

THE WAYS OF YESTERDAY

BEING THE CHRONICLES OF THE WAY FAMILY
FROM 1307 TO 1885

By

A. M. W. STIRLING

Author of "Coke of Norfolk," "William De Morgan and his Wife,"
etc., etc.

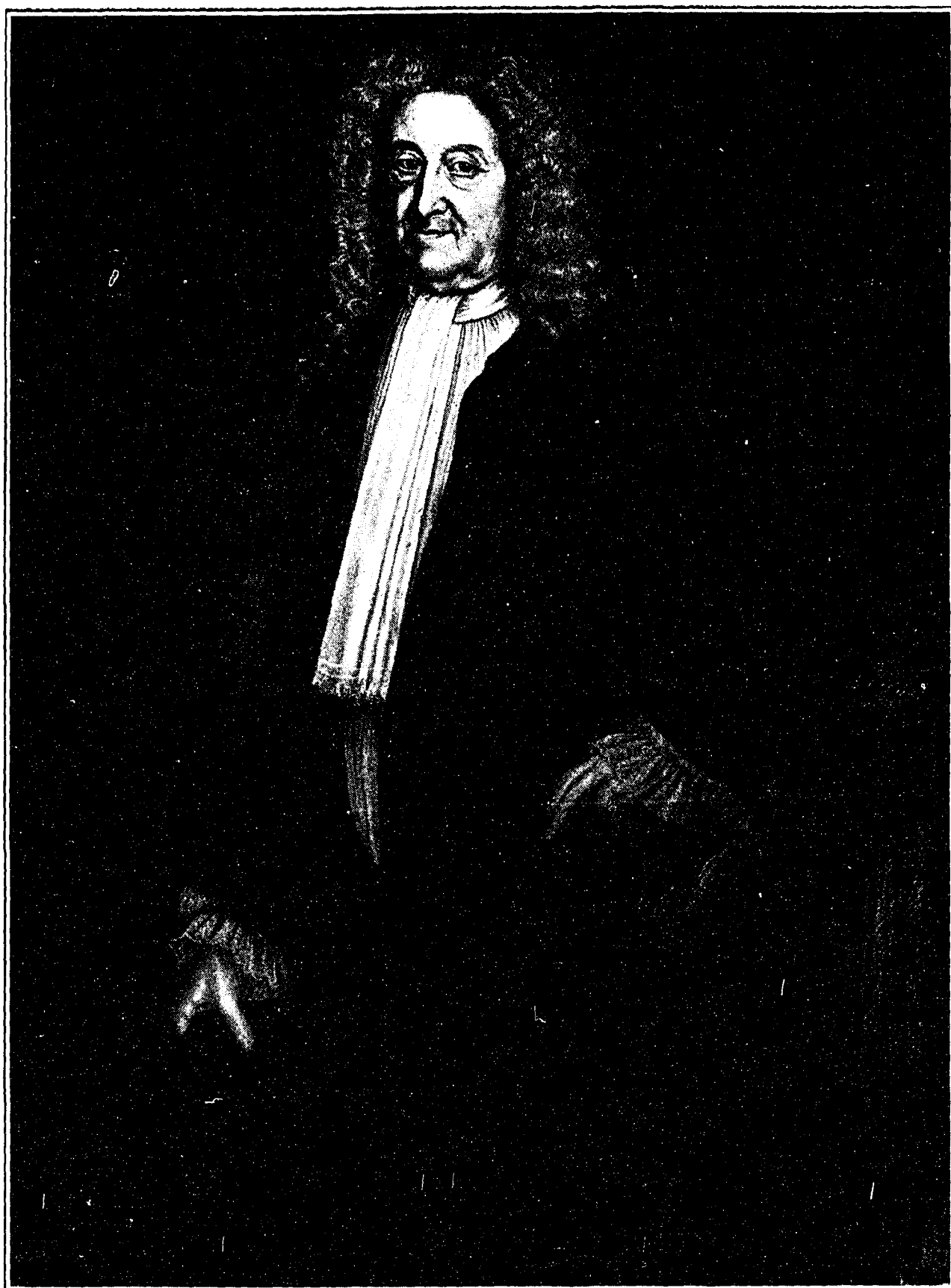
FIT VIA VI

Motto of the Way Family



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SIR ROGER HILL, KNIGHT,
1642-1729.

THE BUILDER OF DENHAM.

From the portrait in the possession of Colonel Way.

[See page 37.]

FOREWORD

IN these days when the thoughts of all Christendom have been directed to the problem of the Jewish occupation of Palestine, the strange history of Lewis Way has a peculiar interest and significance. How far, in that problem, tradition and sentiment play a regrettable part, it is not the province of this book to discuss. A plain, unvarnished life-story is here set down; and the sincerity of the belief for which this man counted the world well lost can appeal alike to those who sympathize with his aim, and to those who do not.

Meanwhile the aroma of a bygone day pervades the story. The tale of Lewis's ancestry; the haunting beauty of Denham and Stansted; the adventures of that large family party—some mere babies—as they drove about Europe in the ponderous vehicle called “the heavy”; the dangers by land and sea which they encountered during a journey that to-day would occupy but a few hours; the charming games and writings of the witty children; the curious interviews of Lewis with Alexander I of Russia; the solitary life and mad beliefs of Lady Hester Stanhope with whom he stayed on Mount Lebanon—all surely present an enthralling picture of a world unlike our own, a world full of the stately beauty, the sordid discomforts, and the passionate convictions of another day.

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She wishes especially to thank Mrs. Norton, *née* Cholmeley, of The Priory, Woodchester, and her sister Mrs. Metcalfe for the bulk of the papers from which this history is compiled; and also for various illustrations. Her thanks are also due to Colonel Way (the fifth Benjamin Way in succession who was Squire of Denham) and Miss Way, now of Gerrard's Cross, for permission to reproduce their family pictures and miniatures; also to Hiatt Baker, Esquire, for the portrait of Abigail, Lady Sheffield; and to the Revd. Charles P. Way of Chesterton Vicarage, Staffordshire, for both manuscripts and illustrations.

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BOOK I
THE WAYS
OF DENHAM

Some Point in View
We all pursue

CHAPTER I

THE ORIGIN OF THE WAYS

THE traditional history of the Ways relates that they derived from Somersetshire, where, in the time of Edward II, John de la Waye was returned Burgess for Bridgwater in 1307, for Plympton in 1320, and Knight of the Shire for Somerset in 1322. At that period, many bearers of this name were to be found in Somerset; while in the following century William Way of Devonshire became prominent for his piety and his scholarly attainments. He was Fellow first of Exeter and afterwards of Eton College, and he is stated to have "made rimes on the way to Hierusalem whither he pilgrimated in 1458 and 1462, celebrating mass in that holy city." A learned, pious and remarkable man, this pilgrim-poet was regarded with pride by his contemporaries, and he seems, in truth, a fitting ancestor for the man whose career we shall review later.

Towards the close of the reign of Henry VII or the beginning of that of Henry VIII, the principal representatives of the family of Way removed to Great Torrington, Devon, where, in 1620, we find living William Way, Yeoman of the Guard to Henry VIII. He died about ten years later; and his grandson, John Way, is stated to have migrated to Bridport in Dorset, and there to have become the forbear of the family whose fortunes we are about to follow. There seems, however, little besides tradition to support this theory, on the contrary it appears probable that the Ways of Bridport were a family distinct from the Ways of Torrington, and that they had for many generations owned lands in Dorset whence they sent forth sons to play a creditable part in the larger world beyond, as divines, lawyers, soldiers and merchants.

THOMAS WAY OF THE BURBAGE

From the reign of Charles I onwards, the history of the family of Way may be traced in undoubted and unbroken sequence. Throughout that reign there lived at the Burbage, Bridport, Dorset, one Thomas Way, who eventually expired in 1649, the same year in which his Sovereign was executed. In his will, Thomas deals principally with the disposition of his lands between his sons John, Benjamin, and Joseph, and his daughter Elizabeth—all of whom, it will be noted, bore Biblical names; but his wife Elizabeth, who survived till 1682, strikes a very human note in her precise, homely bequests.

“*To my sonne John,*” she ordains, “*my greate silver Bowle and my best carpet, my greate Bible and the stone trough vnder my pump;*” while to her namesake, Elizabeth, the daughter of “*sonne John,*” “*I doe give my other long silver bowle.*” To her own daughter Elizabeth Kerridge, she gives “*my best petticote, my best gowne, my round table and my little skillet.*”¹ All her damask linen was to be divided between this daughter and her daughter-in-law “*except my two best pillow-ties, which I give to my said daughter Elizabeth Kerridge.*” But the quaintest bequest is perhaps the following: “*Item, I give to my grandsonne Thomas Lee fifty pounds and my best feather bed on which I lye my best bolster and one pillow together with the green rugg the curtaines and valance belonging to the same one dozen of pewter one brasse pott (next in bignesse to my daughter Kerridges) and the bigger mettles skillett and three silver spoones.*” Evidently grandsonne Thomas Lee was a favourite; yet it is when she makes provision for the children of her second son Benjamin that she waxes lavish in her bequests; for to the eldest she leaves the house in which she dwells, and to the younger sons £105 each—a handsome portion in those days.

From this Will we arrive at certain conclusions. First, the testatrix as a widow was possessed of a comfortable competence, and owned silver and fine linen. Secondly, she was a loyalist, at least in profession, for, in dating the document, she carefully specifies that it is written in the

¹ A metal pan or vessel with a long handle for boiling water.

32nd year of the reign of Charles II, thus diplomatically ignoring the interregnum of the Commonwealth and acclaiming Charles II as King from the moment when his father's head fell upon the scaffold. Finally, in the provision for the children of her son Benjamin may be detected a note of tragedy, for that son had died under sorrowful circumstances in 1680, only a year before the date of the Will, so that the recollection of his demise must have been a wound still fresh in the heart of his mother. And since this son seems to have bequeathed to his remote descendants something of his own indomitable will, his visionary spirit, his high courage and complete unworldliness, we must pause to glance briefly at the outline of his career.

BENJAMIN WAY THE MINISTER

Benjamin Way, who remains a notable figurehead in the family history, was born at Bridport, Dorset, about 1631; and early showed signs of unusual mental capacity. His boyhood must have been shadowed by the Civil Wars which racked the land; but at the tender age of sixteen, two years before the death of his father, he had already matriculated at Trinity College, Oxford, and subsequently became a Fellow of Oriel in 1653. In 1654 he was presented with the living of Barking, Essex, where for seven years he ministered, developing meanwhile into a man of strong religious feeling and decided views. In 1669 he was appointed to the Rectory of West Stafford, Dorset, and the following year to that of Frome Billet in the same county. From thence he was ejected as a Nonconformist in compliance with the Act of 1662; and he went to Dorchester as an Independent Minister. There he remained till 1675, when, at the age of forty-four, he accepted the invitation of a congregation of Protestant Dissenters, and removed to Bristol to officiate in Castle Green Independent Chapel.

So doing, the intrepid Minister must have been well aware of the penalty which he might have to pay. He had already for conscience sake renounced his rich livings which amounted in the aggregate to £400 a year—an ample income for those days; and he was now prepared to risk both freedom and life in the cause to which he

was pledged. For Charles II had cruelly betrayed some of his most loyal subjects, and after deluding them with promises of tolerance in religious matters, he had callously given them over to persecution, and allied himself with their persecutors.

Macaulay thus sums up the attitude of the King towards a large section of peaceable and law-abiding people :

“ Then there came penal statutes against the Nonconformists, statutes to which precedent might too easily be found in the Puritan legislation, but to which the King could not give his assent without a breach of promises publicly made in the most important crisis of his life to those on whom his fate depended. The Presbyterians, in extreme distress and terror, fled to the foot of the Throne, and pleaded their recent services and the royal faith solemnly and repeatedly plighted. The King wavered. . . . His temper was not that of a persecutor. He disliked the Puritans indeed, but in him dislike was a languid feeling . . . he was, moreover, partial to the Roman Catholic religion, and he knew that it would be impossible to grant liberty of worship to the professors of that religion without extending the same indulgence to Protestant dissenters. . . . After a faint struggle he yielded, and with a show of alacrity, to a series of odious acts against the separatists. It was made a crime to attend a dissenting place of worship. A single justice of the peace might convict without a Jury, and might, for the third offence, pass sentence for transportation beyond sea for seven years. With refined cruelty it was provided that the offender should not be transported to New England where he was likely to find sympathizing friends. If he returned to his own country before the expiration of his term of exile he was liable to capital punishment. A new and most unreasonable test was imposed upon divines who had been deprived of their benefices for nonconformity ; and all who refused to take that test were prohibited from coming within five miles of any town . . . where they had themselves resided as Ministers. The magistrates by whom these rigorous statutes were to be enforced were

in general men inflamed by party spirit and by the remembrance of wrongs suffered in the time of the Commonwealth. The gaols were therefore soon crowded with dissenters, and among the sufferers were some of whose genius and virtue any Christian Society might well be proud." [Vol. I, p. 87.]

In two short years after the accession of Charles II, 3,068 innocent men and women belonging to the Society of Friends alone had already been imprisoned, and the number incarcerated when George Fox pleaded with the King on their behalf was upwards of 4,200. Neale in his *History of the Puritans* adds :

"Humanity revolts at the circumstances of cruelty with which members of this society were treated at this time, when their meetings were broken up by men with clubs, they themselves were thrown into the water, and trampled under foot till the blood gushed out.

"Even the walls of the prison did not afford them a secure retreat. In the prison itself they were exposed to outrage and fury. When they have been engaged together in religious conversation and acts of devotion, the felons of the jail, the thieves and the housebreakers, the pick-pockets and highwaymen, have been led into their room, have threatened them, violently assaulted them and beaten them." [Vol. 5, p. 229.]

Men and women of all sects shared the fate of the peaceable Quakers and were thrown into Bridewell for their religious convictions. There they were herded together with the lowest criminals, in conditions insanitary and horrible. Utterly defenceless, they were the butt of every foul-mouthed villain ; they were liable to be whipped, bullied and ill-treated without redress at the whim of their jailer ; while to add to the irony of the situation, they were forced to pay for their food or to go hungry.

What torment, mental and physical, such conditions could represent to a man of the refined and scholarly tastes of Benjamin Way may be imagined. Classed with vagabonds, cut off from the comfort to which he had been

bred, and from the congenial society of his learned contemporaries, he was a marked man, perpetually exposed to the danger of murderous assault, cruel imprisonment, and the worse fate of life-long transportation.

In the church-book of the little Community which assembled for worship amid the ruins of Bristol Cathedral is the following entry :

“August 16th, 1676. Benjamin Way having declared his acceptance of the Church’s call to be their Pastor, was admitted into the Church with the assent of all, but one only excepting, as Member and Pastor; but was not yet set apart in his office till December 8th, 1676; and then solemnly done by fasting and Prayer.”

Yet before the new Pastor was “solemnly done,” he seems to have been already ministering at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol; for among the records there we read :

“October 31st, 1676. Being Lord’s Day was ye first day of our Pastor’s (Brother Hardwick) changing and preaching at ye Castle in ye morning once a month for them, and for their Paster Mr Way at ye same morning changing and preaching with us.”

Thus, after four months’ probation, Mr. Way was solemnly inducted into his new office on December 8th, ready to face whatever might befall; and only a few years later we find two significant entries in the same little church-book, which vividly endorse the account given by Neal :

“June 1st, 1680. The informers came to Mr Way’s meeting in ye Castle—Sir Robert Yeoman and many others, and broke open ye doors. But they [the congregation] conveyed away with their Minister before ye informers came in and by proclamation commanded the people to depart, and sent Sir William Wade and Nathaniel his brother to Newgate, and beat another until all bloody.”

“1681-2. On January 21st we met at 8 in ye morning, and though there were 7 on horseback and 20 on foot to seek after us, we escaped, having broken up at 10. Mr Weeke’s and Mr Gifford’s people met on ye other side

of ye river, so ye informers saw them, but could not come at them. But Olive and his company took some of our friends coming into the town, and several of Mr Way's people coming from Durdan Down, as Mr Chauncey's wife, Ben Way (junior), Mr. Williamsson, Widow Tyro and her daughter, whom they put in Bridewell, and bringing them before the Mayor next morning, bound them over to ye Quarter Sessions."

But before this final entry, Benjamin Way, the Minister, had passed beyond the reach of his persecutors. In October, 1680, he made a Will of great length and precision; and about the same time he preached his farewell sermon in which he refers to himself as a weak and dying man. Yet the expiring flame burnt brightly, and his fiery eloquence must have fallen with tragic effect upon the ears of his spell-bound listeners. Strange to say, a manuscript copy of this, his last discourse, was found not many years since on a secondhand bookstall; and even at this distance of time, and despite the modified dogmas which now prevail, the written transcript of that last exhortation—though but a mere dim and colourless echo of the spoken word—has power still to grip the imagination, and send a thrill of horror through the reader of to-day.

I'd preach as though I ne'er should preach again;
I'd preach as dying, unto dying men.

Taking as his text the appropriate words of another persecuted preacher, "*If in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of all men the most miserable,*" Benjamin Way dwelt with dramatic power upon the awful fate which awaited backsliders at the hands of a vengeful Deity who would relentlessly punish his creation—his faulty handiwork—for being faulty. "Oh take warning this day," he cried passionately, "from the mouth of a dying minister who pities your misery, who would gladly save not only himself but those who hear him this day, but is not like to have many further opportunities to warn you in." And in vivid language he depicted a lurid Hell of everlasting darkness, undying worms and excruciating tor-

ments, till his trembling hearers must have felt ready to welcome Bridewell or any temporary discomfort in lieu of that alternative of hopeless, unceasing torture which threatened them.

“He that duly considers what Hell is,” summed up the relentless Minister, “and how it is set forth and represented to us by him who is faithful and true, and who is under an absolute impossibility of lying or deceiving, would rather chuse all the racks and torments that can be inflicted on him in this world, and that for many years together, than be in Hell and endure the torment of it for *one week, or day, or hour*, then when sinners must be there and suffer the torments thereof, *not for days or weeks or months or years but for ever*, when they shall be there without the least hope of a remedy, how inexpressibly miserable their condition must be !”

Inexpressibly miserable, indeed ! One can resuscitate with a curious vividness that earnest, enrapt audience who listened with bated breath to the inspired words of the dying man. One and all, men and women, they had faced torture and death for their faith ; they had renounced the good things of this world for the sake of that world to come ; even in listening to their Pastor now they were committing a crime against the laws of the land for which they might have to pay with all that made life dear ; but better that than the Hell which he depicted with such sure and graphic touch—a place where the misery of this world would be intensified beyond computation, and prolonged for ever and ever ! What matter that the preacher illogically proceeded to describe this vengeful Deity as a God who radiates love, and the Heaven which they might attain as a land of ravishing delight, “the most Glorious Place that God has made or will make ;” Hell remained firmly in the forefront of their thoughts, effectually obscuring that other dazzling vision, while he thundered forth :

“Thus, Sinner, have I set before thee this day good and evil, blessing and cursing, Life and Death, Heaven and Hell, the love and the wrath of God——”

But the sermon, which, so far, had six headings, breaks off abruptly at this juncture. Whether the meeting was interrupted, or whether, as seems probable, the preacher's ardour had outstripped his waning strength, none can know. All we are told is that Benjamin Way died on November 9, 1680; and that throughout his last illness he frequently mentioned his satisfaction at having quitted his rich livings for conscience' sake. With his latest breath, he said to his eldest son, "I bless God that I did not submit to the burden of conformity." He was but 59 years of age when he thus expired, his death having been probably hastened by the anxiety and persecution which he had endured; and he was interred in St. Philip's churchyard, the usual burying-place for those who died within the precincts of the Castle; and where, if any monument ever marked his last resting-place, it has long since perished.

BENJAMIN WAY OF WALTHAMSTOWE

The children of the stout old Dissenter did not follow in their father's footsteps. By his first wife he had four sons and one daughter; but as the only child of his eldest son Joseph died without issue in 1774, it is to his second son Benjamin that we turn for a continuance of the family history. Benjamin was born on September 16, 1665, and although he remained a Nonconformist, his early taste of Bridewell at the age of sixteen seems to have sufficed to turn his thoughts to a safer profession than the Ministry. Like his elder brother Joseph, who was a merchant of Bristol, he became a merchant of the West Indies and a shipowner of London; and he purchased a country estate at Walthamstowe in Essex. He was known to his contemporaries as "Honest Ben," and his motto is said to have been

The little I doe
I doe *that* Way.

a cryptic saying which seems to denote a mingling of humility and defiance worthy of his father.

Benjamin of Walthamstowe married Elizabeth Coward,

whose father lived at Petworth, Sussex, and Port Royal, Jamaica, at which latter place he is said to have been killed in a duel. By this wife he had six sons and five daughters, ere dying at the age of 44, on September 23, 1709, he was buried in Bunhill Fields, where he lies interred with eight of his large family, six of whom predeceased him.

LEWIS WAY OF RICHMOND

The eldest surviving son of Benjamin Way, the merchant, was Lewis, who, born in 1698, matriculated for the Bar in 1721. He, too, was worldly-wise in his generation, and appears to have been possessed of ample wealth. He lived at the Old Court House, Richmond, which he either built himself, or acquired by purchase under a Crown lease. In 1702, Queen Anne had ascended the throne, and during the early part of her reign she granted about nine leases for houses to be erected on the site of what had formerly been the Royal Palace of Sheen, or Richmond. The house occupied for so many years by Lewis Way is still standing, a fine old mansion of the period, built in red brick, with a beautiful spider-web doorway, approached by a flight of steps with splayed-out treads flanked by wrought-iron balustrades. It looks out directly on the Green, round which are grouped other houses of the same date and dignity, once occupied by the *élite* of the residents of Richmond. Close beside it is the ancient archway which led into the precincts of the Palace—that place of historic memories and picturesque survivals.

Within those precincts, and beyond that archway, there lived a man with whom Lewis Way, as one of his nearest neighbours, must speedily have become acquainted, even if there was not at a later date, as seems probable, the tie of kinship to cement that friendship.

As is well known, in 1704, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who had ruled the Queen with her haughty, imperious temper, rashly introduced into the Royal household a cousin of her own, Mrs. Masham, *née* Abigail Hill. "Mrs Masham," wrote the Duchess, "was the daughter of one Hill, a merchant in the city, by a sister of my father.

Our grandfather, Sir John Jenyns, had twenty-two children, by which means the estate of the family, which was reputed at £4,000 a year, came to be divided into small parcels. Mrs Hill had only £500 to her portion. Mrs Masham was the elder daughter." The Duchess further remarks that Mr. Hill was "a merchant . . . who was by profession an Anabaptist . . . he lived very well for many years, until, turning projector, he brought ruin upon himself and his family."

Abigail soon supplanted the Duchess in the Queen's favour, and ere long ousted her benefactress. In the exercise of her newly acquired influence she next secured from her Royal mistress the gift of the best of the Crown sites at Richmond for her brother Richard Hill. This consisted of a lovely stretch of land reaching from the courtyard of the old palace away to the river; and there Richard built himself a large house, abutting on the surviving portion of the palace, and surrounded by about three acres of beautiful grounds. The mansion faced the river, with finely timbered lawns reaching almost to the water's edge, one conspicuous tree being a grand Cedar of Lebanon. This house was long known as the Trumpeting House, on account of two life-sized stone figures of boys, in the dress of servitors, blowing trumpets, which were stationed by Richard Hill on either side of the entrance.

At this house Mrs. Masham must often have visited the brother she had so greatly benefited, and there it is probable came Queen Anne herself to inspect the use her protégé had made of her gift. One can imagine her maids of honour meanwhile merrily climbing the hill behind the house, and gazing entranced from the heights above, as depicted by Turner, on the lovely prospect, then undisfigured, as it is to-day, by the erection of hideous houses. Be that as it may, Lewis Way, as one of the most reputable inhabitants of Richmond, must have been intimate with Richard Hill, his near neighbour, and the insinuating Mrs. Masham. In that small but select coterie he was a man of standing, fit to associate with these favourites of a Queen; a Barrister of the Inner Temple, a Director of the South Sea Company, and a President of Guy's Hospital. He is said in his

early years to have been by persuasion, as he was by inheritance, a Nonconformist; but he was not Puritanical in the conduct of his worldly affairs. Possessed of sound practical sense and considerable business capacity, we find that he dealt in lotteries and bought profitable partnerships in shipping. We hear of his bags of gold deposited in a great iron chest, and of fine diamonds purchased for his successive wives; for four times did Lewis Way lead a fresh bride up the broad steps of the Old Court House; and each of these ladies was of irreproachable antecedents, and well dowered in this world's goods.

The first was Sophia Page,¹ whose wedding took place in 1721, and whose apparently uneventful and childless union with Lewis Way lasted for fifteen years. Her chief claim to remembrance, indeed, lies in the celebrity of her parents. Her father was Sir Gregory Page, Bt., of Wrinkle-marsh on Blackheath, a famous house which he built in twelve months, but which was ruthlessly pulled down and sold piecemeal twelve years after his death, when his beautiful furniture was dispersed, some of his chairs being now in the Soane Museum. Her mother was an awe-inspiring dame to whose name a strange legend has become attached, which we may note in passing.

The full-length portrait² of this mother-in-law of Lewis Way to-day hangs at Denham Place, Bucks, about which we shall hear presently. The picture, which is contained in a Vauxhall frame of mirror and gilt moulding, represents a formidable-looking dame in a robe of blue satin, standing in front of her coach, and somewhat incongruously clasping in her hand an apple. Possibly the painter intended to convey the idea that Lady Page had alighted from her

¹ It seems probable that there was some previous relationship between the Pages and the Ways, for Elizabeth, relict of Benjamin Way of Walthamstowe, afterwards Mrs. Bourne, in 1762 left to her grand-daughter Cassandra Way, "three China dishes and three china Muggs, on which are the Page arms."

² In *Country Life*, April 25, 1925, this picture is said to have been painted about 1755 and to be "probably the work of Hogarth." This could only be possible if it was a posthumous portrait, for the lady died twenty-seven years before that date.



LADY PAGE, WIFE OF SIR GREGORY PAGE, BT.

coach during some rural drive in order to gather the fruit of the countryside ; but, if so, one cannot but think the incident *infra dig.* in connection with so stately a dame. The picture is, however, a curious one. Within the coach behind the lady, sits a man, partially visible through the open door, the lower half of which is obscured by the back view of a stooping footman. On her other side is a tree-stump (not an apple-tree, be it observed) while two other lackeys, probably running footmen, are visible beyond. Evidently Lady Page did not travel abroad without a sufficient retinue, and it is in connection with one of her attendants that the evil legend is attached to her name. For the tale runs that when visiting Sir Roger Hill at Denham Place, she killed her footman ; that the body was subsequently concealed by her host in a secret chamber there, and that the house has ever since been haunted by the victim !

It must be conceded that a number of tales connected with old houses recount how some servant was killed by an irate master, till one is led to suspect that in former times such an event was not of rare occurrence nor held to be of vital importance. Yet in this case an added interest is attached to the tradition in that the aggressor was a woman, and that her portrait gives colour to the tale, for not only is the lady of most forbidding aspect, but so stalwart that she could have felled any man with a blow.

Nevertheless such a crime seems to have been at variance with the patience and equanimity for which Lady Page was subsequently lauded. She died in 1728, and to her was erected what was considered to be the finest tomb in all Bunhill Fields. This records that before she departed this life at the age of 56, "*in 67 months she was tapped 66 times and had taken away 240 gallons of water without ever repining at her case or ever fearing the operation.*" Whatever the virtues or crimes of the remarkable lady, she was at least endowed with unusual strength of mind.

United to the daughter of such a notable mother Lewis Way apparently found happiness ; but early in 1736 she joined her parent in Bunhill Fields, leaving him without

issue. The full-length portrait of Lady Page then came into his possession together with various of her goods and chattels ; for Lewis seems to have been a man beloved by all, and to have won the hearts not only of his various brides, but of his various mothers-in-law.

It was not the custom in those days to mourn long for a deceased wife, and with his great worldly possessions, Lewis no doubt desired an heir. Therefore ten months after the death of his first wife, on November 9, 1736, he wedded Philadelphia Newnham, who we are told was "sister to the Solicitor General's ¹ Lady and worth £1200." She was the daughter of Nathaniel Newnham, of Streat-ham, a rich West India merchant ; but this marriage was also doomed to end sadly, for within a year of her wedding, in September, 1737, the young wife died in childbed at her father's house. Mr. Way, however, seven months later, on April 20, 1738, married his third wife, with whom we are more particularly concerned.

She was Abigail, daughter and heiress of Edward Lockey of Holms Hill, Herts, and she eventually stood in the succession to Denham Place, Bucks, the home of her grandfather, Sir Roger Hill, Knight. Since, therefore, she was destined largely to influence the fortunes of the Ways, we must pause to glance more closely at the story of her antecedents.

¹ Sir Dudley Ryder, Lord Chief Justice, father of the 1st Lord Harrowby.

CHAPTER II

THE HISTORY OF THE HILLS

THE family of Hill was said to be one of the oldest in Somersetshire, and lineally descended from John Hill who was made a Knight banneret on the field of battle by Edward III. In 1534 they migrated from the Yard House, Taunton, to Poundsford; and the first occupant of that Manor was called Roger. His son William built the mansion known as Poundsford Park, and died in 1593.

A great-grandson of this William, Roger Hill of Poundsford, was called to the Bar in 1634; and subsequently, on account of his legal and Parliamentary duties, lived much in London where his town house "was on West side of ye great Square of Southampton Buildings in Holborne." He soon made his mark in the profession he had adopted. In March, 1644, he was the junior of five counsel employed against Archbishop Laud, who nicknamed him Counsel Bibulus on account of his silence. Next year he was M.P. for Bridport, Dorset, in the Long Parliament, in place of one of its former representatives disabled for adhering to the King. He was named on the Commission for the King's trial, but, possibly as a matter of precaution, never sat on it. He was next made Serjeant by the Lord Protector Cromwell, in 1655, and two years later a Baron of the Exchequer, the patent of which was confirmed by Richard Cromwell in 1658. That year Baron Hill went on the Oxford Circuit with Chief Justice Glynne, an account of the proceedings being published later "in drolling verse."

His portrait, which is still in possession of his descendants, shows a man of fair complexion and frank blue eyes, with a countenance expressive of sincerity rather than astuteness. Despite the scanty material now available

concerning him, we can form a sufficient outline of the character and deportment of this grave Baron of the Exchequer, who was the contemporary of Thomas Way of Bridport, in Dorset, and his dauntless son, Benjamin Way, the Dissenter.

Baron Hill, we glean, was a man shrewd in the conduct of his affairs ; guarded of speech ; pious, as befitted the Puritan days in which he figured ; and though possessed of great wealth, yet of orderly, and, possibly, economical habits. His account-books, kept punctiliously in regard to the smallest items, serve to throw an interesting light on the cost of living under the Protectorate, as a brief quotation may serve to illustrate.

“ 1650

a Lamb	1	6
Prunes per lb		4 ^d
A Lamb	1	9
A choppin of Milk	1s	
A dozen eggs		2 ^d
A side of veal	2	6
Doz Whittings		2 ^d

1653

A Fowl		5 ^d
Do		3 ^d
A carcase of Beef	1	5 10

1661

Servants allowance of food per quarter	1	09	0
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1679

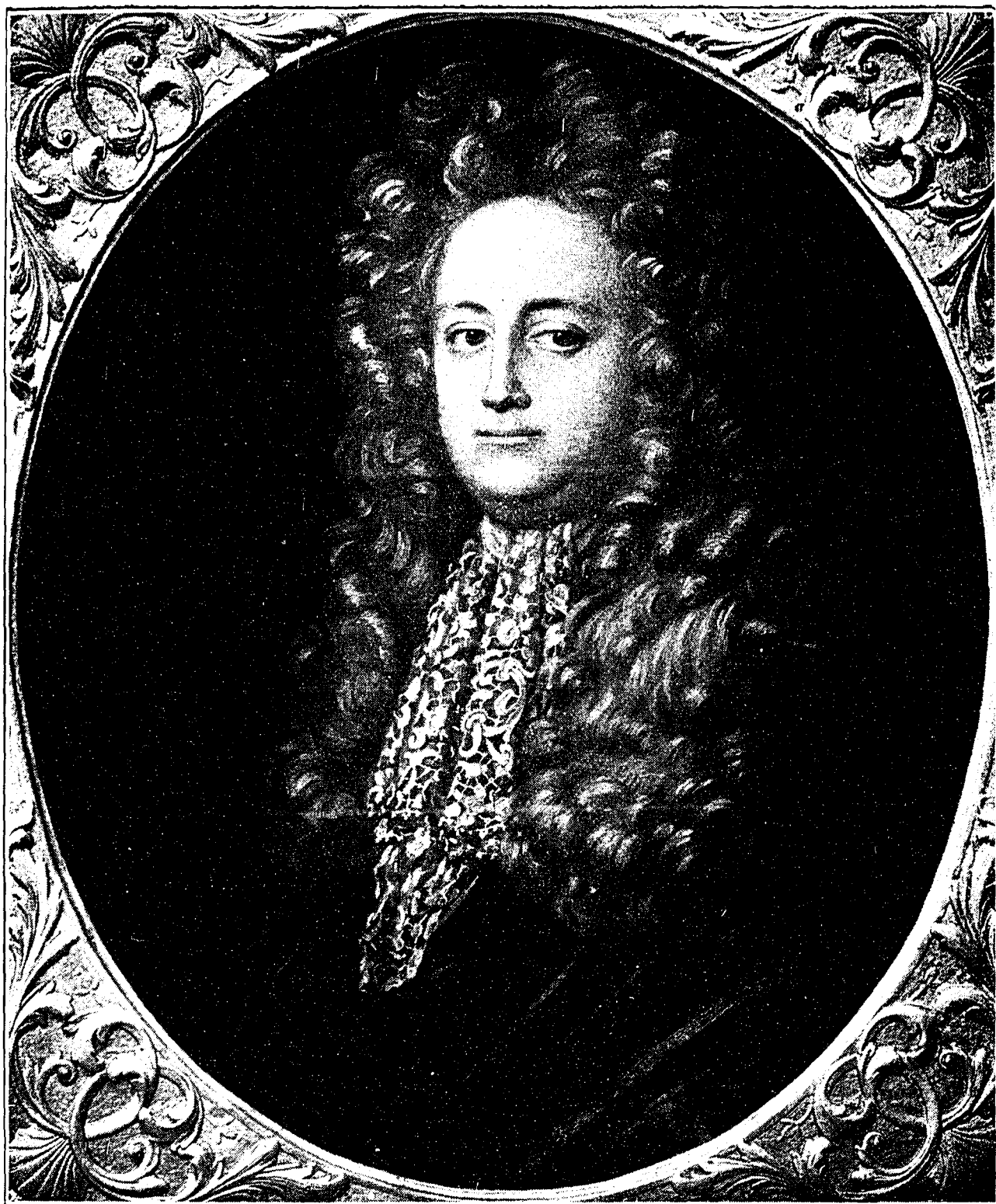
a Capon	9	2
a young turkey	1	5

1682

A carcase of Mutton	2	6
a pound of butter		4 ¹ / ₂

1683

Carcase of Ox	1	3	4
A Goose	1	5	
A Pig		8	
Pigeons per Doz		10	
A lamb	1	8	
Pair of chickens		3	”



ROGER HILL, BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER,
1606-1667.

From a picture in the possession of Colonel Way.

No doubt the cost of living was then considered rather high, for in previous years a sheep could be purchased for 6*d.*; but the Baron in the ordering of his household apparently endeavoured to keep a happy medium between the combined state and simplicity of living, which befitted alike his position and his professed Puritanism.

Meanwhile his domestic life had been as varied as his public career. He had married three times, his second and third wives, by a curious coincidence, both bearing the Christian name of Abigail. The first Abigail, whose portrait is that of a pretty woman with lovely colouring, was the daughter of Brampton Gurdon, of Assington Hall, Suffolk, and the entry of her death runs as follows :

“Upon Friday, 31st December, 1658, About 8 of the clock at night, Abigail the Deere Wife of Roger Hill one of the Barons of the exchequer, having layne 9 months sicke of a Consumption, departed this life at his house in Pell-à-Mell, in St. James ffields, Middlesex.”

This wife left a son and heir, Roger Hill, of whom we shall hear later; while the Baron's third wife¹ whom he married in 1661 (and who wedded him as her third husband), was already the mother of three children by her first spouse, John Lockey of Holms Hill, Herts, one of whom was a daughter, yet another Abigail.

To this step-daughter, Abigail Lockey, Baron Hill appears to have been greatly attached; and there is a charming letter from him written to her in 1663 when she was visiting an aunt in Gloucestershire, which exhibits him in a most pleasing light. Baron Hill was at that date only 37 years of age, and had been married to his third wife, Abigail's mother, only 1½ years; but the letter shows him grave beyond his age and strongly tinctured with Puritanism. It is remarkable for its complete avoidance of such trivialities as any items of news; and it

¹ Abigail, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Barns, late of Alboro' Hatch, Essex (and widow of Josias Berners of Clerkenwell Close, Middlesex, and before that the wife of John Lockey of Holms Hill, Co. Hertford, Esquire, deceased). She survived Roger Hill, and married for the fourth time, eventually dying in 1713 at the age of 90.

consists, on the contrary, of many pages of exhortation to the young lady, since, as the Baron earnestly reminds her, "yo^r time here is too little to provide for eternitie." None the less, it presents an endearing picture of the man who wrote it, and who concludes affectionately—

"Much more would I be yo^r Remembrancer in ;—I will not be tedious, but for ye present commend you (as is our dayly delight heere) to the guidance & protection, that is faithful & will preserve you if you also commend yo^r soule and all yo^r concernements to Him. He will preserve whatever is comitted unto Him. The good Lord love and blesse you and in his due tyme (when you think fit) bring you back to those yt delight in yo^r presence, which is ye desire of

Your affectionate ffather
by virtue of yo^r deere Mother

ROGER HILL.

[Addressed]

ffor the much respected

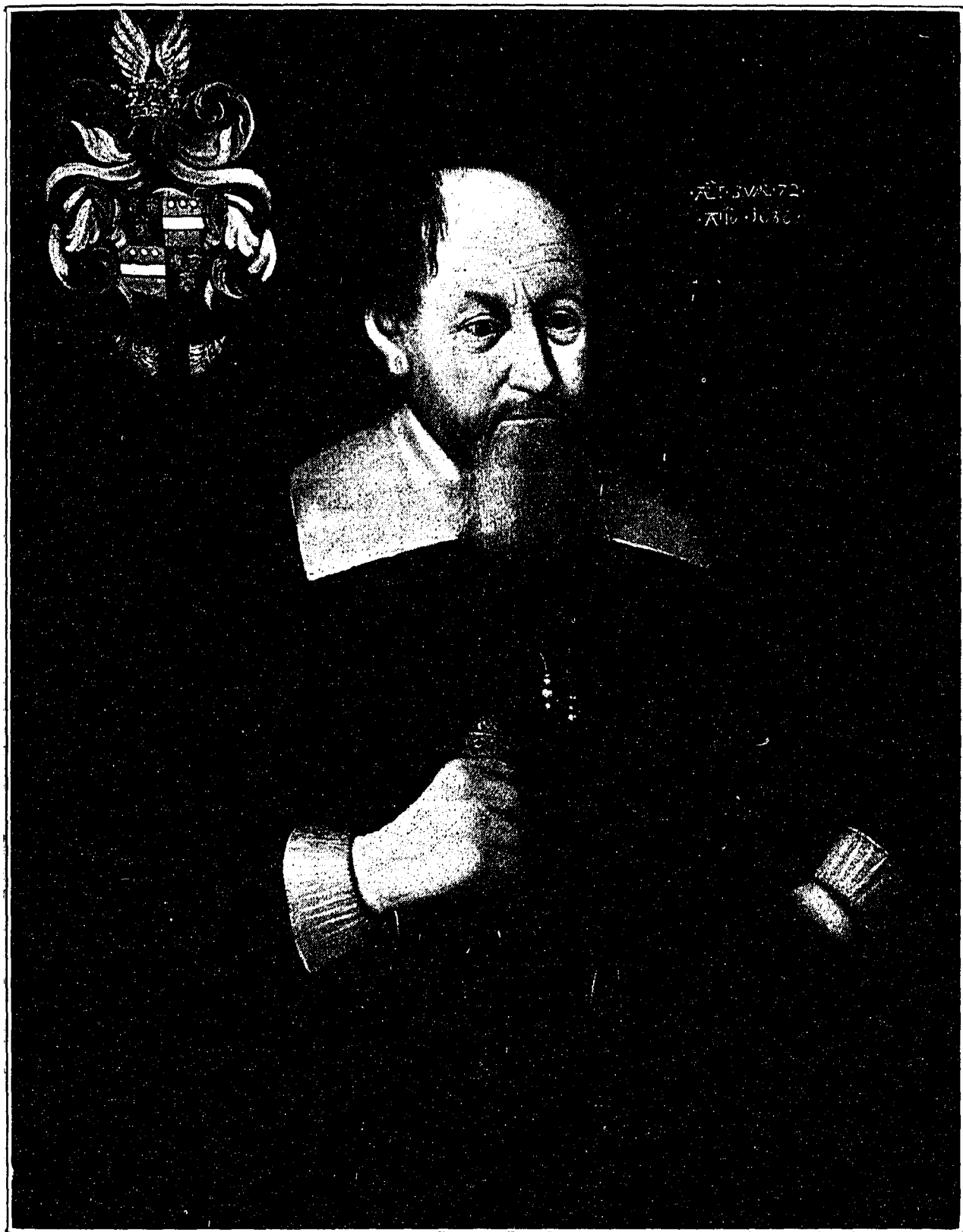
Mrs Abigail Lockey

Lypiate, Gloucestershire—these "

Had the Baron lived but a little longer, his affection for young Abigail Lockey would have been further cemented, for on July 11, 1667, she wedded her stepfather's son by his second wife, another Roger Hill; so that when this younger Roger acquired a wife who was previously his stepsister, the Baron would have secured a daughter-in-law who was previously his beloved stepdaughter. Unfortunately he did not live to see this happy event, for, having survived during the first seven years of the reign of Charles II, he expired at the age of 61 "upon the Lord's Day, April 1st, 1667," and was buried in the Temple Church, near the grave of his second wife and her children, according to the wish expressed in his last will and testament.

II

Roger Hill, the younger, son of the Baron by his second marriage, had been born on June 19, 1642, "att ye Sign



BRAMPTON GURDON, OF ASSINGTON HALL,
GRANDFATHER OF SIR ROGER HILL OF DENHAM.

From a portrait in the possession of Colonel Way.

of ye Drake over against St Martin's Outwich Church in Threadneedle Street, London." He was therefore 25 years of age when he married Abigail Lockey, three months after his father's death; and there is no doubt that he was then a wealthy man. The Baron, like most of the Cromwellian officers of State, had evidently amassed a large fortune, even though on the restoration of the Bishops he had been forced to renounce the Bishop of Winchester's rich Manor of Taunton Dean, which had been given to him by the Parliament, worth. £1,200. But sufficient remained to make of his son a rich man; while in 1660 this younger Roger Hill, through the death of his elder half-brother William, had further inherited the house and estate of Poundsford.

One of the early recollections to which young Roger would refer in after days was having been taken by his nurse to Whitehall in his seventh year to see King Charles I walk past on his way to execution. Throughout his life he could always recall the metallic tramp of the passing escort and the dull, ominous roll of the drums. He was only 18 when Charles II came to the throne, and he seems to have played his part tactfully under the new régime. He entered the Inner Temple and represented Amersham in Parliament, at which date a picture of the contemporary House of Commons was taken wherein he is depicted making his maiden speech. Later, he was M.P. for Wendover for many years; and despite his having been the son of a prominent Parliamentarian, in 1668, the year after his marriage, and when he was aged 26, he was knighted by Charles II in the Long Gallery at Whitehall, as represented in another picture that was treasured for many generations by his descendants.

Meanwhile Sir Roger did not apparently cherish any sentimental affection for Poundsford, the ancient home of his family. It was incommodious and too far away from his Parliamentary duties. The long drive over bad roads from Somersetshire to London was not only tedious but occupied too much of his valuable time. It further involved traversing the dangerous solitude of Salisbury Plain. From 1673 to 1688 therefore it is said that he

resided at a house which had formerly belonged to the family of Peckham, in Buckinghamshire.

The lovely little village of Denham, where the Peckhams had been Lords of the Manor, lies in a secluded spot about eight miles from Eton and eighteen from London, just where the low hills reach back towards Gerrards Cross and sink into the valley of the Colne. Embowered in avenues of limes and giant elms, its single street of red brick and timber cottages must to-day present much the same appearance as when Sir Roger walked through it in periwig and ruffles on his way to the old village church where he now reposes. In summer time, roses clamber about the ancient walls till the air is redolent with their sweetness; wreaths of wistaria festoon the doorways and lap the casements; from the meadows beyond is wafted the scent of hay to mingle with the fragrance of the flowers; and hard by, the pretty little stream Misbourne winds singing among the sedges—now flashing in the open, now darkening in the shadow, as it intersects the roadway and encircles it, while drifting drowsily on to mingle its waters with the Colne.

So ancient is the Manor of Denham, and so strange its history, that we must glance briefly at this in order to understand how it was eventually acquired by Sir Roger, and Sir Roger's descendants, the Ways.

III

Between the years 1042 and 1065, a Saxon Thane gave the Manor of Denham to the Abbey of Westminster. About 1180, the Abbot alienated it to a courtier, Martin de Capella, for £15 a year and the right of being entertained by the owner at fifteen days' notice, "as became his rank." Martin's successor contrived to dispense with this expensive and onerous duty by paying £3 extra rent. A century later the Manor was divided, and the southern half handed over to Edward I and his Queen Eleanor, on whose death it returned to the Abbey in part endowment for the commemorative services to be sung in Westminster for the Queen. In 1531 Denham Great Park, which is described as half pasture, half woodland, was

leased to Sir Edmund Peckham, who ten years later acquired the Lordship of the Manor and built there a mansion which he called Denham Place. This Sir Edmund Peckham was a courtier who served astutely under three Sovereigns as, respectively, Cofferer to the Household, Clerk of the Green Cloth, Master of the Mint, assistant executor of Henry VIII's will, and one of the Commissioners of the County for Church plate in the time of Edward VI. His effigy rests beside that of his wife on a fine altar-tomb in Denham Church, near by it being buried the heart of his son Robert, who went into voluntary exile and died in Rome, because he was "no longer able to bear the sight of his country revolting from the Catholic faith."

Sir George Peckham, son of the exile, built a mansion on his property soon after 1541; and there he was visited by Queen Elizabeth in her progress from Oatlands to Denham. But so little did the redoubtable Queen trust her host on account of his recusancy, that she had special "lokes and hinges" brought from Oatlands and put upon the doors of her room to protect her—a record for the payment of which remains to this day.

Sir George subsequently came under the influence of the Jesuits, so that his house was a recognized centre of Popery. Strange events, it was whispered, happened there; miracles and visions took place; mystics fell into trances in which they gave utterance to prophecies—in short, Denham became the hotbed of a violent Catholic revival. Campion, the first of the Jesuit martyrs, often slept there, till, in July 1581, he was caught near Wantage and sent up to London tied on a horse, with a paper stuck on his hat inscribed "CAMPION, THE SEDITIOUS JESUIT." Thrice was he racked, then hanged in the December following. Later, someone brought the Buckinghamshire Squire Hampden, grandfather of the patriot and then member for the county, to see the manifestations at Denham, and Hampden was deeply shocked at what he attributed to the direct patronage of the Devil. He marvelled "that the house sinketh not, for the wickedness in it."

Not long after, Sir George Peckham fled, and was

plunged into poverty. The date of his death is said to be *circa* 1596; but later "Denham House or Place" was let by the Crown to his relation William Boyer, whose conduct was more discreet, and whose descendants turned out staunch loyalists. Indeed, it is believed that, after the battle of Worcester, James Fleetwood, Chaplain to Lord Rivers, carried the Royal Princes into safe hiding at Denham, to the living of which he was subsequently presented. But the Commonwealth which aided Baron Hill to rise to fame and wealth, wrecked the fortunes of the loyal Boyers, whose downfall was further consummated by the Test Acts. In 1659, the then Sir William Boyer was outlawed for some unknown offence; and thus it came about that, nearly twenty years later, in 1688, Sir Roger Hill was enabled to purchase from the Crown the western portion of the famous Manor of Denham.

That was the year when William of Orange landed at Torbay; and what part Sir Roger took in the Revolution of 1688 may be gleaned from his tomb which acclaims him as a staunch supporter of the Protestant cause. Therefore with the coming of William and Mary and those days when peace seemed ensured to the land, Sir Roger determined to build for himself a house more suitable to his rank and fortune than the rat-infested, haunted home of the Peckhams.

IV

Now whether Sir Roger erected his home on the actual site of the former Denham Place, that house of evil repute, is not known; but it is believed that his first act was to raze to the ground that ancient relic of Popery. If so, we may infer that during the building of his new house he occupied a picturesque red-brick dwelling in the village, adjacent to the church, which he is supposed to have built for a dower-house, and which is still called Hill House after him. Meanwhile in the construction of his new home he aimed at perfection rather than haste, and it proceeded so leisurely that he took thirteen years in its erection. He is said to have been his own architect; and he set down in his own handwriting on one folio-

sheet, which is preserved to this day, the total expense of the building under each separate heading. So much was debited to the brickmakers, so much to the masons, so much to the plasterers, carpenters, and the rest. The whole is headed :

“ Account of the money layd out in the building my new house in Denham

Commenced in 1688 and continued to 1701 ” ;

at which latter date he estimated the total cost at the surprisingly small sum of £5,591 16s. 9d.

As originally designed by Sir Roger, the wide doorway was on the west side of the house, opposite to the position it now occupies. From a plan still in existence and inscribed as “ the Prospect,” it is evident that he intended this to be approached through a handsome gateway, flanked by columns with statuary, opening on a straight, formal drive through parterres. This scheme, which was in keeping with other designs of the late seventeenth century, was probably carried out, judging from the fragments of masonry, broken capitals, moulding and balustrades found buried in a mound by the lake ; but possibly when this was altered, what the house lost in artificiality, it gained in distinction.

The main body is **H**-shaped, with the principal wings on the north and south. The walls are of red brick with chamfered plinths and rusticated quoins of rubbed brick ; the steep-pitched roofs are tiled and have flat tops covered with lead. A wrought-iron balustrade formerly crowned the mansard roof, with alternately semi-circular and pointed pediments to the dormer windows ; while the windows themselves were of greater height. Yet although certain structural alterations are to be regretted, to-day the whole conveys an effect of spaciousness and solidity, combined with a great dignity. Other houses of the period may be larger and more imposing ; but for a grand simplicity of construction without, and elaborate perfection of detail within, none are more filled with the gracious beauty of a bygone day.

In contrast with the present absence of ornamentation externally, the interior is remarkable for its intricate beauty of decoration. Within, every square inch of Denham is arresting, the lofty and graceful proportion of the rooms, the elaborate panelling, the fine fireplaces, the painted ceilings, the moulded friezes. The wide doorway formerly opened into a great entrance hall, whence one turned to the state rooms on the north, or the living-rooms on the south. On the one side lay the drawing-room, tapestry-room and chapel; on the other the library and domestic offices. Beyond, was the fine staircase with a moulded panelled ceiling where the arms of Hill impaling Lockey showed in bold relief.

One of the finest rooms is the Tapestry room, which has been described as "a veritable bath of soothing colour." On the walls hang wonderful Flemish tapestries, representing the story of the Golden Fleece, where cool blue lakes and golden foliage enhance shadowy landscapes and dimly beautiful forms. The floor of this room is dark, the chimneypiece black; so that the chairs in old green and red brocade formerly showed in rich contrast against a sombre background, while overhead is a riot of bright, full, harmonious colour.

The ceiling, dated 1693, is grey with age, but bordering it comes the marvellous frieze. This is modelled in the deep cove between the ceiling and walls, and the reliefs show vividly in gay hues. A panorama is represented with hills, rivers, bridges, windmills, forests, solitary trees, castles, inns, villages, rivers, men and animals. The quaint shapes and bright, almost crude, tints, the subjects standing out in high relief, primitive in delineation, the simple succession of attractive objects fashioned into a consecutive and harmonious design, make this work not only arresting, but absolutely unique.

In the north wing is also the spacious drawing-room, with its six great windows looking out on to the lovely garden with old yew hedges. This room is lofty and square; the walls are panelled to the dado line, while the ceiling and frieze again are remarkable. Four roundels in the outer corners contain amorini apparently symbolic



DENHAM PLACE.

of the Seasons ; but elsewhere a gentleman's recreations are portrayed, principally sport and music. Fox-hunting, fishing, otter-hunting, pigeon-shooting, a deer-hunt and rabbiting are represented, interspersed with elaborate woodland scenes, with musical instruments, with human and animal forms finely modelled ; and throughout runs a design in which knots of flowers, grapes and foliage add to the grace and richness of the whole. The beauty and technical skill displayed in the entire scheme have never been surpassed ; and the whole appears to be the work of some foreign craftsman who achieved it during a brief sojourn in this country, but did not extend his labours to other houses in England. The inference is that Sir Roger employed some Dutch artist who came over with William of Orange, and whose merit he had the perspicacity to recognize while others overlooked it.

On the south side of the house lies the library, the business room of Sir Roger. Very rich here is the carved wainscot in varnished oak, with recessed shelves and inset portraits ; and here formerly hung the two pictures treasured by the old Knight, illustrating the two great events in his life—his maiden speech in the House, his reception of Knighthood at Whitehall. This library, on which was lavished a wealth of decoration, opens into a small lobby covered with arcaded panelling of exquisite finish, the mouldings of the long panels being carved in beadwork ; and on the splayed side of this is inset the picture of Sir Roger himself, painted late in life.

Dignified of mien and pose, the old Knight looks down on his handiwork and on the drifting generations who pass and praise his achievement. A man shrewd, but kindly, his eyes gaze with a penetrating glance from under his high forehead, surmounted by a short white wig. His nose is slightly arched, his mouth firm, his smile is faintly cynical. A man of genius, one would say, with a discriminating taste and a precise judgment, with a fine imagination to which he could give practical expression—the man, in short, who could keep his accounts to that last ninepence, set down with trim exactitude, and who, unflurried through the long years, could deliberately evolve

his ideal in the house that grew so slowly to perfection beneath his supervision.

