moi qui prens la plume avant ma femme, parceque je veux être le premier à embrasser, au moins, en idée, ma jolie nièce, à la féliciter du bonheur que je vois commencer pour elle, ou si elle est trop fière pour le permettre, à me féliciter du moins moi-même de ce que cette charmante personne, si faite pour le mariage, si faite pour répandre du bonheur autour d'elle, va enfin accomplir sa destinée. Tout ce qu'on peut désirer dans un époux me semble réuni dans celui à qui vous donnez la main, je mets au premier rang de ses qualités le bon goût de vous avoir choisie et d'avoir su vous plaire, mais il a tenu déjà beaucoup de place dans les lettres de toute votre famille quoique aucune ne m'eut préparé à ce qu'il en devint partie, et toutes donnoient l'envie de le connoître et de l'aimer. Cette envie est redoublée à présent que ma gentille nièce fait avec lui la plus grosse de ses *alouettes* comme elle les appelle; j'espère et je compte que vous lui ferez voir notre Suisse, et que vous nous le ferez voir.

Il a un grand ouvrage à publier, tant mieux; c'est une garantie de bonheur pour la femme autant que pour le mari, qu'une occupation sédentaire, mais il y aura un tems de relâche, et pendant cette intermission du travail, je l'espère, vous viendrez nous voir pendant que nous durons encore. . . .

Chère Emma, dites à votre père, je vous prie, combien je prens part à sa joie. Nous disons ici que l'amitié a besoin de communications régulières, je les regrette bien vivement avec lui; je voudrais de tems en tems renouveler des sentiments, des pensées, des témoignages et son souvenir, mais au moins il me fait éprouver que votre manière anglaise d'être mort l'un pour l'autre dès qu'on est séparé, n'ébranle point l'amitié, car je sens pour lui la même vivacité d'affection, le même respect pour son caractère, la même joie dans

sa joie, que si je l'avois vu encore hier. Rappelez-moi avec une sincère amitié à tout les vôtres, préparez votre époux à me vouloir un peu de bien, et aimez-moi—adieu.

J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Wedgwood.

Sismondi has taken the first place on my sheet of paper because he would not be limited in space, for the expression of his sympathy in your happiness. Dearest Emma, I conceive no greater happiness this side heaven than that you are at this moment enjoying. Everything I have ever heard of C. Darwin I have particularly liked, and have long wished for what has now taken place, that he would woo and win you. I love him all the better that he unites to all his other qualifications that most rare one of knowing how well to chuse a wife, a friend, companion, mother of his children, all of which men in general never think of. I am glad you bring Elizabeth as voucher of the pretty character you have given of him, I might perhaps not have believed all on your word only, but I should have believed you thought so, and have enjoyed with you the exquisite happiness you must necessarily feel in saying, such is my protector, guide, friend, companion for the rest of life, and God grant you a long and happy one together. I hope some of your larks may bring you out to us before your cares and business make you prisoners. I know I shall love him. I knew you would be a Mrs Darwin from your hands.¹ . . . Now that your person will belong to another as well as yourself, I beg you not to go to Cranbourne Alley to cloathe it, nor even to the Palais Royal. I do not believe in the economy of it; a substantially good thing is never to be found in such places. I will answer for Jessie's Paris hat, lasting at least two of yours. But be that as it will, if you do pay a little more, be always dressed in good taste; do not despise those little cares

¹ Palmistry. Madame Sismondi loved the minor superstitions.

which give everyone more pleasing looks, because you know you have married a man who is above caring for such little things. No man is above caring for them, for they feel the effect imperceptibly to themselves. I have seen it even in my half-blind husband. The taste of men is almost universally good in all that relates to dress decoration and ornament. They are themselves little aware of it, because they are seldom called to judge of it, but let them choose and it is always simple and handsome, so let those be your *piédestals*. You have given me no intimation when the wedding is to take place, if I had a mind to go to it. Yet that is always the first question put after an information of that sort.

A match here which had set everybody talking, has just been broken off in a way which has set them talking still more, and which I, worldly as I am, find quite sublime. One of our oldest English baronets, with a show place for beauty in England, with £30,000 per ann., fell in love with a daughter of one of our pasteurs, with whom the baronet had been *en pension*. He had neither father nor mother to consult, but Mons. Eymer, the girl's father, refused his consent for two years, saying his daughter was too young. This autumn Sir J. Thussel, as far as I can make out the name pronounced by a foreigner, returned triumphant to claim his promise and his bride, preceded by a magnificent suite of diamonds and other magnificent gifts. The day was fixed, but Mlle. Eymer, only 17, became more and more sad. At last she told her father, "I have been dazzled by the offer, but I do not love him; I have never known a happy moment since I accepted him. I feel all my happiness remains in my own country and my own family. I therefore retract my promise and will not go with him." Her father represented to her that she must never hope to marry another, that affairs between them had gone too far, she had been too long considered the wife of another for any Genevais ever to think of her, but to do as she pleased. She said she was quite aware of the truth of what he said, but if she never quitted the parental

roof she would not leave it then, and for a man she did not love: so packed up her diamonds and other gifts, and returned them to the baronet with his *congé*. He is on his road to England, sick of love and disappointment, and she is making a little tour with her mother while the wonder lasts. She tried on her diamonds before returning them, and shewing herself in them to her mother, "*Regarde-moi bien Maman, car très assurément tu ne me verras jamais plus en diamans.*" Her decision taken, she was gay with joy, and had hardly once smiled when her greatness hung over her. Now do not judge this after your 3 or 400 pr. ann. or your father's comfortable establishment, but after a Swiss pasteur's daughter, a dowerless girl, one who will probably be obliged to have recourse to some occupation to aid even her simple way of living, and tell me if it is not sublime at 17 to know so well where and how to fix her happiness.

What angelic love is that of sisters! Dear Elizabeth's unselfish rejoicings in your happiness are a proof. That men are the greatest fools that walk the earth is proved in her being still to be asked for. May God bless her, and you all indeed, and give you, my dearest Emma, all the happiness you anticipate and I fervently wish you.

J. S.

Her two earliest friends Georgina and Ellen Tollet wrote as follows. Their friendship in after life included my father, and was only ended by death. I inherited my share and have the happiest memories of these two able and delightful women.

Georgina Tollet to Emma Wedgwood.

MY DEAR, DEAR EMMA,

[13 or 14 Nov., 1838.]

I hope I am as glad as I ought to be at the thing happening that I have been longing for, but you ought to be gratified at my selfish sorrow when I think of losing my earliest friend. It is seldom one thinks *two* people so enviable as we think you and Charles; we think you as lucky

as you could possibly wish, but we must allow that we have still better reason to *know* that he is indeed a blessed man. I certainly was surprised at its coming so soon; it was very handsome in him to fancy he doubted. It is very like a marriage of Miss Austen's, can I say more! Those greedy girls Ellen and Carry are crying out to write. You must come any day before Friday in the week. I don't give Catherine Darwin any credit for what you call her good nature. I shall write to her soon and tell her what I think of her luck.

Heaven bless you, Your loving friend,

G. TOLLET.

Ellen Tollet to Emma Wedgwood.

... You two will be quite too happy together, and I hope you will have a chimney that smokes, or something of that sort to prevent your being quite intoxicated. It will be quite enchanting to come and see you, but you will be an untold loss. You are the only single girl of our own age in this country worth caring much for—but life is short and one ought to be cheerful as long as one is neither cold nor hungry, I am both just now.

Charles was, as his letters shew, very eager for the marriage to follow quickly. Emma appears to have felt doubts as to leaving Elizabeth alone, to a life that was one of watching and nursing. Her father was now in broken health and was troubled with a shaking palsy. Her mother had long been a complete invalid.

No letters from my mother to my father have been preserved, either before or after marriage. Whether she destroyed them on his death, or whether he did not keep them, I do not know, but he had not the habit of keeping letters except those of scientific interest. A selection from those he wrote to her during the engagement, all of which she carefully treasured, are here given.

Charles Darwin to Emma Wedgwood.

[Postmark, 23 Nov., 1838], ATHENÆUM, Tuesday Night.

. . . I positively can do nothing, and have done nothing this whole week, but think of you and our future life.—You may then well imagine how I enjoy seeing your handwriting. I should have written yesterday but waited for your letter: pray do not talk of my waiting till I have time for writing or inclination to do so.—It is a very high enjoyment to me, as I cannot talk to you, and feel your presence by having your own dear hand within mine. I will now relate my annals: On Saturday I dined with the Lyells, and spent one of the pleasantest evenings I ever did in my life. Lyell grew quite audacious at the thoughts of having a married geological companion, and proposed going to dine at the Athenæum together and leaving our wives at home. Poor man, he would as soon “*eat his head*” as do such an action, whilst I feel as yet as bold as a lion. We had much geological and economical talk, the latter very profitable. By the way if you will take my advice, you will not think of reading [Lyell’s] *Elements* [of Geology], for depend upon it you will hereafter have plenty of geology. On Sunday evening Erasmus took me to drink tea with the Carlyles; it was my first visit. One must always like Thomas, and I felt particularly well towards him, as Erasmus had told me he had propounded that a certain lady was one of the nicest girls he had ever seen. Jenny [Mrs Carlyle] sent some civil messages to you, but which, from the effects of an hysterical sort of giggle, were not very intelligible. It is high treason, but I cannot think that Jenny is either quite natural or lady-like. . . .

And now for the great question of houses. Erasmus and myself have taken several very long walks; and the difficulties are really frightful. Houses are very scarce and the landlords are all gone mad, they ask such prices. Erasmus takes it to heart even more than I do, and declares I ought to end all my letters to you “yours incon-

solably." This day I have given up to deep cogitations regarding the future, in as far as houses are concerned. It would take up too much paper to give all the *pros* and *cons* : but I feel sure that a central house would be best for both of us, for two or three years. I am tied to London, for rather more than that period; and whilst this is the case, I do not doubt it is wisest to reap *all* the advantages of London life: more especially as every reason will urge us to pay frequent visits to *real* country, which the suburbs never afford. After the two or three years are out, we then might decide whether to go on living in the same house, or suburb, supposing I should be tied for a little longer to London, and ultimately to decide, whether the pleasures of retirement and country (gardens, walks, &c.) are preferable to society, &c., &c. It is no use thinking of this question at present. I repeat, I do not doubt your first decision was right: let us make the most of London, whilst we are compelled to be there; the case would be different if we were deciding for life, for then we might wish to possess the advantages both of country and town, though both in a lesser degree, in the suburbs.

After much deliberate talk (especially with the Lyells) I have no doubt that our best plan will be to furnish slowly a house for ourselves—it will be far more economical both in money and time; but not in *comfort* just at first.—Will you rough it a little at first?

I clearly see we shall be obliged to give at least £120 for our house, if not a little more. . . . I will steadily go on looking and pondering: I believe I have good reason for the points I have spoken on; but I wish much to hear all suggestions from you. . . .

Until yesterday I intended to have paid Maer a visit on Thursday week, the day after the Geolog. Soc., but yesterday I heard of the death of the mother of Mr Owen, who was to write the next number of the Government work, which now he will not probably be able to do, and I am put to my wit's end to get some other number ready. How long this will delay me I can hardly yet tell. I hope

most earnestly not long, for I am impatient to see you again. It is most provoking I cannot settle down to work in earnest, just at the very time I most want to do so. There is the appendix of the Journal and half-a-dozen things besides this unlucky number, all waiting my good pleasure—every night I make vows and break them in the morning. I do long to be seated beside you again, in the Library; one can then almost feel in anticipation the happiness to come. I have just read your letter over again for the fifth time. My own dear Emma, I feel as if I had been guilty of some very selfish action in obtaining such a good dear wife with no sacrifice at all on my part. . . .

Charles Darwin to Emma Wedgwood.

[30 November, 1838], *Friday Evening.*

[After many details on house hunting and domestic affairs.]

Powers of sentimentality forgive me for sending such a letter: it surely ought to have been written on foolscap paper, and closed with a wafer. I told you I should write to you as if you really were my own dear, dear wife, and have not I kept my word most stoutly? My excuse must be, I have seen no one for these two days: and what can a man have to say, who works all morning in describing hawks and owls, and then rushes out and walks in a bewildered manner up one street and down another, looking out for the words "To let." I called, however, to-day on the Lyells. I cannot tell you how particularly pleasant and cordial Lyell's manner has been to me: I am sure he will be a steady and sure friend to both of us. He told me he heard from his sister (whom I know) in Scotland this morning, and she says, "So Mr Darwin is going to be married: I suppose he will be buried in the country, and lost to geology." She little knows what a good, strict wife I am going to be married to, who will send me to my lessons and make me better, I trust, in every respect, as

I am sure she will infinitely happier and happier the longer I live to enjoy my good fortune. Lyell and Madame gave me a very long and *solemn* lecture on the *extreme* importance, for our future comfort during our whole London lives, of choosing slowly and deliberately our visiting acquaintance: every disagreeable or commonplace acquaintance must separate us from our relations and real friends (that is without we give up our whole lives to visiting), for the evenings we sacrifice might have been spent with them *or at the theatre*. Lyell said we shall find the truth of his words before we have lived a year in London. How provokingly small the paper is, my own very dear Emma.

Good-night, C. D.

Emma Wedgwood to Monsieur and Madame Sismondi.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

MAER, Friday, Dec. 28, 1838.

I have been a long time without thanking you for your kind, affectionate letter, which gave me the greatest pleasure, but I have been away to London with Fanny and Hensleigh to help Charles to look for a house. I thought we should only have to walk out into the street and take one, but we found it very difficult, and after a fortnight's hard work I came home without having taken any, but I heard yesterday that Charles had succeeded in taking one that we had very much set our hearts upon in Gower Street, so that is very pleasantly settled.

How I should enjoy coming to see you and my dear aunt Jessie; and I have some hopes that we shall accomplish it some day or other, as Charles has the most lively wish to see Switzerland and the Alps, and then I should send him off to geologise at Chamounix by himself, and I should stay with you. But I am afraid it cannot be this year or next either, he is too busy. I quite agree with you in the happiness of having plenty to do. You don't seem at all afraid of making me vain in what you say, but indeed, I don't think you will give me any worse feeling than the

warmest gratitude and affection in return for yours. I am going to write about dress and all sorts of frivolity to aunt Jessie, as I think it will suit her better than you, so I will wish you goodbye, my very dear uncle, and believe me, yours affectionately, EMMA W. Papa wishes to speak for himself.

Thank you, my dear aunt Jessie, for your warm congratulations and sympathy with my happiness. I was very glad to return home last Saturday, as I grudge every day away from home now. Fanny and Hensleigh look so comfortable in their nice little house that I feel quite sorry to think how soon they must give it up. We had a fly every day and used to go into town to look at houses and [buy] my clothes, and I think I have obeyed your orders, for though I have not bought many things, they are all *very* dear and the milliner's bill would do your heart good to see. I have bought a sort of greenish-grey rich silk for the wedding, which I expect papa to approve of entirely, and a remarkably lovely white chip bonnet trimmed with blonde and flowers. Harriet has given me a very handsome plaid satin, a dark one, which is very gorgeous, handsomely made up with black lace; and that and my blue Paris gown, which I have only worn once, and the other blue and white sort of thing will set me up for the present. Jessie and Susan gave Fanny strict orders not to let me be shabby. (And a grand velvet shawl too.) Our gaieties were first going to the play, which Charles actually proposed to do himself but I am afraid it was only a little shewing off. It was the *Tempest*, and we all thought it very tiresome (I shall like plays I know still, notwithstanding). We also went to a party at Sir Robert Inglis's, who is the kindest of men and shook me by the hand "till our hearts were like to break," and I did not know when we could leave off again.

Another day we dined at the Aldersons and met a family of Sam Hoares. I thought I knew the young ladies' faces very well, and soon discovered that they had come over in the steam-boat with us. They all looked full of happiness



and goodness, as well as a brother of theirs, a young clergyman. The presence of so much goodness made Georgina feel very good too, for she was in the happiest state of affection I ever saw.

I admire your little pasteur's daughter extremely, but I think she should have been a little more sorry for the baronet, though he was rich.

Mama is quite well. I must tell you what sort of a house ours is that you may fancy me. A front drawing-room with three windows, and a back one, rather smaller, with a cheerful look-out on a set of little gardens, which will be of great value to us in summer to take a mouthful of fresh air; and that will be our sitting-room for quietness' sake. It is furnished, but rather ugly. Goodbye, my dearest, no more room.

It was evident that in choosing their house they neither of them gave a thought to its looks. That it should be cheap and have the requisite number of rooms and be in a part of London where they wished to live were the sole considerations.

This house, 12, Upper Gower Street (afterwards 110, Gower Street), is now part of Shoolbred's premises. I well remember how my father often laughed over the ugliness of the furniture with which they began life. "Macaw Cottage" he christened the house in allusion to the gaudy colours of the walls and furniture.

Charles Darwin to Emma Wedgwood.

Saturday Afternoon [29 December, 1838].

MY DEAR EMMA,

I am tired with having been all day at business work, but I cannot let a post go by without writing to tell you Gower Street is ours, yellow curtains and all. I have to-day paid some advance money, signed an agreement, and had the key given over to me, and the old woman informed me I was her master henceforth. . . . I long for the day when we shall enter the house together; how glorious it will be to see you seated by the fire of our own house. Oh,

that it were the 14th instead of the 24th. Good-bye, my own dear Emma.

I find I must wait in town till the latter end of next week, on account of the lease and paying the money, and suspect I must attend the Geolog. Soc. on the 9th, so my plans are hampered. But what does anything signify to the possessor of Macaw Cottage?

Charles Darwin to Emma Wedgwood.

Jan. 1, 1839. !! 12, UPPER GOWER STREET !!

MY DEAR EMMA,

Many thanks for your two most kind, dear, and affectionate letters, which I received this morning. I will finish this letter to-morrow. I sit down just to date and begin it, that I may enjoy the infinite satisfaction of writing to my own dear wife that is to be, the very first evening of my entering our house. After writing to you on Saturday evening I thought much of the happy future, and in consequence did not close my eyes till long past 2 o'clock, awoke at 5 and could not go to sleep—got up and set to work with the good resolution of spending a quiet day—about 11 o'clock found that would never do, so rang for Conington and said, "I am very sorry to spoil your Sunday, but begin packing up I must, as I cannot rest." "Pack up Sir, what for?" said Mr Conington with his eyes open with astonishment, as if it was the first notice he had received of my flitting. So we arranged some of the specimens of Natural History, but did no real packing up. I, however, sorted a multitude of papers. This morning however we began early and in earnest, and I may be allowed to boast, when I say that by half-past three we had two large vans full of goods, well and carefully packed. By six o'clock we had them all safely here. There is nothing left but some few dozen drawers of shells, which must be carried by hand. I was astounded, and so was Erasmus, at the bulk of my luggage, and the porters were even more so at the weight of those containing my Geological Specimens. There never

was so good a house for me, and I devoutly trust you will approve of it equally. The little garden is worth its weight in gold. About 8 o'clock the old lady here cooked me some eggs and bacon (as I had no dinner) and with some tea I felt supremely comfortable. How I wish my own dear lady had been here. My room is so quiet, that the contrast to Marlborough [Street] is as remarkable as it is delightful. It is now near 9, and I will write no more, as I am thoroughly tired in the legs, but wish you a good night, my own good dear Emma, C. D.

Tuesday morning. Once more I must thank you for your letters, which I have just read. I have been busy at work all morning, and have made my own room quite charming, so comfortable. The only difficulty is that I have not things *enough*!! to put in all the drawers and corners. . . .

I can neither write nor think about anything but the house, I am in such spirits at our good fortune. Erasmus & Co. used to be always talking of the immense advantage of Chester Square being so near the Park. Would you believe it I find by the compasses we are as near, within 100 yards of Regent's Park as Chester Square is to Green Park. I quite agree with you that this house is far pleasanter than Gordon Square. In two more days I shall be quite settled, and this change from mental [to] bodily work, will I do not doubt rest me, so that I trust to be able to finish my Glenroy Paper and enjoy my country Holiday with a clear conscience.

Charles Darwin to Emma Wedgwood.

Wednesday Evening, ATHENÆUM [2 Jan., 1839].

MY DEAR EMMA,

After a good day's work, here am I sitting very comfortably, and feeling just that degree of lassitude which a man enjoys after a day's shooting terminated by an excellent dinner. All my goods are in their proper places, and one of the front attics (henceforward to be

called the Museum) is quite filled, but holds everything very well. I walked for half-an-hour in the garden to-day and much enjoyed the advantage of so easily getting a mouthful of air. Erasmus's dinner yesterday was a very pleasant one: Carlyle was in high force, and talked away most steadily; to my mind Carlyle is the best worth listening to of any man I know. The Hensleighs were there and were very pleasant also. Such society, I think, is worth all other and more brilliant kinds many times over. I find I cannot by any exertion get up the due amount of admiration for Mrs Carlyle: I do not know whether you find it so, but I am not able to understand half the words she speaks, from her Scotch pronunciation. She certainly is very far from natural; or to use the expression Hensleigh so often quotes, she is not an unconscious person. . . .

I long for the hour of inducting you into the glory, I dare not say comfort, of Gower Street. I wish I could make the drawing-room look as comfortable as my own studio: but I daresay a fire will temporarily make things better, but the day of some signal reform must come, otherwise our taste in harmonious colours will assuredly be spoilt for the rest of our lives. . . .

Charles Darwin to Emma Wedgwood.

*Sunday Night, 12, UPPER GOWER STREET,
[7 Jan., 1839].*

MY DEAR EMMA,

I have just returned from my little dinner at the Lyells' in which I did some geology and some *scrattle* about coal and coal-merchants. You will say it was high time, for when I came in and began to poke the fire, Margaret said, "You must take care, Sir, there is only one lump left for to-night and to-morrow morning. . . ."

You will say that the house is too good when you hear that I have lost all wish of going beyond the limits of the spacious and beautiful garden. To-day, however, it rained so heavily that I had my walk in the drawing-room. With a little judgment we shall make the room comfortable, I

can see. I have been trying the plan of working for an hour before breakfast, and find it succeeds admirably. I jump up (following Sir W. Scott's rule, for, as he says, once turn on your side and all is over), at 8, and breakfast at 10, so that I get rather more than an hour, and begin again at 11 quite fresh. You see I quote Sir W. Scott. I am reading in the evenings at the Athenæum his life, and am in the sixth volume. I never read anything so interesting as his diary, and yet somehow I do not feel much reverence, or even affection towards him, excepting to be sure, when he is talking about Johnnie, his grandson. I am well off for books, for I have a second in hand there almost more interesting, and that is poor Mungo Park's travels, which I never read before. It is enough to make one angry to think that having escaped once, he would return again: and yet to a man possessing the coolness under danger which Park had, I can fancy nothing so intensely interesting as exploring such a wonderful country: it is a strange mixture our love of excitement and tranquillity. . . .

I wish the awful day was over. I am not very tranquil when I think of the procession: it is very awesome. By the bye, I am glad to say the 24th is on a Thursday, so we shall not be married on an unlucky day. I have been very extravagant and ordered a great many new clothes. Mr Stewart wanted me to have a blue coat and white trousers, but I vowed I would only put on clothes in which I could travel away decently. I want you very much to come and take charge of the purse strings as I have already bought several things which I do not much want. . . .

You tell me to mention when I received your last letter: it came on Friday, the day after it was written.—Good night and good-bye, my dearest.

Monday morning. Fanny has just called. She has made enquiries about the cook, whom Sarah recommended, and has decided she is the best, and therefore has agreed to take her at £14. 14. 0. per year with tea and sugar.

The Hensleighs have strongly urged me to send the odious yellow curtains to the dyers at once, and have them stained

very pale drab, slate, or grey colour: Now will you send me word by return of post whether you would like me to do so and choose to trust to my taste and that of the Dyers, or whether you choose to wait till after our marriage. . . .

The marriage was fixed for January 29th, 1839, at Maer. Charles made one hurried visit there in the middle of January, and on his return to Gower Street, wrote:

Charles Darwin to Emma Wedgwood.

Sunday Night, ATHENÆUM [20 Jan., 1839].

. . . I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed my Maer visit, I felt in anticipation my future tranquil life: how I do hope you may be as happy as I know I shall be: but it frightens me, as often as I think of what a family you have been one of. I was thinking this morning how it came that I, who am fond of talking and am scarcely ever out of spirits, should so entirely rest my notions of happiness on quietness and a good deal of solitude. But I believe the explanation is very simple. It is that during the five years of my voyage (and indeed I may add these two last), which from the active manner in which they have been passed may be said to be the commencement of my real life, the whole of my pleasure was derived from what passed in my mind while admiring views by myself, travelling across the wild deserts or glorious forests, or pacing the deck of the poor little *Beagle* at night. Excuse this much egotism, I give it you because I think you will humanize me, and soon teach me there is greater happiness than building theories and accumulating facts in silence and solitude. My own dearest Emma, I earnestly pray you may never regret the great, and I will add very good deed, you are to perform on *the* Tuesday. My own dear future wife, God bless you.

I will not be solemn any more, but will tell you of an addition to our plate-room, which is to astonish all Gower Street. My good old friend Herbert, sent me a very nice

little note, with a massive silver weapon, which he called a *Forficula* (the Latin for an earwig) and which I thought was to catch hold of soles and flounders, but Erasmus tells me, is for asparagus—so that two dishes are settled for our first dinner, namely soup and asparagus. . . .

The Lyells called on me to-day after church, as Lyell was so full of Geology he was obliged to disgorge; and I dine there on Tuesday for an especial conference. I was quite ashamed of myself to-day, for we talked for half-an-hour unsophisticated Geology, with poor Mrs Lyell sitting by, a monument of patience. I want *practice* in ill-treating the female sex. I did not observe Lyell had any compunction; I hope to harden my conscience in time; few husbands seem to find it difficult to effect this.

Since my return I have taken several looks, as you will readily believe, into the drawing-room. I suppose my taste in harmonious colours is already deteriorated, for I declare the room begins to look less ugly. I take so much pleasure in the house, I declare I am just like a great overgrown child with a new toy; but then, not like a real child, I long to have a co-partner and possessor.

Charles Darwin to Emma Wedgwood.

Saturday, SHREWSBURY [26 Jan., 1839].

. . . The house is in such a bustle, that I do not know what I write. I have got the ring, which is the most important piece of news I have to tell. My two last days in London, when I wanted to have most leisure, were rendered very uncomfortable by a bad headache, which continued two days and two nights, so that I doubted whether it ever meant to go and allow me to be married. The railroad yesterday, however, quite cured me. Before I came to Maer last time, I was eager in my mind for the advantage of going straight home after the awful ceremony. You, however, made me just as determined on the advantages of not going straight home, and now your last letter (for which I return you thanks, for being so good a girl as to

write) has just put me half way between the two plans. This will give you hopes of my being a very docile husband, thus to have become twice an absolute convert to your scheme. I settled the matter by telling the housemaid to have fires lighted on Tuesday, and if we did not come then to have them Wednesday, so that you may decide precisely as you please at any moment you please. I went as near a falsehood as any honest man could do, by pretending to deliberate and saying in a very hesitating voice, "You need not have a fire on Monday," by which anyone would suppose we were to be married on that morning. Whether I took them in I do not know. . . .

CHAPTER II

1839

The wedding at Maer—Caroline's baby dies—Life at Gower Street—Hensleigh becomes Registrar of Cabs—Elizabeth gives up the Sunday-school—Charles and Emma's first visit to Maer—Their child born Dec. 27, 1839—My mother's character.

CHARLES DARWIN and Emma Wedgwood were married on Tuesday, the 29th January, 1839, at Maer Church. The wedding was perfectly quiet, and they went at once to Upper Gower Street.

Emma Darwin to her mother.

GOWER STREET, Thursday [Jan. 31, 1839].

MY DEAR MAMMA,

It was quite a relief to me to find on coming out of Church on Tuesday that you were still asleep, which spared you and me the pain of parting, though it is only for a short time. So now we have only the pleasure of looking forward to our next meeting. We ate our sandwiches with grateful hearts for all the care that was taken of us, and the bottle of water was the greatest comfort. The house here was blazing with fires and looked very comfortable and we are getting to think the furniture quite tasteful. Yesterday we went in a fly to buy an arm-chair, but it was so slippery and snowy we did not do much. We picked up some novels at the library. To-day I suspect we shall not go out as it is snowing at a great rate. I have been facing the Cook in her own region to-day, and found fault with the boiling of the potatoes, which I thought would make a good beginning and set me up a little. On

Monday or Tuesday we are going to give our first dinner-party to the Hensleighs and Erasmus. I hope the H.'s will sleep here, we shall see them so much more comfortably. I came away full of love and gratitude to all the dear affectionate faces I left behind me. They are too many to particularize. Tell my dear Eliz. I long to hear from her. Nothing can be too minute from dear home. I was very sorry to leave Caroline so uneasy and looking so unwell. I am impatient to hear of her and the baby. I don't know how to express affection enough to my dear, kind Papa. but he will take it upon trust.

Good-bye, my dearest Mamma,

Your affectionate and very happy daughter,
E. D.

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her aunt Fanny Allen.

MY DEAR FANNY,

MAER, *Friday, Feb. 1, 1839.*

I have no heart to write you an account of the wedding, it has had such a sad sequel. Yesterday Caroline lost her poor baby . . . She is as miserable as anyone can be, but she exerts herself very much, and I think the best thing to counterbalance her own grief will be her anxiety about Jos. Of course the chief part of his feeling is for her, but he often cannot command himself when he is sitting with her, and is obliged to leave the room. She came into my mother's room to see us two hours after its death, which I took exceedingly kindly of her, and came into the drawing-room this evening to see my mother again and Charles [Langton] whom she had not seen. She does her utmost not to yield, but she is very unwell and I never felt greater pity for anyone in my life. It is quite affecting to see poor dear Jos's face and hear his depressed voice. The Dr [Dr Darwin] came yesterday at 5, and C. had a good deal of comfort in talking over everything with him, the more so, I have no doubt, from the exceeding interest he has always taken in the poor little thing. The funeral is to be to-morrow—Susan and Charlotte, as well as my

father, will attend. They will go to Fenton in the evening and Susan will go there on Monday, which I am as glad of for Jos's sake (who seems to find her the greatest comfort) as for C.'s. It will make him not so unwilling to go as usual to his employment—but what poor Caroline will find to do I cannot think; for the last so many months the thoughts of this precious child and the preparations for it have occupied her in an intense way that I never saw in anyone else. But I will write no more on this sad subject.

We had such a happy and sweet little letter from Emma to-day that neither my father nor mother could read it without tears. . . . The ceremony was got through very stout-heartedly, and then there was not much more time but for Em. to change her clothes and pack her wedding bonnet and sit a little by the dining-room fire with Charlotte and me before she set off, and I did not much mind anything but just the last. It is no small happiness to have had such a companion of my life for so long; since the time she could speak, I have never had one moment's pain [from] her, and a share of daily pleasure such as few people have it in their power to shed around them. I am more afraid of my father's missing her than my mother. They had not to be sure a great deal of talk together, but her sunny face will leave a vacancy. . . .

Emma Darwin to her sister Elizabeth Wedgwood.

GOWER STREET, Saturday [2 Feb., 1839].

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

Your letter was indeed a shock, and one quite unexpected by me, though not so much so for Charles, as Susan had told him how much alarmed she was at the baby's looks. Poor dear Caroline what fortitude she has. To-day they are returning home and a miserable return it will be. I could not believe what was coming when I read your letter.

My dear sweet Elizabeth, how I do thank you for your

love for me. I have been wishing to tell you that though my own selfish happiness filled my thoughts so much, I never forgot what your dear affectionate heart would feel in losing me, and I am afraid there are many little troubles or discomforts that I helped a little to lighten to you. In your case I never could have behaved as you did; and don't think I am complimenting myself, for I am sure you would miss a sister very much, if she only loved you half as well as I do you. The time will fly very quick before our Maer visit.

On Thursday, Charles and I did some shopping, which he professes rather to like, and I bought my morning gown, a sort of clarety-brown satin turque, very unobjectionable. And then we went slopping through the melted snow to Broadwood's, where we tried the pianoforte which had Mr Stevens¹ name written in it, and it sounded beautiful as far as we could judge. If you were virtuous perhaps you would write a note to Mr Stevens to say that I like it particularly in every way, and never heard a P. F. I admired more. We hope to have it home to-day. Yesterday we trudged out again, and half-ruined ourselves at the plate shop, and in the evening we actually went to the play, which Charles thinks will look very well in the eyes of the world. . . .

I am cockered up and spoilt as much as heart can wish and I *do* think, though you and Char. may keep this to yourself, that there is not so affectionate an individual as the one in question to be found anywhere else. After this candid and impartial opinion I say no more. I am so glad my dear Mama was comfortable all about the wedding. Give her my best love and to Papa and Charlotte. I wish I had Fortunatus's cap to come and curl my hair over that dear old fire with you and Charlotte. I did so enjoy my walks and talks with Charlotte. Good-bye, my dearest.

EM. D.

¹ The Rev. Thomas Stevens, founder and first Warden of Bradfield College. He married Caroline Tollet.

The piano mentioned above was her father's present to her. I remember it well in its handsome mahogany case; it kept its beauty of tone longer than any later piano. For the sake of quiet they lived, grand piano and all, in the smallish back room looking on the garden, which smoky though it was, was a great boon to their country souls.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her daughter Emma Darwin.

MAER, February 4 [1839].

A thousand thanks to you, dearest Emma, for your delightful letter which from the cheerful happy tone of it drew tears of pleasure from my old eyes. I am truly thankful to find you so happy, and still more so that you are sensible of it, and I pray heaven that this may only be the beginning of a life full of peace and tranquillity. My affection for Charles is much increased by considering him as the author of all your comfort, and I enjoy the thoughts of your tasty curtains and your arm-chairs, hoping your Piano is by this time added to them. Mr Stevens is now below, strumming away upon our old affair, and I hope the girls have told him that you like the one he has fixed upon for you. . . .

I have had excellent nights, and have escaped my morning sicknesses for a good many days. These are among my present blessings for which I am very thankful. I can write no more except tender love to Charles and to the Hensleighs and thanks for your letter to Elizabeth. I hope to have another happy letter from you soon. God bless you, my ever dear, you will have no difficulty in believing me your affectionate "Mum,"

E. WEDGWOOD.

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her sister Emma Darwin.

MAER, Monday Night, February 4 [1839].

MY DEAREST EMMA,

I can hardly tell you how your affectionate expressions go to my heart. I have felt them too sacred to read them to anybody but Charlotte, and only part to

her, tho' she is very comfortable and very sympathising. We have just had a long talk over my fire, for this is the only quiet and private time I can find to write to you in. I do not however deserve your compliment, for it was only sometimes that I minded much beforehand the thoughts of losing you. The wedding was a sort of thing always in view to intercept one's attention. I have minded the reality more than I expected, but that will not last. and I shall doubly enjoy the piece of your society I shall get, now I shall not have it all. I shall be obliged to practise more decision of character now I have not you to help me to settle everything great and small. I have always felt ashamed of the compliments in the letters to my unselfishness, for what mother ever was not rejoiced at a daughter's making a happy marriage, and people look on it as a thing of course. And so it is, though there are not many daughters or sisters have so many qualities for making those they live with happy. I think indeed Susan runs you hard. She is gone to-day to Fenton, where she will stay all the week at least, and she will be of the greatest comfort to Jos at any rate.

You have had your dinner-party to-day and I dare say Charles looked very proud to have you at the head of his table. I found Mary, the night before last, sitting by my fire crying over a poem she had cut out of the paper, "The Bride's farewell to her Parents," dated the 29th of January too. There really were many pretty thoughts in it.

My father says he should like to have a drawing of you, which I am very glad of. Is Mr Richmond come back? I don't know whether Mr Holmes is better than him or not, I rather think he is tho'.

Emma Darwin to her sister Elizabeth Wedgwood.

GOWER STREET, Tuesday, February 5 [1839].

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

I can't remember what we did on Saturday, except walking about a good deal and meeting a pianoforte van in

Gower Street, to which Charles shouted to know whether it was coming to No. 12, and learnt to our great satisfaction that it was. Besides its own merits, it makes the room look so much more comfortable, and we expect Hensleigh and Fanny to be struck dumb to-day at our beautiful appearance. I have given Charles a large dose of music every evening.

To-day we feel much excited with the thoughts of our first dinner-party, turkey and "vitings" if you wish to know. The blue wall looks much better now we have a few prints and drawings hung up. . . .

I long for some news of poor Caroline. Write quite openly, for I shall keep your letters to myself, and only read aloud parts. I hope Charlotte will write to me one of these days. Give my best love to my dear Mamma and Papa. I hope some of you have complimented Allen on the way he did the service.

Good-bye, my dear Eliz.

Emma Darwin to her mother.

GOWER STREET, Thursday [8th Feb., 1839].

MY DEAREST MAMMA,

I cannot tell you how pleased I was to see your dear handwriting and how much I thank you for writing me such a nice long letter. I shall always preserve it with great care. I was very glad to find you have had such comfortable nights. I will now go back to my annals. On Tuesday . . . Hensleigh came in, quite agitated with happiness at having obtained this registrarship.¹ It is such a wonderful piece of good fortune I could hardly believe it; and it is given him in such a gratifying way, without any testimonials or bothering of anybody. I should like to know whether it is all Lord John Russell's doing, or whether Lady Holland has had any hand in it. She has been very civil lately and sent them 2 dozen apples, &c. Hensleigh

¹ Registration of cabs, an office of less emolument and importance than the magistracy he had given up.

does not think it will be at all a hard place. He will be employed from 10 till 4, about four days a week. Fanny's maids have been very uneasy at the shortness of our housemaid and are afraid that she is not tall enough to tie my gown. She is about the size of Betty Slaney, so I hope Fanny set their minds at ease on that point. Our dinner went off very well, though Erasmus tells us it was a base imitation of the Marlborough Street dinners, and certainly the likeness was very striking. But when the plum-pudding appeared he knocked under, and confessed himself conquered very humbly. And then Edward is such a perfect Adonis in his best livery that he is quite a sight. Fanny and Hensleigh slept here, and Hensleigh went the next morning to the office. Catherine has very considerately sent us a Shrewsbury paper that we may see ourselves in print, and as she drew us up she has all an author's feelings on the subject. Charles is not quite used to my honours yet, as he took up a letter to me the other day and could not conceive who Mrs C. Darwin could mean. He has set to his work in good earnest now. The Lyells have called and we were rather sorry to miss them. Yesterday we settled to sit up in state till four o'clock, to see all the crowds who should come, but there only came two callers. We then walked in the Regent's Park and were caught in the rain, which agitated us both a good deal for fear of spoiling my best bonnet. It however was none the worse. I am very much pleased that Papa wants a drawing of me. I don't know whether Mr Richmond is come back. I will go and get it done when you have settled who is best.

Charles desires his best love to you. Will you tell Mary, with my love, that I forgot to tell her about Pitman's Lectures, which I wish her to have as a Keepsake from me, and Elizabeth is to get it bound for her.

My mother told me that when they came to London it was considered impossible not to keep a man-servant, though they would have been much happier with only women-servants.

Mrs Hensleigh Wedgwood to Mrs Marsh at Boulogne.

4, CLIFTON TERRACE, NOTTING HILL,
February 13th [1839].

. . . Your New Year's wishes and hopes do indeed seem now like prophetic anticipations, my dear Anne. . . . I must tell you how surprised we have been at this proof of Ld. John's good sense and discrimination, and we hear from Lady Holland that he mentioned his intentions of offering it as soon as the vacancy was known to him, and since has written a very pretty letter to Hensleigh to that effect. It is only to be £500 a year, so we shall not be extremely rich, and my year's practice in economy will be very useful. . . .

You will hear from Mr Marsh that Emma is established in her new home; and most comfortable and snug they looked the only day we have as yet broke in on them. Yesterday they dined here for the first time. Emma is looking very pretty and unanxious, and I suppose there are not many two people happier than she and Charles. I want to know and hear what effect she makes in the London world, if the word can be applied to such simplicity and transparency, and [to one] who has so little notion of making an effect. They made their first appearance in the world at Dr Holland's, where they had a very pleasant day, Hibberts, Coltmans, &c. We have been unusually dissipated also of late in the evening party line, and Mr Rogers has been taking us up, I can't think why, inviting us to breakfast and a party, and coming out here to present me with a lovely copy of his poems. We met a little collection of blue ladies, H. Martineau, Mrs Austin,¹ Mrs Marcet, &c., which is I believe quite a new line for him. Mrs Austin is much found fault with for being too aristocratic; since she has gone to Mayfair they say she only frequents parties of the highest distinction. . . .

¹ Wife of John Austin, philosophical jurist. She was one of the Taylors of Norwich, translator and author of various works, a beauty, and mother of the beautiful Lady Duff Gordon.

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her sister Emma Darwin.

MAER, *Sunday Morning* [3^d March, 1839].

MY DEAR EMMA,

It is really quite luxurious of a Sunday morning to find myself with nothing to do.¹ I am beginning this letter to you purely to say how pleasant it is. I feel so idle I can hardly sit to anything else. How much obliged I am to the beggars for their singular and generous forbearance in not coming near one of a Sunday, for I cannot imagine any other motive but kind consideration for me in that piece of self-denial of theirs, which is clearly so much against their own interest. About five-and-twenty years I have had the unsatisfactory bother of that school, and I hope I have done with it for life. The other school is not likely to be very orderly; but I think the children learn, and I mean to try what some switching of fingers, steadily administered to Tommy and Billy Philips will do. If it does not succeed they must be turned out. The only time I miss you much is in my room at night. I keep on my fire, and have got a table full of books, but it will feel at present that you are gone. Very soon, I hope, it will begin to feel that you are coming. Good-bye, my dear Em. It is the greatest pleasure that can be, your letters.

I well remember my aunt Elizabeth teaching in the little school she set up close to her Sussex home where she moved after her parents' death. There she went regularly every morning for an hour or two. Her delight in giving up the Maer school makes one appreciate more what the effort and self-sacrifice must have been in this later work. The mention of beggars brings up a sad part of her life. She let herself be preyed upon by all kinds of worthless people and impostors, and must have done harm, as well as much good.

¹ Elizabeth appears to have given up teaching the Sunday-school this spring.

Charlotte Langton to her sister Emma Darwin.

MY DEAR EMMA,

[ONIBURY, March, 1839].

I think it will be a very good plan for your and Elizth.'s letters to be made to do double duty, and save you both a good deal of repetition; and it will serve my purpose very well too, for I sometimes feel it absolutely necessary to give a sign of life when I have not wherewithal to fill a sheet or half a sheet, and on those occasions it will be a great relief to me to have a letter to hook on to. Eliza-beth seems to enjoy her Sundays very much. Her pity is thrown away upon me, our Sunday-School is so short. Religion and virtue is all that I mean to teach, other things being taught at the day school. But as at the end of half-an-hour I find those topics totally exhausted, I am obliged to resort to a little reading, and a great relief it is. . . .

Fanny Allen to Mrs Marsh at Boulogne.

MY DEAR ANNE,

TENBY, March 5th [1839].

Your letter has been with me, as a companion, for nearly six weeks, watching for a quiet couple of hours that I might tell you what pleasure your warm and affectionate measure of me gives me. I feel myself of greater value from your opinion of me. I believe praise, after the age of vanity, is of great use to character, by raising your own standard, for it must be a natural feeling not to betray the opinion those whom you value greatly have formed of you. Continue to love me, dear Anne, and I will try not to lose an affection so dear to me. Since I wrote last, indeed since you wrote, how much the Wedgwoods have enjoyed and suffered! Poor Caroline's sorrow is I am afraid yet green. . . .

Elizth. has suffered from the loss of Emma more than she expected I fancy—her joy at Emma's happy prospects, while I was there, kept her from falling back on herself and thinking of her loss, but that time must have come.

Emma is as happy as possible, as she has always been—there never was a person born under a happier star than she, her feelings are the most healthful possible; joy and sorrow are felt by her in their due proportions, nothing robs her of the enjoyment that happy circumstances would naturally give. Her account of her life with Charles Darwin and in her new *ménage* is very pleasant. . . .

I have been long convinced that it is for the happiness of children that they should not have amusements or pleasures too readily or they become none; a healthful poverty is the atmosphere of both a good education and happiness for children. Two of the happiest families I know are those whose amusements could not be purchased if they would—there is a curse on all that is bought in that way. My two examples enjoyed more real pleasure than those whom I knew had what they coveted immediately; they were always devouring the amusements of the age in advance, and at 16 and 17 they were *ennuied* and *blasé*. I have heard many people regret [the want of] riches for their children's sake, when I felt the conviction that a blessing attended the want. You are a very happy mother, and I have no doubt you are a more affectionate mother by being from circumstances brought in closer contact with your children; and they again must gain immensely by this, so whatever your loss is, they have gained, I am convinced, by your fall in fortune.¹

I did not see Sydney Smith while I was in town, so I must have expressed myself ill, but what pleased me as a token of his remembrance, was receiving an affectionate little note from him, hearing I was at the Aldersons. You have seen his little pamphlet against the ballot, he says everything that can be said against it, but I am not of his opinion, and he does not touch the moral part of it. If you give a political right to poor people you should secure that

¹ Mr Marsh's father was the sleeping and senior partner in the banking house of Marsh, Sibbald and Co. This Bank was ruined by the managing partner, Fauntleroy, the famous forger. He was tried for his misdeeds, and hung in 1824. Mr Marsh senior resigned every penny he possessed to meet the liabilities of the Bank.

the use of it does not injure them, otherwise do not give it them. Macaulay is our great man, I believe; the article you mention of his is an excellent one. I am reading Sismondi's French History and I am glad to find it very interesting and pleasant reading; he is an honest writer, that loves the mass of mankind, and you see his character in every page. I am so glad to like what he writes, and to like himself, indeed, so much better than I ever expected to do at one time. This is probably owing to both our characters being mitigated. He has as great a dislike and fear of radicalism as you have—this is a change in him. In this country the radicals, as they call them, maintain in politics the moral questions, and while that is the case, I cannot help being of their opinion. [Does your brother Stamford] mean to settle at Linley? If he lives there he must marry and re-people it again, or the shades of the past will make it a too painful residence. How pretty the little wood was covered with blue-bells in Spring! but then you and your sisters lighted the place up with a glory that I shall not soon see again.

Adieu, my dear Anne, you never gave me cause to forgive you for any neglect. From a busy person, such as you are, with children that required your constant time, I could not and did not expect answers to my letters. I found you always the same when I saw you, and it was by that I took the measure of your affection. Give my kind love to all your girls,

Ever yours most tenderly,

F. ALLEN.

Emma Darwin to her sister Charlotte Langton.

GOWER STREET, Friday [15 March, 1839].

My Charles has been very unwell since Sunday. We went to church at King's College and found the church not warmed, and not more than half-a-dozen people in it, and he was so very cold that I believe it was that which has made him so unwell. We had Ellen Tollet to dine with us

yesterday and go to the play, and I think it has cured Charles; at least he is much better to-day, and he was very much interested and clapped and applauded with all his heart. It was the new play of *Richelieu*, and it was a pleasant sight to see the pit crammed full of people listening with all their ears. It is an interesting play and very well acted, but Macready tottered and made himself too old; and it was quite ridiculous when he was called for at the end of the play he came tottering on, though not so much as when he was acting.

I must tell you of our domestic troubles. I have a great desire to part with the cook, and yet have no fault to find with her but a general feeling that she is too cute, and is rather making the most of us. I particularly wish not to find out any dishonesty, that I may be able to give her a character, and so I shall take courage to-morrow and tell her she does not suit, and I hope she will take it quietly and not require any explanation. Susan has heard of somebody she thinks will do, and it will be quite refreshing to have a countrified woman. I have rather a desire to send off the housemaid too, but I have really no fault to find with her but being vulgar and plain, and as she is really a very good servant, it would be foolish, for a whim I suppose.

I expect Charles to get quite fond of the theatre, but as to dinners and parties he gets worse I think, and I don't care how few dinners we go to either. Drinking wine disagrees with him, and it is so tiresome not drinking that he can't resist one glass. Next week we dine at Dulwich and go to Blagrove's concert, which I am afraid will be a great deal too deep for Charles.

Emma Darwin to her sister Elizabeth Wedgwood.

GOWER STREET, Good-Friday [29 March, 1839].

. . . Thank you for your letter which came to-day. I forgot to mention the basket. All the poultry was quite fresh and Fanny says the turkey was excellent, and Maer tongues are quite as superior as Hartfield pork. On Thursday

Mr Sedgwick¹ called and was very pleasant; there is something remarkably fresh and odd about him. The Henslows² come on Monday, and Charles is much more alarmed at the thought of them than I am. On Monday the Lyells dine with us; Tuesday we shall leave open for any public amusement they may like to go to; Wednesday they dine at the Lyells; and Thursday we all dine at Dr Fitton's, if they stay so long, so we have plenty of things cut out for them. The cook is pretty good so I am not afraid about the dinners.

Snow was rather naughty one day here, so after they were gone to bed and she had been repentant, Fanny heard her say to Bro., "Oh Bro., I can't bear it, turn your face towards me, kiss me, Bro." So Bro. cautiously asked, "Is your face wet with tears?" However he turned and kissed her which seemed to give her great comfort.

Emma Darwin to her sister Elizabeth Wedgwood.

UPPER GOWER STREET, Tuesday, April 2, 1839.

. . . I must tell you how our learned party went off yesterday. Mr and Mrs Henslow came at four o'clock and she, like a discreet woman, went up to her room till dinner. The rest of the company consisted of Mr and Mrs Lyell and Leonora Horner, Dr Fitton and Mr Robert Brown.³ We had some time to wait before dinner for Dr Fitton, which is always awful, and, in my opinion, Mr Lyell is enough to flatten a party, as he never speaks above his breath, so that everybody keeps lowering their tone to his. Mr

¹ Rev. Adam Sedgwick (1785—1873), Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Woodwardian Professor of Geology and afterwards Canon of Norwich. My father was taken by him on a geological tour. He tells how Sedgwick sent him to make independent observations, and adds: "I have little doubt he did this for my good, as I was too ignorant to have aided him."

² The Rev. John Stevens Henslow (1796—1861), Professor of Botany at Cambridge. My father, who was one of his favourite pupils, tells how, as an undergraduate, he was awestruck at the amount of his knowledge, and yet perfectly at ease with him, owing to his transparent sincerity of character and kindness of heart.

³ W. H. Fitton (1780—1861), physician and geologist. Robert Brown (1773—1858), botanist.

Brown, whom Humboldt calls "the glory of Great Britain," looks so shy, as if he longed to shrink into himself and disappear entirely; however, notwithstanding those two dead weights, viz., the greatest botanist and the greatest geologist in Europe, we did very well and had no pauses. Mrs Henslow has a good, loud, sharp voice which was a great comfort, and Mrs Lyell has a very constant supply of talk. Mr Henslow was very glad to meet Mr Brown, as the two great botanists had a great deal to say to each other. Charles was dreadfully exhausted when it was over, and is only as well as can be expected to-day. There never were easier guests than the Henslows, as he has taken himself off all day, and she is gone out in a fly to pay calls, and Charles and I have been walking in the garden. He is rather ashamed of himself for finding his dear friends such a burden. Mr Henslow is so very nice and comfortable that it is a pleasure to look at him. It is said of him that he never wishes to eat, but always eats everything offered to him. The dinner was very good. . . .

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her sister Emma Darwin.

MAER, Tuesday Night [11 April, 1839].

. . . To-morrow month you will be here which will soon be here; and the fortnight, alas! soon gone, but then there will be your visit in August to look forward to next, and my run up to you sometime.

I went and had a good batch of gardening after the Hollands were gone, planting a great patch of crocuses, in imitation of Shrewsbury, in the grass, and sowing seeds; till at last a feeling took me by surprise that I was doing it all alone and for nobody else to take any interest in, and I took a fit of sadness, which, however, will not come again, for one really does take interest in the plants for their own sakes, and one likes gardening like any other art for its own sake. Moreover the little Spring bed is very gay and pretty. It has been a real bright day to-day though with an east wind still. . . .

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

MAER, *Wednesday, 5 June* [1839].

. . . I have been enjoying three weeks of Emma's company. She and Charles stayed a fortnight here, and I went on with them to Shrewsbury, Eliza [Wedgwood] kindly taking my place here meanwhile; and the feeling that she was procuring me a great pleasure, and the retirement, made her, I think, quite enjoy her week. It was agreed by all the members of the colony that Emma's time was so short she could not be spared to divide any of it amongst them away from Maer, and that they would all come and see her here, so that we had the whole of her visit. It was rather spoilt by Charles being so unwell almost the whole time of his stay in the country, and Emma not very well herself. Charles got some of his father's good doctoring and is much better again, but I suppose he is feeling the effect of too much exertion in every way during his voyage and must be careful not to work his head too hard now. His journal is come out at last along with two other thick volumes of Capt. Fitzroy and Capt. King of the same voyage, but I have not had time to read it yet. It is a great pleasure to see Emma so entirely happy in her lot, with the most affectionate husband possible, upon whom none of her pleasant qualities are thrown away, who delights in her music, and admires her dress. I quite agreed with all your good advice to her on that head, and I even mean to dress well myself, now the credit of the family rests on me.

You do give me some very nice doses of poison, dearest Jessie, if I believed anything about them except that you love me—but of the rest of what you say so beautifully, I hope I do feel most gratefully the truth. There cannot be a happier or easier task than making the lives comfortable of my father and mother. There never were people who gave so much and required so little. Indeed it often makes me ashamed and touches me very tenderly to see my father get up to pay me some little kind attention that would

come so much more appropriately from me to him. We have very seldom been only our own selves since Emma went. Now I have had these three weeks of her company, I feel satisfied and think no more of her loss, and have got rid of the fits of sadness that would take me sometimes un-awares. The Hensleighs are coming down the end of this month, and Hensleigh will return to town after bringing them down, and I then mean to run up with him and see Emma in her own house for ten days or so. The Hensleighs have just taken a house four doors only from Emma, which Emma very much likes. She will find it a great comfort, for they are neither of them idle people to fall into the error of running in and out at all hours. Charles goes to his own room to work after breakfast till two o'clock, so that Emma has a good deal of time to herself in the mornings, which I should think very comfortable.

*Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her husband in
Gower Street.*

MY DEAR JOS,

MAER, Wednesday, Dec. 11th, 1839.

I need not I am sure tell you how glad I was to receive your letter yesterday, giving so good a report of your journey and of the outlyers in London.

We have not rejoiced in your absence nor "rode Towzer," because you are away, and the only visitors I have had have been my little birds, who have found out my store of suet. The principal is one Greater Titmouse, who had nearly usurped the whole bracket and is so pugnacious that he presents arms whenever one of the other little birds presumes to show himself on the bracket. Jessie [Wedgwood] is a most welcome as well as agreeable third; she came on Saturday, bringing with her the kind offering of a little pig and I hope she will stay till we are tired of her. Elizabeth gave me a fright last night by taking a hot bottle to bed, lest it should burst and scald her, but I got reassured by hearing that you used one almost every night without injury, and I slept my usual good night.

I have two commissions for you, the first to buy some Dutch beef for grating; the second, a Magic Lantern to make my court to the darlings here. You may bring these two articles with you or send them by Elizabeth.

Ever yours, my dear Jos,
E. W.

Elizabeth went up to be with Emma for the birth of her first child, which took place on Dec. 27th, 1839. Their mother wrote:

MY DEAR ELIZABETH, MAER HALL, *December 28, 1839.*

I received your letter of good news yesterday with great joy. It cost me a good cry, but such tears are precious and I was very happy while shedding them. Remember my love and blessing to both parents of the welcome stranger, who will, I hope, be as great a comfort to them as their predecessors have been to us. We have been guessing at his name and have guessed Robert. So no more from your affectionate mother, as Fanny has been so kind as to promise a little gossip of her own in addition to this. Ever yours, my dearest Elizabeth,

E. WEDGWOOD.

This is the last of Bessy's letters in the Maer collection. The handwriting is so changed from the beautiful penmanship of the earlier letters, that no one would know they were by the same hand.