Still more beautiful—with a beauty that leaves one breathless—is the exquisite little chapel, with its ante-chapel. It is fitted up with very fine early sixteenth-century woodwork, pieced together with styles and reproductions of the time of Sir Roger; but while the gallery at the south end, where the ceiling is dated 1692, is untrammelled William and Mary, the linen-fold panelling of the frieze—in parts put in upside down—and the screen are evidently far older. Probably Sir Roger had it removed from his own ancient house of Poundsford; but what is unexpected is that it is burnished a beautiful rose-gold colour—rich dull gilt on a red ground. The effect of the elaborate carving, glowing in sombre colour, is at once unusual and of singular beauty. The whole chapel, in the dimness, seems to smoulder like a sullen heart of flame, while the shimmer of gold accentuates each detail of the intricate decoration as though lighted by some hidden fire. The fine pew-ends are interesting examples of the Stuart carver working in a Gothic style, and, with their panelling likewise rose-and-gold, are surmounted by carved birds, the crest of Sir Roger, known locally as “the Denham Doves.” At the end of the chapel is an armorial window which furnishes a genealogical tree of the Hills with their coats of arms and those of their various wives and descendants.

Upstairs the bedrooms are in keeping with the rest of the building in their fine proportion, their elaborate ceilings and friezes, and their handsome fireplaces; while each has its lobby attached with carved panelling throughout. Even the foundation of the house is remarkable, since the cellar is a crypt of barrel vaulting holding up the whole length of the structure with solid stone pillars, like the base of some great Norman church. From attic to basement, in short, all charms and satisfies the eye; but to give any adequate account of Sir Roger’s achievement would require more space than can here be allotted to it. And even so, words cannot convey the true spell of the old house to-day, its gracious beauty and harmony as a whole,

and the atmosphere which pervades it—that haunting sense of a vanished world of dignity, grace and calm.

Without doors that spell is continued in the quiet, spacious grounds which surround the house. Their layout in the days of Sir Roger, as we have seen, is now a matter of conjecture; but we know that through the pleasance, from east to west, flowed the Misbourne, which he canalized, and in which it appears that he inserted a gazebo supported on arches; while parterres, yew hedges, artificial and ornamental gardens appear in the old plan; and the whole he shut off into splendid isolation by an encircling red brick wall which remains to this day.

Further, there seems no doubt that from his older estate of Poundsford he brought many of the ancient treasures of his family to adorn his new home—tapestries which still hang upon its wall: furniture of great antiquity and beauty, portraits in gay attire of dead-and-gone forbears. And there, too, he brought some chairs worked by his mother, *née* Abigail Gurdon, who died so sadly in the house in “Pell-à-Mell” in 1658. There is unfortunately no contemporary description of Denham; only Brown Willis, writing of the parish and church there in 1727, remarks with somewhat apathetic restraint, “The Lord of the Manor here is Sir Roger Hill, who hath built here a very elegant seat.”

Finally it is of interest to recall that only a few years after Sir Roger finished building his new house at Denham, Lewis Way, whose descendants were to inherit that house, was himself occupied either in building or in negotiating for the possession of the Old Court House at Richmond, that fine red brick mansion which still looks out squarely upon the Palace Green. And, hard by, Richard Hill was erecting the Trumpeting House on another Royal site, which had been secured to him by Mrs. Masham, who, ere her marriage, bore the name of Abigail Hill.

v

Sir Roger and his wife spent many peaceful years in their fine home. Their union had proved a singularly happy one. The lady, we are told, was “a pious, Christian,

obliging wife, a tender parent and friendly neighbour," and Sir Roger lived with her "in perfect Amity 62 years, and had issue 3 sons and 2 daughters." The Knight, who evidently did not inherit the physique of his consumptive mother, was undoubtedly

A fine old English gentleman,
One of the olden time.

"He," we are told, "served his country both as Justice of the Peace and Member of Parliament. He always manifested a steady zeal for the Protestant religion and the Rights and Liberties of his Country, which he served with the hazard of his life and fortune. His strict Justice and abhorrence of vice were so well known that they need no Eloquence here to represent them in all respects. He was a truly virtuous and pious man."

So records his monument in Denham Church; and while epitaphs are admittedly panegyric, this probably stated no more than the truth. It is doubly tragic, therefore, that the great sorrow of Sir Roger's life must have arisen from his three sons, through whom he had fondly hoped the succession to his name and estates would be secured.

The eldest, Lockey Hill, born in 1671, proved a wastrel, and made a marriage which his father disliked. Lockey's only son Roger predeceased him, and was buried at Denham in 1721. The daughter Abigail married, but only survived her brother for eleven years.

William, the Knight's second son, born in 1677, we gather was even more unsatisfactory than his elder brother, and died in 1728. He had only a daughter Mary who eventually married Colonel Denny, Governor of Pennsylvania, and died without issue.

Roger, the Knight's third son, born in 1685, and obviously his father's favourite, married Martha, daughter of Sir Isaac Shard of Peckham, Co. Surrey, Knight; but likewise had no issue.

Since, therefore, the succession ultimately went in the female line, we must turn to the history of the old Knight's daughters.

Hester, the elder, married Henry Probert of Pennalt, Monmouthshire; and is described as "a woman of great piety and good judgment, adorned with meekness and humility." The younger, born in 1673 and called Abigail after her mother Lady Hill, wedded her cousin Edward Locky of Holms Hill and the Middle Temple, and thus reigned in her grandmother's home. There, in 1708, she gave birth to a daughter, another Abigail, the future Mrs. Lewis Way of Richmond; but just three years after the birth of this child, Edward Locky died, at the early age of 35, so that his little daughter can scarcely have remembered him. The childhood of the young heiress was, no doubt, subsequently passed between her own home in Hertfordshire and Denham the home of her grandfather, Sir Roger, varied by occasional visits to her aunt, Hester Probert at Pennalt; and one can imagine the careful supervision and instruction which she received amid such surroundings. True, she had two cousins to share the affection of that older generation, Abigail, the daughter of her uncle Locky, and Mary, the daughter of her uncle William; both of whom, after the heirs male, as being the daughters of Sir Roger's two elder sons, stood in the right of seniority before her in the succession to Denham; but these damsels were probably out of favour owing to the misdemeanours of their respective fathers, and neither was already heiress to an estate nor of the same importance as young Abigail Locky.

Peering back into that misty past, we find that the widowed Mrs. Locky early endeavoured to instruct her young daughter in the keeping of house-accounts as practised at Poundsford and Denham; indeed, Mrs. Locky personally made a notable effort to follow the example of her father and grandfather in this respect. In small finely-bound volumes (which resemble books of prayer rather than account books, with their covers of bright red leather, patterned in gold, and their gilt clasps) she set down each item of expenditure, in a handwriting neat and precise, which closely resembled that of Sir Roger. One typical paragraph runs thus:

" 10th June, 1720

For a pottill of mush she rooms	00..01..0
Sent to Mrs. Edwin to pay for my	
14 yards of Cally Coe at 03 & 6d a yard	02..09..0
Salva latta lar	00..01..10
A peace of Beef	00..03..04 "

Admittedly such entries do not show great scholarship on the part of the lady, but it must be borne in mind that at that date spelling was a matter of whim rather than rule, and so long as a writer conveyed the required information, that was—perhaps sensibly—all that was deemed necessary.

Occasionally Mrs. Lockey was betrayed into an extravagance. We find the following :

" Ye 10th June, 1730

I bought a nag of owne at Harville, his name is Treadaway.

I paid him 9 ginneys & gave him half-a-crown for his man ; etc."

Whether in this entry it was the man or the "nag" whose name was Treadaway, is not clear ; meanwhile other entries indicate that Mrs. Lockey was of a generous disposition. Items of charity are noted in her frugal accounts, some relating to the schooling, which she defrayed, of her young kinsman William Hill and his sister Sarah. On the 21st of December, 1724, we find the following :

" William Hill having gone to school to Mr. Singleton for six months I paid Mr. Singleton one guinea in full."

And again :

" I reckoned with Mr. Singleton for Sarah Hill's schooling. She was there 30 weeks, which at 6d per week is fifteen shillings. I gave him a guinea in full."

This, representing as it does payment a quarter in excess of what was due, indicates a liberality almost reckless ! And it is strange to reflect that the only record now

remaining of this estimable lady is afforded by these little account and note-books wherein she set down her careful purchase of necessities, her kindly deeds of charity, her rare indulgence in extravagance.

By and by, Mrs. Lockey married again, her second husband being Mr. Edwin of Lincoln's Inn, from whose first wife she may have purchased the 14 yards of "Cally Coe" by which he afterwards benefited. Of Mr. Edwin little is known, though a man of his name was Lord Mayor of London in 1696. The Denham papers contain no mention when he died, and no children were born of this union. Abigail Lockey thus continued to reign supreme in her mother's affections till her marriage with Mr. Way in 1737 at the somewhat mature age of 29. Eight years before this event, however, by a curious chain of circumstances, she had assumed an important position in the succession to Denham, which we must now proceed to relate.

VI

Four days after Christmas, on the 29th of December, 1729, the fine old Knight, Sir Roger Hill, lay dying at Denham, at the age of 87; and his demise was attended by unusual and painful circumstances.

Of his three sons at that date, the eldest, Lockey the Wastrel, was then lying in Ilchester jail awaiting trial for sheep-stealing, a curious offence for a man in his position. Lockey's only son, as we have seen, had died in 1721, though his daughter Abigail still survived. The Knight's second son William had died the year previously in 1728, likewise leaving only a daughter; and Roger, the Knight's third son, then at Denham with his wife Martha, had so far no issue. Roger, not unnaturally, was therefore filled with anxiety to know who was his father's heir—himself, or Lockey the Wastrel. In the next generation there were only three girls, and the old Knight's choice lay between himself and his elder brother now languishing in jail.

Roger waited in tense anxiety to learn his fate. At last, unable to endure his suspense longer, and having ascer-

tained that there was no chance of his father's recovery, he sought for the chest in which was kept the old Knight's will, and smashing open the locks, drew forth the precious document and greedily devoured its contents. This is what he learnt :

I. Sir Roger had made his will 28 years previously, on August 10, 1701, *the year when Denham was completed*, and had then devised his house and landed property to his third son Roger Hill ; next, to the latter's son, or sons, and their heirs male. Only in default of any issue of Roger Hill was it to pass "to the first son of Lockey Hill, my eldest son."

II. In default of any issue of any of the Knight's three sons, the estate was to go first to the daughters of Roger Hill ; and in default of all issue by his son Roger, then to his daughter Hester "now the wife of Henry Probert of Penault, for her natural life, and to the heirs of her body after her decease."

Finally, after making due provision for his wife, Dame Abigail, the testator concluded—

"Forasmuch as my eldest son Lockey Hill hath from his childhood behaved disobediently, and married one who hath squandered away the small fortune and still leads an idle life, hoping in time she will come to a better understanding, I order Roger Hill or such persons as should enjoy my property to pay him [Lockey] 20s. weekly and to my second son William 10s. weekly."

From this it would appear that William Hill was even less in favour with his father than was Lockey. In any case William was dead ; and Roger, when he was owner of the estate, could well afford the pittance for his surviving brother. In everything Roger was first ! For 28 years, all unknown to him, he and his posterity had been heirs to Denham and its broad acres. Even his daughters, if he had any, were to take precedence in the succession before his sisters and before the daughters of his elder brothers. For him and him alone the Knight had planned and built that fine house with all its beautiful accessories !



ABIGAIL, WIFE OF SIR ROGER HILL, KNIGHT,
1645-1737.

From the picture in the possession of Colonel Way.

His joy was extravagant ; but it was destined to be short-lived. All we are told in the family records is :

“ He died from apoplexy caused by inebriation at his surprise at finding himself heir, he having obtained possession of the will by breaking locks so soon as his Father was given over. His whole property, real and personal, was given over to his wife by herself, he being insensible, and his signature made by a pen which she guided in his hand. She then carried off all papers which she thought proper to lay hands on. His death took place on the same day that his father died, 29th December, 1729, though he survived his father by a few hours.”

Over the centuries one can reconstruct that dismal scene in spacious Denham. The old Knight dying, attended by his “ pious, Christian, obliging wife,” Dame Abigail, then 84 years of age ; his son furtively bursting open the locks and gloating over the will even while Death clutched him, too, in its icy fingers ; and, next, his wife Martha, actuated by a greed more revolting, forcing her dying husband—who for a few short hours had been the unconscious owner of Denham—to bequeath his effects to her away from his own people. And then the sequel—the two men, father and son, both lying dead in the silent house, and the two widows, one alone with the loss of her life-long love, and the other thieving with greedy fingers all that she could secure. . . .¹

Roger Hill was but 45 years of age when he thus died without issue, and his elder brother expired in Ilchester Jail in the following February—which event, a grim tradition hints, was caused by no mortal ailment, but by the hangman’s rope. However that may have been, within a space of eighteen months the old Knight and his three sons were all blotted out ; and although Dame Abigail continued to reside at Denham till her death on August

¹ It is perhaps well to mention that on April 25, 1925, a fanciful version of the above events was published ; but the facts as stated above constitute the only known and authentic account of what actually occurred.

18, 1737, at the age of 92, the next in succession to the property was Mrs. Probert, Sir Roger's eldest daughter; and she being childless, her next heir was her sister, Mrs. Edwin, the mother of Abigail Lockey, who became Mrs. Lewis Way.



MRS. LOCKY, AFTERWARDS MRS. EDWIN, NÉE ABIGAIL HILL, SECOND
DAUGHTER OF SIR ROGER HILL, KNIGHT.

OWNER OF DENHAM IN 1742.

From the picture in the possession of Colonel Way.

CHAPTER III

LEWIS WAY OF RICHMOND

LEWIS WAY, although only 39 at the date of his third marriage, appears to have paid particular attention both to his health and to the improvement of his house on his union with a lady of such importance as the prospective double-heiress Abigail Lockey. Tradition says also that from this period he likewise ceased to be a Nonconformist. He seems certainly to have treated his bride with lavish attention. A few weeks after his wedding we find the following bills defrayed, though the entries occur in somewhat erratic sequence:

“ June 7th, 1738. To Sir G. Page to pay Francis Crow for 30 doz Hotwell Water £5.7

April 18th. To his Majesty for a fine on renewal of my lease of house etc., at Richmond £100

April 2nd. To Hurt for addition of diamonds and pearls to a necklace £39.10s. To Lazary 2 seals £9.9. Gold wedding ring 8s., Sundry marriage expenses £64.14.

Paid Mertlins, jewellers bill for diamonds £94.

Oct. 31st. By bricklayers, joiners, Plumbers etc. bills in full for the expence of building my greenhouse £221.13s.

To paid Biscoe for writing my marriage settlement £3.12.6

To paid Hurt for diamonds added to earrings and girdle buckles £94.”

A further sidelight into Mr. Way's life is afforded by the following amusing memoranda :

" *March 13th*, 1738, by Uncle and Aunt Coward's two funeral rings sold for £1.10.

To lost more than won at play in 1739 . . . £17.5s."

Followed by the triumphant entry :

" *March 18th*. By won more than lost at Play in 1740 (exclusive of £6 paid for cards) £15.15s."

Such entries furnish further proof that Mr. Way was not puritanical in his manner of life ; while in 1739 we find an entry which shows that the bride and groom were living in a style befitting their position, for there is a note that the household expenses for that year amounted to £1,267 11s. 9d.—a considerable outlay for those days.

Meanwhile Mr. Way seems to have been on terms of great affection with his mother-in-law Mrs. Edwin and her sister Mrs. Probert. In 1738 we find the entry "*By Bank notes of Mrs. Edwin* £5,500," which may have been part of the heiress's portion ; and later are entries which show that Mr. Way's new relations shared his speculations.

" *Aug. 11th* 1741. By Mrs. Edwin as part owner of one sixteenth of Capt. Benj. Way's ship (i.e. £100 was 1/16)

By Mrs. Probert, ditto

August 1744. By 3 Lottery tickets sold to Mrs. Edwin £30

Sept. 25th, 1746. Of Mrs. Edwin as a gift £500"—(certainly a handsome present from his mother-in-law !).

At this period the bride and groom must have found life gay at Richmond where there were constant assemblies among the *élite* of the residents, and a round of entertainments at which, if they chose, they could always be welcome guests. There was also an excellent, if somewhat primitive, theatre at which the great London actors in turn appeared ; and at all times among the wealthy there was much coming and going between Richmond and town. True, the link with the Court which had subsisted in the days of Queen Anne, when Mrs. Masham used to visit her

brother at the Trumpeting House, was now no more. Anne had expired in 1714, having taken so long a-dying that her subjects were still facetiously asking each other if they knew that the momentous event had really occurred ; even her successor George of Hanover had—to the scanty regret of his British subjects—been gathered to his fathers in 1727 ; and fussy little George II, with his stately Queen, Caroline of Anspach, now occupied the throne of England. But it seems probable that at this date Richard Hill, in all the glamour of his sister's former connection with the Court and the late Queen Anne, still occupied the Trumpeting House ; and this gives rise to an interesting question—whether the said Richard Hill was an offshoot of the Hills of Denham, and so a relation of his neighbour Mrs. Lewis Way. In the only existing genealogies, it is not possible to trace a connecting link between the families, but the fact that Mrs. Masham ere her marriage was Abigail Hill—i.e. that she bore not only the surname but the Christian name borne by so many of the Hills of Denham—seems to point to such a conclusion ; and further gives rise to the interesting conjecture whether it was through Lewis Way's friendship, in the first instance, with his near neighbour at Richmond that he became acquainted with the Hills of Denham, and thus wedded that other Abigail Hill, his third wife.

II

Mrs. Lewis Way had been married less than two years when, on September 18, 1740, she gave birth to a son who was named Benjamin, and who since the death of that ill-fated son of Lockey Hill in 1721, was the first male in the succession to Sir Roger's estate. Two years later, in 1742, the death occurred of Mrs. Probert at Denham, at the age of 72, when it was found that she had left a substantial legacy to her niece, Mrs. Way, while her estate, under the will of Sir Roger, devolved first to her sister as her nearest of kin ; next to that sister's daughter Mrs. Lewis Way ; and finally to the son of Mrs. Lewis Way, Benjamin, great-nephew of Mrs. Probert and only heir-male among the descendants of Sir Roger. The death of

Mrs. Probert is referred to in Mr. Way's accounts as follows :

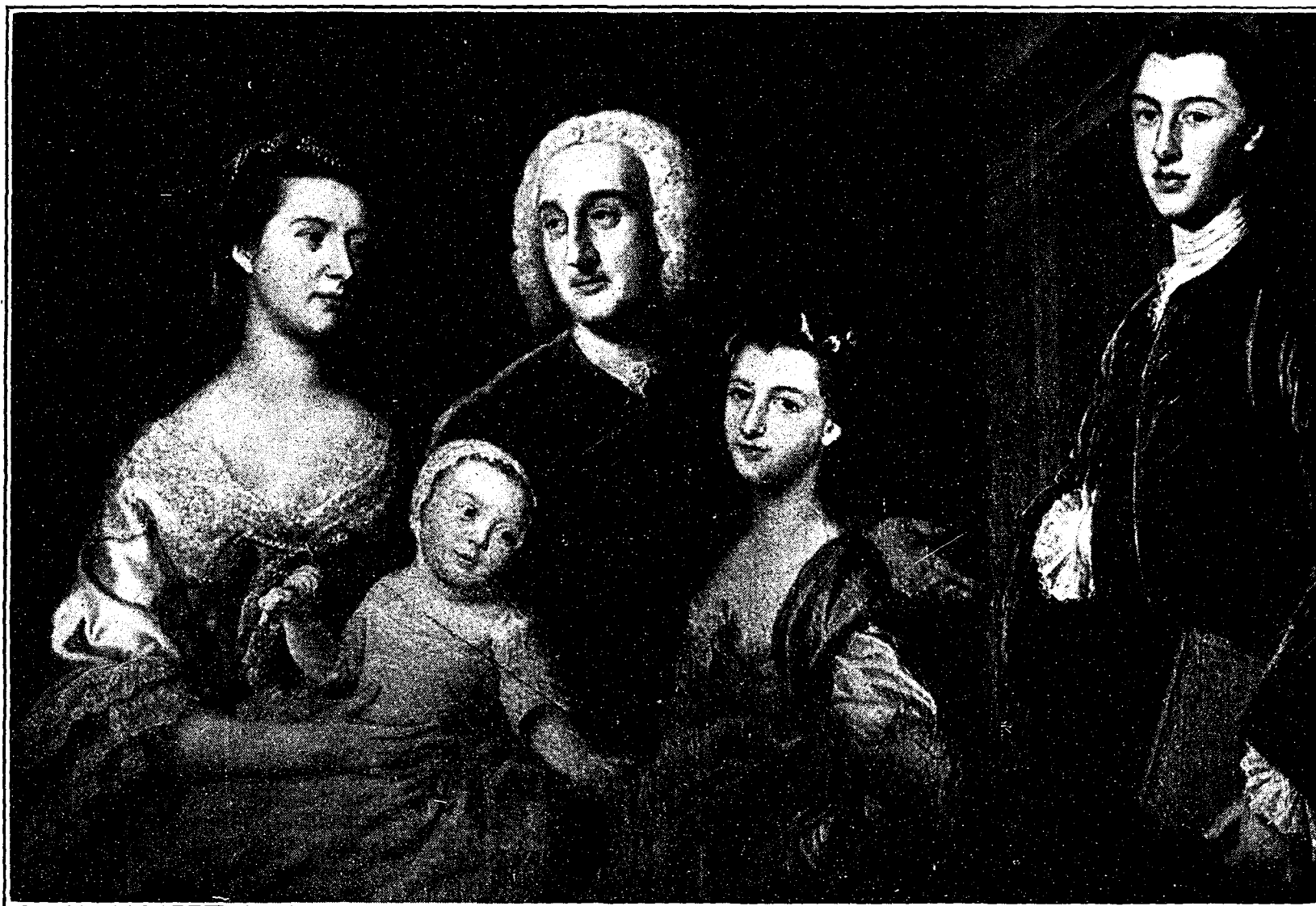
“ To my wife's mourning for Mrs. Probert out of the £40 interest received by me on her £1000 legacy to my wife £15.8.”

Forthwith Mrs. Edwin took up her abode at Denham, where Lewis Way and his wife constantly visited her. There their second son, Lewis, born on March 17, 1742, was buried fifteen months later. Within three years of the death of this child, on March 14, 1746, Mrs. Way presented her husband with a daughter, who, according to time-honoured custom in her mother's family, was christened Abigail. But Mrs. Way was not destined long to enjoy the society of her husband and children, including the proud guardianship of the future Squire of Denham. She died when on a visit to her mother, at the age of 45, on the 19th of December, 1753, and was buried at Denham in the vault with her maternal ancestors. Her tablet in the church explains that she expired “ after a lingering illness of many months duration, which she endured with remarkable patience and resignation.” By a curious coincidence, her union with Lewis Way had lasted for the same length of time as did that with his first wife—fifteen years.

III

Lewis Way seems to have mourned his wife Abigail for a longer period than her predecessors, as he did not marry again till May 1, 1755, when he wedded as his fourth wife, Sarah, daughter of the Revd. Thomas Payne, Rector of Holm Lacey, Hereford. One of this Mrs. Way's sisters had married George, 4th Earl of Northampton, and another, Lord Francis Seymour, Dean of Wells ; indeed, with the connections of his various wives to swell his family circle, Lewis Way must have had an unusual number of relations.

The fourth Mrs. Way seems to have been a handsome young woman if one may judge by a portrait of her extant in a family group by Highmore which depicts her with her husband, her two stepchildren and her infant son. Mr.



[Joseph Highmore pinxit.]

LEWIS WAY OF RICHMOND, WITH HIS FOURTH WIFE, NÉE SARAH PAYNE, AND HER INFANT SON GREGORY LEWIS WAY; ALSO BENJAMIN AND ABIGAIL WAY, THE CHILDREN OF HIS THIRD WIFE, NÉE ABIGAIL LOCKEY.

From a picture in the possession of Colonel Wcy.

Lewis Way, richly dressed in crimson velvet, is seated in the centre of the group,—a fine-looking old man with a charming, benevolent face, framed by a short white wig. On his left stands his son Benjamin, a tall, handsome youth clad in blue velvet with ruffles, and holding a large book under his arm bound in scarlet morocco, which makes a vivid note of colour against the sombre richness of his dress. Benjamin has a long face, and clear-cut features like his father, and he bears a resemblance to his pretty little sister Abigail, who, clad in pale yellow satin with flowers in her hair, stands at her father's knees holding the fine hat which completes her brother's costume—a confection of blue velvet with a great sweeping plume. The fourth Mrs. Way, obviously much younger than her husband, is seated on his right, clad in white satin richly adorned with old lace. She is clasping on her lap her buxom infant, Gregory Lewis Way, then apparently a year old, who holds a rose in one hand, and with the other tries to grasp the hat held by his sister. The whole group, despite the artificiality inseparable from the portraiture of the period, is lifelike and pleasing; the scheme of colour is effective, and the picture conveys an impression of happy domesticity. It is said that Mrs. Way was also painted by Gainsborough.

A few years later, pretty Abigail and her handsome brother both wedded within six months of each other. Abigail, at the age of 21, in April, 1767, married Captain John Holroyd (afterwards Baker Holroyd), of Grove Hall, Yorkshire, who subsequently became Earl of Sheffield. This young officer had already distinguished himself, for in 1760, at the age of 25, he had commanded a troop of Light Horse in Germany under the Marquis of Granby; but after the restoration of peace, he spent three years travelling through Europe, during which he met Mr. Gibbon, the historian, at Lausanne, and they became lifelong friends. He had just returned to England when he fell in love with Abigail Way; and long afterwards, the window at the Old Court House was pointed out to her great-nieces at which she stood just after her engagement, a happy if tearful damsel, to watch her fiancé ride

away. Abigail, it may be added, besides being dowered with good looks had an ample fortune, for apart from a legacy from her aunt, Mrs. Probert, her grandmother, Mrs. Edwin, left her £10,000, to which her father added a settlement of £3,000 more.

Of Benjamin's wedding, in the November following that of his sister, we shall hear in due course. Lewis Way, however, did not long survive the loss of his children. Less than four years later he died, on January 24, 1771, in his 73rd year; and since both his elder son and daughter were well provided for, to Sarah, his fourth wife, and her son Gregory Lewis Way, he left his "mansion house at Richmond, his coach and horses, and his library of books," besides other of his goods and chattels, with a handsome income.

Mrs. Way continued subsequently to reside at Richmond, where, however, she occupied the Trumpeting House, formerly the property of Richard Hill. Whether Lewis Way purchased this house during his lifetime as a dower-house for his widow, or whether she only became possessed of it after his death, is not clear; but if the former was the case, Mr. Way's interest in the property would again point to a connection between the family of his third wife and the builder of the Trumpeting House.

In 1774 Sarah Way was joined at Richmond by her sister the Dowager Countess of Northampton, who by then had been twice widowed, for after Lord Northampton's death in 1748, she had married, in 1761, Claudius Amyard, Esquire, M.P. of Abbots Langley, Hertford, and sometime Secretary of State. Lady Northampton brought with her to the Trumpeting House some fine pictures; and there the two ladies continued to dwell, save for occasional visits to Abbots Langley, till the year 1800, when Sarah, Mrs. Way, died in April at Abbots Langley, and the following Christmas, her sister, who is described in one letter as "a dear, pretty old lady," expired at the Trumpeting House, having attained the age of 81. Both ladies were buried at Abbots Langley; and the Trumpeting House passed into other hands. It was spoilt at a later date by the addition of a huge ornate portico in the



[F. Cotes, R.A., *pinxit*.

ABIGAIL, DAUGHTER OF LEWIS WAY OF RICHMOND, AND
WIFE OF THE FIRST EARL OF SHEFFIELD.

From a portrait in the possession of Hiatt Baker Esquire.

Renaissance style, while the Trumpeting boys, who had given it its name, were in 1885, owing to their dilapidated condition, removed to the cellars of the house.

At one time Prince Metternich took refuge in the old house during the political troubles which drove him from France, and there he received many politicians and sympathizers, among others, Benjamin Disraeli, on whom the interesting building with its beautiful surroundings made a great impression. On May 2, 1849, he wrote—

“I have been to see Metternich. He lives at Richmond Green in the most charming house in the world called the Old Palace—long library, gardens, everything worthy of him. . . . I am enchanted with Richmond Green, which, strange to say, I don't recollect ever having visited before, often as I have been to Richmond. I should like to let my house and go and live there. . . . It is still and sweet, charming alike in summer and winter.”

It may be added that Gregory Lewis Way, the son of Lewis Way of Richmond by his fourth wife, afterwards settled in Essex, and became the ancestor of a collateral branch of the family. In 1783, he purchased Spencer Farm, afterwards Spencer Grange, the origin of which he recorded as follows :

Viscountess Bateman, a daughter of Charles, Earl of Sutherland, and grand-daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough, was visiting a friend in Essex when she heard of twenty acres to be sold, and taking a fancy to the spot, had the corn cut, and built, or rebuilt, a house there, for which her grandfather, the Duke, supplied the funds. There she resided till her death, in what was described as “a cheap, healthy, pleasant country.”

Horace Walpole, who, however, is not always veracious, recounts in his Memoirs that this lady eventually persuaded her brother, the then Duke, to marry a daughter of Lord Trevor, the latter having been a bitter enemy of his grandfather, the great Duke. Whereupon his grandmother, the redoubtable Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, having a portrait of Lady Bateman, blackened the face, and wrote on it : “Now her outside is as black as her inside.”

CHAPTER IV

BENJAMIN WAY OF DENHAM

WE must now leave Richmond, with the gay and select little society which lived there in the reign of Queen Anne and the early Georges, and revert to Denham, which, at the date when Mrs. Edwin entered into possession, was a place remote and rural.

There, behind the massive wall of red brick raised by Sir Roger, she lived out the remaining years of her tranquil old age, twice widowed, but cherished and attended by a faithful companion and factotum, Mary Row, who was eight years younger than herself. There she enacted the part of Lady Bountiful to the parish in emulation of her mother Lady Hill and his sister Mrs. Probert before her; there she still kept her neat accounts in the finely-bound red pocket-books; and there came her daughter and grandchildren to visit her from Richmond, as testified by entries in the said pocket-books; "*Benny and Nabby* [*Abigail*] 5s." on January 1; and again and again "*Benny and Nabby*" little gifts and tips on all birthdays and notable occasions.

When Benjamin was eight years old, he was sent to Eton; and forthwith much of his time was spent with his grandmother to avoid the longer journey back to Richmond. About the same date there occurred an event which, little as he then suspected it, was to influence all his after-life. His grandmother (it is said "through the friendship of Lewis Way") presented the living of Denham to Dr. William Cooke.

II

Dr. Cooke was a great scholar in his day, and almost as much maligned and lauded as was the celebrated Dr. Parr. He was respectively Dean of Ely, Provost of King's College, Cambridge, and Head Master and Bursar at Eton. But he did not hold the headmastership for more than three years as his health broke down—to the scanty regret of the Eton boys, who were glad to escape from his severe discipline. After another living he accepted that of Denham on February 4, 1748, and this he held for forty-eight years till his death, in 1797, at the age of 86.

In and out of the red-brick houses, to and fro down the picturesque village street, for nearly half-a-century Dr. Cooke was a familiar figure. In the beautiful, spacious rooms at Denham Place he gave forth his opinions on burning topics of the day. In the dim church each Sabbath he propounded a learned discourse, far above the heads of the village folk, but to which they paid a respectful and—so they believed—an edified attention, while the bust of Sir Roger looked down with gracious approval on the pastor and his flock. Pompous, sententious, and learned, yet possessed of a keen and pleasant wit, Dr. Cooke for nigh on half-a-century dominated Denham—the Hall, the village and the church; while the awe which his individual presence inspired was augmented by the number and the importance of his friends who visited him at the Rectory.

Two years before he came to Denham, in 1746, Dr. Cooke had married the youngest daughter of the Rev. Richard Sleech, D.D., Fellow of Eton and Prebendary of Windsor, whose family was said to be of remote German origin. By this marriage he had, over the years, a family of six sons and six daughters who all, save one, attained maturity. The old Rectory where they lived, half a mile from the church, has long since been replaced by a modern house, yet so little are the surroundings changed that it is easy still to visualize the life there led by that large party of young folk. The sons are said to have been

remarkable for brains, the daughters for beauty ; together they must have formed a merry coterie of sparkling youth against which the pompous solemnity of Dr. Cooke and the sweet seriousness of his gentle wife beat in vain.

Furthermore there were young cousins who came to swell their train. Their mother's relatives, the Sleeches, were as the sand upon the sea-shore for multitude, and appear to have been remarkable for two things—the distinguished positions they occupied in the Church, and the many children they brought into the world. Only Mrs. Cooke's eldest brother, Stephen, who had been chaplain to George II, remained unmarried ; while it may be of interest to the modern reader to learn that her sister Anne, who wedded the Rev. Charles Hawtrey, Sub-dean and Canon of Exeter, had five daughters and four sons, the eldest of whom, Stephen, Recorder of Exeter, was the great-grandfather of Charles Hawtrey, the actor. Moreover, the link between the families of Cooke and Sleech had been further cemented by Isabella the younger sister of Dr. Cooke. Nine years after her brother's wedding with Miss Catherine Sleech, she married the Rev. Henry Sleech, Catherine's brother, so that a brother and a sister of the family of Cooke married a brother and a sister of the family of Sleech, and in due course augmented the number of both families who foregathered under the Doctor's hospitable roof.

Of all that older generation who visited Denham Rectory, one visitor alone is mentioned who was not a dignitary of the Church. This was Dr. Cooke's brother, Francis, who was a Colonel in the army and had fought at Minden ; and about whose lady the younger generation used to whisper a merry tale. She had been the widow of a Mr. Wagner of Pall Mall ; and, possibly at her instigation, Mr. Wagner had suggested to His Majesty, King George II, that he would like to be made a Baronet, a request that blunt King George refused testily. "No, no, Wagner," pronounced His Majesty, "I *can't* make you a gentleman !"

In the years which were to be, one of the sons of Dr.

Cooke, Edward,¹ was destined to become a prominent politician, while two other sons perished sadly in the flower of their youth on H.M.S. *Thunderer*. But at the date of which we are writing all that lay hidden in the lap of the future. For the present the young Cookes came and went through the little street of Denham, a merry counterblast to their father's egregious dignity; their laughter echoed across the green meadows; their young voices rang out in the church on Sunday; and one fancies that occasionally they must have cast pitying glances across at the carved oak pew where, in a splendid isolation, sat apart the young Squire, Benjamin Way, with his grandmother Mrs. Edwin, and her humble companion Mary Row.

III

That fine, shy youth, in his handsome blue velvet and plumed hat, was, it was said, of unusual intelligence, and would one day be possessed of incredible wealth; but meanwhile life held for him none of the merry days which were known to the younger party at the Rectory. The few years of seniority which lay between himself and the young Cookes, at that age represented an appreciable barrier. He was six years older than the eldest of the Doctor's family and at Richmond the same gulf severed himself and his little sister Abigail. For him were none of the foolish jests which evoked the laughter of that family of twelve, the daring escapades—rendered all the more exciting through the Doctor's vigilance, the catchword phrases, the whispered confidences, the shared joys and griefs of daily life which knit in unison that gay, irresponsible party of younger folk. Instead, he had the sober company of Mrs. Edwin and her aged satellite, Mary Row; moreover, if Dr. Cooke's family, as mere children, were a negligible factor in the opinion of the young Squire, the Doctor

¹ Edward Cooke (1755–1820), Under-Secretary in the Irish Military Department 1789–95; and in the Civil Department 1796–1801; M.P. Leighlin 1790–1800; a great favourite of Lord Castlereagh; Under-Secretary in London for War, 1807, and for Foreign Affairs 1812–17.

himself was a force to be reckoned with. He, as we have seen, dominated Denham, and that constant influx of dignitaries of the Church, pedagogues and pedants who visited him at the Rectory, subsequently drifted on to Denham Place where they constituted a society calculated to foster the gravity and the latent Puritanism of the young Squire.

Possibly it was for this reason that Benjamin grew up to regard the world with a profound seriousness, and was further imbued with a crushing sense of his individual responsibilities. Not all the wholesome comradeship of his boy-friends at Eton, nor the proximity of the large party of younger folk at the Rectory, could counteract the influence of that older generation with whom his lot was cast—those two aged ladies who lived out their quiet lives behind the high wall of Denham, and the grave company they gathered around them.

When the young Squire was 13, his mother came on that last sad visit to Denham, where after months of patient suffering she expired on December 19, 1753. Her wasted body was laid to rest in the shadow of the old church, under the great stone which sheltered Sir Roger and his family; and in May, 1755, Lewis Way married again. Thenceforward the home at Richmond must have seemed gone to young Benjamin, and within two years came a transformation in his life at Denham. During the cold March days of 1757, his grandmother Mrs. Edwin expired at the age of 84, having lived to experience not only the sorrow of surviving her daughter, Mrs. Way, but the loss of her faithful companion Mary Row. The latter had predeceased her a few months earlier at the age of 75, when she had been laid in the churchyard close to the vault of Sir Roger, but, as befitted her inferior rank, at the feet of the family whom she had served so well.

IV

At the date of his grandmother's death, Benjamin was seventeen, and in 1761 he came of age. Five years later, in 1766, he entered Parliament as Member for Bridport, Dorset, the cradle of his ancestors, and it was the year

following that the wedding of his sister Abigail with Captain Holroyd took place at Richmond. Possibly it may have been this event which brought to a crisis the incipient stirrings of romance in the heart of her brother. Who shall say? But even at this distance of time, the thought of that idyll of over a century-and-a-half ago can make appeal to the imagination of a prosaic age.

For as Benjamin had waxed older, he had become aware that the merry party at Denham Rectory were no longer children, nor so wholly negligible as he had deemed. The lovely face of Elizabeth Anne, the eldest of the six pretty daughters of Dr. Cooke, more and more haunted his thoughts. Behind the high wall which shut him off from the common world, one fancies that the young Squire in his loneliness must have paced to and fro among the yew hedges dreaming of this new influence which had come into his life. In the dim church on Sundays his glance must have strayed furtively to the bright eyes which coyly shunned his own. In the flower-scented village street and across the intervening meadows there must have occurred chance meetings—which were not altogether chance—between the handsome youth and the beautiful girl who filled his thoughts. The very air of Denham seemed permeated with romance throughout that golden summer; and, as it waned to autumn, news went forth that propinquity had done its work, and the families of Cooke and Way were to be united.

There followed a memorable night, on November 10, 1767, when the pretty village was all agog with excitement. The wedding of the young Squire was an event which concerned both the Hall and the Rectory, and therefore an occasion for double rejoicing. The ancient bells, said to date from the time of Henry VII, rang out a joyous peal from the church steeple; lights must have gleamed from the windows of the red-brick cottages; and men and women in festal attire were hurrying to stare at the grand company flocking to the Hall, where, at the strange hour of midnight, in the beautiful old oak-panelled chapel, Benjamin Way was to lead to the altar his lovely bride Elizabeth Anne.

The accommodation in the little chapel, however, was scanty, and the bulk of the guests must have been bestowed in the room beyond. Thence they could still get a glimpse of the pretty scene which was being enacted. Candles in silver sconces, no doubt, were casting a soft light on the burnished gold of the dark panelling; in the unwonted illumination the walls must have glowed a sullen red, more than ever like some smouldering flame; and against this background of rose-gold, the young couple in their rich dresses showed in clear relief, where—beside the little table that served as an altar, and beneath the armorial window of the Hills—stood Dr. Cooke in full canonicals uniting his beautiful daughter with the youth he had known since childhood—the first Way of Denham.

A story runs that shortly after this event, Dr. Cooke meeting George III at Windsor, the King observed graciously to him, “I am pleased to see you, Dr. Cooke. And where is your pretty daughter, Elizabeth Anne?”

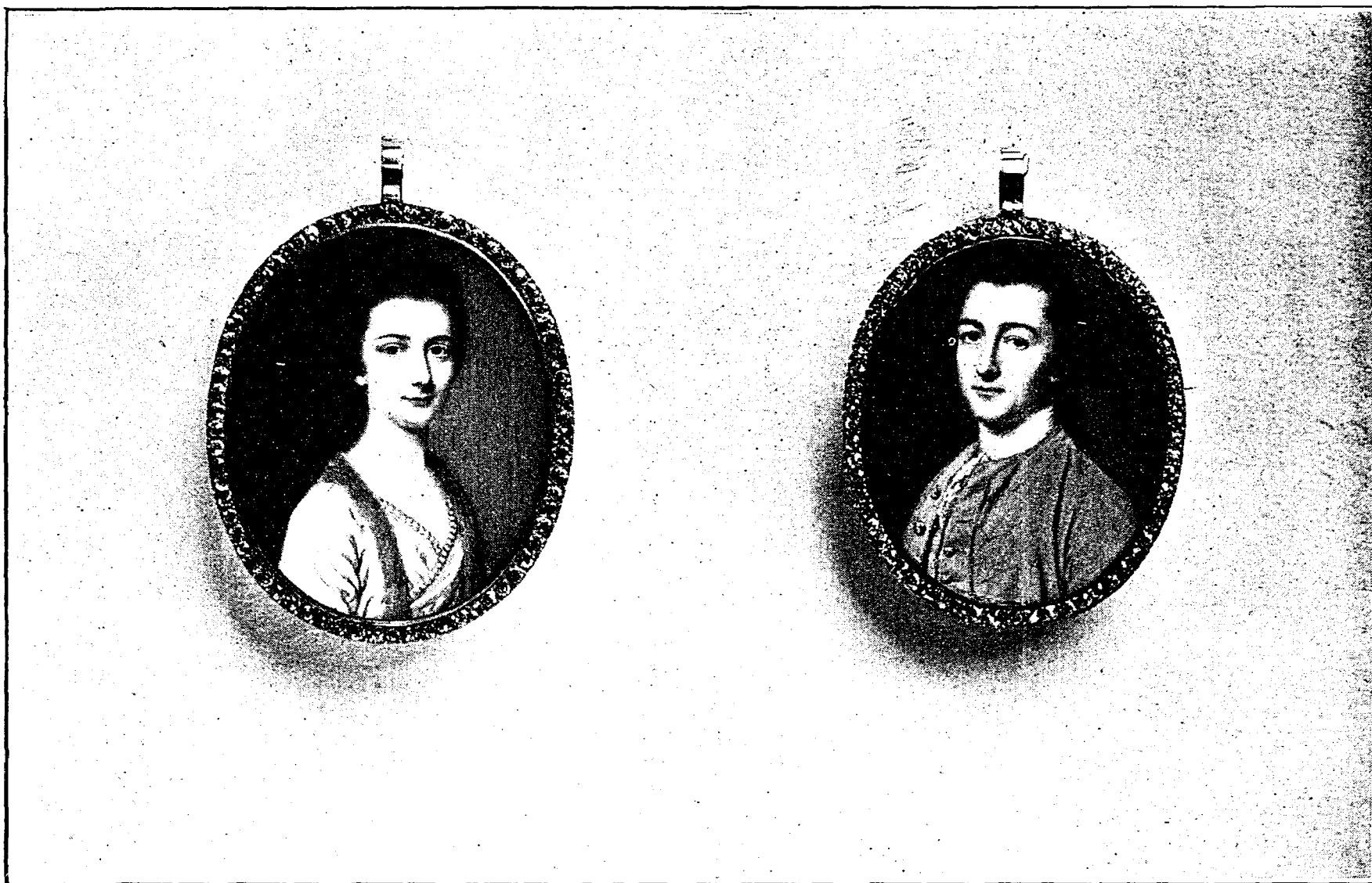
“Your Majesty forgets that she is now away (a Way),” rejoined Dr. Cooke facetiously.

“To be sure! To be sure!” said the King. “I will take the hounds over to Denham and have a look at her!” And tradition says that he rode over to Denham, and that pretty Mrs. Way handed him a stirrup-cup from the steps of the then entrance hall.

“Our beautiful grandmother,” wrote one of her granddaughters long after, “must indeed have been a mistress worthy of her home; and no doubt George III thought her such when she appeared on the steps with a servant carrying cake and wine to offer His Majesty. She having been informed that in hunting he wished to pass by ye house on horseback, she immediately donned her best fardingale and no doubt did it all with a composed dignity.”

V

It is not known at what date Benjamin Way began his alterations at Denham, but probably soon after his marriage. One innovation is to be regretted, and that was his transference of the columned and architraved entrance doorway



[John Smart pinxit.]

BENJAMIN WAY, SQUIRE OF DENHAM, AND HIS WIFE, ELIZABETH ANNE.

From miniatures set in brilliants in the possession of Colonel Way.

from the west of the house to the east. The object of this is said to have been to lengthen the approach to the house, which previously was too abrupt, and also no doubt to economize space, since this alteration rendered it possible for him to transform the former hall into a handsome dining-room overlooking the garden. This reversal of the main entrance, however, while it did not detract from the appearance of the house externally, rendered the first view of the interior less impressive, for instead of entering, as before, into a ceremonial hall worthy of the building, thenceforth the principal doorway led into a hall or lobby of smaller dimensions, with a sub-division separating it from the main staircase. Further, it interfered with the sequence of the State rooms as designed by Sir Roger, who had planned his spacious entrance-hall to lead directly to the reception-rooms on the left, the business-rooms on the right, and on the east, through an imposing hall and lobby, to the main stairway.

Elsewhere throughout the house the innovations of Benjamin Way are less easy to trace. He appears to have planned a boudoir on the bedroom floor which he hung with a wonderful buff Indian paper, oriental in design, probably acquired through his connection with the South Sea trade, and which still adorns the walls in excellent preservation. Moreover, after his father's death in 1771, he brought from Richmond valuable furniture and pictures which he had inherited ; among other things a number of Cromwellian chairs, and an extremely fine series of late Queen Anne chairs of inlaid pear and other light wood, which once belonged to Sir Gregory Page, and bear the same crest and are of the same design as those from the same source now in Sir John Soane's Museum. To Denham he also removed at the same date Highmore's portrait of the family group in which himself and his sister Abigail figured ; likewise the forbidding portrait of Lady Page, which for long hung in one of the bedrooms, a beautiful apartment decorated in pearl-grey and white, that became, in consequence, called "the Page room."

In short, thenceforward from the walls of Denham, Hills and Ways looked down in unison upon their descend-

ants ; and the plenishing of the rooms comprised treasures culled from the families of both.

Benjamin Way appears likewise to have pulled down and rebuilt the stables ; it is, however, in the gardens surrounding the house that the alterations he effected can best be traced. About the date when he became his own master the formal pleasure-grounds which had been popular in the days of William and Mary were considered old-fashioned ; and under the auspices of Lancelot Brown—better known as “ Capability Brown ”—they were rapidly being replaced by a more natural scheme of lay-out. There is no evidence that this famous landscape-gardener, who survived till 1783, ever visited Denham ; but while it is not improbable that he was employed there by Benjamin Way as he was by so many other wealthy land-owners, his influence, even without his personal supervision, had extended far and wide throughout England. Stiff parterres had given place to wide, spreading lawns ; formal alleys to trees grouped naturally ; statues, gazebos, arbours like temples were being all swept away—(we have already seen that some such holocaust took place at Denham) ; and although the new lay-out of gardens might be voted bare by those accustomed to the old style, it was in effect less cramped, and gave a sense of added space as well as an absence of artificiality, art being cunningly employed to imitate nature.

Benjamin, with this object, planted fine timber, well disposed ; he planned shrubberies and walks ; the Misbourne, which Sir Roger had canalized, he transformed into a lake three times its former width ; and in the beautiful walled garden was fashioned a pool with lilies and exotic plants.

“ The house,” we are told, “ stands on a long flat by the Misbourne stream, which the designer of the house dammed where it leaves the gardens, and so obtained a broad and straight but flowing sheet of water, filled with long tresses of water reed combed out by the current, bordered by all forms of water-side plants and inhabited by the famous Denham trout. Roses grow more luxuriantly than any

reeds; and beyond the water lies a most informal old garden, with not only ponds within it, but a gushing, bubbling stream, fringed by weeping ash and willow and cork trees, and scented in summer by an ancient lemon tree, absolutely covered by fruits and blossom, which flowers in an old-fashioned conservatory probably only a few years older than the tree it guards so carefully.

“Again, the curious collection of exotics that Benjamin Way planted—chief among them three thoroughly ‘picturesque’ cork trees, and a trimly heraldic medlar, seen across the water, make this enclosure an interesting as well as a deliciously quiet and spacious retreat. Fenced about by the high brick wall of Roger Hill, tall trees—elm, lime and plane—shut out the world. Feathery, gnarled forms lean over the lily-speckled waters, and their grotesque shadows creep their circuit of the lawns. In summer the sleepy stillness is agreeably broken by the good muffled sounds of the kitchen garden across the water—the grate of boot on spade, the rhythmic ‘brutt-brutt-brutt’ of a laden wheelbarrow on a dry path. Such sounds as come of trafficking without are softened by the screen of trees into just that reminder of the urgent outer world which, in a garden, is the chief part of happiness to hear, and drowsily ignore.”¹

Such was Denham as transformed by Benjamin Way. Meanwhile in other matters the Squire showed himself to be a man of no mean learning or capacity. In 1771, the year of his father’s death, he was made an F.R.S., and on the books of the Society he is entered as LL.D.; he was elected F.S.A. in 1777, and that same year he was Sheriff for County Bucks—(among other things preserved at Denham is one of the last sets of javelins carried by the “Javelin men” whom the High Sheriff of bygone days was bound to provide to guard the judge when at the Assizes). Like his father, Benjamin was also Sub-Governor of the South Sea Company and President of Guy’s Hospital; and he was Governor of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Thus,

¹ *Country Life*, April 18, 1925.

besides his parliamentary duties he had much to occupy his time, even apart from the supervision of his estate and the management of a growing family. Certain characteristics, however, with which he was accredited must be noted. Despite the winning charm of his handsome face as depicted by Downman, his manner must have been blunt and his speech abrupt, for he was known to his contemporaries by the nickname of "the Gruff Squire," which occasionally, as he grew older, was varied to that of "Squire Grump." Moreover, it is said that when, with advancing years, he confined his walks to his own estate, the little village street of Denham at his approach became mysteriously empty. Voices were suddenly hushed; loafers vanished within doors; idlers became absorbed in some previously neglected occupation. From high to low, alike, none risked incurring the wrath of, or receiving an admonition from, Benjamin Way, the Gruff Squire of Denham.

VI

As the years passed thus, Denham became filled with the numerous sons and daughters of Benjamin and Elizabeth Anne, who, true to precedent, had a large family. Seven sons were born to them, only one of whom died in infancy, and nine daughters, only two of whom did not reach adolescence, although the eldest, Louisa Abigail, expired at the early age of nineteen. Of the remaining twelve, all were strictly and decorously brought up under the supervision of their grave parents at Denham Place and their graver grandparents at Denham Rectory, not to mention the large number of uncles and aunts who took an interest in their mental and spiritual welfare.

The Squire's eldest son, born in 1770, was named Benjamin after his father; and is said from boyhood to have been of a shy and retiring disposition. The second son, Lewis, born February 11, 1772, early imbibed the seriousness of the home atmosphere. There is a little memorandum written by him which mentions that his grandmother Mrs. Cooke kept a map over her mantelpiece at the Rectory from which she taught him geography,



[J. Downman pinxit.

BENJAMIN WAY, THE GRUFF SQUIRE,

1740-1808

(THE FIRST WAY TO OWN DENHAM).

In the possession of the Rev. Charles P. Way.

pointing with the poker. At the age of seven he used to read aloud to her Blair's sermons on Sunday afternoons.

Like his elder brother, it is said that when eight years old he was dispatched to Eton; but the following letter, if correctly inscribed by his father, would indicate that he was already an Eton scholar at the age of seven, and that the reading of Blair's sermons to his grandmother must have been a pleasant holiday occupation.

Lewis Way to his father Benjamin Way.

"DEAR PAPA,

Pray Excuse my Last Letter It being bens Symplysety for He sent a thing that I ment to burn wen the Letter that was to go he Burnt.

Pray Except of the Inclosed.

My face is now as I hope better, I wich to tell you in my next Letter that my Face is quite Well. ware is Proposter I have not bin in thare Party nor had my First Fault. Pray my love to Mama, Mr. lasells and CO.

I am your affectio: Son

LEWIS WAY."

This letter is endorsed by his father *Eton, February 16th, 1780*; "ben" referred to was the writer's elder brother, Benjamin Way, and it is probable that the word "Symplysety" [simplicity], a strange word for a child to use, was taken from the line of a hymn with which the little writer was familiar, "Pity my simplicity."¹

During part of Lewis's time at Eton, one of his school-fellows was a boy, three years his senior, whom he saw occasionally, but of whom he took little count, Arthur Wesley (afterwards Wellesley), whom he was to meet in

¹ A note appended to the letter explains:—

"Proposter should of course be præposter. In each division (or class) at Eton there is a præposter whose business it is to account for the absence of any boy from school, and also if necessary to take messages from the Master to the Class. The præpostership lasts a week, and is taken in turns by the Captain in each division.

"A 'first fault' means that the first time a boy brings a bad exercise or fails to say a lesson he is excused the punishment which otherwise would be inflicted. Mr. Ware was præposter at the date at which this letter was written."

later life under unexpected circumstances as the Duke of Wellington.

Meanwhile Lewis used to say that he received little or no religious instruction at Eton, and that all remembrance of his early teaching disappeared temporarily from his recollection. It was, none the less, merely lying dormant ; and in later years, he maintained that it was the early home influence and especially what he had learnt from his grandmother, Mrs. Cooke, which had actually determined the whole of his outlook upon life.