William Erasmus was an immense joy to both his parents. My father took an unusual delight in his babies, and we have all a vivid memory of him as the most inspiring of playfellows. Emma, as mother, was all that was tender and comfortable. Her sympathy, and the serenity of her temper, made her children feel absolutely at their ease with her, and sure of comfort in every trouble great or small, whilst her unselfishness made them know that she would never find anything a burden, and that they could go to her with all the many little needs of a child for help or explanation. Our elder cousin, Julia Wedgwood, said that in our house the only place where you might be sure of

not meeting a child, was the nursery. Many a time, even during my father's working hours, was a sick child tucked up on his sofa, to be quiet, and safe, and soothed by his presence.

My mother had ten children and suffered much from ill-health and discomforts during those years. Many of her children were delicate and difficult to rear, and three died. My father was often seriously ill and always suffering, so that her life was full of care, anxiety, and hard work. But she was supported by her perfect union with him, and by the sense that she made every minute of every weary hour more bearable to him. And though her life could not but be anxious and laborious, I think it will be seen by her letters that it was happy as well as blessed.

I give here, at the outset of her married life, the best picture I have been able to draw of her character. It must, however, be kept in mind that I am thinking of a much later time, as my memories of her are naturally more vivid in her later-middle and old age.

These old letters speak of her as gay and merry, and I have been told by old friends of hers that she had the charm of abounding life and high spirits. When I remember her as she was in my childhood, it is as serene but somewhat grave. The jokes and the merriment would all come from my father. One can realise how heavy was the burden of anxiety borne by her so calmly, from seeing what deep effect it produced on her character.

Her charm is difficult to describe, but all who knew her well, felt its power. Acquaintances at first sometimes strangely misunderstood what she was, and felt awed, before she spoke, by a certain reserved gravity in her expression. Of one thing I am sure,—that she was naturally good. I mean that I have known those who impress one as having conquered their evil tendencies, but with her there seemed no evil to conquer. Therefore, though she was the most unselfish person I have ever known, there was no trace in her character of the self-suppression which is often found in those who have had to struggle for unselfishness. Her tastes, her dislikes, her whims even, were all vivid and vividly expressed, and her unselfishness did not proceed from any want of a strong personality. Everything about her was wholesome and natural; and it was impossible to imagine her having an unkind or vain thought, nor can I ever remember her making a harsh judgment.

Complicated characters, with a certain introspective self-

consciousness, are generally thought to be the most interesting, and hers was neither, yet intercourse with her was always full of interest. Her judgment was good, and there was about her a bright aliveness, and a many-sided interest in the world in books, and in politics. Her utter sincerity gave a continual freshness to her opinions, and there were delightful surprises in her way of taking things. She had, too, a happy enjoyment of fun or humour. Jessie Sismondi said of her that she would "lark it through life," and this remained true in one sense. To the very end of her eighty-eight years she kept an extraordinary youthfulness of mind. It was, I think, almost her most remarkable quality. She never stiffened, and continued to understand and sympathise with the joys, the pains, and the needs of youth. Any little unexpected change in her daily habits remained a pleasure to her, instead of becoming a pain as it does to most old people. This youthfulness of nature showed itself in all her enjoyments—in her delight at the first taste of spring, and in her warm welcome of anyone she cared for. She would hurry to the front door at Down, eager for the first moment of greeting, or in summer weather she would be on the little mound which overlooks the entrance road, waiting to wave a welcome as the carriage drove up. The contrast of this outspringing warmth with her usual calm demeanour, made every arrival a kind of special festival and fresh delight which I shall never forget.

She always made the most of the little pleasures of life. I well recollect once calling her to the window to look at two blue titmice, who appeared to be behaving in a ridiculous way. They were playing leap-frog over each other's backs on the lawn, we supposed each trying to get first at something good to eat, and flashing blue in the spring sunshine. I remember thinking how nice it was to show her little things, and that she would laugh and look with the kind of enjoyment one calls girlish.

But her dignity of character was as remarkable as her light-heartedness. It would be impossible to imagine anyone taking a liberty with her, or that she should let herself be put in a false position. As I have said, people were sometimes afraid of her at first—to my great surprise—for no one really was more approachable or less uncharitable in judgment. It is true that she was easily wearied with tediousness in people, and would flash out against their tedium, though never to themselves. But there was no malice nor shade of

unkindness in these little outbursts; and somehow the superficial contrast with her real nature, her essential tolerance and undemanding unselfishness, made this impatience characteristic and entertaining. She was also impatient of tedium in books and in seeing sights. I remember her saying in fun that she could see a cathedral in five minutes.

Another side of this impatience was the fact that she was a little inclined to jump to conclusions, and did not always thoroughly weigh all sides of a question. Also it was an analogous quality that made her courage, of which she had plenty, sometimes degenerate into rashness.

Nothing was ever a trouble or a burden to her, and she never made much of difficulties. It was remarkable how she infused this spirit into the household and made the servants ready to co-operate with her, often even at great inconvenience to themselves. She had a delightfully ready and thoughtful generosity. Her kindness and helpfulness were fountains that never ran dry, and if only a little alleviation of any trouble was possible, she always did that little, instead of thinking, as one is often tempted to do, that it is not worth while. She was very sensitive, although her reserved nature did not always let her show what she was feeling. She told me once that she was troubled in the night by remembering instances where she thought she had failed in courtesy to someone. I have often thought over this with wonder, as I can never remember anything in her behaviour but perfect tact and consideration for the feelings of others.

She had no sympathy with any sentimentality or over-exuberance of expression. Simplicity, even bareness of manner, was more to her taste. But she rejoiced in the expressions of my father's love, though such expressions would have been impossible to her self-contained nature. There was about her a certain inability to cope with strangers, which was marked in the whole Wedgwood group, notably in her sister Charlotte, but appearing more or less in all. The warm expressiveness of the Allens and Darwins thawed the silence and reserve of the Wedgwoods, whilst they leant on the Wedgwoods' sincerity and strong common-sense. Their natures were complementary and thus their many ties of affection were founded on an enduring need.

My mother's calm strength made her the most restful person to be with I ever knew. To the very last it was

always my impulse to pour out every trouble to her, sure that I should have sympathy, comfort, and helpful counsel. She was a perfect nurse in illness. Her self-command never gave way and she was like a rock to lean on, always devoted and unwearied in devising expedients to give relief, and neat-handed and clever in carrying them out.

She did not laugh much, but when she did her laugh had a frank enjoyment delightful to hear. Her voice too was sympathetic and pleasant and she read aloud clearly and well. The keenness of her sympathy never deadened. She lived with her children and grandchildren in every detail of their lives. But she was never a doting mother. She knew what we were and never imagined we were perfect or interesting to the outer world. I remember one little speech—not true but still characteristic—"I do not feel my sons are my sons, only young men with whom I happen to be intimate." It expresses one fact which lay at the root of her happy relations with her children, grandchildren, and nephews and nieces, her profound respect for their individuality.

But I think her most remarkable characteristic was her absolute sincerity. In little things and great things it was the same. She was incapable of playing a part or feigning a feeling. The little things of life best illustrate this, for in great things we are many of us sincere. For instance, in answer to some visitor who remarked how interesting it must be to watch my father's experiments, she told the simple truth—that to her it was not interesting. She once said to my sister that when she married she had resolved to enter into my father's tastes and thought she would be able, but found it impossible. He used to tell how during some lecture at the British Association he said to her, "I am afraid this is very wearisome to you," to which she quietly answered, "Not more than all the rest." He often quoted this with delight. She was also quite incapable of the weakness of pretending to care for things because it was correct to do so. Few people would venture to say as she did when speaking of Tennyson's *Queen Mary*, "It is not nearly so tiresome as Shakespere." It is fair to add that some plays of Shakespere had given her great pleasure. Her favourite was *Much Ado about Nothing*, but she often spoke of the charm of Imogen and Viola.

She had no strong taste for poetry, and though she read much and widely, poetry filled but a small place. Still there is a little book in which she copied out poems that

she cared for, and there I found the following verses from *In Memoriam*. It may be truly said that they are an epitome of her life:

I know that this was Life,—the track
Whereon with equal feet we fared;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love:

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.

CHAPTER III

1840—1842

The ill-health of Charles Darwin—The Sismondis at Gower Street—Miss Edgeworth on Emma Darwin—Anne Elizabeth Darwin, born—Erasmus and Miss Martineau—Charles and Doddy at Shrewsbury—Sismondi's fatal illness—The birth of Edmund Langton.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

12, UPPER GOWER STREET, Feb. 7 [1840].

MY DEAR AUNT JESSIE,

It seems very odd to me that I should have been all this time without writing to you, but I have been so helpless and unable to do anything that I never had the energy to write, though I was often thinking of it. Now I am quite well and strong and able to enjoy the use of my legs and my baby, and a very nice looking one it is, I assure you. He has very dark blue eyes and a pretty, small mouth, his nose I will not boast of, but it is very harmless as long as he is a baby. Elizabeth went away a week too soon while he was a poor little wretch before he began to improve. She was very fond of him then, and I expect she will admire him as much as I do in the summer at Maer. He is a sort of grand-child of hers. . . .

Charles and I were both very much pleased at having a visit from Papa, and he looked comfortable in his arm-chair by the fire, and told us that Gower St. was the quietest place he had ever been at in his life; and Elizabeth finds it very quiet after Maer, though she had a little private dissi-

pation of her own, dining and going to parties, but she has a different sort of bustle at Maer.

I was delighted to hear by your letter that your coming to England was positively fixed, and I hope to catch you here and at Maer. Charles and I had been planning to get you to come straight to us when you came to town, and I cannot tell you what a pleasure it would be to receive you both in my own house and show you my own dear husband and child, but I have been telling him this morning that while his health continues in such a very uncomfortable state, it would neither do for him nor you. He has certainly been worse for the last six weeks, and has been pretty constantly in a state of languor that is very distressing, and his being obliged to be idle is very painful to him. He is consulting Dr Holland, but without much good effect.

Feb. 10. Here is a gap in my letter, but I can find time for nothing, as nursing and looking after the baby fills up any number of hours. Charles has been better again these three days, and I hope he has made a turn and will continue mending, and that I shall have the happiness of having you and my dear M. Sismondi with us. I should see so much more of you in the mornings and at odd times, and perhaps he would be going out more than you would like, and then I should catch you. I have not forgotten my happy stay at Paris, and the precious bits of talk I had with you. It was a bright, happy time.

It is a pleasure in writing to you that one's letter is only seen by two, and one may say whatever comes uppermost, and so I will be as egotistical as ever I please. It is a great happiness to me when Charles is most unwell that he continues just as sociable as ever, and is not like the rest of the Darwins, who will not say how they really are; but he always tells me how he feels and never wants to be alone, but continues just as warmly affectionate as ever, so that I feel I am a comfort to him. And to you I may say that he is the most affectionate person possible, as much so as your own Sis, and I am sure I could say no

more for him. It is a great advantage to have the power of expressing affection, and I am sure he will make his children very fond of him. I have been pretty well coaxed and spoilt all my life but I am more than ever now, so I hope it does one no harm, but I don't think it does.

I have no doubt it will be a painful moment to you when you see Papa and Mamma at first, but I think you will find that Mamma's affections are much more alive than when you saw her last, though I suppose her mind is certainly much weaker. She lights up occasionally very much into her old self. Mr Clifford was very charming and nice to her, and I think his visit at Maer was a satisfaction to him. I was very glad to catch him, as I had been longing to see him again these 20 years, and he was very much his old self, only grown very old. I am glad you like Charles Langton. It is a pretty part of his character his fondness for Mamma. Charlotte told me that he seemed to see through her into what she had been, more than she should have thought possible in a person who had not known her before. I am going this evening to take Fanny [Hensleigh] and the children to see the illuminations for the Queen's marriage. I am sorry the rabblement have such a rainy day for seeing the fun.

I have been reading Carlyle, like all the rest of the world. He fascinates one and puts one out of patience. He has been writing a sort of pamphlet on the state of England called "Chartism." It is full of compassion and good feeling but utterly unreasonable. Charles keeps on reading and abusing him. He is very pleasant to talk to anyhow, he is so very natural, and I don't think his writings at all so. Write to me soon like a good soul, and I never will be so long again. Goodbye, my dearest. My best of loves to M. Sis. The baby performed his first smile to-day, a great event.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

MY DEAR EMMA, *Sunday, SHREWSBURY [5 April, 1840].*

You are a good old soul for having written to me so soon. I, like another good old soul, will give you an account of my proceedings from the beginning. At the station I met Sir F. Knowles, but was fortunate enough to get into a separate carriage from that chatterbox. In my carriage there was rather an elegant female, like a thin Lady Alderson, but so virtuous that I did not venture to open my mouth to her. She came with some female friend, also a lady, and talked at the door of the carriage in so loud a voice that we all listened with silent admiration. It was chiefly about family prayers, and how she always had them at half-past 10 not to keep the servants up. She then charged her friend to write to her either on Saturday night or Monday morning, Sunday being omitted in the most marked manner. Our companion answered in the most pious tone, "Yes, Eliza, I will write either on Saturday night or on Monday morning." As soon as we started our virtuous female pulled out of her pocket a religious tract and a very thick pencil. She then took off her gloves and commenced reading with great earnestness, and marking the best passages with the aforesaid thick lead-pencil. Her next neighbour was an old gentleman with a portentously purple nose, who was studying a number of the *Christian Herald*, and his next neighbour was the primmest she-Quaker I have ever seen. Was not I in good company? I never opened my mouth and therefore enjoyed my journey. At Birmingham I was kept standing in the office three-quarters of an hour in doubt whether I could have a place, and I was so tired that I regretted much that I took one. However to my surprise the journey rested me and I arrived very brisk at Shrewsbury. In the office at Birmingham I was aghast to see Mr J. H., an indomitable proser, taking his place. He did not know me, as I found by his addressing a chance remark to me, and I was instantly resolved on the desperate attempt of travelling the whole way incognito.

My hopes were soon cut off by the appearance of Mrs H. with whom I shook hands with vast surprise and interest, and opened my eyes with astonishment at Mr H., as if he had dropped from the skies. Our fourth in the coach was Mr Parr of Lyth, an old, miserly squire. Mr H. opened his battery of conversation. I stood fire well at first and then pretended to become very sleepy, the proser became really so, so we had the most tranquil journey. Old Parr, the miser, was sadly misused at the Lion, for he had ordered a fly to take him home, and there was only one; and Mark persuaded the man to take me up first, and gave a hint to the porters to take a wonderful time in getting old Parr's things off the coach, so that the poor old gentleman must have thought the porters and flymen all gone mad together, so slowly no doubt they did everything, whilst I was driving up with the most surprising alacrity. My father is appearing very well. I have begun to extract wisdom from him which I will not now write. . . .

I enjoy my visit and have been surprisingly well. I suspect the journey and change will do me good. I have begun like a true old Arthur Gride, making a small collection, and have picked up several nice little things, and have got some receipts for puddings, etc., and laid down some strong effectual hints about jams, and now you may send the empty jars whenever you please.

Susan is very flourishing. Be sure you give Mr Hoddy Doddy [the baby] a kiss for me. . . .

The following letter shows that my father was not well enough for my mother to have the happiness of receiving the Sismondís in Gower St., but the house was lent to them.

Madame Sismondí to her niece Emma Darwin.

TENBY, June 26 [1840].

. . . Your roof, my Emma, brought us good luck while there, everything went to our hearts' content; be it observed that Parslow¹ is the most amiable, obliging, active, service-

¹ Madame Sismondí's hopes that Parslow would never leave us were fulfilled. He stayed till he was past work, and then lived on as an old friend and pensioner at Down, where he died in 1898.

able servant that ever breathed. I hope you will never part with him. Our good luck took leave of us almost the moment we left. At the station, where confusion was worse confounded, 150 persons running from one coach to another as if they were mad, Sismondi and I among the runners, we got our pockets picked and were left pennyless for the rest of our journey, but for Fanny. At Reading¹ we very nearly lost Fanny, and Sismondi by a trick detained the coach, pretending he could not get down, and the coachman swearing he must drive off, and I with my head out of the window screaming "Fanny." . . . We began our voyage most agreeably, sitting causy in the carriage, till we arrived at the great sea, when oh! what a change!! waves washing over us and pouring into the carriage in spite of the windows up—wind, rain, horrors indescribable below, whither I was soon driven. And then what groans and cries, not a sofa or chair vacant. I lay upon the ground groaning too, and that for nearly 16 hours. You may imagine the delight of arriving. About one o'clock we heard, "We are off Tenby," and in half-an-hour we were in Sad's [Harriet Surtees] delicious room—a fire (for it was very cold), fruit, flowers and tea. None of us could sleep for joy, and every day since I have been in an ecstasy. I do little but look out of the window at the coming and going sea, the bathers, the walkers, the merry dogs, riders, and ass riders that cover the shore. We are terribly becousined, there never was a greater crowd collected together, and we have visits from immediately after breakfast till dinner at 5 o'clock, so that it is hardly possible to do anything or to gossip among ourselves till night. Harriet and I sleep in the same room and are often found talking till 1 o'clock.

Give my love to your husband and my grateful thanks for his munificent reception of us, even when not there to do the honours. I hope his silver will not suffer. I found he had left out wine also, in short I never saw such a reception, invisible as it was. It was like having entered an

¹ The railway stopped at Reading. It was continued to Bristol in 1841. Presumably they went by coach from Reading to Bristol and there took ship, sitting in their own carriage.

enchanted castle, everything was there before one wanted it; you inspired your servants too I think. When I asked for the washing bills, they said they had orders not to send the linen to the wash till after we were gone. Is not this your very mother? and is it not conspiring against your husband's purse?

I have just been down to ask S. if he had any commands. I found him in an ecstasy over your husband's book.¹ He said it was the most attractive reading he had met with; that notwithstanding his ignorance of natural history he found the greatest interest in it, that it was written with so much feeling, so good, so right a heart. . . .

In Maria Edgeworth's published letters there is the following description of my mother. There had been a friendship between the Edgeworths and Wedgwoods dating back from the time of the first Josiah Wedgwood. In 1840 Miss Edgeworth was 73 years old. (Dec. 26, 1840): "Off we went to Mrs Debrizey's, Mrs Darwin's, Mrs Edward Romilly's. Mrs Darwin is the youngest daughter of Jos Wedgwood, and is worthy of both father and mother; affectionate and unaffected, and, young as she is, full of old times. She has her mother's radiantly cheerful countenance, even now, debarred from all London gaieties and all gaiety but that of her own mind by close attendance on her sick husband."

The life of watching and nursing, which was to be my mother's for so long, had now cut her off from the world. London was no longer suitable for either of my parents and they were beginning to think of moving to the country.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Darwin.

CHÈNE, Jan. 26, 1841.

. . . If I had written to you ten days ago I should have told you Sismondi was much better,² but within that time his hiccup has returned as violent as ever, and lasts the whole day. He continues to work in spite of it all the

¹ *A Naturalist's Voyage round the World.*

² Sismondi's fatal illness began during their stay in England in 1840.

morning, and he will walk out, but he will not see anyone if he can help it. . . .

Lady Bulwer will not let go her correspondence with Sis. He bears it with Christian patience. If he was to publish his letters they would make a good quarto in the year, his journal makes another, and he has completed a thick vol. of his history since his return. I am interrupted this moment by a letter from Patty Smith. She says her sister Nightingale is near neighbour to Ld. Palmerston, who regards Napier as a [second] Nelson. That notwithstanding the great successes with which he [Palmerston] will meet Parliament, anxiety has aged him ten years in these last ten months.¹

Give our united love to your husband and a kiss to your child. Remember me kindly to Parslow. God bless you, my dear little Emma.

It may be mentioned that the epithet "little" which Jessie Sismondi often uses in writing to my mother does not seem to me characteristic. My mother was not little physically, nor had she the kind of playful or appealing charm which makes the expression suitable.

Her second child, Anne Elizabeth, was born on March 2nd, 1841.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

12, UPPER GOWER STREET, May 9, 1841.

. . . We are thinking of going to Maer on the 1st June. It will be delightful to find ourselves there but I rather dread the journey for Charles. I wish he would let me and the babbies and nurses go by ourselves and he by himself, but he says it would look so bad he can't consent to that plan.

¹ Admiral Sir Charles Napier had distinguished himself at the taking of Acre, in the war between the Porte and Mehemet Ali. Our helping the Sultan against his vassal, at the risk of a war with France, was Palmerston's policy, which he had carried through with great difficulty, against the views of the Court and of some of his own colleagues in the Melbourne cabinet.

I have taken to playing a little on the piano and enjoy the feeling of health and being able to play with the little boy and walk about and do what I like, without always thinking about oneself which is very tiresome. Before my confinement I could take so little notice of the little boy that he got not to care a pin for me and it used to make me rather dismal sometimes, but he likes nobody so well as Charles and me now, but I think C. is the prime favourite.

I must tell you a nice thing of Erasmus as you used not to like him, but it is a profound secret so you must not tell anybody. The other day he wrote to Miss Martineau, thinking that owing to her long illness she might be in want of money, to ask if he could help her. He carried about his letter in his pocket for some days without having courage to send it; but he did at last and poor Miss M. was very much gratified by it, though she would not let him help her. She refused very nicely by openly entering on her affairs with him and telling him exactly what she had, to show him that she was not in want. She has nothing but what she has earned. I am afraid she has little chance of recovery, which I am very sorry for. Life was of great value to her, though she seems resigned to quit it. She told him she would let him know if she was in any distress. Goodbye, my dearest aunt J. My best love to my dear uncle.

During part of their stay at Maer my father went to Shrewsbury leaving my mother and the baby at Maer. Willy (called Doddy) must have gone to Shrewsbury first.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin at Maer Hall.

[SHREWSBURY, 1st July, 1841.]

I will give you categorical account, and first for my own beggarly self. I was pretty brisk at first, but about four became bad and shivery. I was very desolate and forlorn and missed you cruelly. But to-day I am pretty brisk and enjoy myself. I think my father looking rather altered and aged, though he and the two old chicks appear very well

and charmingly affectionate to me. Doddy's reception of me was quite affecting. He sat on my knee for nearly a quarter of an hour, gave me some sweet kisses and sniggered and looked at my face and pointing told everyone I was pappa. Everybody seems to like him, they say he is so meek and good. When I had had him for about five minutes I asked him where was Mama, and he repeated your name twice in so low and plaintive a tone, I declare it almost made me burst out crying. He is full of admiration at this new house and is friends with everyone and sits on grandpapa's knees. He shows me the different things in the house—dear old Doddy, one could write for ever about him. I am grieved to hear my father, who is kindness itself to him, thinks he looks a very delicate child. I felt quite ashamed at finding out, what I presume you did not know any more than I, that he has had *half a cup of cream* every morning, which my father (who seemed rather annoyed) says he believes is one of the most injurious things we could have given him. When we are at home we shall be able to look more after him. Only conceive, Susan found him when he started in the carriage with his stockings and shoes half wet through; my father says getting his feet wet on the grass, when afterwards changed, is rather a good than a bad thing, but to allow him to start on a journey in that state was risking his health. Last night Susan went into Doddy's room and found no water by his bedside. I tell you all these disagreeablenesses that you may feel the same necessity that I do of our own selves looking and not trusting anything about our children to others.

I hope and suppose I shall hear to-morrow about yourself and little Kitty Kumplings [Annie, 4 months old], who, as I have several times remarked to myself, is not so bad a girl as might be expected of Doddy's rival. Give my kindest love to Elizabeth and to Uncle Jos and Aunt Bessy. Good-bye, my dear. Right glad I shall be to see you on Tuesday.

Your affectionate, C. D.

All through my father's middle age, his large frame, clear grey-blue eyes, and brown out-of-door looking complexion, so deceived many of his friends that they were apt to believe his ill-health to be more imaginary than real. The following letter proves that even a keen doctor's eye might have been at fault.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin, at Maer Hall.

[SHREWSBURY, July 3, 1841.]

. . . It seems natural to write you a scrap, though I have *not* to thank you for one. Rather severe I guess. I was very well yesterday, and to-day am looking so well that my father owned he should not have known, if I had been a new face, there was anything the matter with me.

To-day at breakfast there was much scrattle talk, as the annual account was wound up, which amounted to £1380, £10 less than last year. Is not this marvellous, considering my father's personal expenses and presents, and everything except his children's allowances, are included in this? A thunderstorm is preparing to break on your head, which has already deluged me, about Bessy not having a cap, "looks dirty"—"like grocer's maid-servant," and my father with much wrath added, "the men will take liberties with her, if she is dressed differently from every other lady's maid." I generously took half the blame, and never betrayed that I had beseeched you several times on that score. If they open on you, pray do not defend yourself, for they are very hot on the subject. . . . My father seems to like having me here: and he and the girls are very merry all day long. I have partly talked over the Doctor about my buying a house without living in the neighbourhood half-a-dozen years first. You never saw how the girls dote on Doddy, they say he is the most charming of all the children. A frog jumped near him and he danced and screamed with horror at the dangerous monster, and I had a [bout] of kissing at his open, bellowing mouth to comfort him. He threw my stick over Terrace wall, looked at it as it went, and cried Tatta with the greatest *sang froid* and walked away. . . .

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Darwin.

[CHÂNE, Sept. 17th, 1841.]

My nephew and niece Isa^{b.1} and her husband, passed ten or twelve days with us before they left Geneva and I enjoyed their visit. . . . We both like his honest, warm, Welsh heart, Tory as it is, and I found Isab^a. even more than affectionate, she was tender, considerate, both of the inconveniences of a small establishment as well as of Sismondi's unwellness. . . . They were but one day or two at an inn here, yet in that day they invited Edward Allen² to dinner and took him with them to Ferney, while Edward and Adèle [Drewe], in a whole fortnight or three weeks, never found one day to offer him a kindness, even a dish of tea. It might be the difference of English and Welsh hospitality, but that had its difference in warm and cold hearts. I give you these little anecdotes to help my opinion for which I know you will have no respect, "Oh this is Aunt Tusy-musy,³ that is the way she is wild after the last person and thing."

How glad I am C. Darwin continues to mend, tho' it is but so slowly. The illness of one destroys all companionship when there are but two, and my way of life is become very solitary. I hope as the autumn gives us cool weather I may prevail on S. to walk a little, which he does not now at all. I am very glad indeed Erasmus is better, which is very generous of me, for I am not fond of him, yet more shame to me, for he is an excellent man, and I love much your proofs of it. Miss Martineau was hyperheroic to refuse a pension; not one in the nation would have been a sou the

¹ Daughter of John Allen of Cresselly; she married George Lort Phillips of Lawrenny Park.

² Son of Baugh Allen, aged 17.

³ Leigh Hunt describes how Byron, who apparently invented this word, would "pretend that Braham called 'enthusiasm' *Entoozy-moozy*; and in the extraordinary combination of lightness, haste, indifference, and fervour with which he would pitch out that single word from his lips, accompanied with a gesture to correspond, he would really set before you the admirable singer in one of his (then) characteristic passages of stage dialogue."

poorer and many would be the better for every little she had, I take it. I forgot till now that S. asked for a bit of my paper, so God bless thee, my little darling as well as your Charles.

J. S.

Why shame on my wife, if she thinks that is the place I asked her to write, in less than a full page it is impossible to me to put together my ideas. I may take a kiss from you and send a God bless him to your husband, and that is all, but Jessie has given you with her writing much more pleasure than I could have done.

Charles Langton had found that he could not conscientiously continue in the Church, and he and Charlotte came to live at Maer. He was delightfully willing that Charlotte should help Elizabeth in the care of her father and mother. Jessie Sismondi wrote of him, "Mr. Langton is indeed a jewel of a son-in-law. His constant attention to my own Bessy was the prettiest thing I ever saw." Their only child, Edmund, was born on November 22nd, 1841.

Charlotte Langton to Emma Darwin, Fanny and Jessie Wedgwood.

MAER, Tuesday [30 Nov. 1841].

I think I may venture without any harm to indulge the longing I have to tell my dearest Emma, Fanny and Jessie how I thank them all and each from my heart for their warm participation in my happiness and tender expression of it in all their letters. It is more than I deserve when I recollect how utterly unfeeling I have always been about young babies, and felt inclined to think it hard on the mothers that they should not be prettier and more attractive. . . . Charles's disappointment in its not being a girl was completely swallowed up in other feelings, and I should be most ungrateful if I had the smallest room left for a regret about it. . . . I have not had a drawback or an anxiety about the baby or myself, with the exception of a

little anxiety for two days lest I should not be able to nurse; nobody ever [pulled] thro' so smoothly and I do feel most grateful for my and Charles's great happiness, and now I will stop, for prudence sake, my dear trio, with kindest love to your three husbands.

Ever your affectionate sister, C. L.

This event, happening some ten years after Charlotte's marriage, caused the most intense joy, and the Allen aunts write in a rapture at the thoughts of Charlotte with a baby in her arms. Edmund was almost a son to Elizabeth and was the delight of the Maer household.

In February, 1842, Sophy, the second child of Jos and Caroline, was born. This was an equal subject of rejoicing, as the parents' grief for the loss of their first child had remained quite unappeasable.

CHAPTER IV

— 1842

A Revolution at Geneva—Taking children to the pantomime—Baron Humboldt—Charles visits Shrewsbury—Elizabeth with Emma at Gower Street—Emma at Maer—The death of Sismondi—Jessie moves to Tenby.

SISMONDI was now seriously ill and Jessie's life was full of sadness and anxiety. Her deafness interfered with her enjoyment of society, and she and Sismondi were miserable at the revolution which broke out in Geneva. Finding he could neither guide nor stem it, he was arranging to leave Geneva and return to Pescia.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

CHÊNE, January 11th [1842].

. . . Public events have come nearer me and disturbed me more than ever they did before. The storm is passed, but no one yet can tell the ravages it will have made. The *Constituante* continues its sittings daily, but Sismondi has given up attending them and I imagine will be dismissed if he does not dismiss himself. The Radicals are now attacking the national Church, and the Methodists and Catholics unite with them, so that there is little hope but that it will fall with the Constitution, and the Academy after that, in short everything of the old Geneva will be effaced from the earth. There are no concerts, balls, or *soirées* among the Genevoises, one meets no one in the streets or shops. It is exactly as if half the town were dead and the other half in mourning. The evil they have done me individually, and after all one's patriotism,

humanity, general good, &c., is nothing in comparison, is to up-root me from hence, and send me to Pescia, and I shudder to think how unhappy it will make me. My eye has rested so long with such intense admiration on these mountains and lake, they have become friends, family, and country to me. I have formed here valuable friendships, and from time to time I see my loved country-people and sometimes my family; in short, I have built here my poor little remnants of happiness and wish I may not break my heart in leaving.

We are going to dine by and by with the Gr. Duchess¹—but how that will agree with Sismondi is a doubt that prevents my enjoying anything in the outing line, and then there is not much to enjoy except a little variety. To seduce S. out, he is always promised that he shall meet no one or but one. This does not suit me at all, as I can do nothing and hear nothing in general conversation, but thrown by numbers into a *tête-à-tête* I can still bear my part as well as another.

You ask me for a list of French books. While S. was writing Louis XIV I went through memoirs and letters of those times innumerable. There is a new edition of Mme Sévigné, 12 octavo vols. of which I read every one, and with delight, but the greater part of those you have read too often. Mme de Simiane's letters are worth reading, but in hers one perceives the contrast of the *bel esprit* of the Province and one of the Capital. It shows what Mack. used to say, the necessity of position to letter writing. . . .

Emma Darwin to her sister Elizabeth Wedgwood.

[1st Feb. 1842.]

. . . I went in with the Hensleighs to the pantomime for the fun of seeing the children's pleasure. The first thing was the most dreadful blood and murder thing with a gibbet on the stage, and I thought it would be very bad for Bro's dreams, however, he stood it, and even the pistols going

¹ Grand Duchess of Würtemberg, sister of the Czar Nicholas I.

off very well. Poor Erny put his head down on my lap whenever he expected any firing, or whenever the chief comic character, a beadle with a very red face, was on the stage, whom he seemed to think quite as alarming as any of the murderers. The second piece was more cheerful and when we came to the pantomime Snow and Bro were in extasies and so sorry when it ended at near 12 o'clock. I was surprised at the extreme innocence of even Snow's questions. "Whether they were really killed?" (I forget tho' whether that was Bro or not) "whether the wicked Squire was really a bad man?" and many discussions as to whether Mrs Sanders, the waxwork woman, was nice or not, and they thought all the women so beautiful. If you will have dissipation for children, they certainly enjoy a play ten times more than anything else. The first play ended by the military coming over a wall and shooting almost all the characters dead, to our great relief. It was at the Tottenham theatre, very low.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

12, UPPER GOWER STREET, Feb. 8th [1842].

. . . I came up the other day from Maer by myself and minded it no more than a drive to Newcastle. Everybody was civil and gentlemanlike and the policemen at the stations are very obliging. I enjoyed my week at Maer heartily. Charlotte was very much occupied with her baby, and Charles still more so I think; indeed Eliz. says she thinks she never saw a *woman* so fond of a baby as he is. I wish it had been a girl for I think Charlotte's gravity and want of looking at the hopeful side (just like my father) will make her too anxious about a boy. I often fret my soul about our little boy, which is a great waste of fretting, for I dare-say he will be a very good boy, but all *men* go through an awful ordeal at school and college. It is only wonderful what good souls they turn out after all. At any rate I had better put off my fret for 10 or 15 years.

Last night Charles was at the Athenæum Club to give his vote for Eras, who was to be balloted for and who came in triumphantly without one black ball. They have *soirées* every Monday evening, and as all the literary and scientific men in London are in the Club they must be very pleasant, and I hope C. will soon be able to join them, but he is quite knocked up to-day.

The London air has a very bad effect upon our little boy's v's and w's, he says his name is "Villy Darvin," and "Vipe Doddy's (which is his pet name) own tears away," &c.

I am rather alarmed about America going to war with us, but if it is about the right of search, or not giving up the slave in the "Creole," it will be in a good cause at any rate. That wicked Thiers seems trying to do all he can in the way of mischief too, about the right of search. Charles went to meet Baron Humboldt at breakfast at Mr Murchison's, which he was very anxious to do, as he admires him so very much. He paid C. some tremendous compliments, and talked without any sort of stop for three hours, so that he is not agreeable. . . .

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

SHREWSBURY, Tuesday [March 1st or 8th, 1842].

. . . I have been telling all about Doddy and Annie, and they like hearing everything. Catherine gives me up altogether as a moral teacher, after I have told her of my pitting Doddy to shew fight to Johnny¹ and after my trying whether Doddy or J. should have last blow. Katty declares she shall always say I was once a good father. They think I probably misuse you very much, otherwise you never could be quiet while I teach my son such pranks. . . . I enjoy the looks of cleanliness and freshness of everything, and I wish you were here to enjoy them. The crocuses are looking quite brilliant. Tell me all about the

¹ The Harry Wedgwoods' eldest boy.

chickens, if you are well enough to scribble a bit. Give my best love to Elizabeth and tell her I expect to see her when I return. She must not leave you a desolate widow. Good-bye, my dearest.

C. D.

I was quite right in saying your scratched out passage would give them plenty of work. Catherine, after having drawn a chair to the window, cried out (as Susan says): "Here is my work for the morning." She first ascertained which were false tails and which real; she then found that many false Hs had been introduced, which made her suspect some word beginning with H. was important; and then on the principle of transparency she deciphered "corn law rhyme," and so guessed the whole. Marianne wrote by return of post in a transport of curiosity to know what it meant. No doubt she well knew that the perseverance of Shrewsbury was not to be baffled.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

Sunday [SHREWSBURY] [probably 13 March, 1842].

MY DEAR EMMA,

I must go on complimenting you on your letters; it makes me quite proud, reading them (with skipibus) to my Father and Co. . . . I know well you are rather a naughty girl, and do not pipe enough about your good old self. The other day my Father and all of us united in chorus how much pleasanter the piping strain was than the heroic—remember that, though I wish *I* could remember it less. . . .

I have begun my letter rather late, as I and Caroline have been compromising our educational differences, which are much less than I anticipated. I will give a short journal: on Friday I walked beyond Skelton Rough, towards Ross Hall—an immense walk for me. The day was very boisterous, with great black clouds, and gleams of light, and I felt a sensation of delight which I hardly ever

expected to experience again. There certainly is great pleasure in the country even in winter. This walk was rather too much for me, and I was dull till whist, which I enjoyed beyond measure. We sat up talking till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10. . . .

I think I have picked up some notions by our education-fights; Caroline is enthusiastic about M. Guizot, and says she agrees in all his directions. . . . I have just re-read yesterday's letter: your account of your economy in fires and puddings amused us much. A nice item the new taxes will be—I calculate about £30 per annum; I have half read Sir R. Peel's great speech, it strikes me as very good, and it is very interesting. I am sure I have sent you a dull enough letter to-day, so good-bye, my pattern wife.

C. D.

The income-tax, now imposed for the first time since the great war, was 7*d.* in the pound. £30 at this rate would be the tax on an income of £1,030.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

12, UPPER GOWER STREET [April 2, 1842].

MY DEAREST AUNT JESSIE,

I should not have left your charming long letter so long unanswered if I had been brisker and not so stupid. I sympathize with all your painful feelings at breaking up all your establishment, and not the least painful one to me would be leaving your little cat. But I trust that your chief comfort will be to find that a complete change will be of the greatest service to M. Sis. . . . My little Annie has taken to walking and talking for the last fortnight. She is 13 months old and very healthy, fat and round, but no beauty. Willy is very much impressed with his own generosity and goodness to her. . . .

We don't mean to move this summer, which you will think a good thing—my inclination for the country does not diminish though. Charles is very busy finishing his

book on Coral islands, which he says no human being will ever read, but there is such a rage for geology that I hope better things. Will you give my kindest love to my Uncle Sis. ? God bless you, my dearest Aunt J.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin (at Maer).

Monday Morning [May, 1842].

. . . On Saturday I went in the City and did a deal of printing business. I came back gloomy and tired; the government money has gone much quicker than I thought, and the expenses of the Coral volume are greater, being from £130 to £140. I am be-blue-deviled. I am daily growing very old, very very cold and I daresay very sly.¹ I will give you statistics of time spent on my Coral volume, *not* including all the work on board the *Beagle*. I commenced it 3 years and 7 months ago, and have done scarcely anything besides. I have actually spent 20 months out of this period on it! and nearly all the remainder sickness and visiting!!! Catty stops till Saturday; notwithstanding all my boasting of not caring for solitude, I believe I should have been dreary without her. . . . Yesterday I went at 2 o'clock and [had] an hour's hard talk with Horner on affairs of Geolog. Soc., and it quite knocked me up, and this makes my letter rather blue in its early stages. After long watching the postman your letter has at last arrived. You cannot tell how much I enjoy hearing about you all. How astonishing your walking round Birth Hill; I believe now the country will do you good. What a nice account you give of Charlotte's tranquil maternity. I wish the Baby was livelier, for liveliness is an extreme charm in bab-chicks. Good-bye—I long to kiss Annie.

C. D.

¹ An allusion to one of Harry Wedgwood's verses—an epitaph on Susan Darwin.

Here the bones of Susan lie,
She was old and cold and sly.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

CHÈNE, 8th June [1842].

. . . Sis has corrected 4 sheets of his last Vol. 29th, and written a conclusion which I think wise, and very touching—excusing himself from going as far as he had promised, by declaring his inability from suffering, and describing the hard struggle he has made to make his work complete. He judges himself modestly, yet conscious of his merits; he speaks of his unflinching truth, his strict morality, his impartiality, his scorn to flatter any nation at the expense of those virtues, but declares that he has not worked 20 years for a people without becoming attached to them, that he loves the French (I think that is visible enough without his saying it), but it is not sufficient for their grasping vanity. The prize Gaubert was refused him on the ground of his enmity to the French and to the Catholic religion. It is the fashion now in France to be very Catholic without a spark of religion. I think S. never wrote anything better than those few pages of conclusion. There is something profoundly melancholy in the simultaneous disappearance of all, who for these last 20 years, have worked together at that history. The author himself driven from his labour in sight of the goal, only one Vol. more and his task was done, his bookseller and faithful friend, Mons. Wustz, who read over and made his observation on every sheet sent to him for printing, died this week unexpectedly; his printer, Mons. Crapelet, a friend too, and who has worked for him 30 years, correcting himself the proof-sheets before sending them to S., retired from business just at the same time from broken health, and without having made his fortune after 30 years' indefatigable labour. He too goes into Italy to recover, if that is possible, but when physicians send away it is but the knell of death, the avowal they can do nothing. He talks, poor fellow, of meeting us there. . . .

Sismondi died June 25, 1842, at Geneva. Fanny Allen wrote: "There seems a greater destruction of the living principle in Sismondi than in that of any person I ever knew"; and many years later: "I am still reading with continued interest and pleasure Sis's letters, but they bring me a painful reproach that I did not value him as he deserved living; but this, alas! I might say of everyone almost whom I have lost. I find my life one long regret when I look back on it." She had not always behaved well to him in old days, so that it is fair to show that after his death she came to a juster estimate of his character.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Darwin.

CHÈNE, Sept. 10 [1842].

. . . Nothing you could say would give me pain, dearest Emma. You have no allayed feeling to awaken up; my sorrow never slumbers but when I sleep myself. I am astonished I can, but I do, and eat and am well, and *he* gone whom I thought I never could survive. He so filled every instant of my life, that now my feeling of desolation passes all description, but that must necessarily be. If I can but keep off the monster despair, which at times approaches so near it makes me tremble, I shall learn to bear my own deprivation, and if at my age it weans me entirely from this world and makes me pant for that other, there is no harm done. If I could but have Mrs Rich's firm faith that he has only passed from the visible to the invisible world, and already lives and is waiting for me, oh what happiness it would be. With what impatience I should endeavour to make ready.

I am told you have bought a place in the country where you mean to lie in. You must not think of writing to me in your present infirm state, but I long to know you like it, and will be happy in the change. You know that I have agreed to return with Harriet and Eliza next month.

I carry with me too sick a heart and too wearisome a deafness to repay their affectionate reception, and would rather hide myself from my friends, as a poor dying dog does, than show myself to them. But to my purpose in writing. I am always flying off to my complaints, and I am most ungrateful to murmur, for I have many mercies from heaven to be grateful for. My very grief is precious to me, and I would not change it. Like Ld. Southampton of his son, "I would not change my dead husband against any living one," then why complain?

Sismondi wished you to have his Miltons, that his dear Mr Jos, as he used to call your father, gave him, and he said, "I would give my Camoens to Mr C. Darwin if I found any way of sending them to England." Now I shall send off a box of books for myself, tell me if I shall put in any other books for you? I have all the English classics, which your father gave me, is there any of them wanting in your library? God bless my dearest niece.

Jessie came to England after winding up Sismondi's affairs in Geneva and decided to live with Harriet Surtees at Tenby. Fanny Allen wrote (Feb. 8, 1843):

"It was a satisfactory visit which I paid to Jessie and Harriet. I am convinced the former is as happy and comfortable as it is reasonable to expect she could be within a year of the loss of a person who loved her so entirely and passionately as Sismondi did. She told me that she was surprised herself how calm she was. She had suffering and perhaps a violent burst of grief in the course of a few days, but that in the intervals she is frequently cheerful without effort. She is very much engaged every morning, reading and taking out or copying things from his journals that might serve Sir F. Palgrave for his work,¹ or which must be erased from his journals, as they are to be placed at Pescia with the Desideris. I think Jessie is making an idol of him now; it is her nature to do so. It seemed odd to me that when she was mentioning circumstances which required an indulgent feeling for his weak-

¹ An article on Sismondi by Sir Francis Palgrave, the historian, Vol. 72, *Quarterly Review*, 1843.

nesses and prejudices, Jessie was quoting them almost as oracles of undisputed truth. . . ."

Emma Allen describes how much Jessie suffers from the "humiliation" of her deafness, but adds, "I would advise all who love her not to be afraid of coming near her, she has such a power of loving and of exciting love that some way or other I always find it good to be near her."

CHAPTER V

DOWN

Down—The dangerous illness of Josiah Wedgwood—The death of Emma's third child—A visit from Snow, Bro, and Erny—The children get lost in the Big Woods.

FOR some time my parents had felt a growing wish to live in the country. Their health made London undesirable in many ways and they both preferred the freedom and quiet of a country life. They decided to buy a country-house, but out of prudence resolved upon not going beyond a moderate price; and, as they also wished to be near London, there was a weary search before they found anything at all suitable. In my mother's diary under the date July 22nd, 1842, there is the entry, "Went to Down," and this must have been her first sight of her future home. It was bought for them by Dr Darwin for about £2,200, and the purchase was quickly completed, for they moved in on September the 14th.

Down was then ten miles from a station, and the whole neighbourhood, though only sixteen miles from London Bridge, was entirely rural. To the south there were miles of copse, now cultivated as fruit grounds. My father was delighted with the varied hedges and many flowers of a chalk district, and this charm, which would be slight in the eyes of some, helped to decide the purchase of Down House.

The house was square and unpretending, built of shabby bricks, which were afterwards stuccoed, and with a slate roof. It faced south-west, and stood in about 18 acres of land. It was of moderate size when bought, but was gradually added to, and became in time capable of holding a large party. The rooms were pleasant to live in, both drawing-room and dining-room large and roomy, but entirely unpretentious, and with sashed windows down to the ground. Its principal charm was a row of fine lime-trees

on the west of the house and a large lawn, which sloped slightly upwards, so that the flower-beds made a brilliant effect from the windows. The house became covered with creepers, and shrubberies and orchards sheltered it, except from the south, where there was an open field. A group of walnuts, cherries, and Scotch firs grew in the field near the house, and a few ashes and other trees further off. There was no extensive view, only a little peep of distant woodland. It stood high on the rolling cultivated chalk downs, and must have been bleak enough at first. In south-west gales one could sometimes taste the salt on the drawing-room window-panes, although the sea was forty miles away. An immense pollarded beech of a peculiar mushroom-like shape, which grew in our boundary hedge, was a characteristic landmark.

Many gardens are more beautiful and varied but few could have a greater charm of repose, and nowhere do I know one where it was so pleasant to sit out. The flower-beds were close under the drawing-room windows. They were often untidy but had a particularly gay and varied effect. On the lawn were two yew-trees where the children had their swing, and behind a bay-tree there was a large heap of sand for them to dig in. Beyond the row of lime-trees was the orchard, and a walk bordered with flowering shrubs led to the kitchen-garden and thence to the "Sand-Walk." This consisted of a strip of wood planted by my father; many of the trees were wild cherries and birches, and on one side it was bordered with hollies. At the end there was a little summer-house and an old pit, out of which the sand was dug which gave it its name. The walk on one side was always sheltered from sun and wind, whilst the other was sunny, with an outlook over the quiet valley on to the woods beyond. The view had the characteristic and somewhat melancholy charm of a chalk country—waterless uninhabited valleys, bleak uplands, with occasional yews in the hedges, and here and there a white chalkpit. My brother in his *Life of my father* wrote: "The Sand-Walk was our play-ground as children, and here we continually saw my father as he walked round. He liked to see what we were doing, and was ever ready to sympathise with any fun that was going on. It is curious to think how, with regard to the Sand-Walk in connection with my father, my earliest recollections coincide with my latest: it shows how unvarying his habits have been. . . . He walked with a swinging action using a stick heavily shod with iron which



*The House at Downe,
as seen from the garden*



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The House at Down.
From a Painting by Albert Goodwin.

he struck loudly against the ground, producing a rhythmical click which is with all of us a very distinct recollection."¹

The village of Down was a quarter of a mile to the north of our house. It was a pleasant little village of one street. The church was built of flints with shingled roof and spire, and with fine old yews growing in the churchyard. I quote here these passages from an account of Down written by my father:

1843. May 15th.—The first peculiarity which strikes a stranger unaccustomed to a hilly chalk country is the valleys, with their steep rounded bottoms, not furrowed with the smallest rivulet. . . . Their sides near the summits generally become suddenly more abrupt, and are fringed with narrow strips, or, as they are here called, "shaws" of wood, sometimes merely by hedge-rows run wild. . . .

In most countries the roads and footpaths ascend along the bottoms of valleys, but here this is scarcely ever the case. All the villages and most of the ancient houses are on the platform or narrow strips of flat land between the parallel valleys. Is this owing to the summits having existed from the most ancient times as open downs and the valleys having been filled up with brushwood? I have no evidence of this, but it is certain that most of the farm-houses on the flat land are very ancient. . . .

Nearly all the land is ploughed, and is often left fallow, which gives the country a naked, red look, or not unfrequently white, from a covering of chalk laid on by the farmer. Nobody seems at all aware on what principle fresh chalk laid on land abounding with lime does it any good. This, however, is said to have been the practice of the country ever since the period of the Romans, and at present the many white pits on the hill sides, which so frequently afford a picturesque contrast with the overhanging yew-trees, are all quarried for this purpose.

The number of different kinds of bushes in the hedge-rows, entwined by traveller's joy and the bryonies, is conspicuous compared with the hedges of the northern counties.

March 25th [1844?]. The first period of vegetation, and the banks are clothed with pale-blue violets to an extent I have never seen equalled, and with primroses. A few days later some of the copses were beautifully enlivened by *Ranunculus auricomus*, wood anemones, and a white *Stellaria*. Again, subsequently, large areas were brilliantly

¹ *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, pp. 109, 115.

blue with blue-bells. The flowers are here very beautiful, and the number of flowers; the darkness of the blue of the common little *Polygala* almost equals it to an alpine gentian. There are large tracts of woodland, [cut down] about once every ten years; some of these enclosures seem to be very ancient. On the south side of Cudham Wood a beech hedge has grown to Brobdignagian size, with several of the huge branches crossing each other and firmly grafted together.

Larks abound here, and their songs sound most agreeably on all sides; nightingales are common. Judging from an odd cooing note, something like the purring of a cat, doves are very common in the woods. . . .

The move to Down was made on the 14th Sept., and my mother's third child, Mary Eleanor, was born there on the 23rd Sept., 1842, and died on the 16th Oct.

Emma Darwin to her sister-in-law Mrs Hensleigh Wedgwood.

Down, Wednesday [20 Oct. 1842].

Thank you, my dearest Fanny, for your sweet, feeling note. Our sorrow is nothing to what it would have been if she had lived longer and suffered more. Charles is well to-day and the funeral over, which he dreaded very much. . . . I think I regret her more from the likeness to Mamma, which I had often pleased myself with fancying might run through her mind as well as face. I keep very well and strong and am come down-stairs to-day.

With our two other dear little things you need not fear that our sorrow will last long, though it will be long indeed before we either of us forget that poor little face. Every word you say is true and comforting.

I think this letter, so simple and sincere, reveals her nature—at any rate it recalls her to me, just as she was, in a way I cannot describe.

Josiah Wedgwood, after a long failure in health, had a dangerous illness this autumn.

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her sister Emma Darwin.

Sept. 23, 1842.

. . . My father took me for you just now and smiled and said, "Why how did you get leave to come down?" I don't think I have seen him smile twice this two months. If he can but regain a small portion of strength and be free from that terrible shaking and restlessness, what happiness it will be to see him. Hensleigh came down last night by the 9 o'clock train. Jos is here and I have no doubt will stay. He could not keep from tears at one time seeing my father. I feel very anxious to hear that the Dr [Dr Darwin] has not suffered. Nothing could possibly be kinder than he was, and said he would come again at any time, but I hope and trust there will be no need. He was quite affected more than once. I feel very grateful to him for such an exertion. Good-bye my dear Emma. We all feel almost joyous to-day.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

CRESSELY, Nov. 19 [1842].

. . . There is such hopefulness in your letter, my own Elizabeth, that even when in sorrow yourself, they cheer the soul. Do not let go this virtue for it is a great one. I do not wonder it is placed among the cardinal ones though it might well be thought more a gift than virtue. It has been granted you to be such a comfort, support, nurse, help, to him you love. In the busy part of serving so much of thought and suffering is saved, there is something so delightful to give a cup of cold water in time, or even turn a pillow if wanted, that I cannot but think you blessed of heaven, in the long serving time that has been granted you, and you continue still the object of my envy. You cannot imagine how proud I feel that your dear father thought of me in his extreme weakness, and pronounced my name.

I believe he was the man Sismondi loved best in the

world, I know he was the one he thought highest of. He was speaking even in his last illness of the natural attraction he felt towards him, and lamented it was so little the mode among Englishmen to write to each other. "Now," he said, "I should have liked to have been in regular correspondence with Mr Jos, but I did not venture to ask him, I am sure he would not have liked it." He then drew a character of him with such warmth and truth I regret I had not taken it down.

In the autumn of 1842, Hensleigh Wedgwood had a long illness. Emma, to relieve the strain, took care of three of his children, Snow aged nine, Bro eight, and Erny five. These children with her own two, Doddy aged three, and Annie two, were sent out walking, under the care of a nursery maid, almost a child herself. The result was they all got lost in what we called the "Big Woods"—a mass of hazel-copse with occasional oaks, and traversed by narrow footpaths. It was wintry weather and snow was lying on the ground.

Emma Darwin to her Sister-in-law Mrs Hensleigh Wedgwood.

Sunday [Down, 6th Nov. 1842].

. . . Snow will tell you of our agitation of the children losing their way. I was afraid of nothing worse but their all sitting down to cry together. They had only Bessy with them, and Snow and Doddy missed the rest somehow and she brought him home from more than a mile off, dragging him along up to their ankles in mud. She kept him from being frightened or crying and from crying herself, and behaved like a little heroine. Charles and Parslow met them a short way from home and learnt as much as Snow could tell them of where the others were. They then found that Bessie and Annie and the two boys had been enquiring at a farm-house, and in about half-an-hour Charles found them and took them in to the farm-house for a slight refection, and got a man to carry Erny on his back and

Annie in his arms and they all came home in very tolerable spirits. Bro kept up his heart very well. It was in our own valley, but I had given them leave to go into Cudham Wood, which was rash of me, and I have forbidden it in future. I was easy as soon as I saw Snow, as then I was sure Bessy would be hunting after them. Poor Bessy had been carrying Annie for three hours.

The poor little nursery-maid, Bessy, was ill for a year after this adventure. Elizabeth wrote: "We are all in admiration of Snow's steadiness of mind. There is something so dreadful to a child in the idea of being lost that I quite wonder she did not at any rate fall into great distress."

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

[11 Nov. 1842.] Emma's letter told a nice trait of Erny. He had been quarrelling with Isabella about putting on a little warm coat, an old one of Bro's, so Emma told him if he would wear it every day she would give him a shilling. So the next day he came down in it and said, "I don't want to have that shilling, Aunt Emma; this coat is so nice now I have got it on."

This story of Erny and his shilling illustrates my mother's tendency to bribery. I am afraid it sounds immoral, but I do not think it was so immoral as it sounds. There would never have been any bribery as to any action which involved any serious question of right or wrong. No child would ever be bribed to be kind to an animal, or to tell the truth. But it was her view that it was a good thing to avoid struggles over small matters. As a fact we were obedient children, and anything like deliberate disobedience may be said to have never entered our heads. The rules of life were very simple, and when anything could be explained to us it was, and even when it could not we never questioned the absoluteness of a definite command.

CHAPTER VI

1843—1845

The death of John Allen—Emma and Fanny Allen leave Cresselly—
 Josiah Wedgwood's death—Our nurse Brodie—Henrietta
 Darwin born Sept. 25, 1843—Charles at Shrewsbury—Madame
 Sismondi at Chêne—A visit to Combe Florey—Emma at Maer
 —Mazzini and Carlyle—George Darwin born July 9, 1845—
 Improvements at Down.

JOHN ALLEN, the brother so beloved by all his sisters, died in April, 1843. Emma and Fanny Allen now left Cresselly, which Seymour, John's eldest son, inherited, and joined Jessie Sismondi and Harriet Surtees at their house in Tenby. Emma Allen wrote (May 4th, 1843): "Among us four to think and talk of him is no pain but all consolation. . . . In my most dear Henry his father's sweet, affectionate character is most observable. My love for him has had a strong increase by seeing what use and comfort he was to his dear father, 'What a blessing and comfort Harry is to me, Emma,' he said one of the last times he mentioned him to me."

Josiah Wedgwood, who had never really recovered from his dangerous illness of the previous year, died peacefully on July 12th, 1843. Emma was able to be at Maer, although she was expecting the birth of her fourth child in September.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

MY DEAREST ELIZABETH,

[July, 1843].

I feel it almost as necessary as breathing to me now, to express to you my deep tenderness and feelings for you at this awful time. Among all his children, who have loved

him so well, it is to you, who must feel his death the most, that one naturally turns with the greatest pity. I do not think the religious consolation comes immediately, but in the meanwhile you have the sweetest earthly one, the knowledge that you have been the most helpful, cheerful and affectionate child that ever father was blessed with. . . .

Poor Bessy! I feel for her that she cannot grieve for him as she would have done in time past, the husband whom she loved with such tenderness only a few years ago! to my mind her life is sadder than death. . . .

My mother told me that she felt with Fanny Allen that such a life was sadder than death, but that to Elizabeth the remnant of her mother's lovely soul remained her most precious possession.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

SOUTH CLIFF HOUSE [TENBY], July 19th [1843].

. . . That I am thinking incessantly of you all just now you will not wonder, and it is a relief to me to do something, tho' it is in fact nothing. But when I have sent off a letter to you however insignificant, I feel lighter, as if I had helped you a little. Every possible case presents itself to my imagination in the constant thought I have of you, and sometimes the fear Bessy might feel a sort of jealousy that all is addressed to you, and nothing to herself, or that she is neglected, set aside as superannuated, and so some mournful feeling be awakened. Then by writing, I so fear to do her harm, to rouse her to a feeling that it is a mercy should lie dormant, that I do not well know what to do. I have at last resolved on writing to her and consigning it to you. . . .

We have been talking over your father's incomparable kindness to us all our lives through, this morning at breakfast. Not one of our obligations to him was forgotten but

the most, the high moral atmosphere into which he introduced us, if I may speak so affectedly, but no other phrase that suits me so well presents itself. The moral standard of Pembrokeshire was so low, how can we suppose we might not have settled under it had we been left to ourselves and to the country? His was so high, so pure, so true and so engaging by his exquisite modesty, that it was impossible it should not have had its effect on us, tho' we had been born brutes. . . .

Madame Sismondi to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

Wednesday [July 19, 1843].

(Enclosed in the letter to Elizabeth.)

DEAREST BESSY,

Our common loss awakens so many grateful feelings in my heart I cannot help writing to you, tho' I know that a letter is rather a fatigue now than a recreation to you. . . . I have often thought our connection with the Wedgwoods was one of the blessed circumstances of our lives, sent by Heaven to raise our moral natures, if we had the wisdom to profit by it. Some of us, I am sure have. Whether I have or not, I am sure I have never thought of Jos's brotherly affection to every one of us without a warm glow of the heart—his open house to all of us—his ready purse when we wanted help; dearest Bessy, if you had searched the world you could not have found a husband who would have been so kind and dear a brother to your sisters; and you, who were always their stay, support, and sunshine as it were, would not have been happy if you had not been so seconded, seconded as he only could, I believe. My own Bessy, we have so much to be grateful for, it would be sin not to think of our many blessings and be thankful. When we can feel gratitude to Heaven we are not far from happiness.

I often wish now that I had made my mother talk more about old times. I have the impression that she shared in the general reverence for her father's character, deeply loved, and was not afraid of him, but that it was her mother who had the first place in her heart and life.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

TENBY, 9th Sept. [1843].

. . . Why sorrow should make us shy is inexplicable to me, but I am certain it does. Is it that a strong feeling of any kind keeps oneself in one's own mind perpetually, so that one cannot help feeling as if we were equally in the minds of others, on the stage as it were? Nevertheless I begin to make progress. I felt I had when Harry [Allen] was here the other day. In driving with him and talking to him I felt as if I once more enjoyed something. He coaxed me out in the prettiest way you ever saw, and was like his own dear father in making me talk, and seeming interested in what I said, enjoying with a gentle gaiety everything, "the air, the earth, the sky," so that insensibly he made you sympathize with him. . . .

I was born 25th September, 1843. There were now three children in the nursery.

Emma Darwin to her sister-in-law Mrs Hensleigh Wedgwood.

DOWN, Wed. [say Oct., 1843].

. . . We sent the maids to a concert at Bromley on Monday, and it has done Brodie such a wonderful deal of good that if she could but get to a play or two, I think it would cure her. There have been many breezes in that apartment, but I have told Brodie that I shall not keep Bessy if she is pert to her, and matters have gone very smooth since. Very likely now Brodie is so poorly and over-

done she may be cross herself, as she says she is indeed. But whether she is or not, Bessy must put up with it. I am reserving a sledge-hammer for her the next opportunity she gives me by pertness to Brodie. . . .

Brodie, our old Scotch nurse, was an invaluable treasure to my mother and a perfect nurse to the children. Her marked features were deeply pitted with smallpox; she had carrotty hair, china-blue eyes, and a most delightful smile. Her father, the owner, I think, of a small ship at Portsoy, had been one of Napoleon's *détenus*. I have the impression that they heard nothing of him for ten long years. She stayed with us till my sister died in 1851, and then through grief quite lost her self-control, and, indeed, almost her reason, and insisted on leaving. She made a little home for herself in Portsoy in Scotland, from which she paid us long visits, and remained our dear friend till her death in about 1873. I can still see her almost as if she was before my eyes, sitting in the little summer-house at the end of the Sand-walk, and hear the constant click-click of her knitting-needles. She did not need to look at her stocking, knitting in the Scotch fashion with one of the needles stuck into a bunch of cock's feathers, tied at her waist, to steady it. There she sat hour after hour patiently and benevolently looking on, whilst we rushed about and messed our clothes as much as we liked.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin in London.

Wednesday [SHREWSBURY, probably Oct., 1843].

. . . Why did you not tell me how your old self was? be sure and tell me exactly next letter. As for myself I am very brisk and have just been paying a call upon Nancy, and have been admiring her chateau, which really is very nice. She showed me a letter from Aunt Bessy which came with crockery, and Mme de Sévigné could not, I should think, have written more prettily on such an occasion. . . .

I got into a transport over the thought of Doddy and talked, like an old fool, for nearly an hour about nothing else, and I really believe the girls sympathized with it all.

I ended with protest that although I had done Doddy justice, they were not to suppose that Annie was not a good little soul—bless her little body. Absence makes me very much in love with my own dear three chickens. . . . You were quite right to send me sneers versus Mr Scott. I have amused them here with homœopathic stories. My father observes that as long as he can remember there has always been something wonderful, more or less of the same kind, going on, and there have always been people weak enough to believe, and he says, slapping both knees, he supposes there always will be, so that he thinks Mr Scott no greater a fool than other past and future fools; a more charitable belief than I can indulge in. By the way I told him of my dreadful numbness in my finger ends, and all the sympathy I could get was, “Yes—yes—exactly—tut—tut, neuralgic, exactly, yes, yes !” nor will he sympathize about money, “stuff and nonsense” is all he says to my fears of ruin and extravagance. . . .

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her sister Emma Darwin.

MAER, Tuesday [1844].

I think Willy [aged 4] must have the sweetest and most affectionate disposition in the world. We are all charmed with your anecdote of him, Aunt Sarah especially. I hope he will keep his resolution always to comfy Annie, and I daresay he will easily understand the distinction of duties between himself and Charles.

He did not always charm his great-aunt Sarah. A few years later, to her horror and amazement, he expressed in her presence a fervent wish to have seen an accident which was being mentioned—a dog run over by a train. She had no understanding of boy nature, or indeed of human nature.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

DOWN, June 20 [1844].

. . . We came here yesterday, we three and Fan Hensleigh and her baby, filling a nice clean coach. I find even the drive refreshing, how much more this pretty, brilliantly clean, quiet house. The repose and coolness of it is delicious, let alone the sunny faces which met us so lovingly at the door, amongst them Charlotte's sweet one, unchanged, and so young, I am continually confounding it with Emma's. This place and house I find exceedingly pretty, the drawing-room is a charming one, and the dining-room excellent. Emma, always the dearest little hostess in the world, and without any extraordinary out-of-the-way quality, is the most original little person in her way living. I rejoice greatly in getting this bit of Charlotte and finding her so unchanged in every way, except the anxious mother, and even anxiety with her is calm, concentrated, unobtrusive.

Fanny [Allen] saw Syd. Smith for half-an-hour in his very handsome house, mad with spirits, saying he had even now such an exuberance he did not know what to do with himself for very joy. He was pressing Fanny to marry, and recommended a lad of twenty to her. . . . Lady Davy told me she saw little of him, he was very rich, forgot old friendships or never had any, and really his want of moral feeling was painful, there was a time for all things, and it was now become indecorous both his jokes and laughs. . . .

Very soon after the above letter was written Madame Sismondi, accompanied by her sister Emma, set out for Geneva and Chêne.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Darwin.

CHÊNE, July 13th, 1844.

. . . I seem so near him here, that the separation does not appear so complete and terrible as when I was in England, where all the regret for him seemed centred in my own

heart. Here his name is in every mouth, and sorrow for him in every heart, as if he had died but yesterday. Here, too, every spot recalls some sweet memory of happiness and love. I am too variable, and it is too soon to judge rightly, but certainly as yet I am less unhappy here, for surely here I made him happy.

Bossi has written an article for the Almanack that pleases me so perfectly, I really think he would be very capable of undertaking the memoirs, but I am afraid to trust to my own judgment, and I distrust his knowledge of a French public, for whom they must be written.

On Tuesday in the boat from Vevay here, I began to suffer almost more than I could bear, when our own familiar mountains showed themselves. Bossi met us with his carriages at the boat, unobtrusively tender as he always is, but when at Chêne I saw those stairs down which my Own so rapidly ran to receive me if I had but taken a walk without him, I thought my heart would break. It swelled so as almost to suffocate me; but this first suffering over I became every day less unhappy. On Wednesday morning as soon as I was awake I went to my beloved grave. It was full of flowers and a crown of everlasting was placed at the head. I recognised the Gr. Duchess in that. She is here, and has sent every day with great tenderness to enquire news of me, saying she would come to me as soon as I could see her without too much emotion. I have written to her, and expect her every minute. I love her, yet would much rather she had been at Berne. I wonder then whether I do really love her, or can there be no amity complete between the little and the great? Locked in the churchyard by this dear grave I pass my best hours. I pray there more fervently and with more hope than elsewhere; no one can see or hear me. I can call upon my Own and talk to him as tho' he lived. I am almost ashamed to tell you, it must seem so weak, but one strong feeling I really believe enfeebles the mind, and I am quite aware I must take arms against it.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH, COMBE FLOREY, Sept. 5 [1844].

After all the trouble you have taken about furbishing me up fit for a fashionable visit, I owe you the earliest results of my experiment not to let things prized by the world slip from me when an opportunity occurred of my taking advantage of them, and [thus] save myself from future regrets. . . .

Sydney Smith read us this evening a pamphlet he has written, or is indeed now writing on the Catholic Clergy of Ireland, so clever, full of fun, good sense, and real eloquence occasionally, that the evening has passed off very pleasantly, and has recalled many a pleasant past hour of now nearly forty years' standing that authorises in my mind the extraordinary exertion of a long journey to see them. Sydney said to me at dinner to-day, "It is now forty years I think since we have been friends." So these things settle the question of folly which overtook me this morning, and I shall take the good and ill of the hour without a question.

I got here without any difficulty. The stop of nearly two hours at Bristol was tiresome and disagreeable enough, from thence we came to Taunton in an hour and a half. The country is very rich, and this place is lovely. Sydney was in the flower garden and gave us a hearty welcome. Mrs Smith I find affectionate, but she is very unwell and so is Sydney, though it does not quell his gaiety. Luttrell, the wit, was invited to meet Mrs L., the beauty, but he is in the Channel Islands and there have been no tidings of him. Rogers also was asked, but there has been some huff in the case, and the Beauty stands alone as far as guests go, though Sydney performs his part of talking gay nonsense to her. She is very fashionable and handsome, and as vain as you cannot imagine, though others may who have a spice of the same quality. Yesterday Sydney, she, and I were squeezed into a donkey-carriage to go round the grounds,

and very pleasant Sydney was. To-day as we can't get wits, we are to have Somersetshire Squires, and Syd. says he is not responsible for them. . . .

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

WOODCHESTER, Thursday [12 Sept. 1844].

(Her niece Lady Gifford's house near Stroud.)

I left the Smiths (true to my purpose of not exceeding a week there) yesterday morning. They have been kind and affectionate, and have performed their parts as hosts exceedingly well; but these extraordinary efforts of 150 miles to see people whom you are not in the habit of seeing very frequently, are beyond the warmth of my years.

The life at Combe Florey was very easy, pleasant, and epicurean. Sydney is a gay and very happy man, and poor Mrs Sydney is very nearly the reverse. I am convinced that the wife of a wit is under the constant discipline of mortification. She has detailed ruder and more offensive things done to her than I ever heard committed towards anybody. It seems to me that in the gay world they commit more offences against the decencies of society than in the middle classes, and yet they consider themselves as the rulers of *les bienséances*. Mrs L. did not intend to be rude, I dare say, but she did not show common attention to Mrs Smith, who was unwell and infirm. She never sat a single minute with her in the drawing-room, but went below to Sydney in the library, when she talked about the polka much more than listening to him about anything. The power of a handsome woman is quite extraordinary over men, if she is not a wife.

I enjoyed your letter very much. It is very pleasant to get one's letters, as we did at Combe Florey, in our bedrooms at 8 o'clock in the morning. It was pleasant too to have a bit of natural kindness and family affection to fortify oneself with, before one joins a life in which every deep and serious feeling was excluded. The Cecil Smiths were very civil. They hastened their dinner-party to catch me, but I was

inexorable to my day, being convinced that at Combe Florey more than any place "brevity is the soul of a visit." . . .

I have been told by Miss Clarke, the daughter of a neighbouring rector,¹ that in so far as these letters give the impression that Sydney Smith was no longer the kind friend and energetic helper of his parishioners it is unfair to him. Her father and mother were intimate with the Smiths, and she quotes a characteristic sentence from a note of his to her father: "Pray give your servant a *very gentle* admonition respecting leaving open garden doors. He left mine wide open to-day, and the village pigs, taking it as an hint that I wished to see them, paid me a visit."

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

Sunday [SHREWSBURY, Oct., 1844].

. . . My visit is going off very pleasantly; and my father is in excellent spirits. I have had a deal of "parchment talk," as Catherine calls it, with my father, and shall have a good deal of wisdom to distil into you when I return, about Wills, &c. . . . My father says that Susan, the evening before she went, was enthusiastic in her admiration of you, in which you know how my father joins. I did not require to be reminded how well, my own dear wife, you have borne your dull life with your poor old sickly complaining husband. Your children will be a greater comfort to you than I ever can be, God bless them and you. Give my love and a very nice kiss to Willy and Annie and poor Budgy, and tell them how much I liked their little notes, which I read aloud to grandpapa. I shall be very glad to see them again. I always fancy I see Budgy putting her tongue out and looking up to me. Good-bye, my dears.

C. DARWIN.

My mother paid a visit to Maer in February, 1845. Her life was at this time almost entirely filled by the cares of husband and children, and I think no reason less strong than that of seeing her mother would have taken her from her home life.

¹ The Rev. J. B. B. Clarke, Rector of West Bagborough.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin at Maer.

MY DEAR WIFE,

[DOWN], Monday night, Feb., 1845.

Now for my day's annals. In the morning I was baddish, and did hardly any work, and was as much overcome by my children as ever Bishop Copleston was with duck.¹ But the children have been very good all day, and I have grown a good deal better this afternoon, and had a good romp with Baby—I see, however, very little of the blessedds. The day was so thick and wet a fog that none of them went out, though a thaw and not very cold; I had a long pace in the kitchen garden: Lewis came up to mend the pipe, and from first dinner to second dinner was a first-rate dispensary [dispensation] as they never left him. They, also, dined in the kitchen, and I believe have had a particularly pleasant day.

I was playing with Baby in the window of the drawing-room this morning and she was blowing a feeble fly and blew it on its back, when it kicked so hard that to my great amusement Baby grew red in the face, looked frightened, and pushed away from the window. The children are growing so quite out of all rule in the drawing-room, jumping on everything and butting like young bulls at every chair and sofa, that I am going to have the dining-room fire lighted to-morrow and keep them out of the drawing-room. I declare a month's such wear would spoil everything in the whole drawing-room.

I read Whately's² Shakespeare, and very ingenious and interesting it is—and what do you think Mitford's *Greece* has made me begin, the *Iliad* by Cowper which we were talking of; and I have read three books with much more pleasure than I anticipated.

Tuesday morning. I am impatient for your letter this

¹ This must be some family joke. Bishop Copleston had been a friend of Sir James Mackintosh.

² Thomas Whately (d. 1772), uncle of Archbishop Whately, wrote *Remarks on some of the Characters of Shakespeare*. The Archbishop called it "one of the ablest critical works that ever appeared."

morning to hear how you got on. I asked Willy how Baby had slept and he answered "She did not cry not one mouthful." . . .

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

[DOWN], *Friday night* [probably *February, 1845*].

MY DEAR EMMA,

I shall write my Babbiana to-night instead of before breakfast. It is really wonderful how good and quiet the children have been, sitting quite still during two or three visits, conversing about everything and much about you and your return. When I said I shall jump for joy when I hear the dinner-bell, Willy said, "I know when you will jump much more, when Mama comes home." "And so shall I," responded many times Annie. It is evident to me that *you must* be the cause of all the children's fidgets and naughtinesses. Annie [*æt. 4*] told me Willy had never been quite round the world, but that he had been a long way, beyond Leave's Green. The Babs has neglected me much to-day, and would not play; she could not eat jam, because she had eaten so much at tea. She was rather fidgety, going in and out of the room, and Brodie declares she was looking for you. I did not believe it, but when she was sitting on my knee afterwards and looking eagerly at pictures, I said, "Where is poor Mamma" she *instantaneously* pushed herself off, trotted straight to the door, and then to the green door, saying "Kitch"; and Brodie let her through, when she trotted in, looked all round her and began to cry; but some coffee-grains quite comforted her. Was not this very pretty? Willy told me to tell you that he had been very good and had given Annie only one tiny knock, and I was to tell you that he had pricked his finger.

My own annals are of the briefest. I paced half-a-dozen times along the kitchen garden in the horrid cold wind, and came in and read *Monsters and Co.*, till tired, had some visits from children, had very good dinner and very good negus, played with children till six o'clock, read again

and now have nothing to do, but most heartily wish you back again. My dear old wife, take care of yourself and be a good girl.

C. D.

At night Willy said to me "poor poor laying all by himself and no company in the drawing-room."

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

16, GOWER STREET, Saturday [4 May, 1845].

. . . Hensleigh and Fanny make their house so pleasant and delightful that it always gives me, and others too, I daresay, the inclination to linger. We had a very pleasant breakfast at Rogers's¹ yesterday morning; Hensleigh would not go, which I was sorry for, as I never saw R. kinder, more interesting or more agreeable. Hensleigh and Fanny had a pleasant dinner-party also yesterday of the two Carlyles, Mr Wrightson, and Mazzini, who was clever and just in a dispute with "Thomas" about music. It was an amusing dispute. T. C. could see nothing in Beethoven's Sonatas, "it told nothing." It was like a great quantity of stones tumbled down for a building, and "it might have been as well left in the quarry." He insisted on Mazzini telling him what he gained by hearing music, and when Mazzini said inspiration and elevation, Carlyle said something not respectful of Beethoven, and Mazzini ended with *Dieu vous pardonne*. It was very amusing. Georges Sand's novels entered also into this dispute, and then C. was right and Mazzini on the wrong side. . . .

Emma's second son, George, was born on July 9, 1845.

¹ Samuel Rogers, banker, art collector, connoisseur, and poet, and for some half-century a leading figure in the world of letters, was at this time 82 years old. His "breakfasts" were celebrated as gatherings of wits, poets, and other eminent persons. He died in 1855, aged 92.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

Down, Wednesday [Aug. 27th, 1845].

Eras came to us on Monday. He is surprisingly well. The children fasten on him all day, which he bears with wonderful patience, and draws demons and imps for them with as great perseverance as he does for his own particular friends Erny and Tiny. . . . Charles has just finished his Journal, which has overtired him a good deal, and he is but poorly, now he has not the excitement of being forced to go on with his work. He has taken a great deal of pains with it and improved it a good deal, leaving out some of the discussions and putting in a few things which are interesting. As you are so much interested in Blanco White [*'s Life*] I must copy what Mr Lyell says about it. "I would advise every scientific man who is preparing a new edition in any rapidly progressive branch of science, in which he has launched many new speculations and theories, to read over the life of St Blanco the Martyr, which I have just finished, and to be grateful that in the department which he has to teach he is not pledged to retain for ever the same views, or that the slightest departure from them need not entail on him the penalty of the loss of nearly all worldly advantages, domestic ties, and friendships. How ashamed ought every lover of truth to feel if mere self-love or pride makes him adhere obstinately to his views, after seeing the sacrifices which such a man was ready to make for what he believed to be truth. This is the moral I draw from the book."

Charles Darwin to his sister Susan Darwin.

MY DEAR SUSAN,

Wednesday, 3 Sept. 1845.

It is long since I have written to you, and now I am going to write such a letter, as I verily believe no other family in Britain would care to receive, viz. all about household and money affairs; but you have often said that you like such particulars.

Erasmus is here yet; he must have found it wofully dull,

but as he was to have gone on Saturday and then on Monday and willingly stayed, we have the real pleasure to think, wonderful as it is, that Down is not *now* duller to him than Park Street.

I have just balanced my half year's accounts and feel exactly as if somebody had given me one or two hundred per annum; this last half-year our expenses with some extras have only been £456, that is excluding the new garden wall; so that allowing Christmas half year to be £100 more we are living on about £1000 per annum; moreover this last year, subtracting extraordinary receipts, has been £1400, so that we are as rich as Jews.

We are now undertaking some great earth-works; making a new walk in the kitchen-garden; and removing the mound under the yews, on which the evergreens we found did badly, and which, as Erasmus has always insisted, was a great blemish in hiding part of the field and the old Scotch firs. We are making a mound, which will be execrated by all the family, viz., in front of the door out of the house. It will make the place much snugger, though a great blemish till the evergreens grow on it. Erasmus has been of the utmost service in scheming and in actually working; making creases in the turf, striking circles, driving stakes and such jobs; he has tired me out several times.

Thursday morning. I had not time to finish my foolish letter yesterday, so I will to-day. Our grandest scheme is the making our schoolroom and one (or as I think it will turn out) two small bedrooms. The servants complained to me what a nuisance it was to them to have the passage for everything only through the kitchen; again Parslow's pantry is too small to be tidy. It seemed so selfish making the house so luxurious for ourselves and not comfortable for our servants, that I was determined if possible to effect their wishes. So I hope the Shrewsbury conclave will not condemn me for extreme extravagance, though now that we are reading aloud Sir Walter Scott's life, I sometimes think that we are following his road to ruin at a snail-like pace. . . .

CHAPTER VII

1846

Emma at Maer—The death of Bessy, March 31, 1846—Elizabeth leaves Maer—Emma and two of her children at Tenby.

BESSY's health was now failing fast; Emma went for a few days alone to Maer in January, 1846, on this account.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

MAER, Thursday [Jan., 1846].

. . . Elizabeth is looking well and in good spirits. She is buoyed up by instinctive hopefulness, though if you were to ask her what it was she hoped, I don't know what she would say, but it makes her go through all the nursing with such zeal and spirit.

I left Charles and the children all well; Willy in a great state over a hideous new pea-jacket with great horn buttons. He puts it on at all times of the day when he can get it safe from Etty, who always insists upon having it on herself when she catches sight of it. He bears it with the greatest good nature and never attempts to take it from her, only keeps it under the sofa that he may get it unknownst. He is getting on a little with his reading, and I find it a great pleasure and interest teaching them. But when I am not well I feel it a great anxiety to be looking after them all day, or else the small quantity of lessons they do I think I could always manage.

Edmund [Langton] is a very pleasant little man, and looking so well it is a pleasure to see him. He is always being some animal which seems to do for him almost as well

as having a play-fellow: yesterday he was hard at work driving away the eagles from taking the ichneumon's jam, and to-day being an elephant taking care of the babies. He is surprisingly independent for an only child and receives any notice socially and pleasantly. My baby is a real beauty, except for looking red and rough with the cold. He has fine dark blue eyes, and I can't conceive how he gets them. I daresay you have forgotten the lecture you gave me on education; I quite agree with your maxims, and really I think I am rather severe than otherwise. I think the nonsense is quite knocked out of Susan and Cath. [Darwin] upon the subject of babies and education. . . . [They are] rather weary of children in general, and I saw Susan when she was at Down was rather uneasy till she had tidied away the children's untidiness as soon as they arose. I might be all day doing that, so I let them accumulate till the room becomes unbearable, and then call Bessy in to do it. . . .

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Darwin.

January 12, 1846.

. . . Your account of your mother was very consolatory to us, never was decline so slow and gentle. That one of us who would be the most tenderly and carefully nursed, is the only one of us allowed to linger beyond the time here. . . . I entirely forget my lecture on education to you. Since you remember it and mean to follow it, I only hope it was a wise one. You are a child after my own heart to like the instructing part, and I only wish you may be allowed intervals that will allow of your being spared the melancholy, the discomfort, and discontent of keeping a governess. With a willing mind it might be done, or how could the French, whose lives are so much more social, accomplish it? An upper maid of confidence, whose manners are gentle and good, who was capable of teaching them to read, would be sufficient for their young years. When they became rational creatures they would be more

a pleasure than a plague to you. I think we English lay much too great stress on bringing children forward in learning, by which we give them longer lessons than their little heads can take in, and only serve to weary the poor teacher. Mrs Somerville, who taught hers, assured me she never gave lessons longer than ten minutes at a time. She said longer was only pernicious, no child could give undivided attention beyond that period. She then sent them out to amuse themselves as they could, and they always succeeded and were fresh to give her their attention for another ten minutes when she called for them. This could not fatigue any mother, not even Mrs Allen. The learning that profits our understanding is of our own acquiring, therefore later. Never mind if your children are dunces. No governess can do what a mother can for their souls, therefore, if possible, my Emma, keep them in your own hands. Could you have learnt anything but good from your nurse, the pious and truthful Molly? Get such another, only more elegant if you thought necessary. . . .

I find John¹ has been visiting you: I hope he amused you; there is something original about him, but I have no hope he can ever win either of the nonpareils Parthenope or Florence [Nightingale]. I think we English are far too shy of the character of matchmaking. As in this free country there is no forcing them, we only put people in the way of being happy, should they suit each other, by throwing them together. I have been just answering your sweetheart's letter, and I think it so pretty a one, I enclose it to you, to show you what you have lost. Seriously it gave me great pleasure and made me wonder still more than I did when I saw him, that you seemed more disposed to laugh at than like "Tom Appleton."² Have the Americans

¹ Her nephew, the youngest son of the late John Allen of Cresselly.

² Tom Appleton, an American, brother of Mrs Longfellow, was the most kindly of men. He became, in later years, a strong spiritualist. He was the author of the saying that "good Americans go to Paris when they die." Oliver Wendell Holmes called him "the Sydney Smith of the Boston of his day." He was in no possible sense my mother's "sweetheart," but she always liked him.

no public schools to cool and harden them as we have? They are of our blood and family, I do not see why they should have so much more sensibility, such quicker sympathies, such readier affections, unless it is that our odious schools mar us.

Emma never saw her mother again. She died on the 31st March, 1846. Elizabeth wrote to her sister Emma: "Oh how thankful I am that her death was so gentle! In the evening I heard her saying as I had done before, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' For her own sake no one could wish her half-extinguished life to be prolonged. For us it was still a happiness to be able to look on that sweet countenance, and see a faint gleam now and then of the purest and most benevolent soul that ever shone in any face."

*Fanny Allen to Sarah Wedgwood (sister of
Josiah Wedgwood of Maer).*

PENALLY, April 6th [1846].

. . . Fifteen years ago, what grief we should have felt at this event! ever since then we have had a gentle weaning, and dear Bessy's life, though deprived of enjoyment was, heaven be praised! one of little suffering! What a life of kindness I have to be grateful for, when I think of Jos and Bessy's affection and conduct to us! Many, many attentions and kindness that had almost slipped from my memory now rise up before me vividly, with the sweet and affectionate accompanying manner and look. Among the many things that I have to be grateful for through life, the greatest is our union to your family. Bessy's character was perfected by Jos, every generous and affectionate feeling put in action by him. And then they have left us such children, taught by them, that will bless us, and all around them, with the like tenderness and love. I mention now only Jos, but I gratefully remember every one of you—it has been a long stream of kindness from each of you. . . .

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her sister Emma Darwin.

MY DEAR EMMA,

MAER, Monday [6 April, 1846].

We have been talking a little of our plans. I think we shall come to the conclusion that as we must break up from here, there is little use in lingering, and that we shall probably not stay more than a month. I don't feel that leaving the place (though I shall never see another I shall like anything like it) will be much of a grief. How glad I should have been if Jos and Harry would have taken to it; I can't help thinking Jos will regret it. It is so unlike any other place, so completely its own self, and with alterations it might be made so very nice a one, and he will find it almost impossible to fix anywhere else. . . . Thank you my dear Emma for your invitation, but I think I shall stick by the Langton's at present. Charlotte wishes it, and Charles Langton gives me great confidence he will like it too.

It is a great pleasure to see how entirely Charles [Langton] understood and loved my mother—how he felt the transparent brightness of her character, and how everybody whom we have heard from felt it. There never was anyone comparable to her. Her look and voice are a brightness gone from the world for ever. I feel it a comfort that she continued so unaltered to the last. Till that one day of insensibility she had no look of pain or illness, and I have not borne to disturb that image in my memory by any sight since. . . . Charles was mentioning yesterday a circumstance that I had never heard before, for I think I could not have forgotten it, a dream she had of being able to walk, and what extreme pleasure it gave her. My father was very much affected at hearing it.

Good-bye, my dear Emma, you may be sure I shall be very glad to go and see you and dear Charles a little further on.—Your affect.

S. E. W.

Charlotte remarks in the letters they receive how many revert to the charm of her mother's smile. Emma wrote:

"The time I remember my mother with most affection was about the time we came from school, and she and my father came to meet us at Stone and gave us such a reception. I shall never forget her warm glow as she embraced us again and again. Soon after she left us at school again, after the midsummer holiday, she went to Shrewsbury, and was very ill there for some time. When I think of the grief I felt then at hearing of her illness, I often wonder at my apathy now, but in fact the first fit she had was almost a greater grief than any I have felt since with respect to her. . . ."

In the summer Emma Darwin went to Tenby, taking her two eldest children, Willy and Annie. This long journey was a most unusual event in her quiet life.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin, at Tenby.

Down, Wednesday [June, 1846].

I was exceedingly glad to get your letter with so wonderfully good an account of your voyage and of the dear little souls' happiness; I am glad you took them. Do you not think you had better come back by land? and had you better not stay more than a fortnight? I propose it to you in *bonâ fide* and wish you to do so, though I do long to have mine own wife back again. . . .

At last the flower-garden is looking very gay. I have been getting on very badly with my work as it has been extremely difficult, and I have had so many letters to write. Etty was very charming, though I did not see much of her yesterday; she is very affectionate to her dolls, but at last got tired of them, and declared with great emphasis that "she would have a real live Baby," and "Mama *shall* buy one for me."

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin at Tenby.

MY DEAR WIFE,

Thursday afternoon [June, 1846].

To-day has been stormy and gloomy, but rather pleasant in the intervals, only I have been sick again but not very uncomfortable. A proof has come from the

printers saying the compositor is in want of MS., which he cannot have and I am tired and overdone. I am an ungracious old dog to howl, for I have been sitting in the summer-house, whilst watching the thunderstorms, and thinking what a fortunate man I am, so well off in worldly circumstances, with such dear little children, and such a Trotty,¹ and far more than all with such a wife. Often have I thought over Elizabeth's words, when I married you, that she had never heard a word pass your lips which she had rather not have been uttered, and sure I am that I can now say so and shall say so on my death-bed, bless you, my dear wife.

Your very long letter of Monday has delighted me, with all the particulars about the children. How happy they seem: I will forward it to Caroline, though twice it has "my dearest N."

Trotty is quite charming, though I am vexed how little I can stand her: somehow I have been extra bothered and busy: and this morning I sent off five letters. . . .

"My dearest N," means "My dearest Nigger." He called himself her "nigger" meaning her slave, and the expression "You nigger," as a term of endearment, is familiar to our ears from her lips.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

Downs, Sunday [probably September, 1846].

. . . Charlotte writes to me for a receipt for a punishment for Edmund. If she will send me ditto for Etty I will engage to furnish her, but I am quite as much non-plussed as she can be. Since she has been unwell the whims in her little head are wonderful. Now she never will have her night shift on, and it has to be put on after she is asleep. I must come to a downright quarrel I am afraid, but I am always in hopes these fancies will blow over.

¹ Etty, called Trotty Veck.



Photograph by

G. W. Smith

THE VILLAGE OF DOWN



To face p. 104, Vol. II.

CHAPTER VIII

1847—1848

Elizabeth Darwin born—Sarah Wedgwood settles at Down—Elizabeth Wedgwood and the Langtons leave Staffordshire—Hartfield—Fanny Allen on a round of visits—The French Revolution of '48—Charles Darwin at Shrewsbury—Francis Darwin born August 16th, 1848—The death of Dr Darwin.

ELIZABETH DARWIN was born on July 8, 1847.

This year Sarah Wedgwood left Staffordshire and came to Down to be near my mother, where she lived till her death. Her house, Petleys, was quite secluded, though it was close to the little village street.¹

I have still a vivid image of my great-aunt Sarah. She was tall, upright, and very thin, and looked as different from the rest of the world as any old lady in *Cranford*. She used to wear a scanty lilac muslin gown, several little capes, or small shawls, and a large Leghorn bonnet. She kept several pairs of gloves by her—loose black ones for putting on coats and shaking hands with little boys and girls, and others for reading books and cleaner occupations. Her life was one of Spartan simplicity. She lived in her books, and the administration of her charities, and her only society was that of my mother and a few old friends and relations. She had no gift for intercourse with her neighbours, rich or poor, and I do not believe ever visited in the village. Neither do I think she cared for her garden or ever went into it; and her horse and phaeton seemed to be kept entirely for our service, though I suppose that it took her few visitors to and from the station—an anxious business, as Jack, her horse, was as old-fashioned as his mistress, and could not be allowed to hear or see a train, or he became quite unmanageable. The solemn visits to our old great-aunt were

¹ The trees of her garden are shown on the left of the picture, and opposite is the gateway of the house where later on my Aunt Elizabeth came to end her days.

rather awful but rare events. Her servants, however, Mrs Morrey, Martha, and Henry Hemmings, were our dear friends, and whenever life was a little flat at home, we could troop off, crossing the three fields that separated our house from Petleys, sure of a warm welcome from them. The flowers that grew in her garden seemed to us to have a mysterious charm, and once a year there was the excitement of gathering bullaces in the hedge of her little field. Mrs Morrey's gingerbread was like no other we have ever tasted before or since, and Martha would sing us songs which only gained by repetition.

All the family but the Frank Wedgwoods had now left Staffordshire. The Harry Wedgwoods settled at The Hermitage, near Woking; the Josiah Wedgwoods at Leith Hill Place; and the Langtons at Hartfield Grove, on the borders of Ashdown Forest, in Sussex, all within a year or two. Elizabeth shortly after built herself a house, The Ridge, about a quarter of a mile from the Langtons. The site was a little group of fields, formerly filched from the open heath and bordered with hollies, beeches, and firs. All the cousins have the happiest remembrance of visits to these two houses; there was the same atmosphere of freedom as there had been at Maer, and the surroundings were particularly delightful for children. There were streams where we fished for minnows, sand to dig in, and wild heathy commons to wander freely about. Lately, when I looked down on both houses from the top of Gill's Lap, a high fir-crowned hill about two miles to the south, I thought that it was even wilder, and more full of charm than I remembered.

Elizabeth built a little school on the edge of her land for the few children near by. They came from little straggling cottages originally belonging to squatters on the forest. It was her regular occupation every morning for an hour or two to teach in this school. Before this, but when does not appear, she had built a little school on Caldý Island, near Tenby, and, I presume, endowed it.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

27 Aug., 1847.

I feel disposed to write to you to-day, dearest, because my head is full of you and of your works, which I believe I was one of the first to think romantic. Let me make

the *amende honorable*. What you have done at Caldý prospers and bears fruit more abundantly than I could have believed possible. Yesterday Emma persuaded me to lay my oldness aside, and make one of a boat party to Caldý with John Allen¹ (School Commissioner) to visit your school, so that you will see it figure in the school report. We found 12 or 13 children. After summoning all in that were at hand there were 17 examined. The school at full amounts to twenty-two. It is, as you know, amply furnished with all the implements of learning; and John Allen was particularly pleased with the little Scriptural prints, in which he examined them with a sort of parental tenderness. They sang several hymns and sang them true. There was a devotional earnestness in one little boy that might have repaid you for all you have done, if you had looked at him.

I enjoyed the sail there and back exceedingly beside all the pleasure I found on the Island itself. We were obliged to climb up an almost perpendicular rock that frightened me to look at, but with the adroit aid of Tom Allen I got up like a goat, and enjoyed it all the more for the difficulty. . . .

Elizabeth's house at Hartfield was now being laid out, and the following letter shows that my mother was proposing to dig up shrubs from the garden at Down for the new place.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

Sunday [SHREWSBURY, 31st Oct., 1847].

I had two wretched days on Friday and Saturday. I lay all day upstairs on the sofa groaning and grumbling and reading "The Last Days of Pompeii." I have almost made up my mind to stay here till Wednesday, and I shall not go round by Kew, as Hooker will come to us. I have had

¹ Afterwards Archdeacon Allen, the well-known friend of Fitzgerald and Tennyson.

plenty of time to think of you, my own dearest, tenderest, best of wives. I have no doubt I shall be at home on Thursday. Kiss the dear children for me. . . .

Many thanks for all your *very* nice letters and your amusing one this morning. We all here understand why so many laurels must be dug up, perhaps you would like the Azalea and one of the Deodars for Elizabeth. My dearest, I kiss you from my heart. Won't you dig up a few of the apple trees in the orchard? Are they not too thick?

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

PERRYSTONE, Sept. 2nd [1847].

. . . I found W. Clifford on Thursday at the turnpike gate with the little carriage and his man George. On Friday, Mr Cornewall Lewis¹ and Lady Theresa and her 3 children (Listers) came here, and remain till to-morrow, we had also the Dean of St Asaph. Lady Theresa is quite charming—so gay and happy, easy and natural, and I think very clever. She has a good loud voice, and she carries on a lively conversation with Mr Clifford without much effort. If all ladies of quality were like her I should say they were very superior to the run of ladies in our rank. Her son is a nice lad at Harrow, who charms W. Clifford by the sweetness of his countenance; the two girls also are nice little things. He enjoyed himself very much talking nonsense to Lady Theresa last night, and she responded with great gaiety. His love for Violet was the theme. Mr Lewis is a sensible man, rather cold, but he enjoys his wife's sprightliness and laughed very heartily when she took him off; they seem a thoroughly happy family. I thought he criticised Macaulay well and justly this morning—he said he thought he lost sight of truth occasionally from his love of painting strong scenes and saying striking things, but never from

¹ Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Poor Law Commissioner. He was author of the saying "life would be tolerable but for its amusements." He married Maria Theresa (1803—1865), grand-daughter of the 1st Earl of Clarendon, and widow of Thomas Henry Lister.

prejudice. He thought him on the whole very veracious. He is a man of bad or no taste (I forget which), which is observable in his history, or indeed in whatever he writes. . . .

Fanny Allen to her sister Madame Sismondi.

HARTFIELD, Oct. 3rd [1847].

. . . I am very glad to hear that you are going to Cresselly for the christening, and that you have a smart bonnet to wear there. Pick up every word of Kitty's and if you could send a scrap of her in every letter what treasures they would be! It is indeed a privilege to have such a child as that. Happy parents!

I have been deep in the old letters of the family for these last ten days—poor Tom's¹ letters are very melancholy and touching, and some of Jos's answers very beautiful. What two men they were! and their attachment to each other so perfect. I have copied off half a sheet of Tom's written from Cote in 1804, desiring Jos not to come there on his account, and giving a character of himself and Jos so true and beautiful both, that it is a pity it should not be more known. It was a cruel blight that passed over the life of a person of such rare excellence. There are a great number of Coleridge's letters, very clever and amusing—in one a very kind message to "Miss Allens, Fanny and Emma," and how pleasant the recollection he had of his stay at Cresselly. Tom Poole's letters are interesting. I never cease regretting that Kitty [Wedgwood] did not accept him. How different would have been her life, to that absurd and ridiculous attachment which bound her to Miss Morgan. Among the mass of letters his are among the most affectionate and from the most healthful mind. There are also [letters] from Wordsworth, Godwin, Campbell, all equally struck by the beauty of Tom's character, and expressive of the deepest attachment to him. He was a "man made to be loved" like Fox.

¹ Tom Wedgwood, brother of Josiah Wedgwood of Maer.

It is very lucky you are not near enough to commit the imprudence of sending me your "white bonnet to be worn at Embley." I shall not want a smart bonnet there, not so much as at Down, and I have got my Leghorn, too smart almost already. Be sure to dress yourself very handsomely at Cresselly. . . .

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

THE HERMITAGE, Thursday 11th [Nov., 1847].

. . . I was yearning to write to you the few days of my stay at Embley¹ [where] I spent a pleasant time in spite of the greatest of my losses, Florence. I never liked Mr or Mrs Nightingale so much before, and Hilary Carter and Parthe are girls of extraordinary talents and understanding. Mr N. has something of the charm of Mrs Tollet's simplicity. He made us laugh heartily one day at dinner, when some one observed on the character of Sismondi, of the interest he took in people, when Mr Nightingale suspended his knife and fork a little saying, "It is very amiable, but I can *not* for the life of me feel that interest in anybody." He was greeted with much laughter of course, but he continued very grave, protesting his want of power. He made another confession, that he was very malignant, which I do not see any indication of, but he knows best. Florence's letters were great treats. There were three of them during my stay. She sees well and describes well. She mentioned having seen the Nineveh bulls which have lately arrived at Paris. They are exceedingly grand, 20 feet high, and 12 of these are coming to England. What can we do with them? Where place them? They have all been dug up at Nineveh. The Bracebridges and Florence left Paris in the *diligence* for Chalons. This new mode of travelling amuses Flo, and she rather likes difficulties too. What a wife she would make

¹ The house of Mr Nightingale, father of Florence Nightingale and Frances Parthenope, afterwards 2nd wife of Sir Harry Verney. Hilary Bonham-Carter was their first cousin.

for a man worthy of her! but I am not sure I yet know the mate fit for her. I never saw a more enviable talent of drawing than that which Hilary Carter and Parthe have. Everything that catches their eye as beautiful, either in form or colour, they sketch or colour with inconceivable rapidity, and their pencil or colour box is always at hand. . . . I came up here yesterday with Mr Eyre, a neighbour of the Nightingales, and had much conversation with him on the *beau monde* topics. He proposed the *coupé* for us to go in, and it is by far the most agreeable seat in the train, so pray choose it the next time you go. You hear much better too, so that sometimes you may gain a good deal and sometimes lose, as it may be. Yesterday I gained something of the high world talk. Mr Eyre is an intimate of Sydney Herbert and detailed the course of his marriage and the loosening of the tie between him and Mrs Norton, who behaved very well on the occasion and assured him when he married she would never cross his path. She went to Ireland before the marriage took place. Mr Eyre gave some very sensible opinions on marriage. I could not help smiling when I thought how intimate we had got, and we parted affectionately. Our marriage conversation was apropos to the difficulty the two N.'s would have in finding any one they would like well enough to forsake such a home. . . .

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

42, CHESTER TERRACE,
Sunday Evening [28 Nov., 1847].

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

I was sorry to miss your parting kiss and farewell on Wednesday, but when I came down the stairs I had not a minute to lose, so I left you without being able to say the only disagreeable word I can ever imagine saying to you. My dinner at Alderson's was rather dull and heavy. We were a party of 14, and our 3 best men made but bad talkers that day. Alderson was so much occupied with carving that I did not hear him speak, and the time of dinner was

composed of duet talking. The Bishop of Exeter¹ looked the very personification of the evil serpent, gliding about and whispering in deep conversation with the Baron, all with reference to his plot against Hampden. Soon after he sat down to dinner he poured much civility on me. He made me half-a-dozen set speeches, invitations to Torquay and Devonshire, with much formality, and I guess little sincerity. I wanted to have Mr Maurice² as my companion, but I got H. Milman.³ He praised *Jane Eyre* exceedingly, so if you want to order a book get that, the writer is unknown. He and his wife had been at Paris lately and I asked him about the Bulls, that you have been laughing at my version of. They are brazen he said, and he should think their height was about 12 feet; and instead of 12 Bulls for England, he said there were a great many more—so I suppose there are twenty bulls, and I transferred the numbers. Mrs Henry Milman was exquisitely dressed.

Friday I dined at Mrs Sydney Smith's. This was a melancholy contrast to the dinners when Sydney presided. Mrs Sydney was low and seemed to feel the striking difference. Everything was as handsome and elegant as in Sydney's time, but the soul was wanting, which Mrs S. seems to feel every moment. I heard no news there, except great praise of *Jane Eyre*. Fanny [Hensleigh] called for me at $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine to go to Mrs Thompson's literary *soirée*, which consisted of about 18 or 20 people, most of them very black. We had some singing and a little dancing. Sir Edward L. Bulwer's son⁴ was there, the most affected young gentleman

¹ The famous "Gorham Case" was just now beginning, in which Phillpotts, the combative and crafty Bishop of Exeter, was trying to keep a clergyman out of a benefice to which he had been presented, on the ground that he was not sound on the question of "baptismal regeneration." The Bishop was a militant Tory of the fiercest type. His wife was a niece of Mr Surtees.

² Frederick Denison Maurice (b. 1805, d. 1872), Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. He may be said to be the inspirer of the movement generally called "Broad Church." He also founded the Working Men's College, the pioneer in the cause of the higher education of working men. Gladstone after his death called him "that spiritual splendour," quoting the phrase used by Dante about St Dominic.

³ Henry Milman, the historian, afterwards Dean of St Paul's.

⁴ The 1st Earl of Lytton, born 1831.

of 16 I ever saw. He is very handsome, and shakes back his head of heavy dark curls every time he spoke. His dress was exceedingly *recherché*, he is quite a finished *petit maître*.

To-day we went to hear Pusey in the morning at Dodsworth's Church, and walked afterwards to Lincoln's Inn Chapel. I wish you had been with us to-day. Mr Maurice gave us a beautiful discourse, and I heard every word. It amply repaid me for my walk. It was partly on the forgiveness of our sins and what Luther had done. It is a sermon I should like to read, for it began with our quelling selfishness, but the link that bound that to the latter part of his sermon I cannot recollect. It was a sermon in contrast to Dr Pusey's in the morning, which was striking and terrific, closing with the denunciations of our Saviour to the goats on the left hand. Thus closes my story of the week. . . .

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

Dec. 26 [1847], [TENBY].

You will be glad to hear how I have found Jessie, so I will begin a letter to you this evening. I want also to close the history of my London annals to you, for if I do not write them when they are tolerably fresh I shall forget them altogether.

Thursday, the House of Commons Day, was a failure. Where you sit is not comparable to the old Ventilator, you cannot easily move, you have a fair sight of the House, but you hear with difficulty. The only person, or the two persons I wished to hear, I did not. H. Drummond did not speak that night, and Julia Smith would not stay long enough for D'Israeli. Then I should say the debate was a cold one. Mr Gladstone spoke fluently, but there was no soul in his words, and indeed there were no giants in the House. Saturday it poured. Hensleigh continued ailing and would not think of going out to breakfast, so we went without him and had a very pleasant morning. Rogers is much more himself, and can manage subjects better in his own house than when he is thrown into a party of 12, where

perhaps he only knows 4 or 5. There was only Mr Ruxton, I am not sure of the name, but he was clever and agreeable. Rogers prophesied that Monckton Milnes would extinguish him, when he should arrive, as he was just come from Madrid, and we should hear nothing but of Spain. This was not quite the case as he seemed to have been much amused by H. Drummond's speech the night before in the House, and he did not seem much struck by Madrid. The Queen is turning out a good-looking woman. Her leisure time is now engaged in copying Raphael's celebrated picture of the Spasimo! M. Milnes is lively and pleasant but he is plain and common looking, so that he must make his way with Florence [Nightingale] by his mind, and not the outward man. Mrs Sara Coleridge told us his confession to her was that he wished to be in love and could not.

We called on poor Mrs Sydney Smith on our way back. How untrue was the report that she was giving parties and going out! She has not dined in company since S.'s death and has given no parties of any kind. She lives but in the thoughts of her past life, and of wishes to transmit something of Sydney to posterity that might show him the gay, kind, good-natured person he was. She said she would show me her manuscripts, what she had collected of his letters, and her own little sketch of her husband's early life. But as this could not be now, she gave me a few books of MSS. to look over before I quitted town. This was good-natured and the reading of them gave me amusement and pleasure. The day was too bad for Anne Marsh to come, as she had intended, so Sara Coleridge sat an hour or more waiting for her. She [Sara] is not a person that hits my taste, she has I suspect too much of her father in her. The dinner at Bunsen's was a very pleasant one. Besides the family there were three gentlemen and their wives and some other learned men. Bunsen introduced one man, a German (Max Müller) who was a great Sanscrit scholar. Another, who sat next me, was a great Northern linguist and scholar, I believe he was an Englishman. All the English names I could make nothing of when Bunsen pronounced them. It was very

amusing hearing all these men talking of learned times and things, which you do not hear at an English dinner-table. There was a frankness in this that was very agreeable. Next to Bunsen, I should think my neighbour, the Scandinavian, was the most learned of the party. He seemed to know all things, so I ventured to try him with my bulls. He was quite *au fait*, told me where they were, not yet arrived in India, from whence they come here by vessels. I asked him what their height was, and he said 16 feet high, so there I shall leave them—a very proper height. He told me they had deciphered also some words on the Babylonian bricks and that Nebuchadnezzar was on every one. The world was created on Sept. 21, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. . . .

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

March 4 [1848].

As great a change has taken place in my feelings since this day week, as there did in Paris almost in those wonderful four days. Then I do not remember ever being made so unhappy by politics, and so I continued until my Galignanis, which were suspended, were returned to me, and a letter from Mme Mojon telling me the romantic turn of the Revolution, the safety of those for whom I trembled, and really, as far as it seems at present, the most sublime political movement that has ever taken place in any country. I go to bed after reading every paper I can lay my hands on, only in impatience to awake again to know and read more. No government is possible now but a republic, whatever one might feel of pity for the poor Orleans, of love and admiration for my heroine, the Duchess. . . . The Revolution is now more a social than a political one. Will they be able to realise their promises to the working classes? and if they cannot, how much may be dreaded from the disappointed vengeance of the monster they have unchained. I see to-day a decree of what Sismondi so unceasingly asked, "a participation of the workman in the gains of what he produces,

however small, so as to have a living interest in the manufactory," but in this very decree I see a blunder by the "mauvaise tête" of Louis Blanc. He talks of the "iniquitous oppression" of the work-masters. It is not true, and if it was, it is not for the rulers of the masters as well as workmen to use such language. At a moment when as you say, "a little spark kindleth such a blaze" how cautiously ought every word to be weighed! I cannot help thinking the hand of God is immediately in this revolution. It is so great, so sudden, so unforeseen, so unmeasured even by those who seem to have made it, that it has the effect of a miracle on the soul.

The most hopeful part of this revolution is the awakening of a religious feeling. Can that be owing only to the piety of one man, Lamartine? One might doubt it if one did not see the immense spread of good by one woman, Mrs Fry, whose memoirs we are now reading, and a very delightful reading it is. What a blessed woman! And what a blessed lot was hers! . . . God bless thee, my beloved child. Ever thy,

J. S.

I like much the "thee and thou," it seems so pretty in Mrs Fry.

The following letters were written during a visit to Shrewsbury in May, 1848. Dr Darwin was very seriously ill and this was my father's last visit there during his father's lifetime.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

Saturday [SHREWSBURY, probably 20 May, 1848].

Though this will not go to-day I will write a bit of Journal, which "in point of fact" is a journal of all our healths. My father kept pretty well all yesterday, but was able to talk for not more than 10 minutes at a time till after dinner, when he talked the whole evening most wonderfully well and cheerfully. It is an inexpressible pleasure that he has twice told me that he is very comfortable, and that his want of breath does not distress him at all like the

dying sensation, which he now very seldom has. That he thought with care he might live a good time longer, and that when he died it would probably be suddenly, which was best. Thrice over he has said that he was very comfortable, which was so much more than I expected. . . .

Thanks for your very nice letter received this morning, with all the news about the dear children: I suppose now and be-hanged to you, you will allow Annie is "something." I believe as Sir J. L. said of his friend, that she is a second Mozart; anyhow she is more than a Mozart considering her Darwin blood. Farewell for to-day.

Sunday. All goes on flourishing. Susan arrived at 8 o'clock in tremendous spirits. The tour had answered most brilliantly. She never saw such trees, such post-horses, such civil waiters, and such good dinners, and as for Frank Parker, she is in love with him. It has done her a world of good.

Monday [SHREWSBURY, 22nd May, 1848].

. . . I was speculating yesterday how fortunate it was I had plenty of employment (and an employment which I do not consider mere amusement) for being employed alone makes me forget myself: really yesterday I was not able to forget my stomach for 5 minutes all day long. I have read, since being here, Evelyn's Life of Mrs Godolphin; it is very pretty, but she is too virtuous, and too nun-like; her great beauty counterbalances some of her virtue: if she had been ugly and so very good she would have been odious. Tell this sentiment to your Aunt Sarah and see what she will say. I am also reading an English translation of Mme de Sévigné and like it much. Give my love to all the dear children and bless them:

Yours, C. D.

The black-caps sing here so beautifully.

[SHREWSBURY], Tuesday [23 May, 1848].

This lovely day makes me pine rather to be with you and the dear little ones on the lawn. Thank Willy and

Annie for their very nice notes, which told me a great many things I wished to hear; they are very nicely written. Give them and my dear Etty and Georgy my best love. This place is looking lovely, but yet I could not live here: the sounds of the town, and blackguards talking, and want of privacy, convince me every time I come here that rurality is the main element in one's home. . . .

Thursday [SHREWSBURY, probably 25th May, 1848].

I keep very well, though unusually heavy. My father had a fair night. He was very cheerful at cards, but the day here is almost continual anxiety. The Owens as usual have found me out: the Queen might as well come *incognito* here: I hope the Governor¹ will not come over to-morrow.

Your letters delight me and tell me all the things I most like to hear: I am very sorry that Annie cannot sing, but do not give up too soon. You are a lovely girl, I have just written for you my third note to Mr Blunt.² Eras. says that the Ls. having gone to the Queen's Ball, taken with the Prince's speech about the Lodging Houses, show that the Court is determined to encourage the lower orders: I should like to repeat this to the Ls. It is going to be tremendously hot to-day.

Your old Nigger, C. D.

I am in love with Mme de Sévigné; she only shams a little virtue.

My father's words as to his being in love with Madame de Sévigné remind me of the mixture of playfulness, deference, and admiration which made his manner so delightful to any woman who attracted him—with whom he was in love as he was pleased to call it. He was often in love with the heroines of the many novels that were read to him, and used always to maintain both in books and real life that a touch of affectation was necessary to complete the charm of a pretty woman. What he meant is rather difficult to under-

¹ Mr Owen of Woodhouse.

² The Shrewsbury chemist, who was believed at Down to be the best chemist in the world.

stand, for he really could not endure affectation. But I think it was a certain grace of manner combined with an intention to please.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

Saturday [Postmark 27th May, 1848].

I was so very glad to get your letter this morning with as good an account of the Baby as could be expected. I am so thankful you had Elizabeth with you; for she of all human beings would be of the greatest comfort to you. Her presence is a blessing and joy to everyone. I am weak enough to-day, but think I am improving. My attack was very sudden: Susan was very kind to me but I did yearn for you. Without you when sick I feel most desolate. I almost doubt whether I shall be able to travel on Monday; but I can write no more now. I do long to be with you and under your protection for then I feel safe. God bless you.

C. D.

Thank my dear Etty for her nice little letter and give my love to all our dear children, whom I shall be so glad to see again.

Francis, my mother's seventh child, was born on August 16, 1848.

Dr Darwin died on November 13th in the same year: I remember feeling awe-struck, and crying bitterly out of sympathy with my father.