Occasionally, however, the redoubtable Dr. Cooke is said to have met with more than his match in some of his grandchildren. A story runs that the Squire's third son William, born in 1773, and known to his family as "the Bumble," was once discovered by his grandfather poking about in a ditch in the neighbourhood of the Rectory, whereupon, true to his propensity for investigating the actions of small boys, Dr. Cooke inquired what his grandson was doing. "Hunting for *Sleeches* !" was the nonchalant rejoinder, addressed to the dignified husband of a Miss Sleech and the relative of numberless other Sleeches !

As the Squire's sons grew up and went out into the world, they escaped from the restricted atmosphere at home. While Benjamin and William alone remained at Denham, and the career of Lewis we shall follow later, the fourth son, Henry, entered the army and died, as we shall hear, at 19, while the fifth, afterwards General Sir Gregory Holman Bromley Way, C.B., had a distinguished military career, and served under Wellington in the Peninsular War. George, the sixth son, born in 1786, entered the Church and became the father of ten children, all of whom were born, and many of whom died, at Tours, where he resided for many years. He used to hunt the wild boar with the French Princes, and it was said of him at the French Court that he was *fanatique pour la Chasse*.

But while the sons thus enlarged their horizon, not so did the pretty daughters. No doubt during their childhood, when their brothers were away at school, they, too, were called upon to read books of an improving nature to their grandmother ; and an indication of their attitude

towards life during their early years may be found in a significant little fragment of paper which has survived. It contains a verse on the death of Charles I, transcribed in the handwriting of Hester, the youngest of all that family of sixteen, and carefully endorsed by her elder sister, Catherine, the seventh daughter and thirteenth child—both of them, be it remembered, great-grandchildren of Sir Roger who had actually seen the pale King walking to his death.

*Lines written by Sir Isaac Newton when a Schoolboy,
under a picture of Charles the First.*

A secret art my soul requires to try
If Prayers can give me what the Wars deny.
Three Crowns distinguished here in order do
Present their object to my knowing view.
Earth's crown thus at my feet I can disdain
Which heavy is, and at the best but vain.
But now a Crown of Thorns I gladly greet,
Sharp is this Crown—but not so sharp as sweet.
The Crown of Glory that I yonder see
Is full of bliss and of eternity !

Denham at that date was still a place remote and rural. Eighteen miles of beautiful, sparsely-populated country lay between it and London—eighteen miles, in summer-time of flowering hedges, of fields green and golden, of silver streams and pretty little villages, such as Acton and Uxbridge, peeping out from embowering trees. Each little hamlet on the journey to town was a landmark of beauty and of unvarying peace; each, to the six surviving sisters, represented a stage to or from the Eldorado where they fain would be.

On the rare occasions when they took an airing in their father's coach, even the high road to London had its wonderful excitements. At the neat inns which they passed, coaches occasionally drew up with prancing horses and a ringing horn. Sometimes a gentleman's equipage rolled sedately by with gaudy flunkeys in attendance and postilions bobbing on sleek steeds. Occasionally, a glimpse might be caught of powdered dames within, on their way to or from the gaieties in town, or of some great prelate or politician journeying thither or thence at

the call of duty. Travellers from a greater distance, too, went by in more sober, dust-covered vehicles, or ambled along on tired nags with foam-flecked hides. Carriers or pedlars might be seen, wending their way with precious wares and possibly still more precious fragments of gossip. . . . There was life and movement and stirring adventure in the world which lay beyond Denham!

But in the quiet lanes or in the shady avenue of elms beyond the gates where the sisters usually walked, for the most part only yokels and their carts crawled sleepily along; while, in the fields behind the tall hedges, the shrill green of spring deepened slowly into yellow, ripening corn, to be in turn supplanted by the brown ploughed lands of autumn or the white furrows of winter. Season succeeded season, year succeeded year, while over all reigned a changeless monotony, a tranquillity which it seemed that nothing could ever break.

Annually the Squire took his six daughters up to London for a brief period, the elder ones to gain due knowledge of deportment, the younger to improve their education; but to their dismay, this jaunt grew ever shorter and shorter in duration. For months they ate out their hearts in the quietude of the country, so near to the gaiety for which they pined, and so hopelessly cut off from it. Even correspondence with their girl-friends and cousins was interdicted lest this should distract their attention from the gravity of life and tend to make them frivolous-minded. Isabella, the eldest surviving daughter, born in 1774, was a lovely girl, full of wit and life, and Mary Anne, her next surviving sister, was also beautiful, though on her portrait by Downman, the painter, who was fond of marginal notes, wrote caustically, "*Very pretty, but empty-headed.*" Little, however, can Downman have recognized the life led by his pretty sitter—a life piteously void of incident and interest—of all that could develop her mind, or make existence worth living.

None the less, by and by, lovers found their way to Denham; and tradition tells of one so enamoured that he recognized the tiny foot of a beautiful Miss Way as she descended from her coach with her face in shadow. But

alas! rumour soon whispered that a daughter of the Squire had been seen speaking to a stranger in the shade of the fine elm avenue outside the gates, and forthwith those gates closed on all the sisters. Never again, so their father decreed, were they to roam beyond the lodge without special permission; and thenceforth they sighed in vain for even the scanty liberty they had previously enjoyed. Backwards and forwards between the yew hedges the sisters paced, under the wide, spreading trees, past the shining lake, through the beautiful wall garden, and round again by the lily pool. "'Tis the garden of Eden without even ye diversion of ye Snake!" wrote one of them sadly as she sat behind the high wall which shut her off from the outer world as in a nunnery. So the dull weeks grew into months, and the months into years, while still they chafed wearily at their lot. As the Squire waxed older and more infirm, when they heard him approach, stumping and coughing, along the corridor, it is said that they flew like a flock of startled birds to their embroidery frames, and sat, demure of aspect, but leaden of heart, apparently absorbed in that exemplary occupation. . . . And to-day standing in the drawing-room at Denham, the place seems haunted by that bevy of sad but lovely girls, as they sat in life bowed over their embroidery frames, or evoking ghostly music from the old spinet on which they used to play; while beyond, still lies the beautiful garden round which they paced—that garden which, in its peaceful monotony, was for them a prison.

VII

Once, indeed, the quietude of Denham must have been pleasantly stirred by tidings of the wedding, on March 31, 1798, of Benjamin their brother, the eldest son and heir. The future Squire had become a Colonel in the Militia. (He served in Ireland under the Duke of Buckingham during the Peninsular War.) His bride was a daughter of Thomas Smythe, Esquire, of the Heath House, Stapleton, Gloucestershire, and sister of Sir John Smythe, Bart., of Ashton Court, Somerset.

A miniature of her painted about the date of her marriage

depicts a slim, graceful girl in a snowy muslin dress, with a face of gipsy-like loveliness. Her skin is a dazzling rose-and-white ; she has large dark eyes, and dark curling hair which clusters about her brow and falls in long ringlets over her shoulders.

About two months after her marriage, the pretty bride visited Denham, and wrote thence a letter to her father, Thomas Smythe, describing the house of which she was one day to be mistress.

DENHAM PLACE,
May 6th, 1796.

“MY DEAREST PAPA,—

You will be surprised at receiving a letter from me at Denham, but Ben having no order to join the Regiment, Mr. Way proposed our returning with him, which offer we gladly accepted being heartily tired of that noisy place, Bond Street.

Denham is at all times a pretty place, but appears now in full beauty, the trees are all in leaf, and most of the shrubs in blossom ; the House stands in the centre of the Park, round which there is a shrubbery and walk, the Misbourne runs through the plantation into the Colne which is the most beautiful river. We are to remain here till Wednesday when Mr. Way will take us to town again. On that evening Ben and myself are engaged to a party at the Thrales.”

And then followed a fund of innocent chit-chat about the gay life to which the writer was shortly returning, the friends she was about to visit, the riding-lessons which she took every morning, “and my master tells me I shall make a good horse-woman in time,” and how, although she has not got a horse of her own yet, “the eldest Miss Thrale is going to part with one of hers, which she thinks will do for me.” And finally the letter concludes with some reassuring news :

“If the general opinion in town proves true, which I trust it will, you may lay aside all apprehensions from a French invasion for this year, it is affirmed that Buonaparte



MARY, DAUGHTER OF THOMAS SMYTHE, ESQUIRE, AND WIFE OF
COLONEL (BENJAMIN) WAY

(THE SECOND WAY TO OWN DENHAM).

From a miniature in the possession of Colonel Way.

thro' fear of the English superiority at sea has discouraged the project, and as the republican armies must be kept employed, it is supposed that their Ambassador at Vienna has purposely affronted the Emperor in hopes of renewing hostilities with him. Mr. and Mrs. Way desire their compliments, Ben his kindest Love, and with Duty to my Mother, and Love to John and Frederica, believe me,

My Dear Father,
Your dutiful and much obliged daughter
MARY WAY."

One can conjure up a vision of that young bride of long ago writing busily in her room at Denham, and glancing from time to time at the vista of beautiful country seen through the tall window before her—the green of the undulating park encircling the dignified old mansion, the blossoming shrubs of May, the shady plantation intersected by the murmuring river drifting away to meet the Colne in the open. "Denham is at all times a pretty place," she wrote—not a very adequate appreciation, it would seem, of the grand old house conceived by Sir Roger, with its fine architecture and intricate ornamentation; yet to the happy bride in that lovely springtime it was none the less an enchanted spot contrasted with the noise of rumbling coaches on the cobbled roadways of London, and the vitiated air of the busy streets.

Meanwhile, strange to note, her letter contains not one reference to the six charming sisters-in-law who sat over their embroidery frames and sighed in vain for the welcome noise of Bond Street to which she was returning, and for the merry bustle of that world—only eighteen miles away—filled with flaunting belles and beaux, with the gaiety of life and love and laughter from which they were so harshly excluded.

VIII

To the six sisters, the dullness of Denham must have been accentuated by the contrast between their life and that of their cousins, the daughters of their father's sister Lady Sheffield, formerly little Abigail Way.

A portrait of this aunt, about that period, portrays her with marked features and a somewhat haughty aspect; but all accounts prove that Lady Sheffield was a beautiful and refined woman, whose grace and charm endeared her to a large circle of friends. Her husband, who in 1781 had been created an Irish Baron, was now a prominent member of Parliament, a recognized authority on agriculture, commerce, and practical questions of finance, besides being a man of cultivated and literary tastes. In 1769, he had purchased Sheffield Place and the surrounding estates from Earl de la Warr for the sum of £31,000; when he proceeded to rebuild and enlarge a considerable part of the old house. There he subsequently gathered around him most of the celebrities of his day, literati, savants, members of the diplomatic world and of the world of fashion; while one of the most constant habitués when in England was his old friend Gibbon, the historian, whose biographer he eventually became. "Lord Sheffield and yourself," wrote Gibbon to Abigail, when coming to winter in England, "will be the loadstone that attracts me!" and for many months the quaint-looking little man resided under their roof, and delighted them with his cynicism and sallies of wit.

To Lord and Lady Sheffield had been born one son who died and two charming daughters who survived, Maria Josepha and Louisa Dorothea. Of the elder, Gibbon wrote admiringly, "Lord Sheffield's eldest daughter is indeed a most extraordinary young woman"; and in truth the bright-eyed Maria Josepha was clever and gay; she knew all the noted people of her day, she danced at merry balls in town, part of each year she travelled abroad, she won and discarded lovers with impunity, and for her, unlike her cousins at Denham, the sweets of life were multiplied. Indeed those quiet cousins in their drab life were only rarely allowed to correspond with the family at Sheffield Place, and still more rarely to associate with them, lest their thoughts should be distracted from the gravity of life, and they should wax frivolous-minded. The same restriction, however, could not be maintained with their brothers, so that the two elder, Ben and Lewis, were

occasionally allowed to visit their uncle. Thus we find that when they were aged respectively 21 and 19, these youths were present at a ball which their uncle and aunt gave in London, and, writing on the anniversary of her wedding day, Lady Sheffield remarks that even William, the Bumble, had been initiated into some gaiety.

“Tuesday evening—the Day of Days—April 26th, 1791.— Lewis and William Way came from the Powis Ball at two o’clock, about eighty People, a very nice Ball and Supper, but William says he did not like it one half so well as our Ball; though there were a great many beautiful powdered ladies. The only unpowdered Miss was Miss Neville, and only two unpowdered beaux.”

While her nephews were with her, Lady Sheffield took them to see some of the sights of London, and, among others, to Exeter Change in the Strand; an event which, long years afterwards and under very different circumstances, was to be recalled to the mind of Lewis Way.

This exhibition, which then stood on the present site of the Lyceum Theatre, was partly a museum and partly a menagerie. When it originally rose on the site of Exeter House, it had been designed solely for business purposes, and consisted of three spacious floors which contained apartments on each side, fitted up with shops for milliners, florists, hosiers, etc. In 1748 the lower storey comprised forty-eight shops, mostly occupied by milliners, while the upper storey was tenanted by “the Company of Upholsterers.” From time to time, however, it became the home of many interesting exhibitions, and at length was the site of Pidman’s Exhibition of Wild Beasts, when it proved a most popular place of resort.

The beasts were in cages upstairs, the lower part of the building being made a thoroughfare lined with shops on either side, like the Burlington Arcade. Visitors paid half-a-crown for a variety entertainment and to see a few unhappy animals confined in small dens and cages, in rooms of various sizes, the walls being painted with exotic scenery to enhance the illusion of the captives being still amid their natural surroundings. The roar of the lions

and tigers could be heard in the street and often frightened horses ; but Exeter Change and the Tower were the only places in those days where wild animals could be seen in captivity, so that country cousins were usually taken there on their first arrival in London ; and “to see the lions” passed into a proverb.

Thus it was that Lady Sheffield took her party of young people to “see the lions,” and she recounts :

“I have been charmed with the Birds and Beasts at Exeter Change, (where Lewis and William accompanied us ;) and also the Spectres, but my heart failed me, and I did not look at the Dagger. I felt fagged with standing and talking at Exeter Hall first, and I thought I would look at terrifick objects when I felt quite stout. Louisa was quite stout and not in the least frightened.”

Already during that merry outing, it will be noted, Lady Sheffield speaks of her fatigue and her anxiety to avoid “terrific objects.” She was, in truth, in failing health, and suffering from her nerves. Not long afterwards, the family party went abroad ; and the strain and hardships endured during that foreign tour at the time of the Revolution in France proved too much for Lady Sheffield. She died after her return, on April 3, 1793, from a chill caught on Good Friday, while ministering to the comfort of the French refugees lying ill at Guy’s Hospital, of which institution her father and her brother, the Squire of Denham, had been Presidents in succession ; and so rapid was the course of her illness that her husband and children could not reach her ere she expired. The event is noticed by contemporary Journals as follows :

“At his Lordship’s house in Downing Street, after an illness of four days, the Right Honble Abigail, Lady Sheffield. She was the daughter of Lewis Way Esquire and sister to Benjamin Way Esq., Governor of South Sea Company, and was married to his Lordship in 1767. There are by this marriage two daughters, who in default of male issue are the heirs of his title.”

The French paper for the *émigrés*, the *Courier de Londres*, bitterly lamented her demise, and spoke in unmeasured terms of her goodness and bounty to the unfortunate refugees who had fled to England—how she had thrown open her house to men and women, priests and laity; how she had clothed and fed them, ministered to them at Guy's Hospital, and at her own cost prepared a special hostel for those who had contracted infectious diseases—in short, how her life had been devoted to, and laid down for, these unhappy people, whose gratitude and grief were now expressed in unmeasured terms. As to Gibbon, when the sad news reached Lausanne, he wrote a heart-broken letter to Lord Sheffield on the loss of her whom he had “known and loved for above 23 years, and often styled in the endearing term of sister.” His one wish was to share his friend's solitude and to sympathize with his grief. “All the difficulties of the journey,” he wrote, “which my indolence had probably magnified, have now disappeared before a stronger passion;” and he left Lausanne immediately for Sheffield Place.

After this sad event, for a year there is no mention of the family at Denham in the correspondence of Maria Josepha; then, writing on August 5, 1794, to her great friend Miss Ann Firth, to whom most of her published letters are addressed, she observes :

“I was obliged to write a long letter yesterday to Bell to congratulate her on Lewis Way having obtained the Fellowship in Merton College of which he was so desirous; and when I have the excuse of writing to Denham, I generally take advantage of sending a volume, as frequent correspondence is interdicted.”

Beautiful Isabella, the eldest of the six sisters, was the favourite cousin of Maria Josepha, with whom she seized every pretext for corresponding. The congratulations on the great event in the life of Lewis Way must have been all too speedily followed by a letter of condolence in regard to his brother, for on August 9 of the same year, Henry Way, then a Captain in the 22nd Foot, died of yellow fever, in his 20th year, at le Mole, St. Nicholas,

St. Domingo, where he was quartered. Later, Maria Josepha wrote to Miss Frith respecting her other cousin William Way, the Bumble:

“There is the prospect of a curacy for William Way, which if he can get will be delighted, he is hardly of an age to be ordained, but he hopes it is possible to persuade some kind Bishop to look over that defect and ordain him, in which case he will be quite happy.”

In January, 1796, however, she wrote:

“We were in hopes Colonel Way and Parson Way would have been here for Christmas, but the latter has just cut off his tail and taken orders, and has been doing duty at Denham and Hedgerley, and was not allowed to stir.”

For the Bumble was no longer hunting for Slecches, but was busy hunting for a curacy; and in view of the great age of his grandfather, Dr. Cooke, by 1776 he was already officiating at the two livings held by the Doctor, who had designated William as his successor. “Whatever books shall be left at my Parsonage at Denham,” decreed Dr. Cooke in his will, “I leave to my grandson William Way who shall succeed to the Rectory.” There is a characteristic note about that word “*shall*”! and after the old Doctor’s decease in 1779, William did enter into the occupation of the comfortable Rectory where the scholastic library awaited him, and there he lived for many years, the hero of many amusing tales. He bore the reputation of being a man witty, worldly and eccentric. It is told of him that he was fond of delivering Latin speeches, which he sometimes rehearsed at the covert-side, no doubt to the distraction of the assembled sportsmen; and it is said that he once played backgammon from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, rising the loser of £10,000. Downman, again indulging in his habit of adding caustic remarks to his presentment of his sitters, recorded this incident on the portrait which he painted of Parson Way. We conclude, however, that the Bumble rose from the backgammon-board in time to prepare his sermon for Sunday, and that he doubtless preached an edifying,

unctuous and learned discourse, possibly on the vanity of all earthly pleasures.

The same year that the bright-eyed Maria Josepha lamented the absence of her cousins from Sheffield Place, she wedded, on October 11, 1796, John, 1st Baron Stanley of Alderley. None the less, two years later she participated in some festivities at her old home, when a review took place under the command of the Duke of York, second son of George III, who three years previously had been made Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. The Duke stayed at Sheffield Place for the event, as did Lewis and William Way; and Lady Stanley writes:

SHEFFIELD PLACE,
August 14th, 1798.

“On Monday morning between nine and ten the whole Army, betwixt six and seven thousand men, passed by the Lodge. We were placed under the Fir Tree with the Duke and his suite, and saw them march by to great advantage. . . . The line of march was a mile and three-quarters in length . . . and though there were so many men, and they had been three hours on their march, there was no Tail, alias no stragglers. You may imagine what a beautiful sight it was to see the whole Road from the Common to the Lodge covered entirely with soldiers and the Bands of Musick playing.

When they had all passed, we rode in a jolly Party, Duke, Aides-de-Camp, Secretary, Lewis and William Way, Louisa and I through the Park to see them take their ground at Chailey Common, and there again we had a most lively scene. It is astonishing how quick the Tents were pitched, and the whole Common covered with white Tents and red coats had the most cheerful effect I ever saw or could have imagined. . . . We had a pretty considerable Party both to dine and sleep. The house probably never was so full, we sat down seventeen to dinner. . . . They were all so tired not having been in Bed the night before that they retired before ten, and were off next morning at half-past three. . . .”

The news of such gay doings must have drifted to the

seclusion of Denham, and have roused there heartburnings and envy. Belonging to the year 1803 is a letter which shows that the lot of the six pretty sisters had not improved. It is written by Isabella, who had then attained the mature age of 29 ; and it breathes a spirit of pathetic resignation, of affection even for her formidable parent, and of tenderness for her young sisters.¹

Isabella Way to her cousin Lady Stanley of Alderley.

DENHAM PLACE,

Jan. 28th, 1803.

“Our fireside affords us few variations for a letter, as ever. We proceed exactly in our ancient train of eating and sleeping and *vice versa*, spending months and months, whole summers and winters without an interloping guest or neighbour to break the satiety of the family scene.

We dread year by year that even our short campaign in London will be wholly abandoned, as we migrate every spring later and later, last year was not till the month of May, which scarcely repaid the trouble of a removal.

I am, however, thankful to say that my father is in better health and spirits than during the summer, and could he but wipe off some of his affairs that trouble him, and get rid of half a hundred of his overgrown progeny without trouble to himself, he would be as well and young as ever ; but as nothing inferior to the miraculous interposition of Heaven could effect that, we must endure to the end in patience and resignation.

Dear old Mammy is as hearty as ever I knew her, a wonder of wonders as she ever was.

The Sisterhood are in a high state of preservation and bloom. I often grieve that they should waste it on Desert air. It is but a transition [sic] and fading gift.

William is still a simple Benedict at the Parsonage. He has been too fond of fox-hunting to follow his brothers and think of a wife, his sober days are yet to come. Could you have conceived the grave, parsonified, problematical

¹ The ages of the sisters then were respectively, Isabella aged 29 ; Mary Anne aged 25 ; Anne Frances aged 22 ; Catherine aged 20 ; Charlotte aged 18 ; Hester aged 14.



[J. Downman pinxit.

ISABELLA WAY AND HER BROTHER WILLIAM ("THE BUMBLE").

William would ever have been such a man of the world? How little does one know anyone till they obtain powers to act for themselves, and yet he is the same solid dear good-natured creature as ever; and a much happier being than despising the pleasures of Life and living to himself. We have too plain a demonstration before our eyes that that is never the road to content and happiness. . . .

It will indeed be a high treat to me to receive one of your dear letters after so long an interval to our correspondence; for though there reign as great impediments as ever to *writing* or receiving letters, on which account I have wholly abandoned the *trade*, yet I am certain a letter from Alderley would diffuse as much public as private joy. . . .

Your sincerely affectionate
ISABELLA WAY."

Three years afterwards, Lady Stanley wrote to the Squire of Denham to ask him to be godfather to one of her children, and he expressed his regret that the babe was not to bear the family name of Abigail.

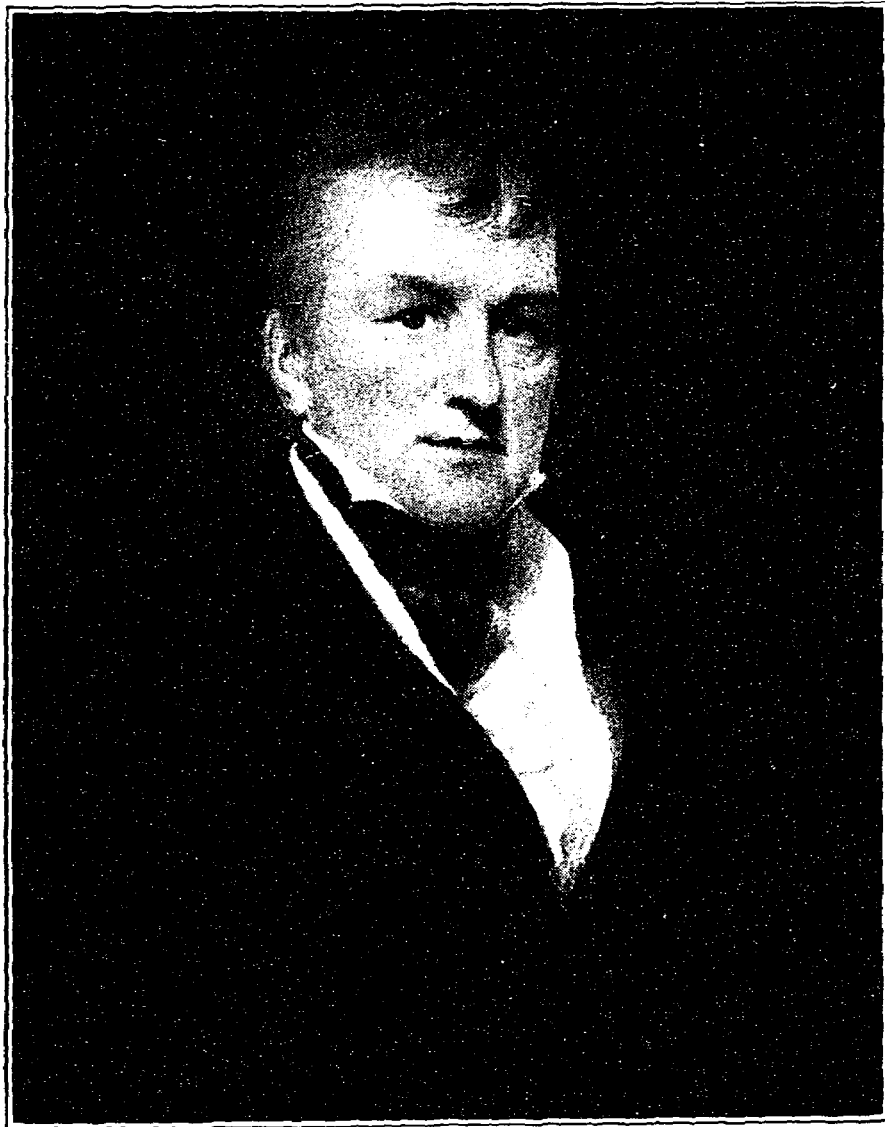
"For Christian names," he wrote back pompously, "I have no ridiculous partiality, Abigail was my dear sister's name, and it is recorded she was the tenth in succession of that name in our family."

Two years later, on August 22, 1808, "Squire Grump" died, within a month of completing his 68th year. He was succeeded by his son Benjamin, Colonel Way, of whom it is recorded that to the end of his days he remained of so shy and retiring a disposition, that when he was dying he requested that no tombstone, with its undesirable publicity, should be put up to him; his name therefore is only mentioned on a tablet subsequently erected to his son in Denham Church. Over the years, Colonel Way, by his pretty wife Mary, became the father of five sons and five daughters, and he was succeeded, in turn, by three other Squires of Denham who all bore the name of Benjamin Way.

Of the sad "Sisterhood" only Mary Anne and Charlotte married; the former, "very pretty but empty-headed,"

wedded the Rev. Edward Whitby of Cresswell Hall, Co. Stafford, and died childless. The latter married in 1826, as his second wife, Sir Montague Cholmeley, Bart., of Easton Hall, Lincs; and likewise had no children. As for lovely Isabella, she was 34 when her father died and her radiant youth was passed.

It may be added that George III never forgot his visit to Denham or his beautiful hostess, Elizabeth Anne. Long years afterwards, when Lewis Way, the lady's second son, found himself at Windsor one Sunday afternoon, he went with his great friend Lord Dalkeith to watch the King and Queen and the Princesses walk, according to their wont, on the terrace of the Castle. As the Royal party approached, the King, who always remembered a face he had once seen, suddenly spied Lord Dalkeith, and stopped to speak to him; next, observing his companion, George inquired in his nervous, hurried way—"Who's ye friend? Who's ye friend?"—"Way—please your Majesty," replied Lord Dalkeith. "Ah—Way of Denham—Way of Denham, to be sure!" said His Majesty, delighted; "Married Miss Cooke—very pretty—very large family!" and George walked on, smiling reminiscently.



[John Downman pinxit.]



[From a pencil drawing.]

COLONEL (BENJAMIN) WAY; AND HIS SON, BENJAMIN WAY, IN FANCY DRESS
(THE SECOND AND THIRD SQUIRES OF THE WAY FAMILY TO OWN DENHAM.)

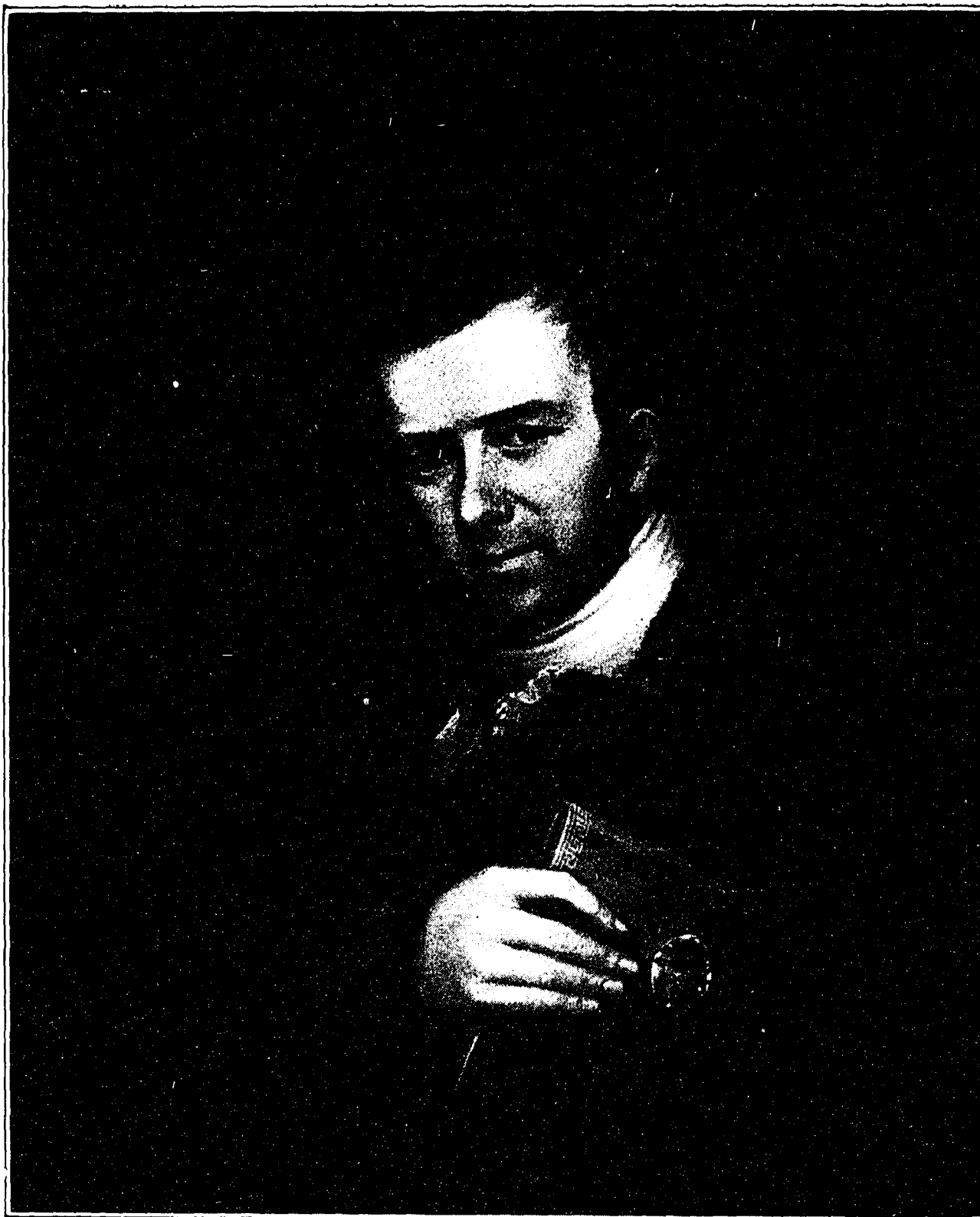
From portraits in the possession of the Rev. Charles P. Way.

BOOK II
THE POINT
IN VIEW

Some Point in View
We all pursue

“I find happiness at all times everywhere
by expecting it at all times nowhere.”

Lewis Way.



[James Leahey pinxit.]

THE REV. LEWIS WAY

On his departure for Russia, in 1817, clasp-
ing the portfolio which contained the pictures
by Downman of his wife and children.

From a portrait in the possession of his grandson the Rev. Charles Lewis Kennaway.

[See page 159.]

CHAPTER I

LEWIS WAY, LATER OF STANSTED

WE must now follow the fortunes of Lewis Way, the second son of Squire Benjamin Way and Elizabeth Anne.

As we have seen, he was born on February 11, 1772, which event occurred in Sackville Street, London; and after having imbibed the rudiments of theological and geographical knowledge from his grandmother, Mrs. Cooke, he went to Eton and thence to Merton College, where he had a distinguished career. Meanwhile he grew up into a handsome youth, with a broad brow, an open determined countenance, and keen bright eyes, like his cousin Maria Josepha. In the pictures painted of him later in life may be traced an added spirituality and earnestness; but it is said that none of his portraits ever did him justice, his face was too full of animation and of an elusive and ever-varying expression for any limner satisfactorily to convey its peculiar charm.

It is essential to the better comprehension of Lewis's strange life-story, to bear in mind the atmosphere in which he was bred and the heritage which was his. In his veins, it must be recalled, flowed the blood of the stout old Dissenter, Benjamin Way, the fanatic of a bygone day, coupled with that of the Minister's successors—those shrewd merchants and squires who engineered their worldly affairs so wisely and so well. Lewis's upbringing was likewise full of contradictory elements. His boyhood was passed in a beautiful home, his father a man affluent in all worldly possessions, yet of a mentality stern and unbending. The teaching of his early years was strongly Evangelical; the society which he encountered in his

home mainly Clerical. But against the limitations of his life at Denham must be weighed the influence of Eton and Oxford, the gaieties at Sheffield Place in which he participated, the knowledge of life acquired there under the auspices of his intellectual uncle and aunt, and the acquaintance which he made there with most of the noted men of his day. All represented strangely contradictory factors in his development, a mingling of the practical and visionary, of worldliness and otherworldliness, the outcome of which may be traced throughout his after-career.

One episode of those early years was likewise not without its influence upon his later life. Through his youth runs a shadowy romance of which we know little save that it was doomed to end in tragedy. "He fell in love," says an old letter, "saw his love marry another, *and die.*" At an age when feeling is most keen and every emotion intensified, a wealth of anguish may lie in those few words. Lewis wrote the epitaph to his dead love as follows :

DONEC
GRATUS ERAM
TIBI
.....
ELEONORA !
.....
AGNOSCO
VETERIS VESTIGIA
FLAMMÆ
1796
ÆT. 23 ¹

The identity of the dead "Eleonora" might have remained a mystery had not the daughter of Lewis Way, long years afterwards, discovered that the lady in question was probably Nelly Baring, a cousin of Sir Thomas Baring, and this seems to suggest that the friendship in later life between Lewis Way and Sir Thomas had its origin in this early romance which thus served to rivet

¹ "Whilst I was pleasing to thee, Eleonora, I recognize the traces of the ancient flame."

their joint interest in the life-work upon which they both ultimately became engaged.

In those early days, Lewis earnestly desired to go into the Church; but his father informed him that he was "too clever." The Squire added, with a finality which brooked no argument, that he personally had too large a family for all his sons to follow their inclination in the choice of a profession; William the Bumble had been singled out for the family living by his grandfather, and therefore Lewis must read for the Bar, since, for a man with brains, that was likely to prove a more remunerative vocation.

So Lewis obediently adopted a career which he always hated; and in due course took up his abode in Paper Buildings, a fully-fledged, though impecunious, barrister. But it is said that under his Law books he always concealed a book of Divinity, which he perused with avidity when opportunity offered.

II

As will have been noted, Lewis was only 24 when his first love died in 1796, and no doubt even before that sad event his boyish infatuation had already faded to a mere sentimental memory. It must have been between the years 1798-1800 that a fresh romance came into his life, which was destined to be of a permanent character.

It happened that he was invited to stay with the Drewes of Grange, Devonshire, for the Exeter ball; and when, after a long, cold journey that had occupied the greater part of a week, he at last reached his destination, he was rewarded by the sight of a house which appealed to the love of beauty inherent in his nature. A grand old Jacobean mansion, large and rambling, with pinnacled gables and tall chimney stacks, it was approached by an avenue of silver firs of immense size, and stood picturesquely in a fertile plain at the base of the Blackburn Hills. Before it stretched a wide lake bordered by fine trees; all around lay a beautiful park with gently undulating land; and behind it, protectingly, rose the tall range of darkly-wooded hills.

The interior of the house was beautiful, with its fine panelling and furniture; while the walls were covered with portraits by famous artists of different generations—Vandyck, Zuccherò, Peter Lely, Gainsborough, Reynolds and others—pictures to-day, alas! all sold and dispersed.

Lewis soon learnt that the Drewes of Grange could boast a pedigree as old as the Hills of Denham. They were said to be descended from Drogo de Teign, who held lands at Drewes Teignton in the reign of Henry II. In the fourth year of Edward IV they had held lands in Modbury; later, they removed to Sharpham and Killerton near Exeter; but always through the centuries they owned estates in Devonshire.

In the time of Elizabeth, Edward Drewe of Sharpham, Broadhambury and Killerton, was Serjeant-at-law to the Queen, and Recorder of the Cities of London and Exeter. At Killerton he “builded a handsome house and dwelled there” till he died in 1622. His son, Sir Thomas Drewe, who was knighted at the coronation of Charles I, sold Killerton to Sir Arthur Acland, Bart.; and erected a new family seat, Grange, upon the site of an ancient dwelling that had belonged to the Abbots of the adjacent Abbey of Donkeswell or Dunkeswell, which had there its *Grange*. It is believed that Sir Thomas incorporated part of the old building in the new; but the mansion that he erected was constructed in the form of an I, out of compliment, it is said, to James I; while over the mantelpiece in the drawing-room are the Royal arms and initials of James, a privilege granted in houses which had been visited by the monarch himself. This same remarkable chamber, the Oak Drawing-room, thirty feet in length, which to-day is still in perfect preservation, presents an almost unique example of a decorated drawing-room of the period. It is wainscotted in carvings of a very rich and elaborate design; and, as at Denham, in the decorations are introduced the arms of the builder quartered with those of his wife.

Sir Thomas, the first owner of Grange, surpassed Lewis's forbear Roger Hill, Baron of the Exchequer, in his endeavour to secure the succession to his estate, for he

married five times, yet eventually died without issue. He was succeeded by his brother Francis, whose three sons, Thomas, Edward and Francis, in turn, owned Grange, the youngest of these three brothers being likewise Archdeacon of Cornwall and Canon of Exeter, while his wife Joan was a daughter and co-heir of Anthony Sparrow, Bishop of Exeter and afterwards of Norwich.

The son and grandson of the Archdeacon succeeded respectively as Squires of Grange; and the latter, another Francis Drewe, born in 1712, married in 1737 his first wife, Mary, daughter and heiress of Thomas Rose, Esquire, of Wootton Fitzpaine, Dorset. This lady, more successful than the five wives of Sir Thomas Drewe, bore her lord seven stalwart sons; but, possibly worn out by her exertions, after the birth of her seventh son, in 1749, she died at the early age of 34. Four years later, in 1753, Francis Drewe married another Mary (of whom we are merely told that she was a daughter of Mr. Johnson of London); and that same year an interesting picture of him and his family was painted, according to an old catalogue, by Gainsborough, of which the accompanying sketch was preserved by Lewis Way.

Francis Drewe, then 41 years of age, and Sheriff of Devon, is seen seated on a bench which might be a throne, so elaborate is the arrangement of the great pillars, and of vast curtains ballooning in the breeze, which serve as its background, and so pompous is the aspect of the man installed upon it. Clad in a richly-braided coat, knee-breeches, buckled shoes, and a three-cornered hat, the Squire of Grange is depicted sitting stiffly upright, full of dignity and of self-importance. His young bride seated beside him, clad in white satin, with her hair plainly dressed and her large hat upon her knees, gazes nervously at him while she ostentatiously caresses one of her seven stepsons. The boys are grouped in varying attitudes suggestive of playfulness: the eldest and second sons, who respectively became Squires of Grange, are adjusting bows and arrows; Edward, the third son, who died young, is seen seated; while the four-years-old baby, Herman, still in petticoats, said to be of pink satin, and with a skull-cap on his head,

is hiding behind the folds of the great curtain which so inexplicably adorns the pillars of an edifice out of doors.

And it was, no doubt, on that playful baby in the picture



Reading from left to right the rows are : RICHARD, EDWARD (seated), THOMAS ROSE, FRANCIS, WILLIAM, GILES, and HERMAN (behind the curtain).

In the centre is FRANCIS DREWE (1712-1773) and his second wife née MARY JOHNSON.

that the interest of Lewis Way chiefly centred, for a reason which will presently appear.

As the years passed, and the second Mrs. Drewe, *née* Mary Johnson, presented her lord with a family of five

more children, Herman, youngest of the first family, entered the Church and took possession of the living near the home of his mother's girlhood, Wootton Fitzpaine. Since he also acquired the livings of Sheldon and Cambrawleigh in addition to having private means, he was a wealthy man, so that in 1790 he followed the example of his ancestors, and built himself a comfortable house, near Honiton and but a few miles from the Grange, which he called Abbotts.

Meanwhile the Rev. Herman Drewe had married Sarah, daughter of the Rev. William Hatherley of Colyton, Devon, and of Sarah Baker whose brother, Sir George Baker, Bart., M.D., was a famous physician. By this lady, Herman had one son who died, and two daughters who thus became co-heiresses, Sarah Elizabeth, born in 1776, and Mary, born on February 9th, 1780, seven years after the death, in 1773, of her grandfather, Francis Drewe of Grange, and six years after Mrs. Way of far-away Denham had presented her husband, the Squire, with his second son Lewis Way.

III

At the date when Lewis visited Grange, it was owned by Francis Drewe, eldest of the seven brothers depicted in the family group here described, but now a man past sixty. One of his brothers, Major Drewe, was also staying in the house, and amused Lewis by asserting that he could distinctly remember the day when he was born, and the smell of the leg of mutton roasting on the spit in the kitchen when he was taken down, as a new arrival, to be shown to the admiring servants!

More arresting, however, to the young barrister than these older members of the family with their reminiscences, was Mary Drewe, the youngest daughter of the Rev. Herman Drewe, who was then visiting her uncle. In the first bloom of her fresh womanhood, a creature of radiant and captivating beauty, and seen thus against a background calculated to foster romance—that picturesque home of her ancestors—Mary Drewe took the heart of the enchanted visitor by storm.

Long afterwards, the old family coachman of the Drewes was fond of recounting in his soft Devonshire lingo, "It was at the fule of the meune that Councillor Way courted Mary Dreu at the Exeter Ball." No doubt the moon played its customary part in furthering the romance which the observant coachman noted ; but if Lewis Way returned to Paper Buildings pledged to Mary Drewe, it must have been with considerable misgiving respecting the happy issue of this new attachment. For Mary with her beauty, her connections, and her prospective wealth was qualified to aspire to a better match than that offered by an impecunious younger son who could only hope after long years of hard work at the Bar ever to make an income on which he could maintain a wife.

It was, however, not long after Lewis's return home that an event happened which, little as he then suspected it, was destined to transform the whole of his future career.

IV

One morning when the young barrister was seated in his chambers, there came a knock at the door, and he opened it to admit a man who was unknown to him. The visitor is described as a dapper little old gentleman, of somewhat frail appearance, who carried a long gold-headed cane, and was clad in a suit of snuff-coloured brown enlivened with a canary waistcoat. The stranger announced that his name was Mr. John Way, and that he desired to make the acquaintance of Mr. Lewis Way as he found that they both bore the same surname. Lewis thinking that his visitor was a client come to present him with a brief, greeted the stranger with great civility, and begged him to be seated ; but after some pleasant conversation, the old gentleman rose to take his leave, and remarked blandly :

"Sir, I have a pretty little country place at Acton, about seven miles from London, and if you like a change and pure air from Saturday to Monday my wife and I will be most happy to receive you any time you like to come."

Lewis, at this period no doubt love-lorn and depressed, and well acquainted with the beauty of Acton, through which he passed every time he went to Denham, accepted

the invitation gratefully. The following week-end, therefore, he made his way by chaise along the route that he knew so well, to the pretty little straggling village, which then boasted only about 2,000 inhabitants, and was situated in the midst of lovely wooded country. He soon found Hill House, a pleasant dwelling perched on the top of the hill, commanding a fine view, and surrounded by a well-timbered garden.

Within, the house proved comfortable though unpretentious, and his host and hostess he found homely but agreeable. It was not, however, till the two Mr. Ways were seated over an excellent bottle of port after dinner, that Lewis learnt more of the history of his new friend. Mr. John Way, he found, had been for over forty years the confidential clerk and agent of William Murray, afterwards Earl of Mansfield, of Bloomsbury Square and Ken Wood; and had later served the nephew and heir of the Lord Chief Justice in the same capacity; but his health was indifferent, and with advancing years and increasing infirmity, he had retired to this pretty country estate at Acton which he had bought for his old age.

During his long years of association with the Lord Chief Justice, however, he had had many notable experiences and had met most of the celebrated people of his day, so that his conversation was full of anecdote and information. One incident, indeed, with a graphic account of which he probably entertained his new acquaintance, was of peculiar interest to Lewis, for it concerned his own uncle, now Lord Sheffield. When the Gordon rioters in 1780 had attacked the town house of Lord Mansfield, Captain Holroyd, as he then was, had greatly distinguished himself. He had intercepted and harangued the mob, even reproving Lord George himself. "I imputed your conduct to madness," he announced to the arch-culprit; "now I believe it to be malice!" But all the bravery of the young officer had not sufficed to save the valuable library, the charred relics of which were afterwards conveyed by Mr. Way to Ken Wood.

Gradually waxing more reminiscent, Mr. Way doubtless enlarged on the peaceful years which he personally had

passed at that beautiful Hampstead estate purchased by Lord Mansfield in 1755; on the statesmen, literati and noted men of all countries who were wont to visit there. Possibly with a hint of self-laudation, he described the order and regularity that prevailed there in every department under his own eagle-eyed supervision. For with his approval, the ancient feudal custom was preserved which decreed that every morning at 6 o'clock when the night-watchman went off duty he should fire a gun. This was the signal for three long blasts to be blown on a horn by a waiting attendant; and at the sound of that horn, work began both within and without doors—labourers, gardeners and servants hastened to their employment. The horn was blown again at the breakfast and dinner hours, and finally at 6 o'clock in the evening for the dismissal of outside workers, so that, to the dictates of its warning note, everything was conducted with methodical precision on every part of the estate. . . .

And as Lewis listened to the garrulous tales of his kindly host, one imagines that his gaze must have lingered appreciatively on the comfortable room where he was now sitting, on the pleasant prospect from the windows—the green fields and charming pleasure grounds which surrounded the house and formed such a refreshing contrast to the drab, musty Chambers whence he came. And finding all thus agreeable—the cosy house, the excellent port with which he was regaled, the geniality of the kindly old man—he did not require much persuasion to repeat his visit on many subsequent week-ends.

It was not till some time afterwards that he learnt fuller particulars respecting his new friends, and, above all, the strange circumstances which had led to his acquaintance with them.

CHAPTER II

JOHN WAY OF ACTON

MR. JOHN WAY was a man of humble parentage, who, strange to relate, had been born in the place from which the Ways of Denham originally derived, the town of Bridport, Dorset. An account of him which appeared in the public Press states :

“ His education in Bridport was at a little day school which was more suited to the position of his parents than to that which he attained in after life.

His first introduction to Society was in the character of domestic to Mr. Murray, afterwards Earl of Mansfield. It will be recollected by some of the elder professors at the Bar that when this illustrious Patron of John Way attained that situation, the latter was in the humble position of Cryer of the Court.”

There are, it may be added, varying accounts of the origin of Mr. Way ; but whatever his status may have been on entering the service of Lord Mansfield, he subsequently rose to a position of trust. As agent he received a good salary and valuable perquisites ; so that being frugal and industrious as he was shrewd, he amassed a comfortable fortune, which was augmented at Lord Mansfield’s death in 1793, when the following bequest was left by the Lord Chief Justice :

“ To my faithful servant John Way, £500 per annum ; requesting him to do for my successors what he has done for me.”

John Way remained for a time with the heir of the Lord Chief Justice, till, as we have seen, he retired to the country

place at Acton where Lewis visited him ; but he had likewise a house in Lincoln's Inn where he resided during the winter months. He had married in 1764 a lady who is described politely in the Press as "very accomplished and amiable," Mary, eldest daughter of John Poole, an attorney at Kensington (one account calls him "a Maire"); but he had no children, and with advancing years his chief ambition seems to have been to represent in Parliament the Borough where he was born, Bridport in Dorset, which, as we have seen, had been represented by another of his name, though not of his blood—Squire Benjamin Way. With this object in view, we are told, he "consulted a Gentleman, but abandoned the experiment from a conviction *that the pecuniary sacrifice would over-balance the gratification.*"

This hints at the ruling passion of John Way's life—parsimony. He pursued, we are informed, "a system of rigid economy, carried into every article and every circumstance of domestic arrangement, by which a vast accumulation of fortune accrued."¹ A clever man of business, he invested the money thus saved wisely and well. He bought houses and land in various parts of England ; he added acre to acre, rental to rental, and riches to riches. Yet though he was known to have ample means, few, perhaps, during his lifetime imagined the extent of his wealth. By his intimates he was recognized as a man of simple habits, of strict probity, and strong religious principles. A Methodist by persuasion, he was devout in speech, and attended public worship punctiliously ; moreover, despite his parsimony, he contributed lavishly to charities of which he approved.

Meanwhile, in his well-earned leisure, childless and rich, John Way began to consider seriously to whom he could bequeath the wealth which he had accumulated through long years of frugal living and ceaseless work. His chief anxiety was that his heir should be one who would make a wise and philanthropic use of the fortune thus amassed ; and at first he determined to leave the bulk of his money

¹ Obituary Notice in the *Leeds Mercury*, August, 1804.

to a young man who was actually in the position of his heir at law. This was Thomas Way, an attorney of Bristol, born in 1760, the son of Mr. Way's first cousin Thomas Way (1724-1802), and the grandson of Mr. Way's uncle, John Way, his father's elder brother.

Thomas Way had married a charming wife, *née* Avis Score, and he had several children. He seemed in every respect suitable as an heir, till one day an unlucky episode occurred.

Mr. John Way had asked Thomas to dine and sup with him, and had produced a bottle of old port for the occasion, when the cork proved obdurate, and he made ineffectual attempts to extract it. Thomas at once came to the rescue, and drawing a corkscrew from his pocket, politely proffered his assistance, which proved effectual. The cork was extracted, and the two men enjoyed the contents of the bottle ; but the elder Mr. Way had arrived at an unexpected conclusion. *Any man who went about with a corkscrew in his pocket was not likely to make a good use of wealth ;* and as a result of this episode Mr. Way altered his intentions with regard to his cousin Thomas. In the lengthy will which he drew up with the aid of his solicitor, Mr. Andrew Edge, he left an annuity of £100 a year to Avis, and £1,000 to each of her children ; but the name of the luckless Thomas is not even mentioned.

II

One other legatee, however, figured prominently in the document and this was the Rev. Gregory Syndercombe, who was a kinsman of the testator on his mother's side. A tale runs that this gentleman, when still unknown to his benefactor, once opened the door of his pew to Mr. John Way in a church where the latter was a stranger and was vainly looking for a seat ; another account states that he preached a sermon which Mr. Way found peculiarly edifying. Possibly both yarns are true ; but however that may be, in his voluminous will Mr. Way made the Rev. Gregory Syndercombe one of his executors with a legacy of £60,000 ; to this gentleman's daughter, Elizabeth Diana Syndercombe, he left a legacy of £20,000 ; and to the

Rev. Gregory and his heirs male all the residue of his property with this sole proviso :

“ that the said Gregory Syndercombe and his heirs do and shall from my decease take and use the Sir Name [sic] of Raymond only, in lieu of Syndercombe, after the Sir Name of my ffamily on the maternal side by which we are allied.”

There remained, however, one other determined aspirant to the fortune of Mr. John Way, and that was Lord Headley of the Exchequer, formerly Mr. George Winn. He had long known Mr. Way in his professional capacity, even before being raised to the peerage of Ireland in 1797, when—so runs a merry tale—the freshly-fledged peer was so pleased with his new honour, that one day on being attacked by a small dog, he was heard to murmur, “ Little dog ! little dog ! little thou knowest that thou hast bitten a *Lord* ! ”

Lord Headley had succeeded to the estates of his cousin Mark Winn in Essex, and to those of his cousin Charles Allanson in Yorkshire ; and he fancied that he ran a good chance of acquiring the wealth of his old friend Mr. Way. Therefore, when his second son was born in 1785, he tactfully combined in the child’s Christian names both gratitude for benefits received and a hint of those which might come. The babe was christened George after his father, and Arthur after his grandfather ; but the whole of his patronymics—suggestive of windfalls past and prospective—ran as follows :

The Honourable George Mark Arthur Allanson *Way*
Winn.

Such was the state of Mr. John Way’s worldly affairs, and such the intended disposition of his property at his demise, when one morning, walking through the Temple with his solicitor Mr. Edge, he had suddenly spied over a doorway in Paper Buildings the name of Lewis Way. Keenly interested, he wondered if he had discovered some hitherto unknown member of his own family ; and he immediately commissioned Mr. Edge to find out particulars

about this Mr. Lewis Way—what was his birth, and what character he bore.

The report was favourable. Mr. Lewis Way, though obviously no connection of Mr. John Way, was a young man of probity and ability ; he was of pleasing appearance and good family ; and though not affluent, was looked upon as a rising man in his profession. At that moment he was away on vacation ; so Mr. John Way eagerly instructed Mr. Edge to watch for the return of the young barrister and effect a speedy introduction. Edge dutifully obeyed ; and thus it befell that soon after Lewis Way got back to his chambers in October, he received the visit from Mr. John Way as before related.

III

The friendship thus strangely inaugurated rapidly strengthened. Fortunately for Mr. Lewis Way he did not produce a corkscrew from his pocket when dining at Acton ; and the more Mr. John Way saw of his young friend, the better he liked him. The sincerity and earnestness of Lewis Way, his religious upbringing, his simplicity and charm, all appealed to the older man, coupled with the strange recognition that the young barrister bore his own surname and came of a family that originally derived from the same birthplace as himself. The old man even commissioned Mr. Edge to trace out his own pedigree to see if any connecting link between the two families could be found ; but none was discovered, and reluctantly he abandoned the search.