Catherine Darwin wrote to her brother Charles (11th Nov., 1848): "My father is perfectly collected, and placid in his mind in every way, and one of the most beautiful and pathetic sights that can be imagined, so sweet, so uncomplaining, so full of everybody else, of all the servants, the servants' children, etc. Susan was up all last night, and the greatest part of the night before; she is wonderfully able to go through her most trying part, all his directions being given to her. He attempted to speak about you this morning, but was so excessively overcome he was utterly unable; we begged him not to speak as we knew what he would have said; the least emotion or excitement exhausts him so, it is quite dangerous. . . ." And the day following,

after telling of the peaceful death, she ends her letter, "God comfort you, my dearest Charles, you were so beloved by him."

My father went down to Shrewsbury, although the journey was a great effort. He stayed the night with Erasmus Darwin in London.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

PARK STREET, 3 o'clock.

Here am I and have had some tea and toast for luncheon and am feeling very well.

My drive did me good and I did not feel exhausted till I got near here and now I am resting again and feel pretty nearly at my average. My own dear wife, I cannot possibly say how beyond all value your sympathy and affection is to me. I often fear I must wear you with my unwellnesses and complaints.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

HEYWOOD LANE, Nov. 27 [1848].

. . . How wise it is in Susan and Catherine Darwin to decide on remaining at Shrewsbury ! no fresh place can give them the satisfaction, and the pleasure too, that the parent nest will. It is also so nice a place in spite of the town, and it will be so endeared to them by the memory of the father, that they will probably like it better than ever they did. . . .

CHAPTER IX

1849-1851

Life at Down—Malvern water-cure—A tour in Wales—Jessie Simondi on F. W. Newman—The Allens' youthful age—Heywood Lane—Miss Martineau and Mr Atkinson—A party at the Bunsens.

Fanny Allen to her niece Emma Darwin.

MY DEAR EMMA,

3 Feb. [1849], HEYWOOD LODGE.

I should be grateful for anything that brought me one of your sweet letters, and I most gratefully thank you for your affection which has prompted you to send me a souvenir, and though I have no need of one with regard to you, yet I am sure it will perform its pleasant office of putting me in mind of you, whenever I sit down to write, or indeed whenever I look at it. . . . Your anecdote of Willy is charming—so much love and patience with Georgy. Such a character in the eldest child, ensures all the rest being good. You deserve to be a happy father and mother, and you have a fair promise. You are very right, no child can spoil another by kindness. Men and women have great power in spoiling, as I perceived last week when I was at Cresselly.

I hope Mrs Nightingale does not bother her daughter to accept of Monckton Milnes. He is not worthy of her. Have you seen his life of Keats? T. Macaulay says he never knew what religion he [M. Milnes] was of till he read his book. He expects to find an altar to Jupiter somewhere in his house. We are near the end of Macaulay's *History*, and it is very entertaining reading. I do not see the "new

views " which they talk of in this history. He seems to me to have the same that Fox and Mackintosh had in their fragments. If M. had finished his history, I am sure I should have preferred it, and W. Clifford says the same of Fox. . . .

As I shall be on the right side of the gulf, I shall certainly see you this summer, dear Emma. I fear Tenby is too far for you to venture from Charles and the children. It would keep you anxious, and that neither of us could bear to see you. My very kind love to Charles, who I think will get better as we are coming to a pleasanter time of year. God bless you, dearest E., may everything go as smooth with you, as in your own mind. Yours tenderly,

F. ALLEN.

At the end my mother wrote: "Send me back this nice letter and don't think I take it all for granted either for self or children."

I was now six years old, but my memory is not a good one for events long ago, and I remember but little of the daily life. My impression is that, except for the visits from relations, and the almost daily calls on aunt Sarah, and intercourse with the poor people, my mother was entirely wrapped up in my father and in the children. One memory of my childish days comes back to me as illustrating her calm indulgence. I was very fond of dressing up, especially when my cousin Hope was with us. Our plan was to ask my mother for the key of her jewel box—a simple wooden box in which her jewels, pearls and all, rattled about loose, with no cotton-wool to protect them. The key, too, worked badly, and we had to shake and bang the box violently to get in. Then we locked her bedroom doors to prevent the maids coming in and laughing at us, took out of the wardrobe her long skirts and pinned them round our waists. Out of her lace drawer, we fitted up our bodies with lace fallals, put on the jewels, and then peacocked about the room trailing the silks and satins on the floor. A favourite costume was a silver-grey moiré-antique. When we had done we hung up the gowns, put back the lace, and locked up the jewels, and returned the key, but she never looked to see whether the two little girls had lost or damaged any of the jewels, and, to our credit be it said, we never did.

In the spring of 1849 it was decided to give the water-

cure a trial to see if it would do anything for my father. Many entries in her diaries show how suffering his state had now become. A pleasant house was taken at Great Malvern where we all went. It shows what a quiet life we led that I can remember the intense excitement of even hearing of the proposed journey, and could now show the exact place in the road where I was told of it.

Charles Darwin to the Rev. J. S. Henslow.

THE LODGE, MALVERN, *May 6th, 1849.*

Your kind note has been forwarded to me here. You will be surprised to hear that we all—children, servants, and all—have been here for nearly two months. All last autumn and winter my health grew worse and worse: incessant sickness, tremulous hands, and swimming head. I thought that I was going the way of all flesh. Having heard of much success in some cases from the cold-water cure, I determined to give up all attempts to do anything and come here and put myself under Dr Gully. It has answered to a considerable extent: my sickness much checked and considerable strength gained. Dr G., moreover (and I hear he rarely speaks confidently), tells me he has little doubt but that he can cure me in the course of time—time, however, it will take. I have experienced enough to feel sure that the cold-water cure is a great and powerful agent and upsetter of all constitutional habits. Talking of habits, the cruel wretch has made me leave off snuff—that chief solace of life. . . . We shall stay here till at least June 1st, perhaps till July 1st; and I shall have to go on with the aqueous treatment at home for several more months. One most singular effect of the treatment is that it induces in most people, and eminently in my case, the most complete stagnation of mind. I have ceased to think even of barnacles!

The water-cure did his health great good for a time. Fanny Allen says on the 20th August that he looked so different from what he did before, that "one may call him cured."

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

SHREWSBURY, August 28 [1849].

I did enjoy surpassingly the greatest part of my N. Wales tour. Indeed I might say all. I sometimes felt as one intoxicated. I do not believe there is anybody in the world that can so completely turn the key on all that is in the heart as I can. I do not respect myself the more for it perhaps, but how gratefully do I accept the disposition. . . . Emma [Allen] enjoyed her visit here thoroughly and that is a great pleasure to me. She has not feared to make a stay that alarmed me, and that I am very glad comes to an end tomorrow for the Darwins' sake, for nothing can be more luxuriously housed than we are, and the place is so pretty, so exquisitely comfortable, that for creature comforts we could nowhere be so well. But I am ashamed to say of people young enough to be my children, I am in *soggezione* of all the Darwins, men and women. What can be the reason? for never was there such kind, such tender attention not even in our own nieces, particularly in the dear Susan whom I love. But she too imposes on me. . . .

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

42, CHESTER TERRACE, Wednesday [29 Aug., 1849].

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

I was so much shocked that Mrs Rich was engaged to buy me a shawl from you, after all you have spent for me, that I begged that she would not go on with her purchase, but she said her commands were positive. So that the proper thing for me to do now, is to thank you more warmly and tenderly than any words I have at hand can convey, for your ever watchful kindness and your unbounded generosity. I should however have preferred seeing a very beautiful shawl, which Mrs Rich (whose taste in this article is particularly good) has chosen, on your dear shoulders rather than on my own. It is a very elegant

white one, with a rich and harmonious coloured border, no one colour predominating. I hope it will not be long before you yourself will see and admire it. I wish you were half as generous to yourself as you are to others, but I, with this wish in my teeth, would not change a bit in your sweet character, and I thank heaven you are with us, to teach the young as well as us old ones all that is actively kind and generous.

Adieu, my most dear and tender Elizabeth, I will not guarantee that your shawl will not cost me a few tears when I put it on. They will be those of love and tenderness. . . .

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

Nov. 20 [1849].

. . . You were right, dear E., I was too severe on Newman,¹ I was, what I called him, presumptuous. There are many striking, wise and good things in the first part of his book, so that the latter part falls on you with the shock of a shower-bath, and disposes one to think and say hard things. . . . We have none of us to choose our religion. It comes to us by the atmosphere in which we live, we modify it afterwards according to our different minds, and many by our hearts only, as myself, for my mind would help me little, I am afraid. The Trinity which puzzles thinkers does not me, because I feel in myself three distinct parts, mind, body, heart (or the affections properly speaking I suppose). I imagine these in immeasurably greater perfection in the Deity. Why may not He separate or unite them at will? Why may not Love pure and universal have incarnated itself for our redemption? I see no impossibility to God. Neither do I think He requires us to make out His nature clearly to our understandings, indeed Christ has told us we cannot, and I am content to wait.

¹ Francis William Newman (1805-1897), brother of Cardinal Newman. *The Soul* was published in 1847. His views were unorthodox and he was eager for a religion which would include all that was best in all historical religions.

But this I feel, that expiation is a want to me. Pardon is not sufficient, and without expiation I cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. The Kingdom of Heaven is a state, not a place—the peace of God in one's own heart. Expiation is a necessity to my own heart, and not to God. There are those who have never wilfully sinned, they cannot therefore feel this want. Christ has said, He was not sent to the Whole, but to the Sick. Therefore it is not true that He considers *all* sinners. . . . I find in the Bible all [my heart] wants, without believing that every word is inspired. History is not inspiration, for example. What puzzles me too much, or appears contradictory, I lay to the faults of the many hands through which it reaches me, and still clasp it to my heart as a divine book, however it may have been perverted by the perverse. . . .

Leonard Darwin, my mother's fourth son, was born on January 15th, 1850.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood at Down.

January 24, 1850.

. . . I have not begun this awful date, a half century is awful, very merrily. The loss of two friends and contemporaries before the year is out of bud, strikes the clock somewhat solemnly. For myself I wish I may pass away as gently, as painlessly as Mrs Waddington. I enclose you Mrs Bunsen's letter. Such a death is worth knowing, and her way of telling it pleases me exceedingly; it is strong feeling concisely and tenderly expressed. Mrs Hughes's death-stroke could hardly be called a sorrow, but the passing away of such a love as hers is very mournful. I can never win such another, fancy or *engouement* as it was, it lasted her poor life, and I regret that, not her death. . . .

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

ST. MARY'S, March 13th [1850].

Perhaps you have now that most agreeable of all couples Hensleigh and Fanny, so this weather may not be wasted. I find that I have more of it than I can enjoy myself, unless I had two pairs of legs. I have been reading and enjoying Sydney Smith's *Moral Philosophy*, which Mrs Smith sent me this winter, and I find it a delightful book. The system, I care nothing about, that is to say whether it squares with the generally received opinion on these matters, but the book is exactly what I am glad it is—Sydney Smith's conversational opinions on these subjects, and they are exactly himself in those days when he gave these lectures. His thoughts are thrown out almost carelessly, funny, gay, serious, and witty, and so exactly himself that his voice and manner go along with me as I read. . . .

Jessie Sismondi was now 73, Emma Allen 70, and Fanny nearly 69. The following letter to Elizabeth Wedgwood is another evidence of the vitality and youthful spring so marked in the Allen family. After speaking of the death of Sir Robert Peel and the loss to the nation, Jessie Sismondi continues (5th July, 1850): "So much prosperity and happiness finished at one blow!—poor Lady Peel! but I believe I pity Sir R. more, such is my value of life. I am very glad Emma has been enjoying hers so much ever since she left us. She says she had more of what the world calls pleasure in the last week of her stay in town than in her whole life before, and it was not lost on her; she has enjoyed like a four year old. I believe no lives had ever less of the world's pleasures than we had, which has perhaps been one of the causes of our youthful age. Fan is gone on the water to-day with the Dashwoods, they have a young officer with them, and Fan is the most engaging belle they could give him, for which I feel proud and like the Dashwoods the better for their good taste in thinking so. . . ."

But in spite of her youthful feelings Jessie had shown symptoms of the heart disease which had carried off so many of her family. She wrote a few weeks later: "Truly

though I cannot more take my enjoyed walks on the Penally shore, I look upon myself as a wonderful old woman. One cannot keep entirely from those one lives with day by day all one feels and thinks, but I do not tell E. and F. all I believe. They know enough not to be taken by surprise. At our age there cannot, perhaps there ought not to be, the security of youth, but I should grieve to take from them an atom of what they may reasonably feel now in the enjoyment of their pretty place, in which perhaps I enjoy myself more than either of them. It is a daily, I may say an hourly, enjoyment when the sun shines—for there never was a more cheerful spot."

In every letter during the summer and autumn of 1850 there was mention of Elizabeth's gifts for the house in Heywood Lane into which the Allens were moving. After an outpouring of gratitude Jessie Sismondi wrote (21 Nov., 1850): "Do you know that we have bought a whole equipage since I have written to you, chaise, ass and harness for £9. I am going out presently in it. If you had seen Harry [Wedgwood], the very day he departed, so busy in arranging the purchase for us, you would have doated on him. I really believe he was backwards and forwards between this and Tenby six times, and when he brought it up at half-past 5, his little baby in it, his face glowing with love and pleasure, there was nothing of his own packed, tho' he was to sail at 9. It was impossible to look at his bright face unmoved."

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

CRESSELY, March 8th [1851].

... I debated with myself to-day after my dinner whether I would go over to see James [Allen of Freestone] and his wife, or walk down to the wood and enjoy the utter solitude of the place, and I chose the last and realized my age, which is a very useful lesson now in the gloaming. The woods are in nice order, and all the walks and garden very neat. Seymour and his wife are improving the place very much, and making the village, which was truly Irish, more tidy and respectable. I feel somewhat like St Leon, wandering about, a stranger in familiar haunts. What a curious state we have been in politically lately! Patty

[Smith] gives a good deal of political chat, from her sisters¹ in town this morning—"Dizzy," as he is called, seems to be the butt of his aristocratic friends. Lord Stanley says, "I can't feel I have wasted this week. I have made Dizzy cut his hair." The old Duke says, "At all events we have put a Jew's harp out of tune." I hope this has not been told you before, for it is not worth a repetition. It is said the Queen gave such a look at Dizzy, that some one who observed it, said it would make him a republican for the remainder of his life. . . .

Miss Martineau's publication² in partnership with Mr Atkinson has shocked all her friends. I saw in a letter of Julia Smith's to her sister that she had not read it, though it was in the house. Some people said that all that was clever in it was the man's and not the woman's. I cannot understand the motive that guided these two criminals in the publishing their miserable theory. . . . I am just finishing Neander's *Life of Christ*, and I believe I have derived good from it. I did not clearly understand his reasoning on miracles, but this part did not stand in my way, and I passed on, but every now and then I felt a note struck which seemed to waken a spiritual sense within me. Oh what a crime it is to attempt to stifle such in others! It is reported that Miss Harriet Martineau lectured to the poor mountain peasants with closed doors. It might have been *Political Economy*, but from this publication I suppose it is thought that the subject was her desolating theory. Adieu, it is 10 o'clock and the house begins to feel awfully still, my love to you all.

¹ Her sisters were Mrs Nightingale, Mrs Bonham-Carter and Julia Smith.

² "*Letters on the Laws of Man's Social Nature and Development*" were published in Jan., 1851. They were chiefly written by Atkinson, and were severely reviewed by James Martineau, who expressed his pain at finding his sister, Miss Martineau, the disciple of an avowed atheist.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

42, CHESTER TERRACE, *March 26th* [1851].

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

I am safely housed here you see. I found Fanny laid up with a relapse of the influenza. Hensleigh is well, and has that kind simple manner that makes one love him independent of his other excellences.

The party at the Bunsens last night was very full, and perhaps it might be called brilliant. The Chevalier is exceedingly oldened, and he has lost much of his gaiety. I fancy it is politics that has grieved and saddened him. There were no very notable persons there, a great number of over-dressed ugly old women, ugly from being over-dressed and over-fed. There were several very pretty young girls, but they did not conquer the mass of ugliness about them. I rejoice that the debate is at length over, and I heartily wish we could throw the Cardinal and all his Catholics on the Irish coast and pen him in there. What an *à propos* history is that of Miss Talbot's!¹ and how it shows up the lying propensity of the Catholics, perhaps a little owing to the genial soil of Irish flesh and blood. Mrs Seymour Allen spent a day with us last week and Kitty too. The baby is getting about, and Mrs Allen thinks Jones has carried her infant through a dangerous disorder, and it would be wrong, as well as difficult, to shake their faith in the family doctor. How many people are killed by their pet doctors! not that Jones is one at Cresselly, but he kills. . . .

Fanny Allen to her sister Madame Sismondi.

[42, CHESTER TERRACE], *March 31* [1851].

. . . Charles Darwin dined here yesterday. He has been in town since Friday on his return from Malvern, where

¹ In 1851—the year of Papal aggression—there was some story which got into the papers about a Miss Talbot being forced into a nunnery.

he has been placing Annie. He is looking uncommonly well and stout, and certainly the water cure seems to have been effectual in his case. There is something uncommonly fresh and pleasant in him, I do not know which of the two brothers is the most agreeable. Yesterday was a public day here—an impromptu one. John [Allen] dropped in first, then the two Darwins, and Mr Carlyle, who was very pleasant. . . . Ruskin's *Stones of Venice* is praised in a degree. Carlyle amused me yesterday by his summing up the moral of the book—that you must be a “good and true man” to build a common dwelling-house.

CHAPTER X

1851

Illness and death of Annie at Malvern.

IN the summer of 1850, when my sister Annie was nine years old, her health began to break down. We went to Ramsgate in October on her account, but with no success. On the 24th March, 1851, my father took Annie, with me for her companion, under the charge of our old nurse Brodie, to Malvern, to try the effect of the water cure, and in a few days' time we were joined by our governess, Miss Thorley. My mother could not come with us as she was expecting to be confined in May.

Very shortly afterwards Annie fell ill of a fever, and died on the 23rd April. My father was summoned to Malvern, and arrived on the 17th April. I well remember his arrival and how he flung himself on the sofa in an agony of grief.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood, at Jersey.

DEAR ELIZABETH, DOWN, Good Friday [18 April, 1851].

The accounts from Malvern are not so favourable to-day as I had hoped. I believe Emma had more fears than I, after Miss Thorley's letter this morning. You will have the particulars of these two letters from Fanny Hensleigh, who is to forward them to you. I write to-day by Emma's wish to ask you to come to her by the first good steamer. As I am here she is in no excessive hurry. Charles is gone to Malvern, and Dr Gully's opinion last night was "that in some respects Annie was better and in some worse, but there is yet a chance." Poor Emma is very low, but her health is not injured. She is so afraid that this anxiety

may injure Charles's health, which is always affected by his mind, that she has desired Fanny Hensleigh to go down to Malvern. She depends also on her eye for illness. Pray Heaven their child may be preserved to them! I was full of hope till I saw Charles's postscript. Adieu. I came here yesterday. Emma looks well as to health. She is of course very much overcome at times, but she has no fear that her anxiety should bring on her confinement. The post is going, so God bless you.

Affectionately yours,

F. ALLEN.

The following letters tell of the bitter sorrow of the father and mother, in her case terribly aggravated by the anguish of not being able to go to her child's death-bed. The first is evidently written in great haste on his arrival.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

[MALVERN] Thursday 17th [April].

. . . Dr. Gully is most confident there is strong hope. . . . My own dearest, support yourself—on no account, for the sake of our other children, *I implore you* do not think of coming here.

MALVERN, 18th April [1851].

. . . Sometimes Dr G. exclaims she will get through the struggle, then, I see, he doubts. Oh my own, it is very bitter indeed. God preserve and cherish you. We must hope against hope, my own poor dear unhappy wife.

C. D.

MALVERN, Saturday 11 o'clock [19th April, 1851].

My own dear, You will have received before this the electric telegraph message which I despatched at 9 this morning; and it will have much comforted you. . . . You would not in the least recognize her with her poor hard sharp pinched features; I could only bear to look at her by for-

getting our former dear Annie. There is nothing in common between the two. Fanny Hensleigh is here, most kind of course: she does not think badly of her looks. How truly kind of her coming. Poor Annie has just said "Papa" quite distinctly. Etty is gone (Etty never dreamed of danger to Annie) with Hannah to London by the Cheltenham coach. I cannot express how it felt to have hopes last night at 11^h 30' when Dr Gully came, saw her asleep, and said "she is turning the corner." I then dared picture to myself my own former Annie with her dear affectionate radiant face. Let us hope and be patient over this dreadful illness. . . .

Saturday, 2 o'clock.

We expect Dr Gully every minute, but he is fearfully overworked with 88 patients. Annie has kept just in the same tranquil, too tranquil state: she takes gruel every hour. She begins to drink a little more this afternoon, and I think that is good. 3 o'clock. The Dr has been, he says she makes no progress, but no bad symptoms have appeared: but I am disappointed.

4 o'clock. She has taken two spoonfuls of tea, and no sickness, thank God. I find Fanny an infinite comfort.

5 o'clock. Just the same. I will write before late post if Dr G. comes.

My dearest,

C. D.

Emma Darwin to Charles Darwin.

[Down], *Saturday, 19th April [1851]*

. . . The [telegraphic] message¹ is just arrived. What happiness! How I do thank God! but I will not be too hopeful. I was in the garden looking at my poor darling's little garden to find a flower of hers when Griffiths drove up.

¹ The telegram had been sent by messenger from London.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

Monday [MALVERN, 21st April, 1851].

. . . When the Dr came at 11.30 he pronounced her decisively better. I was in wonderful spirits, but I have been a good deal damped (8 a.m.) by the Dr finding the pulse tremulous. I tell you this, for it will prevent the too strong and ultimately wretched alternations of spirits. An hour ago I was foolish with delight, and pictured her to myself making custards (whirling round) as I think she called them. I told her I thought she would be better, and she so meekly said "Thank you." Her gentleness is inexpressibly touching. Fanny is devoting herself too much, sadly, but I cannot stop her. We are under deep obligations to Fanny never to be forgotten. Poor Annie—she asked for an orange this morning, the first time she has asked for anything except water. Our poor child has been fearfully ill, as ill as a human being could be: it was dreadful that night the Dr told me it would probably be all over before morning. . . .

My own dear, how it did make me cry to read of your going to Annie's garden for a flower. I wish you could see her now, the perfection of gentleness, patience and gratitude, thankful till it is truly painful to hear her, poor dear little soul.

Monday, 7.30 P.M.

Fanny gave her a spoonful of tea a little while ago and asked her whether it was good, and she cried out quite audibly, "It is beautifully good." She asked, so says Brodie, "Where is poor Etty?" The Doctor has been here, everything going on as favourable as possible. She has slept more tranquilly almost all afternoon, perhaps too tranquilly.

Emma Darwin to Charles Darwin.

[DOWN] *Monday 21st [April, 1851].*

Your two letters just come. . . . I am confused now and hardly know what my impression is, but I have considerable hopes. . . . Except at post-time my sufferings are nothing to yours.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

[MALVERN] *Wednesday, 23rd April [1851].*

MY DEAR DEAREST EMMA,

I pray God Fanny's note may have prepared you. She went to her final sleep most tranquilly, most sweetly at 12 o'clock to-day. Our poor dear dear child has had a very short life, but I trust happy, and God only knows what miseries might have been in store for her. She expired without a sigh. How desolate it makes one to think of her frank, cordial manners. I am so thankful for the daguerreotype. I cannot remember ever seeing the dear child naughty. God bless her. We must be more and more to each other, my dear wife. Do what you can to bear up, and think how invariably kind and tender you have been to her. I am in bed, not very well. When I shall return I cannot yet say. My own poor dear dear wife.

C. DARWIN.

Emma Darwin to Charles Darwin.

MY DEAREST,

DOWN, *Thursday [24 April, 1851].*

I knew too well what receiving no message yesterday means. Till 4 o'clock I sometimes had a thought of hope, but when I went to bed I felt as if it had all happened long ago. Don't think it made any difference my being so hopeful the last day. When the blow comes it wipes out all that preceded it, and I don't think it makes it any worse to bear. I hope you have not burnt your letter. I shall like to see it sometime. My feeling of longing after

our lost treasure makes me feel painfully indifferent to the other children, but I shall get right in my feelings to them before long. You must remember that you are my prime treasure (and always have been). My only hope of consolation is to have you safe home and weep together. I feel so full of fears about you. They are not reasonable fears: but my power of hoping seems gone. I hope you will let dearest Fanny or Catherine, if she comes, stay with you till the end. I can't bear to think of you by yourself. No doubt you will have sent Miss Thorley home to recover her cheerfulness. I will write to her in a few days to fix her time of returning.

Your letter is just come, and I feel less miserable a good deal in the hope of seeing you sooner than I expected, but do not be in a hurry to set off. I am perfectly well. You do give me the only comfort I can take, in thinking of her happy, innocent life. She never concealed a thought, and so affectionate and forgiving. What a blank it is. Don't think of coming in one day. We shall be much less miserable together.

Yours, my dearest.

Poor Willy sends his love; he takes it quietly and sweetly.

In her diary on the 23rd April she wrote "12 o'clock," which was the hour of Annie's death.

It may almost be said that my mother never really recovered from this grief. She very rarely spoke of Annie, but when she did the sense of loss was always there unhealed. My father could not bear to reopen his sorrow, and he never, to my knowledge, spoke of her. The following was written by him a week after her death: "I write these few pages, as I think in after-years, if we live, the impressions now put down will recall more vividly her chief characteristics. From whatever point I look back at her, the main feature in her disposition which at once rises before me is her buoyant joyousness, tempered by two other characteristics, namely, her sensitiveness, which might easily have been overlooked by a stranger, and her strong affection. Her joyousness and animal spirits radiated from her whole countenance, and rendered every movement elastic and full of life and vigour.

It was delightful and cheerful to behold her. Her dear face now rises before me, as she used sometimes to come running downstairs with a stolen pinch of snuff for me, her whole form radiant with the pleasure of giving pleasure. Even when playing with her cousins, when her joyousness almost passed into boisterousness, a single glance of my eye, not of displeasure (for I thank God I hardly ever cast one on her), but of want of sympathy, would for some minutes alter her whole countenance.

"The other point in her character, which made her joyousness and spirits so delightful, was her strong affection, which was of a most clinging, fondling nature. When quite a baby, this showed itself in never being easy without touching her mother, when in bed with her; and quite lately she would, when poorly, fondle for any length of time one of her mother's arms. When very unwell, her mother lying down beside her seemed to soothe her in a manner quite different from what it would have done to any of our other children. So, again, she would at almost any time spend half-an-hour in arranging my hair, 'making it,' as she called it, 'beautiful,' or in smoothing, the poor dear darling, my collar or cuffs—in short, in fondling me.

"Besides her joyousness thus tempered, she was in her manners remarkably cordial, frank, open, straightforward, natural, and without any shade of reserve. Her whole mind was pure and transparent. One felt one knew her thoroughly and could trust her. I always thought, that come what might, we should have had, in our old age, at least one loving soul, which nothing could have changed. All her movements were vigorous, active, and usually graceful. When going round the Sand-walk with me, although I walked fast, yet she often used to go before, pirouetting in the most elegant way, her dear face bright all the time with the sweetest smiles. Occasionally she had a pretty coquettish manner towards me, the memory of which is charming. She often used exaggerated language, and when I quizzed her by exaggerating what she had said, how clearly can I now see the little toss of the head, and exclamation of 'Oh, papa, what a shame of you!' In the last short illness, her conduct in simple truth was angelic. She never once complained; never became fretful; was ever considerate of others, and was thankful in the most gentle pathetic manner for everything done for her. When so exhausted that she could hardly speak, she praised everything that was given her, and said some tea was 'beautifully

good.' When I gave her some water, she said, 'I quite thank you'; and these, I believe, were the last precious words ever addressed by her dear lips to me.

"We have lost the joy of the household, and the solace of our old age. She must have known how we loved her. Oh, that she could now know how deeply, how tenderly, we do still and shall ever love her dear joyous face! Blessings on her!"

"April 30, 1851."

In his *Autobiography* begun in 1876 he wrote: "Tears still sometimes come into my eyes when I think of her sweet ways."

Her tombstone in the old Abbey church-yard at Malvern bears the following inscription:

I.H.S.

ANNE ELIZABETH DARWIN

BORN MARCH 2, 1841

DIED APRIL 23, 1851

A dear and good child.

After my mother's death a little packet of memorials of Annie was found, carefully treasured for the 45 years she outlived her child. A half-finished piece of woolwork, a child's desk, a little paper of texts in a child's hand, and two ornamental pocket-books.

In the same packet there is a copy in my mother's handwriting of a letter sent by my father to Mrs Thorley, our governess's mother:

Charles Darwin to Mrs Thorley.

DEAR MRS THORLEY,

Down, April 26 [1851].

I must beg permission to express to you our deep obligation to your daughter and our most earnest hope that her health may not be injured by her exertions.

I hope it will not appear presumptuous in me to say that her conduct struck me as throughout quite admirable.

I never saw her once yield to her feelings as long as self-restraint and exertion were of any use; her judgment and good sense never failed: her kindness, her devotion to our poor child could hardly have been exceeded by that of a mother.

Such conduct will, I trust, hereafter be in some degree rewarded by the satisfaction your daughter must ever feel when she looks back at her exertions to save and comfort our poor dear dying child. . . .

Horace Darwin was born on 13th May. Fanny Allen wrote to Elizabeth, who was at Down (May 19th, 1851): "We are disappointed at your account of dear Emma. I looked forward with so much hope to this time for the healing influence to her sorrow. However, we must have patience and wait."

CHAPTER XI

1851—1853

The Great Exhibition of 1851—Jessie Sismondi on Mazzini and the Coup d'État—George Darwin—Erasmus Darwin—Fanny Allen goes to Aix-les-Bains with Elizabeth—Jessie Sismondi's death on March 3rd, 1853—The destruction of Sismondi's and Jessie's journals.

THE Great Exhibition of 1851, the first of its kind, was a more important event than this generation, who are used to exhibitions and world-fairs every year or so, can imagine. Fanny Allen wrote: "All other Exhibitions are killed by this Aaron's rod. Did I tell you in my last note that the Yorkes mentioned the Queen having written to someone that the first day of the Exhibition was 'one of the happiest days of her very happy life?'"

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

GREEN ST. [MRS SYDNEY SMITH'S] *Saturday*
[May 10th, 1851].

... The day I came here, Fanny, Hensleigh, and Erasmus Darwin took me to the Grand Exhibition in Hyde Park, and it certainly is the most beautiful thing I ever saw. We were two hours there and yet I did not see the 10,000th part of what is to be seen, not even the grand avenue entirely. The great diamond was the only thing that I should say was a "failure," as old Wishaw would have said. I expected to see a diamond 10 times the size. ...

Mrs Sydney Smith is affectionate and kind as it is possible to be. She gives me all her husband's papers and correspondence to look over and read, and gives me the drawing-room to read, write, and to receive my company, if I should

have any; and at 2 or half-past we take our dowager drive, and we read and work in the evening. We have seen no one, and it is well it was so, for I have been too deaf and uncomfortable for anything but the quiet life we have been leading—living in the past and having nothing to do with the present. Sydney's correspondence with Lady Holland is very amusing, so full of fun and gaiety, telling her truths, and in so playful a way that could not offend. There are two or three quarrels in which Sydney maintains his dignity and shews her that he will not suffer impertinence. There is a very curious scene between Ld. Melbourne and Sydney, in which the former cuts a poor figure after a most outrageous outbreak and breach of good manners, in which Ld. M. says to him in a crowded assembly, "Sydney, you always talk d——d nonsense, and when you write you are worse." Sydney's letter on the following morning is excellent and very severe, which makes Lord M. wince. He tried to make it up afterwards but in vain. And then his correspondence with Charles James of London [Bishop Blomfield] is very curious, telling him boldly what his opinions are, and what he hears and knows of the unpopularity of the Bishops from their insolence and tyranny to the lower clergy. The Bishop cuts a worse figure in his correspondence than even Lord Melbourne does in his. . . .

On July 30th, my father and mother spent a week with Erasmus Darwin at his house in Park Street, in order to see the Exhibition. My father enjoyed it intensely. My brother George and I were also taken, but I, at any rate, did not make much of it, and remember deciding not to go again, but to stay at home and scrub the back-stairs, as being better fun. Fanny Allen gives the following account of how little other children enjoyed it. "Bro and Erny too came from Rugby yesterday for a couple of days' lark. They are all gone to the Hyde Park Exhibition this morning in three cabs, as every child is gone. I believe it is Erasmus's generosity that treats the children, otherwise they never would be so foolish as to take them a second time. All the children whom I have seen there look wretched

victims of ennui, and so it would be with these children except for the sweet cakes and ices, which I believe would please them better if they had them in the gardens here close at hand."

The following letter is written during a visit of the Hensleigh Wedgwoods to Tenby.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

August 4th [1851].

. . . I drank tea with the Hensleighs on Saturday, and Fanny is so charming I should have had a delightful evening, if I had not set fire to myself in talking (I am glad I am deaf or I should have that horrible remorse oftener). Underneath that refreshing quiet, that delicious calm, Fanny has a lava of living fire that has made her give battle to all the governments in Europe under the banner of Mazzini. She is of his Committee in London! How could Hensleigh permit it? It is so contrary to the modesty of her nature to associate her name with such notoriety that I am sure she will suffer. She has a name, and whatever she does, will be no secret. . . . That presumptuous fool (I wish he was one, he would have done less harm) will boast he has "the daughter of Sir James Mackintosh, doubtless the representative of his opinion, the greatest of Statesmen, and the wife of a Wedgwood, the great representative of the manufacturing interest, on his Committee." He knows how to take advantage of everything that helps on his authority, and those two names are very great on the Continent and will do so. Mazzini, for these twenty years, has been living on what he has duped from the poor Italian exiles, whom he has sent without number to death and dungeon, taking great care to keep himself safe; and now that they begin to understand him and their funds fail, he begins to gull the English. Lift your voice with mine, dear Elizabeth, only do it calmer, wiser, better, but above all do not be betrayed into giving your money tho' but in half-crowns, or even in pence. . . .

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Darwin.

Janry. 27 [1852].

I write again to accuse myself of being a duped fool to my last hope for France,¹ and to ask your pity. I should feel humiliated for myself, if the feeling was not lost in sorrow. The Beast [Louis Napoleon] has taken the wrong turn, tho' the right was straight before him, and the only possible one that could lead to any glory for him. The fall of France seems decreed by Heaven, and we must submit as to all inevitable things. Now I think everything may be possible, even an invasion. Madame de Staël says the ignorance in which they are kept is most painful. No foreign papers are allowed to enter, not even *Le Journal de Genève*. No paper is published but his own, *Le Constitutionnel*. "There is no government whatever but what is concentrated in his own hand—as he is a Being without one moral sentiment, no one feels secure."

My dear Emma, how I do love you when you talk of your children! you never speak so prettily as then. You are poetic without knowing it, which is the prettiest poetry of all. The drop of water on the cabbage-leaf is delicious. Emma [Allen] cried out on the charms of Georgey, and began telling me instances of his promising genius. She thought him a very remarkable child. She says he has a laugh so hearty, so merry, she would defy anyone not laughing with him. Blessed mother of happy children you are, my Emma; I believe with the Turks there is no cloud without a silver lining. Now that I stand at the end of life, as it were, and commonly called a long one too, the whole appears to me so short, so fleeting, as if nothing was worth thinking of but the Eternity in which we recover all our earthly loves.

¹ The *Coup d'État* was on Dec. 2nd, 1851. France appeared to condone all the horrors which had just taken place, for in the same month Louis Napoleon was re-elected as President for 10 years by 7,000,000 votes. A year later by another plebiscite he became Emperor of the French.

Charles Darwin to his son William at Rugby.

Down, Tuesday, 24th [Feb. 1852].

MY DEAR OLD WILLY,

I have not for a very long time been more pleased than I was this morning at receiving your letter with the *excellent* news at your having got so good a place. We are both rejoiced at it, and give you our hearty congratulations. It is in every respect a very good thing, for you will be amongst an older set of boys. Your letter was a very good one, and told us all that we liked to hear: it was well expressed and you must have taken some pains to write it. We are so very glad to hear that you are happy and comfortable; long may you keep so, my dear boy. What a tremendous, awful, stunning, dreadful, terrible, bothering steeple-chase you have run: I am astonished at your getting in the 5th. When next you write, explain how it came that you, a new boy, and Erny, an old boy, came to run together? What boys run, all those in your house? or in your Form? You must write to Mr Wharton:¹ you had better begin with "My dear Sir." Tell him about your examination. End by saying "I thank you and Mrs Wharton for all the kindness you have always done me. Believe me, Yours truly obliged."

Next Sunday when you write here, tell us who your master is, and what books you are in. The more you can write the better we shall be pleased. All the servants enquire about you; and so they did at Aunt Sarah's. . . . We are doing nothing particular: one day is like another: I go my morning walk and often think of you, and Georgy draws every day many Horse-guards, and Lenny is as fat as ever. Farewell my dear Willy; may you go on as well as you have begun. All here send their best loves to you.

Your affectionate Father, C. DARWIN.

¹ The schoolmaster at his preparatory school.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Darwin.

Wednesday [Summer, 1852].

... I can never tell you how much I enjoyed my Lotte's visit. It made me as merry as in my childhood, when I told stories only to make myself laugh. Her charity to me made her talk, and you know her delicious laugh. Patty [Smith] says, "You never told me what a woman Mrs Langton is! everybody speaks and knows what an agreeable woman Mrs Hensleigh Wedgwood is, but Mrs Langton, what a manner! how clever! Oh, she is a most extraordinary person." Please to send this on to Charlotte. She ought to know herself, none of my nieces do. I always tell them what I hear of them, because they are grossly ignorant of themselves. ...

I think your little George must be the nicest little fellow that lives. If he will always find work for himself he will surely find happiness, if it is but worsted work.

My brother, afterwards Sir George Darwin, Fellow of Trinity College and Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, who died in December, 1912, inherited my father's power of work. This energy was remarkable when he was a little boy, and his pursuits—playing at soldiers, heraldry, and collecting moths—were carried on with quite extraordinary zeal and persistence. He inherited also much of my father's cordiality and warmth of nature, combined with a characteristic power of helping others. Like my father, he worked under a constant strain from ill-health of a most wearing nature.

This summer Erasmus Darwin came to stay with us at Down. I wish it were possible to give any impression of the charm of our uncle Ras's character. Outside the narrowing circle of those who knew him he will be chiefly remembered by Carlyle's few words of description, and these are to my mind misleading. They are, however, remarkable, inasmuch as Erasmus Darwin is one of the few he speaks of quite without any grudge, or concealed sneer. In his *Reminiscences* (Vol. II., p. 208) Carlyle writes: "He was one of the sincerest, naturally truest, and most modest of men. ... My dear one had a great favour for this honest Darwin



Erasmus Alvey Darwin

From a photograph by H. B. Fox



Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Darwin.

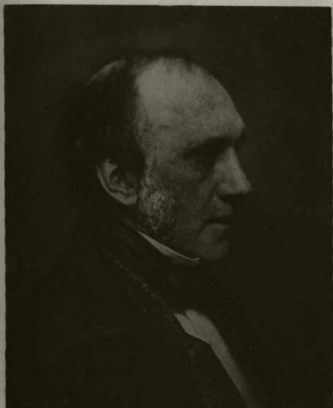
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Erasmus Alvey Darwin

From a photograph by M. R. Fair



always; many a road, to shops and the like, he drove her in his cab ('Darwingium Cabbum,' comparable to Georgium Sidus) in those early days when even the charge of omnibuses was a consideration, and his sparse utterances, sardonic often, were a great amusement to her. 'A perfect gentleman,' she at once discerned him to be, and of sound worth and kindliness in the most unaffected form."

He was the very soul of sincerity, but to speak of him as "this honest Darwin" gives an impression of a kind of hearty open-air frankness, which was entirely unlike our refined, sensitive, reserved uncle. His humour, too, was always kind, if penetrating—never grim or sardonic. It irradiated all his talk with a peculiar charm often reminding one of the manner of Charles Lamb. "There was the same kind of playfulness, the same lightness of touch, the same tenderness, perhaps the same limitations," his cousin, Julia Wedgwood, wrote in a letter to the *Spectator* shortly after his death. She also spoke of a strong sense of humour as his most marked characteristic, and added: "I remember his being called 'a universal solvent.' He contributed to intercourse the influence that combines dissimilar elements; where he was the response came more readily, the flow of thought was quicker."¹

Again, I take exception to the phrase that Mrs Carlyle at once discerned him to be a perfect gentleman. It did not require Mrs Carlyle's penetration to discern what was so obvious. To those whom he did not like, and he did not like everyone, his personality, always impressive, might have been awful. I sometimes wondered at his servants being so deeply devoted to him when I remember his distant manner in giving an order—an order that was to be obeyed with no hesitation or discussion. His whole bearing showed the marks of ill-health. He was very tall and slight, and his movements had a languid grace. He had long, thin hands, which were wonderfully clever and neat in all practical handiwork; everything about him was delicately clean and neat; he had a fine and interesting face lighting up when he spoke from an habitually patient and sad expression. His voice and laugh, too, were delightfully sympathetic. He read much, and had a wider range of interest in literature than my father. Natural history

¹ Bedford College Magazine, June, 1902. He was Trustee of this College from the beginning, Chairman of the Council for seven years, and the first Visitor from 1869 to 1879.

had never appealed to him, but in old boyish days he had worked at chemistry, and hence my father still sometimes called him Philos, short for philosopher, his nickname thus earned at school. They were very different in character and disposition, and made admirable foils in their talk with each other. My father always spoke of him with the warmest admiration, and also up to the end of his life with something of a younger brother's reverence. He felt a tender sympathy for his loneliness and ill-health—"poor dear old Philos," I can almost hear him say.

There are some words in an essay by Mrs Meynell,¹ called *A Remembrance*, which strangely bring back his personality, and seem like a remembrance of him: "Men said that he led a *dilettante* life. They reproached him with the selflessness that made him somewhat languid. Others, they seemed to aver, were amateurs at this art or that; he was an amateur at living. So it was, in the sense that he never grasped at happiness, and that many of the things he had held slipped from his disinterested hands. . . . It was his finest distinction to desire no differences, no remembrance, but loss among the innumerable forgotten. And when he suffered, it was with so quick a nerve and yet so wide an apprehension that the race seemed to suffer in him."

His house (6, Queen Anne Street) was a second home to his nephews and nieces, including in this term his dearest of all, the children of Hensleigh Wedgwood. We especially remember the warmth of his welcome. There was indeed something quite unique in his attitude towards the young. We came into that simply furnished, somewhat ascetic London drawing-room, looking out on the bare street, knowing that he was weary and ill, and had been alone, and would be alone again, and yet went away with a glow reflected from his atmosphere—a sense that the world was better for his presence. There was no possibility of forgetting the respect due to an elder, but he met us so entirely on our own level, that in our intercourse with him we felt as free as if he were our own age, and yet there was the added interest due to our being of different generations.

He was a delightful playfellow for little children, and could draw just the pictures children like. In a letter to one of the little Hensleigh Wedgwoods he wrote: "I have nobody to play with, so I hope very soon to see you again when you have done travelling about the country. What a great

¹ *The Rhythm of Life*, by Alice Meynell.

many places you have been to, almost everywhere I think, so you will be able to tell me very long stories indeed—one of those nice stories without any end to them.”

He often accompanied the Hensleigh Wedgwoods on their summer outings. In 1852 he seems to have parted company with them at Melrose.

Erasmus Darwin to Mrs Hensleigh Wedgwood.

DEAR MISSIS,

LONDON, Aug. 23rd [1852].

You have probably forgotten everything about Melrose by this time after all your highland wanderings. . . . You did not half see Melrose. I went in the evening to the river side where I sat for more than an hour admiring the sunset reflected in the water. The river there is very broad and shallow and was quite alive with boys fishing up to their knees in water. . . . I had a lady in the [railway] carriage who was on her way to meet some of the smashees in the railway accident in which Mr Grainger was killed, so we had some comfortable talk. Her sister was in the middle seat and hardly felt it, while the lady sitting by her side had her seat torn from under her and her legs broken by the engine slicing off the side of the carriage.

From Berwick, I had the sweetest little angel that ever you saw, a bride apparently not very long, and I was afraid I was *de trop*, but as we got towards York, we became fairly good friends and they hoped I was going on to London with them, as they were in great alarm they should have four blacklegs from the York races. This qualified compliment of keeping out one blackleg put me in despair about York, so I changed my train and went on to Normanton, with five blacklegs all rather brandyfied and all smoking. We had not gone ten minutes when we came to a perfect imbroglio of trains, which delayed us a long time, and we made up time at the rate of about sixty miles an hour, but were too late for the other trains, which caused no few imprecations.

I called at Chelsea on Sunday evening and found Mrs

Carlyle sitting in a corner of the drawing-room, the rest being filled with furniture, the house in the hands of plasterers and painters, the picture of discomfort. She has no maid, only a child, and can get no dinner, so I humanely gave her one to-day. I have but one pleasure here, being able to stretch my legs to their fullest extent, which I have done without ceasing. Excuse the enormous length of this letter, but what can I do, with every book I have in the world packed up?

E. D.

The allusion to the pleasure of stretching his legs means that, owing to his great height, he constantly found the beds at inns too short, and was miserably uncomfortable in consequence. Lying flat on his sofa, he looked longer than anyone I ever saw.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

IVY BUSH HOTEL, CARMARTHEN [*Autumn, 1852*].

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

It is but a short time since I parted from you, though it seems long since my last look at your dear face. When shall I see it again I wonder? The journey is but a little thing, when once one grapples with it. This time yesterday I had scarcely left the platform of the Three Bridges [Station] and here I am to-day at the same hour at more than 250 miles apart from you! I wish life were not made up of partings. The next generation may avoid much of this evil, if they choose, by roosting near each other, and taking advantage of railroads. I had excellent company, fashionable ladies apparently, as they kept quite mute all the way. There was a dense fog at London Bridge Station, which did not show off the old Babylon to the best advantage to us travellers come fresh from France¹ and its fine picturesque old towns. It was however almost sublime from its smoke and fog, as it looked as if you had got to a subterranean

¹ Fanny Allen had been to Aix-les-Bains, accompanied by Elizabeth Wedgwood.

kingdom of his Infernal Majesty. The lights were red and round in the fog, giving no light about them, and the black figures flitting about, with the perpetual roll of wheels and no voices.

I have taken my place in the Tenby coach for $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7, and so my pageant will be over; it has been a very pleasant one, thanks to you. . . .

Her visit to Aix-les-Bains had ended with a tour in Provence, including a pilgrimage to Chateau Grignan. She wrote to Elizabeth: "Are you taking up Mme de Sévigné's letters? Chateau Grignan is so vividly before me that I must begin them again, contenting myself with only two or three before breakfast. That is the way to enjoy the book. That view from the garden at Montélimar often rises up to my mind, with le Mont Ventoux in the distance."

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Darwin.

Tuesday, 8th Feb. [1853].

. . . I should like to have looked in on your party of 32 very much. So many merry children would have been a delicious sight. I do not give myself the trouble of reckoning, but I think 15 of those must have been children. . . .

. . . There is a quantity of interesting books just now, and I think the older I get, the more my avidity in reading increases and my curiosity grows. I am watching France with a sort of personal interest, breathless to see what will come of it, unable to form any guess of its future. Is all this for good or for evil I am continually asking myself? willing to believe the first, but doubting it is as the decline of the Romans, a falling away of intellectual power. I have indulged myself this year with the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. All the articles I have read are very clever, with a moral and religious tone. There is an excellent article on Burke, which teaches what true and wise liberty is, and what is new to the French, even to the best of their politicians, the necessity of a high morality in politics. I rather wonder Louis

Napoleon allows such a publication in his Empire. I am very much pleased, as you will guess, by his romantic marriage, and his declaration of his parvenuism. His speeches argue him a man so much more clever than I thought him,¹ that I must ever distrust my judgment, or he must have learnt immensely in his prison, and in his strange and varying life. . . .

This is the last letter from Jessie Sismondi in the Maer collection. Her heart begun to fail on the 28th February, 1853, and she died on the 3rd March. Dr Dyster gave the following account of her last moments. She was giving directions to both her sisters about her last wishes; then she waited a little, and said quite quietly, "I think that is all,"—a pause, and then like a flash, "Sismondi, I'm coming," and she looked up as if she saw him there present before her, and died. Dr Dyster said he had never known consciousness so absolutely retained till the last moment.²

Her loss must have been deeply felt by my mother. Years after this time Fanny Allen sent her a photograph of Jessie taken from some picture. "I am very glad indeed to have the photograph of my dear aunt Jessie," she wrote in answer. "It is not a strong likeness, but the look of her sweet eyes is there and the dress looks like her. It is a thing I shall always regret that I did not make an effort to get to Tenby to see her once more." I am often sorry that I never knew how close and how tender was their affection. Reading these old letters is a kind of bringing to judgment of all the blindnesses and errors of one's youth. Now it is easy to realise how much there is we should like to know.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

April 24th [1853].

. . . There is no melancholy in this place that I wish to shun, that I can no longer see *her* here is sad. I long for her image, as I saw it not three months back, walking round

¹ She had known him during his youth at Geneva, and used to say she considered him a pupil of Sismondi.

² This account was given me by Mr W. Osborn B. Allen, who had it from Dr Dyster of Tenby.

and round the little garden looking so cheerful. And then the day that separated us is apart from all other days, but it is not grief or melancholy that dwells on it. I feel as if I had been permitted to see something of the rapture of a higher nature "to whose white robe the gleam of bliss was given." It is the loss of her that gives the sadness, there is no other painful recollection connected with her, so that I don't feel afraid that either Emma or I should be here alone.

HEYWOOD LANE, *June 13th* [1853].

It was a painful thing the destruction of her and Sismondi's journals, particularly, I think, the latter (to me), because I believe he wrote his with a vague intention of being made use of for the public eye, and Jessie wrote hers for herself alone. I sometimes feel as if I were in a great empty vault. She has certainly emptied the world to me.

My mother also regretted this destruction of Sismondi's journals, as she was convinced he intended them sometime to be given to the world. But she said that Jessie got into despair over making the necessary excisions, and did not appear to reflect that time makes almost everything harmless. The destruction of Jessie's journals is possibly a greater loss. Her life at Geneva and in Italy brought her in contact with many of whom the world would like to know more intimate details.

CHAPTER XII

1853—1859

Eastbourne and Chobham Camp—Miss Langdon at Hartfield—Sydney Smith's *Life*—A month in London—Florence Nightingale—A High-church wedding—Sarah Wedgwood's death—Our early life at Down—Letters to William Darwin—His speech at Cambridge—Moor Park—The *Origin of Species*—Two letters from my mother to my father on religion.

THIS year we had an unusually dissipated summer, going first for three weeks to Eastbourne and thence to the Harry Wedgwoods. Their house, The Hermitage, was not far from Chobham Camp. At that time summer manœuvres on any large scale were almost unknown, and our visit was planned in order to see what we could of the camp with its mimic warfare. I well remember my father's intense enjoyment of the whole experience. Admiral Sullivan, his old shipmate on board the *Beagle*, showed us about and greatly added to our pleasure. I remember sharing in the glow of my father's happy excitement, and can almost hear the jingle of the galloping horses. We nearly had the same experience as that of Mr Pickwick at Chatham, and had to run for our lives between two advancing armies.

We were now six children at home. I have no clear recollection of my mother's often playing with us, although the picture comes back to me of the furniture pushed on one side, and a troop of little children galloping round the room, whilst she played what was called the "galloping tune," composed by herself, and very well suited for its purpose. Another memory is of several nursery songs she used to sing to us—"When good King Arthur ruled this land," and "There was an old woman as I've heard tell," and a particular lilt for the babies when they were being juggled on her knee. She was courageous, even rash, in what she let her children do. My brother William was taught to ride



Portrait of Emma Darwin

Emma Darwin aged 84



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Emma Darwin, aged 45.



without stirrups and got some bad falls in consequence. George at ten years old went off a twenty mile ride alone to Hartfield, and I, too, wandered about the lonely woods and lanes in a way that was not very safe then, although it would be much less so now, when tramps have greatly increased in number.

About 1854 Elizabeth Wedgwood took charge of her old governess Miss Langdon. None of the family had ever been fond of her, and in her latter days she was certainly the most unattractive old lady I ever saw, nearly stone deaf, with a harsh countenance, and a voice like a parrot's. She lived under our aunt Elizabeth's sheltering care till her death. Fanny Allen wrote: "I admire your benevolence, and your arrangement for Miss Langdon, and I feel assured that you will have the satisfaction that always accompanies acts of this kind. I have no doubt also that you are right as to placing her under your roof. I believe she will be a less *gêne* there than a mile off. And, indeed, it is you alone that can be judge in this matter and what you think best is best, as it touches you alone. I am glad you secure your breakfast undisturbed, and that your evenings also will be, as they have hitherto been, unaccompanied, so that I trust you will find nothing in this plan, save the content of helping a solitary and desolate person who has no power of repayment."

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

Dec. 15th, 1854.

It is well for me that you date by the days of the week which saves shame at idleness, not that I have been idle, but rather too busy to write, our leisure hours being taken up with reading Sydney's *Memoirs*. Anything about Sydney Smith interests me and therefore I read with interest Saba's¹ part of the book, and she has done it quite as well as you would expect. It is pleasant to be taken out of the stern reality of life, in which we are now living through the newspapers all the morning, to the light gossip and the playful gaiety of Sydney, and his letters made one forget the miseries of the Crimea and Scutari, after tea at least.

¹ His daughter, Lady Holland.

Yet what a trifling world it was, and what women were his fashionable ladies, in comparison with the noble Flo Nightingale and her companions! Have you heard that she astonishes all the surgeons by her skill and presence of mind? After amputating a limb, they pass on to another, leaving her to take up the artery and do all that is necessary. Miss Stanley is gone out I believe, and the Miss Stewart who so impressed John [Allen] at the hospital he visits, is the Duchess of Somerset's sister, and is going or gone out too, I believe. How good spreads! and what a school of Christianity and humanity is now carried out at Scutari. We are very busy here in Tenby in sending out clothing and necessaries to the Crimea and Scutari. My stock goes to the latter place, Emma's is for the fighting part. . .

In the winter of 1855 we took a house in Upper Baker Street for a month. It was the terrible Crimean winter, and there was a bitter frost almost all the time. Neither my father nor my mother were well, and they did not much enjoy their stay. We came home on Feb. 15, before the great snow-fall of that year had melted. The road in the deep cutting between Holwood and Down had been cut out, and the wreaths of the snowdrifts were a wonderful and beautiful sight. The children could walk on the snow, which was level with the top of the iron railings round the lawn.

In September, 1855, my mother went with my father to the British Association at Glasgow. I remember that she let me (aged 12) trim her a cap for the occasion, and I snipped up lace and ribbon with immense satisfaction. What it was like, Heaven knows! but I believe it was worn.

On the 17 February, 1856, "*Finished Guy Mannering*" was entered in her diary. This means my father finished reading it aloud to us. These evening readings to the children were a happy part of the family life. Whatever my father did with us had a glamour of delight over it unlike anything else.

Charles Darwin to his son William at Rugby.

Down, 29th [1855 or 1856].

MY DEAR OLD GULIELMUS,

I have been so very sorry for your having been ill this half-year again with the measles: you have been most unlucky. . . . Do not work to tire yourself; you are one of the very few boys to whom I should dare to tell them not to over-exert themselves, for most youngsters are inclined enough to spare themselves, but this has never been your case. Thank goodness it is not now very long to the holidays.

I am going up to London this evening and I shall start quite late, for I want to attend a meeting of the Columbarian Society, which meets at 7 o'clock near London Bridge. I think I shall belong to this Society, where, I fancy, I shall meet a strange set of odd men. Mr Brent was a very queer little fish; but I suppose Mamma told you about him; after dinner he handed me a clay pipe, saying "Here is your pipe," as if it was a matter of course that I should smoke. Another odd little man (N.B. all pigeon-fanciers are little men I begin to think) showed me a wretched little Polish hen, which he said he would not sell for £50 and hoped to make £200 by her, as she had a black top-knot. I am going to bring a lot more pigeons back with me on Saturday, for it is a noble and majestic pursuit, and beats moths and butterflies, whatever you may say to the contrary. . . .

It was for the sake of experimenting on the variation of domestic animals that my father about this time began to keep pigeons, and to associate with pigeon fanciers. He described his experiences in a letter to Mr Huxley (Nov. 27th, 1859): "For instance, I sat one evening in a gin palace in the Borough amongst a set of pigeon fanciers, when it was hinted that Mr Bull had crossed his Pouters with Runts to gain size; and if you had seen the solemn, the mysterious, and awful shakes of the head which all the fanciers gave at this scandalous proceeding you would have recognised how little crossing has had to do with improving breeds."

He became a member of two Pigeon Fanciers' Clubs, and was always treated with great civility at their meetings. They called him "Squire," and he sat with them in a cloud of smoke. No doubt they agreed with one enthusiast who wrote in a treatise on the Almond Tumbler that "If it was possible for noblemen and gentlemen to know the amazing amount of solace and pleasure derived from the Almond Tumbler, . . . scarce any nobleman or gentleman would be without their aviaries," and were pleased to see that my father, at least, understood the truth of these views.¹

Charles Darwin to his son William.

MY DEAR WILLY,

Tuesday night.

I am very glad indeed to hear that you are in the sixth; and I do not care how difficult you find the work: am I not a kind father? I am even almost as glad to hear of the Debating Society, for it will stir you up to read. Do send me as soon as you can the subjects; I will do my very best to give you hints; and Mamma will try also. But I fear, as the subjects will generally be historical or political that I shall not be of much use. By thinking at odds and ends of time on any subject, especially if you read a little about it, you will form some opinion and find something to say; and in truth the habit of speaking will be of the greatest importance to you. Uncle Harry was here this morning, and we were telling him that we had settled for you to be a barrister and his first question was "has he the gift of the gab?" But then he added, he has got industry, and that is by far the most important of all. Mamma desires that you will read the chapters [in Chapel] *very well*; and the dear old Mammy must be obeyed. . . .

It appears that there was again talk of our going to Tenby early in 1856. Fanny Allen wrote that she could not be away when Emma came, and mentioned Dr Dyster's delight at the thought of having C. Darwin here. "He met him somewhere and was like many others enchanted with him." Later in the year Fanny Allen wrote from Leith Hill Place,

¹ *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, vol. ii., pp. 52 and 280.

where she was staying: "I am sorry we lose Emma and Charles to-day. Charles is uncommonly agreeable, fresh and sparkling as the purest water."

Fanny Allen in many letters during these years gives expression to her intense admiration for Florence Nightingale and her work in the Crimea. She wrote during a visit to the Hensleigh Wedgwoods in London (Oct., 1856): "Sam Smith¹ called one morning this week and gave some details of Florence N.'s visit to the Queen. He said no one could be kinder than the Queen was. Flo was particularly impressed by Prince Albert's understanding. Every question he put was to the purpose, and he seemed to have understood the details better than all the officials, as if he had read everything. She had an immense mass of work to get through, and she is still far from restored."

December 3rd, 1856.

The Nightingale meeting was successful, I think, on the whole. There did not seem to be much enthusiasm among them, but the time is too far gone for that, and there is a more enduring stamp on Flo and her work which no time will change. Sidney Herbert's speech pleased me most. Those three touching anecdotes of her influence over the minds of the soldiers are beautiful, particularly the one of the soldiers kissing her shadow as it passed over their beds. What woman ever took so high a position as she does now! I was dreaming of her all last night.

April 15th [1857].

I fear from a line in one of the newspapers that Florence Nightingale's life is approaching its end, as Mrs Rich would say. I have been deeply impressed by her life these last few days, which in respect of mine, forms but a fragment in regard of time, and what she has accomplished! I remember her a little girl of 3 or 4 years, then the girl of 16 of high promise when I next met her at Geneva, and which she has most faithfully kept. A high mission has been given her, which has cost her her life to fulfil, and now when I look

¹ Uncle of Florence Nightingale.

back on every time I saw her after her sixteenth year, I see that she was ripening constantly for her work, and that her mind was dwelling on the painful difference of man and man in this life, and the trap that a luxurious life laid for the affluent. A conversation on this subject between the father and daughter made me laugh at the time, the contrast was so striking, but now as I remember it, it was the divine spirit breathing in her. . . .

During a visit to the Hensleigh Wedgwoods, Fanny Allen attended the wedding of a grand-niece, Isabella Alderson.

Fanny Allen to her sister Emma Allen.

Wednesday, Oct. 29th [1856].

. . . Yesterday we were performing "wedding guests" from ten in the morning till three in the afternoon. It was impossible for any marriage to be better "got up" in an artistic point of view, and certainly the ceremony was very impressive. Over the altar was a large cross formed of white flowers. The whole church lighted with large wax lights in high candlesticks, and incense burning, and the organ playing all the time. I had no idea that so entirely catholic a ceremony would have touched me so much. When forms are new they are certainly effective, but when they are used for a little time they wear out the soul within.

It was very operatic when they all ascended in two files the steps of the altar, where the married pair took the sacrament, and the music and voices pealed in in the singing parts of the Sacramental Service, and sounded very fine. Isabella looked nice, and calm. The breakfast was crowded. I got a seat in the corner, Hensleigh, my faithful guardian, securing it for me. Lord Robert Cecil was down in our corner, and Georgy¹ came down more than once to take her seat there, but I do not think there can be anything else than conversation and amusement between them. She was

¹ Lord Robert Cecil (afterwards Lord Salisbury) married Georgina Alderson in 1857.

an excellent ballet-mistress and was more occupied with the arrangement of the whole thing than with softer and tenderer feelings. I did not intend to go to this wedding, being out of the way at my age, but the Baron walked down a few evenings ago to hope I would attend, so that it was imperative, and I looked up a bonnet of Fanny's that would do, and a velvet mantle of Effie's, and I did very respectably.

Sarah Wedgwood, the last survivor of the children of Josiah Wedgwood of Etruria, died at Down on the 6th November, 1856, aged 80. Forty or more years ago, she had spoken of the then little Emma Wedgwood as having the first place in her affection for children, and her love continued. My mother was beautifully faithful to her, but I think the rigidity of her aunt Sarah's character prevented ease of intercourse and therefore strong affection on my mother's part, although there was much to admire and respect in her.

Charles Darwin to his sons William and George.

DOWN, Thursday 13th [Nov., 1856].

MY DEAR WILLY AND GEORGY,

I have thought that you would like to hear about poor Aunt Sarah's funeral. Aunt Elizabeth and Uncles Jos, Harry, Frank, Hensleigh, and Allen all attended, so that the house was quite full. The funeral was at 3 o'clock, and Mr Lewis managed it all. We walked down to Petleys, and there put on black cloaks and crape to our hats, and followed the [coffin], which was carried by six men; another six men changing half way. At the Church door Mr Innes came out to meet the coffin. Then it was carried into the Church and a short service was read. Then we all went out, and stood uncovered round the grave whilst the coffin was lowered, and then Mr Innes finished the service, but he did not read this very impressive service well. Hemmings, Mrs Morrey and Martha attended and seemed to cry a good deal. Then we all marched back to the house, Mr Lewis and his two sons carrying a sort of black standards before us; and we then went into the house and read Aunt Sarah's

will aloud. She desired her funeral to be as quiet as possible, and that no tablet should be erected to her. She has left a great deal of money to very many charities. . . . Hemmings and the maids will stay here about a month more I should think; so that you, Georgy, will see them again, but I fear Willy will not at present. . . .

This had been a suffering year for my mother. Her last child, Charles Waring Darwin, was born on December 6th, 1856. I remember very well the weary months she passed, and reading aloud to her sometimes to help her bear her discomforts. The poor little baby was born without its full share of intelligence. Both my father and mother were infinitely tender towards him, but, when he died in the summer of 1858, after their first sorrow, they could only feel thankful. He had never learnt to walk or talk.

Charles Darwin to his son William.

Down, 21st [1857].

MY DEAR OLD WILLY OR WILLIAM,

I am delighted that you went to Manchester, and had so prosperous an expedition. You seem to have worked capitally and seen it well. We are amused at your adoration of the haughty Lady.¹ I quite agree with your admiration of Gainsborough's portraits: one of the pictures which has ever most struck me is a portrait by him in the Dulwich Gallery. By the way how stupid it has been of us never to have suggested your riding to Dulwich and seeing the capital publick gallery there. Then, again, there are some few good pictures at Knole. You want a jobation about your handwriting—dreadfully bad and not a stop from beginning to end! After severe labour in deciphering we *rather think* that your outlay was £1. 12. 0. and accordingly I send that, but I hope it is too little to punish you for such a scrawl. I

¹ Mrs Graham by Gainsborough, now in the Edinburgh Gallery. Her husband, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, outlived her many years and, as the story goes, could not bear to see the picture, and had it sealed up behind panelling. It was forgotten and only discovered 60 years after his death.

am glad that you were tipped, but that makes no difference in my repaying your outlay. By the way have you no paper, so that you cross your letter, or do you think your handwriting is too clear? You want pitching into severely.

I have had a letter from Mr Mayor (about his banker's mistake) in which he says he heard so grand an account of your future master's, Mr Temple's attainments, that he wants to persuade me to leave you at Rugby till October. Mr Mayor says he shall *very much* miss you. Think over this well and deliberately, and do not be guided by fleeting motives. You shall settle for yourself; whatever you think will be really best, not pleasantest, shall be done. . . .

In 1857 Fanny Allen wrote: "The summer has been perfect and will long be remembered by the young as if it were the customary summer and not a stray beauty." The wonderful months of sunshine in the summers of 1857 and 1858 are associated in the minds of those whose memories reach back so far, with the horrors of the Indian Mutiny, and in 1858 with the great comet stretching half across the sky.

This year I broke down in health. The entries in my mother's diary show what years of anxiety she suffered, first with one child and then another. Sometimes it is my health which is thus chronicled day by day, sometimes one of the boys. Both parents were unwearied in their efforts to soothe and amuse whichever of us was ill; my father played backgammon with me regularly every day, and my mother would read aloud to me. I particularly associate Cowper's *Winter Walk at Noon* with these readings. Cowper was a great favourite with her—both his letters and poetry. In the summer of 1858, when we were going to the sea on my account, I was allowed to take my kitten. As we went first to Hartfield, then Portsmouth, Sandown, and Shanklin, a sacred kitten, to be thought of first of all, must have added to the troubles of travelling with a sick child. But in spite of all the troubles connected with our ill-health those first fifteen years at Down must have been full of happiness. I see a constant come and go of the relations chronicled in her diary, and a certain amount of sociability with our neighbours—also visits from my father's scientific friends.

I am sorry to say that as growing-up children we were sometimes impatient of her kindness to the unprosperous.

I remember how constant she was in giving invitations to a certain family, who were generally tabooed on account of a disagreeable father, and how we used to say that no one but the Z.s ever came to the house. In later years my father's state was so suffering that intercourse with our neighbours almost ceased, and we children had a rather desolate feeling that we were left out. But I think that my mother never felt this as any loss. She was not essentially sociable as was my father.

The early memories that come back to me seem now to be full of sunshine and happiness. I think of a sound we always associated with the summer, the rattle of the fly-wheel of the well, drawing water for the garden; the lawn burnt brown, the garden a blaze of colour, the six oblong beds in front of the drawing-room windows, with phloxes, lilies, and larkspurs in the middle, and portulacas, verbenas, and other low growing plants in front; the row of lime-trees humming with bees, my father lying on the grass under them; the children playing about, with probably a kitten and a dog, and my mother dressed in lilac muslin, wondering why the blackcaps did not here sing the same song as they did at Maer. This was a perennial puzzle to her, but what the mystery was I have never been able to guess.

Of pleasure, as the world reckons it, there was but little. We often went to stay with Erasmus Darwin for short visits, but London always gave my mother bad headaches and more than half her time was spent in a darkened room. Every now and then there is an entry in her little diary of a concert or a play, but I should think not more than a dozen times in all the years whilst we were children. She had, however, constant enjoyment in country sights and sounds. She made the "Sand-walk," where she accompanied my father on his daily walks, a wild garden. She used to have the Dog's-mercury and Jack-in-the-hedge pulled up by a small boy hired for the occasion, in order to encourage the growth of bluebells, anemones, cowslips, primroses, and especially wild-ivy. One day a new boy misunderstood the orders, and as my father and mother reached the Sand-walk they found bare earth, a great heap of wild-ivy torn up by its roots and the abhorred Dog's-mercury flourishing alone. My father could not help laughing at her dismay and the whole misadventure, but the tragedy went too deep, and he used to say it was the only time she was ever cross with him.

She had a large *clientèle* of the village people from the poorer outlying parishes round Down. It was perhaps

doubtful how much good she did in this way, as there was not enough enquiry and a good many of her friends were people of bad character. There were, however, many wise and good forms of kindness and help in our own village—a lending library for the children, my mother herself giving out the books every Sunday afternoon—small pensions for the old, dainties for the ailing, and medical comforts and simple medicines in case of illness. There was a well-stored “physic cupboard,” and an old red book of prescriptions, chiefly by my grandfather, Dr Robert Darwin. I well remember helping to measure and weigh, and the delight of rolling rhubarb pills. A deep respect and regard was felt for her in the village, but her reserve prevented her getting to know many of her poorer neighbours intimately. She would contrast herself in this respect with her old neighbour and friend Georgina Tollet, the author of *Country Conversations*. From her servants, however, no one could have won more devoted love. She would take any trouble to help them or their relations, and in return there was nothing they would not do to please her. In an emergency they would cheerfully work like horses; or any one would change their work; the cook would nurse an invalid, the butler would drive to the station, and anybody would go an errand anywhere or be ready to help in looking after the poor people.

The following letter was written from Dr. Lane’s Water-cure Establishment at Moor Park, near Farnham. My father often went there, and was sometimes accompanied by my mother.

Charles Darwin to his son William.

[MOOR PARK, Monday, May 3rd, 1858.]

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

I have just received your nice note and the hexagon,¹ for which very many thanks, but I hope and think I shall not have to use it as I had intended, which was delicately to hint to one of the greatest mathematicians that he had made a blunder in his geometry, and sure enough there came a letter yesterday wholly altering what he had previously told me.

¹ The hexagon was to be used for the discussion on bees’ cells in the *Origin of Species*.

You will, I think, hereafter like Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, and it is a capital book for you, my dear future Lord Chancellor of England, to read. . . . I have been playing a good deal at billiards, and have lately got up to my play, and made some splendid strokes! I have at last got up some strength, and taken two good long walks in this charming country.

My dear old fellow,
Yours, C. D.

MY DEAR GULIELMUS,

Down, Thursday evening [1858].

Go and have at once a good and deliberate look at my old rooms¹ and if you then prefer them make the change, though it is a confounded bore that money should have been wasted over papering, etc. I much misdoubted at times whether you had chosen wisely. I think what you say about your present stairs being idle and noisy, a real and good reason for your changing. I know well, far too well, what temptations there are at Cambridge to idleness; so I am sure these ought to be avoided. I do hope that you will keep to your *already* acquired energetic and industrious habits: your success in life will mainly depend on this. So much for preachment, but it is a good and old established custom that he who pays may preach; and as I shall have to pay if you move, (as I rather advise) so I have had my preach.

Down, 15th [1858].

I should like to know whether my old gyp, Impey, is still alive; if so please see him and say that I enquired after him. . . .

I am very glad that you like King's—it used to be a great pleasure to me. You have to see the beautiful pictures in the FitzWilliam. The backs of the Colleges (N.B. not Colledges as some people spell it) are indeed beautiful; I do not think there is anything in Oxford to equal them.

¹ William Darwin was at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he occupied his father's rooms.

MOOR PARK, *Saturday* [1859].

I am very glad to hear that you have begun Botany, in the manner in which you have. I know Hooker thinks very highly of G. Henslow, in all ways. It has always been a hobby of mine that nothing could be so improving as the practice of describing plants, teaching accurate observation (a faculty which I am sure is *most* slowly acquired) and conciseness and accuracy of style. I have always regretted that Henslow had not struck on this plan when I was there, that I might have practised. You will always be glad that you began this. By the way, one evening I said to Frank, who is getting on very well in French, that he would be very glad of it all his future life: and a few days after Lenny was dissecting under my microscope and he turned round very gravely and said "Don't you think, Papa, that I shall be very glad of this all my future life."

The following pages are taken from the report of my brother William's speech, given at the Banquet held at Cambridge, on the occasion of the Darwin Centenary. He made no attempt at oratory, scarcely even raising his voice, but his whole manner and the deep underlying feeling made his speech extraordinarily impressive to all who heard it.

Chancellor, your Excellencies, my Lords and Gentlemen, —I need hardly say that this assemblage of distinguished men, met together from all quarters of the world to do honour to his memory, would have almost overwhelmed my father, and I am very conscious of the great difficulties that meet me and of the very great honour that is paid me in being called upon to express the feelings of my family on this occasion. I remember that my father once wrote to Sir Joseph Hooker, whom we are so delighted to have with us in Cambridge to-day, on an occasion when Sir Joseph Hooker had to make an address or after-dinner speech, that he pitied him from the bottom of his soul, and that it made his flesh creep to think of it. I am sure that he would have pitied me tenfold in these very especial circumstances, and I can only trust to your kind consideration, and ask that

my short-comings be not too severely criticised. When I had the honour of being asked to speak to-night I was most kindly given a free field, with no limitations or directions of any kind; but it was clear to me that it would be utterly unfitting and presumptuous on my part if I attempted, before such an audience as this, to speak of my father in regard to his scientific career, even if I were in other respects qualified. Therefore I can only speak of him as a man and as I knew him from a child.

I have been thinking over the characteristics of my father which are quite apart from the qualities on which his influence and his success as a man of science depended, and I think the quality which stands out in my mind most pre-eminently is his abhorrence of anything approaching to oppression or cruelty, and especially of slavery; combined with this he had an enthusiasm for liberty of the individual and for liberal principles. I can give you one or two illustrations, which are very slight in themselves, but one of them has remained impressed on my memory since early boyhood. There was living very near us at Down a gentleman farmer, with whom my father was slightly acquainted. It became reported that this man had allowed some sheep to die of starvation. My father heard of it and at once took up the matter, and though he was ill and weak and it was most painful to attack a near neighbour, he went round the whole parish, collected all the evidence himself, and had the case brought before the magistrates, and as far as I can recollect he got the man convicted. This, I remember, as a boy impressed me immensely; he took it so seriously and devoted himself to it, though his health was in such a bad state. The next case is a personal matter, if you will excuse my referring to myself. At the time of the trial of Governor Eyre I had come from Southampton, where there had lately been held a public meeting in favour of Governor Eyre. One day at Down I made some flippant and derogatory remarks about the Committee which was prosecuting him. My father instantly turned on me in a fury of indignation and told me I had better go back to Southampton. The

next morning at seven o'clock he came to my bedside and said how sorry he was that he had been so angry, and that he had not been able to sleep; and with a few kind words he left me.

What especially impressed me was his hatred of slavery. I remember his talking with horror of his sleepless nights when he could not keep out of his mind some incidents from Olmsted's *Journeys in the Slave States*, a book he had lately been reading; and in many of his letters to Professor Asa Gray he alludes to slavery with the utmost detestation.

I will not detain you with any recollections of his political opinions except to say that he was an ardent Liberal, and had a very great admiration for John Stuart Mill and Mr. Gladstone; at the same time he often deplored the almost total lack of interest in science in the House of Commons.

I think when I was a child my father's health was, perhaps, at its worst, and there is no doubt that it threw a certain air of sadness over the life at Down, but whenever he was a trifle better his natural joyousness and gaiety flowed out, and what we very vividly remember is the delightful playmate he made for us as children. In later life he always treated us with entire trust and freedom, and all our opinions or views or desires he would discuss and consider almost as if we were his equals; and it is touching to recall, though it almost makes one smile, the tone of admiration and gratitude with which he would acknowledge any little help we could give him in botanical or other matters. In later life he used to like to discuss any of the books or topics of the day, and it was always with modesty; he never seemed to think that his opinion was worth very much outside of his own special subjects. One of the great peculiarities I found in him was his immense reverence for the memory of his father; in all cases of health or illness, in many of the other conditions of life he would quote words of wisdom or advice of his father. To be present with him, when he happened to be well, at a small luncheon party with congenial friends, especially if a sympathetic woman were seated near him, will not be easily forgotten by anyone who has experienced it.

He put everyone at his ease, and talked and laughed in the gayest way, with lively banter and raillery that had a pleasant flavour of flattery, and touches of humour; but he always showed deference to his guests and a desire to bring any stranger into the conversation. I can well understand that anyone who had only met him under such circumstances might be led to disbelieve the accounts of his ill-health. . . .

There is one other subject I should like to touch upon, and that is the very hackneyed subject of his loss of interest in poetry and art. I think in this way an unfair slur has been cast upon the influence of the study of natural history; this is no doubt to a great extent due to a want of realization of the state of his health and of his nature.

When he first returned from the voyage on the *Beagle*, he was entirely overwhelmed with the various duties connected with the publication of his journal. . . . In a very few years' time his health failed, and he retired in 1842 to Down. He then began the routine of life which continued for 40 years. Every morning he worked to the very end of his tether, so that he would often have to say in the middle of a sentence: "I am afraid I must leave off now." . . .

As regards his imagination, I think that scenery, the beauty of flowers, and music and novels were sufficient to satisfy it. I remember he once said to me with a smile that he believed he could write a poem on *Drosera*, on which he was then working. I think he could never have written the last paragraph or two of the *Origin of Species* or the passage in the letter to my mother from Moor Park, in which he mentions that he fell asleep in the park and awoke to a chorus of birds, with squirrels in the trees and the laugh of a woodpecker,—and he added that he did not care a penny how the birds or the beasts were made—I think he could never have written either of those two passages without a deep sense of the beauty and the poetry of the world and of life. As regards his interest in art, I think he did keep it up to a certain extent. I remember that at the end of his sofa on which he used to lie, he had a

picture which he had bought himself and which he much enjoyed looking at: he also criticised very acutely a certain engraving. He used to laugh at modern decorative art and always preferred simple forms and pure colours. I remember once when he was staying with me at Southampton, when I and my wife were out of the house, he went through the living-rooms and collected all the pieces of china and chimney ornaments which he thought ugly, and on our return he led us with much laughter into his chamber of horrors. . . .

I am sure my father would have said, though, perhaps, with a tone of apology in his voice, that if there was to be a [Darwin] celebration there could be no more fitting place than Cambridge. He always retained a love for Cambridge and a happy memory of his life here. It was the happiest and gayest period of his life, and it certainly did a great deal for the development of his mind. As regards his academic studies, he used to speak of them with scant respect, and, perhaps, rather unfairly. It is curious to remember that the two subjects which he thought had done most to develop his mind were Paley's *Evidences of Christianity* and Euclid, both of which subjects are, I believe, now superseded as being obsolete. He valued more than any other honour the degree that was conferred on him here, and he spoke to me with pride and pleasure of walking, dressed in his scarlet gown, arm and arm with Dr. Cartmell, the Master of his old College. . . .

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

Sunday, MOOR PARK [probably 1859].

I am very sorry to hear that you are headachy. A scheme just came into my head, viz. that when I am back, that you should come here for a fortnight's hydropathy. Do you not think it might do you real good? I could get on perfectly with the children. You might bring Etty with you. Think of this my own dearest wife. I wish you knew how I value you; and what an inexpressible

blessing it is to have one whom one can always trust, one always the same, always ready to give comfort, sympathy and the best advice. God bless you, my dear, you are too good for me. Yesterday I was poorly: the Review and confounded Queen was too much for me; but I got better in the evening and am very well to-day. I cannot walk far yet; but I loiter for hours in the Park and amuse myself by watching the ants: I have great hopes I have found the rare slave-making species, and have sent a specimen to the British Museum to know whether it is so. I have got some more letters to write, though I wrote six longish ones yesterday. So farewell my best and dearest of wives.

C. D.

During these years we had more than one governess. Our education, as far as book learning was concerned, was not of an advanced type; my mother apparently did not try to get the best possible teaching for us. But from our different governesses we learnt nothing that was not good and high-minded; from all we received real affection, and in more than one instance devoted care in illness. A sentence in a letter of hers to her son Leonard when a schoolboy, illustrates her point of view. She wrote of a governess who had just taken a situation, "I can never be thankful enough that Mrs — does not know a word of French or German, so that the poor little woman's shortcomings will not be perceived I trust." Her indifference as to education continued. In 1888 she wrote: "Now I must write and decline subscribing to the Shaen memorial at Bedford College, but the fact is that I do not care about the higher education of women, though I ought to do so."

In 1859 the *Origin of Species* was published, and my father got terribly overdone with getting it through the press. My mother helped him with correcting the proof-sheets. When the book was finally off his hands he went to the water-cure establishment at Ilkley and we followed on Oct. 17th. It was bitterly cold, he was extremely ill and suffering, the lodgings were uncomfortable, and I look back upon it as a time of frozen misery. There was much excitement over the letters which he received on its publication, but I remember my mother would not show me Professor Sedgwick's horrified reprobation of it.¹

¹ The letter is published in *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*.

In our childhood and youth she was not only sincerely religious—this she always was in the true sense of the word—but definite in her beliefs. She went regularly to church and took the Sacrament. She read the Bible with us and taught us a simple Unitarian Creed, though we were baptized and confirmed in the Church of England. In her youth religion must have largely filled her life, and there is evidence in the papers she left that it distressed her, in her early married life, to know that my father did not share her faith. She wrote two letters to him on the subject. He speaks in his autobiography of “her beautiful letter to me, safely preserved, shortly after our marriage.” In this she wrote:

The state of mind that I wish to preserve with respect to you, is to feel that while you are acting conscientiously and sincerely wishing and trying to learn the truth, you cannot be wrong; but there are some reasons that force themselves upon me, and prevent my being always able to give myself this comfort. I daresay you have often thought of them before, but I will write down what has been in my head, knowing that my own dearest will indulge me. Your mind and time are full of the most interesting subjects and thoughts of the most absorbing kind, viz. following up your own discoveries, but which make it very difficult for you to avoid casting out as interruptions other sorts of thoughts which have no relation to what you are pursuing, or to be able to give your whole attention to both sides of the question.

There is another reason which would have a great effect on a woman, but I don't know whether it would so much on a man. I mean E. [Erasmus], whose understanding you have such a very high opinion of and whom you have so much affection for, having gone before you. Is it not likely to have made it easier to you and to have taken off some of that dread and fear which the feeling of doubting first gives, and which I do not think an unreasonable or superstitious feeling? It seems to me also that the line of your pursuits may have led you to view chiefly the difficulties on one side, and that you have not had time to consider and study the

chain of difficulties on the other, but I believe you do not consider your opinion as formed. May not the habit in scientific pursuits of believing nothing till it is proved, influence your mind too much in other things which cannot be proved in the same way, and which, if true, are likely to be above our comprehension? I should say also that there is a danger in giving up revelation which does not exist on the other side, that is the fear of ingratitude in casting off what has been done for your benefit, as well as for that of the world, and which ought to make you still more careful, perhaps even fearful, lest you should not have taken all the pains you could to judge truly. I do not know whether this is arguing as if one side were true and the other false, which I meant to avoid, but I think not. I do not quite agree with you in what you once said, that luckily there were no doubts as to how one ought to act. I think prayer is an instance to the contrary, in one case it is a positive duty, and perhaps not in the other. But I daresay you meant in actions which concern others, and then I agree with you almost if not quite. I do not wish for any answer to all this—it is a satisfaction to me to write it, and when I talk to you about it I cannot say exactly what I wish to say, and I know you will have patience with your own dear wife. Don't think that it is not my affair and that it does not much signify to me. Everything that concerns you concerns me, and I should be most unhappy if I thought we did not belong to each other for ever. I am rather afraid my own dear N. will think I have forgotten my promise not to bother him, but I am sure he loves me, and I cannot tell him how happy he makes me, and how dearly I love him and thank him for all his affection, which makes the happiness of my life more and more every day.

And her second letter is:

I cannot tell you the compassion I have felt for all your sufferings for these weeks past that you have had so many drawbacks, nor the gratitude I have felt for the cheerful

and affectionate looks you have given me when I know you have been miserably uncomfortable.

My heart has often been too full to speak or take any notice. I am sure you know I love you well enough to believe that I mind your sufferings, nearly as much as I should my own, and I find the only relief to my own mind is to take it as from God's hand, and to try to believe that all suffering and illness is meant to help us to exalt our minds and to look forward with hope to a future state. When I see your patience, deep compassion for others, self-command, and above all gratitude for the smallest thing done to help you, I cannot help longing that these precious feelings should be offered to Heaven for the sake of your daily happiness. But I find it difficult enough in my own case. I often think of the words, "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." It is feeling and not reasoning that drives one to prayer. I feel presumptuous in writing this to you.

I feel in my inmost heart your admirable qualities and feelings, and all I would hope is that you might direct them upwards, as well as to one who values them above everything in the world. I shall keep this by me till I feel cheerful and comfortable again about you, but it has passed through my mind often lately so I thought I would write it, partly to relieve my own mind.

Below are the words:

"God bless you. C. D. June, 1861."

She spoke little to us about her religious feelings. I remember once, when I was a girl, her telling me that she had often felt she could only bear her anxiety by saying a prayer for help. As years went on her beliefs must have greatly changed, but she kept a sorrowful wish to believe more, and I know that it was an abiding sadness to her that her faith was less vivid than it had been in her youth. It would however give a wrong impression, if it was thought that this overclouded her life. Her perfect unselfishness and active goodness gave her rest, peace and happiness.

CHAPTER XIII

1860—1869

A long illness—The death of Charlotte Langton—Scarlet fever—A humane trap for animals—Catherine Darwin's marriage—My father's continual illness—The deaths of Catherine Langton and Susan Darwin—The Huxley children at Down—George a second Wrangler—A month in London—Elizabeth Wedgwood comes to Down—Freshwater—My father's accident out riding—Shrewsbury and Caerleon.

IN 1860 my poor mother's thoughts and time were engrossed with the care of me in a long illness (probably typhoid fever) lasting with relapses from May, 1860, till Midsummer, 1861. In July I was well enough to be moved to Hartfield, "the kindly hospital for all who are sick or sorry" as Fanny Allen called it. But I soon had a bad relapse and gave her as much anxiety as ever.

Charles Darwin to his son William.

HARTFIELD, *Monday [July 30, 1860].*

Poor Etty will long be an invalid, but we are now too happy even at that poor prospect. Your letter has amused us all extremely, and was read with roars of laughter. Etty has not yet heard it; but you cannot think what a pleasure your letters are to her; they amuse and cheer her so nicely. I shall copy your account of dialogue before the Bishop and send it to Hooker and Huxley. You may tell the gardener that I have seen an ant's nest in a tree, but it is rare. . . .

The Review by the Bishop of Oxford and Owen in last *Quarterly* is worth looking at. I am splendidly quizzed by a quotation from the Anti-Jacobin. The naturalists are

fighting about the *Origin* in N. America even more than here, as I see by the printed reports.

My dear old fellow,

Your affect. Father,

C. DARWIN.

Emma Darwin to Lady Lyell.

DOWN, BROMLEY, KENT, Aug. 28 [1860].

. . . We have sent Frank to school, and as yet he has been quite happy there. George is in the first class, and a person of some authority there, so he is a great protection. But I think boys are better than they used to be, and he is sure to be liked by the masters from his industry and zeal. Charles is too much given to anxiety, as you know, and his various experiments this summer have been a great blessing to him, as he can always interest himself about them. At present he is treating *Drosera* just like a living creature, and I suppose he hopes to end in proving it to be an animal. I have also succeeded pretty well in teaching myself not to give way to despondency but live from day to day. We had the bad luck at Hartfield to fall into the hands of a desponding medical man, and it really was a great injury to us. We had a visit from Sir Henry Holland, who cheered us again, and I fully believe his view is the true one. He has been so constantly kind, and taken so much trouble, that we feel very grateful. . . .

The entries in her little diary at this time almost all refer to me. One is "worked and knit," and that means I worked at a pink and white rug which she always used at Down till she died. She rather characteristically got tired of an imitation "Indian pine," which I had worked on the white strips, and a year or two before her death unpicked these, and then repented that her old rug, which she had known for thirty-six years, did not look the same.

In March, 1861, Mrs Huxley and her three little children came to Down for a fortnight's rest. She was seriously out of health, and unable to recover from her grief at the recent loss of her eldest little boy. My mother hardly

knew her before, and this visit laid the foundation of their friendship.

In June, 1861, we went to Torquay, and there I began to get well. It was a very happy time. My father was fairly well, and the boys were full of enjoyment. We had our customary summer visitors, Erasmus Darwin, and Hope, Hensleigh Wedgwood's youngest daughter.

Towards the end of our time at Torquay my mother took Hope Wedgwood and me a little trip round Dartmoor. It was the only tour she ever took without the family in all her married life.

In the autumn of 1861 Charlotte Langton, whose health had for some time been breaking down, went to St Leonards, where she died in January, 1862, at the age of 65. My mother was twice able to go there to see her during the autumn. Fanny Allen wrote to Elizabeth: "I daily feel a debt of gratitude to you for the precious time I passed with you and Charlotte this last summer. Her patient, calm and thoughtful look as I saw her on your terrace, while we sat round her chair, is ever present to me, and it is pleasant to dwell on it, for it was the same countenance and expression that has gone with her from her childhood, and has the stamp of an heavenly birth on it."

She quotes for its truth Sir James Mackintosh's description of Charlotte as both "gentle and strong," and speaks of loving her since first she saw her in her child's frock. To Elizabeth the loss was irreparable. She came first to Down, and Fanny Allen wrote that this would be her best solace, for "Emma of all others blends cheerfulness and consolation." Charles Langton did not wish to continue living at Hartfield and Elizabeth therefore left the Ridge. It was to us the loss of two houses which were almost second homes.

1862 was another year of anxiety and of illness in the family. Leonard, then a boy of twelve, had scarlet fever most dangerously, and hung between life and death for weeks. The other children were sent away from home with our old Scotch nurse Brodie, who happened to be paying us a visit. At the end of my mother's long period of nursing she caught the fever herself and was very ill. Eventually, however, we all met at Bournemouth, very glad to be once more a reunited family.

About 1863 my mother worked very hard to have some humane trap substituted for the cruel steel trap in common use in game-preserving. She got the *Society for the Preven-*

tion of Cruelty to Animals to move in the matter, and a prize was offered for the invention of a trap which would be both good and humane. I am afraid, however, her efforts did but little direct good. No trap was invented which was portable, cheap, and effective. Indirectly, by stirring up thought on the subject, some good, it may be hoped, was accomplished.

I give the following letter here, although she wrote it many years later. Whether it was ever published I cannot remember, but I think it was sent either to the *Times* or the *Spectator*.

SIR,

Those who sympathise with the sufferings of animals must have felt great satisfaction at the warm interest which has lately been excited on the subject of vivisection.

There is however a kind of suffering, inflicted not in the cause of science but in that of amusement, which seems nearly forgotten. On every one of the great estates of this country steel traps are being industriously prepared and set to catch the vermin which invade man's privilege of killing the game.

If we attempt to realize the pain felt by an animal when caught, we must fancy what it would be to have a limb crushed during a whole long night between the iron teeth of a trap, and with the agony increased by attempts to escape. Few men could endure to watch for five minutes an animal thus struggling with a torn and mangled limb; yet on the well-preserved estates throughout the kingdom, thousands of animals thus linger every night, probably for eight or ten hours.

If it is held that it is degrading to our physiologists to make, and to our medical students to witness, operations upon living animals under anæsthetics, what ought it to be to the gamekeeper, who, night after night, prepares and sets instruments of torture and goes to sleep knowing that, by his means, animals are suffering acute agony until he goes in the morning to release them by killing them?

He has however the consciousness that this is done for

his daily bread. His master does not see it done. Is the responsibility thus to slip between the two ?

No doubt this is the most effectual way of preserving game ; but I cannot believe that English gentlemen, who would not themselves give unnecessary pain to any living creature, and are eager to prevent brutality wherever they see it, either on the part of drovers or physiologists, will continue to allow even this motive to weigh against such an amount of suffering.

Yours, &c.,

(Signed) B. C.

In February, 1863, we went to see Fechter and Kate Terry in the *Duke's Motto*. My mother's old taste for the play remained as strong as ever, and she admired Kate Terry with enthusiasm. Of old plays that she had enjoyed, I especially remember her speaking of the *Maid and the Magpie* as delightful. It comes back to me that out of her wish that we should enjoy what gave her such great pleasure, I was sent to the *Corsican Brothers* at so youthful an age that I could only bear the terror of it all by shutting my eyes.

In the autumn we took a house at Malvern Wells, to try if a little mild water-cure treatment would do my father good. But nothing answered, and he was most seriously ill.

Charles Langton, whose wife Charlotte had died in January, 1862, became engaged in the summer of 1863 to Catherine Darwin, my father's youngest sister, and the marriage took place in October of the same year. To us children it came as a shock, for it seemed to us incredible that anyone over fifty should think of such a thing as marrying. Catherine was 53, and had neither good health nor good spirits, and both she and Charles Langton had strong wills, so that my father and mother were doubtful as to their happiness and thought the marriage a somewhat anxious experiment.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

[October 7, 1863.]

To-morrow, I hear from one of Emma's nice letters, Cath.'s marriage takes place. I wish they may have a

sunny day to cheer them. I have no doubt that both would prefer a quiet wedding-day, with no reminiscences to sadden either party, and the wedding taking place now will suit you all. . . . Think of Emma D. being, after long deliberation, on the side of the Federals, whom I detest with all the fire that is left me ! their hypocrisy respecting slavery is most odious, and their treatment of the poor negroes atrocious.

The following letter is written in a tiny hand on a little sheet of paper $3\frac{1}{2}'' \times 2\frac{1}{4}''$:

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard at school.

DOWN, BROMLEY, KENT, Nov. 13, 1863.

MY DEAR LENNY,

You cannot write as small as this I know. It is done with your crow-quill. Your last letter was not interesting, but very well spelt, which I care more about.

We have a new horse on trial, very spirited and pleasant and nice-looking, but I am afraid too cheap. Papa is much better than when Frank was here. We have some stamps for you: one Horace says is new Am. 5 cent.

Yours, my dear old man,

E. D.

Begin your jerseys.

My father continued wretchedly ill all through 1864, though in the autumn there began to be a slight improvement. He appears by her diary not to have left home at all, and she for not more than a day or two. When he was tolerably well I could now be left in charge for a short time. She wrote to Fanny Allen (Nov. 22, 1864): "I suppose you have heard of Charles getting the Copley medal from the Royal Society. He has been much pleased, but I think the pleasantest part was the cordial feeling of his friends on the occasion."

On June 4th of this year Emma Allen died, leaving Fanny alone, the last survivor of her generation.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

Nov. 22 [1864].

I was so glad to receive your dear, affectionate letter, saying you would come and see us. I was thinking how unsatisfactory it would be only to see you for a call or two in London, as I do not feel easy to leave Ch. for a night, he is so subject to distressing fainting feelings, and one never knows when an attack may come on. It will be very nice for him to see you too. . . .

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta.

Down, Thursday [March, 1865].

MY DEAR BODY,

We can do very well [without you] till Saturday; indeed, as far as I can see, we must. Papa is pretty well and Horace too, and very happy over the alarum which Papa has handsomely devoted. Anne is absorbed in shirts. I have just been down to Spengle¹ to talk about poor people. Found them at breakfast at 10.15.

I am glad you are enjoying yourself so much, my dear. I am glad you see a bit more of aunt Fanny Allen too. I called yesterday on the Stephens. Mr S. thought it only proper respect that the young Lubbocks should not beat their father² at billiards, and Mrs S. said her brothers would not like to beat their father: "No, indeed, they had better do no such thing."

In 1865 my father tried Dr Chapman's "ice-cure" with however no permanent good effect. Fanny Allen wrote

¹ The family nickname for the village doctor, who had been devoted to Leonard in his long illness. He was always in difficulties, being too indulgent with his poorer patients. My father used to lend him money, and when the bill came in my father used to pay half and keep half against the debt, which he called "sharing the booty." Mr Engleheart lost his life in Africa, crossing a swollen river at night to attend a patient.

² Sir John Lubbock, the father of the first Lord Avebury.

(June 26, 1865): "What a life of suffering his is, and how manfully he bears it! Emma's, dear Emma's, cheerfulness is equally admirable. Oh! that a pure sunshine would rise for them."

And again (12th July): "I had one of Emma's charming letters yesterday. She had waited for a good moment to Charles, and his *four* days of tolerable wellness had given her spirits to give me the treat of a letter, and that with all her boys about her! I am sure she is a chosen one of Heaven."

My mother's devotion to my father had made a deep impression upon Fanny Allen; she speaks of a friend as the most devoted wife she ever knew, "except Emma, and she is an exception to every wife."

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

[Probably 1865].

... I have taken a little to gardening this summer, and I often felt surprised when I was feeling sad enough how cheering a little exertion of that sort is. I also like cutting and carving among the shrubs, but as my opinion is diametrically opposite to the rest of my family, I don't have my own way entirely in that matter. ...

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta.

Thursday [Sept., 1865].

... In the morning Mr Bentham¹ called from Holwood. He is a very nice man. Papa came down for ten minutes. I walked him thro' the kitchen garden, and started him that way, and was sorry to think afterwards that I had given him directions which would effectually prevent his finding his way. I was glad I was in my new gown. Rags do not look well in the sunshine. My new gown is respectable and handsome.

In February, 1866, Catherine, Mrs Charles Langton, died at Shrewsbury, where she had gone to be with her sister Susan Darwin.

¹ George Bentham, the well-known botanist.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

Feb. 9, 1866.

Yours and Fanny's letters on Tuesday brought the intelligence that I expected of the close of poor Cath.'s life. It has saddened some hours of this week to me, and made me think over her character, which was a very high one, and her life was an abortive one with her high capacities.

I remember her father used to joke about Cath.'s "great soul"; what he spoke in jest she had in earnest, but somehow it failed to work out her capabilities either for her own happiness or that of others (perhaps), but this I speak with uncertainty. I have had another sweet note from Caroline this evening, in which she says "few people know her noble and excellent qualities, so true, with strong affections and sympathies." Sad, sad Shrewsbury! which used to look so bright and sunny; though I did dread the Dr. a good deal, and yet I saw his kindness—but my nature was and is fearful.

I have a very grateful remembrance of my aunt Catherine. She was a very kind and stimulating companion, taking interest in my reading and what I was doing. Susan Darwin, my father's only unmarried sister, died in the autumn, and the old house at Shrewsbury passed into other hands. She had been her father's favourite daughter, and was greatly beloved by her brothers and sisters. On the death of her sister Marianne, Mrs Parker, in 1858, Susan had adopted her four nephews and niece, who lived with her at Shrewsbury till her death.

In 1866 my father's health was somewhat better and we paid more than one visit to London.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

QUEEN ANNE STREET, Sunday [28 April, 1866].

MY DEAREST AUNT FANNY,

Our last days here have been so pleasant and successful that I must write you a scrap. The greatest event was that Charles went last night to the Soirée at the Royal

Society, where assemble all the scientific men in London. He saw every one of his old friends, and had such a cordial reception from them all as made it very pleasant. He was obliged to name himself to almost all of them, as his beard alters him so much. The President presented him to the Prince of Wales. There were only three presented, and he was the first. The Prince looked a nice good-natured youth, and very gentlemanlike. He said something Charles could not hear, so he made the profoundest bow he could and went on. His Dr. Bence Jones, was there, and received him with triumph, as well he might, it being his own doing. My event was nearly as wonderful, going to see *Hamlet* with Fechter. The acting was beautiful, but I should prefer anything to Shakespeare, I am ashamed to say.

Yesterday Eliz. charitably went with me to see poor mad Miss P.¹ We liked the Matron much . . . Dr B. J. is to do me some good too. I am to drive every day, and Charles to ride!

Good bye, my dear, this is but a scrap.

Yours, E. D.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta at Cimiez.

[LONDON], May 4 [1866].

. . . Now for news. Monday I drove about and did one set of pictures, which is staring unwholesome work, and did not suit either of our heads, and a little shopping. In the evening Aunt Eliz. and Carry picked me up for the Philharmonic. It was our dear old G minor Mozart, and very charming, and we used to play it quite fast enough (and very well) and gave it quite the right air. A Mlle Mehlig played the P. F. in Arabella [Goddard]'s style, but more beautifully, and I enjoyed it much. Singing hideous, Mlle Sinico sang *Vedrai Carino* as slow as a Psalm tune and as loud as she could. Papa was pretty well done up, and the day before had seen Grove and Lyell. He had a nice evening with Uncle Ras, who has been so nice and cordial, asking us to come again. . . .

¹ A former governess.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta.

Down, Sunday, May 27th [1866].

I have just got yours to George. What an enchanting place St Jean is. I am so glad you had the luck to hit upon it. That is the sort of thing I admire more than any degree of Alps and passes.

I despatched a hamper of kittens yesterday, and am not sorry to be free of their meals, poor little ducks. They would all sleep in the mowing machine, and did not look clean, so I was obliged to apologize for them.

St Jean, her ideal of beauty, was a little fishing village, west of Nice. On the evening of which I wrote, the fishing boats, with lateen sails of red and yellow, had come into the rocky harbour, and sails, sea, and mountains were lit by a sunset of unusual splendour.

In the spring of 1867 my mother offered to take charge of the seven children of Mr and Mrs Huxley for a fortnight. Mrs Huxley wrote to me of my mother (January 24, 1904):

Towards your mother I always had a sort of nestling feeling. More than any woman I ever knew, she *comforted*. Few, if any, would have housed a friend's seven children and two nurses for a fortnight, that the friend (myself) should be able to accompany her husband to Liverpool when he was President of the British Association; and in early days of our acquaintance, just after we had lost our boy, she begged me to come to her and bring the three children and nurse, and I should have the old nurseries at Down. I first wrote that I was too weak and ill to be out of my home, that I could not get downstairs till 1 o'clock. Her reply was, that that was the usual state of the family at Down, and I should just be following suit. What wonder that I had for her always the most grateful affection.

I wish, if you think fit, that you would set down these words of mine in your book about her. I should like to acknowledge my debt of love to my dear friend. My heart is very full, and tears dim my eyes as I write of her.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta.

Down, Sunday [Summer, 1867].

. . . I succeeded in going to Ravensbourne, and it was pleasant. I took the *Lancashire Wedding* or *Darwin moralized* to read in the carriage. The moral is that it is not wise to give up a pretty, poor, healthy girl you love and marry a sickly, rich, cross one you don't care for, which does not require a conjuror to tell one. The story ought to have been giving up a pretty, sick girl you love and marrying a healthy one you don't care for. It is too dull to give to the [village] library. . . . I have got *Mr Hogarth's Will*, and find it too dull, so we have only *Hepworth Dixon's America* and old *Jesse's George III.*, which is comfortable enough.

The books she mentions would be those then on hand for reading aloud. As a rule they liked one novel and one serious book, travels, memoirs, or something historical if not too stiff, for they were always chosen with a view to resting my father.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

[1867].

Charles's book is done and he is enjoying leisure, tho' he is a very bad hand at that. I wish he could smoke a pipe or ruminate like a cow. Our Persian kitten from Paris is very charming and more confiding than a common one. He is getting very big, but still insists upon sitting on my shoulder and smudging his face against mine.

*Charles Darwin to his son George on the occasion
of his being second wrangler.*

MY DEAR OLD FELLOW,

Down, Jan. 24th [1868]

I am so pleased. I congratulate you with all my heart and soul. I always said from your early days that

such energy, perseverance and talent as yours would be sure to succeed; but I never expected such brilliant success as this. Again and again I congratulate you. But you have made my hand tremble so I can hardly write. The telegraph came *here* at eleven. We have written to W. and the boys.

God bless you, my dear old fellow—may your life so continue.

Your affectionate Father,
CH. DARWIN.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta.

DOWN, Sunday [January, 1868].

We had a pleasant interlude yesterday in the appearance of Leo and Horace from school. George's success made a tremendous stir at Clapham.¹ Wrigley had never been seen in such a state. He gave the fact out from the platform as if he was going to cry, and gave a half-holiday and sent them all to the Crystal Palace. Leo however staid at home at his work. . . . When the boys heard about G. in the 1st class room they had a regular saturnalia, and played at football for some time to the great danger of the windows and pictures.

Then the new table came, and it is very lovely, but I foresee that the scratches on it will embitter my life.

In 1868, the month of March was spent in London, at Elizabeth Wedgwood's house, No. 4, Chester Place. My father was fairly well, and my mother heard some music and went to a play or two.

Emma Darwin to her sister Elizabeth Wedgwood.

MY DEAR ELIZ.,

DOWN, Thursday [Ap. 2, 1868].

I came home yesterday with Charles alone. I enjoyed the quiet and poking about, and the cat's welcome

¹ The school where all my brothers except William were educated, first under Mr Pritchard and latterly Dr Wrigley. Leonard was working for the entrance examination at Woolwich.

and walking in the new walk in the field. Your servants are charming, and I am so glad you have such a nice set. We had a pleasant party at luncheon on Sunday (Mrs Miles made such elegant luncheons I was quite proud of them); Mr Farrer and the Godfrey Lushingtons. There was *une très bonne conversation*, as poor Sismondi used to say. Mr Farrer is very genial and agreeable, and I liked him for the cordial and appreciative way in which he spoke of you. He offered Fanny [his wife] to sing to Charles, but he could not contrive it those last days; indeed I think his fondness for singing is pretty well merged into Natural Selection, etc. I dined over the way¹ (and Charles also) to meet Miss Cobbe and Miss Lloyd. Miss Cobbe was very agreeable, and told a good deal about Borrow, who lives close by her. He lives the same life among ragamuffins in London as he used to do in Spain. He was quite an unbeliever (and is still) when he went about the Bible in Spain, and the book gave one that impression. Good bye, my dear Eliz., I have much scrattle.

This year Elizabeth Wedgwood made a final move to Down. The beggars in London harassed and fatigued her, and the bustle of the life was too much for her, so she wisely decided to end her days near my mother, and henceforward lived in a pleasant house in the village of Down. There she spent the last twelve years of her life, happy with her garden, her little dog Tony, her devoted servants, helping her village neighbours, and sheltered by my mother's constant love and care.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

MY DEAREST AUNT FANNY,

Down, Sat. [1868].

Eliz. is so bent upon Tromer Lodge that I am sure she will get it, and I think she will be very comfortable there. She will have a little too much noise from the blacksmith's forge and the school-children at play; but they are not

¹ At the Hensleigh Wedgwoods' in Cumberland Place.

uncheerful noises. She must make an outlet from the nearest corner of her garden to get to us, which is much shorter than the road; but I mean to try to persuade her to set up a bedroom and appurtenances here, so that when she spends the evening she shall also sleep here, and not have any conveyance of things. I enjoy the thoughts very much of her settling there. It is always interesting to see how to make things comfortable. Then you must come and see her here, and I shall see all the more of you. . . .

In 1868 we took one of Mrs Cameron's little houses at Freshwater for six weeks. It was a beautiful summer, and we had a very entertaining time. Mrs Cameron, sister of Mrs Prinsep and the beautiful Lady Somers, and friend of Watts and Tennyson, was sociable and most amusing, and put my father and Erasmus Darwin, who was with us, into great spirits. It was there she made her excellent photograph of my father, but the only other two of our party she would take were our uncle Ras and my brother Horace. I wish she would have tried my mother, but she maintained no woman must be photographed between the ages of 18 and 70.

Tennyson came several times to call on my parents, but he did not greatly charm either my father or my mother. They also saw Longfellow and his brother-in-law Tom Appleton, full of the wonders of table-turning, spirits and ghosts. Mr. Appleton described to us how he had impressed Tennyson with his spirit stories, telling them to him after dinner, by the light of a lanthorn in the orchard.

Charles Darwin to his son Horace.

DUMBOLA LODGE, FRESHWATER, ISLE OF WIGHT,
26th [July, 1868].

MY DEAR HORACE,

We do not know Leonard's address, and I must write to someone, else I shall burst with pleasure at Leonard's success.¹ We saw the news yesterday, and no doubt you will have seen it. Is it not splendid? . . . Everything is

¹ He had come out second in the Entrance Examination for Woolwich.

grand; what a difference between the highest and the lowest number! By Jove how well his perseverance and energy have been rewarded. This is a very dull place, but we like it much better than we did at first. I wish you were coming sooner.

My very dear old man,
Your affectionate Father,
C. DARWIN.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

Down, Wednesday [August, 1868].

. . . Mrs Cameron very good-naturedly took me and Bessy to call on Mrs Tennyson. It was pouring with rain, and the more it rained the slower we walked, so when we got there we left our dripping cloaks in the hall.

Mr Tennyson brought in a bottle of light wine and gave us each a glass to correct the wet. Mrs Tennyson is an invalid, and very pleasing and gracious. After sitting a reasonable time Tennyson came out with us and shewed us all about, and one likes him, and his absurd talk is a sort of flirtation with Mrs Cameron. The only Tennysonian speech was when he was talking of his new house; I asked where it was, and he answered half in joke "I shan't tell you where," also telling that the *Illustrated News* wanted to send an artist to take him laying the first stone. Charles spent a very pleasant hour with him the day before. We ended in a transport of affection with Mrs Cameron, Eras. calling over the stairs to her, "You have left eight persons deeply in love with you." I think she was fondest of Horace. The Madonna¹ was often coming over, "Mrs Cameron's love and would Horace come over?" She wanted him to pack photos, etc. . . .

This autumn was one of unusual sociability. There were pleasant parties of friends and relations staying in the house; and we also had much intercourse with Charles

¹ Mrs Cameron's pretty maid, who often sat for her.

Norton, of Cambridge, Mass., and his family, who were staying for some time at Keston Rectory, a neighbouring parish to Down. A warm friendship sprang up between the two families, and this intimacy led to my brother William's marriage many years later to Mrs Norton's sister, Sara Sedgwick.

About this time we ceased to call our father and mother "Papa and Mamma." "F" from now onwards in my mother's letters means "your father," although she sometimes still speaks of him as "Papa." My father, who was very conservative (although he was a Liberal in politics) said when we spoke about the change, "I would as soon be called Dog."

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta.

DOWN, Friday [probably Dec., 1868].

The Penny Reading did very well last night. We had three dreadful comic songs, not vulgar, but duller than anything ever was heard. Frank and I played twice. Our two black sheep, whom I hate the sight of, little Rob. and Mrs S. were there, and the two yellow sheep (Miss X.'s) also. . . . We have been talking about Wales to Papa, and a house that may be to be had. I think poor F. seems to feel as if the fates would have it so, and I should the less scruple about it as I am sure he would enjoy it so much—not that he has agreed, but we have looked at the map, &c. Leo and Horace are very crazy on the scheme. Goodbye, my dear, I must go out in a gleam of sunshine. . . .

Fanny Allen to her great-niece Henrietta Darwin.

Dec. 18th [1868].

Your letter, my dear Henrietta, gave me great pleasure to-day. I was sure you would not forget me and yet the "booking" of the time gives a certainty to it, that is very pleasant. As many days as you can lawfully spare the

better for me. I could not get up an "entertainment" if I were to try, but I will give you a good selection of books, even some heretical ones, and I will try to give you a more just opinion of my political hero John Bright. I was in great fear when I opened the *Star* this morning and saw the list, and did not catch the name I wanted to see as Cabinet Minister, that Gladstone had forsworn faith and gratitude and left him out; but I was soon relieved from this fear, and I shall hope that the master spirit of England will find its place even in that den. I am sorry that Beale is not in Parliament, but I hope he may still do better work out of it for bringing in the ballot. I will not frighten you with more now.

You seem to have a very disturbed church at Down, and you had better call in Mr Gladstone to disendow it. Give my choicest love to your mother and father, and thanks, with best love to yourself, my dear little one, for thinking of me. Elizabeth cannot find envelopes enough in her box and my drawer for the eager demands "immediate" of her clients for help.