As he grew more and more attached to his new protégé, it apparently struck him that his former cherished ambition to represent Bridport, Dorset, in Parliament might be fulfilled in this younger man who bore his name. Suddenly, therefore, one day he suggested to Lewis Way that if he cared to enter Parliament his electioneering expenses would be defrayed ; but to his chagrin Lewis firmly declined the offer. Still revolving in his mind how he might benefit the young barrister, John Way next propounded another project.

“Lewis,” he said, “I am anxious that you should marry the only daughter of a friend of mine, who lives a few

miles off. She is extremely good-looking, very amiable, suitable in age, and (although that is of minor importance) will bring you a good dowry. I know that I can bring about the marriage if you consent, and that she will make you a good wife."

Now there is little doubt that, in making this proposal, Mr. John Way had in his mind his relation Miss Diana Syndercombe. He alone knew that under his will she was heiress to a fortune of £20,000; while her father being destined to inherit considerable wealth, would, in due course, further augment his daughter's already ample fortune. What happier result, John Way reflected, than that this charming but impecunious young barrister should be united to the future heiress whose descendants would then bear the name of Way? Great, therefore, was his disappointment when Lewis politely, but firmly, declined this second proposition; and, when pressed to state his reason, at last confessed that he was deeply attached to a lady in Devonshire.

"Then why do you not marry her?" demanded John Way testily; and Lewis further confessed that absence of means was the deterrent.

John Way reflected for a space. "You are a noble fellow," he said at length, "to be faithful to an apparently hopeless engagement in the face of the advantages I offer you." And by and by he wrote out a cheque for a thousand pounds which he handed to the astonished young man. "Settle that upon the lady," he said; "marry her as soon as it can be arranged; and come back and spend your honeymoon with us!"

IV

It was on the 31st of December, 1801, that the wedding of Lewis Way to Mary Drewe took place at Totnes. There is a tradition in the family that it was a runaway match, and such may have been the case, for the sum of £1,000 was not much on which to start married life, so that cautious parents may well have refused their consent to an apparently improvident union; but the wedding took place near the bride's home, and the ceremony was



MRS. LEWIS WAY, NÉE MARY DREWE.

From a miniature in the possession of her granddaughter Mrs. Norton.

performed by her mother's brother, Mr. Baker. The young couple went for their honeymoon to Wells, Bath and Durham; finally settling down at 31 Spring Gardens.

There is a miniature of Mary Way painted soon after her marriage in which she is depicted with a small, beautifully-modelled head gracefully poised on a long and slender neck. Her finely chiselled features and flawless complexion, her tiny rosebud mouth and sparkling blue eyes, all suggest a loveliness which it is difficult to convey in words or by means of a colourless reproduction. It is possible, however, to note the trim grace of her dainty figure, her small shapely hands peeping out from their encircling lace, the snowy shoulders which rise from the enshrouding fichu, and the masses of luxuriant brown hair parted primly in the middle, on which rests the fine lace cap that, as a married woman, it was decorous for her to wear, but which contrasts incongruously with the merry girlish face beneath and the roguish laughter in the brilliant eyes.

In the January following his marriage, Lewis took his wife down to Denham to visit his parents; and on that occasion the mother of the bridegroom wrote a prettily worded letter to the mother of the bride.

Mrs. Way to Mrs. Drewe

DENHAM PLACE,
January 18th, 1802.

“DEAR MADAM,—

Your amiable daughter being at this moment under my roof I cannot restrain the impulse I feel to tell you she is well and has borne her unpleasant journey without the least ill consequence.

She is indeed the darling Lewis has so well described her to be, and I trust he will by his continual attentions prove himself worthy of such a treasure; I wish it were in my power to supply *your* loss, indeed that is the only thing to be lamented in the affair that she must leave those she most regards at so great a distance, but if it can add to comfort in that situation to be assured she is gone where she is *already* highly valued and will no doubt be still more so as she becomes more known, that comfort may be yours.

I beg not to trouble you even with a line, but that you and Mr. Drewe will accept thanks from us for your kindness to our son, and believe me with regard

Yr very humble servant

A. WAY."

(Addressed to
Abbotts
Honiton
Devon)

It is curious, however, to find that there seems to have been a delay of some months ere the bride was presented to Mrs. John Way. Possibly owing to that lady's absence from town, or to other causes, this had not taken place in the following June.

Lewis Way to Mr. John Way.

SPRING GARDENS,

June 6th, 1802.

"DEAR SIR,—

I had intended to walk with my wife to Lincolns Inn Fields this morning to take my chance of introducing her to Mrs. Way, but the weather will not permit her to go out on foot. I am afraid we shall not yet meet before you leave town, but if it would be agreeable to you and Mrs. Way to take a drive after dinner to-morrow we should be happy to see you early at tea as we expect Mrs. G. Way¹ and her family and they return in the evening to Ealing.

If you should happen to be engaged or it is not perfectly agreeable to you to leave home, we should be very happy to wait upon you any other evening you will have the goodness to appoint.

Your much obliged and faithful servant,

L. WAY."

It was in January, 1803, that Isabella wrote to Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley of Alderley :

¹ Anne Frances Paxton on December 9, 1779, married Gregory Lewis Way, Esq., of Spencer Farm (afterwards Spencer Grange), the son of Lewis Way of Richmond by his fourth wife, Sarah Payne. See *ante*, p. 53.

“Lewis has got a dear little pretty wife who makes him perfectly happy. We expect every day to hear she has made him happier still by a son. (Girls are quite out of the fashion in the family this year) and indeed there are Miss Ways in abundance without a further supply for five years to come.”

At this juncture, Mrs. Way appears opportunely to have been left a small legacy by a relation; and in February, 1803, her son was born, and was christened Lewis after his father. Subsequently that proud parent wrote a letter to his aunt Mrs. Taylor,¹ his mother's sister, which is so characteristic, that it may be given at some length, with its little items of contemporary gossip.

Lewis Way to Mrs. Taylor.

SPRING GARDENS,
Tuesday (1803).

“As the rain prevents me from setting off immediately for my Den at the Temple I will leave Mary to pursue her laudable design of turning an old muslin petticoat into a short walking skirt, and thank you myself for your kind inquiries after me and my rib. As to item the first, we have certainly great reason to be pleased with our share of the great-Uncle's bounty. It will be near £200 pr ann. when it comes into possession, and next to a provision for *present exigencies*, a certainty for the future is a most agreeable prospect. . . . Sir George² who has always been very kind to us, has even expressed his satisfaction in Mary's *wealth* as he calls it. He has been very attentive to her since her confinement, and has, I trust, contributed to restore to her the other *magnum bonum* viz., health, but he still recommends sea-bathing in the course of the summer, wch must be effected in the most reasonable and convenient manner possible after ye circuit. . . .

¹ Charlotte, daughter of Dr. William Cooke, married Pierce Taylor, Esquire, of Ogwell and Denbury, Co. Devon.

² Sir George Baker, Bt., M.D. See page 89.

I still live in hopes of better times when we may do what we *wish*, but at present we must be contented to do what we can. A few years will I doubt not make a great difference in the Circuit, but I am not yet advanced enough to benefit by the changes.

My friend Pell is really the only young lawyer I have heard of who could marry on his profession at 35, and he, poor fellow, has always been crossed in the attempt, and after making £1,700 within twelve months he has been laid up for the last two with gout and rheumatism—such are the uncertainties of life as well as law. He has made a fortune and wants a wife, I have got a wife and a fortune to make! I believe the wisest thing for both is to be content. A man is not peculiarly unfortunate in these days whose only wants are a few hundreds. I am learning economy and expect in time to become a miser.

Dallas, it is said, is to be Solicitor General.¹ He is one of the few instances of encouragement to Gentlemen and Scholars, after 20 years or more of honourable attention to his profession, he has at last attained the distinction he has so long deserved, and having improved his income from, I suppose, £500 to £2,500, he will wait his opportunity of getting upon the bench.

And now for Tom and Hen.² I am happy to hear that the former is diligent at Cambridge and the latter on his way to Eton. . . . If Hen had been sent up a week ago I could probably have shown him Eton myself. . . . Eton, with all thy faults I love thee still! *Cowper*. *Hem!* I was pleased to see Goodall in his element there. I think order is restored and now Keate is under-master I trust it will be maintained. Hen, I hope, goes to Mr. Hawtrey's,

¹ He was, however, not Solicitor-General till thirteen years later. Sir Robert Dallas 1756–1824. Counsel for Warren Hastings 1787, Counsel for Lord George Gordon 1788, Solicitor-General 1813, Chief Justice of Common Pleas 1818–23.

² The recipient's sons, Thomas, born July 13, 1782, afterwards Major-General Thomas William Taylor, C.B., of West Ogwell House, Devon, Col. 17th Lancers, and next Lieut.-Governor Royal Mil. Col., Sandhurst; and his younger brother Henry Taylor, born July 18, 1791.

it is a very respectable House. I have entered my boy there, and Hen will find a friend in him, I know.

I never remember so much gaiety—it is at present clouded by Wars and rumours of wars, with all the usual concomittants of Taxes, Loans etc. but I hope we shall still hold up. Park Lane is at a distance from Spring Gardens, as my road lies directly the other way, I seldom see anything of it except on a Sunday when I generally find Mary over her Bible looking at the Carriages and Horsemen, happily blending the enjoyment of this life with the contemplation of the next. She looks on—but will not participate, neither Masquerade at Ealing, nor Knights' ball at Ranelagh, have charms to move her high Mightiness.

She sits and sometimes deigns to hear
What others wish, or others fear;
But for herself—Herself alone
Sufficient theatre and throne.
She takes a passive part—a thing
Denied to Consul, or to King;
And while discordant Nations jar
On the nice hinge of Peace or War
She feels, or seems herself to feel
Superior to the public weal,
And with indifference can read
How Suett ¹ shall to Yorke ² succeed.
How Bonaparte's breach was bruised,
How Whitworth ³ was at Court abused,
And Gordon's Duchess gave the lie
To something next to Majesty.
And having ruled the weekly roast
Of Morning Chronicle or Post,
A vacant Sunday she bestows
On Canning's verse and Cobbett's prose,

¹Footnote by Lewis Way: "We stop the Press to say that Mr. Suett of Drury Lane Theatre is immediately to be appointed Secretary at War!! *Cobbett's Journal*, June 2." Richard Suett (1755–1805) began life as a choir-boy at Westminster Abbey, and later became an actor whose chief parts were Shakespearean clowns; he was much praised by Lamb and Kemble.

²Charles Philip Yorke (1764–1834), Secretary at War 1801–3.

³Sir Charles Whitworth, who was ambassador to Paris in 1802, and was insulted by Napoleon.

And what to this world is not given
 Is duly set apart for Heaven,
 And then her thoughts on high she'll fix
 Above the reach of Politics,
 The Testament both Old and New,
 The faith of Christian and of Jew,
 (As she revolves the sacred page)
 Each in their turn her thoughts engage,
 Till sitting the bow-window by
 Some splendid carriage meets her eye.
 And through the mignonetted pane
 She scans Sir Henry Tempest Vane!
 The Heavenly Vision's seen no more,
 But in its room Barouche and Four!
 Fanny, meanwhile, without pretence
 To such superior excellence
 Is after church a constant one
 Among the Belles of Kensington
 Enjoys this world and leaves the next
 An ample margin to the text,
 Which if the type be neat and clear
 In every page and chapter here,
 In an hereafter will be found
 According to its merit bound:
 And will not be regarded less
 For some errata of the Press

.

Six hundred lines would have been added to this exquisite fragment, but a visitor entered and interrupted the phrenzy of the eye-rolling Poet.

Mart. Scrib.

Friday. The enclosed with its appendages being too bulky for common carriage, was left till this morning for a direction, which being obtained I add the news of the day—which is that Mary has gone with Mrs. G. Way to Sandgate in Kent, where I hope she will remain till November, as I am satisfied sea-bathing is essential to the restoration of her strength. I am going to dine with the dear Idols of my Muse to meet Duddy and my Lord of Rochester. I have just heard the Bp of Exeter is dead.

You may depend on seeing me on my way to Cornwall if we are not a province of France.

Yrs. ever
L.W.”

But alas ! the little son, who was already entered at Eton, died in his early infancy, and the next visit of Mary Way to Denham was for the sad little funeral, which must have recalled that of the other infant Lewis Way who was buried there in 1743. After this grief, the young couple moved from Spring Gardens to Boswell Court in 1803 ; and on May 28 of the following year there was born to them a daughter, Drusilla, who was destined to play a remarkable part in the life of her father.

As to little "Hen" Taylor, who was to have been the schoolmate of the deceased babe, we shall hear of his exploits later in life ; but it may be mentioned that at Eton he was known by the nickname of "the Ninth Harry" ; and a fever which he caught while there destroyed all the hair upon his head, so that subsequently, throughout his life, he was always provided with a sandy-coloured wig, made by an eminent artist among hairdressers, Mr. Piper, wigmaker of Exeter.



CHAPTER III

THE INHERITANCE

LATE in the summer of 1804, Lewis, whose health often gave cause for anxiety, was unwell for some weeks. He was, however, forced to go on circuit; and it was while engaged on his professional duties at Wells that he received an express requesting his immediate presence at Acton where Mr. John Way was seriously ill. Despite his own unfitness for such a journey, Lewis immediately hastened to the bedside of his kind friend, whom he found *in extremis*; but before the old man expired he addressed the young barrister whom he had met so strangely and learnt to love.

“Lewis,” he said feebly, “my days are numbered.” Then indicating a handsome box with brass clasps, he added—“When I am gone, you will find there my intentions concerning you. *Remember it is a gift through God’s Providence, and should be used to the glory of God.*” Shortly afterwards John Way died; with his latest breath commending those present to the Almighty and invoking the blessing of Heaven on their behalf.

The *Leeds Mercury* of that date recounts :

“Mr. Way had been a valetudinarian during the greater part of his life. He was afflicted with a gout fever; but his existence was endangered by water on the chest. From the united attack of these disorders he died at his house at Acton on August 18th, 1804, at the age of 72.”

It was in the first emotion at the loss of his friend, that Lewis Way indited the following verses to the doctor who had attended the dead man (and who, it is to be hoped, took them in the spirit in which they were intended):

When Nature sinks, can Science save?
 As Time impairs, can Art restore?
 Thy skill, Carmichael, from the grave
 Had rescued Raymond,¹ now no more!

The Soul's Physician, Sovereign grace
 Can death subdue, can soften pain.
 The Just shall see their Maker's face,
 And in their Saviour's kingdom reign!

Such was his faith, such Heavenly aid
 His staff through life—in death his guide.
 He blessed his God, to God he pray'd
 To bless us all, and blessing—died!

So Mr. John Way was laid to rest beneath a square stone tomb near the vestry door of the old church at Acton where, since 1777, his mother Ann Way had reposed; and over the tomb Lewis caused to be erected a tall pinnacle, like Cleopatra's Needle, on which was the following inscription:

In Memory
 of
 JOHN RAYMOND WAY ESQUIRE,
 Who by his Probity, Sound Judgment and
 other eminent endowments,
 First enjoyed the Patronage,
 And afterwards secured,
 Through a Course of more than Forty Years
 The cordial and unabated Friendship
 of
 THE GREAT EARL OF MANSFIELD,
 Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Kings Bench.—
 Under him he held several distinguished Offices in the Law:
 And by his Lordship's Will
 Received the most honourable testimonies
 Of his entire confidence and Esteem—
 After a Life of exemplary usefulness
 But attended often by much bodily suffering,
 And having acquired a very considerable fortune
 With an unblemished Reputation
 He calmly resigned his Spirit
 To Him who gave it
 With the earnest hope that through
 The Merits of the Redeemer it would
 Be admitted to a happy Immortality
 On the 18th of August 1804
 Aged 72.

¹ It will be noted that Mr. John Way is here called "Raymond," and on his tomb he is described as "Mr. John Raymond Way." But his will and all other documents are signed simply "John Way," and therefore it is to be presumed that he never legally assumed the additional surname.

Moreover, on the pinnacle Lewis caused to be placed his own coat-of-arms, possibly to mark the fact that he personally had erected it, but more probably as a concession to a whim of the dead man, who in life had so longed to trace some connection between his own family and the Ways of Denham.

II

Meantime, according to the instructions of the late Mr. Way, Lewis had investigated the contents of the impressive brass-bound box. In a very different spirit to that which had actuated his ancestor Roger Hill on an equally momentous occasion, he had extracted thence a lengthy will. It was headed:

“AS TO ALL WHICH IT HAD PLEASED GOD TO GIVE ME
IN THIS WORLD”

and it covered four huge sheets of parchment; but within the four years preceding the death of Mr. Way, to the original document had been appended no fewer than four codicils, and the last of these, *added only seven months before the demise of the testator*, ran as follows:

“I John Way of Lincoln’s Inn fields Esquire do make this my fourth Codicil to my last Will bearing date 15th December 1801 and desire it may be added and taken as part thereof.

And first I revoke the devise and bequest in my said will to the Revd Gregory Syndercombe of the residue of my personal estate and effects and do hereby give and devise the said residue of my said personal estate and effects unto Lewis Way of Boswell Court Esquire to and for his own proper use and benefit and do appoint him a joint Executor of my will and codicils with the said Revd Dr. Gregory Syndercombe and Edward Hilliard Esquire and I also give unto the said Lewis Way the sum of five thousand pounds Bank annuities specifically to and for his own use.

Witness my hand this 28th day of January, 1804.
(Signed) JOHN WAY.”

In this codicil it is interesting to note that the testator has made the common error of leaving a legacy to his residuary legatee, which automatically became void, since all other legacies having been paid, this bequest lapsed into the residue! To Lewis, however, the acquisition of £5,000 would have been a godsend in the then state of his finances, and as to the value of the suggested remainder—whether it would materially augment the legacy specified—only time could show. His amazement therefore may be imagined when he subsequently learnt *that that residue represented a fortune of £300,000!* a sum which at that date constituted far greater wealth than it would to-day. He found himself, in short, rich beyond his utmost dreams, and his life transformed like a fairy-tale.

The Press at once made merry over the astounding news, though most of the papers stated the amount of the fortune erroneously. The *Leeds Mercury*, before quoted, observed, on September 15, 1804:

“The late John Way Esq. has left £150,000 to a young gentleman merely because he was a name-sake. There are few who would not like to be thus *way-laid*.”

On September 22, it adds:

“Mr. Way, who died a few days since, has left a fortune of £415,000, which he could not take *a way* with him. He was footman to the Chief Justice, Lord Mansfield, who gave him the appointment. His chief heir is Mr. Way, of Boswell Court; but a clergyman unexpectedly succeeds to a legacy of £10,000 for having been fortunate enough, some years since, to preach a sermon of which Mr. Way was an accidental auditor.”

And there was the inevitable facetious comment:

“Where there’s a Will, there’s a Way.”

III

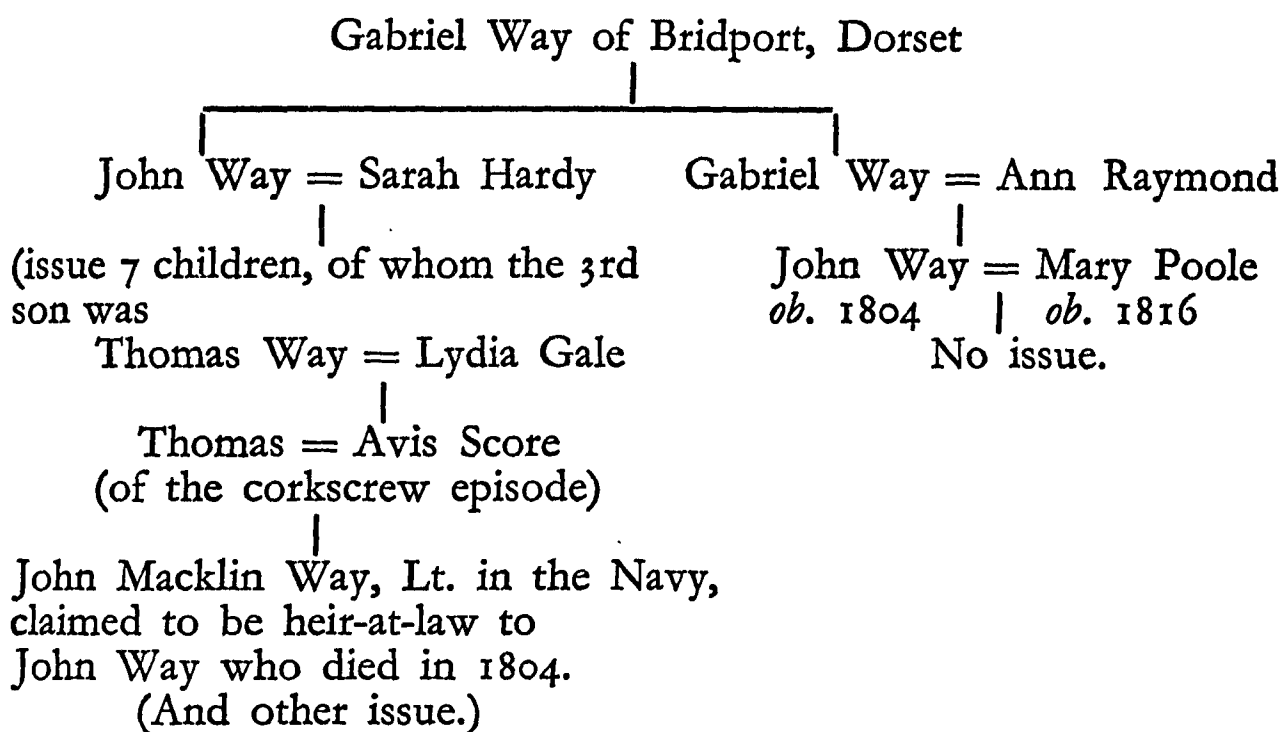
The feelings of the disappointed aspirants to the fortune may be dimly conjectured. That familiar little figure in the snuff-brown suit on whom they had lavished much

wasted attention, had all the while been appraising such affection at its true worth. Though they had not gauged the extent of the fortune at stake, John Way, simple and unpretentious in his life, had been, none the less, a power in the land, a man possessed of vast wealth, accumulated none knew how, and regarding the ultimate disposition of which—and therein lay the crucial irony of the situation—*his intentions during his last years had been incessantly wavering.* To Dr. Gregory Syndercombe, who had so narrowly missed inheriting this large fortune, the poignancy of the loss must have been greatly enhanced by this reflection. To Lord Headley, long confident of success, the comparatively trivial legacy left “to my old friend,” as the testator terms him, must likewise have been fraught with bitterness. More justifiable criticism, however, was roused by the fact that the bulk of the dead man’s wealth had been left away from his wife.

“His legacy to his widow,” comments the Press, “after a connection of more than forty years, if the most remarkable, is not the most meritorious application of his fortune. He has only reserved for her £1,500 per annum.” Against this paragraph Lewis Way has pencilled the word *Untrue*, for the lady in question had been bequeathed by her husband much valuable land and house-property in Acton, Ealing, London and Suffolk, besides horses, carriages, silver and furniture. Still more, her original marriage settlement remained intact, though in regard to this it is evident that the testator had cherished an undying grudge against his deceased father-in-law. “I do hereby ratify and confirm the settlement made upon her at our marriage,” he had written with ostentatious generosity, then added caustically “*though unfairly obtained from me by her ffather.*” Possibly this was the sole occasion in his life in which Mr. John Way felt that he had been imposed upon.

There is no suggestion that the widowed Mrs. Way ever resented or attempted to dispute the disposition of her husband’s property, although it was twelve years before she joined him beneath the great stone tomb in Acton churchyard; but three years after her demise, Lieutenant Way, the eldest son of the unfortunate Thomas of the

corkscrew episode, threatened to contest the possession of the fortune with Lewis Way, since he considered himself the heir-at-law to the deceased John Way on the following lines :



However futile such an attempt on the part of Lieutenant Way would have been at that date, owing to the Statute of Limitations, it resulted in Mr. Edge, formerly solicitor to John Way, setting down in writing his recollections of his deceased client's wishes and instructions regarding the inheritance; and although Mr. Edge's statement recapitulates certain facts which we have already learnt, it is worth perusal both in confirmation of those facts, and as indicating more explicitly the actual intention of Mr. John Way when making his bequest.

MEMORANDUM BY ANDREW EDGE, SOLICITOR.

Written at Stansted House,
January 27th, 1819.

*"The following is made from the best recollection at this time
that my memory will serve.*

In the course of the summer, or long Vacation as it is termed, either in the year 1801 or 1802, the late Mr. John Way called at my House in Essex Street, as he was in the habit of doing frequently either on business, or otherwise,

and from thence I accompanied him to one of the offices in the Temple, belonging to the Court of King's Bench, and in our way thither, in passing Paper Buildings, he observed the name of Way on the outside door of a set of Chambers, and with great earnestness desired me to enquire touching that Gentms Family and connections ; which having done, he then intimated a wish that I should watch [for] Mr. Way's return, as he expressed a great desire of becoming acquainted with him.

Towards the latter end of October, having learnt Mr. Way's return, I thereupon so informed the late Mr. Way by letter, who afterwards repeatedly, until the period of his last illness, mentioned his name with apparent feelings of respect and gratitude for an introduction to his acquaintance.

In the course of the month of January 1804 Mr. Way mentioned an intention of making an alteration in his will, by adding a codicil thereto, from a circumstance which had then recently occurred, but without any other allusion thereto, excepting as to the precise words generally used in revocations of bequests.

This conversation took place at Acton, (Mr. Way's country residence); he afterwards informed me that his mind was much relieved by having made the proposed alteration, at the same time wishing I should not forget the manner in which he had so expressed his intentions, so as to do away [with] the possibility of any dispute or caviling after his death.

In the interval between this period and the death of Mr. Way, he often mentioned the name of Mr. Lewis Way (with whom I had only a personal acquaintance) in terms of the highest respect, more especially as he appeared to him to be a Man every way calculated to promote his future objects and wishes.

During the long period of my connection with the late Mr. Way he often expressed and declared to me a strong and earnest desire of establishing an Eleemosynary or other Charitable Religious Society or Institution, and to found it with Church and landed Property suitable thereto, and commissioned me from time to time to be on the look out

for anything of the kind, either through the medium of the Public Prints or otherwise.

In the prosecution of these inquiries various opportunities occurred, but went off on the ground of objections either to the Title, Locality of Situation, or character of persons ;

The late Mr. Way died at Acton on Saturday the 18th of August 1804, and in about 3 or 4 days Mr. Lewis Way called on me and stated the uniform tendency of the late Mr. Way's wishes as to the application of his fortune, which appeared to me to be coincident with his often-declared intentions in his lifetime.

ANDREW EDGE.

N.B.—As far as my memory serves, Mr. Lewis Way's expression of the Testator's meaning, declared to him previous to his decease, was the bequest made to him was the gift of God's providence, *and should be used to the Glory of God.*"

Long years afterwards one of Lewis Way's descendants wrote :

"We ought to understand and take in [that] John Way's fortune was a Trust for Good purposes. Evidently his later years had a religious influence ; and it might be that all the grubbing together of bygone years had its admonitions, and he was won by the clever, delightful young barrister, in whom he found deeds of piety and good principles he must have rarely met before."

IV

It is said that one of the first actions of Lewis Way on realizing the extent of his wealth was to stick his barrister's wig on the pole of the fire-screen, shake his fist at it vindictively, and swear that he would have no more to do with a profession he had always hated. Even more refreshingly boyish was his mode of conveying to his wife the news of their changed fortunes. When she was about to journey to the sea-side from Devonshire where she had been staying with her relations, she was horrified to find that instead of having booked their places in the public coach as heretofore,

her husband had hired an expensive private conveyance with a swung cot for the baby ! On her remonstrating with him upon this extravagance which they could ill afford, she was told that she was no longer the wife of a struggling young barrister, but of a man of wealth and leisure. It is to be regretted that there is no record of the conversation which then ensued, the astonishment of the pretty girl-wife, the delight of the young husband who had sprung this amazing news upon her, and the fashion in which they must have checked their merriment at intervals to breathe their gratitude to the memory of the man to whom they owed their sudden and unexpected happiness.

The conflicting emotions of Lewis Way at this crisis in his life are best described by his own pen in a letter which he wrote to his uncle Lord Sheffield from Margate in the following September, 1804 :

“ MY DEAR LORD,—

Yr original characteristic and friendly congratulations on my late good fortune would have received long since the acknowledgments they deserve had I been in a situation to make them, but if I have ever leisure to tell you half that I have undergone for the last six weeks, you will cease to wonder at my silence.

To give you some idea of my condition, I must inform you that before I left the Circuit I was seized with a violent disorder internally, which never left me till I arrived at this place a few days since. It reduced me to such a state of weakness and nervous irritability as totally to disqualify me for writing or talking. In this state I was summoned to attend the death-bed of my deceased friend. The hurry of the journey and the extraordinary situation in which I found myself were not most favourable to convalescence. Having quite enough on my hands to occupy the little time which my health would allow me to devote to business, I was under the necessity of resigning all communication with my friends to the assistance of those about me, and knowing that you were not forgotten, I postponed the pleasure of advising you myself to a more auspicious moment.

There are joys as well as sorrows too big for utterance, and if you could enter into mine, you would not wonder that I should be lost in silence and amazement.

Not that my head is turned or my heart altered by such unexampled prosperity, they remain precisely as they were, except that in gratitude to God and benevolence to man my affections are somewhat considerably enlarged!

As to the extent of my riches they may indeed be called "terrible," for they are such as to bring with them a most awful responsibility. If I were disposed so to do, it is not in my power at present to make the calculation within many thousands of the mark, but I know enough to be certain that they are far beyond my wishes. They will at all events give me what Dr. Johnson called the 'potentiality of being wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice.'

If I were to attempt even the outline of the extraordinary history of the cornucopia and its appendages, it would lead unto a detail too long for me to write or for you to read. You must therefore be contented for the present to give me the credit for this—that it has come to me in the best manner, viz *unsought for*, tho' not altogether unexpected. The singular attentions shown to me for years past by a perfect stranger, were too significant not to lead to certain conclusions, but the uncertainty of all testamentary matters kept my mind indifferent to these, and as to the extent of what my benefactor has done for me it never even entered into my dreams, as they were never those of avarice.

Suffice it therefore to say that if I am rich, I am also a happy man, which does not necessarily follow. I have nothing to regret in the past, and all to expect in the future. I am released from the bondage of an irksome profession, and launched into the world in the prime of life with the full possession and the free enjoyment of all that can make it desirable. The world is all before me where to choose, and Providence, I trust, will be my guide. Of vanity and dissipation I have seen enough to be a match for their temptations, of Arts and Literature I have learnt enough to be enamoured of their charm, and of Religion I know by experience that 'her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.'

Of my future life it would be presumption to say much, and as for the past let it speak for itself. This, however, I may say that the gifts of fortune, if I know myself, can only be a source of happiness to me by diffusing it to those I love. My mortgages will be turned into land and my money invested in the stocks. Whatever must be the produce, beyond what is necessary to the station I must henceforth hold in life, will be the portion of all those who want. I trust you are not one of *that* number, but when you have leisure to calculate what you wish to borrow, I will endeavour to find time to fix the rate of *usage*!

I am here with my wife and brat, and what is more my sister Bell who is as much in want of bracing as myself. They all join with me in love to my lady,¹ and all the Bairnies, whether in *esse* or in *posse*. Whenever you are more at liberty, I shall be happy to hear your mature reflections on the story of Dives. In the meantime believe me, Sincerely yours,

L. WAY."

As will be noted, Lewis had already rescued his sister Isabella from the seclusion of Denham; and in another amusing letter to Lord Sheffield a couple of months later, he triumphantly announced that he had succeeded in getting his father and mother to undertake the long journey to the seaside, an unprecedented event in the case of the Squire, whom Lord Sheffield irreverently called "Tobias."

Lewis Way to Lord Sheffield.

RAMSGATE,

November 6th.

"MY DEAR LORD,—

I am happy my Lady's eyes are at last opened to my *true* pretensions as *a good match*, one of my blessings is

¹ After the death of the first Lady Sheffield, *née* Abigail Way, Lord Sheffield married on December 26, 1794, Lady Lucy Pelham, daughter of Thomas, 1st Earl of Chichester. She d.s.p. January 18, 1797, and he married thirdly on January 20, 1798, Lady Anne North, 2nd daughter of Frederick, 2nd Earl of Guilford, K.G., formerly Lord North, the distinguished statesman of George III.

that they, and they alone, obtained me the best of wives, before I had any other to boast of. She has frequently refused herself a hat-ribbon that I might buy an old book, and I can now indulge my taste for black letter without stripping her back. We shall get on, I hope, pretty well.

I have certainly been very *luxurious*, already, now two of my sisters under my roof, and what is more, Tobias himself, (as you call him) has been my guest for three weeks. He is returned in better health and spirits than he has enjoyed for years, and my dear Mother is I trust a little refreshed by her holiday.

It was once our intention to have wintered at Brighton, in which case we should have taken a peep at S.P. [Sheffield Place], but shall hope for a better opportunity. We live here in sight of the Downs, and laugh at "Bony" and his boats.

I congratulate you on the accession to the House of Stanley, and hope her Ladyship will in due time present you with a *fac-simile* of the Minor Baron.¹ My eldest daughter who will at all events be a *good Fortune* will make a nice match for him. Remember me most kindly to all at S.P.

Yours most sincerely,
L. WAY."

Despite the artificial phraseology in which writers of that date were wont to express, or to conceal, their sentiments, the above letters afford an interesting insight into the character of Lewis Way in all its varying moods. His frank delight, so naively expressed, in his unexpected good fortune; his sincere, if vague, schemes of philanthropy; his mingling of religious fervour with cravings intellectual and artistic; above all, his predominating condition of dazed bewilderment, all reveal different aspects of a many-sided character—at once generous, enthusiastic, cautious, worldly and unworldly.

¹ "The Minor Baron," Lord Sheffield's son and heir, was born in 1802.

V

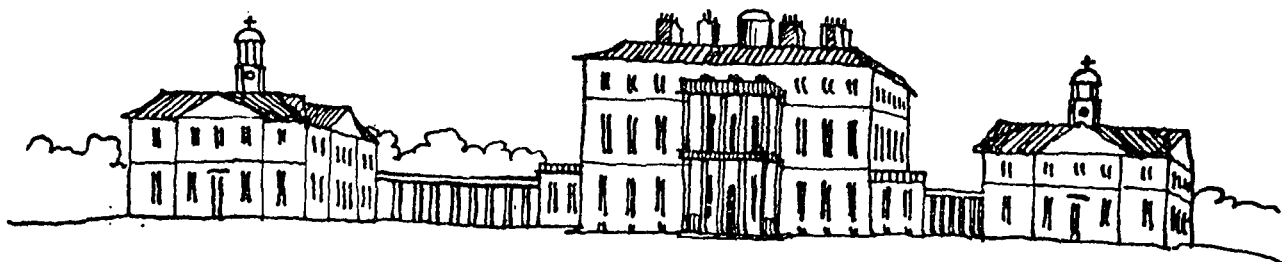
Meanwhile Lewis was anxious to decide on a permanent home ; and the fact that a son was born to him in 1805, Albert Way (the future famous antiquary), had no doubt clinched his desire to become a landed proprietor, when, at this juncture, there came into the market a property which in every respect satisfied his aspirations.

Stansted Park, near Emsworth, in Sussex, had formerly been a seat of the Earls of Arundel, and was of great antiquity, although the house had been reconstructed in 1687. In the time of Queen Anne, it was owned by her celebrated statesman, the Earl of Halifax, to whom she gave the wonderful tapestries which subsequently adorned the walls. At his death it was purchased by Richard Barwell, Esquire, for the sum of £192,500 ; and the new owner, in 1786, enlarged, remodelled, and in some respects improved the house and park, while the adjacent forest and gardens were beautified by Capability Brown. The estate at that time consisted of 1,666 acres, but in 1805, at Mr. Barwell's death, the acreage is variously stated, one account placing the park-land at 650 acres exclusive of 960 acres of forest.

Apart from its extent, the situation of the property could scarcely be surpassed in loveliness. On the one side it commanded a wide expanse of sea comprising views of Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, and Spithead with its ever-varying shipping ; on the other stretched a vast, mysterious woodland, the Forest of Stansted, which soon after the house was reconstructed, had been laid out in the same style as Chantilly in the time of Louis XIV. This forest is described as then having 25 miles of hunting-rides and coach-drives, kept trimmed and mown, exclusive of the public roads ; while the great western avenue, bounded by Hampshire, was nearly two miles long. There were besides three other avenues, of great width and extent, fashioned simply by clearing away the forest trees ; and two of these wonderful grass-drives still intersect Stansted Park, the most magnificent being the great beech avenue terminating at the house, and which, till the spreading

foliage blotted out much of the distant view, commanded throughout beautiful vistas of woodland, park and sea.

The house itself, 50 feet in height, and 150 feet by 100 wide, was of unusual construction, as at both front and rear were two lofty two-floored balconies like porticos, poised one upon another, edged with iron railings and supported by massive stone pillars. These balconies, or porticos, each as large as a good-sized room, corresponded more to the foreign idea of a loggia, save that they were duplicated at both the back and the front of the house in this curious fashion. The rest of the structure was of red brick with stone facings, and was quadrangular in form, the wings being crowned with cupolas. Reconstructed in the style of the late seventeenth century, it was flanked on the one side by stables, and on the other by a chapel, said to be the one surviving portion of the older mansion, and to date from the year 1480. Both were connected with the main building by an Ionic colonnade; while extending along the southern front was an enclosed promenade.



FROM A SKETCH BY DRUSILLA WAY, SHOWING ONE ASPECT OF THE HOUSE, BUT NOT THE LONG ROW OF COLONNADES ON THE RIGHT.

Within, the house was spacious, even princely in its magnificence. The State apartments were singularly imposing, and their decoration is said to have been surpassed by few houses in England. They were ornamented with elaborate carvings by Grinling Gibbons, and by furniture of rare beauty and great age, including a magnificent bed on which Queen Elizabeth was said to have slept. Two lofty tapestry-hung rooms opening into each other were noted for the treasures they contained, including some wonderful gold and embroidered chairs which had once been offered to Queen Charlotte, but the price of which her Majesty considered prohibitive.

For a time Lewis hesitated. The Trumpeting House at Richmond was then in the market, and his daughter Drusilla long afterwards related, "Our father had a desire to purchase it—happier perhaps than the large, beautiful Stansted, but then it seemed too moderate a villa for John Way's heir!" But something in Stansted reminded him of Denham—the rich dark panelling, the spacious rooms, the sense of quietude, the encircling grounds with their splendid trees, even the great stone cellars, as at Denham, vaulted like the crypt of a Norman Church—all struck him with a strange sense of familiarity which swiftly endeared the place to him. Finally he purchased it for the sum of £150,000, expending a further £1,200 on deer with which to enhance the beauty of the park.

In so doing, however, Lewis was actuated by practical as well as æsthetic considerations. His new acquisition was not only calculated to satisfy his fine and fastidious taste, but it represented a solid security for his money—John Way himself had approved of investing capital in houses and land. Yet the determining factor in the purchase was one apart from all personal considerations. He had never ceased to regard his fortune as a sacred trust from his dead benefactor. As we have seen, Mr. Edge had clearly indicated that John Way's intention had been to found some philanthropic or religious Institution with his wealth, and that, unable to accomplish this in his lifetime, he had relegated the task to his successor. However vague such an unformulated scheme might be, Lewis held his honour to be involved in its fulfilment; and in Stansted with its broad acres he recognized a means to this end. Some day, even while he retained the ownership of the property and while it continued to form a home for his wife and children, such an estate, in whole or part, might be utilized for a charitable Institution under his personal supervision. So would all the intentions of John Way be fulfilled—the benefiting of his beloved protégé, the materialization of his cherished project. His fortune would be devoted to "the glory of God."

For the present, however, till this was possible of achievement, Lewis recognized that the possession of such a fine



STANSTED PARK, SUSSEX.

BURNT DOWN IN 1900.

From a sketch by Drusilla Way; showing the double balconies which were duplicated at both back and front of the house, and one row of the long colonnades which extended from both sides of the main building.

property gave him a status in the neighbourhood, and an extended power of doing good, which, had he started on humbler lines, might not have been his. And in the considerations which thus ruled his decision one seems again to recognize his dual heritage from the long-past, that mingling of simplicity and shrewdness, of worldliness and otherworldliness which characterized respectively the fine old Dissenter Benjamin Way and his immediate descendants. For thus warring tendencies, apparently wayward and erratic, may vibrate through the centuries to strike some chord remote from their beginnings ; and who shall decide how far the Dead rule the Living, or to what extent each man is the sport of the Ages ?

* * * * *

For a time, no doubt, the novelty of his new life, the perfecting of his beautiful home, and the many fresh cares and interests connected with this absorbed the attention of Lewis. But although he helped the needy who applied to him in ever-increasing numbers, although he bestowed princely sums on charitable Institutions, and although he began building a chancel to the chapel at Stansted, of which he personally planned the decoration and designed the beautiful windows, no special object presented itself to his mind as worthy of his entire enthusiasm and expenditure. He probably passed through a period of indecision and mental unrest during the following six years ; then again an apparently trivial event altered all the trend of his life.

CHAPTER IV

THE POINT IN VIEW

AT this date there lived in Devonshire, not far from Mrs. Lewis Way's old home, a lady by name Miss Jane Parminter, who bore the reputation of being eccentric, religious and charitable. Born on February 5, 1750, at Lisbon, where she lived for many years, she was the eldest daughter of Richard Parminter, the elder, of Broadgate, near Barnstaple. But though her ancestors had been for many generations settled in Devonshire, they were said to be of French origin, and to have been originally among the many Huguenot refugees who fled to this country and subsequently made large fortunes as successful merchants. Perhaps on account of her foreign blood and cosmopolitan upbringing, Miss Jane, who is said to have been a woman of intelligence and learning, was addicted to travelling on the Continent, and from 1785 onwards she went on a prolonged tour through France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. She was accompanied by three other ladies, a friend, her sister Elizabeth, five years her junior, and an orphan cousin, the only surviving daughter of Miss Jane's uncle, Richard Parminter the younger, of Broadgate, Devon. This young girl, then about 17, had lost her mother in 1772, her father in 1779, and her only sister in 1783; and to her Miss Jane subsequently acted as guardian.

By and by, when the party returned to England, Elizabeth Parminter died at Malmesbury; but Jane and her young cousin continued to live together. They decided to settle in Devonshire, and with this object, in 1795, they purchased land about two miles from Exmouth, where they proceeded to build a house in harmony with the tastes they had imbibed

abroad. For some unknown reason they desired their new home to resemble the church of San Viale at Ravenna ; so it was constructed in a strange circular design and they named it *À la Ronde*. It was thatched with straw ; and the interior was as extraordinary as the exterior. The rooms within were grouped round a central octagonal hall, which was sixty feet in height from floor to lantern. They were decorated with an intricate design fashioned in shells and feathers, even the cornices were patterned with birds' feathers. There were no doors between the rooms, communication was effected by means of panels which slid up and down. A steep, narrow staircase led to a gallery, also ornamented with curious shells and feather-work. The rooms were somewhat dark ; the whole building unusual ; but the view from the windows over the estuary and the surrounding country was lovely. The house stood in grounds which covered many acres, and which, gradually, under the loving care of the two ladies became adorned with flowers in profusion, rare shrubs and blossoming plants, beautiful walks, arbours and orangeries ; while adjacent to it stood some fine oak-trees said to be about 400 years old, and destined to play an important part in a strange story.

After the ladies had settled in their novel home, however, they found one serious disadvantage to it. At that date the water from the estuary is said to have come up to their house, so that when they wished to attend a place of worship it was necessary to go by boat. Moreover, Exmouth was then a comparatively isolated town, some of the inhabitants of which were rough and lawless, so that it was more agreeable to avoid them. These considerations induced the owners of *À la Ronde* to build in a field on their property, about half a mile from their home, a small private chapel for their own use. This, as it commanded a prospect more beautiful even than that visible from the house, they named "The Point in View" ; and over the doorway they caused to be inscribed the cryptic verse :

Some Point in View
We all pursue.

II

But having accomplished all this, the ladies of À la Ronde desired fresh scope for their energies. Behind the Chapel therefore they built a tiny Manse, and under the same roof as the Chapel, they erected a miniature almshouse and an equally miniature school. In the year 1800 (about the time, it is interesting to note, when Lewis Way first encountered his future benefactor, John Way), Miss Jane Parminter was planning a Trust in connection with these new buildings, which, after her decease, was confirmed and elaborated by Miss Mary, in May, 1813; and certain clauses in the Trust, which stand to this day, are so curious that they may be quoted briefly:

“The Trust premises,” decreed Miss Mary, “shall be appropriated and occupied as a residence of a Minister of the Gospel, who shall be a regularly ordained Protestant Minister of approved character and learning, holding and teaching the Assembly’s Catechism, being married, provided that he have no child to reside with him in the apartments allotted to him in the building as his habitation; and four women who shall occupy the apartments allotted to them in the building and be of approved good character for religion and morality; as well as possessed of some small independent property; and shall have been and continue in the ordinary habit of being industriously engaged in plain work, knotting and spinning, or some other such female employment of equal neatness and cleanliness suitable for an inhabitant of such a habitation for their own livelihood and support; but in the case of *a Jewess who should have previously embraced Christianity becoming a candidate for one of the said apartments, she should be preferred to all others.* The women should also be over 50 years of age, and the woman appointed to occupy the room called the South Entrance should always be a person of sufficient health and ability as a schoolmistress in teaching reading and plain work to the six poor female children afterwards mentioned, and be capable of attending and performing domestic service for the resident Minister if he should require it. . . .

The Minister and women should be elected by the trustees . . . for life, subject to their being removed for causes therein specified, including marriage in the case of the women, and the teaching of any doctrine contrary to the Assembly's Catechism in the case of the Minister.

The six female children should attend daily for instruction at Point of View, being children of poor and indigent parents, and *the children of Jewish parents should in all cases be preferred. . . .*"

The italics are not in the original, but it is necessary to lay stress on the fact that the Misses Parminter had a preference for candidates of the Jewish race, a predilection not due apparently to any racial affinity but solely of religious origin. They considered the Jews God's Chosen People, and that upon the conversion of this Nation to Christianity was dependent their eventual reinstatement in Palestine.

In her Trust Miss Mary further directed that the "Point Room," as it is termed, was to be used exclusively for the purpose of public worship and for a weekly lecture on every Wednesday morning. The table standing there was to do service as a desk or pulpit; while "a silver vase with three legs and a Death's Head engraved thereon, and an embossed silver tumbler, both kept in that room, are to be used in the administration of the Lord's supper." None but the psalms and hymns of Dr. Watts, she decreed, were ever to be sung there. The four women and six children were to attend public worship regularly, also the lectures, sermons, and daily morning and evening prayers aforesaid; "and the Minister and women shall keep the garden ground in order." No provision seems to have been made for the Minister's wife, if he had one (as appears to have been desired), and the birth of any child must have disqualified him from continuing his ministry. But the schoolmistress who lived in the South Entrance (which she apparently shared with the main drain of the building!) was to make him her care in her spare time. "She shall teach the children reading and plain work," ordained Miss Mary; "and when not engaged thereon shall attend to the Minister, he making her a compensation at the discretion

of the trustees.” As to the little scholars, for whom Miss Mary did not desire any foolish flights of higher education, each was to be annually provided with “a stuff gown, a straw bonnet, a linen cap and a vandyke tippet.”

III

Thus the Misses Parminter lived in this strange little self-centred Community, tending their beautiful gardens, and supervising the spiritual welfare of their protégées, while the four poor women worked diligently at their “knotting and spinning or other female employment of equal neatness and cleanliness,” and the six little scholars in their linen caps and vandyke tippets imbibed the primitive instruction of the combined schoolmistress, charwoman and caretaker, or attended the daily services in the tiny chapel and sang the hymns of Dr. Watts with pious unction. But at length came a day when Miss Jane, the benefactress, breathed her last, and subsequently, amid their lamentations, was carried forth for interment beneath the little chapel, where a marble tablet was placed recording her memory as follows :

Here sleeps in Jesus Miss Jane Parminter. She resigned her soul into the hands of God her Redeemer on the 6th of November 1811.

*Here sleep, no noise shall break thy rest
Till the last Trump proclaims thee wholly blest ;
Then shall thy former partner claim thy dust
And both in one made perfect join the Just.*

The forlorn survivor, Miss Mary Parminter, lived on in the strange round house all alone for many years ; but eighteen months after her cousin’s death, she framed the Trust before referred to together with certain additions.

“The building and the marble monument standing in the Point Room,” she directs, “and the sewer drain for carrying off the water from the vault under the building through the room called the South Entrance [!] shall be kept in proper repair and order, and the buildings shall not be varied at any time from the form and dimensions described in the ground plan thereof, nor shall any addition be made thereto.” And she further ordains that a Memorial

Service shall be held each year on the anniversary of Miss Jane's death. On the 6th of November annually the four poor women, and the six poor female children in their neat linen caps and vandyke tippets, are to attend at Point in View to hear a special sermon preached in memory of their benefactress ; and on that solemn day each child was to receive—so ran the Trust—"a work of a religious nature, such as Janeway's *Token for Children*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Jones's *Book of Nature*, or some other solid and useful work of like description, and Evangelical tendency, the six books in each year not to cost more than 20s."

IV

Now it so happened that in the winter of 1811, shortly after the death of Miss Jane Parminter, Lewis Way was staying with some of his wife's relations in Devonshire, when one day he rode with a friend along the road which leads from Exmouth to Exeter. Two miles from the former town he was suddenly struck by the sight of *À la Ronde*, and in some amazement begged his companion to tell him to whom belonged this strange dwelling which looked more like a residence for South Sea Islanders than an ordinary country house. His friend gave him full particulars ; adding that Miss Jane Parminter had recently died and—according to local gossip—in fulfilment of her wishes had been buried with her coffin standing upright in the little Chapel of Point in View, while her will, or a codicil to her will, contained a singular clause. In reference to a group of oaks in the grounds of the house she had decreed as follows :

These oaks shall remain standing, and the hand of man shall not be raised against them till Israel returns and is restored to the Land of Promise.

The recital of this curious injunction—which it must be observed was in strict accordance with Miss Jane's known interest in the Jews—had an unexpected effect on Lewis Way. Impressionable, impulsive and deeply religious, both by training and conviction, he was obsessed by the

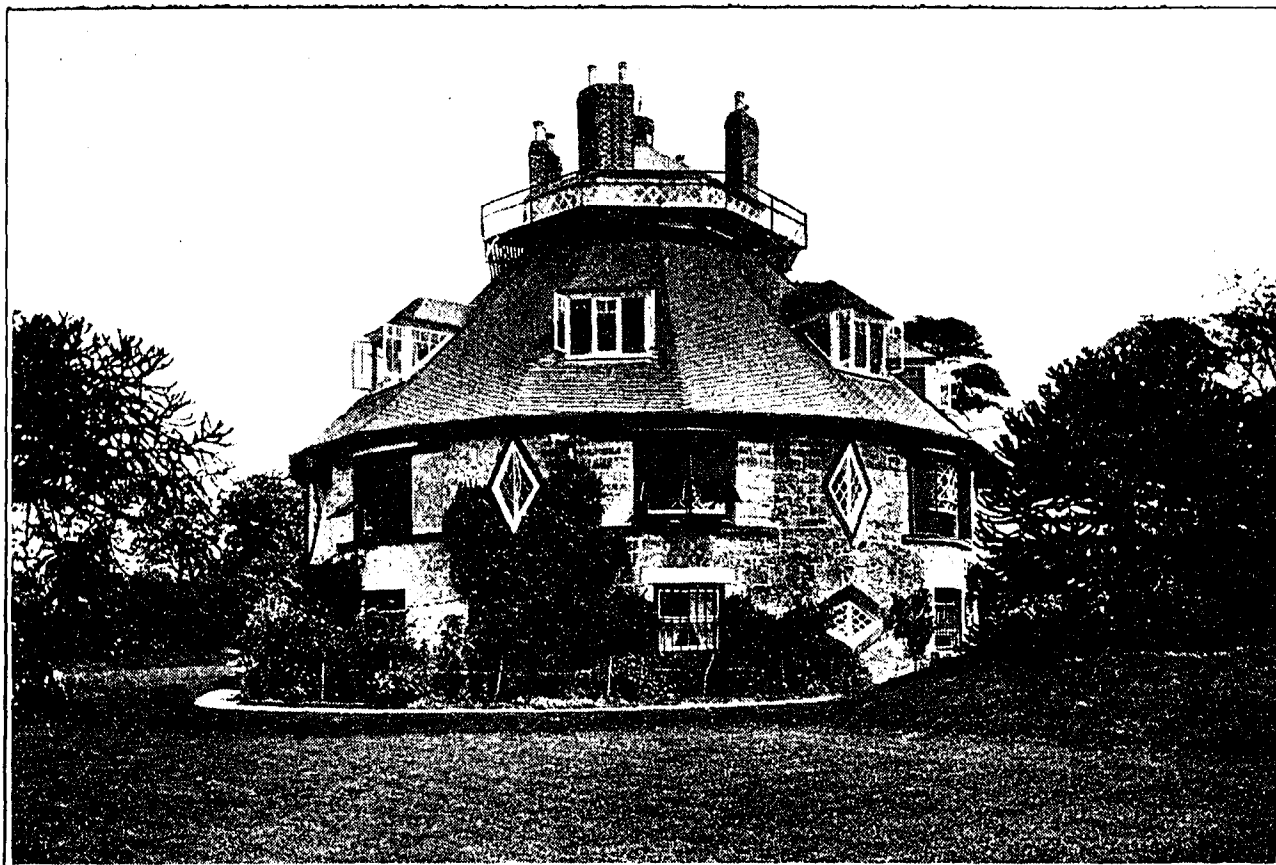
novel tale. As he reined in his horse, and remained gazing at the strange house, it seemed to him suddenly as though the finger of Providence had pointed out to him an object for which he had been blindly groping, and that at last he saw the Cause to which he was destined to devote his energy and his vast fortune. The coincidence appealed to his imagination that, at the very time when, far away in Acton, John Way had been unable to select an object on which his money should be employed, Miss Jane Parminter, in remote Devonshire, a woman totally unknown to the benevolent old man, had been determining the issue. . . .