Affectionately yours,

F. ALLEN.

This was the only time I ever stayed with my great-aunt at Tenby. I remember her a little old lady, upright, and so strong that she would stand for an hour before the fire reading the newspaper. Her talk was full of vigour and point. I have an inscription in a copy of Burns she gave me to wean me from "*Mr Tennyson—there's sarcasm for you.*" We dined I believe at 5 o'clock. I had luncheon of some kind, but she took nothing between breakfast and dinner. I may mention that these dinners were extremely good. Her cook, Betsy, had nominally the wage of £12 a year. She had at one time asked for a rise in her wages, but Aunt Fanny had decisively said she had never given more than £12 and she never would,—Betsy might go. But her nieces Elizabeth Wedgwood and Fanny Hensleigh Wedgwood were determined their Aunt Fanny should not lose so good a servant, and quite privately paid Betsy such a sum as would raise her wages to what was then usual. This was kept a secret from Aunt Fanny till her

death. Her surroundings were delightful—the little low white house, the sunny drawing-room, the sleek black spaniel Crab, and the well-cared-for garden, with a wealth of southern shrubs, and peeps of the blue sea beyond.

Fanny Allen to her great-niece Henrietta Darwin.

HEYWOOD LANE, January 8th [1869].

Harry, like you, tried in the evening to make me a convert to your beloved Tennyson with no great result, either of you. I am going on with my reading of Shakespeare's historical plays, and yesterday I came on the murder of Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, and the death of Beaufort; and Tennyson's "bland and mild" Shakespeare grated like gravel between my teeth—one, who could so measure such a genius has no wings to soar into the higher regions of poetry; he must content himself to write such things as *Locksley Hall*.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

MY DEAR AUNT FANNY,

Monday, Feb. 8 [1869].

You were quite right in telling me I should like Bunsen if I persevered. What an angelic nature he had, and how lucky he was to have a wife quite as high and spiritually minded as himself, and his sons and daughters seem all to have been made of the same stuff. It is consoling to read such an intensely happy life as his was from beginning to end. I believe it was his character, and not his talents, which made him so looked up to. I cannot see any talent in his letters and, when he talks of his own views and aims, he is so hazy and unclear that I have never been able to fathom what his particular aim and study was. I shall be quite sorry to finish the book, and it does one good to enter into such a mind. . . .

Yours, my dearest Aunt F.,

EM. D.

My father had a bad accident in April, 1869. His quiet cob Tommy stumbled and fell, rolling on him and bruising him seriously. It was a great misfortune, for Tommy was soon considered to be unsafe for him to ride, and he never afterwards found a quite suitable horse. We all regretted Tommy, for he was not only perfectly quiet but brisk and willing, and with most easy paces.

We spent some months this summer at Caerdeon, in North Wales, and stayed a night in Shrewsbury on our way there. We visited my father's old home, the Mount, and were accompanied by the owner as we were shown over the house. This was meant in all kindness, but I remember my father's deep disappointment as he said, "If I could have been left alone in that greenhouse for five minutes, I know I should have been able to see my father in his wheel-chair as vividly as if he had been there before me."

CHAPTER XIV

1870—1871

The Descent of Man—Polly the Ur-hund—The Franco-German War—On keeping Sunday—Erasmus Darwin—The marriage of Henrietta Darwin—A wedding-gift from the Working Men's College.

IN January, 1870, I went to Cannes. Fanny Allen wrote to my mother: "It is marvellous to me, sitting by the fire rejoicing in the repose, to read of the rushing of the young to all points of the compass in such weather! But in reality at their age, if I had had their power, I should have done the same. I now only wonder at the progress of kindness and indulgence on the parents' part that aid their children in their natural tastes."

Whilst I was abroad the proof-sheets of *The Descent of Man* were sent out to me to read. My mother wrote to me of one of the chapters: "I think it will be very interesting, but that I shall dislike it very much as again putting God further off." To show how delightfully my father took any help his children gave him, I give two letters he wrote to me, although of course the praise is out of all proportion to the real value of my corrections for the press.

Charles Darwin to his daughter Henrietta.

MY DEAR H.,

Spring, 1870.

I have worked through (and it is hard work), half of the 2nd chapter on mind, and your corrections and suggestions are *excellent*. I have adopted the greater number, and I am sure that they are very great improvements. Some of the transpositions are most just. You have done me real service; but, by Jove, how hard you must have worked,

and how thoroughly you have mastered my MS. I am pleased with this chapter now that it comes fresh to me.

Your affectionate, and admiring and obedient father,

C. D.

All this is as clear as daylight. Your plan of putting corrections saves me a world of trouble, by just as much as it must have caused you. N.B. You *can* write, I see, a perfectly clear hand, as in *all* the corrections.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta.

Down, Sat., Mar. 19 [1870].

. . . F. is wonderfully set up by London, but so absorbed about work and all sorts of things that I shall force him off somewhere before very long. F. Galton's experiments¹ about rabbits (viz. injecting black rabbit's blood into grey and *vice versa*) are failing, which is a dreadful disappointment to them both. F. Galton said he was quite sick with anxiety till the rabbits' *accouchements* were over, and now one naughty creature ate up her infants and the other has perfectly commonplace ones. He wishes this experiment to be kept quite secret as he means to go on, and he thinks he shall be so laughed at, so don't mention. Poor Bobby is better to-day and has eaten a little. He looked so human, lying under a coat with his head on a pillow, and one just perceived the coat move a little bit over his tail if you spoke to him.

"Bob" was the half-bred Newfoundland who used to put on his "hot-house face"² of despair when delayed in

¹ In Sir Francis Galton's *Memories of My Life* he explains that the experiments on rabbits above mentioned were made in order to test Charles Darwin's theory of Pangenesis; no effect in the breed was produced by the transfusion of blood. He wrote: "It was astonishing to see how quickly the rabbits recovered after the effect of the anæsthetic had passed away. It often happened that their spirits . . . were in no way dashed by an operation which only a few minutes before had changed nearly one-half of the blood that was in their bodies."

² See *Life and Letters of C. D.*, 1 vol. edit., p. 70.

starting for his walk by my father's stopping to look at experiments in the hot-house. My dog, Polly, mentioned below, was a little rough-haired fox terrier. After her puppies had been made away with, my mother wrote: "Polly is so odd I might write a volume about her. I think she has taken it into her head that F. is a very big puppy. She is perfectly devoted to him ever since; will only stay with him and leaves the room whenever he does. She lies upon him whenever she can, and licks his hands so constantly as to be quite troublesome. I have to drag her away at night, and she yelps and squeaks some time in Anne's room before she makes up her mind to it."

And later in the year: "Polly has had a great deal to suffer in her mind from the squirrels, and sits trembling in the window watching them by the hour going backwards and forwards from the walnut to the beds where they hide their treasures."

The following geological skit by Mr Huxley gives a characteristic sketch of Polly, with her weak points a little exaggerated, for she was more remarkable for beauty of character than form.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

BASSET, SOUTHAMPTON [Aug., 1870].

We are very comfortable here with William in his little villa, which is cheerful though cockneyish. . . . We talk and read of nothing but the war. I think L. Napoleon's fate might make a tragedy if he was not such a prosaic character himself. I can't help hoping that when he is kicked out—which must happen soon—Prussia may be persuaded to make peace. What an enormous collapse it is of a nation tumbling headlong into such a war, without a notion of what the enemy was capable of. Leo tells us that almost all the Woolwich young men are "French," tho' he owns it is chiefly because they long for war, and they think that more likely if France wins. Leo himself is a staunch Prussian. Charles is very comf. here, and manages to be idle, and gets through the day with short walks and rides. I have been reading Lanfrey's memoirs of Napoleon I. It is refreshing to read a Frenchman's book who cares nothing

Eine Haeckel's - Darwin'sch Traum -

des Fräulein Darwin

hochachtungsvoll

Schweden
v. T.H.H.

Respekt: noch lebend (oder 'Präcon' geworden)

noch lebend



Schwein-Hund



Katzen-Hund

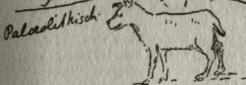
Menschlich oder Canidisch.



Zwischen-Schwein



Zwischen-Hund



Perissodactylus
(Hualy)

Ur-hund
(Polly)

for *la gloire*, and it makes one ashamed of Louis Philippe for giving in to such baseness as bringing the body from St Helena and making a sort of saint of him. I should like to know what impression the book makes in France. Some people (F. Galton) are of opinion that truth or falsehood in a nation is merely a question of geography, and that the nations who have not got the article do pretty well without it. I think France shows the contrary. There is no national value for truth, and Napoleon I employed the most elaborate system of lies by means of Fouché to gain his ends—the letters are now extant. . . .

Fanny Allen to her great-niece Henrietta Darwin.

HEYWOOD, TENBY, Dec. 8th [1870].

I must send you a barren letter, my dear Henrietta, except of love, to thank you for your most pleasant letter of last week. A visit from you would give me pure joy whenever the time comes that you have leisure; and that you have an inclination to come fills me with gratitude and even some surprise, as age is not attractive, as the old song goes, "crabbed age and youth"—and yet I am checked by the recollection of the reception and pleasant time (too short) that I passed at Down this autumn. [What harm] *la gloire* has done to poor France. I can scarcely bear to read her disasters, and it makes me hate the Germans, who are wallowing in her slaughter. Oh, that a *chasse-pôt* could hit Bismarck. . . .

I am surprised also, as you, at Snow's "low view" of the Eastern Q., now happily settled; she has been led astray, as Lord Palmerston says so many are, by analogies. I believe I should be with her as to private engagements, that is between man and woman, which stands on a different footing to that of all other, because the fulfilment might cause the misery of the two. Francis Horner, who was called "Cato" by his intimates, maintained that that engagement should also be considered inviolate—but between

nation and nation I should have thought no one could have doubted.

God bless you, my dear Henrietta.

My warmest of loves for the "beloved Emma," whom you have the pleasure of calling mother, and to your daddy respectfully, and love to Bessy.

Affectionately yours,

FRANS. ALLEN.

In the years when we were growing up, I believe my mother was often puzzled as to what rules to make about keeping Sunday. I remember she persuaded me to refuse any invitation from the neighbours that involved using the carriage on that day, and it was a question in her own mind whether she might rightly embroider, knit, or play patience. The following was found amongst her papers:

On the side of abstaining from what other people think wrong, tho' you do not.

The fear of loosening their hold on the sanctions of religion with respect to what is really wrong.

They probably do not separate the breaking of the ceremonial observances of Sunday from real sins.

On the side of doing as you think right, without considering the opinion of others.

The sincerity of showing yourself as you really are.

The real good it would do the world not to have artificial sins.

Your opinion that England would be morally the better for some amusements on Sunday.

Whether the servants know you as you are and do not take your opinions as any guide for theirs — whether they learn toleration in short.

All this only applies to my own doings, as I do not feel at all sure enough in any way to interfere with the pleasures of sons of the age of mine.

*Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.*DOWN, *Thursday* [Feb., 1871].

. . . I feel a constantly recurring sense of relief that the war is over. We hear of French families returning at once. They say poor Mme. Tourgenieff is in great despair at the end of everything.

I came to high words with one of our guests, a German. He seemed very sore at the general feeling in England for France. However, we each spit our spite, and then made peace. . . .

Charles Darwin to his daughter Henrietta.

MY DEAR HENRIETTA,

DOWN, *March 28*, 1871.

I do not know whether you have been told that Murray reprinted 2,000 [of *The Descent of Man*], making the edition 4,500, and I shall receive £1,470 for it. That is a fine big sum. The corrections were £128!! Altogether the book, I think, as yet, has been very successful, and I have been hardly at all abused. Several reviewers speak of the lucid, vigorous style, &c. Now I know how much I owe to you in this respect, which includes arrangement, not to mention still more important aids in the reasoning. Therefore I wish to give you some little memorial, costing about 25 or £30, to keep in memory of the book, over which you took such immense trouble. I have consulted Mamma, but we cannot think what you would like, and she, with her accustomed wisdom, advised me to lay the case before you and let you decide how you like.

I have been greatly interested by the second article in the *Spectator*, and by Wallace's long article in the *Academy*. I see I have had no influence on him, and his Review has had hardly any on me.

We go to London on April 1st for a few days in order that I may visit and consult Rejlander about Photographs on Expression. I think I shall make an interesting little

vol. on the subject. By the way I have had hardly any letters about the *Descent* worth keeping for you, excepting one from a Welshman, abusing me as an old Ape with a hairy face and thick skull. We shall be heartily glad to see you home again. Good-bye, my very dear coadjutor and fellow-labourer.

Your affectionate Father,
CH. DARWIN.

Erasmus Darwin to his niece Henrietta Darwin.

[6, QUEEN ANNE STREET, March, 1871.]

DEAR HENRIETTE,

I was thinking of sending a scolding card when your note pacified me. Your news is not very cheerful, everyone ill, and I hope London will have a good effect upon your constitutions. Olivier has not as yet sent his remedies [concert tickets].

I have been reading Wallace in the *Academy*,¹ and it seems to me there is a good deal to answer in it if possible. I think the way he carries on controversy is perfectly beautiful, and in future histories of science the Wallace-Darwin episode will form one of the few bright points among rival claimants. . . .

Erasmus Darwin to his niece Henrietta Darwin.

[6, QUEEN ANNE STREET, April, 1871.]

DEAR HENRIETTE,

I enclose you Lady Bell's note, and you will see that yours was not thrown away. I ought to have sent it before, but have been rather sick and miserable, and paper and envelopes are very lowering to the system.

The world looks very black, for after Monday next there won't be a single day without its pleasure, what with the Royal Academy and what with the International.

¹ A review of *The Descent of Man*.

It is quite refreshing to think of you and Hope, immersed in Geometry and indifferent to the cares of poor, weak mortals. E. A. D.

In June, 1871, I became engaged to Mr. R. B. Litchfield.

Emma Darwin to her sister Elizabeth Wedgwood.

HAREDENE, ALBURY, GUILDFORD, *Sunday [July, 1871].*

We were thankful to have Henrietta as courier for the last time, as Charles was so giddy and bad at Croydon I could not leave him. When we got out at Gomshall, Esther, who was in another carriage with the kittens, was not forthcoming, as her part of the train had been detached at Red Hill and she had gone off into space. But she managed well, got out at Tunbridge, and she and the kittens appeared about 6 o'clock very jolly, as if they had done a fine thing.

I was married on the 31st August, and the following letters are to me on my wedding tour:

Charles Darwin to his daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

MY DEAREST ETTY,

Down, *Sept. 4, 1871.*

I must write to say how much your nice and affectionate letter from Dover has pleased me. From your earliest years you have given me so much pleasure and happiness that you well deserve all the happiness that is possible in return; and I do believe that you are in the right way for obtaining it. I was a favourite of yours before the time when you can remember. How well I can call to mind how proud I was when at Shrewsbury, after an absence of a week or fortnight, you would come and sit on my knee, and there you sat for a long time, looking as solemn as a little judge.—Well, it is an awful and astounding fact that you are married; and I shall miss you sadly. But there is no help for that, and I have had my day and a happy

life, notwithstanding my stomach; and this I owe almost entirely to our dear old mother, who, as you know well, is as good as twice refined gold. Keep her as an example before your eyes, and then Litchfield will in future years worship and not only love you, as I worship our dear old mother. Farewell, my dear Etty. I shall not look at you as a really married woman until you are in your own house. It is the furniture which does the job. Farewell,

Your affectionate Father,

CHARLES DARWIN.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

MY DEAREST BODY,

Tuesday Evening [Sept., 1871].

It is very pleasant to feel well again after my three days' poorliness, and I can't think what took me. It was not good Mr and Mrs Rowland, as F. of course put it down to (tho' he is dreadfully deaf). . . . If I don't get my head turned amongst you all it will be a wonder; but I feel it like F. making me out to be so very ill always, only a proof of his affection, and therefore he does not succeed in making me think myself so very sick or so very good. On Monday night Horace came very jolly and well. He has been down to the Venerable P.,¹ who is still bad (send him some message, for I think your wedding finished him up). Poor little Cinder [kitten] has been lost for two days. It caused a burst of indignation thro' the house; Jane was sure she was starved, Mrs Tasker turned her out at night, &c. However, she was found safe at John Lewis's; and now the evil tongue takes another direction, viz. that the L.'s meant to keep her, and so did not tell when enquiries were made. . . .

Wednesday morning. Jane is in bed with lumbago and fainting, and I am sure is in for an illness, but Mrs Evans thinks it a capital joke and does all the work. . . . The B.'s

¹ Parslow, the old butler, thus incorrectly nicknamed from the Aged P. in *Great Expectations*.

[called] on Friday—Mrs B. found it almost too tiresome to ask anything about your marriage, so I soon spared her and got on her own affairs, and I like her in spite of manners.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

Sunday Evening [Sept., 1871].

... Leo has been going over the Joch pass and the Aletsch glacier, sleeping at a hut 10,000 feet above the sea. I suppose boys enjoy such things, but I should have thought it horrid, such a piercing high wind, he could not stop a minute to look about him.

I am taking to some of the St Beuve *Causeries*, and find them very pleasant, especially anything about the time of Louis XIV always amuses me. . . . Mr —— and A. called. A. never knows when to have done with anything. She got upon St Moritz and was quite endless. Now nobody can say that of me.

The following letters refer to a delightful welcome the Working Men's College gave to us on our return. My husband was one of the Founders, and had worked there ever since its foundation with continuous zeal. The wedding gift of the College, a picture by Maccallum, was presented to us, and F. D. Maurice made the speech of the evening.

Charles Darwin to his daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

MY DEAREST ETTY,

November, 1871.

We were all so rejoiced yesterday; and what a very good girl you were to write us so long a letter. We have been all profoundly interested and touched by your account. Pray tell Litchfield how much I have been pleased, and more than pleased, by what he said about me. When the address and your letter had been read the first thought which passed through my mind was "What a grand career he has run,"—but I hope his career is very far from finished. I congratu-

late you with all my heart at having so noble a husband. What an admirable address, and how well written. Even you, Miss Rhadamanthus,¹ could not have improved a word. It is as superior to all ordinary addresses, as one of the old Buccaneer voyages are to modern travels. Good-bye, dearest; keep quiet. Good-bye.

Yours affect.,

C. DARWIN.

Charles Darwin to his son Horace.

6, QUEEN ANNE STREET,


Friday Morning, 8.30 A.M. [Dec. 15, 1871].

MY DEAR HORACE,

We are so rejoiced, for we have just had a card from that good George in Cambridge saying that you are all right and safe through the accursed Little Go. I am so glad, and now you can follow the bent of your talents and work as hard at Mathematics and Science as your health will permit. I have been speculating last night what makes a man a discoverer of undiscovered things; and a most perplexing problem it is. Many men who are very clever—much cleverer than the discoverers—never originate anything. As far as I can conjecture the art consists in habitually searching for the causes and meaning of everything which occurs. This implies sharp observation, and requires as much knowledge as possible of the subject investigated. But why I write all this now I hardly know—except out of the fulness of my heart; for I do rejoice heartily that you have passed this Charybdis.

Your affectionate Father,

C. DARWIN.

¹ Rhadamanthus Minor was a nickname Mr Huxley gave me. 

CHAPTER XV

1872—1876

The Expression of the Emotions—The Working Men's College walking party—Abinger Hall—Dr Andrew Clark—A *séance* at Queen Anne Street—Francis Darwin's marriage—Leonard Darwin in New Zealand—Vivisection—The death of Fanny Allen—Experiments on Teazles.

THE following letter relates to my father's book on the *Expression of the Emotions*, in which my husband gave him some help on expression in music.

Charles Darwin to his daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

MY DEAR ETTY,

Down, May 13, 1872.

Litchfield's remarks strike me (ignorant as I am) as very good; and I should much like to insert them. But I cannot possibly give them as my own. I used at school to be a great hand at cribbing old verses, and I remember with fearful distinctness Dr Butler's prolonged hum as he stared at me, which said a host of unpleasant things with as much meaning and clearness as Herbert Spencer could devise. Now if I publish L.'s remarks as my own, I shall always fancy that the public are humming at me. Would L. object to my beginning with some such sentence as follows? "Mr Litchfield, who has long studied music, has given me the following remarks," and then give the remarks in inverted commas.

L. was quite right about there being a good deal of repetition, and two or three pages can be condensed into

one. The discussion does not read so atrociously bad, or inanely poor as I had fancied; but that is the highest praise which can be bestowed on my part.

Yours affectionately,

C. DARWIN.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

DOWN, Saturday [probably 1872].

. . . Leonard is bringing a young man from Chatham to-day with the assurance that we shall hate him. Frank is also bringing a friend who is very nice. But I don't feel at ease in the company of young men and feel out of my element. Fanny Hensleigh delivered me your message that I was a wise woman settled on a rock, and Charles desires me to say that it is he deserves that credit (viz. of staying at home) and not me, that I have plenty of gad-about in me.

The following is written after the first anniversary of our wedding-day:

Emma Darwin to R. B. Litchfield.

MY DEAR RICHARD,

Wednesday (Sept., 1872).

It was very nice of you to write to me. Although we Wedgwoods are so bad about anniversaries, I should have thought of the 31st. There are so many sad things to think of, that I often feel, "Well, there are two belonging to me whose happiness it is a comfort to think of. . . ." I am glad you are reading Plato, as you will be able to tell me whether I could endure any of it; I have always had some curiosity to know something about the ancients.

Yours affectionately, my dear Richard,

E. DARWIN.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

Down, Tuesday [27 Sept., 1872].

Yesterday 3 sons went in different directions to look for a house for us, as I have persuaded Charles to leave home for a few weeks. The microscope work he has been doing with sundew has proved fatiguing and unwholesome, and he owns that he must have rest. Horace came home the fortunate one, like the youngest brother in a fairy tale. He has found nice lodgings on Sevenoaks Common, which is uncommonly pretty, and there is Knole Park, too, close at hand. . . .

What an affecting and natural letter poor Jenny's¹ was. There is hardly a pang in life so sharp as hers; but she showed so plainly that she was exerting herself to the utmost to bear up. I was surprised she could think of the new baby as any consolation. It will be the best consolation no doubt; but at first she will feel that no baby will make up in any degree for the right one.

Whilst staying in these lodgings at Sevenoaks they became acquainted with the merits of a verandah, and this led to a large verandah being made at Down. It had a glass roof, and opened out of the drawing-room. So much of all future life was carried on there, it is associated with such happy hours of talk and leisurely loitering, that it seems to us almost like a friend. The fine row of limes to the west sheltered it from the afternoon sun, and we heard the hum of the bees sucking the honey-sweet lime flowers as we sat there. They used to get drunk on the honey and lie half dead underneath—a danger to us as little children playing about on the grass. In front were the flower-beds and the dial, by which in the old days my father regulated the clocks. Polly, too, appreciated the verandah and became a familiar sight, basking in the sun, curled up on one of the red cushions. After my marriage she adopted my father and trotted after him wherever he went, lying on his sofa on her own rug, during his working hours.

¹ Jane, the youngest daughter of Harry and Jessie Wedgwood and wife of Major Carr, had lost her first baby.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

Down, Tuesday [21 Jan., 1873].

. . . We are to have Fanny and Hensleigh on Monday, I am glad to say, to meet Moncure Conway. We have just been reading a very grand sermon of his on Darwinism. I sometimes feel it very odd that anyone belonging to me should be making such a noise in the world. . . . Henrietta comes on Wednesday. She has been going to a working-man's ball and danced with a grocer and a shoemaker, who looked and behaved exactly like everybody else and were quite as well dressed. The ladies were nicely dressed but not expensively, and much more decently than their betters are in a ball-room now-a-days.

I have been rather cross at all the adulation about Louis Napoleon. Really Mr Goddard's (the priest at Chiselhurst) sermon might have been preached about a saint, and then would have been thought exaggerated.

Fanny Allen to her niece Emma Darwin.

MY DEAR EMMA,

February 26th, 1873.

I had so nice a letter from Henrietta that I feel inclined to tell you so, and to thank you for a dear letter I had from you now a fortnight ago. I keep all your letters and shall leave them to Bessy most likely, or Horace, and this last is missing in consequence of Harry's forgetting to return it. . . . It is now a fortnight since I have been out of doors; it is so mild to-day that I think I shall try a little pacing behind the hedge.

I do not know whether you touch C. Voysey's writings. I was pleased with his last discourse, *Man the only Revelation of God*. I do not know whether it was in this sermon that a word displeased Elizth. With Harriet's reading many a word falls harmless on my hearing. I take the subject in only. Elizth. objects to pathos in novels, and this also falls very harmless on me—the pathos of life kills that—and would never draw a sad feeling from me. . . .

This spring my father and mother took a house near us, 16, Montague Street, for a month's London season. My mother wrote to Fanny Allen, "Charles had much rather stay at home, but knows his place and submits." Mr Huxley at this time was greatly harassed, partly owing to a lawsuit about a house he was building. His health was not in a good state, and he urgently needed a long rest. This necessity weighed much on the minds of his friends; Mrs Lyell suggested to my mother, during this stay in London, that a very few of his intimate friends might privately join in making a gift to him to enable him to get away. My father took eagerly to the scheme, and became its active promoter, whilst carefully avoiding publicity. Two thousand one hundred pounds were at once subscribed, and my father was deputed to write the letter accompanying the gift.¹ "He sent off the awful letter to Mr Huxley yesterday, and I hope we may hear to-morrow. It will be very awful," my mother wrote. It was not, however, awful at all. Mr Huxley took the gift in the spirit in which it was offered.

Elizabeth Wedgwood's sight had been failing more and more for some time, a privation she bore with the utmost patience. But my mother used often to say how sad she felt it to come in and find her doing nothing, when her life had been one of continual activity. My mother gave her her old Broadwood grand-piano, and to fill up some of her weary useless time helped her to learn by heart simple airs to play to herself. She also came more often to spend the evening and stay the night with them, going home after breakfast.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

DOWN, BECKENHAM, KENT, *Saturday* [probably 1873].

MY DEAREST AUNT FANNY,

I dare say Eliz. will tell you in her Sunday's letter that her new spectacles do not help her. She had so little hope of them that it is not much of a disappointment. I am glad to see that her sight serves her out of doors to do some gardening. I think the beauty of the flowers is very much lost to her. . . . I suppose you read long ago the Hare

¹ The letter is given, p. 367, Vol. I., in the *Life of T. H. Huxley*.

Memorials of a Quiet Life. I feel intense compassion for the shortness of poor Mrs Hare's married happiness, not five years, but I cannot bear her notion that God took him away *because* she was so deeply attached to him. Not that I think a person cannot be selfish in their love; but it is not the strength of the love that is the sin, but the selfishness. I wish they had omitted at least half the letters. There is so much sameness in the religious feelings, as of course there must be. But people make the mistake of thinking you cannot have too much of what is good, whereas the quantity of it spoils the whole in a degree.

The household is boiling over with indignation because the mowers, whom we engaged, have broken their word, and forsaken us at the last minute. I think we had better buy a machine as the difficulty of getting mowers is become very general.

Yours, my dear,

E. D.

Six or seven times every summer my husband organized a Sunday walking party of his singing-class and of members of the Working Men's College. We used to go by rail to some place near London, and walk a few miles to a spot suitable for luncheon and a tea picnic. Singing, gathering flowers, games and tea filled up the day, and we used to come home, well tired out, by an evening train. Several times after my marriage, my father and mother invited the party to Down. The first time was in the summer of 1873. These invitations gave great pleasure and there was a large attendance, often as many as sixty or seventy. My father and mother's gracious welcome, an excellent tea on the lawn, wandering in the garden and singing under the lime-trees made a delightful day, ending with a drive home to Orpington Station for the ladies of the party.

This summer my parents spent a week at Abinger Hall, the home of Mr T. H. Farrer, afterwards Lord Farrer, whose second marriage to Euphemia (Effie) daughter of Hensleigh Wedgwood, had recently taken place. This pleasant, friendly house was now added to the very few places where my father felt enough at ease to pay visits. In general, he considered that his health debarred him from such pleasures. He much enjoyed Mr Farrer's talk and the beauty of the

surroundings. The "Rough," a stretch of wild common, was near enough for him to stroll on. Lord Farrer wrote: "Here it was a particular pleasure of his to wander, and his tall figure, with his broad-brimmed Panama hat and long stick like an alpenstock, sauntering solitary and slow over our favourite walks is one of the pleasantest of the many pleasant associations I have with the place."¹

From Abinger they went to Basset, their *séjour de la paix*, as they called it. I see by my mother's diary how constant she was in driving from Basset to Southampton to see the mother of one of the villagers at Down—a not at all engaging and not too clean old woman—who had gone to end her days there. This reminds me of another instance of her constant kindness; that of writing continually to our poor old nurse Brodie, who had a monomania that she was forgotten. Though receiving a letter only soothed her for a very short time, my mother always thought it worth while to do this, and I believe wrote to her every few days.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

Down, Friday [1873].

... Charles has recovered wonderfully from his distressing attack of last week and is moderately at work. I think with invalids, unusual health "goes before a fall." I hardly ever saw him so well as the Sunday and Monday before his attack. I am glad we have made a connection with a Dr, by having Dr A. Clark; and his opinion was very encouraging, that he could do Charles some good and that there was a great deal of work in him yet. ...

Our visit at Abinger is a pleasant bright thing to look back at. The weather enchanting, shewing off the place—Charles well, enjoying everything and above all Effie, so lighthearted as well as wise. ... Are not you ashamed of Archbishop Manning giving "plenary indulgence" to all these fools? I am happy to say he also gives plenary indulgence to the fools who stay at home. ...

¹ Vol. II., p. 392, *More Letters of Charles Darwin*.

*Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.**Tuesday Evening [1873].*

F. has recovered remarkably quickly and went to the sand walk to-day and did a little work. . . . Dr Clark has not sent the dietary yet and we are rather trembling as to how strict he will be.

I make C. Buxton's book¹ quite my Bible at present. He hits so many small nails on the head that suit my feelings and opinions so exactly, and I think he is so very acute, and sometimes a little cynical to my surprise.

I found George a great comfort to consult with and settle things when I felt uneasy about F. He is so zealous and puts his whole mind to what you tell him. Leo has offered to go as photographer with the expedition to New Zealand. I feel rather flat. One is so awfully used to N.Z. . . .

"Awfully used" is a family expression quoted from Leonard as a little boy, who complained at tea that he was "so awfully used to bread and butter." The following relates to the first visit my father and mother paid us. To make them comfortable we always gave them our bedroom, and moved ourselves into a smaller one.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

MY DEAREST BODY, DOWN, Saturday [Autumn, 1873].

It is a pleasure to receive such a delightfully affectionate invitation and to think that R. joins in it as heartily as you do, and we will come with all our hearts. F. never could bear the thoughts of putting you to so much inconvenience and so had given up thoughts of Bryanston Street, but I tell him *I* don't mind it in the least, and I am sure you and R. don't. Of course I like it much better than Queen Anne Street, as though we should see a good deal of

¹ *Notes of Thought*, published 1873.

you there, there are nooks and corners of time that one catches only by being in the house with you.

But we shall not agree to your tabooing all your friends, as they do not tire F. like seeing his own. I aim at his seeing nobody but the Huxleys and not giving luncheons at all. We will stay a week—I should like to say 10 days, but I don't think I shall compass that. F. is much absorbed in *Desmodium gyrans*¹ and went to see it asleep last night. It was dead asleep, all but its little ears, which were having most lively games, such as he never saw in the day-time. . . .

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

DOWN, *A rainy Sunday* [Autumn, 1873].

MY DEAREST AUNT F.

We have only Leonard with us to-day and I have just sent down to Eliz. to persuade her to come up as it is dark and dismal. She is uncommonly well and cheerful. I have been looking over some very old letters of hers, and it is not a very cheerful occupation; one gets one's head too full of past times which always entails regrets, and I now feel that we daughters made a mistake in not talking more to my father and getting more into his mind. . . .

We are expecting Hen^a and her husband to stay a decent time with us, which somehow is of more value than the same split up into short visits.

Spiritualism was making a great stir at this time. During a visit of my father and mother to Erasmus Darwin in January, 1874, a *séance* was arranged with Mr Williams, a paid medium, to conduct it. We were a largish party, sitting round a dining-table, including Mr and Mrs G. H. Lewes (George Eliot). Mr Lewes, I remember, was troublesome and inclined to make jokes and not play the game fairly and sit in the dark in silence. The usual manifestations occurred, sparks, wind-blowing, and some rappings

¹ The "Indian Telegraph Plant," the dwarf leaflets of which move by a series of twitches.

and movings of furniture. Spiritualism made but little effect on my mother's mind, and she maintained an attitude of neither belief nor unbelief.

This summer there was a second marriage in the family. My third brother, Francis, married Amy, daughter of Mr Lawrence Ruck, of Pantludw. Frank had been educated as a doctor, but did not wish to practise, and took up botany. He was the only one of my father's children with a strong taste for natural history. He now became my father's secretary, and he and his wife came to live at Down.

Leonard, now in the Royal Engineers, went to New Zealand to observe the Transit of Venus.

Fanny Allen to her niece Emma Darwin.

DEAREST EMMA,

June 30th, 1874.

Your boy starts on his star-gazing expedition with excellent weather. November is not far off and he may be back almost before Mrs Evans's¹ tears are dried. Elizth says in her letter that she is "going up in her own carriage." She is wise if she indulges herself in this luxury. The Spirits will not do her any harm. She has an unbelieving nature, and say what they will, they are but jugglers after all. Spirits do not meddle with matter, and when furniture or heavy bodies are moved, it is matter that moves them. I am writing shockingly ill—the day is dark and I do not see well, so good-bye, my dear one,

Ever yours,

FRAS. ALLEN.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

MY DEAR LEONARD,

July 7th, 1874.

I have been so long thinking how disagreeable it would be to see you go, that when I came to the point and saw you so comfortable and composed, I found I did not mind it near so much as I expected; indeed seeing Mrs

¹ Leonard's old nurse.

Evans's tearful face made me feel rather hard and unnatural. In writing to you I shall try to forget how long it will be before you get my letter, and imagine you at Chatham.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

MY DEAR LEO,

BASSET, Sunday, Aug. 23rd [1874].

We are packing up for to-morrow's start for home at 6.30 a.m.; after a most successful and peaceful stay with dear old William. F. says he has not felt so rested and improved and full of enjoyment since old Moor Park days. George joined us about 10 days ago, and has been able to join all our expeditions, which have chiefly consisted in driving as far as N. Stoneham Park and getting out for a short walk. I had no idea it was so charming and pretty, and F. finds that he was quite mistaken in thinking he had succeeded in crushing out his taste for scenery, or that for a beautiful garden which he saw yesterday in such a blaze of sun. . . . The Bessemer Steam-boat is to be launched in 3 weeks. I don't despair of taking F. across some day.

Yours, my dear old man, E. D.

And after their return she wrote to her daughter Bessy: "William says how quiet and dull the meals are, and how much he enjoyed our visit. I believe he quite misses us, though F. would think that quite too presumptuous an idea, he being a man and we fogies."

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard in New Zealand.

Dec. 22, 1874.

Colenso is just returning well pleased with having obtained justice for the Caffre tribes who have been so badly treated. Dean Stanley had the courage to ask him to preach at Westminster Abbey, but Colenso declined, saying he had not come to England to stand up for his own rights, and he would not make a fuss. We enjoy your letters heartily.

Charles Darwin to his daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

MY DEAR H.,

4 January, 1875.

Your letter has led me to think over vivisection (I wish some new word like anæsection could be invented) for some hours, and I will jot down my conclusions, which will appear very unsatisfactory to you. I have long thought physiology one of the greatest of sciences, sure sooner, or more probably later, greatly to benefit mankind; but, judging from all other sciences, the benefits will accrue only indirectly in the search for abstract truth. It is certain that physiology can progress only by experiments on living animals. Therefore the proposal to limit research to points of which we can now see the bearings in regard to health, etc., I look at as puerile. I thought at first it would be good to limit vivisection to public laboratories; but I have heard only of those in London and Cambridge, and I think Oxford; but probably there may be a few others. Therefore only men living in a few great towns could carry on investigation, and this I should consider a great evil. If private men were permitted to work in their own houses, and required a license, I do not see who is to determine whether any particular man should receive one. It is young unknown men who are the most likely to do good work. I would gladly punish severely anyone who operated on an animal not rendered insensible, if the experiment made this possible; but here again I do not see that a magistrate or jury could possibly determine such a point. Therefore I conclude if (as is likely) some experiments have been tried too often, or anæsthetics have not been used when they could have been, the cure must be in the improvement of humanitarian feelings. Under this point of view I have rejoiced at the present agitation. If stringent laws are passed, and this is likely, seeing how unscientific the House of Commons is, and that the gentlemen of England are humane, as long as their sports are not considered, which entail a hundred or thousand-fold more suffering than the experiments of physi-

ologists—if such laws are passed, the result will assuredly be that physiology, which has been until within the last few years at a standstill in England, will languish or quite cease. It will then be carried on solely on the continent; and there will be so many fewer workers on this grand subject, and this I should greatly regret. By the way F. Balfour, who has worked for two or three years in the laboratory at Cambridge, declares to George that he has never seen an experiment, except with animals rendered insensible. No doubt the names of doctors will have great weight with the House of Commons; but very many practitioners neither know nor care anything about the progress of knowledge. I cannot at present see my way to sign any petition, without hearing what physiologists thought would be its effect, and then judging for myself. I certainly could not sign the paper sent me by Miss Cobbe, with its monstrous (as it seems to me) attack on Virchow for experimenting on the *Trichinæ*. I am tired and so no more.

Yours affectionately,

CHARLES DARWIN.

Fanny Allen to her niece Emma Darwin.

MY DEAR EMMA,

April 27th [1875].

I have been thinking of trying my hand in writing with a lithographic pencil, but I have not patience to wait, as your precious letter with its grateful remembrance of the sad April days of 51¹ makes my heart beat with gratitude to you for its recollection—coupled as it was by the memory of your grief for your darling. It is true gaps can never be filled up, and I do not think we should wish them to be filled other ways than as our memory fills them. . . .

Fanny Allen, the last survivor of her generation, died on May 6th, 1875, at the age of 94. She left the following message: "My love to all who love me, and I beg them not to be sorry for me. There is nothing in my death that

¹ Fanny Allen was at Down in April, 1851, when my mother was unable to go to her dying child at Malvern.

ought to grieve them, for death at my great age is rest. I have earnestly prayed for it. I particularly wish that none of my relations should be summoned to my bedside."

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard in New Zealand.

Nov. 8, 1875.

F. went to the Vivisection Commission at two. Lord Cardwell came to the door to receive him and he was treated like a Duke. They only wanted him to repeat what he had said in his letter (a sort of confession of faith about the claims of physiology and the duty of humanity) and he had hardly a word more to add, so that it was over in ten minutes, Lord C. coming to the door and thanking him. It was a great compliment to his opinion, wanting to have it put upon the minutes.

Every evening for many years my father and mother played two games of backgammon. This was a very serious function, and, when things were going badly with him, he might be heard to exclaim "bang your bones,"—a quotation from Swift's *Journal to Stella*. He won most games, but she won most gammons. In a letter to Professor Asa Gray (Jan. 28, 1876) he wrote: "Pray give our very kind remembrances to Mrs Gray. I know that she likes to hear men boasting, it refreshes them so much. Now the tally with my wife in backgammon stands thus: she, poor creature, has won only 2490 games, whilst I have won, hurrah, hurrah,

2795 games!"

Charles Darwin to his son Francis.

HOPEDENE, Monday 30th [1876].

... If your case of Teazle¹ holds good it is a wonderful discovery. Try whether pure water or weak infusion of raw

¹ The leaves of the teasel form cups, in which water collects and drowned insects accumulate. The moving filaments which I observed were supposed to absorb the products of decay and thus nourish the plant. I was probably wrong in believing the filaments to be protoplasmic; their true character remains an unsolved problem. F. D.

meat will bring out the protoplasmic masses. The closest analogy seems to me that of an independent *Amœba* or Foraminiferous animal etc. which feeds by involving at any point of its gelatinous body particles of organic matter and then rejecting them. A mass of rotting insects would give such particles. Perhaps this is your view. But I do not understand what you mean by a resinous secretion becoming slimy, or about *living* insects being caught. I would work at this subject, if I were you, to the point of death. If an *Amœba*-like mass comes out of cells and catches dead particles and digests them it would beat all to fits true digesting plants. I never saw anything come out of quadrids of *Utricularia*, and I could hardly have failed to see them as I was on look out for secretion. It would be a grand discovery.

Could you chop up or pound scrapings from raw meat, or better half decayed meat and colour the particles first and then you could see them in the protoplasmic masses; for surely you could hardly expect (unless there is a distinct hole) that they should be withdrawn within the cells of glands. The case is grand.

I see in last *Gardener's Chronicle* another man denies that *Dionœa* profits by absorption and digestion, which he does not deny. It seems to me a monstrous conclusion—but this subject ought to be investigated, especially effects on seed-bearing. Teazles good for this.

Yours affectly.

C. DARWIN.

Are any orifices or orifice visible in cut off summit or gland? For heaven's sake report progress of your work.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard at Malta.

DOWN, Saturday, July 22nd [? 1876].

. . . The summer keeps on blazing away as if we were in Malta, many of the flowers dying, and none of them growing. The evenings delightful under the limes, so sweet. F. has taken to sit and lie out which is wholesome for him.

Friday, August 4th [1876].

The time passes so quickly in our methodical life that I find I have been 10 days without writing to you. . . . F. has finished his Autobiography and I find it very interesting, but another person who did not know beforehand so many of the things would find it more so.

DOWN.

. . . We have been rather overdone with Germans this week. Häckel came on Tuesday. He was very nice and hearty and affectionate, but he bellowed out his bad English in such a voice that he nearly deafened us. However that was nothing to yesterday when Professor Cohn (quite deaf) and his wife (very pleasing) and a Professor R. came to lunch—anything like the noise they made I never heard. Both visits were short and F. was glad to have seen them. . . . Have you read the spiritual trials? I think that the sentence was too severe, at least as to hard labour, viz. 3 months' imprisonment. If people are so credulous some allowance ought to be made for the rogues.

Saturday [1876 ?].

. . . We had two comical visitors on Sunday about 6.30, two Scotch students who were seeing the sights in London and came here (via Greenwich and Beckenham) to see the great man's house and place. When they got here they thought they would also try to see the great man himself, and sent in their names. F. went to speak to them for a few minutes and Horace showed them about and started them to London by a straighter route than their former one. They were very modest and well behaved, and something like gentlemen. Do you remember a working man from Australia who rushed in to shake hands with him a year ago, and was for going straight off again without another word. We have heard of him again from a Canadian who met him on the road to California on foot

with nothing on but drawers and shirt, in the pocket of which he carried his pipe and a letter from F., of which he is very proud and shows to everybody.

Charles Darwin to his son George.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

Down, July 13th [1876].

One line to say how I, and indeed all of us, rejoice that Adams thinks well of your work, and that if all goes well will present your papers to Royal Soc. I know that I shall feel quite proud. I do hope and fully believe that in a few days you will be up to work again. Dr Clark was very nice, when here, and enquired much about you.

Horace goes on Monday to lecture on his dynam. at Birmingham. Frank is getting on very well with *Dipsacus* and has now made experiments which convince me that the matter which comes out of the glands is real live protoplasm about which I was beginning to feel horrid doubts. Leonard going to build forts.

Oh Lord, what a set of sons I have, all doing wonders.

Ever your Affect.:

C. DARWIN.

CHAPTER XVI

1876—1880

Bernard Darwin—Stonehenge—R. B. Litchfield's illness at Lucerne—William Darwin's marriage—My father's Honorary Degree at Cambridge—A round of visits—Anthony Rich—The Darwin pedigree—A month at Coniston—Horace Darwin's marriage—A fur-coat surprise—The Liberal victory.

IN the autumn of 1876 my brother Francis, who was my father's secretary, lost his wife and came with his new-born baby, Bernard, to live in the old home. The shock and the loss had a very deep effect on my mother and I think made her permanently more fearful and anxious. The baby was a great delight to both my parents, and my mother took up the old nursery cares as if she were still a young woman. Fortunately little Bernard was a healthy and good child so there was not much anxiety, but it greatly changed her life. She wrote: "Your father is taking a good deal to the Baby. We think he (the Baby) is a sort of Grand Lama, he is so solemn."

The following letters were written to me at Kreuznach. From now onwards the majority of the letters here given are from my mother to me; when therefore there is no heading, it is to be assumed that this is the case. She wrote to me nearly every day when we were not together, and I have kept all her letters. As years went on she used so many contractions that her letters became almost a sort of shorthand, but it would be both puzzling and tiresome to reproduce these in print and it has seemed best to translate them almost all.

LEITH HILL PLACE, *Monday [June, 1877].*

. . . F. was made very happy by finding two very old stones at the bottom of the field, and he has now got a man

at work digging for the worms.¹ I must go and take him an umbrella. Leo went off last night. Aunt Caroline is so ambitious for him that she thinks it a great pity he should settle down to such humdrum work as his present employment;² but I don't agree with her. I think, however, I have no ambition in my nature. It would not have given me much pleasure George being a rising lawyer, except as fulfilling his wishes.

Goodbye, my dears,
E. D.

F. has had great sport with the stones, but I thought he would have a sunstroke.

BASSET, *Monday* [June, 1877].

... We are really going to Stonehenge to-morrow. I may stop at Salisbury and read my book and see the Cathedral, but I shall go if I can. I am afraid it will half kill F.—two hours' rail and a twenty-four mile drive—but he is bent on going, chiefly for the worms, but also he has always wished to see it.

BASSET, *Wednesday* [1877].

... We started from here yesterday at 6.45 on a most lovely day only alarmingly hot. We had telegraphed on Monday to George to meet us at Salisbury, and there he was at the station at 8.30 a.m. with our open carriage and pair, looking very bright and smiling, and I think he enjoyed it more than any of us, though he had seen it twice before.

The road is striking and ugly—over great cultivated pigs' backs, except the last two or three miles, when we got on the turf. We loitered about and had a great deal of talk with an agreeable old soldier placed there by Sir Ed. Antrobus (owner), who was keeping guard and reading a devout book, with specs on. He was quite agreeable to

¹ He was observing the effect produced by earthworms in gradually undermining and covering up stones through bringing earth to the surface in the form of castings.

² He had left Malta and was Instructor in Chemistry at Chatham.

any amount of digging, but sometimes visitors came who were troublesome, and once a man came with a sledgehammer who was very difficult to manage. "That was English all over," said he. Prince Leopold had been there. "I wish he would come again, he gave me a yellow boy." They did not find much good about the worms, who seem to be very idle out there. Mrs Cutting gave us a gorgeous lunch and plenty of Apollinaris water. . . . I was not so tired as I expected, and F. was wonderful, as he did a great deal of waiting out in the sun. To-day I am only dead—George came in just now with his lip cut from a fall off the bicycle. It is a long cut but only superficial, and does not want any surgery. I hate those bicycles. . . .

Babsey is a little less troublesome, and if we can keep Frank and Maryanne [the nurse] out of sight he is content for a time. What he likes is to sit on Frank's lap and be surrounded by all the rest, when he is very bold and much amused. . . .

This autumn my husband nearly died of appendicitis at Engelberg, in Switzerland. My mother was boundlessly good in her sympathy and help, even thinking it possible she should come out to us. The following letter was written after we had made our first stage home as far as Lucerne.

Charles Darwin to his daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

MY DEAREST HENRIETTA,

DOWN, Oct. 4th [1877].

I must write a line to tell you how deeply I have sympathised with you in all your dreadful anxiety. We were at first quite panic struck, and how we rejoice over Litchfield's much better state. It astonished and delighted us to receive his nice long letter. How I wish you were safe at home, and that a law was passed that no one should go abroad. I want to advise you to take a courier from Lucerne; and so have no bothers on the journey.

There ought to be another law not to ride horses, or play

at lawn tennis. Poor dear old Leo¹ lies on the sofa, a bulky monument of patience, and never grumbles a bit. We have had lately many callers and this has been good for him, as it has made talk.

When you return you had better come to Down; it is safer than London, and in earnest I should think country air must be better for convalescence, and there will be no business to bother Litchfield.

I am tired, so good-bye. Frank and I have been working very hard at bloom² and the automatic movements of plants from morning to night, and we have made out a good deal. Good-bye, my dear, love to Litchfield—how I rejoice that your anxiety is over.

Your affect. father,

C. DARWIN.

In the autumn of 1877 my brother William³ became engaged to Miss Sara Sedgwick. He had first known her in 1868, when she was at Keston with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norton, of Cambridge, Mass. William was a partner in a Bank at Southampton afterwards incorporated in Lloyds.

¹ His son William had had a bad accident out riding, and Leonard had fallen at lawn tennis and injured his knee.

² The wax coating on leaves which makes them come out dry after being dipped in water.

³ This short account of William Darwin was written after his death by his brother Francis: William Erasmus Darwin (1839-1914). His was a perennially youthful spirit, and the sweetness of his expressive face was but little marked by sorrow or anxiety. One seemed to see in it both the happy directness of youth and the delicate gravity of old age. He was fortunate in having many close friends. This is especially true of his later life: I gained the impression that in the early days at Southampton he had not many intimates. However this may be, he could not have been long there without his lovable and transparently honest character becoming known. He gradually came to be employed in various public concerns, *e.g.*, the County Council, the Southampton Water Works, and especially in connection with Hartley College. In these relations his name will not soon be forgotten. As regards his private life—he seemed to be settling down into confirmed bachelorhood. When his mother urged him to marry, he answered in words which became classical: "Why if I did I shouldn't have any time to myself." But he sometimes regretted his solitude, and I well remember that on my marriage in 1874, he told me how happy I was in having climbed out of the pit of bachelorhood.

Charles Darwin to Sara Sedgwick.

MY DEAR SARA,

DOWN, Sept. 29th [1877].

I must tell you how deeply I rejoice over my son's good fortune. You will believe me, when I say that for very many years I have not seen any woman, whom I have liked and esteemed so much as you. I hope and firmly believe that you will be very happy together, notwithstanding that you may find Southampton rather a dull place, about which my son feels such great fears. His dread that you are sacrificing too much in giving up your American home is natural, but I trust will prove groundless. Judging from my own experience life would be a most dreary blank without a dear wife to love with all one's soul. I can say with absolute truth that no act or conduct of William has ever in his whole life caused me one minute's anxiety or disapproval. His temper is beautifully sweet and affectionate and he delights in doing little kindnesses. That you may be happy together is my strong desire, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for having accepted him.

My dear Sara, Yours affectionately,

CHARLES DARWIN.

He was saved from this fate by his marriage recorded above. All that his wife and his home at Basset were to his parents will appear in the text. His wife shared the special affection that united their eldest child to his father and mother.

After Sara's death in 1902 and his retirement from business, he moved to 11, Egerton Place, London, where he welcomed brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces with a self-effacing hospitality which reminded some of them of their uncle Erasmus Darwin. He gave an English home to his American nieces, the Miss Nortons, with whom, as also with the daughters of his brother George, the bond of affection was strong.

In 1900 he lost his leg from a hunting accident—a deprivation borne with unconscious patience. To the end he remained erect and active looking. He was particularly neat in dress, and with his shaven face and small whiskers he had somewhat the air of a naval officer. He read much in a wide range of subjects—biography, history, fiction and science. A familiar occurrence was his being a few minutes late for a meal because he was “just finishing a paragraph.” As regards science he had some practical knowledge of geology and of field-botany; his careful observations on the pollination of *Epipactis palustris* are referred to in the *Fertilisation of Orchids*, 2nd Edit., 1877, p. 99. F.D.

Emma Darwin to Sara Sedgwick.

[Oct. 2nd, 1877.]

. . . I will not disclaim your opinion of me, but take it as a proof of your affection, and in returning your affection I do not think you will ever find me wanting. . . .

You say you are so American, and so I think you are in the quality that I have always observed in the few Americans I have known (and most strongly in that happy Keston family), viz. a readiness to trust and confide in the liking and good feeling of those they are with.

They were married in November of this year.

Emma Darwin to her son William.

CAMBRIDGE, Sunday mg., Nov. 17th, 1877.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

It was a great disappointment your not coming yesterday to witness the honours to F.,¹ and so I will tell you all about it.

Bessy and I and the two youngest brothers went first to the Senate House and got in by a side door, and a most striking sight it was. The gallery crammed to overflowing with undergraduates, and the floor crammed too with undergraduates climbing on the statues and standing up in the windows. There seemed to be periodical cheering in answer to jokes which sounded deafening; but when F. came in, in his red cloak, ushered in by some authorities, it was perfectly deafening for some minutes. I thought he would be overcome, but he was quite stout and smiling and sat for a considerable time waiting for the Vice-Chancellor. The time was filled up with shouts and jokes, and groans for an unpopular Proctor, Mr ———, which were quite awful, and he looked up at them with a stern angry face, which was very bad policy. We had been watching some cords stretched across from one gallery to another won-

¹ He was given the honorary degree of LL.D. at Cambridge.

dering what was to happen, but were not surprised to see a monkey dangling down which caused shouts and jokes about our ancestors, etc. A Proctor was foolish enough to go up to capture it and at last it disappeared I don't know how. Then came a sort of ring tied with ribbons which we conjectured to be the "Missing Link." At last the Vice-Chancellor appeared, more bowing and hand-shaking, and then F. was marched down the aisle behind two men with silver maces, and the unfortunate Public Orator came and stood by him and got thro' his very tedious harangue as he could, constantly interrupted by the most unmannerly shouts and jeers; and when he had continued what seemed an enormous time, some one called out in a cheerful tone "Thank you kindly." At last he got to the end with admirable nerve and temper, and then they all marched back to the Vice-Chancellor in scarlet and white fur, and F. joined his hands and did not kneel but the Vice-Chancellor put his hands outside and said a few Latin words, and then it was over, and everybody came up and shook hands.

Of all days in the year I had a baddish headache, but managed to go and enjoyed it all. F. has been to Newton's Museum to-day and seen many people—also a brilliant luncheon at George's. J. W. Clark did me a good turn, as I followed his lead in tasting Galantine, which is very superior.

I felt very grand walking about with my LL.D. in his silk gown.

After their return home my father wrote to his son George (Nov. 21, 1877): "I enjoyed my stay at Cambridge to a very unusual degree, owing chiefly to you good boys. If Cambridge newspaper publishes full account of LL.D. do send me a copy."

This June they made a round of visits—a most unusual event.

DOWN, Monday [June, 1878].

We have settled to go to Leith Hill Place on the 5th, Abinger on 10th, and Barlaston on 15th. It is almost in-

credible that F. should agree, and I am afraid not coming home after the ten days' absence will be very serious. I have been out lamenting over the garden. Yesterday it was so pretty with Eschscholtzia and Linums blazing in the sun, but about 5 o'clock we had the most tropical thunder, hail and rain storm I ever saw. F. was out, but after sheltering several times, came back in a quarter of an hour to find a river over shoe-tops in front of the house. The hail quite hurt his feet as he came home, and if he had had Polly he would have had to try to protect her.

DOWN [June, 1878].

I wish you had been here to see Bernard's arrival, it was so pretty. He recognised us all at once so as to have a very sweet modest smile, and directly F. put his hand in his waistcoat pocket, he went and sat on his lap and had the bright spots just as usual. He was perfectly fresh, and in a rapture with the windmill as he came along.

The "bright spots" were made by my father's little pocket magnifying glass.

After Bernard had had some little illness my mother wrote (Oct. 1878): "I daresay he will relapse again and I must school myself not to get so miserable. It is like a bodily ache." And when he was better: "B. is almost more charming poorly than well. He is so attentive and placid and listens to any amount of twaddle. He took to kissing all the pictures yesterday."

[DOWN, Aug. 1878].

... The two articles in the *Fortnightly*¹ by Greg and Gladstone are very striking; I think the first G. so reasonable and cool and the second so fiery and full of *élan*. I don't

¹ There is no article in the *Fortnightly* by Gladstone in 1878. She probably meant *England's Mission in the Nineteenth Century* by Gladstone, and W. R. Greg's paper in a symposium on "Is popular judgment in politics more right than that of the higher classes?" The Eastern question was then exciting great interest in England owing to the "Bulgarian atrocities" (1876) and the war between Russia and Turkey (1877-78) which led to the Treaty of Berlin (July, 1878).

agree with the *Times* that now he had better accept fate, I think he should cry aloud to the end, he may convert someone.

Charles Darwin to his son George.

MY DEAR OLD GEORGE,

Down, Oct. 29th [1878].