Lewis rode away from *À la Ronde* pondering deeply over the conclusion at which he had arrived. The quaint dwelling, the quaint Charity connected with it, no longer interested him; the oaks with their message filled his thoughts. His mind was at once on fire and at rest—on fire with his project, at rest in regard to the decision which had been tormenting him during the past seven years. The dead woman should decide the fate of the dead man's wealth, of which he, Lewis, was but the poor custodian. He accepted his supposed Mission without demur.

Long years afterwards, Drusilla, his eldest daughter, as an old woman, was questioned respecting this episode, and gave her written testimony that it was entirely this tale of the Oaks of *À la Ronde* which had determined her father's future career, and, incidentally, her own.¹ For a time, indeed, the world of her day rang with the strange story, and its stranger sequel. Pamphlets were written recounting it in more than one language; sermons were preached upon it; charitable demands and bequests were based upon it; and verses were published descriptive of that alleged clause in Miss Parminter's will:

List to the voice of the aged Trees,
Pass them not heedless by;
I hear in the sound of the moaning breeze
The earnest and heartfelt cry
Of her who willed that these trees should stand
Till the Jews should return to their Fatherland.

¹ See Appendix.



[Frith, Reigate.]

“À-LA-RONDE,” EXMOUTH.



“POINT IN VIEW.”

CHAPTER V

THE STANSTED CÔTÉRIE

THENCEFORWARD Lewis Way threw himself heart and soul into the life-work he had so unexpectedly adopted. His energy, his time, his wealth were to be devoted to this object—the conversion of the Jews and—what he believed to be its outcome—their restoration to Palestine. That he was embarking on an undertaking of untold magnitude he was fully aware. “To carry it out successfully,” he remarked, “will require more than the faith of Abraham, the perseverance of Moses, and the patience of Job!”

He first made ineffectual inquiries whether any steps were being taken by others in regard to the object he had in view; but failing to obtain any reliable information, he determined to refer the question to one of his greatest friends, Bishop Burgess.¹ Unable to curb his impatience, one morning he rode off eight miles to the Palace at Chichester, before breakfast, and during the repast which the Bishop offered him on arrival, he eagerly explained the cause of his early visit. An anonymous but somewhat cynical account of the interview relates :

“Now the Bishop was a first-rate Greek scholar, and a very learned man; but he had never directed his attention to the future of the Jews. He only knew that there was a Society in London founded for their conversion, so naturally desiring not to seem ignorant, he replied—‘Oh, to be sure, “*Restoration of the Jews*,” the phrase is quite a

¹ Thomas Burgess, D.D. (1756–1837), Bishop of St. David’s 1803; translated to Salisbury 1825.

common one of late. I wonder you have not heard it! (Take another cup of tea.) I will look up the address of the Rev. Mr. Hawtrey, the Secretary of a Society in London that takes a great interest in the Hebrews, and from him you will get all information about it. Now, if you are not too tired after your longish ride, we'll take a turn in the Park. I want to show you some alterations; after which I have to drive some ten miles to consecrate a new church;—but *do* apply to the Secretary! ’ ’

At the earliest opportunity Lewis visited the Society of which he had been told, and found it to be an earnest but struggling organization which had been founded in 1795 on an unsectarian basis. In course of time it was called, as it is to-day, “The London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews,” in order to distinguish it from similar Scottish Societies, and it became supported principally by Nonconformists. Its members had given a heart-whole devotion to the work of proselytizing, but their enthusiasm had outstripped their limited funds, and the Institution was heavily in debt. Lewis, despite his descent from the Nonconformist Benjamin Way of Bristol, felt that such an organization should be upheld by the Church of England, and promised his aid if the Dissenters would retire. While urging this measure, he sought the assistance of various competent advisers respecting his new undertaking.

A great Evangelical movement was then influencing the thoughts of the serious, represented by a clique of notable philanthropists, among whom were several intimate friends of Lewis Way. William Wilberforce, the famous Abolitionist, who was a connection of the Ways by marriage, was a prominent member of the movement, as was Henry Thornton, leader of the Clapham Sect till his death in 1815. Another supporter was Sir Thomas Baring, eldest son of Sir Francis Baring, the banker, a man of recognized ability and influence, a Member of Parliament, a famous patron of art, and the owner of great wealth—his father, Sir Francis, at the date of his death was reputed to have amassed a fortune of seven millions. Sir Thomas had

been born the same year as Lewis Way, and no doubt had been one of his friends from boyhood; moreover, as will be remembered, he was a cousin of Lewis's alleged first love, the mysterious Eleonora. Yet another notable adherent was Charles Simeon of King's College, Cambridge, who was for fifty-four years perpetual Curate of Holy Trinity Church. Born in 1753, he was a contemporary of his fellow-Cantabrigian William Wilberforce, and was known as an impassioned Evangelical preacher, who at first roused opposition by his fanaticism, but afterwards acquired an extraordinary influence over his generation. One of his greatest aims had been the conversion of the Jews, and he therefore greeted the decision of Lewis Way with enthusiasm, as did his great friend Dr. Marsh, an equally noted Evangelical preacher, who was afterwards Canon of Worcester.

Only one of the Sect, indeed, alternately blew hot and cold in regard to Lewis's project, and this was Henry Drummond, perhaps the most original as well as one of the most active members of the *côterie*.

The eldest son of Henry Drummond, the banker, after the death of his father this young Drummond had been brought up by his grandfather, Viscount Melville, at whose house he constantly met Pitt, with whom he became a great favourite. He was first a partner in his father's Bank, and in 1810 entered Parliament; but seven years later, according to his own account, he became "satiated with the empty frivolities of the fashionable world," and subsequently, as we shall hear, became an enthusiastic supporter and one of the founders of the Irvingite Church, in which he held the rank of Apostle, Evangelist and Prophet.

Thomas Carlyle, when introduced to Drummond, caustically described his "fine qualities and capacities" and "his enormous conceit of himself"; and after the Sage had dined with Drummond in Belgrave Square he wrote of his host that he was "a singular mixture of all things—of the saint, the wit, the philosopher—swimming, if I mistake not, in an element of dandyism." Drummond, however, was greatly in earnest, and never allowed any mockery on the part of his contemporaries to influence him either in

mood or manner. He constantly stayed at Stansted, and, although several years younger than Lewis Way, he none the less, according to his wont, criticized his friend's actions and dictated to him with a bluntness which all who knew him had to endure. He even spoke in Parliament against the admission of Jews to the House; yet he cherished for Lewis an unswerving admiration; and despite the absurdity of many of his own theories and beliefs, he was full of wit and learning, so that his sarcasm seldom wounded those against whom it was directed. "Drummond," wrote Lewis on one occasion, "does good despite his impudence!"

On the fringe of the movement was the Duke of Kent, pompous, gracious, filled with a desire to do the right thing in the right manner; so that he at first lent a willing ear to the schemes of Lewis Way, but subsequently withdrew his patronage, giving as a reason his alleged doubt concerning the advisability of proselytizing. His alienation, however, was probably due more to the fact that the Royal family, as a whole, were antagonistic to William Wilberforce in connection with what George III termed ironically "his tiresome niggers."

II

Lewis, who was no doubt greatly influenced by the Clapham Sect, turned to this clique of earnest friends for support and advice in his new rôle. In 1813 we find the members of this Sect meeting at the house of Henry Thornton at Clapham, when Thornton, Simeon and Lewis Way are mentioned as some of the speakers; and, the following year, when the Duke of Kent presided, among the speakers again were William Wilberforce, Lewis Way and Simeon, who are specially mentioned as being remarkable for their eloquence.

Within two years only of Lewis's memorable visit to *À la Ronde* he presided at Hackney when the Duke of Kent laid the foundation of an Episcopal Chapel there for the Jews, which, it was whispered, owed its existence chiefly to the liberality of the Squire of Stansted. Little Drusilla Way and her brother Albert were present on the

occasion, and a hymn was sung which had been written by their father in paraphrase of the 62nd Chapter of Isaiah :

For Zion's sake I will not rest,
I will not hold my peace ;
Until Jerusalem be blest
And Judah dwell at ease.

Until her righteousness return
As daybreak after night—
The lamp of her Salvation burn
With everlasting light.
etc.

Charles Simeon, who was to be trustee of the new Chapel, relates :

“ The laying of the first stone about three weeks ago was a most interesting scene. The Duke of Kent laid it, and Mr. Wilberforce, Lord Erskine, Lord Dundas and Mr. Lewis Way, etc. assisted with a silver trowel. Other buildings will afterwards be added for the lodging and employing of children that have been baptized, and adults that want employment.”

Next year Simeon was energetically at work with Lewis Way “ over an important arrangement of the management of the London Society which had fallen into some disorder. One plan was discussed for five hours. To get every possible advice we went to Mr. Wilberforce at Barham Court, in Kent, and under his roof I formed a fifth [plan]. This was unanimously adopted ; and the Society was placed on a firmer basis than ever.”

The upshot was that the Dissenters, who had borne the burden of the day during the early struggles of the Society, agreed to retire amicably ; and Lewis forthwith endeavoured to persuade his friends Bishop Burgess of St. David's and Bishop Ryder of Gloucester to become patrons of the Society, and Sir Thomas Baring its President. The latter, however, on finding that the Institution was in debt, at once demurred. He personally relates what followed :

“ What was my surprise when, at our first meeting,

I found the outstanding debts and liabilities exceeded £14,000! I told him [Mr. Way] on this discovery I must withdraw myself from it, that I never could consent to connect myself with a Society in debt, and that I saw no remote probability of its relieving itself from its difficulties.

Now mark what this great and good man did. *He put a draft for £10,000 into my hand.* The other £4,000 was soon raised, and the debts of the Society were at once discharged."

Two years later, however, Lewis wrote to Sir Thomas increasing his gift to £12,000 "to deliver you from doubt and the Society from debt."

III

In the letter which accompanied his gift, Lewis remarked, "*My desire was to have done my part without incurring public or private notice or censure; but the measures I took for that purpose are defeated.*" It was inevitable that a man of Lewis's wealth and position could not suddenly stand forth in his new rôle as champion of the Jews without giving rise to considerable comment, and this all the more that his name was still coupled in the remembrance of the public with the romantic story of his unexpected inheritance. To a man of his enthusiastic temperament the manner in which the majority of onlookers greeted his decision must have been peculiarly galling. It is true that the Bishop of London had consented to consecrate the Jews' Chapel at Hackney, while the Archbishop of Canterbury had expressed his regret that he had not sooner given his countenance and assistance to the London Society; but for the most part, outside the Clapham Sect, Lewis's fervour met with indifference or derision. The Clergy were apathetic; the laity antagonistic; the subject unpopular.

Anxious to make himself a master of Hebrew literature and Hebrew history, Lewis gradually collected a valuable library of Hebrew books which he designed to leave to the Jewish Community. But as he pursued his studies he became more and more overwhelmed by the realization

of the terrible persecution which, through the centuries, had been meted out to the Jews by the Christians of all nations. Instead of the brotherly love, theoretically inculcated by Christian doctrine, throughout the ages the representatives of that religion had exploited, robbed, tortured and murdered a law-abiding and industrious people for the sole motive of plunder. Racial hatred had been fostered and applauded by the Christian Community; and it was scarcely surprising that a creed whose exponents interpreted it in this fashion had failed to appeal to the persecuted! Here is a list which Lewis began to compile:

- 1020. Jews said to be banished from England by Canute.
- 1066. Jews return to England.
- 1189. The Jews massacred in London on the coronation day of Richard I, at the instigation of the Priests.
- 1190. 500 Jews besieged in York Castle by the mob. They cut each other's throats to avoid falling into the hands of their bloodthirsty enemies.
- 1204. Jews of both sexes imprisoned, their eyes or teeth plucked out, and numbers inhumanly butchered by King John.
- 1262. 700 Jews are slain in London, because a Jew had made a Christian pay him more than 2s. a week as interest on a loan of 20s.
- 1269. Statute that no Jew should own a freehold.
- 1278. Jews accused of clipping coin, hundreds hanged and quartered.
- 1290. All Jews banished from England; and for two centuries cruelly pillaged and persecuted in France.
- 1348. A fatal distemper raging in Europe, Jews are accused of poisoning the springs and numbers massacred.

etc. etc.

Down the centuries the sorry tale continued, always pillage and torture for the persecuted people; and meanwhile what was lost to the world by the suppression of their grand creative powers, their enterprise, their genius, it is impossible to compute. Even in modern times the

treatment meted out to them presented but halting improvement. True that in 1723 the Jews were given the right to acquire land in England; that by 1790 in Spain, Portugal, Avignon they had been declared citizens of France, and the following year were emancipated throughout the latter country. True that by 1800 in England hospitals, schools, orphanages and other institutions had been founded for their benefit; but they were still unenfranchised, politically non-existent, and subject to many injustices; while in other countries the inadequate protection afforded to them still gave licence to persecution.

By the torture prolonged from age to age,
By the infamy, Israel's heritage,
By the Ghetto's plague, by the garb's disgrace,
By the badge of shame, by the felon's place,
By the branding tool, the bloody whip,
And the summons to Christian fellowship!

Subsequently it was said of Lewis Way that he was the first Christian to convince the Jews that it was possible for a Christian to love them!

IV

Already there had crystallized in the mind of Lewis the project of founding a Hebrew College at Stansted. As we have seen, he had always intended to utilize the estate eventually for some philanthropic purpose, and now the form which this was to take became clear to him. Jews should be educated there and instructed in the tenets of the Christian religion; the ignorant should be enlightened; waverers strengthened; doubters convinced. Converted to Christianity, these men should go forth and convert their brethren in all parts of the world. So would the Point in View of both John Way and Jane Parminter be doubly fulfilled.

In the meantime, till the scheme could be adequately developed and a charter obtained to place it on a legal basis, he invited young Jews to come to Stansted as his guests. Here he had them instructed in the tenets of the Christian faith, and on their professing conversion, he

caused them to be shaved and baptized. He also inaugurated various activities which he fancied might be of advantage to them in their future proselytizing. Among others he established a printing press in the use of which they were initiated; and tradition still points out the so-called "Riding-school dell" in the park as the place where he encouraged them to practise the gentle art of donkey-riding, an accomplishment which he deemed might stand them in good stead in the foreign lands which they might some day visit as missionaries.

Thus Stansted became the haunt of a curious medley of guests. Men of high principles vied with rogues for the friendship of Lewis Way; and the very profundity of Lewis's own sincerity made it difficult for him to distinguish between the two. Warm-hearted and ardent, he was too generous to be suspicious, or to detect those who fawned upon him with an ulterior motive. The shock of disillusionment when he found himself deceived was proportionately severe; and on one occasion an unfortunate incident occurred over which an unsympathetic world made merry at his expense.

It happened that he had sixteen young Jews in the house, who had professed conversion and been duly shaved, baptized and welcomed into the Fold, when there came a false but distressing rumour that Lewis Way was bankrupt. The next morning all the converts had decamped, taking with them every portable object they could lay hold on, even the books from the library and the chapel, and above all the silver spoons of their host. Some of them were afterwards caught; and one named Jephson, or Josephson, was condemned to transportation for having forged Lewis Way's signature. It was on this episode that Macaulay wrote:

Each, says the Proverb, has his taste. 'Tis true
Marsh loves a controversy, Coates a play,
Bennet a felon, Lewis Way a Jew,
The Jew the silver spoons of Lewis Way.

Lewis's efforts were elsewhere recognized by Mackworth in a poem called "My Partner."

Was she a blue? I put my trust
In petals, strata, gases;
A boudoir pedant? I discussed
The toga and the fasces.
A Cockney muse? I mouthed a deal
Of folly from Endymion;
A Saint? I praised the pious zeal
Of Way and Simeon.

Among the converts and guests at Stansted mention must be made of a man of extraordinary talents, Benjamin Nehemiah Solomon, whose beard also was shaved off, and whom Lewis caused to be instructed in Greek and Latin, after which he was ordained a Deacon by the Bishop of Gloucester. He became almost like one of the family at Stansted, both the children and Mrs. Way being devoted to him, the latter more especially because she considered that he had forsaken all for conscience' sake. For Solomon had a wife, Sarah, the daughter of a merchant at Hamburg, who refused to live with him unless he renounced Christianity, wherefore he had left her and her children, and divorce proceedings had been instituted. His letters to the family at Stansted breathed profound affection, but, even in days when among the Evangelical set it was customary to write in a highly sanctimonious strain, the effusions of Solomon surpass those of his contemporaries, and suggest to the suspicious that "he doth protest too much."

Another strange convert was Sultan Kategarry, a Tartar nobleman, who was sent by the Emperor Alexander of Russia to Edinburgh to study, and became a member of the Kirk of Scotland. He was a very handsome man, with much dignity and charm of manner; but he was, unfortunately, impressionable, and the course of true love did not run smoothly. He fell in love with a Miss Lobb of Cheltenham, and when she looked coldly on his suit, he shut himself up into a room at Stansted, and refused all food and comfort. At length hunger opened the door; and in due course the Sultan married a Miss Neilson of Edinburgh and lived happily ever after.

Among other guests at Stansted at this period may be mentioned Canning, afterwards Prime Minister, but at this date M.P. for Liverpool, who was a great favourite with

the younger members of the family ; and Thomas Clarkson, the philanthropist, who shared with, and indeed preceded, Wilberforce in the honour of fighting the Slave Trade ; while an even more frequent visitor on account of his proximity was the famous Dr. Bogue,¹ of whom Drusilla wrote many years afterwards :

“ One of the very first of the pious Worthies who visited us at Stansted, was Dr. Bogue. He was the first who made an exposition at prayers in ye hall at Stansted, to my great marvel, small as I was. He was a very learned and pious man and much respected by all parties ; he had a baptist Seminary at Gosport, and some of the most noted men had been under him. . . . He was a fine-looking man, and a great friend of old Lady Grey who often crossed over to Gosport to hear him preach. This is as much as I can tell you about ‘ old Bogue.’ ”

Lewis had secured as his chaplain Mr. Hodson, afterwards Canon of Lichfield and Archdeacon of Stafford. He had married a niece of Mr. Stephen, brother-in-law to William Wilberforce, and he settled into a house close to the Park at Stansted, where he kept pupils. There, later, little Albert Way repaired daily for tuition, and was soon joined by Samuel Wilberforce, the second son of William Wilberforce, the future Bishop of Oxford and Winchester, who was born the same year as Lewis’s only son. Albert was a singularly clever child who early showed a greed for knowledge and research surprising for his years. “ Westbourne,”² writes Drusilla, “ where I was confirmed and first went to church at 4 yrs old, was my Father’s living (a very good one), and he dreamed of Albert’s having it, and used to call him ‘ ye little Bishop of Bourne.’ ”

¹ David Bogue (1750–1825). Congregational Minister at Gosport 1780. A founder of the London Missionary Society, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Religious Tract Society. He published many religious works, including a *History of the Dissenters*, 1809.

² A mile north of Emsworth on the West “ bourne ” of the county, a large church approached by an avenue of yew trees.

Mr. Hodson was eventually succeeded by Mr. Horne, when Lewis wrote :

Jeune Albert, mon fils unique,
A quitté ses Petites Bornes,
Pour étudier les auteurs classiques
Dans le règne de la Petite Horne !

A lifetime afterwards, when Drusilla was old, she wrote from Eastwick House to her niece Minnie, the daughter of Albert, a few dim recollections of her childhood at Stansted and "during ye occupation of an abode in Spring Gardens (New Street)."

"My earliest and most misty consciousness goes with that house. It was there, I believe, that Albert and I were sitting over a repast with our tiny doll's tea-things, at our little table, in small chairs, (capable of union)—does he remember those chairs as distinctly as I do?—when the never-to-be-forgotten words were uttered by us, addressed to Aunt Charlotte who dared to gaze—'Don't look at us—we are *People*!'

Then there was an ideal lady I used to visit called Mrs. Compunk of Puncheon St. . . . and lastly a little roll up of the drawing-room carpet by the window wch I fancied was alive and wch inspired me with intense terror, especially in the Dusk, and I called it Beebo.

I notice that a name was sometimes given to me of 'Old Honesty,' because I was considered very truthful, but I am afraid I was given to sulks and temper readily aggravated, in short not destitute of the Old Adam transgressions. . . .

All this was in New Street, and preceded Mrs. Pierce at Stansted, our first instructress. . . .

Albert was much the prettiest and was the mst delicate, and indulged with tit bits to tempt his appetite, wings of chicken and the like, while I had *legs*. The invariable observation was that he should have been a girl. In a few years as we neared 10, I believe we were rather considered Prodigies—Mrs. Pierce taught us to read well, and Miss Barry to talk and write French unusually well ;

and I dare say we were not without scintillations of paternal wit; which afterwards shone forth with greater radiance.

Then came diligent studies of the Encyclopaedia on half holidays, Albert curled upon the deep oak window sill of the Blue Room [at Stansted] with a pile round him, imbibing knowledge while yet small, with Science and general learning dropped in; and Albert's collection of tiny chalk fossils in paper trays up in ye dark dressingroom of his bedroom, and his interest in insects and butterflies on pins impaled—of which I sometimes gained Rainy day inspection, and secretly wondered how clever he was. Not a glimmer then as to the antiquity of the said fossils, which were all connected by us with Noah and his Flood."

And then, for the benefit of that younger generation Drusilla dwelt on the bygone glories of Stansted as she had known it. The great tapestry drawing-rooms, the wainscotted saloon, the oak-room with its fine panelling, the great porticos, the cellar like a church, the oak chairs and tables with the Halifax acorns on them, and firedogs bearing the same design. The old, old organ in the entrance hall—"it had all black keys—no white."

"Not easy for you to follow, I fear, tho' so graphic to me. The present diningroom was, with us, the State bedroom given to *Number One* guests, like Mr. Wilberforce or Bishop Ryder etc., because it was on ye ground floor, handy and comfortable. Over it was Queen Elizabeth's room with her picture. In its then North dressing-room the Downman pictures were taken. The front bed-room against this was called 'the best room' because the furniture was more modern. There Lady Buxton¹ was born, and it was Mrs. Johnstone's room while she remained. . . . Everywhere were fine oak wainscots etc."

And Drusilla adds how one day the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV, who was staying at Lord Keith's

¹ Mary Augusta, only child of the late Lieut.-Col. John Johnstone Johnstone, of Alva, who married Sir Robert Jacob Buxton, 3rd Bart. of Shadwell Court, Norfolk. The Ways had sixteen Johnstone cousins.

at Purbrook, sent word that he would like to come over to Stansted, and how interested he was in the tapestries which Queen Anne had given to Lord Halifax, which he said represented the Duke of Marlborough's wars. "He explained ye Tapestry to my mother," she writes, "who ye figures were, etc; and seemed quite at home with it, we two small ones following close, listening." She recounts, however, a slight *contretemps* during that visit which annoyed her mother.

Unaware till the last moment that the Duke was coming to luncheon Mrs. Way hurriedly got together as suitable a repast for her Royal visitor as was practicable at a short notice. In those days all the food was placed upon the table, and, to fill up a gap, she ordered a "Resurrection Pie," a homely dish composed of promiscuous fragments, which was intended merely to swell the number of dishes on the board, but otherwise to be ignored. What was her annoyance when the young Prince, rejecting all the delicacies which were respectfully pressed upon him, fixed upon the Resurrection Pie designed as a stop-gap, and insisted upon partaking of this and no other!

Save on this one occasion, Mrs. Way appears to have comported herself with complacency towards her husband's varied guests, and to have acquiesced in his schemes, despite a latent fear that his generosity and enthusiasm would result in his disposing of the whole of his inheritance, thus making beggars of her and her children. The latter had moreover been increased by some fresh members. In 1812 another little daughter was born to him, Charlotte Eliza, who, however, did not long survive her birth and was buried near the font at which she had been christened only a month previously—a circumstance on which Lewis wrote some touching verses that were printed by his own press. In 1813 a daughter, Anna Mary, came into the world; and the following year another son, who was named Herman after his grandfather, but who died in 1816, in which year a fourth daughter was born on May 22, 1816. The latter was christened Olivia; although her father, who was then engaged in planning a fresh avenue through Stansted Park, protested that she should

be called Rhoda ; “ there seems an affinity,” he explained, “ between Roads and Ways.”

V

Throughout this period, however, of all the friends who visited Stansted, two stood out prominently as favourites with Mrs. Way and her children. One was Edward Cooke, Lewis’s uncle, who, after leaving Ireland and taking office again in England, was constantly the guest of his nephew. The other was “ the Ninth Harry,” now the Rev. Henry Taylor of West Ogwell, and a noted follower of hounds in Devonshire ; where, hunting with the pack of his neighbour and fellow-sportsman, Mr. Templer, he once had an adventure the recital of which delighted the children at Stansted.

Edward Cooke had given Henry Taylor a fine horse which, out of compliment to the donor, Henry named Nunky. On this steed the sporting parson used to appear in the field, the envy of all beholders ; and regularly at the end of each run the same feat of prowess was performed by him. It seems that Mr. Templer hunted in a peculiar way. He kept a score of foxes within two spacious yards, each in its separate coop and attached to a long chain on a swivel, so that the animals could get sufficient exercise to keep in good health. These captives he loosened and hunted in turn ; and on each occasion when the hounds were just coming up to the poor beast, he ordered it to be rescued alive. Whether this did not involve greater cruelty than killing the fox at the end of a single run, is a debatable point, for it seems probable that the jaded victim in these repeated hunts died a thousand deaths rather than one.

However this may be, one particular fox, known as the “ Bold Dragoon,” had been hunted by Taylor and his friend thirty-six times ; and it was always Taylor, on his splendid horse, who succeeded in saving the animal from the dogs at the last moment ; after which the tired beast was regaled with a fresh rabbit for supper on his safe return to his kennel prison.

One day, however, the Bold Dragoon got across the

river Teign, then flooded by heavy rains, and the whole field was brought to a sudden check on the banks of the swollen stream. The ford, known to few, was invisible in the flood, and the only bridge was more than a mile away. Templer was in despair, for he valued the Bold Dragoon even more than the valuable hunter he bestrode, and he now saw every prospect of this wonderful fox escaping for ever.

In great anxiety the hunt dashed off for the distant bridge; but Taylor cunningly remained behind. He had seen a line of rails close to the river bank, and concluding that these were placed there to prevent cattle from crossing the water, he felt convinced that he had localized the vanished ford. He therefore, without a moment's hesitation, rode his horse straight towards the rails, thinking to land him; but instead, to his horror, he found that the stakes were put to indicate one of the deepest and most dangerous pools in the river, into which he and his horse promptly disappeared! Little "Hen" at Eton, however, had been a noted swimmer, and this now stood the Rev. Henry Taylor in good stead. He soon came to the surface, and striking out vigorously, gained the opposite bank in safety. *But Nunky was nowhere to be seen!* Not a wave or a gurgle indicated the presence of the unfortunate horse; and for some seconds Taylor felt sure that the animal had been stunned and had sunk like a stone to the bottom of the river.

Suddenly, to his joy, he saw, first, the hoofs of his steed, then the legs appear gradually above the water; finally the horse grounded about twenty yards below the gravelly ford which Taylor had failed to hit, but even then, there was something so peculiar about the creature's antics that Taylor hastened after him. He soon discovered that the horse's forelegs had been caught in the reins, and that every time Nunky struck out he jerked his own head under water!

To plunge into the whirling stream, to unclasp his knife, cut the reins, and take a pull at Nunky's head, was the work of a moment on the part of Mr. Taylor, whereupon the brave horse jumped to his legs, and after a few sobs to

clear his wind-pipe, set off as gaily as ever with his master on his back.

But an awful catastrophe had meanwhile occurred to Henry Taylor. When he fell into the stream, his hat, and with it his treasured wig, had been swept out to sea, and now he had to contemplate the ordeal of rejoining the hunt exhibiting a shining bald pate as smooth as an egg. The prospect checked his triumph; but he was not at the end of his resources. In crossing the Newton road he encountered an old woman wearing a blue apron. Quick as thought, the parson tossed the dame a shilling, snatched her apron, wound it like a turban round his bald pate, and thus adorned, he thundered on, till he overtook the Bold Dragoon, headed the luckless animal back, and again bagged him alive!

It was on this exploit that Templer wrote:

Fearless and first, Ninth Harry urged his course,
Charging the fences with resistless force;
Poor Nunky pays for all, a friend indeed
So good a Nunky proves in time of need!

Henry Taylor was afterwards Rector of Stokenham and Southpool; and married, in 1827, his first-cousin Marianne, daughter of Samuel Hallifax, D.D., Bishop of St. Asaph, and of Catherine, daughter of the Rev. William Cooke, D.D.; so he thus became doubly related to the Ways.

It may be added that "little Hen," the sporting parson, was likewise known as an expert cricketer; and long years afterwards, when he lay dead, his widow presented his bat as a relic to the Teignmouth cricket club, whereupon an inscription was written on it, some lines of which ran as follows:

Hail, honoured relic of the manly fame
By Taylor won in every noble game! . . .
Relic, alas! thy gladsome work is done,
Death is the bowler, and the game is won!
But rest thou here, still eloquent to tell
The grief of those who loved the man so well.

CHAPTER VI

THE DECISION

IN 1815 the chancel which Lewis Way had been building on to the ancient chapel at Stansted was sufficiently completed to be opened on May 28 by the Bishop of St. David's. In the decoration of this Lewis had in mind the beautiful chapel at Denham. Thus the panelling was dully gilt, and had the same rich though subdued colouring as that in the chapel at his old home. The gallery was on slender piers and decorated with the Halifax acorns ; the beautiful windows he designed personally. "The idea throughout," wrote Drusilla, "is the Gospel Dispensation, shadowed forth in that of the Law, or 'Moses a schoolmaster leading to Christ,' " for Lewis cherished the idea that the Jews, once converted, would become teachers in their turn of unenlightened Gentiles. "Every part of the chancel," added Drusilla, "was his own design." High up on the wall outside may be seen the date 1816, which was added the following year.

This was probably one of the happiest periods in the career of Lewis Way, when he saw the materialization of his designs for the chapel, and while he pondered over and planned the College of his dreams. A long vista of work and usefulness stretched before him, of happy visions and their fruition ; but as had happened before in his life, these were to be fulfilled in a manner he little anticipated.

While the events recounted had been taking place in quiet Stansted, Europe had been in the throes of the final struggle with Napoleon. The burning of Moscow and the retreat of the depleted army of Bonaparte, his abdication, the Restoration and the return of Louis XVIII, the first Peace of Paris, the return of Napoleon, the Hundred Days,

Waterloo, the second Abdication and the second Restoration—all had followed each other breathlessly in the space of three years. At the close of the Hundred Days, when the capital was once more occupied by the Allies, the clauses known as the Second Treaty of Paris were formulated and concluded on November 20, 1815, but ere this date another agreement of a somewhat vague and elusive character was framed between the Great Powers. This was known as the Holy Alliance, and has been aptly described as “a high-sounding nothing!” The Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia all signed this manifesto which proclaimed that, alike in their own government and in their relations towards other States, “their conduct should be regulated by the principles of the Christian Religion;” while the Czar, as the author of this “diplomatic apocalypse,” was anxious that it should be considered the first-fruits of the peace that had just been concluded.

It came to Lewis like an inspiration that this was an auspicious moment in which to urge that such principles should be extended to the Jewish nation. If some clause could be introduced into the Protocol securing to the Jews the privilege of purchasing land in Palestine, their recognition and protection by the Great Powers would involve the restoration of their status as a nation, and with this was surely interwoven the object which he had at heart—their conversion to Christianity.

But to achieve this, some powerful influence was required; and in the action of Alexander I in regard to the Holy Alliance, as well as in the known characteristics of that Sovereign, Lewis recognized his opportunity.

Emotional, indecisive, devoid of ballast, Alexander, none the less, had a passion for social and religious reform; and at this period in his career he was likewise obsessed by a phase of religious fanaticism. A compound of contradictions, this Czar has indeed presented an enigma alike to his contemporaries and to posterity. A man who toyed with Liberalism while at heart an autocrat; an idealist who was a despot; a pacifist who boasted that he could command a million bayonets; an agnostic who suddenly fell under the influence of that strange religious

adventuress Baroness de Krüdener and was reduced to a weeping penitent—small wonder that, to quote a *mot* of Metternich's, "when Alexander devoted attention to a subject it was usually in order to seek a justification for courses he did *not* pursue!" Consistently inconsistent, however, he was sincere in the philanthropic measures he advocated. He had recently by an Imperial Ukase allotted land in the Crimea to converted Jews; and on that fact, as well as on Alexander's present rôle of religious fervour, Lewis Way based his own hope of success in a project which, though at first it seemed fantastic and impracticable of achievement, gradually took possession of his imagination.

At that date the Jewish Society was anxious to send some competent representative to investigate the position of the Jews in various countries, but principally in the newly-allotted land in the Crimea, where they proposed to establish a Mission under the management of the converted Rabbi Benjamin Nehemiah Solomon, who had lived so much at Stansted. It struck Lewis that if he volunteered his services for this undertaking, it could represent the ostensible object of his journey; but, entirely on his own initiative and without any mandate from the Society, he would endeavour to obtain a private interview with the Emperor of Russia, and personally plead the cause which he had at heart. Could he but enlist the powerful co-operation of that autocrat in his scheme, it might be possible to ameliorate the condition of, and secure permanent protection for, a long-persecuted people. Moreover, so doing, he would be paving the way throughout the world for the missionaries whom he eventually designed to send out from the future College at Stansted.

Such an enterprise, however, entailed much that was calculated to deter anyone of less zeal than Lewis Way. At the moment, he had everything to make existence desirable in England—a luxurious home, an assured position as a wealthy country Squire, the means of gratifying every whim—even the whim of doing good; he had a charming, devoted wife to whom the separation would be a bitter trial, and a family of young children to whom he

was tenderly attached. This pleasant life and all it involved would have to be abandoned for an indefinite period. He would have to face the intolerable tediousness of a protracted and difficult journey; to drive in a horse-vehicle right across Europe; to travel day after day, week after week, often over almost impassable roads, through semi-civilized regions, risking unknown dangers, and at best enduring inconceivable weariness and discomfort. And all this for a Quixotic mission on behalf of a people with whom he had no racial affinity, and to interview an erratic despot of whose sympathy he could not feel confident!

In these days of quick transit, it is difficult to realize the immensity of such an undertaking for a home-loving man, of quiet, studious habits, and intellectual, æsthetic tastes, such as was Lewis Way. Judging by his correspondence, he had in him little of the love of adventure, or the curiosity to see foreign countries, which alone could make travelling under such conditions palatable; and physically he was far from robust. With his swift imagination and hypersensitive temperament he was qualified to exaggerate rather than to minimize the difficulties to be encountered. Yet he inherited, as we have seen, something of the stubborn courage and determination of his ancestor Benjamin Way; and having put his hand to the plough, he would not look back.

II

First, in order to further his project he took a step which he had long been contemplating, and was ordained, becoming a Deacon in 1816, and a Priest in 1817. Next he busied himself with preparations for his journey. He had a carriage built expressly for his purpose, fitted with every useful contrivance and slung on excellent springs, designed to counteract the roughness of the roads which it would have to traverse. Finally, he employed the portrait-painter John Downman to make some sketches of his wife and children that he might contemplate these when far from the originals.

These portraits are now in the British Museum, and it is to be regretted that the exquisite delicacy of their

delineation and colouring cannot be conveyed in an untinted reproduction. Mrs. Way, who at this date had been married sixteen years and had been the mother of six children, is depicted as a handsome matron, less dainty and sylph-like than in the miniature painted of her soon after her marriage, but with an added dignity of pose and mien. Her countenance is striking, her head nobly poised; the painter has portrayed her in a dress of soft blue which throws into picturesque relief her fair skin and fine profile, while a white turban encircles her head, fringed by pretty tendrils of escaping hair.

Her four surviving children are drawn in a separate picture, the grouping of which is charming in its unstudied grace. Drusilla is shown as a little maiden of thirteen, mature of aspect, demure of expression, with bright eyes, a prim little mouth, and a complexion like that of her mother, tender and fresh as a rose-leaf. Near by is her brother Albert, aged twelve, a singularly handsome boy with a fine, open countenance; and below are the two younger girls, laughing Anna, whom her mother in one letter complains is "volatile" and who is here shown sparkling with mischief; and the solemn baby Olivia with a large black rosette in her cap to denote mourning for her grandfather, the Rev. Herman Drewe, who had died in April of that year. When far away from all he loved Lewis must have feasted his eyes on the beautiful little group. He had a special leather wallet constructed in which to carry the precious pictures; and in his own portrait, painted for his wife at the same date, he is depicted clasping this wallet next to his heart.¹

His next object was to procure a letter of introduction to the Emperor Alexander, without which he could scarcely hope to obtain an audience. For this he applied to his uncle Mr. Edward Cooke, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, one who had probably been personally acquainted with the Emperor during the visit of the Allies to London in 1814. Mr. Cooke at first willingly consented to his

¹ The wallet is now a treasured relic in the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews. See portrait, p. 83.



MRS. LEWIS WAY, NÉE MARY DREWE.

From the painting by John Downman, in 1817, now in the British Museum.

request, thinking that his rich nephew was about to go abroad on a tour for pleasure, and, naturally, desired an *entrée* into all the best society. Directly, however, that he discovered the real object of Lewis's journey—that he was bound on a quixotic errand, and actually travelling as a missionary for the Jews, he withdrew his promise, scoffed at the project, and declared he would not be a party to such folly.

Lewis, however, was not to be lightly daunted. He at once packed up his things and pursued his uncle to Dover where the latter was then staying, and having put up at an hotel for a couple of weeks, he did not cease to urge his request. At last, either convinced by his arguments or wearied by his importunity, Mr. Cooke gave way and presented him with the required introduction; but soon afterwards, another cause for dissatisfaction presented itself to Mr. Cooke, and he wrote the following letter to Lewis, which is of interest as indicating the manner in which his relations viewed his schemes:

The Right Hon. Edward Cooke to the Rev. Lewis Way.

LONDON,

7 July, 1817.

“Since I saw you in one of your Flurries in Park Lane, I have learnt that previous to your setting off for Russia you are preparing to convey to Trustees for Hebrew purposes the whole of your Stansted Property, Civil and Ecclesiastical, and to disinherit your Children.

I have been unwilling to believe that you can possibly be guilty of so *unnatural* a Measure, but as I, at the same time, am aware of your Visionary Flightiness, I cannot but mention to you in a serious Manner what I have heard, in the hope you may enable me to contradict a Report so discreditable to your Heart and Understanding.

It appears to me that, for a long time since, you have bid adieu to the beggarly Elements of Common Sense and Discretion! but I have still flattered myself that you would one day come back to them, and reconcile yourself to the best Gifts of Providence. I never, however, harboured a Suspicion that anything so unjust or unnatural could

enter your heart, or that under any delusion of Vanity or Devotion you could suppose that the Robbery of your Children was a pleasing Sacrifice to your Maker. This was too much for me to believe !

If any such Purpose has entered your mind, I think it becomes you to recollect how frequently you have been ill from Constitutional Temperament and how little you ought to trust to such unnatural Suggestions as arising from an Understanding in a perfect State.

You know well how truly I love you, and how much attached I am to your real Interests ; but I am afraid you entirely despise me. Yet I have endeavoured to convince your Understanding of its errors, and you never answer me. Do not you fly from all your Friends who reason with you and will oppose you ? and resort to those alone who flatter you, who know not your constitution, or who from their Inferiority of Understanding you can master by your Parts ?

I hope you will not, however, despise me for what I have now written. I think I do not act wrongly in taking care that your son Albert shall not have hereafter a Right to accuse me for not endeavouring to save his natural and legitimate Claims from being unjustly betrayed by a delusive and deluded Imagination.

You must excuse the Cause and the Motive of this letter which I trust you will acknowledge without Delay
and believe me

Your most affectionate uncle

E. COOKE."

To this Lewis replied :

STANSTED,

14th July 1817.

"MY DEAR EDWARD,—

I found your letter (which had been some days on my table) on my return from Gloucester. Perhaps you were not more surprised at the Report you heard than I was at the charges it contained, and the very intemperate language in which they are couched ; to which I shall simply reply by reminding you that you are not the disposer

of my property, the Keeper of my conscience, or the guardian of my son.

This is the second unprovoked attack you have made on me who never intentionally offended you. The first I have fully repelled, I should hope to the satisfaction of any competent and candid judge. . . . I can easily conceive that the same views which place my *religion* upon a footing with that of Joanna [Southcote] may class my morality with that of Robbers, Traitors and unnaturals!! and therefore till your opinion is altered on the first point, it is not likely you should judge more correctly on the second.

We see through different mediums and act from different motives. Your remarks on my understanding are not quite so consistent—for having kindly represented its imperfect state from constitutional temperament, you tell me that I can master by *my parts* men of inferior understanding. I suppose you mean those with whom I act, and they are some of the wisest of mankind whom you thus *demonstrate* to be little better than fools!

You may be assured that it is not their flattery which suggested my present or future plans whatever these be, as sufficient documents may hereafter shew that these were formed before I was personally known to them. Whether these will ever be executed, or *when*, I leave not to your disposal, but to that of Him who will one day decide all points in difference between us and others. I do not despise, but pity, pardon and pray for you, and am

Yrs most affectionately,

L. WAY.

Love to the Aunts."

Despite the abruptly affectionate conclusion, there was a sting in this letter which caused Edward Cooke to write back plaintively, ten days after his first communication:

"You may be angry with me now—you will not be always. I hope we love one another—I know that I love you, and if I have written sharply, the occasion has not been light. I have done my duty to you and Albert, and to your Family, as an Uncle. The rest remains with you.

If I wish you to be on your guard against delusive Impressions I do not wish to offend you. . . . In proportion as I love your Virtues, as I admire your talents, I feel interested that they should not receive an erroneous direction, or be diverted to a wandering cause, either by internal weakness of health, or the Flattery or Arts of others who may consider you an object of Pillage, or of their own Popularity.

I may believe you sincere ; I am not equally bound to believe all others so, by whom you have been either encouraged, or deceived, or robbed . . . there are grounds enough for persuading me that professions in religion are mixed up with Worldly Dross, Worldly Views and Worldly Passions, *and those who are least soiled with them frequently become the Dupe of their own ingenuousness.* If I were to entertain a Notion contrary to the Dictates of natural Affection and to the Notion of Reason which God has given me, I should consider myself rather *deluded* than *inspired.* . . .”

But to Lewis the bitter accusation of “ Visionary Flightiness,” the taunt that he could ignore “the beggarly Elements of Common Sense and Discretion,” even while it wounded, failed to move him. His gaze was set upon a vision withheld from those who mocked ; and while the lack of comprehension in those that he loved could both torture and anger him, it was powerless to sway or to weaken his purpose.

III

All his preparations being now completed, with mingled feelings of elation and grief he prepared to leave his home. The pain of parting was accentuated by the fact that his wife was again expecting her confinement, and that he would be tormented with anxiety on her account when far away from her. On the eve of his departure his friends assembled to wish him God-speed ; and a graphic account of this gathering is given by his cousin and namesake, the Rev. Lewis Way of Spencer Grange (a grandson of Gregory Lewis Way ; see page 53), who, however, had little sympathy with the Evangelical party, so that his strictures on their apparent levity are somewhat severe.

October 26th, 1817.

“My cousin, Mr. Lewis Way, having resolved upon a journey thro’ Holland, Germany and Poland to enquire into the state of the Jewish Churches in those parts, and to settle Benjⁿ Nehⁿ Solomon, a converted Rabbi, who was lately Ordained a Deacon by the Bp of Gloucester, and has been invited to settle in a part of Russia, allotted by an Imperial Ukase of the Emp^r Alex^r to converted Jews, he requested me to meet him at Colchester on the 5th Inst.

Accordingly I went with my Mother and Sister Mary. He arrived at night, and the next morning introduced me to the Revd. Mr. Cox, the Sultan Kattegarry Krein Ghivig, from Georgia, a convert from the Mahumetan religion and the Revd. Benⁿ Nehⁿ Solomon; whom I had before seen at Stansted Park—these are his companions on the journey. He also introduced me to Mr. Simeon, Mr. Wm. Marsh, Rector of St. Peter’s, and Mr. Hawtrey, Secty to the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews.

It was numerously attended and there were many speakers, certainly many more than necessary, and I was far from being satisfied with the state and manner of the greater part of them.

After 4 or 5 had spoken, very little matter of importance was brought forward, and several spoke in a very light and flippant manner, calculated probably to draw money from the pockets of some of the hearers, but ill suited to so serious and important a subject.

I have a great aversion to hear any allusion made to Scripture or any passage from it quoted except in a serious and becoming manner.

I confess therefore that I was far from forming a favourable idea of the manner in which public meetings are conducted by those among my brethren who lay claim to the title of Evangelical.

The meeting lasted till about 4 o’clock, and in the Evening the Revd. Lewis Way and the Sultan Kattegarry accompanied myself, my mother and sister Mary to Spencer Farm where we found Mrs. L. Way, Drusilla and Albert.

The next day I returned with Mr. and Mrs. Way, Albert and the Sultan to Colchester where we arrived at one, and shortly afterwards went to a private meeting in Mr. Marsh's vestry. Mr. Marsh, Mr. Simeon, Mr. I. S. Nottidge ; Mr. L. Way, Albert, Solomon, Friedelburgh, the Sultan, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. L. Way, Mrs. Cox, and probably one or two more besides myself were present. Mr. Simeon, after an extemporary prayer, gave a kind of charge to Mr. L. Way and the companions of his proposed journey.

He stated that the journey must not be considered as a Mission but rather as a journey undertaken to inquire whether there be any opening for a Mission to the Jews in the North of Europe, and he warned those who were about to undertake it to be prepared to meet the difficulties and temptations to which they would be exposed in their peculiar situation, and gave them some very prudent directions for their conduct.

When he had finished Mr. L. Way made a reply. He stated that he was willing that it should be considered as a journey undertaken by himself as an individual, that in case of a failure no blame might be thrown upon the London Society.

He then stated his readiness to exert himself to the utmost in the cause ; and thanked Mr. Simeon for his advice.

Nov. 2nd.

After this Mr. Marsh, Mr. L. Way and Mr. Solomon made extemporary prayers applicable to the occasion ; which being concluded Mr. Simeon and Mr. L. Way embraced each other and were much affected. Upon going out of the Vestry the Sultan went up to Solomon and said to him in broken English, with tears in his eyes—

‘Go my brother and preach the blessed gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to your poor brethren who are in darkness !’

It struck me as very remarkable to see a convert from the religion of Mahomet give such an exhortation to a converted Rabbi ordained a Deacon by a Bishop of the Church of England.

Having dined at Mr. Marsh's I went in the evening to

St. Peter's church where Mr. Way preached a Sermon on Jeremiah 42, ver. 2, 3.

The next morning, I went to Mr. Marsh's and heard Mr. Solomon expound one of the Psalms to Mr. Marsh's family and a few others who were present; which he did with much judgment.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Way, Albert and myself dined together at the Inn. After dinner we retired into one of the bedrooms, in which Mrs. L. Way's maid was also present.

Mr. L. W. then with much devotion offered up a prayer for each of us individually, and having done so, took leave of us.

I went with Mrs. L. W. to Mr. Marsh's where we took leave of Solomon and the Sultan, and proceeded to Spencer Farm.

As we were setting off, the Sultan, seeing Mrs. L. W. in tears, took her by the hand and said with much warmth, 'Never mind, I will take care of your good husband.'

In my visit to Colchester I saw more of that party in the Church who are denominated Evangelical than on any former occasion and I formed a very favourable opinion of their sincerity, their zeal and their devotion, and I may add their brotherly love as far as our own party are concerned; but I could not help observing a good deal of spiritual pride, and apparently a degree of human pride; there seemed to be a jealousy and unwillingness to allow any merit to those who differ from them in regard to certain points of doctrine and a great proneness to flatter each other in their public speeches. Mr. S. evidently assumes among them a character somewhat apostolic, not only in deference paid to his age and experience, but he possessed a kind of spiritual authority.

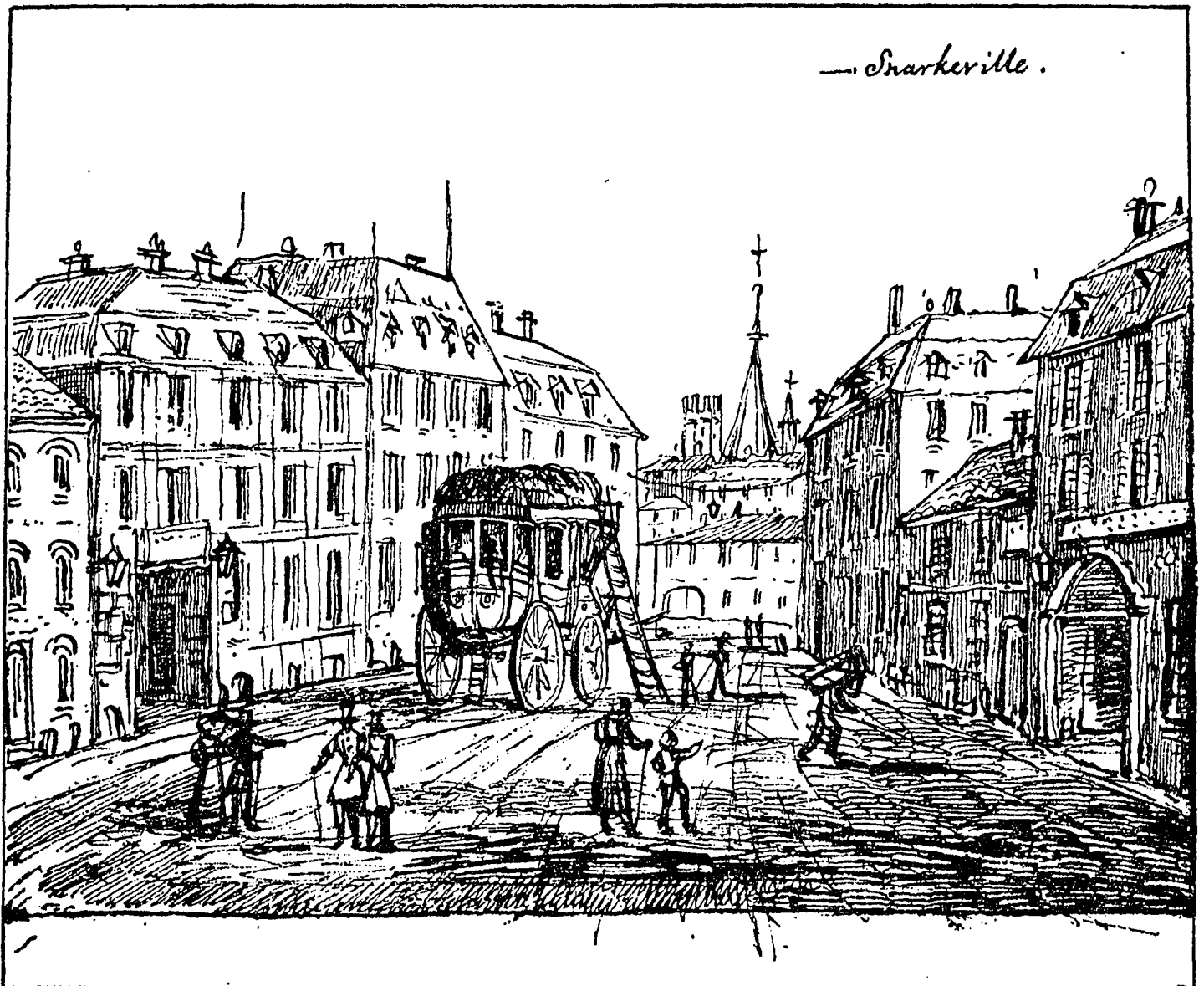
Upon the whole they appear to me chiefly deficient in Christian charity and humility. But I speak of the party at large and in the public conduct, for these defects, if I may so call them, appeared much less in private than in public."

Throughout his narrative, however, and in subsequent correspondence, the writer differentiates sharply between

the single-mindedness and sincerity which he observed in Lewis Way compared with the apparent superficiality of those with whom his lot was cast. "My cousin," he wrote drily, "is of the material of which are compounded martyrs and saints; the rest of the Sect remind me of a tinkling symbol, a braying ass, or a wind which is noisy without substance!" Meanwhile Simeon wrote respecting Lewis and his fellow-travellers:

"What stay they will make I do not know; but it is very probable they will be absent a year, as it is their contemplation not only to go to Petersburg and Warsaw, but to be in Jerusalem at Easter. The state of the Jews in Russia and Poland is very encouraging . . . two millions of whom are in the Russian empire.—

The whole go at the expense of Mr. Way."



SKETCH BY ALBERT WAY.

CHAPTER VII

THE JOURNEY TO RUSSIA

AT length, in his strange vehicle, and clasping his treasured red wallet, Lewis Way set forth on his long and arduous journey. His companions were five in number. Charles Maberley, his secretary; the Rev. Robert Cox, a member of the Jewish Society, who afterwards returned home as he could not talk French; the Sultan Kategerry, who was to act as Interpreter; Benjamin Nehemiah Solomon, who was to be established in charge of a Mission in the Crimea; and finally a man-servant named John, known to the children at Stansted as "the Duke of Puddledock."

The travellers first visited Holland, where they found the condition of the Jewish community far from satisfactory. Jews were ostracized socially there. One of the most prominent of the community on hearing the object of Lewis's journey remarked, "Sir, the only way to make converts of our nation is to show them personal kindness, and prove that you consider them entitled to the common respect paid to people of all other religions." In Hanover, on the contrary, the position of the Jews was greatly improved; while in Prussia Lewis found that they were already admitted to privileges which had been denied for generations to their forefathers.

In Berlin he stayed for some time, and was constantly visited by an old Hampshire friend, Sir George Rose, who had been British Ambassador to Prussia since 1815. The diplomatist showed himself much interested in the object of Lewis's journey, and procured for him an introduction to the Crown Prince, Frederick William, at this date a youth of 22, obsessed by vague ideas of the divine right of Kings, and by a mystic pietism.

The Prince became much attached to Lewis Way, and professed himself eager to hear all about the projected mission. The two men were destined to meet again unexpectedly in a few months' time ; but, even long years after, the Prince never forgot Lewis Way. When Sir George Rose retired, the Prince sent by him to England a valuable piece of enamelled china as a token of remembrance to the man who had so attracted him ; and later in life, as King Frederick William IV of Prussia, he furthered the establishment of a Bishopric of Jerusalem, probably as a result of his friendship for Lewis Way.

Sir George Rose also introduced Lewis to the Princes Radziwill of Posen, and their mother Princess Louise who was a sister of the reigning King of Prussia, Frederick William III, and also of the Duchess of York, who, before her marriage to the second son of George III, had been Princess Royal of Prussia. The Princess Louise welcomed Lewis cordially, and later he wrote to his wife :

"I had not a moment to write to you from Posen where we were hospitably received by the Princess Louise of Posen Radziwill, who has Palaces at Berlin, Posen and Warsaw. I had the honour of always sitting next her at dinner, and a more delightful lady I have not seen. The young Princes took all our portraits except the Sultan who is always *sulky* about that matter ! They also copied the 4 children, Albert, Dill, Anna, and Olivia, and promised to come to see them whenever they visit England. You will hear more of Posen in my Journal, it is full of Jews, and such a fine station for future operations. The night we left it, we slept 5 in a small room in a Jew Inn like this—two beds, the rest on the floor."

THE REV.
L. W.

Bed

C. MABERLEY, SECRETARY.
B. N. SOLOMON, DEACON.
SULTAN KATTEGERRY, INTERPRETER.

Floor

Floor

Floor

ROBERT COX,
PRIEST.

Bed



THE CHILDREN OF THE REV. LEWIS WAY, IN 1817: DRUSILLA, ALBERT,
ANNA AND OLIVIA.

From the painting by Downman now in the British Museum.

[See page 150.]

Lewis's visit to Berlin, however, was somewhat spoilt by his becoming embroiled in the domestic affairs of his fellow-traveller Benjamin Solomon. Solomon, who, unlike his namesake, was afflicted with only one wife, of whom he professed himself fond, was scared by the arrival of his father-in-law angrily brandishing the paper prepared for the divorce of his daughter Sarah, and calling upon the faithless husband to return. At last Solomon had to go to Hamburg to settle this delicate domestic disagreement, declaring firmly that if his wife would return to him, she was to go to Russia with him; but if she refused, the divorce was to be proceeded with; which latter course was finally adopted to the satisfaction of all parties.

II

On November 6, Lewis and his companions at last left Berlin. "Had we proceeded to Russia before Solomon's affair was settled," wrote Lewis, "it would have proved a sad interruption to us, for his Father-in-law would certainly have followed us to the ends of the Earth!" On the 14th he wrote from Thorn on the Vistula to Mrs. Way:

"We are thus far on our journey safe and sound, and in weather preferable to London or country in England. Since we left Berlin we have had four days without a cloud and as yet no snow and little rain; but the lands of Poland and Germany do not suit English noses or stomachs. Our last stage yesterday was only 15 English miles and we performed it in $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours, from 4 till half-past 11. This morning I intended to set off immediately after breakfast, but was told that the horses could not be got ready for an hour, so I went to see the great statue of Copernicus, and am now writing to you sitting in the house, and no doubt in the very chair, of the Polish astronomer. Before the door of his house is a very curious pump with a wooden arm, on the top of which is a hand with a pair of compasses holding a globe with the hours written round it."

“MULHAUSEN IN EAST PRUSSIA,
November 18th, 1817

“I am very thankful to leave a German bed at four in the morning and get into an English chaise which, of the two, is the preferable place. I am writing this sitting in the Post-house. Instead of your November fog in London I am breathing the pure breezes of the Baltic and our next stage will lead us by its very shores. You will look at a map and trace the road from Königsberg to Memel. You would say go round by Tilset, but a kind friend who lives at Riga advised us to go by the little neck of Curische Nehrung, and from thence to cross to Memel by a passage boat—how happy that we shall have the moon nearly at the full, as there is no station on the bank. At Memel, the extremity of East Prussia, the late Royal family performed their Political Quarantine when Boney was dining in the Palace at Berlin.”

[Thoughts of the flight of that brave Queen of Prussia ten years previously, in 1806–7, gave an added interest to Lewis’s journey over the same route. It will be recalled that Louisa, wife of Frederick William III, had nearly died from typhus fever, contracted while nursing her son Prince Charles; and when barely convalescent, she was forced at the risk of her life to fly from Königsberg to Memel.

“It was feared that the Queen was not strong enough to bear removal, and it was therefore put off as long as possible; but she begged to be taken away, quoting the words of King David, ‘I am in a great strait, let us fall now into the hand of the Lord, for his mercies are great; and let me not fall into the hand of man.’

The snow was falling heavily and a high wind was drifting it when the Queen was placed on a bed in the carriage, supported with pillows, covered with plumeaux, and wrapped round with shawls. Prince Charles also was still delicate from the effects of the fever, and required the utmost care. They were three days in getting to Memel, travelling across the country, along the Strand, a narrow tongue of sand between the Baltic and the Kurische-haff, terminating in the ferry which crosses to Memel. The

road is worth travelling, on account of its singularity, but under the pressure of circumstances, and through very boisterous weather which shed only a fitful gleam now and then upon the landscape and the sea, the journey seemed rough and tedious": thus recounts the historian Hudson.

"The Queen," says Dr. Hufeland, "spent the first night in a miserable room with a broken window, and we found the melting snow dropping on her bed. We were very much alarmed on her Majesty's account, but she was full of trust and courage, and the fortitude with which she suffered gave us strength to act. I cannot express how thankful we felt when we came within sight of Memel, and just at that moment the sun burst gloriously through the clouds for the first time since we had been on this journey, and we hailed it as a happy augury."

How long Lewis took in traversing the same route, ten years later, he does not say, nor where he slept during that period. Probably, as was often the case, he and his companions reposed in the carriage at night, though how five men and their baggage were accommodated in its interior is difficult to imagine. A little etching by Charles Maberley has survived, which is here reproduced.



*Back view of Rev^d L Way's Carriage
on the Baltic - When passing The
Purische Nehrung*

The vehicle, which in appearance resembles a tall phaeton with a hood and a place at the back for luggage, runs on two enormous wheels that curve curiously out-

wards. The height of the wheels is evidently important, for the carriage is literally "in the Baltic," and is depicted splashing through the sea, along the edge of a sandy shore, threatened by ominous waves.

While traversing that lonely waste in a wild gale, Lewis had an interesting adventure. He relates, "I was left alone in the middle of a sandy wilderness. The carriage had stopped and the horses were taken out, and Mr. Cox and Mr. Solomon had gone up the hill to hasten the relays; when a caravan of Jewish merchants, whom we had previously past along the road, overtook us and stopped at the same place. I was seated alone in the carriage when five of these men gathered round it and peered at me curiously."

What they saw sufficed to fill them with amazement, for within that strange vehicle sat a strange man in a great travelling cloak who could not speak one word of their language, but was holding out to them a Hebrew Bible open at the 53rd Chapter of Isaiah. This they proceeded solemnly to read aloud; whereupon Lewis produced a copy of the New Testament in Hebrew and pointed to the 3rd Chapter of St. John. This also the men read in as audible a manner as a roaring sea and tearing wind would allow. It was a curious scene—the expanse of stormy ocean and sandy waste swept by a gale which rocked the few shrubs in the vicinity and sent the spray whirling in the air, and that group of picturesque, half savage-looking men gathered in surprise round this stranger who sat alone in his quaint but luxurious carriage—unable to explain the reason of his presence in that remote district or of his unexpected possession of books in the Hebrew language! Lewis finally shared his provisions with his newly found friends, and they solemnly drank his health, repeatedly bowing their thanks; till the whole party eventually went on their way.

Lewis reached Memel safely on November 25, and thence wrote to his mother:

"You will be glad to know, as we took the road over the sand or rather in the sea, that we are safely landed in

this place. You have heard me speak of a ride I once took on the Chesil bank to Weymouth, and this bank is very similar, only *that* is about 12, and *this* is 80, English miles in length. . . . Thank God we are neither buried in the sand nor washed away into the Baltic. You would not much like this journey in *Peace*, but think you of the late Queen of Prussia passing it with Boney and his myrmidons behind and a sea on each side ! ”

On December 2, 1817, Lewis reached Riga, which to-day is 350 miles by rail south-west of Petrograd ; and five days later, on December 7, he wrote to his mother again from Gulben “ half way between Riga and Petersburg.”

“ The winter being now set in, wheels are no longer useful, so we left the carriage and the Jew with Mr. Cox at Riga, and Sultan, Maberley and I have passed two delightful days travelling faster than an English Mail in a Sledge.

It has a body of panels like a barouche, with a door, a drop blind to keep off snow, a place where the Swagger sits smoking his pipe, a wing or fin projecting to prevent overturn, a board held up by iron for footmen to stand on when used for *pleasure*, and a string by which the footmen hold. This is drawn by 3 horses abreast, and they gallop as hard as they can as far as from London to Windsor, or Denham, stopping only for snaps. This is done by moonlight or star-light just as well as by daylight of which there is now but little. The thermometer stands at about 20 degrees below Freezing on the outside, at summer heat, above 70, in the inside. When we come to an Inn we are sure to find the temperature the same, as the fireplaces, here called *ovens*, are always hot, and you wake and get up in the same heat as you lie down on what is called a *bench* in England and a bed in Russia !

I now sleep in my own blanket, with the same clothes over me as I wear in the carriage. I have not yet had recourse to fur, except one little animal, the skin of which I wear under my shirt as a warm friend, two of the legs go round my neck, and the other two are held as a stum-

mager below—under this is a woollen waistcoat and over the shirt a leather waistcoat—then a common waistcoat—two great coats and a Polish silk pelisse stuffed with wadding. It is surprising how completely the elements are brought into subjection! for, after all, when the air is too cold to breathe it is brought through a pipe of burning tobacco, and then is better than summer. . . . I have not yet tasted tallow candle, except in soup. . . . You see I live in a cradle and my chief food is rusks! . . . We hope to reach our destination at St. Petersburg in 2 days.”

III

Nevertheless Lewis did not arrive at St. Petersburg till December 11th, when he found to his disappointment that the Emperor was at Moscow, whither it was necessary to follow. There was, however, a mass of correspondence awaiting him at St. Petersburg; and one, a composite letter, all written on one large sheet from Mrs. Way and her three elder children, must have brought far-away Stansted vividly before him.

Mrs. Way wrote on the anniversary of her wedding day to the husband now so sadly separated from her, and regaled him with comfortable home news. All was well in his regrettable absence. She took daily drives in the phaeton with Mrs. Hodson for her most pleasant companion. The Hodsons were extraordinarily happy at the Vicarage, and had settled down wonderfully to a country life. Mr. Hodson was a “kind, judicious friend, and so eligible a person for dear Albert, a sweet, humble, unobtrusive and most happy Christian, full of good judgment and liberality.” He gives “most edifying expositions on Sunday, and we have had some very sweet ones.” Albert was well and happy and improved by his daily walks to the vicarage. The winter had now set in with severity, “but Nurse to-day brought me a bouquet of roses and violets from the open grounds.”

The letter of Drusilla, aged 13, is characteristically prim and neat. She is enchanted to hear that her father had safely passed the Curische, “it looks very tremendous on the map.” The German, she explains, “goes on pretty

well ; we like it a little better than at first. We read every evening ; Mamma in the Bible, and Albert and I in a book of Dr. Bogue's. Mamma is exempted from the grammar, but as we are to write letters for Papa and his Jews, we have begun it. Mr. Theschu [their teacher] says '*It is most tedious*'. . . . Miss Olivia is a sweet child and has names for us all. . . . How does John get on—does he like bear's fat and oil ? ”

Albert, aged 12, also wrote a neat hand, and also complained of having to learn German. “It improves on acquaintance,” he says condescendingly, “but is certainly a very ugly language. . . . Miss Olivia is very dear, she improves very much in talking and is very amusing. . . . There was service in the Chapel on Christmas day . . . it has looked much better these last Sundays and is not near so damp.” And he ends up :

Veil gluck und segan zum neuen Yhar, Herr Vatter !

But at the bottom of the page is a pathetic, untidy little scrawl, without punctuation, from “Volatile” Anna, aged 4 years and 3 months—Anna, with her mischievous smile and golden laugh, who dreams sadly that everyone hates her because she is so desperately wicked.

“My dear Papa, how do you do I have begun reading Mrs. Barbauld's hymns and now I am reading another pretty book I am a very narghty girl and promise every day to be better I hope I really shall be before you come home Everybody dislikes me How is vain Don the Duke of Puddledock does he eat tallow candles.

ANNA WAY.”

IV

At last Lewis reached Moscow, which he describes as a city “half-rebuilt, half ruins ;” for everywhere were houses roughly fashioned of wood, which had been hastily run up after the fire. A dwelling of this description had been engaged for him, and was called Toutolmin House. It was a long, low building, constructed entirely of fir trunks ; the panelled walls were slate and black in colour, and both the interior and exterior were unpainted. It was

entered by gates on the right and left, while on the one side were the stables, on the other the kitchen, and the centre was protected by a wooden wall. A little drawing by Charles Maberley (reproduced here) gravely informs us—

“This house is situated in the district of Moscow called Metrepereoulochpreecheestinker.”

Thence Lewis wrote to Mrs. Way :

“Moscow.

“MY DEAREST MARY,—

Some of my letters must have prepared you to receive one dated from hence and you will be happy to know that, as the journey was indispensable, *it is performed*. I set out 3 hours only before the expiration of the old year in a sledge with Solomon. General Tabloukoff prepared all for us and saw us slip off on a bed stretched at full length with a white bear-skin below and a black bear-skin above—Ursa Major and Ursa Minor. We passed 3 days and 3 nights in this state, and then slept at an Inn on the Saturday and arrived at this interesting and extraordinary city on Monday, where a house was taken by a friend built since the fire, all of wood—ceiling, walls and floor—no brick, no plaster, no paper, one bed and neither carpet nor curtain. Yet we are warmer than you with all your curtains and carpets and comforts, for if we have nothing else we have double windows and one stove in each room, so that the house is both warm and dry without rats or vermin, it is a good Missionary barrack !

I dined the two first days with Lord Cathcart who took very kindly to me and gave me a general invitation to his house and table. He had prepared the way with all parties here, and nothing can be more gracious or satisfactory than the reception I have met with from Popoff and Prince Galitzin—strange to say, the former is Wilberforce and Hodson in one, and the latter is more like poor Pitt than any man I ever saw. He is exactly what Pitt would be with the Grace of God—not only sensible and clever, but mild and humble. He and Popoff are always my friends, and I am sure I shall possess their confidence and be enabled to do good with them.



TOUTOLMIN HOUSE

The residence of Rev. L. Way at Moscow.
in Jan. or Feb. 1818.

From a drawing by Charles Maherley Esq.

A. Kitchen etc. B. Stable etc. D. Pannelled wooden wall. E. E. Gates. — N.B. The house is of fir trunks. The wall coloured slate or black panels (not painted within or without) — — —

This house was situated in the district of Moscow call Metrepereaulochprecheestinker

I begin now to think more and more of you and our little friend who is coming. If there are two boys, one is to be Alexander and the other Basil, for those are the names of my good friends Popoff and Galitzin. If one boy, he must receive both names. If it should prove a female, she can be Catherine or Louisa, which you shall prefer.

I shall willingly stay in this interesting and delightful country to see the Jews out of their troubles ; and then I shall come home, or you must come out in the summer ; but my plans cannot be fixed for 6 weeks to come—so be patient !

Xmas day with us is Epiphany with the Russians, so that on the same day that Christ was announced to the Gentiles we have done all in our power to announce him to the Jews. My letter to the Emperor is dated on that day.

Ever your old Wandering Jew
LEWIS."

Meanwhile Lewis had lost no time in applying at the Palace for an answer to his letter ; but was informed that an interview was impossible. He thereupon left his card and Edward Cooke's letter of introduction ; and awaited events. The next day he received the following note :

Thursday, January $\frac{3}{15}$, 1818.

"His Imperial Majesty the Emperor desires to see the Revd. Mr. Way *to-day at half past six* after noon.

Therefore H.E. the Prince Galitzin will send the bearer of this at six of clock precisely to the Revd. Mr. Lewis Way in order that he can accompany him to the Palace of the Emperor and to shew the precise room where it will be necessary to wait upon His Majesty's order for the audience."

CHAPTER VIII

ALEXANDER I

IT may dimly be imagined with what feelings of anxiety and elation Lewis Way set off for that momentous interview, to secure which he had traversed Europe. He relates :

“Moscow,
January 3/15, 1818.

“Soon after six in the evening the courier came as appointed who was to conduct me to *the precise room* where I was to wait for His Imperial Majesty. He preceded me in a sledge to the private door of the New Palace in the Kremlin, and, on entering, he led me up a long set of stone stairs to the attic storey of the building. There he opened a door into a passage near 100 feet in length, at the end of which a servant opened another door on the side which led into a room with plain walls, and plainly furnished with a table covered with green cloth, candles, pen and ink, etc.

There I was left to my meditations for about 10 minutes, when a page came in who spoke only Russian and retired at last without making me out. Next appeared an aide-de-camp who asked my name and desired me to write it, and he then wrote it upon another paper. He spoke a few words to me in French, but while these preliminaries were passing, yet another person appeared, and hearing the word *L'Empereur*, I supposed His Majesty was coming. On explanation it seemed I was to follow this fresh person, which I did through another passage and room full of pages and attendants, who, being accustomed, I suppose,

to see nothing but [members of the] Staff in those upper regions, stared at a man in a black coat as a portentous phenomenon. My conductor then opened a *large door* which he immediately shut upon me, and I found 'my feet were set in a large room' in the presence of the first Potentate on the face of the globe.

The situation was novel and interesting, the occasion critical and important. To my own utter surprise (nervous as I sometimes feel) I was perfectly calm and collected, and had I been ever so much embarrassed, the gracious manner of His Majesty would have set me at my ease. When I entered the room His Majesty was standing at the fireplace near a large screen, dressed in an upper military coat without star, and in high boots. I bowed as soon as he observed me, when he at once came forward and met me not far from the door. He immediately took me by the hand in the most easy and condescending manner and said in English 'Mr. Way I am very happy to make your acquaintance; I have heard much of you from our friends and I wish we may be known to each other.'

There were three long tables in the room and at the corner of that nearest the fire two candles and 3 chairs. The Emperor desired me to take one and sit close to him on one side at the angle—as if he would hear best *on the right side*. He then observed:

'I speak English a little and understand what I read in that language, but on subjects of such a nature as those on which I converse with you I cannot express myself as I wish, and may sometimes use French.' "

"Your Majesty," Lewis Way replied, "speaks English very correctly, but I shall understand French, though not sufficiently accustomed to that language to speak it with propriety."

As briefly as was practicable, Lewis set himself to explain his mission. The Emperor begged him to draw his chair closer and accorded him a grave attention. "My last letter," Lewis wrote afterwards to his wife, "contained my invitation to meet the Emperor toe-to-toe and tête-à-tête, and so it actually proved, for his Majesty being deaf,

made me sit quite close to him, which gave me a full opportunity of observing the traits of his benevolent and animated countenance." Alexander at the age of 41 was a man of striking appearance. Handsome and full of dignity which was impressive, he was yet curiously boyish-looking with his fresh complexion and eager eyes ; while his spacious forehead and contrastingly small mouth seemed to give to his face a certain want of proportion as though indicative of the lack of ballast presented by his character. Lewis, however, soon succumbed to the charm which Alexander exercised on all who came in contact with him. The fascination of the Emperor's manner and voice, his mingled dignity and *naïveté*, the flattering attention which he vouchsafed to the matter presented to him, all disarmed criticism and inspired confidence.

"Alexander," relates the historian Alison, "was wonderfully fitted by nature for his eminent position, and for the extraordinary times in which he lived. His personal appearance and his manners were very winning, such as attracted both respect and regard. He seemed born to command, yet not by the strength of an imperious will, but rather by the power of moral influence, which naturally belongs to a very generous and philanthropic disposition, when it is combined with a vigorous understanding and energetic temperament. A majestic figure, and a benevolent expression of countenance, gave him that sway over the multitude which ever belongs to physical advantages in youthful princes ; while the qualities of his mind and the feelings of his heart secured the admiration of all whose talents fitted them to judge of the affairs of nations. Misunderstood by those who formed their opinion only from the ease and occasional levity of his manner, he was early formed to great determinations, and evinced under the most trying circumstances a solidity of judgment equalled only by the strength of his resolutions."

Yet this appreciation ignores the latent weakness of the Emperor's character, the fact that he was emotional, impressionable, unanalytical in his moods and conclusions. Both the Czar and his visitor were admittedly fanatical in

any cause which they espoused ; but the staunch sincerity of Lewis Way had no counterpart in the complex personality of Alexander. To Lewis the light and shade, the uncertain moods of a variable temperament were incomprehensible. To him the path of right was sharply defined and he followed it unquestioningly ; no deviation from it, no dual outlook was possible. So it was that, single-minded himself and of a fine simplicity, he failed to gauge the instability of the Emperor's character, or to dream that the man who accorded him such a flattering attention might be swayed by an impulse wholly ephemeral, and not wholly disinterested.

Alexander, meanwhile, was sufficiently astute to be aware that, besides being an act of humanity to protect the Jews in his dominion, it was an act of policy. An industrious, law-abiding section of the community, the Jews were also singularly successful in commerce, and a flourishing colony of rich merchants in the Crimea would add materially to the wealth of the country. Moreover, that he of all Sovereigns in Europe should stand forth as the instrument for restoring them to their native land, was a proposition which appealed to his vanity. For Alexander hugged the belief that he was the divinely-appointed peacemaker of Europe ; and in this connection it is curious to reflect that twice in the history of the most autocratic Government in Europe has a Czar dreamt of inaugurating a universal Peace ; though Alexander was not doomed to as harsh a disillusionment as his successor, Nicholas of tragic memory.

Thus he devoted an earnest attention to the explanation and arguments of Lewis Way, and when his visitor ceased speaking, he was silent for a moment before he replied in English : " The object of your journey is very interesting to me, and one in which I feel much concern. My wishes for the return of the Jews are as warm as your own ; but to get a Clause inserted in the Protocol will be a most difficult matter—there are many clashing interests. But you may be assured that I will do all in my power to assist it. I consider your coming to Russia as a providential concurrence of circumstances—each must do

his part, and in time, by the blessing of God, all will be achieved."

"I shall never forget," Lewis wrote afterwards, "the sweet expression of his countenance as he spoke those words. He took my right hand in his left, and put his right hand upon it, and held me fast." In that moment Alexander was sincere—with the sincerity of a mountebank who throws himself into a novel rôle swayed by a sense of drama that, for a time, transforms fantasy into fact.

II

There is something singularly arresting in the thought of that interview between these two men whose lives, normally, lay so far apart, both geographically and socially; and who had been brought together by an apparently irrelevant chain of circumstances—a walk taken by Mr. John Way through the Temple on a summer's day, a ride taken by Lewis Way in winter, past the leafless oaks of *A la Ronde*.

The Autocrat of All the Russias and his new acquaintance were profoundly attracted to each other, and the conversation soon drifted from impersonal topics to matters more intimate and confidential. "The Emperor," wrote Lewis, "conversed with me most fully and freely upon Jews, Gentiles, personal experiences, etc; but not once in all my conversation with him did he ever refer to politics. . . . What most delighted me was the full conviction of the spirituality of his mind." Ere long, Alexander rose and fetched his Bible from a shelf adjacent. This was an octavo in four volumes which had been translated from the Vulgate into French at Cologne in 1806; and Lewis afterwards learnt that this voluminous book travelled everywhere with the Emperor, and that he consulted it like an oracle in his new phase of mysticism. Alexander mentioned that he read portions of it daily on a system of his own, first, a chapter in the Old Testament, then a chapter in the Gospel, then a chapter in the Epistles, noting these methodically on a card divided into compartments, thus :

2 Kings 3rd	18 John Jany	Ep. 2 1818		

The reason why he thus contrasted different parts of the Scriptures, he explained, was because he considered that one supplied the context and the elucidation of the other. He forthwith began to read aloud passages to Lewis, expounding these or inviting information with an air of diffidence. "The Emperor reading for me the 91st Psalm," writes Lewis, "related to me the whole history of his conversion and described in just the same frank manner the origin of the Holy Alliance."

It appears that under the auspices of the Empress Catherine, the education of Alexander had been wholly political and non-religious. A free-thinker from youth upwards, he had never even looked at a Bible, till one day when he was setting out for the army, a lady put into his hand a paper which he politely transferred to his pocket and forgot. Some time afterwards, he glanced at this out of curiosity, and found it to be the 91st Psalm. "I was much impressed with this," he told Lewis; "it changed my entire outlook, and the words of that Psalm have been a continual support to me during the War."

This narrative was typical of the man who uttered it—a man who had never pursued a line of investigation for himself, but who seized upon a new idea thus dramatically presented to him, and, regarding the incident as miraculous, allowed it to transform his life. The Holy Alliance was framed in a similar spirit, half romantic, half superstitious.

“I often subsequently thought,” he told Lewis, “that it would be right to make some public avowal of the great truth of Christianity in a way that should have no connection with political concerns, but be solely of a moral and religious tendency.” One day in Paris he took a pencil from his pocket and framed the outline of this still hazy idea. Almost immediately after “an elderly lady” (evidently the Baroness de Krüdener) came to him and announced that she had a Message to deliver to him. Her mandate proved to be a duplicate of the scheme he had just drawn up. Struck with the coincidence, Alexander forthwith took this to the Emperor of Austria expecting a rebuff, but both that Sovereign and the King of Prussia agreed to it readily. “When La Sainte Alliance was formed,” he concluded, “and the peace was made, the world supposed it would not last six months, yet we are about to meet after three years more united and more in harmony than ever.”

In connection with the Sainte Alliance, Alexander invited Lewis’s views on the subject of the Millennium which he thought was approaching. This was a matter on which Lewis Way, in common with William Wilberforce, the Clapham Sect, and all the Evangelicals of that date, had very clearly defined and decided opinions. “Your Majesty observes,” he said, “that a ‘new earth’ cannot be supposed to be in Heaven, and the City is represented as ‘coming down’ instead of going up—therefore it seems to refer to a glorious state here below.” And he proceeded to expound his conviction that the Millennium represented the happy state of the Church on Earth after the conversion of the Jews. The Emperor was much struck with this idea and its coincidence with his own belief that this glorious time was imminent.

Once, when discussing some private matter, Lewis remarked, “Your Majesty must suppose I feel some difficulty in speaking on subjects of such delicacy and importance in your Majesty’s presence.”

And the Emperor replied, “You ought to have none. Whatever the relative position of Christians in this life may be, they are all brethren; and when two are met

together they should know and understand each other and speak together as equals."

It was late on a bitter night when Lewis at last drove back to his "Missionary barrack" with a heart aglow with thankfulness, and a mind filled with admiration for his new friend—for such he felt he could already consider Alexander. "To hear the first Sovereign upon earth," he wrote, "converse upon such subjects with the zeal and energy of a Missionary, the sagacity of a Politician, the dignity of a Monarch, and the simplicity of a private individual—is truly a Phenomenon in the present state of the world. . . . He is exactly what Israel wants at present, and so God bless him abundantly!"

III

Four times did the Emperor grant an interview to Lewis, and on each occasion the sympathy and affection between them seemed to deepen. More than once, incidents occurred which to both seemed fraught with a strange significance. One day they were reading together the 44th Chapter of Isaiah when they came to a passage which says of Cyrus—

"He is my shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure : even saying to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built ; and to the temple, Thy foundation shall be laid."

Lewis looked earnestly at the Emperor, while the same thought crossed the minds of each that Alexander might be the instrument, even as Cyrus was, for bringing the Jews back to their own land.

On another occasion, Lewis relates, "I told his Majesty I wished him to consider the 41st Chapter of Isaiah with reference to the subject we were discussing. He immediately replied 'Yes, *directly*,' and taking up the Bible he turned to the chapter and read the whole aloud, and, when he had finished, said it was very remarkable, and agreed with me that it could not relate to former times. I well remember his look in reading the 25th verse which in his French copy stood 'J'appellerai du septentrion votre

Liberateur.’¹ He afterwards observed in the course of conversation ‘the chief thing is to do the will of God—that is my first thought in the morning and the last at night.’ ”

Only once in the various conversations was Madame de Krüdener mentioned—the woman to whom the Czar owed his alleged conversion, but who at this date had mysteriously fallen from favour. “Your Majesty is acquainted with her?” observed Lewis tentatively. “Yes, she is a very interesting character and I hope a Christian,” responded Alexander casually; “but she is too fond of ridiculing others. It is not consistent with the Christian character to be *caustique*.”

Finally, with regard to Lewis’s project and the mode of procedure advisable to achieve it, he observed:

“We know it will be done, neither sooner nor later than pleases God, and all present obstacles will eventually be overcome. It is a matter of too much importance for hasty decision, but God will direct us. I assure you I have not met you, Mr. Way, this evening without imploring the Divine blessing on our conference. *Toujours je trouve ma nullité, Toujours j’invoque l’Eternel.*”

IV

At length, with the interest of the Emperor strongly enlisted in his cause, and with the solemn promise of Alexander to further this to the utmost with his all-powerful influence, Lewis believed that the object of his journey was fulfilled, and joyfully prepared to return home. It was then that Alexander pointed out the conclusion at which he had arrived. It was important that Lewis should personally attend the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle in the following autumn, since thus he would have an opportunity of meeting the assembled Crowned Heads of Europe or their plenipotentiaries, and of pleading his cause individually

¹ In the English version the text runs thus: “I have raised up one from the north, and he shall come: from the rising of the sun shall he call upon my name: and he shall come upon princes as upon mortar, and as the potter treadeth clay.”

before them. Lewis shrank from the ordeal, but the Czar's arguments prevailed, and reluctantly he consented. He, however, cherished the project of returning to Stansted in the interlude, after he had established Solomon in the Crimea, where the Emperor also promised to meet him in the spring.

There is a little sketch of Lewis made by Charles Maberley on the eve of his departure from Moscow, which shows him clad in a long flowing robe of blue, with an outer cape lavishly trimmed with fur, and a round fur cap upon his head. The picturesque, unusual dress gives him a foreign appearance, which is accentuated by his surroundings, for the background presents a bleak, snowy landscape, with a wooden hut and a leafless tree. "Since I left England," he wrote at this juncture, "I have visited all the synagogues, and conversed with most of the chief Rabbis from Rotterdam to Moscow." As he drove away from the great Russian city, he indited a long and panegyric poem to Alexander which he has endorsed "written on a bitter night in an open sledge." The length of the poem prohibits quotation, but a few verses descriptive of the wreckage wrought by Napoleon and the then plight of Moscow are as follows :

TO ALEXANDER I

Enough of storm and wintry blast
And of the Tyranny o'erpast;
Napoleon reigns no more.
Witness the heaps of frozen slain
That cumber Borodino's plain
And Moshva's crimson shore !

The Muscovite affrighted stood
To see the deep empurpled flood,
And thought on days of old,
When Tartar Chief the Tribute laid
Long by reluctant Russia paid
For Safety bought with gold.

He saw the venerable wall
Of Kremlin's crested turrets fall
In that ill-fated hour ;

And trembled lest a sudden blaze
The consecrated vault should raze
Of Ivan's golden tower.

He trembled for Kalita's ¹ shrine
Where Czars and Patriarchs recline,
Each in his marble Bed,
And chanted oft the solemn rite
Where silver lamp and taper light
The Living and the Dead.

The Cross the glittering Belfrey bore ²
The sacrilegious Victor tore
The trophy of his fame—
Nor sooner won the Golden prize
Than Moscow sinks before his eyes
In one consuming flame.

Posterity has yet to learn
How Domes and Palaces can burn
Invaded by a Gaul—
How soon in Fortune's flowing tide
A Tyrant's frantic, impious pride
Accelerates his fall!

Etc.

“Madame Krüdener,” he remarks subsequently, “has prophesied that Napoleon will escape from St. Helena. Nothing more likely! It will take a long time to make another man as wicked. Who more like Antichrist?”

¹ Kalita, the Church of the Archangels in the Kremlin contains the tombs of the Czars in Russia from Kalita the first Muscovite Sovereign to John Alexeivitch, during a period of 200 years.

² Bonaparte, on taking possession of the Kremlin, caused the Cross of Ivan Reliki to be taken down, intending to send it to Paris, but it is supposed never to have arrived there.

CHAPTER IX

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

SO Lewis set forth upon his travels again; and in response to his wife's letters complaining that certain matters at home required his attention, he wrote firmly:

“Your account of Stansted only proves to me more and more the folly of setting our hearts on anything on this earth which will be burnt, *and then there will be neither damp in the chapel nor dry rot in the house.*”

And later he wrote: “I find happiness at all times everywhere by expecting it at all times nowhere.”

It was not till he reached Odessa on the Black Sea, 967 miles from Moscow, that he learnt that he was the father of a baby daughter who by then was already two months old, and had been christened Catherine Louisa, after his friend Princess Louise of Posen. On May 14 Mrs. Way wrote:

“The pleasure of writing to you is sadly destroyed by the great uncertainty if my letters will ever reach you, and the long time at all events. There must be at least 7 letters now at Petersburg from me, and some before to Odessa.

The Lord be praised, I can give you a good account of all our family. I am very tolerably stout again, and sweet little Louisa most lovely and interesting. Anna much improved by her temporary Gouvernante. Albert well and happy with Mr. Hodson who gives the most satisfactory account of his progress . . . they are a very nice orderly party of boys and Albert is most happy with them.”

She speaks of the “Jewish Anniversary” which had

just been celebrated at Stansted, when "Mr. Hodson gave us a Jewish Exposition and we sang your hymn 'For Zion's sake.'"

"The Bishop of Gloucester and Mr. Wilberforce and his wife have been staying, and the latter said it was the most gratifying meeting he ever witnessed. The Bp, Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. C. Grant were the most striking speakers, and much was said of the Wandering Jew,¹ who engages the interest of all. Nothing could be more encouraging than the general features of the Meeting. The receipts of the year £9,000, £3,000 collected in penny Societies. Another £500 paid in at Hoare's."

And the letter is somewhat pathetically adorned with a series of tiny circles, labelled respectively—"Anna's kiss for Papa," "Mamma's and Dilla's kiss," and, in a very tiny circle, "Louisa's kiss."

II

On May 18 Lewis again met the Emperor at Sympherol in the Crimea.

"At 6 o'clock that day," he writes, "the Governor's Secretary called to desire I would be in readiness and wait till I received a message from the Emperor who would see me in the evening. At half-past nine, an Officer appeared who asked for Pasteur Way, and I set out immediately in a Russian Drosky, and drove to the Courtyard of Government House, which was illuminated with lights on the ground and rails, in the Russian style.

The Officer shewed me into an ante-room delightfully perfumed by citron and lemon trees in full leaf and fruit. A servant then appeared who opened a folding door into his Majesty's private room. In the middle was a narrow travelling bed, without curtain or ornament, between the windows, a dressing table, with razor, long scizzors, bell, candles, etc.; and on one side papers, dispatches, and the big Bible I had seen before, in four volumes.

His Majesty met me at the door and took my hand just

¹ Lewis Way's nickname for himself.

as he had done at Moscow, and addressed me in English — ‘Sit down here, and tell me where you have been, and what you have seen!’ He had dismissed all business and attendants, only two grenadiers stood in the outer passage, and one servant in waiting.

He first read the 13th of Mark, and I had a paper in my pocket for him called *Signs of the Last Days*, in 12 divisions, showing all the parallel passages on the subject. He made me sit, as before, close to him, and having heard all particulars of my journey, we then entered on a genuine discussion of Jewish and Christian concerns which lasted without intermission till 12 o’clock; in the course of which his Majesty read the whole of the 13th of Revelation, and the 16th from verse 10.

He had been that very morning in the Synagogue and conversed with many Jews in their houses . . . this led to a discourse on the manner of approaching the Jews, and he spoke as if he were addressing Jews himself on the character of the Messiah in a way that none but Marsh ever did in my hearing. Such ready application of the Scriptures was astonishing, especially after the fatigues of the day!

He opened to me a new plan of operation, which I think *he only* upon earth can give effect to, and he entreated me with great earnestness to remain here at present. I told him I had a wife and family whom I wished to see, but that Solomon would stay; but he said ‘*You* have begun, and *you must* go on.’ The Karaims, he pointed out, sorely wanted instruction, and with reference to one who had just been baptized he said quaintly ‘You have been given a germ here, you must stay and inoculate it!’”

The terms Karaism and Karites, it may be explained, are derived from a Hebrew word *Karah*, to read, with which the Koran is associated. The disciples of Karaism professed to go back to, and rely solely upon, the authority of the Bible; and in one aspect Karaism reverted to the teaching of the Sadducees which had appealed to a wealthy minority, while in another it anticipated the Protestant Reformation. Its followers were deeply in earnest and

eager for information ; so that Lewis could not deny the importance of the task which Alexander urged him to continue.

At last the Emperor rose, and pressing Lewis's hand bade him good night. "I apologized for having stayed so long by saying that I could not leave till he first gave the sign," says Lewis ; "and he replied, 'Use no ceremony with me at any time—*we are friends* ; and let me know how you go on.' I replied, 'Dieu bénira vôtre Majesté,' and departed."

"It is impossible," Lewis wrote afterwards to his wife, "to describe the animation and affability of his Majesty's manner. . . . If you are so pleased with the bust of the Emperor, what would you be if you could see his benevolent countenance lighted up in conversation. Neither Hodson, nor Hawtrey, nor myself are more interested about the poor Jews, or understand the subject of their restoration better than he does."

Thus it was that Lewis was forced to abandon his project of returning at once to Stansted, and wrote resignedly to his wife : "As a Quaker says, 'having followed the sheep, I must now follow the tail !' " so while Alexander went on his way, no doubt studying "The Signs of the Last Days in twelve divisions," Lewis remained behind to preach to the Karaims.

Ere he eventually left the Crimea, he settled his travelling companion Nehemiah Solomon in charge of the Mission which was to be entrusted to his care ; but as Solomon does not figure again in these pages, the end of his career may be here related. He remained in the Crimea for some years, then suddenly reappeared in England, and informed Lewis Way that he was unsettled in his mind respecting some of the dogmas of religion. Mr. Way thereupon sent him to Scott the Commentator to discuss his difficulties, and after three months he returned professing himself to be entirely satisfied. But Dr. Joseph Wolff, of whom we shall hear presently, did not trust him. "That man is not sincere," he said to Lewis, "he will break out some day ! " And time proved

the correctness of this prediction. Suddenly Solomon withdrew £300 from the funds of the Society and disappeared with it. Possibly he returned to the discarded Sarah; but he was never heard of again!

III

On his way to Aix-la-Chapelle Lewis visited Prague, and thence wrote a curious account of the Jews' graveyard.

"The Jews' burial ground is the most extraordinary place I ever visited. In it are not to say a *great* many graves because nothing short of millions can convey any idea of what there must be collected in that spot of Death and decay and Earthly Oblivion. Imagine the most densely crowded Metropolitan Burying ground, say a couple of acres in extent, one of those of which one gets a passing glimpse through the iron gate, driving through the densely populated quarters of London. Imagine this undermined till its gravestones sink by their own weight to their *necks* and assume every fantastic position. Go on, crowd *double* the original numbers in at the top, join your coffins in, any way you can, tear up here and there 5 or 6 stones, and pile them one on another to make room for another Tenant, but he *must* have a *separate* stone. . . . The lower ones themselves must rot away in such a Golgotha. Fancy this operation continued until the stones have accumulated to such an extent that no ingenuity could join one in anywhere, even cornerways, and until the constant accumulation of artificial soil above has swallowed up twice what the eye can see and raised the whole level 8 or 10 feet. Then imagine this almost completely matted and hid by a dense thicket of knotted, dwarf, gnarled Elder Trees which struggle up through, and often have raised stones in their arms—and you have a notion of the very strangest scene I know of.

I cannot describe, for I could not analyse, the singular sensations and ideas which thronged my mind as I rather *crept* than walked about its tortuous and gloomy paths. It has long been disused from necessity. Far *in*, under the old elders, and all but inaccessible, can be seen among the

crowd of tombstones fragments of costly monuments, green with moss and the mouldy lichens of centuries. Think of the wealth and secret splendour, the misery and persecution, the bearded dignity and black-eyed beauty that have come through that narrow gate (Bab el Mandeb) to rest in oblivion !

There is something to me affecting in this place, the extraordinary story of this people as a nation—their sufferings and persecutions and tortures in the darker ages (one cannot but allow for conscience sake), their dispersion as individuals and unity as a people were all suggested at the *locale*. And this crowding together as it were for refuge after death from a world which held them in abhorrence, struck me as peculiarly melancholy and touching.”

“ VIENNA
18th July.

“ You will rejoice to know that I am safe in the land of beds and chairs and tables and other comforts unknown to travellers in the North of Europe. Yet not being accustomed to what Dr. Clark calls ‘an adieu to the necessaries as well as comforts of life’ I am already reconciled to the bustle of a civilized metropolis, and the accommodations of what we call ‘a turnpike road.’ We began to pay tolls and sleep on mattresses on entering the Austrian territory at Brody, leaving that the 1st of July. We have had a safe and delightful journey through the provinces of East Galicia, Silesia, and Moravia, containing forests, gardens, vineyards and every beauty of cultivation which can delight the eye or provide for the gratification of the Palate—a more beautiful tract I have not yet seen.

At sunrise this morning I caught the first glimpse of the spires of Vienna, and after my last sleep awoke on the banks of the Danube, to realize that ‘the arrow that passeth [*sic*] by day’ had passed the preceding day in the shape of a most tremendous flash of forked lightning immediately by the side of the carriage, which it marked—I never before saw *such an arrow*, but I conceive the Carpathian mountains, which draw all the storms, are

familiarized with them. This whole magnificent ridge which extends all the way from Cracow had been charging with electric fluid for the preceding days, which gave a most magnificent gloomy character to the scenery, but ended in the plains of Austria at sunset. Having a great desire to hear of you and my dear family in the morning I preferred spending another night, and perhaps my last, in the chaise, for in a beautiful and unknown country to travel by night *in the dark* is as wise as to buy the map of Germany and then put it on the head as a nightcap.

My expectation is fully answered by the budget of near 20 letters, none containing ill news, which I found here. . . .

What the lady is who reforms prisons,¹ I know not, but if they would reform themselves I think it would be well. *What would Luther have said of Petticoats in pulpits!!* but I refrain, lest I should seem to have left my manners in Russia."

He states that he chose the prettiest road and went by Augsberg, Berne, Lausanne, and Geneva. At Lausanne he found many old acquaintances of his uncle Lord Sheffield and Mr. Gibbon; next, he attended the Feast of Peace at Augsburg, "by which the Lutheran churches celebrate the anniversary of the time when they were allowed the free exercise of their religion." At Constance, "where the Council was held in 1414 which burnt John Huss, there is not a single Protestant, so that in 4 centuries the blood of that Martyr is yet crying for vengeance from beneath the Altar. In the Council room where he was condemned is yet to be seen the cart in which he was carried to execution and a piece of his mantle, part of which I have brought away to be deposited among the relics at Stansted."

From Geneva he wrote :

"I had promised Maberley to give him a sight of Mont Blanc and Chamonix, so on Wednesday we arrived at Geneva and set out next morning for the mountains in a

¹ Elizabeth Fry.

char-à-banc, another new kind of vehicle, and travelled about 60 English miles into, and among, the wonderful mountains, till we came to the famous valley so extolled by travellers, especially since two English found their way to the Sea of Ice, from where the glaciers descend. The latter are truly astonishing, to see pyramids and mountains of ice resisting all impression of the solar influence and preserving their consistency through a succession of summers in the bottom of a valley of fruit and flowers, is a phenomenon which the colder regions of the North cannot, I believe, exhibit. The snows of Russia come and go with equal rapidity, but the frosts of these regions are Eternal. Out of two of these Glaciers flow two rivers which meet in the valley. This adds much to the singularity of their appearance."

"HOTEL BRETEUIL,
RUE DE RIVOLI, PARIS.

Sept. 9th 1818.

"After committing my letter to the Post at Dijon last week, I took the road to Fontainebleu, and stayed there all Sunday. At breakfast who should arrive but an old school-fellow, a lawyer, from Northern Circuit, Jonathan Raine, with wife in chaise. He attended us, or we him, to the old Palace of Henry IV, since more known as the last scene of Boney's Melodrama. We saw the table on which he signed his abdication in favour of the little man we saw at Baden; it is a small mahogany table on one leg, round, and about the size of a tea-tray. There is a mark which it is said was made by the Imperial pen knife which he threw down in a passion. We saw also the rooms in which the Pope lived during his *visit* to Nap. It is singular that the tapestry in this room exhibited the frogs asking a King of Jupiter, and there is a most disgusting figure of a man with a frog's head larger than any that crept into the Council chamber of the original Pharaoh.

The road to Paris lies through the forest, 7 or 8 English miles without a field, like Stansted laid out in rides for the *parti de chasse de Henri*, but I could truly say

Si Roi Henri m'avait donné, etc., etc. ;
J'aime mieux le mien !

Though, since the days of Dodona, when trees were vocal and prophetic, *a Priest* has no right to so many ! . . .

Yesterday at 3 o'clock I saw Louis XVIII in full cavalcade in his coach and eight, all very handsome and proper. The people pulled off hats and stopped in the street, but made no noise. I saw the Austerlitz column on the top of which for 7 years stood the statue of Bonaparte, ten feet high, and having cost *cing mille cent douze livres*, but which was torn down in May 1814. It was replaced by a *fleur de lis* three feet high which supports a column of 18 feet on which is placed the *drapeau blanc*, a monument which alike commemorates the bravery of the French and the moderation of the Allied Sovereigns. The Austrians would have destroyed it, being made of their own cannon, but Alexander said 'My troops shall keep it,' so it stands to-day and is become one of *his* monuments !

Another is the Bridge of Jéna in the Champ de Mars which the Prussians would have blown up for similar reasons, but the Man of the North interfered again and lined it with his Cossacks, and saved that also. These are not marks of a little mind, for that is always fond of a less noble revenge. I think that but for him Paris would have been like Moscow, a pile of ruin and emptiness."

" PARIS,
September 21st.

" With regard to the change in my return, when you know all you will be fully satisfied of the great duty of my going to Aix. Had I been resolved on that measure earlier, I should have hastened to England to have seen you first and brought you over ; but I have enough to do here to make necessary acquaintance, and prepare for what you justly term the great Crisis. At least I shall have the satisfaction of having done my duty and used an occasion which may never occur again. Therefore, dearest, be at ease and follow the plan of Providence whatever it may be, and all will come well at last."

“*Magdeburg* (the capital of Prussian Saxony, and one of the chief fortresses of the German empire)

Oct. 1st.

“About 4 English miles from *Magdeburg*, the city has very much the appearance of Cambridge from the Gog-Magog hills, the grand Dome having two towers or spires (for they are neither one nor the other) which at that distance resemble the turrets of King’s College, and 7 or 8 other spires give the whole an Academic air; but on entering the town nothing is to be seen of this, as the outskirts on either side exhibit the most complete fortification in this part of Germany.

The whole town has suffered dreadfully during the War, the arsenal destroyed and only the wall remaining, the great church, which retains the marks of Cannon, is repairing. It is a noble pile of no particular order. A stone monument at the west and an enormous slab of marble at the East for the Communion table, are the most curious parts of its furniture, and among the memorials of the dead should be noted that of the lady who was buried in a trance and saved by the grave-digger opening the coffin to cut off her ring.

On the 2nd we slept at Brandenburg where we did not arrive till 8 and were glad to leave it at 6 in ye morning and proceed to Potsdam, where we immediately hired a voiturier to take a view of Sans Souci, the celebrated residence of Frederick the Great. There are not less than four Palaces built during the 7 years war, and a considerable town regularly built to gratify the vanity of a man who, it is said, was at last ashamed of such an enormous expense and caused the accounts to be destroyed.

Having always considered this place one of the nurseries of that modern Philosophy which produced the French and other revolutions I was curious to see the spot where the philosophers of Ferney and Sans Souci spoke ‘lies at one table!’ These Palaces are among the most striking instances not only of the vanity and the instability of Earthly possessions, but of the revolution which at last reached the descendants of the monarch who had fomented the principles in which it originated.

Napoleon took possession of *Sans Souci* 24th October 1806 and only stayed there a few hours after the battle of Jéna—the King of Prussia re-entered it on the 5th May, 1810, as appears by his Majesty's own entry in the Album at the Palais Neuf. The Castellan contrived to conceal this book when the Emperor of the West was in the room, and, on the 17th of October 1815, the names of the Emperor of Russia and his family were written by Alexander himself in German. . . .

In ye private library of the King (which remains exactly as it was at his death) 2 copies of his own volumes *Sallust* in Latin and a French Novel, lay on the chimney piece, and, on a large desk, instead of a Bible or book of Geography, was the '*Art of War*' in folio. In another library is a copy of the King's poems with the original notes of Voltaire which savour more of the Wit than the Courtier, as the Royal poet is very roughly handled by the French critic!

When Napoleon was here it was not shewn to him, but hearing of it from one of his Generals, he sent him back to get it, and it was taken to Paris and restored with other pillage after his dethronement. The apartment once occupied by Voltaire is still *in statu quo*; the chief room is ornamented in the French style with carved parrots and festoons; the bed is in a recess at one end and on either side on the wall is a monkey and a squirrel. Had he been raised to the Peerage before he was canonized in the Pantheon of the Goddess of Reason he could not have had more appropriate supporters! The table on which he wrote still remains in one corner and innumerable blots of ink testify the diligence with which he laboured in the service of Satan, who doubtless guided his pen."

IV

In an undated letter Lewis at last wrote from Aix:

"I arrived here safe and sound from Frankfurt-sur-Main yesterday. I went by Cologne, Coblenz, Mayence, etc., along the Rhine—tracing Boney again all the way. The Emperor Alexander and suite return tonight from

Paris and will stay till about the 15th November. Whether I shall get away before is uncertain. I have a paper to prepare in 3 divisions, according to a plan given me by the Secrétaire d'Etat.

- I. Concordance of Scripture testimony to return of Jews.
- II. State of public opinion on their civil emancipation, etc ;
- III. Concessions and advantages to the Jew and Gentile resulting thence.

This would require 6 months at least to do it justice. *I have to do it in 6 days*, to be in time. And even then the pressure of other business is great."

Working thus against time and filled with anxiety now that the crucial moment was imminent, Lewis would have had scanty opportunity to study the strange multitude around him, had it not been for social amenities which he could not neglect. "As to balls," he writes, "I have been to none, though dancing the Polonaise is walking round a room with a lady. Sunday is the great day for balls all over the continent, their Sabbath ends at 6, so how they will relish one that is *never to end* I know not. . . . I was at Duke William's concert with all the Monarchs, and last night at Lord Castlereagh's, with whom I dine in half an hour to-day, and also the Emperor. . . ." And later he wrote, "A few nights since I was at the Duke of Wellington's Soirée, where I met all the Sovereigns. Dear Alexander shook me by the paw like an old friend ! and I drank the health of old Eton, with former Etonians, in Champagne."

The Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle was voted dull compared with that of Vienna by those who had attended both, but to Lewis the experience was of unprecedented interest. The city swarmed with a strange and varied concourse of people—Sovereigns, plenipotentiaries, financiers, philanthropists, public singers and mountebanks, even a famous clairvoyante, Mlle Lenormand, was there, who had formerly been highly patronized by Napoleon and Josephine, and now, more than ever, was filled with a

prophetic spirit. To Lewis it seemed that every sage, wit and saint jostled shoulders with every crank and freak in Christendom, and that each had some project to further, some object to attain.

Among the motley throng, however, he found many of his friends. Sir Thomas Acland, an old acquaintance, was one of the first to greet him, and Thomas Clarkson the philanthropist. Sir George Rose was there, his staunch adherent in Berlin. The Duke of Wellington was his host on various occasions, and had much to discuss with him respecting former days at Eton, pleasant visits to Sheffield Place, and the valour of Lewis's brother, Sir Gregory Way, who had recently served in the Peninsular Campaign. Next, his old friend the Duke of Kent, who was then living in Germany, greeted him warmly and introduced him to his bride the Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg, whose future daughter, Victoria, was destined to be Queen of England, and incidentally also the god-daughter of the Emperor Alexander of Russia. Lewis speaks too of visiting the Crown Prince of Prussia, his warm ally; and of giving up Madame Catalini's concert in order to have a long talk, late at night, with the famous Minister Capodistras, then Russian Secretary of State.

Much of Lewis's time, however, was spent in the company of the Emperor Alexander, compiling the Manifesto with which he hoped to plead his cause. This he divided under three separate headings, in three separate booklets, which dealt with it as follows:

- I. *L'Aspect Religieux.*
- II. *L'Aspect Moral et Politique.*
- III. *L'Aspect Administratif.*

A fourth book contained a general survey of the question, addressed more directly to the Sovereigns; and it is interesting to note that he advocated strongly the encouragement of agriculture among a people who for centuries had been addicted to, and always associated with, the idea of commerce. But Lewis realized that the Jews were originally an agricultural people, who had subsisted on the produce of their husbandry, and that only their expulsion from their fertile home-land, and their subsequent suppression and

slavery in foreign countries, had forced them to develop a faculty for trade and usury which was alien to them under native conditions. The main plea of his argument throughout was forbearance and justice, while his reasoning was well considered and profound. Moreover, the vivid language in which it was couched, the practical common sense and breadth of outlook displayed, as well as the happy fluency with which all was expressed, are the more remarkable when one considers that these four books were written at high pressure, against time, and in French, a language with which Lewis considered himself to be far from proficient. To his wife he wrote :

“Oct. 24th 6 o'clock. Aix.

“I have done my duty and shall rejoice to return to my own dear home and comforts, having been ready to resign them if it had been the Lord's will. . . . I have no time to write at length—all is well here. I came to serve God, and he has crowned and blest me. The E. is dearer than ever, and will do all in his power. He has had and approved all my papers and plans, and given them to an acquaintance from whom I have received instructions for further documents. I saw him Sunday evening. He said ‘*It is all right and good and proper,*’ etc., etc. He promised to bring it forward himself. The Lord Bless him! I have been engaged all the morning as his private Secretary for Foreign affairs!!”