I have been quite delighted with your letter and read it all with eagerness. You were very good to write it. All of us are delighted, for considering what a man Sir William Thomson is, it is most grand that you should have staggered him so quickly, and that he should speak of your "discovery &c." and about the moon's period. I also chuckle greatly about the internal heat. How this will please the geologists and evolutionists. That does sound awkward about the heat being bottled up in the middle of the earth. What a lot of swells you have been meeting and it must have been very interesting.

Hurrah for the bowels of the earth and their viscosity and for the moon and for the Heavenly bodies and for my son George (F.R.S. very soon).

Yours affectionately,

C. DARWIN.

Emma Darwin to her daughter-in-law Sara.

Down, Thursday [1878].

MY DEAR SARA,

I did indeed feel for you and thought of you very often. Theodora¹ is such a combination of gaiety, life, and unselfishness and thoughtfulness, that she leaves a terribly large vacancy behind her. I have sometimes thought that there is a sort of reaction, something like relief, when one has no longer to look forward to a dreaded parting. . . .

¹ Theodora Sedgwick, Sara Darwin's sister, was on her way home to America.

Charles Darwin to his son William.

DOWN, Dec. 12th, 1878.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

I have a curious bit of news to tell you. A few days ago Mr Anthony Rich, of Heene, Worthing, wrote to me that he with his sister was the last of his family, and that he had always thought under such circumstances "those should be remembered, whose abilities &c., &c., had been devoted &c., &c., for the benefit of mankind"; with more to the same effect and to my great honour. Therefore he had bequeathed to me nearly all his property after his and his sister's death. I heard from him again to-day with particulars. The property is not of a very inviting kind, viz. a share of houses in Cornhill, which brings in annually rather above £1,100. This bequest, as you may believe, has astonished and pleased me greatly; though in a money sense it will make no difference whatever to me or your mother. Mr Rich is 74 years old and his sister a year younger. I never before heard of a bequest to a man for what he has been able to do in Science.

My dear old William,

Your affectionate father,

CH. DARWIN.

My best love to Sara.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

Tuesday [1878].

. . . Bernard is perfectly well and has the most comical games—putting "dole" (gold) pennies and silver pennies under each of the buttons in a certain chair, in and out of his pockick 20 times—this has lasted 3 days. For 2 days, stirring up dry middlings for the birds was quite delightful and very little mess made (considering). . . . I quite agree with you about F.'s signing too readily; even if the object is undeniably good, but especially when I think

the object not a good one, and possibly mischievous, as in the Moncreux Conway case. In such a plain case of immorality as he considers the war¹ I think he was right. I consider this war as the outcome of our furious antagonism to Russia, and causing them to seek eagerly for a weak place in our armour, and also for something to force us to keep our Indian troops at home in India. Oh if we had but kept to Lord Salisbury's first programme (or Lord Derby's) of what we should object to, instead of bothering about things that do not concern us, e.g. a large Bulgaria. . . .

Saturday [Jan. 1879].

. . . I have been out of doors for two days, and yesterday was quite delightful at the sand walk, and gave one an insane feeling that the winter was over.

I am glad Eliz. is going to 31² on Monday. For a wonder I think her spirits are a little failing, and she seems so troubled with the vivid remembrance of old painful things, and said she should like to have everything past wiped out—and yet her youth was exceptionally smooth and happy and busy. It shows rather a morbid state of mind, and what I believe she would have escaped but for the loss of her eyesight. A complete change I am sure will cheer her much.

W. E. Darwin to his mother.

[BANK, SOUTHAMPTON], March, 1879.

. . . Our drive with Carlyle was interesting, but it was difficult to catch all he said. He talked about a number of things, especially about his *French Revolution*, which I happened to be reading. His face was quite in a glow with an expression of fury when he talked of it, and he raised his hands and said it was the most wonderful event

¹ It may be presumed my father signed some protest against the Afghan war or steps likely to lead to it.

² Her brother Hensleigh Wedgwood's house, 31, Queen Anne Street.

in the world, 25,000,000 rising up and saying "by the Almighty God we will put an end to these shams." He also talked of the frightful difficulty of rewriting the 1st vol. when the manuscript had been burnt; he said it was the hardest job he had ever had, that he had not a scrap of note or reference of any kind and it was like trying to float in the air without any wings, or some metaphor to that effect. He also said that he thought at one time that he should have gone mad with all the horror and mystery of the world and his own difficulties, if he had not come across Goethe. Unfortunately he did not clearly explain and I missed what he said in the rumble of the carriage. He said that Goethe always carried about with him a feeling of the perplexity of things and of the misery of the world, . . . so I said that Goethe had not felt the French Revolution anything to the extent that he had, and then he smiled and said that was true, and afterwards he said that Goethe had always been prosperous, while he had had to struggle with money difficulties. . . . He said that Goethe was far the greatest [man] living in his times, that he was very kind to him, and that every three months or so a box of curiosities, books, &c. used to come to him to Scotland. He spoke with real sorrow in his voice that want of money had prevented him ever seeing Goethe. He said that "Goethe believed he should live again" and that he used to write to him openly [on the subject]; when his son died of drinking at Rome, all he said was that "his son had stayed behind in the Eternal City."

Carlyle talked about Newman being made Cardinal and said he was a kind, affectionate man, who was much afraid of damnation and hoped to creep into heaven under the Pope's petticoats, and then he added "but he has no occiput," and it is very true that Woolner's bust shows he has no back to his head.

I asked him if he ever read any of his own works again, and he said he had read his *Frederick* all through, and seemed to have enjoyed it. As we came away he asked after my father, and said with a grin, "but the origin

of species is nothing to me." Altogether it was very interesting, and he talked very easily and without any condescension, or oracularly.

Good-bye, dear Mother, you will see us at Easter,

Your affec. son,

W. E. D.

Emma Darwin to her son Francis.

Whit Tuesday [June 3rd, 1879].

. . . We are expecting the Club and band before long, and Bernard has been very full of it since yesterday, and wanting to know all details, and who will carry the flag—the flag is dead which proved a disappointment. You will be surprised to hear of Babba's¹ sternness. He found Bernard overbearing with little Alice, and not giving her her rights about the slide, and pulled him up short with "Oh, nonsense, &c." B. was astonished, but it quite answered. He is very good and placid, and I have had no temptation to resort to lumps of sugar since the day at Basset; but I will not yield to the temptation in any way, as you do not approve of that method of education. . . . He was most solemn listening to the band holding Babba's hand; but he likes to talk about it to-day. . . .

My brothers had been having the pedigree of the Darwins made out by Colonel Chester, an American who had an enthusiasm for such researches.

Charles Darwin to his son George.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

June 25 [1879].

All your astronomical work is a mere insignificant joke compared with your Darwin discoveries. Oh good Lord that we should be descended from a "Steward of the Peverel"; but what in the name of Heaven does this mean?

¹ Bernard's name for his grandfather.

There is a sublime degree of mystery about the title. But I write now partly to tell you that we go on Saturday morning to Laura's¹ house. She has *most* kindly lent us her house, for your mother says, I believe truly, that I require change and rest.

My mother, on the other hand, wrote to my sister: "The Darwin pedigree raged more than ever last night, as Leonard and George had found out some more things and also Aunt Caroline asked me a multitude of questions, so I curse the old D.'s in my heart." And to me: "F. has received the MS. from Col. Chester carrying the Darwins back 200 years. I don't know how it is, I should care a *little* if it related to Wedgwoods. F. is intensely interested and the old wills are curious, in some cases leaving a shilling."

My father and mother spent the month of August, 1879, at Coniston. My father enjoyed the journey there with the freshness of a boy—the picnic luncheon, and the passing country seen from the train. Even missing the connection at Foxfield, and being hours late, did not daunt his cheerfulness. One expedition was made to Grasmere. My father was in a state of enthusiastic delight, jumping up from his seat in the carriage to see better at every striking moment. During this visit they also had the interest and pleasure of making friends with Ruskin. I remember very well his first call on them and his courteous manner; his courtesy even included giving my father the title of "Sir Charles." Ruskin spoke of the new and baleful kind of cloud which had appeared in the heavens, and his distressed look showed that his brain was becoming clouded.

In the autumn of 1879 my youngest brother Horace became engaged to Ida, only daughter of Lord Farrer, and they were married on January 3rd, 1880. This marriage added a great happiness to my mother's life, as Ida became another daughter to her.

The following letters relate to a plot to buy a fur-coat for my father, for this was an expenditure he would never have made for himself.

¹ Miss Forster of West-Hackhurst, Abinger.

Francis Darwin to his sister Henrietta Litchfield.

MY DEAR HENRIETTA,

DOWN, Jan., 1880.

I think the coat exploded very well. I left it on the study table, furry side out and letter on the top at 3, so that he would find it at 4 when he started his walk. Jackson was 2nd conspirator, with a broad grin and the coat over his arm peeping thro' the green baize door while I saw the coast clear in the study.

You will see from Father's delightful letter to us how much pleased he was. He was quite affected and had tears in his eyes when he came out to see me, and said something like what dear good children you all are. I think it does very well being long and loose.

Yours affec.,

F. D.

I told mother just before, so that she might come and see the fun.

Charles Darwin to his children.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

DOWN, 17 Jan., 1880.

I have just found on my table your present of the magnificent fur-coat. If I have to travel in the winter it will be a wonderful comfort, for the last time I went to London I did not get over the cold for 2 or 3 days. The coat, however, will never warm my body so much as your dear affection has warmed my heart.

My good dear children,

Your affectionate Father,

CHARLES DARWIN.

N.B.—I should not be myself if I did not protest that you have all been shamefully extravagant to spend so much money over your old father, however deeply you may have pleased him.

My mother wrote to Leonard: "You will expect to hear whether we are alive; firstly the coat is a great success, and though F. began by thinking it would never be cold enough for him to wear it, he has begun by wearing it so constantly, that he is afraid it will soon be worn out."

Sunday, Ap. 4, 1880.

. . . F. and I are just beginning to find out whether we are on our heads or our heels (politically)¹ but as I am 100 times more pleased than you can possibly be sorry, I think you ought to give up being sorry at all. Our mental champagne has had very little sympathy except from Aunt Eliz., as Frank hardly cares and George cares a little the wrong way; though he says now that he hopes the Liberals may be as strong as possible so as not to have to truckle. Seriously I shall be very glad if my opinions and yours gradually converge, as I have felt it rather painful to have them so diametrically opposite to each other. . . . I rather hope Gladstone will not take office for his consistency's sake. . . .

In the summer of 1880 my parents paid their first visit to their son Horace and his wife at Cambridge. It was arranged that they should go in a through carriage from Bromley, having a special train across London to King's Cross. My mother wrote: "We were shunted backwards and forwards till we were so utterly 'turned round' that when I called out, 'Why there is St Paul's,' F. calmly assured me that it must be some small church, as St Paul's was three miles from Victoria, where we then were. F.'s comfort was a good deal disturbed by the quantity of trouble the shunting gave, but I was hardened and enjoyed the journey."

They both did and saw a great deal, my father especially enjoying a lunch in Frank Balfour's rooms. My mother went to Trinity Chapel to hear the organ. She wrote: "I went to the organ-loft and Mr Stanford shewed the

¹ This refers to the General Election after Gladstone's Midlothian campaign. He became Prime Minister, though Lord Hartington, having been the acknowledged leader of the Liberal Opposition, had a right to that position.

effect of stops, etc. (my bed is quite comf.)." This casual style is very characteristic of her, though what was the connection in her mind between the two ideas no mortal man can tell.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

Summer, 1880.

F. has no proof sheets and has taken to training earthworms but does not make much progress, as they can neither see nor hear. They are, however, amusing and spend hours in seizing hold of the edge of a cabbage leaf and trying in vain to pull it into their holes. They give such tugs they shake the whole leaf.

CHAPTER XVII

1880—1882

Elizabeth Wedgwood's death—A month at Patterdale—Erasmus Darwin's death—The new tennis-court—A visit to Cambridge—The birth of Erasmus, eldest child of Horace—My father's serious state of health—His death on April 19th, 1882.

OUR aunt Elizabeth had a serious illness in the autumn of 1879. From this she never entirely recovered, and died on November 7th, 1880, at the age of 87. Her little bent figure had been a familiar sight to us all as she came into the drawing-room, leaning on her stick and followed by her dog Tony. Her first question was always, "Where is Emma?" My mother would then put by whatever she was doing in order to go to her. This was sometimes difficult, but she never let any sense of hurry appear and was always ready to give her a warm and equable welcome. She shared in all her interests, and made constant attempts to protect her from the beggars and imposters who beset her to the end of her life.

My mother thus describes going to Elizabeth's house after her death:

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

[Nov. 20, 1880.]

I went down yesterday and settled some books. The most pathetic thing I saw was the old parasol in its own place; but it did not tempt me to take it away—it would be little to me anywhere else and the maids might care for it. Tony is rather pathetic too, never barking, and wanting notice so much. But when I think what her life might have been this winter, even with something like a recovery,

I feel nothing but joy. . . . Harry Allen's [letter] was peculiarly nice from the moderation of the expressions. I am very near at the end of all my answers. It is rather disagreeable getting into the way of saying the same thing to everybody, thought almost all I wrote to really cared.

Josiah Wedgwood, of Leith Hill Place, had died on March 11th in the same year. The following letter was written when my parents were paying their first visit there after his death.

LEITH HILL PLACE, *Sunday* [Dec., 1880].

I did not perceive that aunt Caroline was agitated on seeing us; she talked cheerfully till we went to unpack. I had a long talk with her after lunch, and F. was in very good spirits and talk as long as he stayed. . . . He is so full of Wallace's affair¹ he has no time for his own, and has concocted provisional letters to Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll. The last I am sure he will send—the first is not quite certain. He is influenced by Huxley feeling so sure that Gladstone would like to oblige him.

[Down, *February*, 1881.]

I think I never enjoyed anything so much in politics as when the Speaker at last put his foot down on Wednesday morning,² and all the more because it disappointed horrid Mr Biggar and his papers and Blue books. I was out of all patience with the Speaker and the Executive, but Mrs Mulholland, who called here yesterday, said that the reticence was preconcerted in order to give them plenty of

¹ A Civil List pension for Mr Wallace, which was bestowed on January 7, 1881. On receiving a letter from Gladstone announcing the fact my father wrote: "How extraordinarily kind of Mr Gladstone to find time to write under such circumstances. Good heavens! how pleased I am." *Life and Letters of C. D.*, Vol. III., p. 228.

² This refers to the forty-one hours' sitting of the House of Commons and the Speaker's so-called *coup d'état*. In order to obstruct the Coercion Bill, the Home Rulers kept the House sitting from Monday, February 7th, to Wednesday morning, February 9th, and would have gone on talking for any conceivable length of time had not the obstruction been ended by the Speaker putting the Motion on his own authority.

rope to hang themselves. She said [her father] Sir John Lubbock has had an unusual quantity of sleep, as most of the members disliked much more getting up early than sitting up late, and so he took that part of the duty on condition of being let off early at night. It was all systematically arranged. . . . I am going down presently in the Bath-chair to see B., who has been in bed for a week without letting us know. You know what my feelings must be about the poor old man, but I am afraid he will recover.

Hurrah for Mr Fegan! Mrs Evans attended a prayer meeting in which old M. made "as nice a prayer as ever you heard in your life."

The sentence about B. alludes to the fact that she was very free in wishing people to die, and sometimes used to say that she believed her wishes were effective. "Old M." was a notable old drunkard in the village of Down, converted by Mr Fegan.

Feb. 17th, 1881.

Yesterday evening a messenger came to say that old Mrs Lyne had died suddenly. Mrs Evans said, "I don't like to tell Missis for fear it should upset her." She little knew my feelings. She is the dirty old woman, and I wish I had looked after her sooner, not by way of keeping her alive though.

Charles Darwin to his son George in Madeira.

4, BRYANSTON STREET, *Sunday, Feb. 27 [1881].*

MY DEAR GEORGE,

We came here on Thursday and have seen lots of people, but there is nothing especial to tell. . . . Thanks for looking out for worm-castings. It is hopeless where the soil is dry. Perhaps you may see some whenever you go into the interior. We came up at this particular time that I might attend Burdon Sanderson's Lecture at the Royal

Institution on the movements of plants and animals compared. He gave a very good lecture. I was received with great honour and placed by De la Rue alongside the chairman and was applauded on my entrance!

One experiment was very striking: the measurement of the rate of transmission in man of the order to move a muscle, and it took about $\frac{1}{200}$ th of a second, the distance being a little over 1 foot. I have been trying to have an interview with the Duke of Argyll, who wrote 2 most civil notes to me, dated "Privy Seal Office," and saying that he would see me "here" at 10.30. So I went to the Office, and an old clerk expressed unbounded astonishment, declaring, "Why he never comes here, he has nothing to do here." So I must go to-morrow to Argyll House. . . .

You will have heard of the triumph of the Ladies¹ at Cambridge. The majority was so enormous that many men on both sides did not think it worth voting. The minority was received with jeers. Horace was sent to the Ladies' College to communicate the success and was received with enthusiasm. Frank and F. Galton went up to vote. We had F. Galton to Down on last Sunday. He was splendid fun and told us no end of odd things.

Monday.—I have just returned from a very long call on the Duke of Argyll. He was very agreeable and we discussed many subjects, and he was not at all cocky. He was awfully friendly and said he should come some day to Down, and hoped I would come to Inverary. . . .

Goodbye, dear old George.

Your affectionate father,

CH. DARWIN.

There are many sentences in my mother's letters showing the great happiness her little grandson Bernard gave her. She wrote when he was away on a visit that she was thirsty for "his little round face," and the following letter tells of her sympathetic care for him when he was losing his nurse

¹ In Feb., 1881, a Grace of the Senate was passed by 398 against 32 giving women the right to present themselves for the "Little-Go" and Tripos Examinations.

through her marriage in the spring of 1881: "We had some trouble with poor Bernard yesterday. He mistook his father to say that Nanna would come after he was in bed. So yesterday morning I found I must tell him the truth or really deceive him. At first I told him that she was at Mrs Parslow's and he should go and see her. He said, 'I shall soon have her out of Mrs Parslow's.' When I told him she was going to be married, his poor face crumpled up and he said, 'I don't like it that way at all.' He cried very quietly but could not get over it for some time."

When he first saw his nurse after her marriage he said to her. "You ought to have told me, Nana, you *ought* to have told me."

[*Spring, 1881.*]

I can't think how Gladstone can propose the monument for Lord Beaconsfield with any degree of sincerity. It is not that he thinks Lord B. in the wrong upon almost all public questions. I can fancy getting over that difficulty; but that until ten years ago no party believed him to have *any* principle. I think the handsomeness about him has been rather immoral. Every Liberal vyeing with the rest to do him honour. The Dean's sermon seems to have been outspoken in some degree.

On June 2nd we all went to a house at Patterdale taken for a month. I think that this second visit to the Lake country was nearly as full of enjoyment as the first. It was an especial happiness to my mother for the rest of her life to remember her little strolls with my father by the side of the lake. I have a clear picture in my mind of the two often setting off alone together for a certain favourite walk by the edge of some fine rocks going sheer down into the lake.

[PATTERDALE] *Sunday [June, 1881].*

The day has turned out even more beautiful than the first Sunday. We all, but F., went in the boat, as far as the How Town landing-place, where we got out. Bernard was with us, dabbling his hand in the water and very quiet and happy. It was very charming up among the junipers and rocks. William was much delighted but is rather troubled



Richard Owen

Mrs Darwin.



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Walker & Co. Boston, photo.

Mrs. Darwin.



by wishing for Sara. F. got up to his beloved rock this morning, but just then a fit of his dazzling came on and he came down.

In my mother's diary there is the entry: "Down, July 16. Litches, Lushingtons, Miss North." It was one of those ideal days when we could sit under the limes all day. My father was in his happiest spirits, responding to Mrs Lushington's charming gaiety, and enjoying her grace and beauty and her enchanting music. This is a happy memory of the last summer of the Down of our youth.

Erasmus Darwin died on August 26th, after four days' illness. He was weary of life, and the constant burden of ill-health, but for us all the loss was irreparable. He was buried at Down.

W. E. Darwin to his mother.

August 27, 1881.

Next to coming to Down, one of my greatest pleasures was going to see dear Uncle Eras whenever I was in London. He seems to me much more than an uncle, and from quite a little boy I can remember his steady kindness and pleasantness, always knowing how to make me feel at ease and be amused. After I grew up, it year by year was a greater happiness for me to go and see him. To me there was a charm in his manner that I never saw in anybody else.

Emma Darwin to her daughter-in-law Ida.

Down, Monday [Aug. 29th, 1881].

It will be very delightful to us to have you here, my dear child, and I hope you will come before the funeral. I don't know any that we shall have in the house, but if we had we have plenty of room for you. I am sure it must be a happy thought to you that he knew how much you loved him, or rather that he loved you (for I don't think he thought much about other people's affection—he knew of his own feelings).

Charles Darwin to his son George.

WEST WORTHING HOTEL, Sept. 8th [1881].

. . . I have had a long and pleasant talk with Mr Rich, and there is something about him which pleases me much; he is so simple and modest. I think that I told you that I thought myself bound to tell him of the large fortune from Erasmus, and that under such changed circumstances I considered him *most fully* justified in altering his will. I begged him to consider it for a week, and then let me hear his decision. But he would not let me finish, and protested he should do nothing of the kind and that with so many sons I required much money. In this I heartily agree, though your mother is quite sorry! I now feel convinced that nothing will induce him to change.

This autumn a strip of field was bought to add to the garden beyond the orchard. One chief object was to have a hard tennis-court, but the new piece of ground added greatly to the pleasantness of the garden. My mother wrote: "We are boiling over with schemes about the tennis-court, and as soon as they are matured they are to be broken to F."

My husband and I had been to Florence this year. My mother wrote on our return: "It will be nice seeing you, but I feel as if you had but just gone—not exactly the style of Mme. de Sévigné."

Emma Darwin to her daughter-in-law Sara.

Down, Friday [Oct., 1881].

. . . I think F. is quite set up by our happy week at Cambridge. We saw many pleasant people, and F. called on old Dr Kennedy, of Shrewsbury, who was particularly pleased to see him. We went to see the red picture,¹ and I thought it quite horrid, so fierce and so dirty. However,

¹ Sir W. B. Richmond's picture of Charles Darwin in the Library of the Philosophical Society.

it is under a glass and very high up, so nobody can see it. Our chief dissipation was going to King's, for which the tram was very handy.

F. and I often reflect how well off we are in daughters-in-law and how easily our sons might have married very nice wives that would not have suited us old folks, and above all that would not really have adopted us so affectionately as you have done. I never think without a pang of the third that is gone. . . .

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

Wednesday, Nov. 23, 1881.

F. is at last getting some reward for these months at the microscope, in finding out something quite new about the structure of roots. However, it makes him work all the harder now. Among his idiotic letters, a good lady writes to ask him whether she may still kill snails, which do her so much damage, or are they as useful as worms. Also a gentleman from Australia to enquire why the blackened and white stumps of trees all about do not affect the colour of the lambs as they did in Jacob's time. I thought he must be joking, but F. said he was quite serious.

We are very much charmed with Lord G. Paget's account of the Crimean War, a subject I dislike so much that I am surprised to like it so much; but he only tells what he saw himself, and he was in England at the worst of the horrors. F. is very much in love with Lady G. too, who was there part of the time. His passion for her has to feed upon very little; but he is convinced she is beautiful by the way she was coaxed and fêted, and Marmora's Italian Band to play to her everywhere. All about Cardigan is amusing. Lord G. thinks it such surprising good luck if he behaves decently, and you escape coming to a quarrel with him. He speaks constantly of the extreme beauty of the Crimea. We have also begun Lyell [*'s Life*]. The scrap of autobiography is pleasant. He hated all his

schools very much, and no doubt there are fewer disagreeables now. I horrified F. the other day by saying that I thought the French plan of having supervision in the dormitories was very good. What can boys do better at night than hold their tongues and go to sleep. It is no advantage that they should have uproarious games, and if bullying takes place it is sure to be at that time. G. was very miserable as a little boy, till they got that room to themselves (not to mention all the bad talk).

Erasmus, the eldest child of Horace Darwin, was born on December 7th, 1881.

Emma Darwin to Horace and Ida Darwin.

Sat. [DOWN, Dec. 10, 1881].

MY DEAREST IDA AND HORACE,

This is only to be the shortest line to say how delightful it is and has been at all odd times ever since that blessed Thursday letter to think of you with little Eras. by your side. In the night it has been my first and last thought. Now I shall prose to Hen., and she may read you what she likes.

Your loving mother,
E. D.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

Friday Morning [LONDON, Dec., 1881].

I went this morning early to Dr Clark. He is resolved to come and see F., for his own pleasure, I think. I told him about the pulse, and he said that shewed that there was some derangement of the heart, but he did not take a serious view of it. He spoke affectionately of George, and said he felt confident he was attaining rather a higher standard of health, and of his wonderful energy and industry, and that he thought his mind in his line was equal to his father's. My best love to H. and Ida. I should have liked to see her with her baby before it gets the least stale.

My father's health had given much cause for uneasiness in the autumn of 1881, but in the beginning of 1882 he was for a time somewhat better. My husband and I were about to buy a larger house, partly with a view of making their visits to us more comfortable.

Sunday [Jan. 21, 1882].

I am glad you have taken the step in favour of Kensington Square. I have no doubt that F. will get used to its ways and find it come quite natural after a bit.

I have been reading such old letters of my mother's, about going to school; it is like looking into a forgotten picture of myself. I sent a commission to aunt Eliz. in London to buy me a gown for not more than 10/- (a cotton one).

At the end of the month my father's health relapsed. All February and March he did not dare to walk far from the house for fear of the heart pain seizing him. He had, however, happy times, sitting with my mother in the orchard, with the crocus eyes wide open and the birds singing in the spring sunshine.

Dr Andrew Clark came on the 10th March to see him. On the 13th I see my mother entered in her diary "looked out of window," as if that was a step; then there came a rally of a fortnight. Dr Norman Moore was also coming at intervals. On the 17th April she wrote, "Good day, a little work, out in orchard twice." On the 18th, "Fatal attack at 12."

I arrived on the morning of the 19th and found him being supported by my mother and by my brother Frank. She went away for a little rest, whilst we stayed with him. During that time he said to us, "You are the best of dear nurses." But my mother and my sister soon had to be sent for, and he peacefully died at half-past three on the 19th April.

My mother was wonderfully calm from the very first, and perfectly natural. She came down to the drawing-room to tea, and let herself be amused at some little thing, and smiled, almost laughed for a moment, as she would on any other day. To us, who knew how she had lived in his life, how she had shared almost every moment as it passed, her calmness and self-possession seemed wonderful then and are wonderful now to look back upon. She lived

through her desolation alone, and she wished not to be thought about or considered, but to be left to rebuild her life as best she could and to think over her precious past. This wish for obscurity came out in her eager desire to get the first sight of her neighbours over, and then, as she said, "they will not think about me any more."

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

Friday.

MY DEAREST LEO,

It is always easier to write than to speak, and so, though I shall see you so soon, I will tell you that the entire love and veneration of all you dear sons for your Father is one of my chief blessings, and binds us together more than ever. When you arrived on Thursday in such deep grief, I felt you were doing me good and enabling me to cry, and words were not wanted to tell me how you felt for me.

Hope [Wedgwood] expresses a feeling that I should not be pitied after what I have professed and had been able to be to him. This is put very badly in my words; but hers gave me great happiness.

My father wrote in his Autobiography: "You all know your mother, and what a good mother she has ever been to all of you. She has been my greatest blessing, and I can declare that in my whole life I have never heard her utter one word which I would rather have been unsaid. She has never failed in kindest sympathy towards me, and has borne with the utmost patience my frequent complaints of ill-health and discomfort. I do not believe she has ever missed an opportunity of doing a kind action to anyone near her. I marvel at my good fortune, that she, so infinitely my superior in every single moral quality, consented to be my wife. She has been my wise adviser and cheerful comforter throughout life, which without her would have been during a very long period a miserable one from ill-health. She has earned the love and admiration of every soul near her."

Shortly after my father's death, my mother wrote down notes of memories that she wished to keep fresh in her mind, some in the form of a little diary of what they had done together; from these I give the following extracts:

"Happy Cambridge visit. Joyous arrival at 66 [Hills Road, the Horace Darwins]—admiring the house—pretty well all the time. . . .

"His pleasure in the kind zeal of his sons in 'giving up the study' to him.¹ This remained fresh with him to the last. Lying on sofa in drawing-room looking at what he called Henrietta's shrine.²

"I will put down some things for fear I should forget if I live long. Always speaking a gracious and tender word when I came up at night—'It is almost worth while to be sick to be nursed by you.'

"I don't know what he said to which I answered, 'You speak as if you had not done just the same for me.'

"Oh that I could remember more—but it was the same loving gratitude many times a day.

"Constantly suggesting my staying with the others. His tenderness seemed to increase every day. George returned from West Indies on Ap. 10 [1882]. C. not up to talking for very long, but enjoyed George's news. . . .

"On Tuesday, 18, at 12 at night, he woke me, saying, 'I have got the pain, and I shall feel better, or bear it better if you are awake.' He had taken the anti-spasmodic twice.

"I will only put down his words afterwards—'I am not the least afraid of death.' 'Remember what a good wife you have been to me.' 'Tell all my children to remember how good they have been to me.' After the worst of the distress he said, 'I was so sorry for you, but I could not help you.' Then, 'I am glad of it,' when told I was lying down. 'Don't call her; I don't want her.' Said often 'It's almost worth while to be sick to be nursed by you.' . . .

"2 May, 1882.

"I can call back more precious memories by looking only a short while back. . . . On Sunday, Jan. 8 [1882], the 'Sunday Tramps.'³ C. was delightful to them and enjoyed their visit heartily. . . . Mar. 3. His state was now more languid, walking short distances very slowly. (I remember one walk with him to the Terrace on a beautiful, still, bright day, I suppose in Feb.). . . . A peaceful time without much suffering—exquisite weather—often loitering out with him.

¹ Meaning that they insisted on his taking the billiard-room for his study and giving up his old small one.

² My arrangement of some old china and pictures that faced him as he lay on the drawing-room sofa.

³ Walking parties arranged by Sir Leslie Stephen, Sir F. Pollock and others.

"I used to go to bed early when he suffered so much from fatigue, and often read some time. Also got up early and read to him early after my breakfast—generally found him doing nothing, but the two last mornings he occupied himself for a short time and felt more like recovery. . . ."

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

MY DEAR LEO,

Down, Friday.

I have very little to tell you except how beautiful the weather is . . . I feel a sort of wonder that I can in a measure enjoy the beauty of spring. I am trying to get some fixed things to do at certain times. Bernard's lessons are a great help to me, and some reading with Bessy; but oh, how I miss my daily fixed occupation, always received when I went to him with some sweet word of welcome.

I often admired the courage and energy with which she filled up her day and let no one perceive that she missed the framework of her occupation for almost every hour of the day. "I had my work to hold hard to and felt it was everything to me," a nephew, who had lost his wife, wrote to her, "but yours is a double loss."

During my father's last years her whole day was planned out to suit him, to be ready for reading aloud to him, to go his walks with him, and to be constantly at hand to alleviate his daily discomforts.

He breakfasted early, and came out from his study to read his letters between nine and ten, have a little reading aloud, and then went back to work till nearly twelve o'clock. He would then come into the drawing-room till it was time for his walk. My mother would, when her strength and the weather allowed, go with him round the "sand-walk."

After luncheon at one, he read the newspaper, then came letter writing by dictation, which was often her task, and at about three in the afternoon he would go upstairs to rest and have reading aloud. Afterwards there would be another walk together; he would then do an hour's more work, have another rest and then more reading aloud. His evening was passed in the drawing-room if they were alone. He read a little scientific German to himself and then there would be reading aloud again or sometimes music.

From about this time onward my mother's health was less good, and she was not able to spend so much time out of doors. Thus there was a long day to be filled up with reading, writing, or other occupations, for to the end of her life she could hardly endure doing nothing even for a quarter of an hour. But I think the years of her widowhood were happy ones. She herself said to me, "I feel I can bear your father's loss. I felt I *couldn't* bear Amy's."¹ And then she added that this was her own loss and that in the past "she had had so much." The only regret I ever heard her express was that she had not told him how much pleased she was at his putting up her photograph by the side of his big chair in his study, so that he saw it as he looked up from his work.

Emma Darwin to her son William.

MY DEAREST WILLIAM,

Down, May 10, 1882.

Your dear letter was a great happiness to me. I never doubted your affection for an instant, but this has brought such an overflow of it that it makes me feel that you could not spare me, and makes my life valuable to me—and in every word I say to you, I join my dear Sara.

Two or three evenings ago they all drew me in the bath-chair to the sand-walk to see the blue-bells, and it was all so pretty and bright it gave me the saddest mixture of feelings, and I felt a sort of self-reproach that I could in a measure enjoy it. I constantly feel how different he would have been. I have been reading over his old letters. I have not many, we were so seldom apart, and never I think for the last 15 or 20 years, and it is a consolation to me to think that the last 10 or 12 years were the happiest (owing to the former suffering state of his health, which appears in every letter), as I am sure they were the most overflowing in tenderness.

I felt secure about him, and any little drawback was felt [by him as well as by me] to be temporary. How often he has enjoyed his study and said how good "the boys" were to make him take it. I can look back on every visit we

¹ Her son Francis's wife who had died after Bernard's birth.

ever paid you, and have only the impression of peaceful happiness and very little unwellness. Pleasant excursions or short drives, and the pleasant change of you returning from your work with a little news—sitting on your lawn, which I always imagine in sunshine.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

Saturday, May 13th, 1882.

I am trying to make stages in the day of something special to do. It often comes over me with a wave of desolate feeling that there is nothing I need do, and I think of your true words, "Poor mother, you have time enough now." The regularity of my life was such an element of happiness, and to be received every time I joined him by some word of welcome, and to feel that he was happier that very minute for my being with him. Some regrets will still come on, but I don't encourage them. I look forward to Wednesday, my dearest, and feel it such a comfort to write and tell you everything.

June 8th, 1882.

... I can quite understand that the change to home gave you a fresh set of painful and melancholy feelings. I am sure you will like to hear, my dear one, that I do quite well without you, though it is a never ceasing comfort to have you. Just when I parted with you I had a vivid and painful regret which sometimes returns and sometimes is softened away, and so it made me feel your going more. Sara being here these two days when I was uncomfortable was a great comfort, as she made it pleasant for Hensleigh and Fanny. ... I like to think how often you were here with him all these years, and how he liked your coming. "If we had known" everyone may say—but then there would not have been the security of all these years, which itself is such a great part of happiness. ...

LEITH HILL PLACE, *June 12* [1882].

It feels very dismal doing anything for the first time so differently. F. always used to enjoy a railway journey when once started, and always was so bright and pleasant at Leith Hill Place. I shall be glad to get home. I seem to be making more contrasts in my own mind here than there. . . . I feel sure you never forget, my dearest. Sometimes I feel it selfish that my regrets should be so much confined to what I have lost myself. To feel there was one that I could *almost* always make more happy. . . . But life is not flat to me, only all at a lower pitch; and I do feel it an advantage not to be grudging the years as they pass and lamenting my age.

CHAPTER XVIII

1882—1884

A letter to Anthony Rich and his answer—Leonard Darwin's marriage—The purchase of the Grove at Cambridge—Francis Darwin working at the *Life* of his father—His marriage to Ellen Wordsworth Crofts—George Darwin's marriage—The Greenhill and Stonyfield.

AFTER my father's death his children agreed that the following letter should be sent to Mr Anthony Rich.

W. E. Darwin to Anthony Rich.

MY DEAR MR RICH,

[May, 1882].

Since my father's death my brothers and sisters and I have been thinking much over your generous intention of leaving your property to my father, and, as we understood, to us as his heirs. We wish to tell you how truly grateful we feel to you for this emphatic recognition of his services to science and the world. It deeply gratified him, and we never shall forget this. I gather that it was your intention that his death should make no difference in the disposition of your property, but we want you to be assured that we feel that a new state of things has arisen, and one of which you could not calculate the effect until it actually came. No one as long as they live can help acquiring new interests, and it is impossible for you to foresee what may happen in the years I hope you may still have to live.

We, therefore, earnestly beg you to remember that if you should see fit to alter the disposition of your property,

we shall never feel that we owe you any less gratitude for your generous intentions towards our dear father; and we ask you to keep this letter, in order that you may always bear in mind that this is our most deliberate request.

I am,

Yours always gratefully and sincerely,

W. E. DARWIN.

Anthony Rich to W. E. Darwin.

DEAR WILLIAM DARWIN,

May 17, 1882.

Yours of yesterday just received. I answer it at once without leaving the table at which I was sitting while reading it.

First of all: many thanks for the photograph of your father, which is exceedingly good, both for the likeness and the execution. The one which your brother Leonard gave me of his own taking, I have had framed and hung up in my room, where it reminds me daily of the actual presence of one for whom I seemed to feel a positive affection, as well as veneration and respect. . . .

I made my will before writing to your father to tell him the dispositions I had made; and nothing could induce me to alter it in that respect. It is a source of pleasure and pride to me to think that it could have been in my power to do anything which would give him ever so small an amount of gratification, and I am equally pleased to think that, when my course is also run, property which belonged to me will descend to the worthy children of so noble a man. I do not usually keep letters after answering them, but I may perhaps leave this one of yours in my desk, not for the purpose you suggest, but as an evidence, if wanted, of the dignified disinterestedness of yourself and brothers and sisters. Possibly I may see you here some day or other, in the fulness of time? I hope that you and your brother George will send me a line now and then, just to keep me *en rapport* with you all. In the monotony of my daily life, I never

can screw up courage enough to take an initiative in anything: but I am scrupulously exact in answering; that I promise you—and that

I am,

Very sincerely yours,

ANTHONY RICH.

Leonard Darwin married Elizabeth Fraser, the sister of a brother officer (now General Sir Thomas Fraser), in the summer of 1882. Leonard was working at the Staff College at Camberley.

My mother spent the summer of 1882 at Down, but she felt that the winters in the great empty house would be lonely, and she therefore decided to spend part of each year at Cambridge, where two of her sons, George and Horace, were living, and where her son Francis could better go on with his botanical work.

She therefore bought "The Grove," a pleasant house on the Huntingdon Road, a mile from great St Mary's, and there she spent the winters till her death. She thus described the garden: "I think the Grove garden is the very place for an old person, such nooks and corners for shelter and seats." It had old walls and spreading wych elms which gave it charm and individuality.

Before she left Down, Sir Joseph Hooker came to pay her a visit. My father had been more attached to him than to anyone outside his own family. She wrote that he was a good deal agitated on coming in. Another farewell visit was from Lady Derby. "At 12 came Lady Derby all the way from London and straight back again. She was quite depressed almost all the visit, and I felt impelled to talk a little openly to her, and everything she said was so feeling and tasteful. Then Frank came in and she discussed the difficulties of the *Life* with him and was very nice."

A great pleasure to her at Cambridge was the little baby Erasmus, then eleven months old. She wrote: "It is pleasant work feeding Erasmus. I was giving him little crumbs of cake and he standing giggling for more. He sits every day in his chair at luncheon and insists upon having a great deal of pudding besides his own broth, flapping his fins between each mouthful."

My father and mother were so little separated after marriage that she had but few letters besides those written

during their engagement. It was a deep regret to her that she had not kept his scraps of notes when they were apart for a day or two. But the letters I have already given and some others she called her "precious packet," and always took with her wherever she went. When William, on looking through his own letters, found one to her from my father, she wrote to me: "It felt like a fresh treasure; you shall see it."

My brother Francis was now engaged in writing the *Life* of my father. My mother had beforehand a shrinking dread of the publicity, but the truth and feeling with which it was written changed her fear into satisfaction, and it became only a happiness to her.

Jan. 18, 1883, Cambridge.

It is true that I don't care for art, but I do care about a poor widow, so you must keep the £10. On Sunday I took two little walks, and altogether I am quite at my best. Rasmus called in his pram., driven by Ida. I was pleased at his putting out his arms to me as soon as he saw me and trotting about the room quite tame. . . .

I have been reading Frank's notes on F., and I am quite delighted with them. The picture is so minute and exact that it is like a written photograph, and so full of tender observation on Frank's part. The whole picture makes me feel astonished at myself that I can make out a cheerful life after losing him. He filled so much space with his interest, sympathy and graciousness, besides his love underlying and pervading all. I think Frank has done so wisely in writing down *everything*. I wrote a little note to him, as I knew I should break down in telling him what I felt. . . .

SPRINGFIELD, CAMBRIDGE, Friday [Feb. 1883].

Well, our dinner was most elegant. The soup was universally admired after the company went. It was all pleasant and easy—but what a difference I now feel in company talk. I used sometimes to feel that it was too impersonal for my taste; but now it is utter gossip from first to last, and you feel such a want of a real interest coming out through the merriment that used to be so delightful. . . .

In April she wrote to me after the anniversary of my father's death: "It seems to me that the actual anniversary does not bring so much to one's mind as the time before it. Sometimes it feels to me nearer than it did six months ago."

I think Down and the past was always in the back of her mind, though she was happy in the present. She rejoiced in all old associations, even caring for the "dear old azaleas," brought from Down, saying, "I know their faces so well."

In a letter to me she wrote: "Bourne's wife is dead, and he has brought home a very sweet-looking turnspitish dog." I do not know how it would strike anyone else, but to her children it seems very characteristic. It was to her an interesting fact that she would meet a "sweet-looking dog" with the gardener.

My brother Francis, who lived with my mother, had become engaged to Ellen Wordsworth Crofts, in the summer of 1883, and they were married in the same autumn. She had been a lecturer at Newnham College.

Emma Darwin to her son Francis.

MY DEAR FRANK,

DOWN, 1883.

This is only a line to say I have received your happy letter and your dear Ellen's most feeling and charming expressions to Bessy and me. . . . Miss Clough greeted Ida, "So you have robbed me of my lecturer," as if it were Ida's fault. She was very nice and sympathetic about it. . . .

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

DOWN, July 7th, 1883, Saturday.

I took a holiday from letters yesterday and loitered about the haystack, etc. Our strawberries are grand, and there are some in the house who certainly enjoy them. I found we were spending 5s. a day on cream and milk, so Mrs B. and I were equally shocked and are not going to be so magnificent. To-day I have a nice novel and nice work, and I mean to fill up my time by looking over the wine and doing any other unpleasant thing I can think of. . . .

Down, Sept. 10th, 1883.

Yesterday such a lovely day, every leaf shining. Bernard spent almost all day on his tricycle, going to the end of the kitchen garden and back whilst Frank timed him with his watch. He is now gone out alone, and I am going to time him presently.

Old women are turning up, so good-bye, my dear.

This autumn they were to move straight to the Grove, and of course there was much settling and arranging, which however she took very calmly, as her custom was. She was more interested in landscape gardening than furnishing, and the cutting down of the trees was entirely decided by her. She wrote: "I attended the downfall of the great elm over the lodge and it really was a grand sight, especially when it took the matter into its own hands and resolved to crush a good-sized sycamore, instead of going the way they were pulling."

Francis Darwin after his marriage was planning to build a house on part of the Grove fields. This would of course enable my mother to see Bernard almost as often as if he still lived with her.

Emma Darwin to her son Francis.

DEAR FRANK,

[1883.]

I can always write pros and cons easier than speak them; and I want you and Ellen to consider whether it is not rash of you to take so irrevocable a step as to begin your house at once—whether it would not be wiser to wait six months and see what your occupation at Cambridge would eventually be, and whether if something permanent was within your power elsewhere you had not better hold yourself loose for a time. There is another point to be considered, viz., the relations between Ellen and Bernard; and I think everything else, and above all the pleasure which Bessy and I should have in the constant running in and out of Bernard, ought to give way to the best way of Ellen's obtaining his affection and obedience, and also the feeling that your house should be his real home. . . . I don't fear

anything of that sort, as Bernard is ten times as fond of you as of anyone else.

Of course my wish is to have you as near as possible at once; but I should be quite content the other way, and I think you have hardly given consideration enough to these two points. You can tell me what you think. At my age, 75, I cannot look on any arrangement as very durable for me, and it is no effort to me to give up what would be the pleasantest present plan if it does not seem to be wisest; and in this feeling Bessy joins, though she would feel the weaning from Bernard much more painfully than I should do.

Yours, my two dear children, E. D.

I don't in the least mind talking about it, but I can write more clearly than speak.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

Friday night [Dec., 1883.]

Bessy and Mrs Myers are gone to the *Electra* of the young ladies at Girton. We were talking about the play before Bernard when he said, "Is it nice?" I answered, "Yes, very nice."

B.: What is it about?

Me: About a woman murdering her mother.

This account of a *nice* play was too much for Jackson's gravity. I have been reading your father's letters to William which he has kept. There is a great deal of anxiety about the health of you. What a blessing science was to him through all his anxieties and his bad health. It made him able to forget all for a few hours.

Wednesday [1883].

Mrs Carlyle¹ is almost too sad, chiefly from such terrible bodily sufferings, but how she could write such *disloyal* letters about him, and still more how he could bear to publish them!

¹ *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle.*

Thursday [1883].

I do so want to talk over Mrs Carlyle with you, and I hope you will get it soon. It is most interesting and entertaining, but what a coarse woman, though only to a husband. But one gets fond of her through everything. She has Carlyle's taste for very disagreeable personal observations.

Saturday [March, 1884].

I am deep in Maurice,¹ and if I could keep to my resolution of never even trying to understand him, I should quite enjoy the book. I think his influence must have arisen entirely from what he was and not from what he taught. . . .

I find I do get more glimmerings about Maurice's opinions; but why could not he be happier? One feels almost angry with all his self-reproach about his wife, whom he evidently adored. Man was certainly intended to be made of stouter stuff. It is comical to read Swift's journal along with Maurice, so undoubting and passionate, angry and affectionate.

April [1884].

I think it horrid of M. not to come and devote herself entirely to Ellen. I am afraid she is working out her own salvation, which I agree with Maurice in thinking so wicked.

I got Gordon on the brain last night and he bothered me very much—more than the *Daily News* can set straight, I fear.

George, her second son, was now engaged to be married to Maud Dupuy, of Philadelphia.

¹ *Life of F. D. Maurice* by his son, General Sir F. Maurice.

Emma Darwin to Maud Dupuy.

MY DEAR MAUD,

THE GROVE, *Tuesday* [1884].

This is only a line to wish you good-bye. I have been so vexed at George's attack, which is so ill-timed and prevents the enjoyment of your last days together.

Your visit here was a great happiness to me, as something in you (I don't know what) made me feel sure you would always be sweet and kind to George when he is ill and uncomfortable. . . .

My dear Maud,

Yours affectionately,

E. DARWIN.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

May 21st [1884].

As far as I make out you will naturally be with us till the Whit Tuesday, and I hope you and R. might be tempted to stay and see the first day's race. I don't know whether you feel above such frivolities, but I should like it even at my age but for being tired. Bessy and I had a pleasant tea at the Myers'. She showed me many photos., one lovely one of Mrs Langtry with nothing particular on. My two old gents¹ came quite fresh and not tired, and were quite ready to talk all evening. Their first impression in driving here was of meanness and smallness in the streets.

THE GROVE, *Monday* [1884].

The Hookers' visit has been very pleasant. William came late on Friday night. He and Sir Joseph had a great deal of talk with Frank about the *Life*. Sir J. pleased me last night by saying: "The *boys* are not a bit altered—just as nice as they were at Down."

¹ Her two brothers Harry and Frank, who probably had not been in Cambridge since they were there as undergraduates some sixty years since.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

CAMBRIDGE, Friday [1884 ?].

... Our garden party, thanks to the weather, looked very pretty, and there was plenty of talk. If it were not for the bother of talking, and still more of listening, I should like it very well, but my mind is not free enough. I pretended to know everyone, and only came to dire disgrace on one occasion by rashly mentioning a name.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

DOWN, Tuesday [July, 1884].

To-day by my request Miss A. is going to bring the Miss B.'s, their next-door neighbours, the family with the horrid brother. They feel quite like pariahs in the village, nobody speaking to them, owing to the brother, who is something like insane and imbecile and violent and ill-behaved. I explained not calling, owing to my age.

My mother was always ready to hold out a helping hand to people in a position less interesting than the "poor," those just a little below herself in cultivation and social rank. She could of course do very little for these girls; but she knew that her asking them to her house would in some degree soothe their mortified feelings. The details of her thought and care for others would be tedious to relate, but it would not be giving a true picture of her life if it were not told how constantly her mind was occupied with arrangements for giving pleasure or saving suffering.

The following letter relates to the school at Down, where the schoolmaster was too severe to the children. Mrs Skinner, her coachman's wife, had children at the school.

DOWN, Monday [Aug., 1884].

... I went to Mrs Skinner about the school, and she had put down the dates of the punishments. It was four times in the week, besides a violent flogging for some moral offence.

One caning was for blotting his copy-book!! one for talking, and others for not doing dictation or sums right.

I have written to Mr Forrest and he promises to call to-morrow. I am sure that nothing will cure a man who has a habit of caning for such small offences. It shows that he must rather like it. . . .

Sir John Lubbock was at the meeting, and the result is, on Mr X. denying severity, that they scold him and let him go on, telling the mothers however to inform against him in future. They seemed to have ignored his omitting to note his punishments.

Down, Sept. 8 [1884].

The last fine day I was drawn to the Green-hill. I don't believe I saw it last year. It looked so pretty and the lane so grown and bowery, and put me in mind of times when I used to sit and watch for him while he went further. I shall try to get to the terrace below Stonyfield.

She had a very special feeling about these two walks which were associated with happy times, for it was a sure sign of my father's feeling pretty well that he ventured from his safe "Sand-walk." The path through Stonyfield led down a pleasant field, over a stile, and then along a grassy terrace, looking across the quiet green valley on to the woods beyond. The terrace was sheltered from the north-east by a rough shaw of beeches with an undergrowth of sloes, traveller's joy, service-trees and hawthorn, and the bank was particularly gay with the flowers that like a chalk soil—little yellow rock-rose, milkwort, lady's fingers, harebells, scabious and gentian. There were rabbits in the shaw, and Polly, the little fox-terrier, loved this walk too. My father would pace to and fro, and my mother would sometimes sit on the dry chalky bank waiting for him, and be pulled by him up the little steep pitch on the way home.

The following letter was written after her return to Cambridge.

THE GROVE, Wednesday [Dec., 1884].

The dinner-party was very pleasant. Mr Clark looked dejected at first, but they did not know whether it was the imperfection of the lobster sauce or the champagne. He

cheered up afterwards and had a long talk with M., when he took a lump of sugar and ate it, which she says is a sign he is quite happy.

My mother's greater freedom from anxiety during these last years made itself felt in her increased power of attaching new friends and her ease in conversing with them. The number of books she read and her original way of looking at them, her interest in contemporary politics and her power of entering into other people's lives, made her company refreshing and even exhilarating. Her friends never felt that they were coming to see someone to whom they had to bring mental food.

Soon after this time, she gave up coming in to dinner when there was anything of a party, partly owing to increased deafness but chiefly because she was not so strong. "Bernard and I had our ices in the washus," she wrote—a Dickens allusion which need not be explained.

CHAPTER XIX

1885—1888

The unveiling of the statue of Charles Darwin—Dickie, my mother's dog—A visit from her brothers Frank and Hensleigh Wedgwood—Oxlip gathering—Her politics—Playing patience and reading novels—Her grandchildren and daughters-in-law—The publication of my father's *Life*.

THE Memorial Statue of my father was unveiled on the 9th June, 1885, at the Natural History Museum. My mother did not attend the ceremony; she wrote, "I should like very much to be present but I should prefer avoiding all greetings and acquaintances."

Emma Darwin to her daughter-in-law Sara.

Down, Monday [1885].

I came here on Friday, having spent two days at 31, Queen Anne St. One of the mornings I went to see the statue. The situation is unique, and I liked the attitude, but I do not think it is a strong likeness. George has been with Mr Boehm to have a cast of his hand taken as a sort of guide to altering the hands; but I believe if he attempted to make them as small as they really were, they would look out of proportion with the size of the figure. However I never expected to be satisfied with the likeness, and the general look of dignity and repose is of more consequence.

It was a dismal black day on my arrival [at Down], but I was glad to wander about alone before the others came. On Saturday it was pretty and bright and the garden very gay, and everything in great order.

I saw Parslow¹ on Saturday and he was still full of the day at South Kensington. He said he should never forget the scene as long as he lived, and he was grateful to William for having planned it all. Being recognized (as he thought) by Admiral Sullivan gratified him too, and the reception at Leonard's, down to the "Port and Sherry," was all delightful. . . .

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

DOWN [Summer, 1885].

On Tuesday we had the S.'s for tea. She is pleasant and with some fun in her. I am sure he is a very good step-father, but what a bore it would be to marry four little boys.

I am reading a short *Étude* of Scherer on Goethe, in which I so heartily agree that I enjoy it. He [Goethe] had the aim of avoiding all agitations or sorrow, which was deeply selfish.

Dicky, mentioned below, was her little fox terrier. He was very disobedient, and my mother, true to her plans of education by bribery, has been known to take out a packet of partridge bones when she was going in the bath-chair to tempt him not to roam. He was, however, the greatest possible pleasure to her. She described how "he snuggles up to me in the bath-chair and gets up quite close to my face."

The following letter tells of a visit of her two brothers Frank and Hensleigh, aged 84 and 82.

DOWN, Saturday, Sept. [1885].

We have had two charming warm days which I hope you have enjoyed. Our two old gents are very placid and comfortable. Dicky thinks them very nice and is always insisting upon being on their knees. Hensleigh resists feebly; but Frank gave up the point and went to sleep nursing him.

¹ The old butler, then retired and living at Down, who had been to London for the unveiling of the statue.

Down [Autumn, 1885].

I went and sat in the Stony Field to take my last look of the autumn lights. There was only one swallow for Dicky, so he sat on my lap watching.

Oct. [1885, CAMBRIDGE].

I do not like Grant Allen's book about your father. It is prancing and wants simplicity. I am reading his *Journal* after a long interval. It gives me a sort of companionship with him which makes me feel happy—only there are so many questions I want to ask.

THE GROVE, Thursday [Nov., 1885].

I am relieved at your account of L. I was horridly vexed when I heard how unwell she was and kept thinking "poor Henrietta," putting myself in mind of Judge Alderson's joke that if he broke his leg all the aunts would say "Poor Caroline" [his mother-in-law Mrs Drewe].

I am so pleased to find how comfortable I can make this baby.¹ She is so placid and spends her time devoted to the gas: but answering any attention by a smile and gathering herself up in a lump with both fists in her mouth. . . .

I took Dick across to call on Mrs Skinner, and a dog attacked him and muddled him and made him squeak. He came up to me for pity and protection. I don't think he was really hurt, and when we returned the dog was still there and Dicky kept his tail up with great spirit, though he kept very close to me.

I find Bonaparte's correspondence very interesting, though his dreadful wickedness in Italy, and cruelty in Egypt, is almost too worrying; I think Lanfrey was only too lenient.

In 1886 there are many entries in her diary of fatigue and other health discomforts; but whenever she was a little better her spirit was as elastic as ever.

¹ Gwendolen Mary Darwin, eldest child of George, three months old.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 2nd [1886].

I enjoyed my outing and walked all about. All the children were a long time in the field flying such a good kite that I could not look high enough for it for some time. We had them to tea and hide-and-seek. Rasmus (æ. 3) asked me "Grandmama, did your little children have kites?" I wonder whether he knows who my little children are.

THE GROVE, Ap. 30, 1886.

I am a good deal charmed by Jeffrey's letters; they have some of the taste of Lamb's. The life is dull, as Lord Cockburn cannot resist giving a long character of every one he mentions, and there is that weary *Edinburgh Review* again.

CAMBRIDGE, Spring, 1886.

The oxlips were quite lovely in masses in the wood, and with such variety that they seemed of quite different species. How F. would have liked to see such variation going on. A gamekeeper tried to dislodge them, and after the manner of men, Horace was for packing up and going home at once. But some fair words and H.'s card mollified him and he let them stay, "but they must never come again."

Every summer my mother used to invite the daughter of her cook, a blind girl, for a month's visit. There were many visitors of this kind, old servants, or the children of present servants.