All Lewis's letters reveal deep affection for the Autocrat who had taken his heart by storm ; and in one he remarks :

“I have just seen the only real likeness of dear A. which Sir Thomas Lawrence is doing here for the Prince Regent, it is excellent, and ought to do for a head of St. Michael, so full of spirit and benevolence.”

V

At length the great day came when Lewis was to plead his cause *viva voce* before the assembled Crowned Heads and their representatives. It was an ordeal from which a man less hypersensitive in temperament and of more

robust physique might well have flinched, and it was rendered all the more difficult from the fact that his plea had to be made in a foreign language. But Lewis had a rare gift of oratory, and now in his enthusiasm he spoke like one inspired. His eloquence, his brilliance, combined with his passionate earnestness, made a profound impression on those who heard him. Even the tale of his great wealth and of the strange chain of circumstances which had led to his championship of the Jewish cause gave an added interest to his attractive personality. The keynote of his plea was tolerance—tolerance in the great things of life and in the small; brotherly love and Christian charity as preached, but hitherto not practised, by so-called Christian nations. Almost his words were an echo of those of a great Englishman over three centuries ago :

“Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed with the same means, warmed and clothed with the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?”

The hearts of his audience were thrilled when, lapsing unconsciously into English, he cried :

“What I plead for on behalf of this distressed people is civil and political freedom—an entrance into the great family of Society. It is vain to ask the Jews to become Christians otherwise! Joseph of Arimathea, being bold, begged for the body of Jesus. *J’ai eu la hardiesse de rendre ce service aux membres morts de son corps mystique, l’Eglise.*”

And again he exclaimed :

“Lorsque le Sauveur des hommes vient au monde, Caesar Auguste promulga un décret qui détermine le lieu de sa nativité. Un Edit pouvait emaner de cette Assemblée de Souverains, par lequel (en employant les termes des Saintes Ecritures) ‘un pays serait enfanté dans un jour, et une nation naîtrait tout d’un coup.’”

The magnetism of the speaker, as much as his well-considered arguments, prevailed. The Clause he advocated was inserted in the Protocol and was signed by the Emperors of Prussia, Austria and Russia and the following plenipotentiaries :

Metternich
 Richelieu
 Castlereagh
 Wellington
 Hardenberg
 Bernstoff
 Nesselrode
 Capodistrias

“It is certain,” Lewis wrote triumphantly, “that such an appeal has not been made for the poor Jews since the days of Mordecai and Esther !” and the card was treasured by him which he had used on that day of his triumph—the last day of the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, Sunday, November 22, 1818.

LAST DAY OF CONGRESS

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

Sunday 22nd November—1818.

Moscow	$\frac{3}{15}$	January	Thursday
Symphoropol	$\frac{18}{30}$	May	Saturday
Aix-la-Chapelle	$\frac{11}{15}$	November	Sunday

It was thus not until late in the month of November that Lewis was able to start for England. Till the departure of Alexander there was still much to be discussed, much to be arranged in regard to future operations. Finally, the two friends who had been thus strangely thrown

together for a space, bade each other a sad farewell, each fearing, what proved to be the case, that they would never meet again on earth. By December 1 Lewis had reached Brussels, but there to his dismay he was delayed indefinitely, as he explains to his wife

“by the entire decrepitude of my carriage, which is fairly worn out in the service. One wheel is come off three times, two of the springs are broken, and not a timber sound. I shall change or mend it as fast as possible, and fly to you by night and day; but I am sure you would rather have me a day later with my legs and arms, than a day sooner without!”

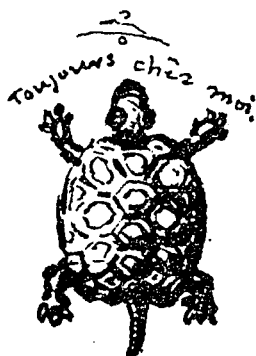
Eventually, he reached Stansted in time to spend Christmas with his family, who were overjoyed to see him, and to be introduced to the little daughter he had not yet seen; from whose namesake, Princess Louise of Posen, he received a cordial letter in the following spring:

“Graf Louisa of Prussia, Radziwill, returns many thanks to Revd. Lewis Way for his kind remembrances, she is happy to know him safely arrived in England and surrounded by his lovely family. May God bless them all.

Graf Louisa, the Prince, Fraulein Eliza and all the children beg Mr. Way to believe they are sincerely devoted to him.

Berlin 19th March 1819.

Many compliments to the Sultan, Mr. Cox, and all your friends.”



A. Way.

CHAPTER X

DR. JOSEPH WOLFF

SHORTLY after Lewis's return home, on December 31, the anniversary of his wedding day, he assembled a meeting of his friends at the house of William Wilberforce to determine the fate of Stansted, whether it should be turned into a Hebrew College, or whether, in furthering such a project, he was acting unjustly towards his family. Wilberforce was then residing at Marden Park, Surrey, and there Charles Simeon and others, having solemnly discussed the question at considerable length, came to the decision that, as Lewis's fortune was not inherited, but had been given to him specifically to be employed on some good object, he would be acting rightly in thus expending it.¹

A few weeks later took place the consecration of the Chapel which Lewis had enlarged and decorated. He preached there on January 24, and the next day, the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, the Bishops of Gloucester and St. David's consecrated the Chapel and chapel-yard.

After the ceremony, when the house was full of guests, Lewis was missing; and at length his wife found him alone, kneeling before the altar in the newly-consecrated chapel, while by his side was a paper in which he had solemnly dedicated Stansted and the estate to God, to be used as a College for the training of Jewish and foreign missionaries.²

Shortly after, Lewis drew up a Petition, and sent this to Lord Liverpool with a request that he would use his

¹ See Appendix A.

² See Appendix B.

influence to procure the grant of a charter for the projected Institution.

While awaiting the issue, Lewis and his family went on a visit to Sheffield Place where Lord Sheffield, now 84 years of age, was in precarious health. By his third wife, formerly Lady Anne North, he had now a son and one daughter, Lady Anne, who was about the age of Drusilla.

“On our father’s return from Russia,” Drusilla wrote in her old age, “we all went to Brighton; thence, (Lou a baby in arms) to Sheffield Place. All very pleasant and kind. Lady Anne and I, below age for late dinner, were admitted to hear the *talk*. Small table, and practically no guests. I remember my mourning in low frock for Queen Charlotte at dinner, very suitable, an Irish poplin. In our father’s dressing-room over a door was a life-size oil painting of the 1st Lady Sheffield, our father’s aunt. In that room before leaving with our mother and me, an Orizon of supplication for the old Earl’s soul was made—very affectedly.”

Lord Sheffield, however, survived for two years, dying at the age of 86 in 1821; but little Lady Anne was not destined to inherit her father’s longevity. In 1827, she married the Hon. Arthur Legge, son of the 3rd Earl of Dartmouth, and died sadly two years later at the birth of her son.

On Lewis’s return to Stansted, he found that difficulties were being raised by the Government in regard to the lines on which he wished to run the projected College; and accordingly he again consulted Charles Simeon, who replied as follows:

Charles Simeon to Lewis Way

KING’S COLLEGE, CAMB.

July 1, 1819.

“A summons from you on such an occasion is almost irresistible, for I am so entirely One with you in the whole matter that, not my horses and my people only, but my Dearer Self, too, should be yours. I feel thoroughly that a Press of *fine Canvas* will infallibly overset the Vessel;

and that it were better the Vessel never leave port at all, than leave it so rigged.

Knowing what I do of human nature, and how impossible it is for a whole Regiment of Israelites to withstand one Goliath, I have no hesitation on the subject. All I can do for the Lord I will gladly do ; and so will you also ; but my *own ideas* must be followed up, or I will do nothing, lest, after expending all my means, my ends will be altogether thwarted. Had I not possessed an unusual degree of firmness in this matter, all the livings of Mr. Thornton w^d have been *badly* disposed of, and with Cheltenham Salts I should have been long since purged to *an Atomy*. I say then, what thou doest, do wisely.”

II

On August 31 Lewis started on a mission through the West of England with Mr. Hawtrey ; and having visited Plymouth and other towns in the south he proceeded to Falmouth where an unexpected incident marked his visit.

He had arranged to preach in the parish church there ; and on arriving for the service, he found the following paper pinned upon the church door. It was believed to have been written by a Jew resident in the town, and it contained some trenchant home-truths :

“Our Messiah, when he comes, will establish a system of mercy, peace, and kindness upon earth, while among you Christians, nothing but disputes, animosities, and cruelties mark your passage through the world.—Possibly your religion sanctions these things—ours does not. . . . We want no better, we expect no better, until Messiah does indeed come. Then (if the prophets of our sacred volume speak true) the conduct of a man towards his fellows will be the reverse of what it is now, ‘Every man then shall sit under his vine, and under his fig-tree—nation shall no longer lift up the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more—but the leopard shall lie down with the kid, the wolf and the lamb feed together, and a little child shall lead them.’

Has this happy period, the golden era of public peace

and private love, ever yet been witnessed? Speak candidly, Christian, has it been once seen through the lapse of the last 1800 years.

Your Brother of the Dust
ZECHER LACHORCHAM."

Lewis, aware that all his congregation had read the notice as they entered church, quietly referred to it in his sermon, and announced that on certain points he was in entire agreement with his "Brother of the Dust."—"Disputes, animosities and cruelties" marked the passage of Christians through this world, and "the golden era of public peace and private love" was still painfully distant.

Later he went on a mission through Ireland, and he summed up his conclusions with enthusiasm: "The Scotch have *heads*, the English have *hands*, but the Irish have *hearts*." Meanwhile, the Press, in some ill-natured articles, criticized freely both his views and conduct, and even made scurrilous misstatements, which he refuted with imperturbable good humour and wit. On one occasion, jeering at his cosmopolitan outlook, a lampoonist remarked:

Thus in that Ark whose weary breast
On flooded Ararat's tall summit pressed,
Clean and unclean together, side by side,
Growl'd, grunted, squeaked and gabbled o'er the tide.

"Such writers, and such reviewers," Lewis replied, "within the pale of such a Church as ours, only show that, like the ark of old, it contains a diversity of inmates. Some may growl, and others grunt; one may squeak and another gabble; *but Noahs alone find grace at last!*"

When the old life at Stansted was resumed, the accusation of being cosmopolitan in his tastes might well have been hurled at him. There were few men of note at this period who did not desire to make the acquaintance of the man whose strange history had won for him a celebrity he little desired; and the versatility of Lewis's own character is reflected in the *omnium gatherum* who drifted to his society as to a magnet. Under his roof, every nationality was represented, every phase of thought. Jews and Gentiles

amalgamated and forgot racial prejudice ; politicians met and learnt to appreciate opposing views ; missionaries and Evangelicals of every denomination fraternized with famous representatives of art and literature.

Among the habitués at Stansted, till his death in 1820, was Benjamin West, P.R.A. So likewise was his successor Sir Thomas Lawrence, who one day presented Lewis with a crayon sketch of William Pitt, by Gainsborough, which was considered the best likeness of that Minister ever produced. Drusilla further records that she and her father paid frequent visits to the studios of both Presidents ; and that when they stayed at Stansted, her mother regaled them with hymn-tunes played upon the organ with the black keys, which stood at the foot of the grand staircase, while she accompanied this sweet melody upon her harp !

Another artistic visitor was John Mortlock who often visited Stansted, and one day took a great fancy to a beautiful red and gold cup which he begged his host to give him. "If you will let me have that to copy," he said, "I promise to send you a specimen of everything I produce from it in the future !" Mrs. Way laughingly presented it to him, and thought no more of the incident, till a sequel of which we shall hear later.

Among the "Number One guests," as Drusilla called them, the most frequent was William Wilberforce, indeed it was the custom of the two families to exchange visits every week-end. Young Samuel Wilberforce, the great friend of Albert Way, together with other pupils from Mr. Hodson's, spent most of his holidays at Stansted ; and it was in the chapel there, reading the lessons on Sunday, that the voice of the future Bishop was first heard in the service of the Church. He was devoted to Lewis Way, and in 1840 wrote to a friend :

"I believe you know how much I loved him. How could I help it ? for you remember his exceeding kindness to me, the volume of affection which he was wont every Saturday afternoon to pour forth, calling me *Wilbur* in his own inimitable tones."

But of all the noted men who visited Stansted at this

period, one of the most remarkable was Dr. Joseph Wolff, to whom Lewis was a benefactor as well as a friend ; and whose strange career deserves more than a passing notice.

III

Joseph Wolff was born at a little village in Bavaria. His father was a Rabbi of the tribe of Levi, and brought him up a strict Jew. Nevertheless, as a youth he studied unorthodox books, and early developed a leaning to Christianity.

In the year 1811, at the date when Lewis first determined to devote his life to proselytizing the Jews, Wolff, who was then a young student, went to Saxe-Weimar, where he studied under Director Ling, of the Lyceum, son-in-law of the famous Saltzmann, who had a celebrated College near Gastein for young men of different nationalities. Here Johannes Falk, the satirical poet who afterwards became a great benefactor of the poor, made the acquaintance of the youth and took much interest in him. When Wolff one day confessed to his new friend his desire to become a Christian, the latter threw cold water on the project. "Wolff," he said dryly, "let me give you a piece of advice ; remain as you are, for if you remain a Jew you will become a celebrated Jew, but as a Christian you will never be noted—because there are so many other clever Christians in the world !"

What Wolff thought of this caustic advice, history does not record ; but one day when he was walking with Falk he noticed a gentleman with a commanding countenance coming towards them, and involuntarily he said to his companion, "I am sure that is Goethe !" Falk exclaimed, "How do you know that ?" Wolff replied, "I have read his *Egmont*, and feel convinced that only a man with such a countenance could have written it !" Wolff's conjecture proved correct. The next moment Goethe came up to Falk and greeted him cordially, whereupon Falk remarked with considerable amusement, "Now, imagine, this boy knew you from having read your *Egmont* !" Goethe seemed flattered and patted Wolff on the head ; when Falk added, "He wants to become a Christian, but

I advise him to remain a Jew, in which case he will become a celebrated Jew!" Goethe turned to Wolff and said, "Young man, follow the bent of your own mind and don't listen to what Falk says!"

Wolff followed the recommendation of Goethe and was baptized at Prague. He was consequently abandoned by his relatives, and he first entered a Roman Catholic Monastery where he made himself useful by teaching German and Latin to the pupils; but the petty discipline of the Order, and the lack of sincerity which he encountered alienated him, and he not only began to transgress every rule, but to turn the whole into ridicule. When he was ordered by his Superior to kiss the feet of the monks as an act of humility, he bit their toes; when he was commanded to confess his sins in public, he confessed the sins of other brethren, not his own. At length the Community were thankful to be rid of him. He came to England in 1819, about the age of 24; and having attended a service at the Chapel of the Jewish Society at Hackney, he was, to use his own words, "enchanted with the devotion and beauty of the ritual," and forthwith joined the Protestant Church. He was introduced to Henry Drummond and Charles Simeon, and next to Lewis Way, who at once took a great liking to the strange youth with his erratic genius, indomitable pluck and fiery zeal. Lewis at once invited Wolff to Stansted, and did his utmost to befriend and encourage him. Wolff was subsequently sent to Cambridge by the Jewish Society to train as a missionary to others of his race, and after he had been there nearly two years he received a letter from Henry Drummond to the following effect:

"MY DEAR WOLFF,

I am grieved to the very heart that you should allow yourself to be kept so long by the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. What can you learn from them that you do not already know? Tell them that you must go out immediately, and if they don't send you, I will send you out at once."

To this Wolff replied:

“They want me to stay a little longer that I may get more knowledge of the world. The Jews’ Society for Promoting Christianity has been disappointed by every Jew they took up. One became a Muhammadan [*sic*], another a thief, a third a pick-pocket, and I am determined to remain here to show there is a sincere Jew in the world. They want me to spend also a few months with Lewis Way, in order to get more knowledge of the world.”

Drummond wrote back characteristically :

“You are almost as great an ass as my friends Lewis Way and Charles Simeon are. What knowledge of the world can you learn at Stansted Park? Knowledge of the world can only be gained *in* the world.”

Nevertheless, Wolff went on a prolonged visit to Stansted, but while there, burning to commence his mission, he determined privately to go to Portsmouth to preach to the Jews. Therefore one day, unknown to his host, he set out from Stansted on foot, leaving a note behind him which ran as follows :

“MY DEAR MR. LEWIS WAY,

I knew that you would make a fuss if I told you that I wanted to go and preach to the Jews in Portsmouth; I have therefore gone there without your leave.”

Directly Lewis discovered what the rash youth had done, he sent Alexander—afterwards Dr.—M’Caul after him on horseback at full gallop to bring him back, as he was afraid that the Jews would tear him to pieces as an apostate. Simeon also came from Stansted to meet him on his return and talked to him seriously. “My dear Wolff,” he said, “you ought to stay a little longer, for two reasons : first, in order to acquire more experience of the inner life of a Christian ; secondly, in order to learn how to shave yourself. How can you be a missionary without knowing how to shave yourself? or even how to make tea—for you lately put the black kettle on the snow-white table cloth !” Wolff relates that he said to himself, “It is time to set out, for if I am to stay until I learn to shave myself, I shall

never start at all!" So he wrote to Henry Drummond, who in his turn wrote to Lewis Way and the Committee: "You are indeed a real Jews' Society! Eye for eye and tooth for tooth is your rule. I will not allow you to keep Wolff any longer. I will send him out myself!"

So Wolff departed on his travels, and was the pioneer of Missions in the East, for he was the first in the field in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Persia, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Abyssinia and India.

His subsequent adventures were extraordinary. On one occasion he received 200 lashes from the Kurds in Mesopotamia, he nearly died of typhus at the foot of Mount Caucasus, and later he had an almost fatal illness in Cairo. He was shipwrecked, was robbed by pirates near Salonica and sold as a slave for £2 10s.; was put in a dungeon; tied to a horse's tail; later was nearly made into sausages in Dooab; but ultimately escaped, though without a single garment.

Through all his disasters and adventures, he showed a pluck which nothing could daunt; and yet despite his amazing force of character and profound erudition, there was a simplicity about Wolff which constantly made him the butt of the facetious. He also remained indifferent to the petty niceties of existence; he frankly hated soap and water, and never learnt to shave himself; he was vague about all financial matters, and out of the goodness of his heart, like Lewis Way, he was easily deceived.

He was once told by Chancellor Santini, an Italian, that the best present one could give a Bedouin Chief was a small bottle of castor oil. Much impressed with this valuable information, Wolff took out from England with him ten pounds' worth of castor oil, which amounted to some hundred bottles, in order that his friendly advances to the Arabs might run smoothly! The story got about, and from England to Cairo people made merry at Wolff's expense. On hearing the tale, Henry Drummond wrote savagely to him:

"How could you be such an ass? You ought to have told the Chief that you would give him £10 if he would drink it all himself!"

IV

At a later date, Wolff owed the romance of his life indirectly to his friendship with the Ways. It will be remembered that one of Mrs. Way's forbears, Joan Drewe, had married the then Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Anthony Sparrow, and in a later generation, Lady Olivia Sparrow, of Brampton Park, Hunts, a daughter of the Earl of Gosford, sought to strengthen this link between the two families by becoming godmother to little Mary Drewe, afterwards Mrs. Lewis Way. Lady Olivia, who figures much in biographies of the period, with her daughter, afterwards Lady Mandeville, was much given to good works, and a great friend of Irving, to whom she introduced Lewis Way's protégé Dr. Wolff.

Now it so happened that Dr. Wolff, arriving in town to stay with Irving,¹ found a note awaiting him to say that his host was dining with Lady Olivia and the Ways, and begging him to go on to her house. He did so, and for the first time that evening met Lady Georgiana Walpole, a daughter of the late Earl of Orford. An attachment immediately sprang up between the two, and not long afterwards, to the amazement of the lady's brother Lord Orford, she announced her wish to marry the little Jewish Missionary. Lord Orford, perplexed how to act, sent for the prospective bridegroom to discuss the situation, and having decided that although Dr. Wolff might be a man universally respected, he was not of impressive appearance, he tactfully inquired:

"And now, Sir, I should like to know something of your family."

"I," returned little Dr. Wolff pompously, "am of the illustrious blood of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob!"

"Oh—ah!" rejoined Lord Orford nonplussed, "of course our family can boast of nothing compared with

¹ Edward Irving, founder of the "Catholic Apostolic Church" and a great friend of Henry Drummond (see page 131). He was the son of a tanner in Annan. He came to London in 1822 and his preaching soon made him famous. See page 244.

that. Therefore if my sister really likes you I suppose you had better marry her ! ”

Dr. Wolff, however, voluntarily gave an undertaking by which he renounced all claims to a life-interest in Lady Georgiana's property in the event of her death ; and Charles Simeon united him to what he termed his “ darling angel in earthly shape.” After his marriage he became a naturalized Englishman ; but Lord Orford, alone, perhaps, of all who knew and admired Joseph Wolff, always remained sceptical as to the reality of his conversion. “ Christian—fine Christian, indeed ! ” he used to remark ; “ why the fellow has phylacteries sewn into the ends of his trousers ! ”

Dr. Wolff and his wife subsequently stayed at Stansted ; and on one occasion when Mrs. Way apologized for being unable to give them a dressing-room as the house was so full, Lady Georgiana replied with equanimity, “ Oh, it's really much better, for then I shall be able to see that he washes.” Moreover, the duty of providing a barber for Dr. Wolff usually devolved upon his host ; but when he stayed with Irving, the latter performed this office for his guest every morning. News of this having filtered through to the outer world, one day Irving, Wolff and Lewis Way walking down Regent Street were attracted by a great crowd outside a bookseller's shop, and on investigating the cause, discovered that it was occasioned by a caricature, representing Irving, “ the Archangel,” in the act of shaving a wolf !

Lady Georgiana, however, was devoted to her eccentric husband, and followed him placidly all over the world ; but she was not allowed to interfere with his proselytizing. “ Lady Georgiana,” he once announced to Lewis Way, “ never sets up, as some ladies do, as a preacher, which is very unbecoming in a female ! ”

v

It may be added that many years afterwards Dr. Wolff accepted a small incumbency at Linthwaite in Yorkshire, and when he wrote to his friend Henry Drummond announcing the news that he had become a parish priest, Henry Drummond wrote back characteristically :

“DEAR WOLFF,

Your call is to be an evangelist for all nations of the earth, and for this you are fit ; but, to use your own simile, ‘ You are as fit for a parish priest as I am for a dancing master ! ’ ”

The climate of Linthwaite proved too cold for Lady Georgiana, and both she and her husband suffered from quinsy there. So Dr. Wolff exchanged that charge for a curacy at Hoy Hoyland in the same county, which it is difficult to imagine was a more salubrious spot. This remote village, which then boasted only 120 inhabitants, is perched, as its name indicates, on a high hill, that commands a wonderful prospect, but in winter is as bleak as it is isolated. At the foot of the long hill is the park of Cannon Hall (then in possession of John Spencer-Stanhope, Esquire, grandfather of the present writer, whose wife, Lady Elizabeth, was a daughter of the celebrated Coke of Norfolk). The Rector of Hoy Hoyland resided at his other curacy in Northumberland, and Wolff was consequently in his pay ; but the departing curate, who did not wish to leave, viewed the new-comer with peculiar disfavour, and preached a farewell sermon upon the following text :

“ After me ravening wolves will come to devour the flock ! ”

The five years which Dr. Wolff subsequently spent at Hoy Hoyland he describes as the happiest in his life. He relates how he passed many pleasant days at the houses of his friends Mr. Spencer Stanhope of Cannon Hall and Sir Thomas Pilkington of Chivet ; varied by visits to Sir Thomas Baring and Henry Drummond in London.

One day a great event occurred at this remote little Yorkshire village. The Bishop of Mesopotamia, whom Wolff had known in that country, paid him a visit. Three thousand people assembled one Sunday to hear and see him, and Bishop Athanasius preached before them in Arabic in the church, the sermon being interpreted, sentence by sentence, by Wolff. He was afterwards obliged to preach in Arabic in the open street, for the crowd was too great to get into the church. Wolff introduced this bishop to

all his friends in Wakefield, at Cannon Hall and in Leeds ; and an interesting account of both Dr. Wolff and the Bishop is contained in the following letter written by Anna Maria Spencer Stanhope, afterwards Mrs. Percival Pickering, the daughter of John and Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope and mother of the present writer :

“ A very remarkable man was appointed to the living of High Hoyland—the missionary Joseph Wolff. He had written an interesting book giving an account of his early life, and describing all the people he had met, and the dangerous adventures he had experienced. He went twice to Bokhara, his second journey being to ascertain whether Stodart and Conolly, who had been made prisoners there, were still alive, and if so, to try and negociate for their release. He found they had both been murdered, and that his own life was in considerable danger ; he was plundered by a band of robbers, deprived of everything he possessed, left without food or clothes, and was almost unable to move, having been heavily bastinadoed.

Hoyland was not ready to receive the Wolffs when they came to Yorkshire, so they were asked to stay at Cannon Hall. Wolff arrived with his wife, who was Lady Georgiana Walpole, and their little boy, Henry, in whose bright chubby face we failed to see the future ambassador, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. Dr. Wolff was a very clever man, his knowledge of the Bible was extraordinary, he could repeat from memory every passage, and tell where each occurred, and his power of argumentation was remarkable. He had a low musical voice, and often used to sing us the songs of the captive Jews under the walls of Jerusalem. My mother says in a letter :

‘ Lady Georgiana Wolff stayed to dinner the day the Puleines arrived, and was very pleasant, as I must say she always is. To me she is a most agreeable neighbour, with all her old Norfolk reminiscences ; and, instead of the odd person I expected, she is particularly sensible and a perfect woman of the world. On Saturday you would have been amused could you have looked in upon us, as our dinner was a most singular one. Dr. and Lady Georgiana Wolff, with Athanasius, Bishop of Mesopotamia,

and his Dragoman or Secretary, in their turbans, to the great amusement of the servants and children. Loui [the writer's youngest daughter] talked French to the Dragoman, and they admired her very much. The Bishop, one of the finest and most intellectual and benevolent-looking men I ever saw, stroked his beard, and shook hands with her, but as, unluckily, he neither spoke nor understood anything but Arabic, I could do nothing but ply him with iced lemonade. However, they had no objection to wine or ale, which latter they liked especially. They were very much astonished at seeing grapes growing in a hot house.

On Sunday he preached at Hoyland in Arabic, and Dr. Wolff translated his sermon into English; they said there were three thousand people present on the occasion.

The Bishop was most graceful and dignified in his manners, and the Dragoman, who spoke both French and Italian, devoted himself to Anna Maria and Eliza [the writer's eldest and third daughters], and Miss Deynes [the governess], Dr. Wolff as usual trying to convert Philip to the Millennium by the most demonstrative arguments, thumping him, as he would have done in his pulpit (which Philip tried to transfer to William), and calling him "My dear Child"; Lady Georgiana exclaiming, "Wolff, my dear! Wolff, my dear! paws off, Pompey, if you please!" " " "

Mrs. Pickering adds :

"My father came to me one day and said 'Anna Maria, there is that old-clothes man being shaved in the sitting-room by Lady Georgiana's maid!' On another occasion we were sitting in the drawing-room when we saw Dr. Wolff wandering round and round the house; Lady Georgiana said, 'Oh, it's only Dr. Wolff trying to find his way back to Hoy Hoyland!' I could not help wondering how such a man had ever found his way to Bokhara.

When Dr. Wolff talked of his marriage with Lady Georgiana, he used to say by way of teasing her, 'When I, a Rabbi, and the son of a Rabbi, demeaned myself by marrying the little Shentile woman!'

He told us a story about himself when he was in a Swiss Convent, and had resolved to submit to all the discipline

thereof, flagellation included: 'It was in the dark that I gave myself the first lash, and, not liking it at all, I turned round to see how my fellow-monks got on, when I saw by the light of the moon, one of the monks flogging, not his own back, but the *wall*. "The hypocrite," I said to myself, "I will give you something!" on which I applied my own whip to his shoulders.' He [Wolff] was of course turned out of the convent, and this led to his becoming a Protestant."¹

Wolff's sojourn in Yorkshire ended somewhat sadly. "Our expenses exceeded our income," he says; "we became involved in debt." Therefore the Bishop of London was asked to secure him a foreign Chaplaincy, and he left Yorkshire, to the immense regret of his parishioners and neighbours, who had learnt to love the fiery little man with the indomitable will. Previous to his departure, as Mrs. Pickering recounts, he undertook, at the desire of the "Stoddard and Canolly Committee," to go out to Bokhara again to ascertain the fate of the missing officers. He said that in all his adventures and disasters he had received so much kindness and help from British officers and their wives that he looked upon this as an opportunity to pay back the debt that he owed them.

The Committee offered to defray all expenses and to compensate him for his time, but he refused, saying, "I merely want the expenses of my journey covered, and not one single farthing of compensation!"—a generous offer as he was poor and took his life in his hands; in fact the British Government refused to have anything to do with the expedition, as they considered he was going to certain death. So Dr. Wolff went forth on his travels again, only to ascertain that the two unfortunate British officers had been cruelly slaughtered in Bokhara, after having endured untold agonies throughout an imprisonment of the most fearful description, during which great pieces of their flesh were gnawed off their bodies by vermin. And only narrowly did Dr. Wolff escape sharing their horrible fate.

In a fine passage Lewis sums up his estimate of the character of Dr. Wolff:

¹ *Memoirs of A. M. W. Pickering.* Vol. II, pp. 14-18.

“Wolff is so extraordinary a creature, there is no calculating *a priori* concerning his motions. He appears to me to be a comet without any perihelion, and capable of setting a whole system on fire. When I should have addressed him in Syria, I heard of him at Malta, and when I supposed he was come to England, he was riding like a ruling angel in the whirlwinds of Antioch or standing unappalled among the crumbling towers of Aleppo. A man who at Rome calls the Pope ‘the dust of the earth,’ and at Jerusalem tells the Jews that the Gemera is a lie; who passes his days in disputation, and his nights in digging in the Talmud; to whom a floor of brick is a feather bed, and a box is a bolster; who makes or finds a friend alike in the persecutor of his former or of his present faith; who can conciliate a Pasha or confute a Patriarch; who travels without a guide, speaks without an interpreter, can live without food, and pay without money, forgiving all the insults he meets with, and forgetting all the flattery he receives, who knows little of worldly conduct, and yet accommodates himself to all men without giving offence to any.

Such a man—(and such and more is Wolff) must excite no ordinary degree of attention in a country and among a people whose monotony of manners and habits has been undisturbed for centuries. As a pioneer I deem him matchless, ‘*aut inveniet viam aut faciet* ;’ but, if order is to be established, trouble not Wolff!

He knows of no church but his heart, no calling but that of zeal, no dispensation but that of preaching. He is devoid of enmity towards man, and full of the love of God. By such an instrument, whom no school hath taught—whom no college could hold, is the way of the Judæan wilderness preparing. . . . Thus are his brethren provoked to emulation, and stirred to inquiry. They all perceive, as everyone must, that, *whatever* he is, he is *in earnest*.”

In following the fortunes of Dr. Wolff, however, we have somewhat anticipated dates; and we must now revert to events in their due order.

CHAPTER XI

A FAMILY TOUR, 1822-23

ON February 29, 1820, a fifth daughter was born to Lewis Way at Stansted, and was named Georgiana Millicent; but the fact that he was now the father of six surviving children, did not diminish his lavish generosity outside his own family. Among his papers not long since was discovered a little packet, yellow with age, containing two of the heavy pennies current in his day, and endorsed by him—

SEE THE TWO PENNIES ENCLOSED, TO BE KEPT IN MY
STRONG CHEST.

[*And inside the paper folded round the pennies is written :*]

The whole *tangible* property of the Revd Lewis Way in June 1822 amounted to £0..0..2.

The other moiety of the last groat being disposed of to a beggar at Payne's Hotel, London.

Next morning upwards of £8000 was paid by Edge at Hoare's [bank] from the proceeds of money due from the *Nabob of Arcot* which I never expected to have or took any account of.

L. WAY.

Memorable two-pence, 1822.

Laus Deo.

It may be gathered from that significant little packet, Lewis's income was seriously depleted by his generosity; and in 1822, as the scheme had not yet matured for transforming Stansted into a College, he determined to let the

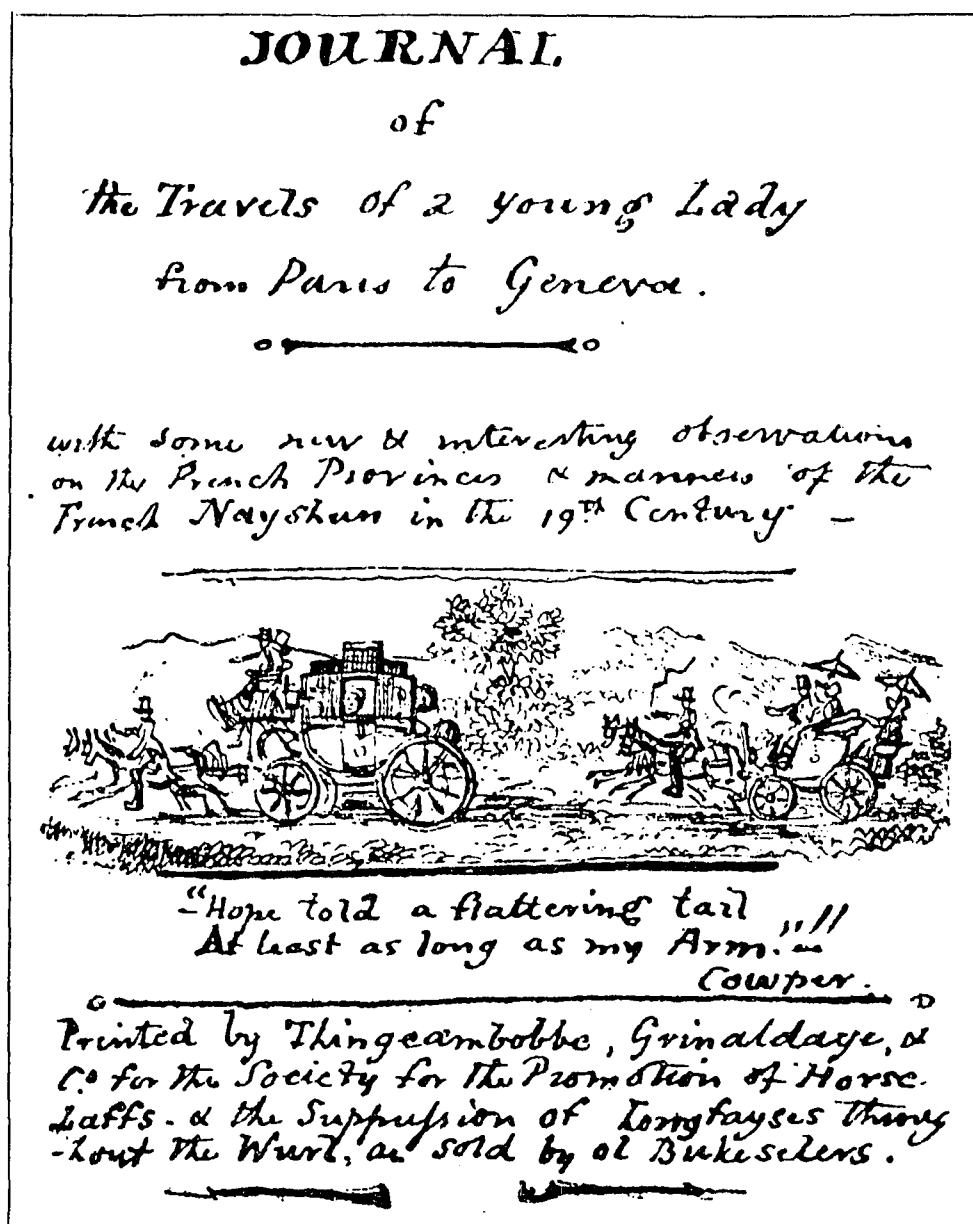
house for a couple of years, and to take his family abroad for the winter. Besides the resultant economy, he considered that it would be a considerable advantage educationally to his children to travel and see foreign countries.

Accordingly, the whole family left Stansted in the autumn of 1822, and, having crossed the water, proceeded to drive to Nice. Lewis travelled first in a phaeton driven by a coachman and postilion, in which he was accompanied by Drusilla, now a pretty, clever girl of eighteen, who was an excellent linguist, a fine musician, an accomplished artist, and her father's inseparable companion and capable assistant. Mrs. Way, or Bombie, as she was affectionately called by her children, followed in a coach with her four younger daughters. With her was Albert and his tutor; Phebsey, the governess, a very important person and great martinet; while on the dicky were John, the butler (the Duke of Puddledock), and Betty the cook. The vehicle in which they travelled was appropriately known as the "heavy," since it carried not only the large family party and their servants, but their voluminous luggage. Articles more difficult of transit, however, went by sea under the charge of "Bill Drewe," Mrs. Way's nephew, who thus undertook the care of Drusilla's harp, Mrs. Way's piano, and the children's ponies.

Many tedious hours the little girls, two of them mere babies, must have passed shut up in that great coach as it rumbled ponderously over the rough roads, or, later, as they strove to rest their stiff little limbs in the uncomfortable inns where they passed the nights. Fortunately for them they seem, even from babyhood, to have inherited their father's sense of humour and sunny temperament; while Albert Way, now a witty and brilliant boy of seventeen, appears to have devoted his time to relieving the tedium of the long journey for his little sisters.

A packet of little story-books has survived, tiny books in gay covers, neatly written and profusely illustrated, which he compiled for the entertainment of his sisters. Each of the little girls had one of the Lilliputian volumes allotted to her, containing a narrative suited to her age

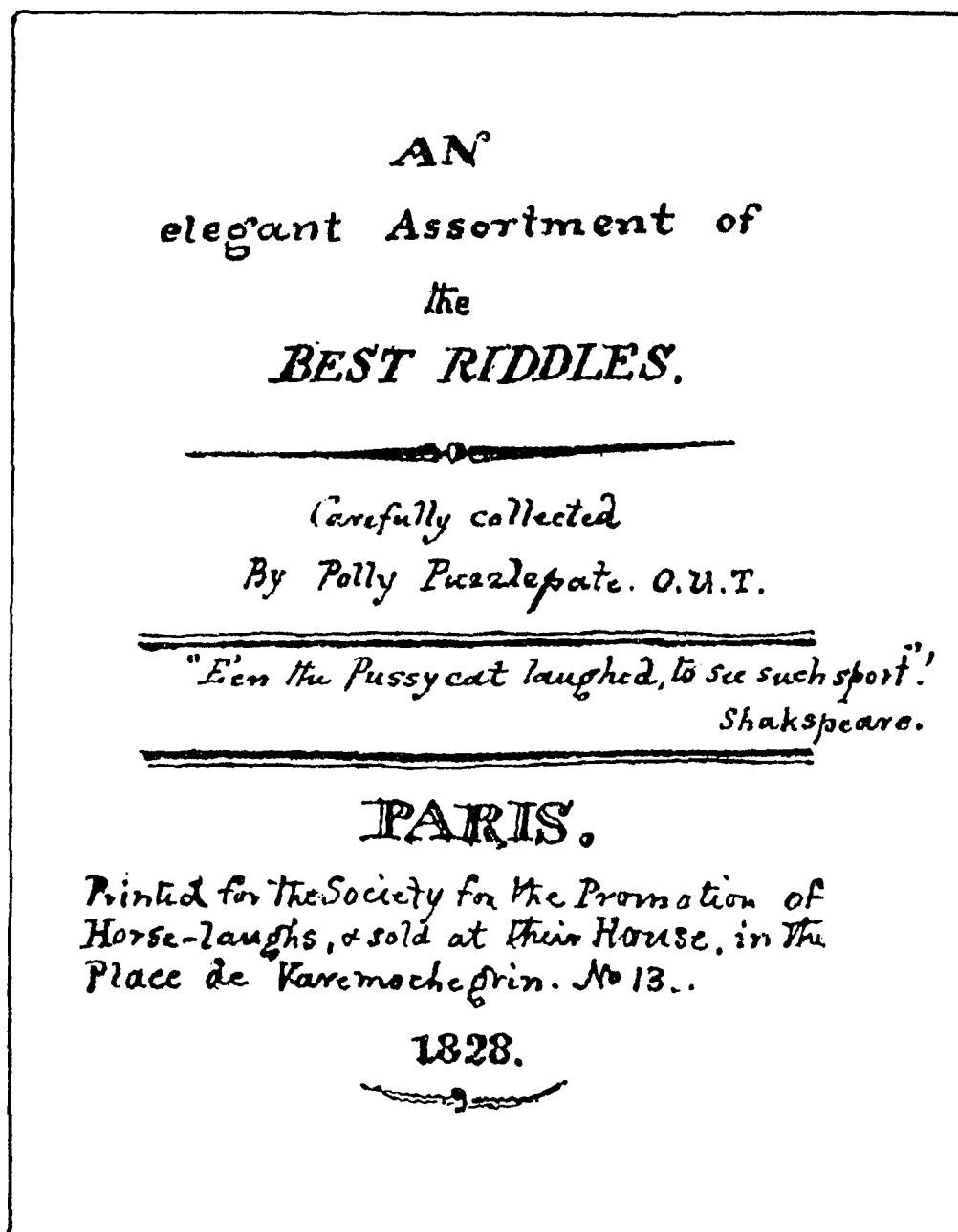
and intelligence, and ornamented by appropriate sketches. These tiny books bear different dates, and represent different stages of the family travels, but all reflect faithfully the scenes through which the children passed, the objects which amused them, the fashions of the day. Albert's etchings, even at this early age, were most beautiful, and his eyes must have been like a microscope, judging by his minute but clear writing, and the tiny but exquisite drawings with which he likewise adorned his correspondence.



Title page of one of Albert Way's story-books; showing the "heavy" and the phaeton in which the family party travelled.

Volatile Anna, for her part, kept a book of riddles which curiously reflect the surroundings of the children and the subjects uppermost in their thoughts, even while indicating that the Old Adam had not yet been wholly eliminated in their attitude towards these.

The title page is as follows :



Here are a few extracts :

Q. When was B the first letter of the Alphabet ?

A. In the time of No—ah (No a).

Q. Why is Desmoulin's Brewery like a Jews' Coffee-house ?

A. Because He—brews drink there.

Q. Why is the Emperor of Russia's nose like the second letter in iniquity ?

A. Because it stands between two I's.

Q. Where was Noah when the light went out ?

A. In the pitch'd ark.

Q. If a pair of spectacles could speak, which of the Fathers would they mention?

A. Eusebius (You-see-by-us).

Q. What tree is a man like who pinches a Jew?

A. A Juniper (A Jew-nipper).

Q. Why is a Percussion gun like Death?

A. Because it's a Det-o-nator (debt o' nature).

Q. Why, said one Jew to another, do people of quality like venison?

A. Because they prefer what is deer to what is sheep.

Q. Of what religion would a woman be if she were to change her sex?

A. She would be a Heathen (he—then).

Q. Why are men of the last generation like darned stockings?

A. Because they are men-de(a)d.

Q. Why were Adam and Eve like washerwomen?

A. Because they were so-'apy.

My first is the first of its kind.
My second what women ne'er were.
My whole though in churches you find
Has long put an end to all prayer.
A—M—E—N.

And there is one riddle which Canning had apparently given to the little girls, since it is transcribed with his name:

There is a word of plural number
Foe to peace and tranquil slumber.
Now any word you choose to take,
By adding S you plural make,
But if you add an S to this
Strange is the metamorphosis!
Plural is plural then no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.
Cares—s (caress).

To which Anna added—

Q. Why is Mr. Canning like Father Titian's fat daughter Mary?

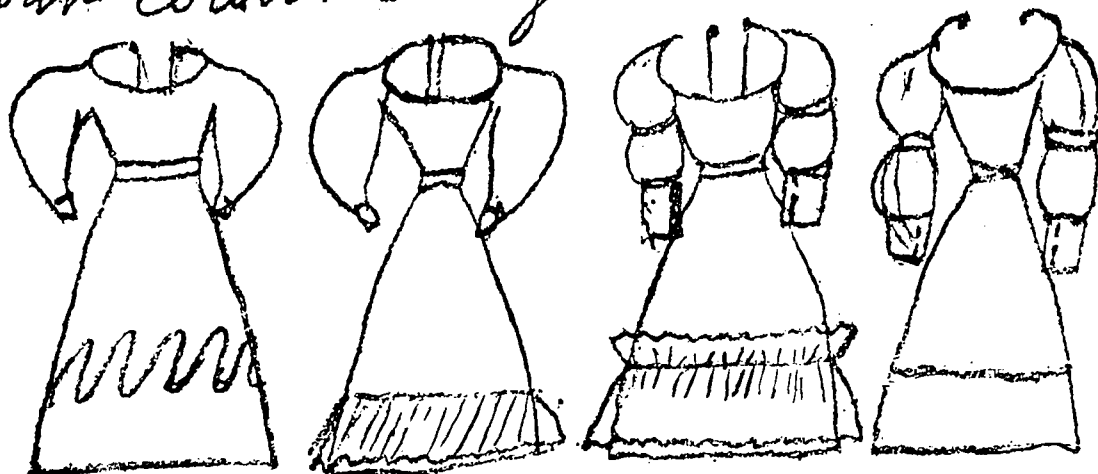
A. Because he is a Polly Titian.

Les modes de Paris en l'été.

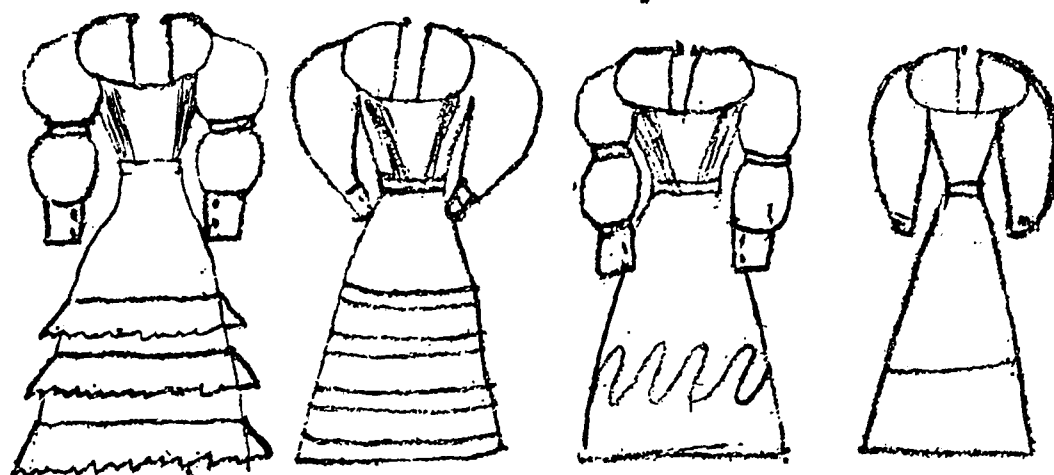


Finally, Baby Georgiana's book consisted of pictures only, with the explanation carefully transcribed beneath each. Some were evidently of her own contribution, for all the little girls showed an aptitude for drawing; but strange to remark this baby's attention seemed principally directed to a study of the prevailing fashions. One picture exhibits a modish lady in a poke bonnet, and is transcribed by an older hand "*Les modes de Paris en l'été*"; another illustrates "A Lady's Wardrobe" and is announced in Georgiana's own baby-writing as representing "Four coloured gowns, four white gowns"—all with short waists and great leg-of-mutton sleeves.

A Lady's wardrobe. four coloured gowns



four white gowns.



Only one picture in Georgiana's book is a portrait and this represents "Lady Bute," in a huge coal-scuttle bonnet, with a large nose, a cavern-like mouth, and sticking-out teeth. Evidently the artist had not yet learnt the gentle art of flattery.

Meanwhile Mrs. Way's letters to her mother contain little pen-pictures of the children, and in 1823 she wrote:

"Anna [then aged 10] grows wonderfully tall, stout, and strong, she will soon be above me. . . . I wish I could say as much of her studies as her growth, she is still volatile and disinclined to study. Olivia is much more steady. Lu is a very steady little girl, neat and methodical in all her little concerns, she reads very well and has begun French, Geography and figures, and is very fond of learning hymns and texts. Georgiana is fat and rosy, a general favourite, but she gets on slowly with her book, being disinclined to study."

And one is reminded of Lewis Way at the age of seven reading Blair's sermons to his grandmother, when one hears of little Lu at the age of five being "neat and methodical," and Georgiana, just three, being "disinclined to study."

II

On arriving at Nice, which then belonged to the kingdom of Piedmont, Savoy, Lewis found much misery amongst the people whom an impoverished Government could not help. To give them employment, he started the magnificent *Promenade des Anglais*; and besides being a public benefactor, he acted as Chaplain during his sojourn there. He soon became known by the soubriquet of Louis d'Or and seems to have had little peace from the importunities of the impecunious. "People are plaguing Lewis for money," wrote Mrs. Way anxiously to her mother. "He has advanced £150 to one, and made an allowance to another for 3 or 4 years."

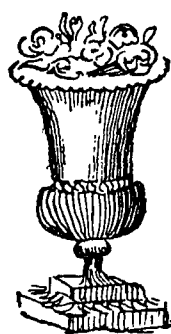
The family party was joined by Lewis's sister, Catherine Way, afterwards Lady Cholmeley, the "Aunt Kitty" of the subsequent letters, also another sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Whitby, the latter formerly Mary Anne Way "pretty but empty-headed." A Mr. Wheatly

and his wife are also mentioned as being temporarily of the party ; the former, apparently acting in the capacity of tutor to Albert, is described by Mrs. Way as " A Cantab. who has travelled a great deal, and seems a man of general information and research, a naturalist, mineralogist and antiquarian, which will suit Albert, and I hope will be really useful to him in his studies." A paper belonging to this period has survived which illustrates a game entitled " Definitions " played by the merry circle, and which is of interest on account of the pithy or characteristic answers given by those who took part in it.

LA PERFECTION DE LA SAGESSE.

Mons ^r L'Abbé .	.	La réunion de toutes les vertus.
Mrs. Way .	.	Is to leave it to the Gentlemen, and to know your own ignorance.
Miss Kitty .	.	Even a Fool when he holdeth his tongue is accounted wise.
Edw. Whitby .	.	To fear God, that is Wisdom.
Mary Whitby .	.	I find it in my Husband.
Mrs. Wheatly .	.	In many cases silence.
Louisa, 5 yrs. .	.	God.
Albert .	.	Stultitia caruisse.
Anna .	.	Pleasantness.
Drusilla .	.	Connoître Soi-même et son Créateur.
Olivia 7 yrs. .	.	Peace.
L. W. .	.	To profit in future by past Errors.
Will. George Wheatly	.	To say Nothing—answer Nothing —and be Nothing.

Having nothing.



Possessing all things.
Paul.

Decr. 18

Bouquet

1823.

Lewis, however, was not long allowed a respite from more arduous work. The Jewish Society were anxious to send someone competent to investigate the condition of

the Jews along the coast of the Mediterranean, also to ascertain the facilities for establishing a College in the neighbourhood of Mount Lebanon, and finally to visit Jerusalem. Lewis, like his namesake of old, had longed to find himself "on the way to Hierusalem," so he agreed to undertake the expedition, and it was arranged that he should start in a vessel called the *Hebe* in the spring of 1823. Albert Way was to accompany him, and a Mr. Lewis, an Irish member of the Society, who was an excellent linguist. Mrs. Way and her daughters meanwhile were to await his return in a Villa at Lucca.

But first Lewis determined to take his sister and two elder children on a tour through Italy, after which Drusilla and her aunt were to rejoin Mrs. Way while he and Albert embarked for Syria.

The subsequent movements of the family are best related by themselves.

III

Drusilla Way to her Grandmother Mrs. Drewe January 1823.

"Mr. Lewis preached an admirable sermon last night, (his first) from Judges, "I have a message from God unto thee." He was *very nervous*, insomuch that some thought he would never get through it. His manner though full of earnestness and feeling, is by no means prepossessing, and I hope he will in time leave off the Brandishment of the Kerchief which is neither useful nor ornamental."

Mrs. Way to Mrs. Drewe.

NICE,

January 19th, 1823.

"... Bill arrived quite safe in the *Dash* last Monday after a very quick passage, having sail'd December 15th, stop'd 7 days at Toulon by contrary winds, and arrived here January 12th, a voyage of 2000 miles. They encountered some tremendous gales, therefore we have reason to be very thankful for the safety of Bill and all the luggage.

The Ponies alas! are lost, which was a sad disappointment to Dill and Lewis, indeed he would never have had them sent so late in the season, he expected them to sail a

month or six weeks before, and had they been placed in the part of the vessel usually appropriated to horses, and confin'd in the proper manner, they might in all probability have been saved; but being on the Deck they were so frightened by a storm which arose, Dec. 21st, and lasted 4 days, that they beat and threw themselves about in so violent a manner as to endanger the ship and lives of all on board, and accordingly the Captain ordered them to be thrown overboard. The whole being insured, we shall be indemnified for the loss, and perhaps it is all for the best, as the Ponies of the place are more sure-footed on the mountains, and one of those lost was that which fell with Lewis last Summer at Stansted.

Mr. Mortlock, always on the watch to do what is liberal and kind, has sent us some china and two large tin Boxes of London Biscuits and a Casket of London Porter.

The luggage is all arrived uninjured, the Harp and new Piano Forte without a scratch, the latter a very sweet one, a patent Tomkinsons, chosen by Miss Way.

The Devonshire Hams arrived quite safely, which I scarcely expected, being packed 3 months and laying about in damp places; but except one (being nibbled by a mouse) which is for our Sunday's dinner tomorrow, they are uninjured. . . . It is curious that here Wine, Oil, Apples, Potatoes, Bread and almost everything is sold by the lb.

We have a great increase of live-stock, several Dogs being come (Pat among them) and 2 produced on the voyage.

Olivia is looking very fat and well, and admired more than any. Lewis says he was never better and enjoys himself much here. He has always occupation, delightful rides about the Olive grounds, mountains etc. and pleasant Society etc; and has such excellent spirits, he is the life of every party and everybody seems delighted with him.