[Spring, 1886].

The poor blind girl is come and I shall make Mrs Bromwich bring her up to me see and get to have her a little at ease with me. I should like to hear about her life at the Asylum. . . .

I shall very soon be fixing my day to come to you, my dear. I have been so "awfully used" to you lately that I miss you sadly, but I have got through these two days

quite comfortably. I believe your advice was quite right about my keeping extra quiet when I do any desperate deed, such as calling on Mrs —.

My mother, who was an ardent Unionist, was keenly following the debates on the first Home Rule Bill. She had been a staunch Whig-Liberal all her life, but the natural tendency of old age towards Conservatism, perhaps made it easier for her not to follow Gladstone when he sprung Home Rule upon the Liberal party. She had never, however, made an idol of Gladstone.

I was absorbed in the debate yesterday, Gladstone's was a very fine speech with all the obstacles to the scheme slurred over, and with a very unworthy comparison about intimidation in England. I am glad he spoke so highly of Albert Dicey's book. Trevelyan's¹ speech was grand, and Parnell's a mere personal attack and squabble, and very bad even for him. I wonder how it will end.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

THE GROVE, Sunday [1 March, 1886].

I am in a fever of anxiety that Chamberlain and Trevelyan don't give way, and then I think Gladstone must collapse. I shall be very sorry for him however; to end his political life with such a fiasco, when no doubt he had hopes of doing good. . . .

I strongly recommend *The Life of Henrietta Kerr*—a nun. It is curious to compare the mind of a real Catholic and that of a semi-Catholic like Miss Sewell—and the step between is very broad. The book is very entertaining as well as interesting.

¹ Sir George Trevelyan was then a Liberal Unionist.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

THE GROVE, 1886.

The east wind and bright sun are just what I like, and our old nightingale sang 8 or 9 hours at a stretch yesterday. I wonder whether it is the same—he is louder and more tipsy than ever.

I am tempted by an Essay of Lady Verney's to read Milman's *History of the Jews*. Ask R. whether I should like to read it. . . . Frank and Ellen came to dinner and a little whist, after which I succeeded in your patience with only one cheat. I am now impatient to be at Down.

During the last ten or twelve years of her life playing patience was a great comfort to her. She used to say she could not conceive how, without it, she could live through even a single day. We all knew her absorbed "patience face," and the way in which whilst playing she answered any remark at random. My mother was fond of games, and when she was strong enough there was often whist in the evening. Her game, however, was an extraordinarily erratic one.

Needlework was a great resource to her in the way of rest. I remember her saying to me that she thought it was a much better distraction in times of anxiety and trouble than reading. She remained a beautiful needlewoman, and I have various bits of her embroidery, delicately worked in quite old age. She also knitted charming little baby's caps and jackets, and made countless coverlets with her "peggy"—a row of wooden pegs making a frame for a kind of knitting stitch, the looped wool being worked off with a pin.

Reading novels was another favourite relaxation. She was especially devoted to Jane Austen's novels and almost knew them by heart. In an examination paper set on them, she answered the question: "What is Mr Woodhouse's Christian name?" without an instant's thought. His name, it must be explained, is only known by inference as it is never actually given. Scott was also a perennial favourite, especially *The Antiquary*. Mrs Gaskell's novels she read over and over again; Dickens and Thackeray she cared for less. But novels were an immense refreshment to her when tired or uncomfortable. In her old age she wrote (1894): "I am rather ashamed to find I use up rather more than a volume a day of novels." In her later years, at any rate, she read very little poetry.

[AUGUST 12, 1886, DOWN.]

I found a deskful of old letters which I had quite forgotten, and which I should have been very sorry not to have. It is a sad feeling in reading old letters that I have no one to sympathise in such old memories.

Aug. 22, 1886.

I am very much interested in Morley's *Life of Rousseau*. My *d'Épinay*¹ lore makes me so much *au fait* to all that time. Morley does not gloss over any of his crimes or odiousness. He constantly quotes the *Confessions* as if he believed in them, and I am surprised at Rousseau's word going for anything where vanity comes in.

I have finished Morley's *Rousseau*, also St Beuve's review of *Mme d'Épinay's Memoirs*, in which he entirely ignores the horrible indecencies, which I call very immoral. He ought to consider himself as a sort of sign-post for the public. Morley's sense of morality and propriety is very strong, and he glosses over nothing.

Down, Sept. 22nd, 1886.

Gwen is a most remarkable and interesting child, so intent, and watching one's face, not like some busy and animated children who are so intent on their own aims they never look at you—not merry at all.

My mother always had the babies to come and see her in her bedroom and play on her bed before she got up. Their game was to have a little tea-service set out on her bed-table, which was called playing with her "poticles." With her knowledge and experience it was inevitable that she did not always see eye to eye with the different young mothers. But she hardly ever interfered or offered any advice. For instance, in one family she was constantly uneasy about the perambulator, which she thought too draughty for winter use, and she more than once discussed with me whether she might venture to give another, but wisely refrained. This self-control and discretion made her relations to her daughters-in-law absolutely serene. They all felt a daughterly love for her, which she warmly

¹ *Mémoires et Correspondance de Madame d'Épinay* (1726—83).

returned; and I think it may be said that there was never from beginning to end one instant's jar in their many years of close intercourse.

On April 19th, 1887, the anniversary of my father's death, she wrote: "I do not find that the day of the month makes the anniversary with me but the look out of doors, the flowers, and the sort of weather."

Emma Darwin to Margaret Shaen after the sudden death of her father.

EASTBOURNE, Monday [Ap. 4, 1887].

. . . In my great loss I felt that the sudden end was a blessing; I could look back on the last few days which had gleams of cheerfulness we could neither of us have felt if he had been aware entirely of his state. I am so glad that your mother can look back on those three days when she was able to see more of your father than usual. You are spared even the memory of the last few hours of suffering which dwell upon the mind in an unreasonable degree because they are the last, and which I would do much to forget. . . .

Emma Darwin to her son Horace.

THE GROVE, Sat., Ap. 16th [1887].

I am sorry you did not see the pictures at Bologna. I liked them particularly, but then I was 18, and actually admired Guercino—also a little St Agnes by Domenichino and the marriage of St Catharine by Coreggio. We have moved into the dining-room [as drawing-room] and it is so pretty and bright I quite grudge the years it has been wasted.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

CAMBRIDGE, Monday [1887 ?].

It is a disadvantage to live on such an ugly road as this. I went out a little way yesterday, but the muddy abominable road and the ugly surroundings made me resolve that

it was not worth while—Dickie liked it, however, and met some pleasant dogs.

I am reading Greville's last volume, it is too political but curiously like the present time in so many things, tho' I think the morality of politicians has improved (except with the Irish). The contempt and bad opinion he has of Dizzy is curious, when one considers how he has been turned into a saint.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

THE GROVE, May 1, 1887.

To-morrow is my birthday, which is the one anniversary that is solemn to me. . . . I bought for 3s. a novel by Mrs Oliphant, *An English Squire*, with the same irritable young man one knows so well. A very clever description of the feelings of a widow on losing a dull husband she did not much care for, so shocked at herself for feeling so little, and all her friends assuming that she will not be "equal to" this or that, and her longing to go away and breathe freely in a new life. The sort of cynical introspection she does so well, but amplifies too much. . . .

The nightingales are particularly jolly and loud this cold spring.

THE GROVE [May, 1887].

A nice calm day yesterday and such a Babel of singing birds. All the little children assembled on the lawn, and Gwen and Nora tottered about hand in hand, Nora often tumbling over. Gwen was quite tipsy. She came again yesterday and rushed about with her arms out, laughing whenever she was caught. You must see the pretty sight.

Down, Friday [June, 1887].

I went along the lane towards Cudham, and just turned into Hangrove which is grown into quite a fineish wood since I saw it last. . . . Bernard reads a bit of French with me, at 2d. a lesson. He rather likes it, and reads quick and fluently, but very unclear.

Hangrove, where she had not been for so long, had been one of our favourite near walks in old days—a wood, with hazel undergrowth cut down periodically, and in the hedges gnarled old beeches good for children to climb. On the left of Cudham Lane there was a grassy terrace under one of the shaws of old beeches, which we called “Orchis bank.” Here grew bee, fly, musk, and butterfly orchises. From this terrace looking across the quiet valley we saw the shingled spire of Cudham church showing above its old yews.

Sunday, Sept., 1887.

I was so pleased with Professor Newton’s¹ address at Manchester (about your father) that I wrote to tell him so. He has been always so kind and friendly to me that I felt warranted to do it. . . .

[Nov., 1887].

Snow’s letter impelled me to write to Fanny, and I liked to do so, as I wanted to talk to a contemporary about Sismondi and his letters and journal, and there are few now to care about him. I keep putting his sentences into his voice and manner; and I perceive that though I should now have patience with his foibles, he would always go against my taste as wanting manliness—the very antipodes to my father.

Dec., 1887.

I am wading through Emerson, as I really wanted to know what transcendentalism means, and I think it is that intuition is before reason (or facts). It certainly does not suit Wedgwoods, who never have any intuitions.

My mother had a school-board pupil-teacher to read aloud to her during part of the winter; she wrote: “I embarked with her in such a frivolous novel all about flirtations and lovers that I have changed it for Miss Yonge—all about scarlet-fever and drains.”

My father’s *Life* was published in the autumn of 1887 and is alluded to below.

¹ Professor of Zoology and Fellow of Magdalene Coll. at Cambridge.

Emma Darwin to her son Francis.

[Nov., 1887.]

I share some of your feeling of relief that what I have been rather dreading is over, and that I don't believe there will be anything disagreeable to go tho'. Your relief is not from this sort of feeling however. I have been reading the scientific letters, and in almost every one there is some characteristic bit which charms one. A little mention of me in a letter of [his to] Laura¹ sent me to bed with a glow about my heart coming on it unexpectedly.

Emma Darwin to Margaret Shaen.

THE GROVE, Dec. 20, 1887.

I like to think you look back with such affection to your visits at Down. I shall hope to have them again, though with such a difference. I used always to feel it pleasant that my dear one felt you completely one of the family and not "company." I return [your brother] Godfrey's letter. It has given me deep satisfaction. I always felt that there should be a very good reason for entering so much into the inward and family life, and when I see how the book affects one who knew him so little, it is a great pleasure to me. Frank says that he has lost all modesty, and I hope it is partly true. His nature is to doubt and disparage everything he does. . . .

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

Jan. 2, 1888.

I must quote Uncle Frank's words about the book, which is the highest praise it has yet received. "It is like hearing Charles's voice and seeing the expression of his face again."

¹ *Life and Letters of C. D.*, III. 224.

CHAPTER XX

1888-1892

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood of Leith Hill Place dies—Frank Wedgwood's death—The Parnell Commission—My mother's ill-health—Her affection for Down—Lord Grey and Princess Lieven—The death of Hensleigh Wedgwood—My illness at Durham—Leonard Darwin stands for Lichfield—The grandchildren at Down.

My father's only surviving sister, Caroline, the widow of Josiah Wedgwood, of Leith Hill Place, died on January 5, 1888.

Jan. 8th, 1888.

I feel that I have lost the only real link with old times. I do not count my brothers, as I think most men, and they especially, do not like remembering. I keep almost the last letter which speaks so warmly of caring for my letters, and I am glad that I wrote more often than usual lately. Hers was a very wonderful nature in the power of her affections and interests conquering such discomfort as she constantly had.

March 11th, 1888.

I am driven by stress of bad novels to Carlyle again. His intense integrity about money is admirable. He and his wife were quite angelic about the burning of the ms. A cup of cold water is never wasted on such a heart as Richard's, *à propos* to my poor little notes.

THE GROVE, May 29, 1888.

I am quite longing to see the fun on the 9th¹: George said he could get me tickets and place me so near the door

¹ The installation of the Duke of Devonshire as Chancellor.

as to be able to get out before it is over. It would amuse me intensely to see Bright, Salisbury, and Grandolph. The latter is LL.D. on the request of the Prince of Wales.

In the following letter sitting in her "chair" means sitting in her bath-chair. She would be pulled out to some favourite spot and there left for an hour with her knitting, a book, and Dicky for her companion.

Friday, July, 1888.

These blustering changing days have been especially pretty and I have sat in my chair watching the clouds as much as the earth.

Down, July, 1888.

It felt so odd yesterday morning going out of the cool house into the warm air full of hay and lime flowers. I am afraid both will be over unless you come to-morrow. . . .

We blest the fine day yesterday and it was a regular old-fashioned Down Sunday—very idle, very talky, and some lawn tennis. I heard such merriment going on at the other side of the room that I was longing to know what little Mrs Prothero was saying to make Wm., Leo, and Bessy laugh so much, but it is never of any use asking.

Down, July, 1888.

We read aloud one of the *New Arabian Nights* you mention, which is very amusing. They are all rather like dream characters with no pretence of nature. I particularly admire the ending of the bandbox story, when it was too troublesome to get them out of their scrapes. I am delighted with *Forster's Life*. He is so fresh. We are not delighted with *Sir H. Taylor's Letters*. They are not a bit fresh or spontaneous.

Aug., 1888.

The Irish part of *Forster's Life* is very painful and interesting. He was quite wretched with all the wickedness

and cruelty and misery he had to do with. I remember being so angry with the Government for not acting sooner when such dreadful things were going on—but there were some members of the Government who would not agree, and F. was within an ace of resigning, but went on with such powers as he had. It is very good anti-Home Rule reading and makes one think worse than ever of Parnell.

Frank Wedgwood, my mother's eldest surviving brother, died on October 1st, 1888.

October 4, 1888.

I think his was the happiest old age I ever knew. He was entirely without the faults of old age and wiser and gentler than when he was young.

Nov. 6th, 1888.

I had a v. comf. day yesterday, feeling brisk, with nice books, and Ida coming to tea, with toasted tea-cake, which she liked. We had a nice talk. Now I must go to my *Moral Ideal*.¹ I like all about Plato and Socrates very much. It is odd that the feeling of humanity is a modern invention, at least no older than Christ, for I think humanity in the Old T. was exclusively confined to their own countrymen.

On January 29th, 1889, she dated her letter to me "My golden wedding-day—No, it is to-morrow." As a rule no one made less of anniversaries or any sentimental associations than she did, and her buoyant spirit and the essential reserve of her nature prevented our knowing how much she dwelt on the past.

THE GROVE, Feb. 1, 1889.

The children came to tea and Ras asked me whether I generally had bread and jam, I said, "No, never but when you come. Perhaps that is the reason why I invite you that I may get a bit of bread and jam." He took it rather seriously. . . .

The Tom Poole² book is pleasant except that every

¹ By her niece, Julia Wedgwood.

² *Thomas Poole and his Friends*, by Mrs Henry Sandford.

word of Coleridge's letters revolts me, they are a mixture of gush and mawkish egotism, and what seems like humbug. Do read Tom Poole's consolation to Coleridge on the death of his baby. It beats that letter to Cicero on the death of his daughter, and yet Poole was a most tender man. I can't imagine how my father ever liked and admired Coleridge. I believe Dr Darwin would have been more acute.

Feb. 28, 1889.

This visit has been a great pleasure to me. Godfrey's¹ charming qualities grow on one. There is much like his father, but he does not keep so much to the outside of life.

This spring my mother was much out of health and often felt exhausted and uncomfortable. The Special Commission to inquire into the question of Parnellism and Crime interested her deeply and she read or had read to her almost all of it.

May 4th, 1889.

It was such a lovely afternoon and I sat out a good deal. I am almost comfortable in the air. That blessed Commission and baiting Parnell helps me over the time beautifully. I should think such a defect of memory had never been known since the Queen's trial and *non mi ricordo*. . . . Frank and George are so nice in coming in often.

May, 1889.

Sir George Paget was very leisurely and painstaking, and so handsome. I like his medicine too. . . .

On Sat. Wm. came at 1 o'clock, and the pleasure of seeing him and talking with him and sitting out with him till 2.30 utterly did me up.

Parnell's confessions of his lies is most cynical. The Commission is the comfort of my life. I can maunder over it for hours.

¹ Godfrey, eldest son of Francis Wedgwood and head of the firm of Josiah Wedgwood and Sons, Etruria.

May 7th, 1889.

How lovely a pretty spring is. It seems to me we have not had one for years. The nightingales certainly know the difference or perhaps it is our having every window open. I miss you very much, my dear; but things come so quickly at my age that I am always feeling I shall have you soon again.

THE GROVE, June 1st, 1889.

I can hardly put up with Mrs Sherwood's presumption. How the Evangelicals can imagine they feel shame or repentance for an inherent sinful nature which all share I can't imagine. I think all those opinions have been so modified. I remember the infant school at Kingscote shouting out so jollily, "There is none that doeth good, *No not one.*"

1889.

To my surprise (as I disliked the *Life of Jefferies* so much) I like his *Wild Life in a Southern County* very much. The descriptions of country and birds are excellent, and if one is patient and willing to loiter and watch with him it gives one nice images. . . .

I am also reading Clough's *Life*. He was as religious as Lamb at the same age. It is rather sad to see how age disperses such feelings, especially with thoughtful men.

July 19th, 1889.

I have had the hair of the verandah nicely cut, and we are a bit lighter, without looking clipped. The garden is quite stupid and the roses over. I am reading *Paradise Regained* (sandwiched with Rousseau's *Confessions*) out of compliment to Mr Bright, who used to read it through every Sunday. I find it most tiresome as yet, but I have not got through the Temptation yet, and it is a hopeless subject to my mind.

DOWN, Aug. 10, 1889.

How comical the rages of the Irish M.P.s are! Mr Harrington had to be restrained from flying across to Balfour, because he implied that the words "uniformed bloodhounds" had been applied to the police by Mr H.'s paper, the *Kerry Sentinel*. It appeared afterwards that the expression was "uniformed hellhounds." I hope you have some nice books. . . . I am reading Brimley's *Essay on Tennyson*, and I really think it will set me on reading some of his poems.

But she added later: "My reading of Tennyson is come to an untimely end, and I shall never really care for anything of his but some bits of *In Memoriam*."

Aug. 30, 1889.

The weather comes sweeter and sweeter like L.'s kisses.¹ We were sitting under the lime-trees yesterday. Ida and I and some chicks went into the field and admired the valley. I suppose one does admire one's own view absurdly.

Sept. 18, 1889.

I hear poor Mary H. is come home no better. I will ask Dr A. to come and see me. He did not tell me the chief thing I wanted to know, viz. about food and stimulants, but said she must get an easier mind before she could be better, which I am afraid shows him to be a goose. I wish she and her poor old mother could be asphyxiated—and James D. in the same batch, as I hear he is going blind and his business failing.

Dec. 9, 1889.

I had a visit from Mrs Newall to-day. She played a movement of Brahms, which has satisfied me never to wish to hear another, though there were grand sort of North wind gleams in it, but not the vestige of a tune.

¹ A saying of one of the children about his kisses: "Don't they come thweeter and thweeter."

My mother's life-long friend Ellen Tollet died in January, 1890. She wrote: "I have been thinking that it is a great loss to be the youngest of a family, and this death cuts off my last link with past life."

In old days my mother had played a great deal of concerted music with her son Francis and my husband. She took the piano parts, and they went through a great many of the Mozart and Haydn trios and slow movements out of Beethoven. But now when she was nearly eighty-two she was not often strong enough for the exertion. Still this winter she wrote: "I had a little tootling with Frank on his new bassoon."

On 13th February, 1890, the report of the Special Commission was laid on the table of the House of Commons. The verdict acquitted Parnell of all responsibility for the Phoenix Park murders, but the Judges asserted that Parnell and his colleagues "did not denounce the system of intimidation which led to crime and outrage, but persisted in it with knowledge of its effect."

Feb. 15, 1890.

To think of my not mentioning the Commission. It has quite satisfied me. The *Standard* says that the whole House was reading it, and not troubling themselves about the debate.

In April, 1890, her brother, Hensleigh Wedgwood, was very ill. She wrote: "I feel very thankful to Effie for having brought him to see me last summer. I suppose one's feelings are grown more dull at my age with respect to those whom I see so seldom; for those who belong more closely to me I do not perceive any change in caring about them for joy or sorrow."

May 13, 1890.

We had a Mrs H. to tea. B. took her afterwards in the garden and gave her flowers. She did not care a pin for the garden, which pleased me, as it shews she can't mind living in the Huntingdon Road. Yes, I think I shall work my will on the old acacia.

This meant cutting it down. She was always more revolutionary in the matter of tree-cutting than her children.

The next letter is written after the move to Down and

the arrival of the George Darwins. My sister told me that she thought my mother flagged in spirits on each arrival, eager as she was to go there, and dearly as she loved the place. "My affection for Down increases with years," she wrote. Perhaps she felt as if it was coming back to my father and the blank depressed her at first.

DOWN, June 16, 1890.

The children came on Saturday an hour late. Yesterday was bright and rather cold. Gwenny on the broad grin all day, saying "What a nice place Down is" at intervals, and Boy very happy too. I went to the *coucher* yesterday and found them so utterly tipsy that how they were ever got into their night-gowns and into bed, I could not imagine. The baby lay placidly with her bottle, and eyes wide open in the uproar.

June 20th, 1890.

Yesterday was pleasant and bright. George took Gwenny a walk by Cudham Lodge to the Salt-Box and then along that ridge below. I saw her coming home perfectly fresh and laden with flowers and *one* strawberry. G. said she had been in an ecstasy the whole way, and he looked full of enjoyment himself. He hit upon a lovely picnic place, an old chalk-pit, but I believe it would do just as well to go to some place near at hand. With older children a new and romantic place is a great additional charm.

DOWN, July 6th, 1890.

We had fires all over the house as the day was bitter—a sort of day when one hates the very sight of the flower garden.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard:

THE GROVE, October 14th, 1890.

Cambridge is all upside down about Sequah, a quack doctor who holds meetings twice every day and is attended by thousands.

The general routine is that a rheumatic man is helped up into the van where he takes a sort of dram and is rubbed for 20 minutes or so, the band playing loud to drown his cries. He comes out, and Sequah asks him to dance, which he does. [Sequah] makes great sums by the sale of his medicine, which is in fact whisky and laudanum or some anodyne. But he also throws about sovereigns and gives them to unsuccessful cures; and in one case, to an old woman who was not cured, he said, "I can do nothing for you, but here is a plaster on your shoulder which I am sure will suit you." It proved to be a £5 note. "Sequah" is a company with many agents. Young women are anxious to touch him as they believe it will make their love affairs succeed.

CAMBRIDGE, *Sunday, October 26th, 1890.*

William and George went a pilgrimage to a General Bulwer's, a beautiful place in Norfolk, to see the picture of an Erasmus Earle, an ancestor. I sneered at them with great contempt for such a fool's errand; in spite of that, however, they enjoyed their trip.

This autumn my mother had a scheme for giving pleasure to her poorer neighbours by opening out a strip of her field parallel to the Huntingdon Road. It was bordered with trees and she wished to make it a kind of play-place for the children. The plan was, however, found to be impossible.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

Nov. 14, 1890.

I opened my boulevard scheme to George, who did not disapprove so much as I expected. Horace doubts whether it would be much valued.

Here are a set of fine trees giving pleasure to no creature, and my proposal is to put a close paling half way along

the centre of it, and leave the half open to the road, making a gravel walk and possibly a seat. One objection is that the place does not belong to me but to the executors.

Nov., 1890.

I am vexed about Pepper.¹ I feel it quite sad to extinguish such a quantity of enjoyment as lived in that little body. Thank goodness I have nearly finished [Stanley's] *Darkest Africa* and it must be the most tiresome book in the world, so confused and diffuse, with immense long conversations verbatim that end in nothing. His contempt for Emin's taste for Natural History is very comical, and certainly he does not fall into that mistake himself. He observed nothing.

THE GROVE, Dec. 3, 1890.

I set Matheson reading the *Nineteenth Century* and I almost make a vow never to read a review again. There is one of Huxley's answering Gladstone's animadversions on the former "Pig" article. W. E. G. by his blunders gives him an excellent opportunity, but the article would really have more effect if he had stated the case simply, with no "chortling."

1890—91 was a very severe winter. Much bird-feeding went on at the Grove, cocoanuts, fat and hemp were provided for titmice, nuts and pea-nuts for the nut-hatches, and middlings in basinsful for the rooks, starlings, and jackdaws.

Jan. 13, 1891.

I did so enjoy the dirty snow and the departure of the rooks yesterday (I wonder what they could find the 1st day and before the snow was gone). I believe the real reason of the departure of the frost is my giving skates to the young P.'s, or it might have been John's fur cape.

¹ Pepper, a little dog who was condemned because he would bite gardeners. However, he was tried in London, where he bit children. He was then sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury at Addington, where we may hope he reformed his ways.

I saw a hedge-sparrow in the hard frost scrabbling in the gravel on its stomach with its wings spread. Did it want dusting or what ?

Jan. 18, 1891.

I had good Mr C., who has the familiar, affectionate, evangelical manner. He thinks Booth's power is something wonderful in drilling to perfect obedience such a low set. Also that teetotalism and keeping the Sabbath are the two greatest reforms in the world. It is odd he should put them on the same level.

Jan., 1891.

The correspondence of Lord Grey and Princess Lieven is as good as a history. Their friendship continued through opposite and strong political opinions on every subject. There is never a tinge of vanity or coquetry in her letters. His are solemn and dry though affectionate. One can't help wondering how the friendship arose. They are both utterly sincere. . . .

I wish there were some notes on the scandals mentioned—e.g. a gross insult of the Duke of Cumberland to Lady Lyndhurst. It is curious to see Princess Lieven's opinion of the Duke of Wellington, so utterly different from that of all parties now. I am afraid however that he did put a spoke in the wheel of the affairs of Greece.

Feb. 3, 1891.

The dispute still rages in the *Nineteenth Century* whether the Gadarenes lawfully kept swine or not, as if it signified. Fancy supposing a miracle to be especially directed against an infringement of a ceremonial law like that.

Sunday and yesterday were very bright and pleasant and the thrushes began to sing.

If I had been Lady Grey I should not have approved of Lord Grey's letters to his "dearest, dearest Princess." It was a curious friendship. They were each uneasy if they did not have a letter every two or three days. . . .

I am thinking of taking a leaf out of Lord Grey's book and answering your letters categorically. It is funny how he never omits answering a scold or a compliment.

Ap., 1891.

At last the garden is looking cheerful, but anemones and polyanthus drooping in the sun after a frosty night, and Bourne does not venture to water them. I really wish he would not work so fast, and Chapman [under-gardener] is like an overdriven post-horse.

I want to give Gwen a tricycle and Maud prefers a bicycle. I don't know how it will be settled. The little Vernon Harcourt girls go on bicycles but I can't fancy grown-up girls doing it.

My mother's regret at one gardener working so fast, and her pity for the other, reminds me that from sympathy with the housemaids she was often unhappy at so much time being spent in dusting the legs of the banisters and chairs.

Ap. 19, 1891.

I am reading Lowell's Essay on Wordsworth after Shairp and he suits me much better. He is rather caustic and amusing, and his writing is as neat as if it was French, also he does not soar higher than I can reach.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

CAMBRIDGE, Wednesday, May 6th [1891 ?].

The day was perfect with my beloved east wind, and it was the first time that the tulips have really opened their eyes. I am always divided at this time of the year between the wish to stay on to enjoy the spring and early summer here, and the opposite wish to be at Down before the trees have become dark and summerlike.

This summer saw my mother alone in her generation. Her last remaining brother Hensleigh died on June 1st, 1891.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

DOWN, *July 25, 1891.*

I am much interested in De Quincey's letters, or rather in Dorothy Wordsworth's to him. There must have been something very engaging in him to have received such nice, wholesome letters, full of the children.

Then follow some paragraphs about patterns of chintz and arrangements for the come and go of life, and as a postscript written across the letter:

Such a loathsome crawling letter of Coleridge to De Quincey, declining to pay his debt.

Sept. 9th, 1891.

I look out at the sunny sky, and the trees in Smith's lane all quiet and glowing, instead of being tossed as they were all August.

The following letters were written to me at Durham, where I was ill for two months from having taken a dose of poisonous linament instead of medicine. I nearly died, my arms were paralysed, and both feet badly burnt by hot bottles during the long insensibility.

DOWN, *19th Sept., 1891.*

The children were very happy all day out of doors. It was pretty to see Margaret walk up to Dicky on the hard gravel with her naked feet and put her head down on his back to "love him."

In the course of a few days when you can mark anything of a step forward it would be nice to have a telegram so as to enjoy it a day sooner.

DOWN, *Sept. 29th, 1891.*

R.'s good account and your precious little note came together, and made me feel in a glow of happiness.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

DOWN, October 22nd [1891 ?].

I had a call from a pretty Mrs —, so soft and affected I could hardly stand her. I think affectation is just as rare as merriment nowadays. . . . Lady Derby deserved more than civility, as I think she has some real affection for me (odd to say).

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

THE GROVE, Oct. 17th, 1891.

I don't think *Ruth* is at all suitable for you. I wish you had forgotten say *Her Dearest Foe* or *Fair Carew* (have you thought of kidneys ?) or still more *Emma*.

I should like you to see Dr Drummond again (let me pay for him). . . . I think R. is a little like your father in seeing the downs more strongly than the ups (e.g. he always thought my headaches worse than they were). I wish you could play patience with your one poor hand.

Her suggestion as to eating kidneys, so oddly thrown in, was because I had great difficulty about food. She was anxious I should be moved to the Grove as soon as it was possible, and wrote as to this: (Oct. 25) "If you had any drawback (which I do not expect), I should be much less uneasy while you were at hand and every improvement would be noted and give me constant happiness. Also when you were able to bear the open air, getting out of doors for five or ten minutes here would be easier and more satisfactory than in your own house. In spite of this my real wish is that you should do what would be really best for you."

I went home first but soon moved to the Grove, where I had a delightfully happy time, with her sheltering care about me as if I was again a child.

Jan. 30th, 1892.

How I hate Thackeray's women. He makes Mrs Pen and Laura behave exactly like the women in *Ruth* who are so detestable, and Thackeray thinks it quite right. I rejoiced when that tiresome Helen died and there was an end to all the praises and raptures about her.

April 22nd, 1892.

I hope you enjoy the change of weather. I do in the spirit, but in the flesh I was very hot and done up.

Carry is busy in the evening smartening a pink flannel petticoat, and I feel a person so much more comfortable who is doing something. We read *Severn's Life* which does very well. He is rather a foolish man, and talks of Keats' dying of the persecution of his enemies when it was consumption, with every care the best Dr (Sir J. Clark), and the best nursing could give. Severn behaved nobly in sacrificing everything to go with Keats (his father knocked him down with indignation at his persisting in going), but it made his fortune as it happened.

Emma Darwin to her son George.

THE GROVE, April 3, 1892.

Your children met Frances here on her birthday the 30th. It was to be celebrated by her using a knife and she asked her mother to put me in mind "and don't smile when you ask her." They were very jolly and could hardly eat for chatter. It was the first time I have seen Charley out-talked: but he went steadily on with his meat. Afterwards they went in the field after primroses.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

[1892.]

M. gave me such a tragic account of the agency of her brother John. When he was busy on the Lurgan part of the estate he was quite safe and everything prosperous; but he had occasionally to go to a mountainous bit of the Bath estate, and after the Plan of Campaign his life was in constant danger and they used to be trembling for him until he and his clerk with their revolvers came home. On one occasion when he owned to her, on saying good-night, that he had received a threatening letter, she sent privately

to inform the inspector of Police of his danger, so when he got to Carrickmacross he found to his surprise a company of mounted police ready to accompany him. Nothing could make him consent to let them come with him. He said "if he once shewed the white feather he should never be able to shew his face there again." So he and the poor clerk (dreadfully alarmed) held their revolvers ready and drove on and they were not shot at. All this strain broke down his health and nerve. . . .

These last letters of Johnson are a treat to me. I enjoy poking out bits of new in them.

DOWN, June, 1892.

The kitten is very happy and most charming, settling itself on my neck, purring hard, with occasional smudges on my face. Dicky naturally disgusted with it. . . . It does so enjoy my delicate slices of cold beef.

July 19th, 1892.

Our *stiff* book is H. James' stories and our *light* one Leslie Stephen's *Hours in a Library* 3rd series. He is so pleasant after all that subtlety.

Bessy and I both agree that we could not really care for other people's pretty things—*à propos* to your enjoying the house [Idlerocks, the Godfrey Wedgwoods].

As a fact my mother did not care much for *objets d'art*, either her own or other people's.

Emma Darwin to Margaret Shaen in New Zealand.

DOWN, July 15, 1892.

. . . We are living in the election and I rejoice to think that Leonard will be out of his pain on Monday. Our old men, Parslow and Lettington, declined to vote at all—"They always had voted Liberal" etc., and did not know or care a penny about Home Rule. Well, my letter will be full of the election, so I will try to shut it out. . . .

Little Charley has capital spirits and at luncheon he rather tired me by talking at the utmost pitch of his voice,

so one day I said "Now I am going to give a penny to everybody who talks low at luncheon time." "Shall you give one to aunt Etty?" "Yes." "Shall you give one to aunt Bessy?" "Yes." "And to Father and Mother?" "Yes." It had a great effect and I doled out the pennies all round. I only included the grown-ups the first day, but Gwenny and Charley earned 10d. each before they went away.

Yours, my dear Margaret,
E. DARWIN.

My mother was deeply interested in the General Election of July, 1892, fought on the question of Home Rule. I have now her map of England on which she coloured every seat as it was lost or gained. Her son Leonard was standing for Lichfield as a Liberal-Unionist. After the election was over, she wrote: "I am so intensely interested in the debates I must put myself on stoppages or I shall wear out my eyes."

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

MY DEAR LEONARD,

DOWN, *July 19th* [1892].

We got your blessed telegram at 2.45. Now we must hope that there will be no dissolution. I had been schooling myself not to mind *much*, but we all owned we had kept a corner of hope at the back of our minds. Now you will rest, poor souls. It would be delightful if you would come here soon. You would be much more tired if you had failed. I send you Henrietta's remarks about your speaking as she so thoroughly appreciated it, and I should like you to be more conceited.

DOWN, *Saturday, July 23rd* [1892].

MY DEAR LEONARD AND BEE,

I must tell you how your two delightful letters warmed my heart.

We shall have a happy meeting on Friday and I have asked George and Frank to rush over for a day. They will not have a brother elected to Parliament every day in

the week. William laments that he cannot come, also Horace. I always feel how your father would have enjoyed it. . . .

Yours, my two dear ones,

E. D.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

July 31st, 1892.

We have had great amusement and election talk. . . . Lettington [the old gardener] said to Leonard "I don't agree with your politics; but I did not think it was in you to make such a noble speech."

The large house at Down could hold more than one family of the grandchildren, and she greatly enjoyed having them all round her. She wrote: (*Aug. 28*) "Frances was puzzled at breakfast. Ruth took salt with her porridge, so Frances decided to have it; but then Nora took sugar, so she had to change quickly. Bernard is a jewel for play, and I found them all this morning and Frank also, with different gymnastics on the slide, with their shoes off and very hot."

The "slide" was a speciality at Down, a long shallow wooden tray of polished deal which was hitched by a cross-piece of wood on to a step of the stairs, and thus reared up as high as was desired. The children came down fast or slow, standing or sitting, according to the gradient. It could be made almost flat for little children and steep enough to make the big ones come down with a grand rush.

Down, Sept. 12, 1892.

There was such a dark sentence in Snow's letter that I could not keep my senses from the beginning to the end; but M. gave me a concise translation and said it meant that "you were fond of people though they were dull."

THE GROVE, Oct., 1892.

Le Caron¹ will be wholesome reading for Gladstone. It is a good thing to recall the brutality and cruelty of the

¹ Le Caron was in the Secret Service of our Government and had been very active in the Fenian raids on Canada. In the Parnell Commission nothing was brought out to his discredit.

Clan-na-gael and how intimately Parnell was connected with them; and to reflect that Gallaher and other dynamiters are now in prison. . . . I think it will do good in this pause. The atrocity of the Dynamiters makes one nearly condone any amount of treachery on his part. President Andrew Johnson openly sympathised with the first Fenian raid into Canada, and returned all the arms into the hands of the Fenians. Le Caron was the cause of the entire failure of both raids. He thinks the Secret service is much underpaid. The book makes me wish to read again his cross-examination and Parnell's.

Nov. 1, 1892.

Crabb Robinson's Diary is a blessing and I can talk with him for a few minutes any time and feel refreshed. I almost think he will set me reading the *Excursion*! . . . His prosaic moderation does so suit me, and Miss ——'s gush and repetitions do so not suit me, but there is a good deal that is interesting in her book.

CHAPTER XXI

1893—1896

My mother's ill-health—Miss Cobbe—A great storm—A birthday letter to my mother—Her better health—Herbert Spencer—R. B. Litchfield's illness—My mother's last illness and death.

My mother's health was in a very uncomfortable state from the autumn of 1892 until the end of 1893. She used in her letters to tell me exactly how she was, but always took care to chronicle her better moments, "My nights are lovely," "I am having a good day," "I am enjoying the sunshine." She suffered greatly from the heat this summer. After the weather changed she wrote June 20th, "I feel quite tipsy looking out at the dear black sky and drizzled windows," and again "such a lovely puddle on the walk and the barometer so low."

Down, Aug. 6th, 1893.

I was going to write and order Leo Maxse's *National Review*, but F. Greenwood's article on W. E. G. is so monstrous I have held my hand. It makes him out a fiend and I am afraid such violence will neutralise what is good in the *Review*.

Aug. 31st, 1893 (your wedding day).

. . . Leonard said Balfour's speech, which I thought so impertinent to W. E. G., was quite charming in its manner and playfulness. A Mr Paul, a Gladstonian member, sat by L. and said "that is quite delightful."

I had been all September at Down whilst my sister was abroad. It was an ideal month of fine weather. My mother wrote to her at the end of our time together: "A dismal day, but Sir John Lubbock says that no weather is really bad, so we must not mind."

THE GROVE, Dec. 23rd, 1893.

George came bringing me a letter from Boy, so perfectly well spelt he can't be a Darwin. George gave him an envelope for it, and addressed it to me in red ink, which surprised and pleased Boy and he said, "Grandmamma will like that."

Jan. 27th, 1894.

I am grown to like Lowell much better at the end. He adores London and its climate especially, and the Parks and the thrushes all winter through. There are some notices of W. E. G. in which I think he judges him justly. W. E. G. said in '86 that he had never seen such universal enthusiasm for anything as for Home Rule at that time. Lowell suggested that the feeling might be for himself. Lowell says he (Gladstone) has no proportion in his mind, caring as much for *Robert Elsmere* as for Gordon.

Emma Darwin to Laura Forster.

THE GROVE, March, 1894.

Are you not surprised at Morley's attempting to do away with Lord Rosebery's speech.¹ I have some hopes that Lord Rosebery himself will have some manliness and not eat his words. . . .

THE GROVE, May 5th, 1894.

. . . I am deep in *Dean Stanley's Life* and I like it so much. I saw him once, but he was in the blaze of Mrs F.'s flattery which I dare say shut him up—but he certainly

¹ Lord Rosebery became Premier on Gladstone's final retirement on the 3rd March. Lord Rosebery's statement as to Home Rule was eagerly watched for. The words that Morley attempted to do away with would be: "The noble Marquess [of Salisbury] made one remark with which I confess myself in entire accord. He said that before Irish Home Rule is conceded by the Imperial Parliament, England as the predominant member of the partnership of the three kingdoms, will have to be convinced of its justice."

was cold and dry. I am sure I shall be much attached to him. I must own I don't remember Mrs F.'s flattery to him, but it must have been there.

The following letter relates to a request from Miss Cobbe to include certain correspondence from my father in her *Autobiography*. He had written to her expressing strong sympathy with the victims of a supposed case of harshness on the part of his colleagues, the magistrates of our division of Kent. The case had been brought forward in the *Echo*, of which Miss Cobbe was then the editor. Without asking for permission, she changed the opening of this letter from "dear Miss Cobbe" into "Sir," cut out, without putting marks of omission, all those sentences which would show that it was a private letter to a friend, and then published this travesty of it in the *Echo* above his signature. All readers would suppose that my father had addressed it expressly to that paper for publication. He took no steps in the matter, though on further enquiry he found that there had been no harshness, and that there was no miscarriage of justice.

THE GROVE, May, 1894.

Miss Cobbe asks Snow to ask me whether she may publish any letters of F.'s in her *Autobiography*. If I do consent I think I must forbid any of those about the imprisonment of Stephen X. which she garbled and published in the *Echo*. Had I better ask to see them? I don't want to insult Miss Cobbe. . . .

After a heavenly night I feel quite set up, with all botherations done away by the good help of all my children, Frank and Horace being moderate and helpful and saving me all decision.

Aug., 1894.

You asked me about the *Message of Israel*.¹ I believe no books now affect me any more than by a transient interest. It did draw my attention to some sublime bits

¹ By her niece Julia Wedgwood.

in the Prophets and Psalms, and I enjoyed her abuse of Esther. . . .

Augustus Hare's *Two Noble Lives* is most entertaining and pleasant, though the letters are merely natural, and telling what happens without a spark of wit and humour. The two lovely ladies (Canning and Waterford) had no children, which was a pity for the beauty of the world. It makes one think the "quality" very affectionate and kind-hearted.

Nov. 5th, 1894.

I think Mrs F. is an honourable woman now, informing me of what others gave her, and I hope she may escape being corrupted. I will do my best not to help in that.

I have been reading Waldstein's *Ruskin*. The admiring part I did not feel up to, but the chapter on social questions delights me as speaking so strongly of his narrow want of sympathy: e.g. in thinking it a real misfortune that railroads should desecrate beautiful places by enabling vulgar people to crowd into them. He couples Carlyle with him in presumption, and says that Ruskin never forgets himself for a second, and then contrasts your father's love of truth and moderation in quite a delightful passage.

Feb. 5, 1895.

I believe you would like Mrs Craven if you could skip all the religion. In the year '86 she has exactly our feelings about Ireland and [the] G. O. M.'s mad folly. It always seems to me like boasting when she tells how entirely she feels that God decides everything for her; she should keep that to herself. . . . The French stories by Julliot are dull and odious, and the little novel *La Folle du Logis* quite pretty and nice. How very odd the French are.

THE GROVE, Mar. 25, 1895.

I wonder whether you had our yesterday's storm. It increased in violence all morning and was at its height about two. I looked out to see the trees swaying, and

remarked on the big wych-elm; I looked away for a minute, and then looked again and saw it was down. Then came a great noise, as if of a great weight falling, and we saw part of a chimney down near the north corner. Frank and Bernard soon came in to see if we were frightened. They said some trees were down across the road. Then came another great bang and we settled to go down to the drawing-room. Eventually two stacks of three chimneys each were blown down. We shut the south-west window [shutters] and felt more quiet there, not that I was frightened. It is so bright and calm I hope I shall go out and see the damage, especially the big tree.

April 22, 1895.

I seem to have been reading nothing but about young girls lately—Miss Bronte, Miss Edgeworth, the Burneys, the Winkworths. The Brontes and Winkworths went through the same morbid feelings about sin and religion. The Burneys did not trouble their heads, and Miss Edgeworth was very strict with herself but not in the way of religion. I should like to know when they came to the age of 40 or so how much their feelings and opinions had approached each other.

Emma Darwin to her daughter-in-law Sara.

MY DEAR SARA,

THE GROVE, May 3 [1895].

I cannot easily express the happiness your note gives me. To keep such warm affection as yours all these years, and also to know that you feel the same as ever to Charles fills me with gratitude.

I think it is a surprising thing that at 87¹ I should feel stronger and better in every way than I did at 85.

My best love to my dear William who is as steadfast as you.

Yours, my dear daughter in heart,

EMMA DARWIN.

¹ Her birthday was on May 2nd, 1808.

*Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.**May 18th, 1895.*

. . . I am reading the Psalms and I cannot conceive how they have satisfied the devotional feelings of the world for such centuries. I am at the 35th, and about three or four I have found beautiful and satisfactory, the rest are almost all calling for protection against enemies or for vengeance—one fine penitential Psalm.

Matheson is reading *Macaulay's Life* to me, and his letters are delightful. He was as good a hater as St Simon, but did not keep up his rancour so long. His intense feeling about his sisters' marriages was very uncommon.

The following is written after Maud Darwin's return from America, with her two children, Gwen and Charles.

[May, 1895.]

About 5.30 came George and Maud and Billy more smiling and sweet than ever. A. V. Dicey discussed America with Charles, especially the ice creams, which they had every day. I attempted a little talk with Charles about the voyage, but he was full of the bricks, and bygones are tiresome to children.

THE GROVE, June 4th, 1895.

I had a very dissipated day yesterday and I was not tired. Horace in the morning. P. [the butler] came in with solemn apologies and said his mother was very anxious to see me. In she came, so young and handsome and stately, and we talked away, as soon as we could get off the subject of my wonderful kindness, on which she was as tiresome as her daughter-in-law.

Then came Mrs Marshall. Dicky got on her lap and she nursed him all the time looking very pious.

Down, July 19, 1895.

R.'s hopeful note and another from Leo¹ still more hopeful, made me quite easy. Mrs Goude and Matheson have got a flag half made. Matheson said it would be bad luck to finish it before the Election was declared. Anne [the village shop] furnishes the materials gratis. . . .

1.30 just received the bad news—how flat! I have hardly the heart to go on with the map. I trust the first object of the Government will be to get rid of the twenty extra Irish Members. . . .

This autumn for some temporary reason she had "a stolid businesslike-looking pupil teacher who will not be a bit shy" to read aloud to her.

Oct. 1895.

My reader is a great success. It is *Cranford*, and "D—n Dr Johnson" comes in. She stopped dead and said "a slang expression." I can't perceive she is ever amused. I am stuck in Balfour.² His argument about the uncertainty of sight seems so feeble to me that I think I can't understand it. What I do understand makes me think less of his good sense.

Oct. 18th, 1895.

I have finished Balfour. Of course I don't do the book justice, but the last two or three pages seem to me very inconclusive. I can agree with him that the belief in a God who cares, is an immense safeguard for morality; but I do not see that the doctrine of the Atonement is any additional safeguard—yes, I do see it partly. Also I am surprised at his considering that morality is impossible without some religion, which he gives as an axiom not to be disputed. I quite agree that the remains of Christian feeling make us unable to judge of the present race of agnostics.

¹ Leonard Darwin was standing again for Lichfield and was defeated.

² *The Foundations of Belief*, by A. J. Balfour.

Under the date February, 1893, my mother copied these lines from *In Memoriam* into her book of extracts:

CXVI.

Not all regret: the face will shine
 Upon me, while I muse alone;
 And that dear voice, I once have known,
 Still speak to me of me and mine:

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
 For days of happy commune dead;
 Less yearning for the friendship fled,
 Than some strong bond which is to be.

During the last year of my mother's life her health was better than it had been for some years. Her letters show how full of energy and enjoyment she was, and her power of living in the lives of those she cared for made her really enjoy their pleasures at secondhand, and kept many avenues to life open that are often closed to the old. It was difficult to remember that she would be eighty-eight on May 2nd of this year.

Jan. 15th, 1896.

. . . I feel it pleasant to be silent and quiet for a bit. I am flattered by the warm tone of Lady Derby's note; but when she calls my letter charming, I feel a little like William when Mrs Thorley called him a "sweet boy."

Public affairs look better, especially since Lord Salisbury has said that he will make any information public.¹ How odious the Irish are, even Davitt, who one thought was a decent man. Do they really think the downfall of England would not ruin Ireland also?

Feb. 28th, 1896.

Poor Hope! about hunting. I wonder whether it would at all console her to learn that I had the same trouble. I should think that Godfrey would sympathise entirely with her. Your father did not with me, as he thought

¹ The Jameson Raid on the Transvaal had taken place at the end of December, 1895.

hunting much the least cruel sport, and so far I agree, only it is undoubtedly brutal. One trap gives more suffering than a dozen hunts. . . .

The next two letters refer to a correspondence with Herbert Spencer as to the gift to Mr Huxley mentioned in his *Life*, p. 366, vol. i. Mr Spencer wished to know from me whether my mother's memory corroborated his own view that he alone originated the idea. She, however, was quite sure that Mrs Lyell first spoke of it to herself and my father.

March, 1896.

Your letter just come. I remember it all pretty clearly. F. heard first about it from Mrs Lyell, so no doubt it was set on foot in two places. We heard nothing about Herbert Spencer. What a fuss he makes. You shall have the letter safely back. . . . It is the greatest monument of vanity I ever saw. I am quite certain my memory is just, as I remember that Mrs Lyell was affected nearly to tears when she was speaking to us on the subject. No doubt Herbert Spencer was exerting himself independently.

It was such a lovely morning yesterday I took a drive along the Backs. They look quite different in the morning light, and the elm buds have taken a purplish glow.

I cannot help chuckling a little over Herbert Spencer's reception of your answer.

This spring Dicky, her little fox-terrier, met with an accident, and had to go to the dog doctor for some time. She missed him very much and wrote: "I believe Dicky and I have never been separated for a day for thirteen years, and I do wish for him back very much." Every morning Dicky lay on her bed whilst she breakfasted. But, at about ten, as soon as he heard the second postman's bell he started up, vehemently insisted on being let out, rushed downstairs to join the postman, for whom he had a strong attachment, and took a short round with him. This postman fell ill, and she told how she sent Dicky to pay the sick man a visit: "Price took Dicky to see Drury, and there was a tender meeting on both sides, the postman kissing Dicky."

In the Spring of 1896 my mother agreed to discontinue giving away penny bread-tickets at the door of her house at Down. These tickets were payable in bread by the village baker. This form of charity had existed for some fifty years, and it shows her reasonableness and power of taking in new ideas that she was brought to believe it encouraged tramps and beggars, and was not necessary for saving actual suffering.

THE GROVE, *Ap.* 12, 1896.

I have written to George to ask him to diminish the bread tickets while they are at Down, which will make it easier for Mary Anne. I think there always used to be a great burst of tramps in the spring, and once I found the yard full of hearty Irishmen refusing to go away, till I sent for the policeman.

The birds [Margaret's canaries] have laid three eggs, and I think I shall boil them if I could be sure that the murder would not be discovered. They are pleasant company. I have found Voltaire's *Louis XIV.* very pleasant and short, leaving out the battles. Voltaire seems so impressed with his magnanimity and generosity, as if a despotic King *could* be generous. V. seems really to forget where the money came from.

The "Shop" mentioned in the next letter is that of "The Cambridge Scientific Instrument Company," of which her son Horace was the head. It had lately been moved into new and better premises.

May 18th, 1896.

I liked seeing the Shop on Sunday. It is a perfect situation, surrounded with gardens and so quiet. I did not mount up to the show-room. Horace's room is so nice and airy and quiet. It made me think more of him to have such a shop.

I like Capt. Younghusband's travels,¹ though one might skip pages much like each other. The camels go on for twenty hours or so and the ponies and mules for eight or ten. They are fed up enormously and well treated.

¹ *The Heart of a Continent.*

May 20th, 1896.

We had some rain in the morning which made things fresh and beautiful. I sat out for a long time, and Helen [nurse] and Billy joined me. His wild delight, rushing about on his twinkling bare feet, was the prettiest thing I ever saw. You must see it before he is older. He sometimes dances a little.

THE GROVE, May 31, 1896.

I had a snug evening with Mildred reading part of the broken last novel of L. Stevenson, in which he gives most elaborate descriptions of characters you don't care for. He has no notion what is tiresome or not.

June 21, 1896.

A propos to Cardinal Manning, I think every convert must be between two stools for a time, but nine or ten years was certainly long. It made him appear deceitful, but I very much excuse him.

June 29, 1896.

On Saturday I took a drive into Holwood. It looked a new place to me from the growth of the trees; especially the band of beeches along the paling, which I used to despise as such poor-looking trees. The mare is perfect on grass and up the hills, not pulling and straining. I went in and out among the green drives, and I shall go again and never drive anywhere else.

July 11th, 1896.

What a pathetic Essay¹ the last in the volume of Leslie Stephen's. It is evidently a pouring out of his soul on his wife. I also like his notion that the world does not know of a quarter of the goodness and happiness that exists, and that every perfect character causes a sort of halo of influence and example around it.

All the family came to Down during this last summer. She went out more, and saw some of the old haunts in her bath-chair that she had not visited for years.

¹ *Social Rights and Duties*, Vol. II., p. 225.



Emma Darwin

AGED 88

From a photograph by M. J. Stannard



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¹ *Social Rights and Duties*, Vol. II., p. 225.



Emma Darwin

AGED 88

From a photograph by M. J. Shaver



Aug. 18th, 1896.

Nurse goes to-morrow to Tunbridge Wells, where she is to get me some shoes, old-fashioned slippers which she says can be found nowhere else—in short she knows everything. Well, good-bye for to-day.

Nurse's manner to me is like one housemaid to another a little beneath her, but I am not the least offended.

Down, Aug. 30 [1896].

Rose's letter duly came. I send it as it is so nice. The moral I draw is that a bit of jewelry is the present that gives the most pleasure, *e.g.* the little amethyst brooch which gave me such intense pleasure when I was 14 (apart from any sentiment). I shall be on the look-out for five brooches or locketts for my grand-daughters. The Holwood [blackberrying] party answered well—Gweny brought a tin full, while Boy and Margt. eat most of theirs. George and Maud found Lady Derby at tea alone, and they had an interesting talk, chiefly about the Duke of Wellington, with whom she was intimate, as with every other great man. She said she owed more to him in forming her character than to anyone, and even now she found herself considering what he would do in such a case. She never heard him say a severe or unkind word. She was walking with him when he stopped to soothe a crying boy. He only put his hand on his head, and told him not to cry, when the boy stopped dead, and the Duke said, "I can always stop a crying child." I suppose however it was only the effect of surprise, and the child might begin crying again.

Sept. 5th, 1896.

George and the dear chicks are just gone in the waggonet. On Thursday I made John take me a circuit in the chair by Down Hall and the Cudham Lane. I was glad to see the Cudham Lane once more. It looked ever so much deeper, with high hedges and trees grown. I came back over the big field and through the Smith's yard. I felt the sharp wind over the bare field quite like an old friend.

Sept. 6th, 1896.

I had an interesting talk with Lady Derby yesterday about the Duke of Wellington. He came to see her when she was very unhappy at the death of her eldest brother, and said to her, "I shall write to you every day; it may amuse you." He kept his word, and wrote every day till his death in 1852 (she is now 73, so do a sum which I cannot manage). She owns his was not a happy marriage though he was always kind, but she was silly and wearied him. Scandal was talked. She said it was only flirtation.

September this year was a depressing month, with much rain every day. She had not been well and wrote to me: "I fancy I had been doing too much, especially after luncheon with the children." Often, after lunch, she played the "galloping tune" for them to dance to, just as she had done fifty years before for us.

We had intended to go abroad this September, but my husband fell seriously ill at Dover, and when he could be moved, we went home to Kensington Square.

Sept. 18th, 1896.

I am sorry to give up seeing you here, but so that you and R. are well I care little for anything else.

Your card and Mildred's cheerful and comfortable letter just come in, to begin my day so brightly. I used to abuse and dislike Dover, when I came with William and poor Annie to take you back from aunt Charlotte, and they took to crying and being miserable, and the shore was unwalkable, but I should now like sitting on the shingle with Mildred.

Sept. 23rd, 1896.

Lady Derby was much pleased with Leo's address,¹ also with Sir J. Lister, which she said was very fine. I have had it read to me, and I agree with her and you.

¹ As President of the Geographical section of the British Association at Liverpool.

I am disappointed at R. continuing to have so much pain. I think the waves must have been fine with you yesterday. I should like to have seen the 87 ships. Stephen's and Margaret's visit was very nice. They were amused at the way she (Margaret) took an old servant's cheating. "Yes, he has been cheating for thirty years, poor darling!"

My mother was taken ill on Sunday, September 27th. On Monday she seemed to recover, and she wrote saying she was well—the last letter she ever wrote. But the improvement did not continue. I left my husband, who had just been moved to Kensington Square, and arrived at Down on Thursday, Oct. 1st. Her condition remained the same; on the evening of the 2nd she wound up her watch as usual, and then fell back on her pillow and never recovered consciousness. Her age was eighty-eight years and four months.

It was best for me to return home that evening, but before leaving I went in to see the beautiful, solemn, sweet face composed for its last rest.

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