Lady Olivia [Sparrow] is quite the guardian Angel of Nice. Through the hands of the Vice Consul she has distributed about 700 Bibles and Testaments amongst the poor (who before had none but in Latin) and he has also received from her about 200 to 300 religious books to form a Circulating Library for all the English who are

disposed to serious reading, and may be a means of great usefulness. She had a large school at Villa Franca which has dropped; but she begged Drusilla if anything could be done to restore it, or any means of usefulness occurred, to write to her and consider her her banker; and she has already, with Lady Mandeville, given £700 and very handsome plate to the chapel here. . . .

We have frequently small gentlemen dinner-parties, which are very pleasant, but decline all evening visiting (soirées) which is the general intercourse, with balls, cards etc. Those at the Government House are most gay; we have been invited frequently and all been except me.

Lewis was invited to a most splendid dinner to which all the principal people (chiefly Foreigners) were invited at 2 o'clock, which is the usual dinner hour here. He has also dined with Albert at Mr. Avidois, the rich Jew Banker, who, with the Chief Rabbi, has had 2 discussions with little apparent effect. The Rabbi is a most noble, venerable-looking man. We intend to visit the Synagogue Saturday.

Nice abounds in Gentlemen, and not less than 6 English Clergymen."



SKETCH OF A FRENCH RESTAURANT, BY ALBERT WAY.

Mrs. Way to her Mother Mrs. Drewe.

NICE,

January 1823.

“I daresay you think much of our plans in the prospect of dear Lewis leaving us—I mentioned that his plans were quite uncertain, indeed he is strongly of opinion he shall not visit Jerusalem this year, as he thinks he could not receive the Turkish Firman in time to reach the Holy City by the Passover when the great number of Jews assembled there render it desirable to be there. Exclusive of this he thinks the present state of Syria and the East renders it very doubtful of the safety or possibility of strangers visiting those countries and he has always assured me he will not attempt it under circumstances of danger—and he now thinks it more than probable he shall only make a cruise of 3 months in the Mediterranean and visit Leghorn, Naples and Rome, the Ionian and Greek Islands, Malta etc. . . .

My only desire is to find a cool place for the children, as the reports of the heat here are formidable, the inhabitants say no creature but English people and dogs *move* in the summer, and they lie asleep the whole day under every wall or tree which affords a shadow, and work all night. The complaisance and good nature of the peasants is quite their characteristic, and their merry cheerful manner of speaking makes one wish to understand Patois. In our walks in the gardens and orange grounds, they bring their offerings of flowers, oranges etc. to ‘Madame la Ministre’ or ‘votre reverence’ which are my styles of address. The little ones begin to speak a little French in which they are assisted by a French nursery maid. . . .

We had last Sunday the wonder of the chief Rabbi attending the chapel, when Lewis preached a most striking, excellent sermon. He does not understand English but a Jew who does sat by him and showed him the references to Scripture explaining the applications. Lewis took Dilla to the Synagogue where they fortunately met with a Jewish wedding. Dilla was put in the gallery with the bride and her attendants all dressed in white satin and fit for a ball, and the *chanson du mariage* was most loudly vociferated.

The Rabbi perceiving Lewis, sent for him and placed him by his side pointing to the second Psalm ‘Sit thou on my right hand.’ He was delighted with Dilla reading Hebrew, and said she was ‘belle comme la lune.’

The sermon will not be printed at present. It has been sent to Lady Olivia with a most beautiful poem entitled ‘the withered chaplet,’ with a little box of plants, some gathered from the window of the room where her little boy died and in her favourite garden at Villa Franca.

Mr. Mortlock’s present to us is magnificent—a beautiful complete dinner and dessert set of red-and-gold like an old china cup you may remember I gave him; a large breakfast and tea set and a quantity of what he calls chamberware, red and gold china also, in every article.”

It will be seen that Mr. Mortlock had not forgotten his debt of gratitude to Mrs. Way and—perhaps somewhat tactlessly—sent after the family a large barrel packed full of crockery designed from the cup Mrs. Way had given him, which henceforth had to be added to the luggage on the “heavy.” It is said that the barrel was never unpacked while it accompanied them all through their subsequent tours in France and Italy; and, jolting over the rough roads, many of the pieces were broken. What remained eventually fell to the share of Albert as the eldest son; but each member of the family was given one piece as a souvenir of Mr. Mortlock’s present, and the fate of one of these we shall hear later.

Meanwhile Lewis with his sister and his eldest son and daughter went by sea to Leghorne and thence drove to Florence. Albert Way recounts, “we have mostly gone with six horses, as at some stages the law orders you to have six, and at the next you must have as many as you came in with!”

Drusilla Way to Mrs. Way.

FLORENCE,

Monday, March 31st, 1823.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,—

We arrived here about 7 Saturday evening from Leghorne, which place we quitted at 7 in the morning. The

distance is about 60 miles. I hoped we were to have gone by Pisa, but it was rather out of the way and our Vetturino preferred a short cut. The roads are excellent though not so wide as in France. Our conveyances were two carriages which Papa engaged for £5, very little, we think, and they went a good pace, considering we only changed horses once.

The scenery was remarkably dull and uninteresting, the road quite flat throughout. The latter part of the way we came by the banks of the Arno, but all the rivers are so muddy, they do not add much to the beauty of the scenery.

We are all much pleased with this place, which certainly deserves the epithet of Fair Florence. Our hotel is much the same situation as the one at Lyons, with the river Arno under the windows. Yesterday we went to the Duomo, or Cathedral, a large handsome pile, full of statues of Saints. On the high altar is an immense marble statue of the *Bon Dieu*, (as they say) contemplating the figure of a dead Christ before it. This disgusted us much, particularly Papa. Close to the Cathedral is the Campanile or Steeple and Belfry, a beautiful tower. Likewise the Baptistry, built by the family of the Medici. It has been building between 3 or 400 years, and is not yet finished. It is completely lined with mosaic. There are twelve large statues of the Apostles, among whom are introduced two figures representing the Law of Nature and the Law of Scripture. We saw a child baptized while we were there.

The Baptistry, Cathedral and Campanile are all cased with black and white Marble, which gives them a singular and handsome appearance.

At 12 we went to the Ambassador's Chapel, which is only a room in Lord Burghersh's house. It was well attended and a far more fashionable congregation than that at Nice. Dr. Trevor gave us a sermon beyond our expectations from Cor. i. 22-24. He came back to the Inn with us after service, as well as General Macaulay who is here. Papa sent his introduction from Sir George Rose and Mr. Canning to Lord Burghersh on Saturday Evg. on which followed an invitation to dine with him at 6

yesterday, which he accepted and went with General Macaulay.

There are delicious drives out of the town in the style of the Parks in London and the Champs Elysées at Paris. We there saw the Grand Duke's carriage with his two sons. . . .

We are just come back from the Galleries which are magnificent. The arrangement is far superior to the Louvre, and there are some exquisite paintings—A Madonna by Carlo Dolci that I think one could look at till Death. The Venus is just the one in the Dressing-room broken by the Cat. . . .”

Albert Way to Mrs. Way.

ROME,
March 31st, Monday.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,—

Nous voila! at length we have attained to this mighty Capital. My last was from Leghorne, and I left to Dill to describe our vetturino journey thence to Florence. We reached that place Saturday 22nd. It is a most handsome city, clean, streets all flagged, myriads of palaces with the appearance of prisons, and has quite the guise of a Capital. . . . On Sunday at breakfast we were greeted by a packet addressed to ‘The Honourable Sir Lewis Way, England,’ containing something in a flowery cover, which alas! proved to be nothing but a congratulatory sonnet on our auspicious arrival, ending with ‘*qualche moneta.*’ . . .

Monday morning our Father, Mr. Lewis and Self went early to the Jews quarter, though they are separated in this part of the town, they enjoy many more privileges under the Tuscan Govt. than elsewhere, and one of them is said to be richer than all the Princes. The synagogue is a neat and pretty little building. The Rabbi was ill but his son and family received us courteously in the garret storey of a most miserable and filthy abode, and accepted books.

After breakfast we went to the renowned Gallery which is most completely ordered, and nothing remains to be desired but heat. [A lengthy description follows, with illustrations and plans of the Gallery.]

About 3 we left Florence in a hired carriage by post horses with a covered seat in front for the servants. The road is most beautiful winding along the Arno to Incisa where we slept and had much mirth with the Italians. . . .”

[After Perugia they were obliged to “post on oxen,” so their progress was slow; yet once they had a narrow escape—]

“At Strettina we were in a narrow street at the post-house changing, when two dragoons riding home from watering their horses at full speed, could not stop them, but dashed into the carriage, moving it a foot or two on one side, there being only just room enough for a horse to pass. One of them dashed against a wall, and fractured his skull so much that we fear he died soon after, the other broke his arm! Providentially neither our servants nor carriage were hurt.”

[After describing their journey minutely, with many lovely little pen illustrations, he relates—]

“At last we entered the Campagna di Roma, a desolate flat, uncultivated to the very walls of Rome. The people are more ferocious and murky in their appearance, and everything looks wretched and barbarous.

Rome soon appeared situated rather in a hollow, for the hills of Rome are those of moles. . . .

It was about 5 when we arrived, and after passports and douane, we hunted in vain for lodging for between 2 and 3 hours—hotels full long ago. At last we got rooms, not over gay, to be sure, but very passable, and a most civil host and wife who waited upon us most sedulously. They are gentlish folks for this country, so we think ourselves fortunate. Mr. Nosworthy¹ arrived Saturday 22nd . . . we have seen Lord and Lady Sheffield, the Cholmeleys, Lord Guilford and others. Lord Carnarvon is here, and Father and Dill dine there *oggi*, Aunt Kit and Self with Lady Sheffield.

¹ Mr. Nosworthy who was acting as tutor to Albert and cicerone when they travelled. He is subsequently referred to in the correspondence as “our Nos.”

. . . We were in time for one ceremony on Friday, in the Sistine Chapel; singing most beautiful. Dill went with the Carnarvons to Miserere and at night a vast Cross formed of lamps was suspended in the interior of the Dome at St. Peter's, which was very fine—but what sort of a religion! Saturday we witnessed the baptism of a Jew which is done every year, saw the Coliseum, Arches Titus and Constantine, Peter and Paul's prison in the capitol, the Pantheon etc. Yesterday the whole exterior of St. Peter's was illuminated most magnificently at first with lamps, and at the toll of a bell in one moment it was changed into most brilliant faco—made with resin etc. Afterwards there was the Girandole at St. Angelo's Castle—a most infernal spectacle. . . .”

The Hanoverian Ambassador, Baron Redan, introduced Lewis Way and Drusilla, accompanied by Lord Sheffield, to the Pope, Pius VII, the famous Gregorio Chiaramonti, and to Cardinal Gonsalvi, his Secretary of State, who, Drusilla reports, was then in a very bad state of health. The great desire of all the English visitors to Rome at this date was to see this Pope, who had defied Napoleon, and had subsequently been kept by that conqueror an unhappy prisoner at Savona and Fontainebleau during long months of ill-treatment, of perpetual mental anxiety and physical privation, till at last, broken in health and clouded in judgment, he had set his signature to the Concordat cunningly designed by his jailor. When the Wheel of Fortune had reversed, and the conqueror became the conquered, the Congress of Vienna had restored to Chiaramonti the Papal States which Napoleon had wrested from him; and his subsequent entry into Rome was a public triumph, Kings and Princes following meekly in his train, and thirteen young nobles insisting on drawing his coach to St. Peter's.

Chiaramonti always showed the greatest partiality for the English, and would never permit anyone of that nationality to do homage to him by kissing his toe, but usually instead bestowed on every English visitor a cordial and affectionate embrace. At all spectacles the English

were admitted where the Italians were refused, so that the latter would sometimes plead "Inglese" in order to be allowed to pass where they would otherwise have had no chance of admission—a fact at which they were, not unnaturally, indignant.

Chiaramonti was diminutive in person, and always dressed very simply, but his face was pleasing, his eyes were bright and piercing; and, despite his aged and frail appearance, his hair was coal-black, wholly unmixed with grey. Cardinal Gonsalvi, on the contrary, was very tall, handsome and imposing, with a manner at once easy and dignified.

Drusilla was not at all impressed with the famous Chiaramonti. To her mother she wrote—

"We live here whole centuries in a day. I have been introduced to Cardinal Gonsalvi and the Pope and the Neapolitan Ambassador. At a ball we attended we saw 20 Cardinals.

The Pope was dressed in the most dirty, snuffy old flannel dressing-gown imaginable. He was very courteous, but his appearance most abject."

Lewis, however, presented his *Memoires sur l'État des Israelites* to Chiaramonti, while Baron Redan gave to his Holiness an account of Mr. Way's work, in which the Pope professed himself much interested, and Gonsalvi graciously promised him introductions to influential people on Mount Lebanon.

At this interview, and at subsequent introductions to many noted Italians of the day, Drusilla, who, as related, was an excellent linguist, acted as her father's mouthpiece. "Dilla," Lewis wrote from Rome, facetiously, on April 9, "has been a very good interpreter. She is quite up to '*Quante domandate?*' and '*Quanta cosi?*'" It may be added that the incident which horrified her of seeing twenty Cardinals at a ball was a common sight in Rome at that date. Sir William Hotham, who visited that city a few years earlier, likewise remarked, "I was a good deal surprised at their Eminences attending the Parties and

looking over the Card Tables, and not thinking it inconsistent with their dignity and situation to attend a dance. The Cardinals did not generally appear to keep up that State I had expected.”¹

One of the subjects to which Lewis desired to draw the attention of his Holiness was a fact at which he had been greatly shocked—that 300 Jews were every Sunday compelled to listen to the preaching of a priest or monk at St. Angelo Pescari. “This is an old law revived,” he wrote indignantly to his wife, “as well as others, against this long-suffering people.”

How the Pope received his representations, he does not relate; but it is interesting to reflect that his was one of the last audiences which Chiaramonti was able to give to an English visitor. The Holy Father was already waxing feeble; and in the following July he had a fall which seriously affected him. A few hours before his decease a priest addressed him as “your Holiness.” “How can you call me Holiness?” said the dying Pope; “I am only a poor sinner.” And almost with his last breath he murmured the words “Savona—Fontainebleau”—the scenes of his Calvary and his humiliation. He expired on August 20, 1823, at the age of 63 years and 6 days; and the handsome Cardinal Gonsalvi did not long survive his master.

IV

The time, however, rapidly approached when Lewis and his son Albert were to start for Syria and Mount Lebanon. Drusilla had been extremely anxious to accompany her father to the Holy Land, but the difficulty of accommodation rendered this impossible. Albert Way recounts how, directly they moved off the beaten track, while men could always secure lodging at the various monasteries *en route*, ladies were not admitted, and on one occasion in Italy they had to pass the night in a roofless house.

Meanwhile Lewis was looking for a Dragoman to accompany him to Syria, when a brother of the Patriarch

¹ *Pages and Portraits from the Past*, by A. M. W. Stirling. Vol. II, p. 67.

of Antioch and Syria, whom they had met, volunteered his services ; in explanation of which he told the following tale.

Two of his sons, one sixteen and the other thirteen, were sent on board a vessel laden with a variety of merchandise amounting to the value of 25,000 scudi, Spanish dollars, which the father wished to consign to his brother, a merchant residing in Aleppo. The ship was taken by the Greeks and the boys landed near Gaia. They were brought before a barbarian Pasha, who was in rebellion against the Grand Seigneur. Discovering who the boys were, he commanded his banker to write to the banker of the Viceroy of Egypt in order to state that the sum he demanded for the liberation of the captives was 22,000 scudi. The unhappy father, already crippled by the loss of the valuable cargo, was yet prepared to pay 12,000 of the sum demanded, but implored the space of a year in which to raise the rest. In search of 10,000 scudi he had come to Europe a few months previously, and through two individuals he had succeeded in getting 5,000 in Rome. He was intending to go to Paris and afterwards to England to raise the remainder ; but considering the length of the journey and the uncertainty of success, he felt that it would be more remunerative to accompany Mr. Way in the position of interpreter for a few months. Such was his story ; and as Gonsalvi had personally signed a letter of recommendation on his behalf, Lewis gladly engaged him.

Albert Way to Mrs. Way.

NAPLES,
April 1823.

“I suppose you know that an interpreter has been met with. He is a most worthy, desirable man, oriental language teacher to Lord Guilford, and would have accompanied Mr. Fazackerley in his Syrian tour, but being ill at the time, sent his son. He is brother of the Patriarch of Lebanon, once in England, of whom our father has often spoken, and well acquainted with all the great men. He was lately created a Marquis of the Roman Empire

by Gonsalvi. He is Catholic, educated in Propaganda, but quite a Protestant in reality, not esteeming miracles, saints, images, relics or the like, but says he must think for himself. He knows the Eastern tongues well, but has no common language with us but Latin or Italian, in the former our father communicates easily, and Mr. Lewis and myself in the latter. It is a great advantage to us to be obliged to speak it.

We left the dear ladies at 8 on Thursday to the conduct of our Nos. Our vehicle another diligence-like concern and 3 horses."

But the man who provided the conveyance had given them such a weak and worn-out pair of horses that these were unable to climb the slightest incline ; and the travellers were forced to walk about 7 miles "in despair that the carriage would follow us." To add to the general discomfort, they were unable to get any accommodation for the night, other than a miserable loft in which they slept in their clothes. The next morning they started at 6 a.m. in company with three other carriages as a protection against the brigands with which the road was said to be infested. That night again they could get neither beds nor food, and were thankful to arrive at Naples, where they stayed a week ere the *Hebe* started. This enabled them to visit Pompeii and Herculaneum, then little known to the general public, and of which Albert consequently wrote a detailed and marvellously graphic account to his mother, accompanied by beautiful, microscopic etchings of the various scenes he had witnessed. This he continued to do throughout the succeeding voyage, against contrary winds, which often drove them from their course ; but unfortunately space will not permit the quotation of these letters, which are remarkable for a boy of eighteen, and which, he explains to his mother, he had been advised to send her *viâ* England as the quickest mode of transit ! At Malta he recounts—

"We had all, I believe, figured this hot rock, as the father calls it, to be high, cliffy and barren, instead it appears flat,

the shores rocky, devoid indeed of trees, but few spots uncultivated. The first object that we beheld was four pirates swinging on their gibbets.

Saturday our Father and I made a most pleasant expedition to Paul's Bay. It is about 3 hours distant, about 9 miles, and the only carriages here are in this guise. [Illustration.] We traversed a most singular country thickly peopled and saw numerous churches which are handsomely built. There is little verdure, most of it being brown, and only here and there a carobeus fig. The corn grows short and seemed almost ripening; and indeed everything savours of the hot rock. The men are of a mahogany colour but the womenfolk preserve their complexion by an extraordinary fashion for a hot climate, a black silk cloak thrown over the head, which is the guise of all without variety; and the more respectable are entirely in black. Giave says it is the fashion likewise in Egypt. All the Community are shoeless except those who adopt the luxury of sandals.

The first trace we had of Paul was a very tolerable statue of him preaching; a little chapel adjoined where he is depicted shaking off the viper. On the base of the statue is an inscription intimating that indulgence of 40 days will be given to those who shall say an Ave Maria and Pater Noster in 'onor di questa imagine.' From this we have an extensive view of the Bay, distant some 4 miles, it is a deep kind of Creek. In the part where the wreck is supposed to have happened is a shelf of broken rocks, between two of which our Father thinks the ship struck. They shew St. Paul's Fountain, at the spot where he was brought to shore, and the church where he delivered his first discourse, which contains many tolerable old paintings of the event. Behind it are found abundance of '*lingua di S. Paulo*' which is a petrefaction of a fish's tooth, shaped as a tongue."

Meanwhile Drusilla and her aunt remained ten days in Rome after the departure of the male travellers, and then, under the care of Mr. Nosworthy, retraced their way to Florence.

Drusilla Way to Mrs. Way.

FLORENCE,

May 1st, 1823.

Hôtel de Suisse, de Madame Hembert.

“We left Rome at 5 on Friday morning, came by vetturino, a most tedious, but not unpleasant mode of travelling. We had the whole inside to ourselves, and, without, a busy Austrian officer and an Englishman who were no annoyance to us. Our Vetturino was very civil and attentive to us, which was a great comfort, our Nos unfortunately being helpless as an infant.

We took half a day at Terni to see the cascades, the magnificence and beauty of which language cannot describe. In short we passed a most *sumptuous* day.

The cascade or falls are generally considered among the finest in Europe and are beyond anything I could have conceived in beauty of scenery.. The variety of rainbows formed by the reflection of the sun’s rays on the spray, appearing and vanishing in the same instant as the wind blew the spray, looked quite like enchantment. Description can convey no idea of so lovely a scene.

Wicked Queen Caroline passed 8 days here with *her* Bergami or *Caro Barone*, as the people there called him. The children who followed us were full of histories of them, telling us how she *kissed* him etc. Her example has been duly followed since, as every little *brat* of 10 years old and under has his *Amorosa*. It would have amused you to have heard the gallantries of the Cicerone to me all the way. I rode Queen Caroline’s ass and English saddle, which I hope has not contaminated me.

Our Vetturino used to wake us every morning at 3 and 4, and hurrying into the *vetura* with all our *roba*, we went dawdling on a foot’s pace till 12 or 1, when the mules rested for 2 or 3 hours and we *breakfasted*. Then setting out again, we went on at *waggon rate* till 7, when *dinners dreadful* and *Beds Beastly beyond all comparison* closed the day. This had been our mode of life for 6 days, and to find ourselves again once more in rooms which we can inhabit without disgust and with food we *can* eat without

nausea is truly luxurious. . . . Our journey has been most prosperous, our Nos very amusing and amiable. . . .

We were all sorry to turn our backs on Rome without seeing Naples ; but, when Papa was leaving, there were so many idle reports of robberies and banditti raised, merely to keep the English in Rome, that he did not like to take us further. . . .

I have got me a good and satisfactory supply of things, and saw the process of making them at Rome. . . . It is now 'equal' which 'thing I pull,' French or Italian, and Albert by this time talks as well as me. Our interpreter whom he was very fond of, talks no French, so Albert and he talked Italian and Papa talked Latin. . . . He [Giave] indeed seems a treasure. . . .

This is a delicious place, clean and inviting. There is much to see here and we must go over the Galleries again, being so hurried when we were here before."

[Above all the sights of Florence, Drusilla was most anxious to study the famous Venus de Medici which was "just the one in the dressing-room broken by the cat ;" but great was her horror at the thoughts of the brazen manner in which other members of her sex could stare at, and discuss it, in public.]

"Aunt Kitty may say what she will about the Venus, but it is not worth your coming to see. Indeed no *lady* ought to look at, 'or speak of,' either the Venus or Apollo Belvedere, in my opinion. She is most *shamefacedly bold*, I think. As to the Venus she looks just like what she is, and ought to be. *A naked woman thoroughly ashamed of herself!! Perfect nudity* I never saw before, and how ladies can stand *looking and staring and admiring* with gentlemen at it, I can not conceive and *hope I never shall*.

The last time I was at the Vatican, I ran on to the room where the Apollo stands in solitary majesty and gave it that examination by myself solus which I *could* not do in company ; and being the masterpiece of sculpture I thought I should like to know what people were thinking of while talking of the Apollo. It is truly a wonderful statue and worthy of its character ; but *fie* on those ladies

who dare to look at and speak of it in the terms they do. The Laocoon is my delight and I now long to have it recalled to my memory by the excellent copy here.

The day before we left Rome we had the happiness and content of seeing his Holiness, but were not near enough to kiss his toe. He was returning from his daily drive. All the people in the street knelt as he passed. We followed him into his garden entrance to the Palace, and saw him descend wrapped in scarlet with an immense scarlet hat, into a scarlet chair with a canopy over it in which he was conveyed away.

The last day, too, after routing out divers old Palaces, I found the oak-room Magdalene by Guido to my great content. There is not a shade of difference in colour or design; and it recalled all the old oak-room worthies to me most pleasantly. It is a much-esteemed picture, but no doubt a copy.

Our expedition, as I wrote, fully answered, but I am glad I had not seen Terni first, being so far superior. Aunt Kitty did not make the grand tour which I did with Nos mounted on an ass. I am now familiar with precipices, as there and at Terni I traversed quite as touchy and frightful places as we could have passed in going to Jerusalem.

It is a pity Papa never got his letters from Gonsalvi, but Lrd Sheffield, who understands Italian well, thought he did not seem very favourable to the request. . . . But the interpreting Marchese of the Holy Roman Empire [Giave] will, I doubt not, supply all deficiencies, being a Catholic and knowing everyone in those parts. . . . Dad has introductions to a Monastery at Lebanon and likewise to Lady Hester [Stanhope] from Lady Bute; but which it is supposed will not be much use, as she is very averse to seeing her own countryfolk and lives continually with her favourite Arab in tents on the mountains.

By the way, our Dad has had his bust taken in Rome, but you will not see it, as it goes straight to Stansted. The likeness is perfectly ridiculous, in short I never saw such a *second self*. I wish we had it with us during his *long, long* absence; it is really quite consolatory.

I have writ this in great haste, Nos being all in a fidgit

to go to the Gallery, as indeed I am. . . . Pray let the dear Pianoforte be packed with care. Love to all, farewell.

Your loving daughter
D. WAY."

V

While Drusilla was disporting herself in Florence, Mrs. Way, writing to her husband from Genoa on May 3, describes her terrible passage from Nice. The "steam-packet" started at 10 at night, and therefore the children were sent on board betimes with their nurse, and put to bed. Mrs. Way herself took possession of the only other cabin, where, by common consent, she was given the only sofa available. There were, she relates :

"benches with cushions all round, on which the other passengers reposed, among whom were a French lady, a curious old Frenchman who announced that he had been Mayor of Nice under Buonaparte, a Persian Count, and a Nizan Perfumer; these stationed themselves in different ways for the night, altogether making a curious Cabin scene, which alas, was soon heightened by the introduction of as many basins and tin tubs, which were very needful, as the wind being unfavourable, we had a wretched sick party . . . and the poor dear children too were wretched during the whole passage, which was much prolonged as the wind impeded our progress."

After twenty-four hours of misery, they arrived at Genoa, but had to remain in the harbour, as the gates were shut, and no one was allowed to land till they had been inspected by the health officer; "we were therefore obliged to make ourselves as comfortable as we could without undressing a second night." The next morning at seven they were summoned on deck for inspection, and were then allowed to proceed to an hotel, where they rested from Sunday to Wednesday, and next re-embarked for Leghorn. The wind, however, was still contrary, and they were unable to leave the harbour till Friday, when, after again suffering cruelly, they ran into the Gulf

of Spezia, and went aground in the mud. An entire day was spent in extricating the vessel, and they finally reached

*The litel girl going on board
the Packet.*



PICTURE OF A "STEAM PACKET" FROM ONE OF ALBERT WAY'S STORY-BOOKS.

Leghorn on the 17th, which they found "a hot, dusty and disagreeable place, quite given up to trade; with scarcely a tree to be seen, and no walks by the sea or anywhere; bugs and mosquitoes abound, which sadly torment us."

There they were rejoined by Drusilla and her aunt, and the whole party eventually proceeded by land to Lucca.

Mrs. Way to Mrs. Drewe.

CASA RUSTICA, BAGNI DI LUCCA,

June 5th 1823.

"We stayed at Leghorne from the 17th to the 23rd. We visited the Synagogue which is one of the finest in Europe and not less than 15,000 Jews reside in Leghorne. The Cathedral is small and poor. The English and Dutch Cimetrys [sic] more interesting. . . . We left on the 23rd and the same horses took us all the way to Lucca. We rested 3 hours at Pisa to see the handsome Cathedral,

Baptistry, leaning Tower and Campo Santo, a large square burying-place with a handsome Cloister all round, painted *al fresco* and full of monuments, and the ground within the Cloister is filled 7 feet deep with Earth from Jerusalem, which some pious devotee had in ship-loads from the Holy Land many centuries ago. The drive of 17 miles is more beautiful than I can attempt to describe, an excellent flat road by the river Serchio winding between fine mountains which present a constant varying scene, some parts bold and rocky, others clothed to their summits with fine woods of chestnut trees, others richly covered with corn planted in rows, and broad steps with vines, olives, figs, mulberries, and the greatest variety of beautiful wild plants and flowers ; and where the valley winds, the richest meadows of corn, hemp, flax and Lupins, with rows of high Poplars cut off so as to form a support for the most luxuriant, double, sweeping festoons of vines.

The Bagni are two small, pretty villages, one called the Bagni Caldi from the hot Baths, which is the gayest, having over the Baths a ball room where people meet every evening, and about 20 lodging houses and 2 Boarding houses surround it in a beautiful situation. The other (where we are), the Bagni della Villa, is much more quiet and retired, and very pretty with warm and cold baths close to us.

We are on the side of the mountains, so steep that a carriage cannot come to our House, and below us, close by, is the Palace of the Grand Duchess of Lucca¹ where she is expected in a few days, and then we shall have a Band of Music every evening before our house. . . . This is considered the coolest part of Italy, the mountains being so high that we neither see the sun rise nor set, and lose it at 6 o'clock, and have not its full rays before 8 which gives us a long cool night, being so lengthened by the twilight.

A neighbour sends us the English newspapers published at Paris.

¹ Napoleon established a kingdom of Etruria in 1801. In 1814 Lucca, as a duchy, was given to Maria Louisa, widow of Louis, King of Etruria. It became part of the kingdom of Italy in 1860.

. . . Mr. Whitby performs the morning Service and gives us very good expositions, I refrain from asking a second as he is not strong and suffers from fatigue, therefore I read the servants a sermon in the afternoons . . . our room only just accommodates our own family of 16.

We have all an Italian Master. Drusilla seems very happy here and sketches, draws, plays the harp and piano forte etc.; having made the attempt of going with her Father and giving it up by his opinion, she is contented."

Mrs. Way to Mrs. Drewe.

BAGNI DI LUCCA,

July 22nd 1823.

"Our situation *was* perfect and undisturbed retirement, but is now quite changed by the arrival of the Court. The Palace being so very close that the children of the Royal Party talk with my children in their respective windows, and the grand suite and ceremony attending the Court, their guards and centinels, numerous carriages and attendants, keep up an incessant bustle.

The Duchess and King (her son) and Queen of Etruria appear very amiable, extremely devout, attending 2 or 3 Masses a day. They do not receive or visit strangers, or mix in any way but attending the theatre, which is a private one belonging to a Russian Nobleman said to be the richest subject in Europe, as I have heard from good authority he has £1,000 *a Day*. He is the best friend to the gay People, having 2 balls, 2 plays and 2 grand dinners a week. We were invited, but declined. 'The place is as full as possible and very gay; I should think 2 thirds of the summer birds are English, and the company appears genteel and good. The evening Promenade is the pleasantest time, from 6 to 8.

The Duchess has innumerable horses and carriages, and a landau with 6 horses, and 3 others with 4 each, take her and her suite with a great train of attendants. We enter our carriage at the same time and place, and it is no small amusement to us to bring up the rear in the old Stansted Heavy! and you may imagine how pleased the children are with the gay scene.

There is a most wonderous preacher in London, Mr. Irving,¹ a Scotch man, nothing was ever heard like him. All the churches and chapels are deserted, and Peers, Countesses and all the first people are content even to stand in the aisle of a crowded Chapel to hear his sermons, generally one and $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours at least."

And the next thing that Mrs. Way heard was that her old friend Henry Drummond had built a church for the Irvingites at Albury, at a cost of £16,000; and that he occupied a prominent position as an Apostle and Prophet among the new Sect.

¹ See ante, page 208.



*This Book
belongs
to Miss Olivia Way, who
at the quaint age of
12 years,
had so preserved the use of her faculties
by the continual use of the
Mosterseide!
that she could clearly comprehend
as she churred the Cudd, sitting erect after
the fashion of our Grandchildren, on her hind legs
that
no less than 24 sticks go to a Growsnest!*

CHAPTER XII

LADY HESTER STANHOPE

ON reaching the coast of Syria, Lewis experienced a great disappointment. Having embarked with the intention of landing at Joppa and proceeding thence 37 miles by land to Jerusalem, he learnt that the plague had broken out there and at Alexandria ; and he consequently decided to land at Sidon and journey straight to Lebanon. At a Monastery near the coast, however, to his delight, he encountered Dr. Wolff, then on the way to Damascus. The hitherto undaunted man told them that he had literally been hounded out of Syria by Lady Hester Stanhope, to whom Lewis had a letter of introduction ; and he gave Mr. Way the far from reassuring details of his encounter with that alarming lady.

With Lady Hester then lived a young Englishwoman, Miss Williams, who had been brought up in Mr. Pitt's family and had all her life filled the position of humble companion to the eccentric niece of the Minister. Dr. Wolff had undertaken to deliver a letter to this lady from some of her friends in England, and dispatched this by an Arab servant, with a civil note from himself, in which, however, he carefully avoided mentioning the name of Lady Hester. But instead of a reply from Miss Williams, there came an irate letter from Lady Hester herself, couched as follows :

“ I am astonished that an apostate should dare to thrust himself into observation in my family. Had you been a learned Jew, you never would have abandoned a religion rich in itself, though defective, nor would you have

embraced the shadow of one—I mean the Christian religion. Light travels faster than sound, therefore the Supreme Being could not have allowed his creatures to live in darkness for nearly two thousand years, until paid speculating wanderers deem it proper to raise their venal voices to enlighten them.

HESTER LUCY STANHOPE.”

To this, the “paid speculative wanderer” replied with dignity :

To the Right Honourable Lady Lucy Hester Stanhope.

“MADAM,—

I have just received a letter which bears your ladyship’s signature, but I doubt its being genuine, as I never had the honour of writing to your ladyship, or of mentioning your name in my letter to Miss Williams. With regard to my views and pursuits, they give me perfect rest and happiness, and they must be quite immaterial to your ladyship.

I have the honour to be

Your most humble and obedient servant

JOSEPH WOLFF.”

Wolff sent this letter by the same servant as before. Lady Hester, on receiving it, read it, and desired the man to wait that she might give him a present. She then came out with a whip and kicked and thrashed the unfortunate fellow till he fled in terror. He returned to Dr. Wolff quite lame, and told him that “the daughter of the King of England” had beaten him. Wolff, in order to pacify him, gave him a dollar, and said that he believed the man would have been willing at the same price to risk another beating from “the daughter of the King of England!” But, in view of the enmity of the powerful lady who had boundless influence with the Arab population, Dr. Wolff felt that it was best for him to leave the country ; and Lewis sent his letter of introduction to her with much misgiving. The unexpected result he explained to his wife in the following letter :

SIDON,
19th Jan. 1823.

“DEAREST MARY,—

I have felt much for you and your suspense during the time of our voyage and ye return of the vessel, as we have had no other certain mode of informing you of our proceedings.

Atty [Albert] doubtless described our most beautiful, happy voyage, without any evil of any kind, sickness or otherwise, night and day.

On our arrival here I immediately sent Joseph off to Lady Hester Stanhope, who sent an invitation for me, Albert and the Doctor to come to her House. You know she was Mr. Pitt’s intimate and confidential manager, being his niece, and on his death 10 years ago came to this country and never intends to leave it. She has travelled all over the land from Palmyra to Cairo, is acquainted with the Politics, character and history, public and private, of all parties in ye land, and having gained ye confidence of ye knowing part of ye Community, she is able to testify to their general expectations, which are that the Ottoman Power will soon fall, that these countries will be separated from it, that great troubles will soon commence in every part of Europe, that the Buonaparte system will break out again, and that, above all, the Elect or Enlightened will soon flock to these parts in expectation of the great Deliverer, whom some call the Haken, some the Mahedi, some the Messiah, and we the Christ; that he will execute the last judgments on the wicked by famine, pestilence, battle, murder and sudden death, during which the Just will be preserved and finally established here on the restoration of the Jews and ye appearance of ye Ancient Prophets. etc.

This extraordinary coincidence with what you know to be my most decided and sure hope is the more remarkable as it is chiefly deduced from communication with Jews, Arabs, Persians, and Oriental Books; of which some are said yet to be in the possession of Eastern Jews and Magi.

Lady Hester is preparing for these events on the dry

ground of tradition and opinion, not what a Christian should do, who has a more sure word of Prophecy."

Thus Lady Hester, while irate with the apostate Jew, was illogically willing to extend her hospitality to the Christian who desired to make further apostates ; but for this there was a special reason.

Long years before, when she was residing with her uncle, Mr. Pitt, a certain fortune-teller, Brothers by name, had been arrested and thrown into jail. To those who incarcerated him he remarked with resignation that they must do the will of Heaven, but that first he must see Lady Hester Stanhope. This was repeated to Lady Hester, and curiosity induced her to grant the man's request. Brothers thereupon informed her that "Mighty changes would take place in the world, that she would go to the Holy Land, and pass seven years in the desert. Finally, that she would go to Jerusalem and bring back the Chosen People." Lady Hester's friends subsequently often bantered her about her future greatness, and called her "Hester, Queen of the Jews !" but the prophecy took possession of her imagination. Later, when—perhaps in consequence—she drifted to the Holy Land, she engaged as her steward a man named Metta, a kind of village doctor, who, like the rest of the Syrians, was extremely credulous, and given to mysticism. One day, he produced a book of prophecies in Arabic, and expounded to his mistress that it foretold that "A European female would come to live on Mount Lebanon, would build a house there and obtain power and influence greater than a Sultan's ; that the coming of the Mahdi, the great prophet, would follow, but would be preceded by war, pestilence, famine and other calamities, that the Mahdi would ride a horse born saddled, and that a woman would come from a far country and take part in his mission and triumph."

The coincidence of these two prophecies made a deep impression upon Lady Hester ; and when, from Lewis's letter of introduction, she learnt the nature of his mission, she apparently concluded that his visit was a preliminary to the fulfilment of the prediction that she should lead

the Chosen People back to Jerusalem. Accordingly, we find Lewis writing triumphantly to the Jewish Society in London :

“Lady Hester Stanhope, well known as the niece and domestic manager of a departed Premier in England, a lady of no ordinary talent, research and enterprise, has opened her house to me. I am going to repose under her roof till I can occupy a place she has taken for me on the top of Mount Lebanon where we can employ the summer in preparing for the future by the study of language and formation of habits necessary to an Arab life. The place is eminently suited to the reception of Missionaries on their arrival to learn Arabic, Syrian, and other things equally necessary. . . .”

II

So Lewis set out for Lady Hester's house, but the approach to it was far from inviting. Steep paths, only wide enough to admit a mule or ass single file, wound tortuously up the mountain side, in some places consisting of mere steps cut in the rough turf, or boulders utilized for the ascent. Indeed the difficulty and danger of this climb had deterred many from attempting it, and had thus secured to Lady Hester that solitude which appealed to her imperious and autocratic spirit. The nearest towns were many miles away. At night wolves and jackals frequented the lonely land.

The house which she occupied was rented from a Damascus merchant, and was called *Dar Jôn*, or *Djoun*—*Dar* signifying Hall. But by now the central dwelling was surrounded with buildings which she had erected, till the whole place was like a labyrinth, for she had ruined herself in thus preparing accommodation for the fugitives who, she believed, would come to her during some of the world-disturbances which were imminent, besides which she had hired four cottages and an old ruined house in the neighbouring village of *Jôn*. The Mount on which stood this collection of buildings was shaped like an orange with a plateau at the summit, which afforded a level space for her

stables, exercising ground, and a spacious garden. The latter, entirely of her own creation, was beautiful, full of alleys, pavilions, arbours and winding walks.

Lewis found the interior of Dar Jôon as bare as the exterior. All was primitive and even sordid in its appointments. The only furniture in the room into which he was shown was a rough sofa, a rush-bottomed chair, and an unpainted deal table with no cloth; the only ornaments appeared to be medicine bottles and a mass of dirty books and papers covered with dust. Lady Hester, however, received him civilly, and taking possession of the sofa, she motioned him to the solitary chair. She had a great dignity of manner and the remains of personal beauty; but her oriental dress, though picturesque, was slovenly, and on her shaven head she wore a red fez or tarbôosh.

Directly she began to speak, however, Lewis realized her peculiar charm. She was a brilliant conversationalist, her remarks were witty, her observation acute. If her fantastic outlook upon life led to a doubt of her sanity, this vanished before the convincing clarity of her ideas, the fluency with which she expressed them. One belief, he soon discovered, they held in common. She was, naturally, greatly interested in the subject of the Millennium in which she was to play so considerable a part, and she believed this event was synonymous with a Second Advent when Christ should reign in person at Jerusalem—no doubt greatly assisted by Lady Hester Stanhope.

Her faith, nevertheless, was a curious combination of Moslem and Christian. The Arabs believed that at nine years of age the mythical prophet the Mahdi or Mahedi had been shut up in a cavern by his mother who still kept watch over him; that in the latter days he would reappear, and while some held that he was the Messiah himself, others maintained that he would unite himself with the Messiah, and that thus the two religions, Moslem and Christian, would be merged into one, and would together defeat the machinations of Antichrist.

“All sects,” said Lady Hester, explaining this belief, “have predicted the coming of the Saviour or Messiah. He is to appear as an Earthly King, in earthly honour and

glory. This event, it is foretold, will be preceded by the overthrow of most of the kingdoms of Christendom; the work has already begun, and we may soon expect its completion. For is not the world in a state of revolution? Have not kings been driven from their thrones? Hundreds and thousands of distressed persons will come to me for assistance and refuge. I shall have to wade up to here" (pointing to her girdle) "in blood; but it is the will of God and I shall not be afraid."

While Lewis no doubt strove to combat the confusion in Lady Hester's mind between the Moslem and the Christian Creeds, he shared her expectation of an earthly Advent at Jerusalem, and believing that both he and she were actively engaged in hastening this event, the interview held for him a peculiar interest. But after the conversation had been prolonged for some hours, he began to experience an ever-increasing fatigue; and the more intolerably weary did he become, the more dismayed was he to realize that the lady remained as animated and lively as in the beginning. She had evidently no intention of terminating the interview; her tongue never ceased; and though he made several vain attempts to escape, he could not, without being guilty of rudeness, forcibly take his departure in the midst of her torrent of talk.

"The marked characteristic of Lady Hester Stanhope," observes her physician, "was the necessity she was under of eternally talking. This was a feature in her life which can hardly be done justice to by description. Talking with her appeared as involuntary and unavoidable as respiration. So long as she was awake her brain worked incessantly, and her tongue never knew a moment's repose. . . . Her conversations lasted eight and ten hours at a time, without moving from her seat; she seemed entirely to forget that the listener could possibly require a respite, or even a temporary relief."¹

The writer spoke feelingly, for he himself had been kept thirteen hours at a stretch by the voluble lady, while

¹ *Memoirs of the Lady Hester Stanhope* (1845), Vol. I, p. 26.

another doctor was "held so long in discourse" that he actually fainted from sheer fatigue! Nor was Lewis allowed to escape lightly. "Lady Hester told me herself," relates her biographer, "*that Mr. Way remained one day from three in the afternoon till break of day next morning tête-à-tête with her.*" Even the subject of the Millennium must have palled ere her guest, dazed and jaded, escaped from the loquacious siren!

Under such conditions Lady Hester's hospitality must have been a mixed blessing, all the more that at Dar Joon there was peace neither day nor night. At any hour in the twenty-four, Lady Hester's bell was wont to ring with a violence which seemed to rock the building, whereupon the slaves and Arabs who formed her household rushed to wait upon her, to be cajoled, bullied or chastened, according to her mood. She, indeed, boasted that she could administer a slap in the face more effectively than anyone else in the world; and while her scared and harried attendants alternately robbed and trembled before her, her physician records significantly that "never a night passed without a disturbance." Added to this, the discomfort of her ménage during the day could not be surpassed. Her meals were served roughly on the deal table in her living-room; the cooking was crude and unappetizing, and two spoons only—which she affirmed represented all that her thieving servants had left her—were allotted to herself and her guest for the different, and indifferent, courses.

Lewis was consequently thankful when she assigned to him one of the outhouses for his habitation; but, even so, her demands upon his time and attention remained exacting and irksome. In mitigation of this, however, she presented him with a beautiful little Arab mare which she called Metwell in honour of his visit, on which he could escape temporarily from her society, and with safety perambulate the surrounding country. This gift was a mark of her especial favour, for the little animal came of a sacred breed. As is well known, Lady Hester had two mares which she deemed holy, and which were kept for the coming of the Mahedi. They were called Laila and Lulu, and as the former was exceedingly hollow-backed, with, it is asserted,

a double backbone, Lady Hester held that it had been "born saddled" in fulfilment of the prophecy. These beautiful creatures were stalled under a shed covered with a thatch and surrounded with flowers. No one was ever mounted on them and the ground where they were exercised on a leash was so sacred that no one was ever allowed to cross it. Each animal had its special groom whose sole business was to attend to it: in summer continually to wash it and water the ground beneath its feet to keep it cool, in winter to shelter it from sharp winds, and to keep its delicate limbs warmly covered with soft felt. The gift of Metwell therefore further indicated the connexion in Lady Hester's mind between the visit of Lewis Way and the approaching Millennium. Doubtless she thought that when the Mahedi and herself entered Jerusalem in triumph upon the sacred mares, Lewis Way would follow in their train bestriding the beautiful little Arab Metwell.

None the less, whatever discomforts he endured, Lewis professed profound gratitude to the eccentric lady for her hospitality. To his wife he wrote:

"Lady Hester provides all for me like a Mother, Wife, Sister and Brother; and is, I trust, placed here like a Deborah. She has given me her best Arabian Mare and lends me all her other horses and servants, as I want them; and as I am partaker of her temporal, I hope she will be made partaker of my spiritual [benefits]. She is altogether a wonderful woman, and her kindness to me is extraordinary as she is very shy of ordinary English."

To the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews he wrote:

"I wear the dress I bought in the Crimea four years since, and on my Arab mare, a perfect and safe creature Lady H. has given me, I already traverse the crags and rocks with as much ease as I used to ascend the Devon hills, and the sight of a Bedouin troop of the family of Hagar is to me more cheering than the train of javelin men who ushered the judges into the circuit towns. . . . It is remarkable that the phenomena of demoniacal possession and influence

are as much the subject of observation in these parts now as at the first advent. False Christs are appearing . . . serpents and lizards crawl over the mountains, and evil spirits occupy the stony hearts of the deluded Syrians.

“Thanks be to God, on the quarter-deck, or in the hollow saddle of an Arab steed, I find that peace which the world cannot give.”

III

One step which Lewis felt obliged to take in prosecution of his Mission, might well have cost him the friendship of Lady Hester, had she not shown unusual sympathy with the motive which actuated him.

“In my former travels,” he writes, “I had observed the expediency of making myself known as early as possible to all constituted authorities; and if this precaution be requisite in civilized countries, it is doubly so in those which are not more than *moitié apprivoisées*. My first object therefore was to be presented to the Emir, or Prince of the Druses, to whom I was indebted for a recommendation by the kindness of Sir Sydney Smith.

His Highness was at the time returning from Acre, and I had the opportunity of meeting him on horseback with his whole cavalcade, on a plain in the vicinity of Sidon, when he was pleased to express his willingness to receive me at his palace on a future day. The person who was to introduce us in form went forward on the preceding evening, and was directed to inform us that the Prince would receive our party the next day at *day-break*, which at this time of the year is about five, rather a singular hour, in European estimation, for *going to Court*.”

Now this Emir Beshyr, the reigning Prince of the Druses, although born a Mahomedan, professed Christianity whenever it furthered his evil ends to do so; but he was a man without principle, and cruel to a degree which has seldom been surpassed. Lady Hester’s biographer relates:

“In the annals of no country, according to Lady Hester Stanhope, can be found a man who has practised more

barbarities, considering the small extent of his principality, than he has done. Not content with emasculating, he cut out the tongues and put out the eyes of five young Princes, nephews and relatives of his own, whose contingent prospects to the succession gave him uneasiness. His atrocities transcend belief. All those who were obnoxious to him, high or low, were sure, in the course of his protracted despotism, to be removed, either by secret machinations or overt acts. On Mount Lebanon it was common to hear whispers that someone had been made away with, but nobody dared give utterance to their suspicions of the agency."

Lady Hester was actually living within this man's principality, and knew that he was her relentless enemy, yet with characteristic bravery and recklessness she never ceased to defy and thwart him. She even sent word to him that she well knew there was not a more bloody tyrant on the face of the earth than he was, but that she held him in supreme contempt. "Tell him he is a dog and a monster," she proclaimed to his emissary, "and if he means to try his strength on me, I am ready!"

As a result, the Emir's executioner said to him, "You had better have nothing to do with this woman. Fair means and foul are alike to her. No praise can turn her head; money she thinks no more of than dirt; fear, she does not know what it is. As for me, your Highness, I wash my hands of her!"

So Lady Hester continued to hurl defiance at the enraged tyrant, and to rescue and befriend his victims, while the horrors laid to his charge sicken the imagination and are unrepeatable. Nevertheless, Lewis recognized the importance of personally enlisting the protection of the Emir—all the more, perhaps, that the news of his friendship with Lady Hester might have prejudiced the Prince against him. He was warned, however, that in soliciting the Prince's favour, he took his life in his hand, for, while the Emir would not do any open injury to a man who came armed with an introduction from Sir Sydney Smith, yet if he took a dislike to Lewis or his mission, the vengeance might be more subtle but it would be none the less effectual.

Albert Way insisted on accompanying his father, so together with their physician, Dr. Watson, they set off on horseback, and after an interesting ride arrived at the approach to the Emir's palace. This proved to be more difficult for equestrians even than the ascent to Dar Jôn. Lewis relates :

“ We descended a flight of stone steps, fully as precipitous, and much more rugged than the hundred steps at Windsor, and followed what is here called *a road*, a track on the side of a mountain, composed of stones loose or fixed, as it might happen, from a ton and upwards in weight. These stones, instead of being arranged so as to facilitate the progress of man or horse, seemed to be studiously disposed to prevent the passage of either. Such is a Syrian road, and this was said to be the best in the country, being newly repaired for the accommodation of the Prince himself. In this country a traveller rides *by faith in his horse*, who seldom, if ever, makes a false step, where his rider imagines it impossible for him to make a true one ; and such is the force of habit, that turnpike roads pass out of recollection, and you mount where it seems impracticable to descend, and descend where it seems impossible to mount, with no other reluctance than that which is produced by the pace, always of necessity a walk.

Through such a king's highway we arrived at the palace of the Prince of Lebanon. The outer court, which in England would be taken for a *farm-yard*, was already full of the beasts of visitors coming to pay their respects to the Prince on his return. The next court which we entered was peopled with early suitors. . . .

We were met by the Prince's physician, of the name and family of Bertrand, the friend of Napoleon, a Frenchman by connection and language, and therefore intelligible. He ushered us into an empty saloon, in which we were speedily regaled with coffee, sherbet and pipes, and after resting there a reasonable time, we were conducted to the presence-chamber of the Prince.

He was seated on his own legs on a low divan ; on his right was another, about as high as a sofa, where we

were directed to sit. On one side of the divan stood nine pages richly dressed, and on the other, opposite the Prince, a number of military and other officers, the physician, our dragoman, his son, and a few others sitting in the Eastern style on the floor. . . . After preliminary compliments, Sir Sydney Smith's letter was presented to the Prince by our guide and interpreter; the Prince looked it over and handed it to his physician. . . .

The chief interest of this curious introduction at the court of Lebanon was the consideration that manners and customs (smoking excepted) having changed so little in the East, we might suppose that we were paying our respects to King Solomon at his house at Lebanon, allowing for the disappearance of the forest which then covered it. At our departure we received by interpretation the most liberal assurances of peace and protection during our abode in the mountain."

The wisdom of having thus placated the Emir was soon apparent.

It will be remembered that Lewis had engaged as dragoman the Marquis Victorio Giave, brother to the Syrian Patriarch, whom he had met in the Propaganda College at Rome, with a recommendation signed by Cardinal Gonsalvi. No sooner had Lewis landed at Sidon, however, than it was hinted to him that Giave's pathetic story of the capture of his sons and the ransom required to rescue them was a fabrication. Giave, he was told, had been forced to leave Cairo on account of some dishonest practices, and had therefore taken refuge with a brother in the College at Rome, where he had concocted this tale in order to get money. Lewis was further assured that the Bashaw in whose custody Giave declared his sons to be, had been dead two years before the date of their alleged capture!

At last Lewis summoned Giave to confront his accuser and refute the charges if possible. Giave, seeing the game was up, confessed that his sons had never been imprisoned at all, and that, in fact, one of them had just arrived from Cairo! It is said that when Lewis was convinced of the

duplicity of this man whom he had loved and trusted, so great was his distress that he burst into tears.

But worse was to follow. No sooner had Giave been discovered and discharged, than he proceeded to spread abroad the most damaging reports against Lewis, and contrived that these should reach the ear of the Emir and other influential persons in the neighbourhood. He asserted that Lewis was "charged with a commission to change all the religions of the mountain," and to set up the Jews in power. He further affirmed that Lewis received a sum of money for every Jew he converted, and that he knew as a fact that Lewis had received a sum of 1,500 dollars for the conversion of one particular Jew, who, as it happened, had been baptized long before Lewis ever met him.

Such lies, unfortunately, were calculated to inflame the Arabs against the Jews and against Lewis, and might well have proved fatal not only to the success of Lewis's mission but even to his life. He therefore promptly issued a declaration of the purity of his intentions, and next consulted Lady Hester how he had best proceed. The astute lady advised him to engage as dragoman Louis Bertrand, son of the Emir's physician, who having access to the palace and to all the principal residents, would soon refute the evil rumours which Giave was promulgating. This Lewis did and the danger was averted.

IV

Shortly afterwards, Lewis visited a Bishop in the neighbourhood who commended to him a dwelling called the College of Antoura, formerly a residence of the Jesuits. He took possession of this place on June 24 with a view to establishing a Jewish College or Mission there in the future. It was a beautiful though isolated spot. The windows commanded a view of the Mediterranean and its shipping; and he writes: "In this part of the mountain there are not less than 20 religious houses within sound of each other's bells, so that at sunrise and sunset the numerous peals remind one of the continual tinkling of Cam and Isis."

For a space he seems to have been contented working and dreaming in this beautiful land, full of high hopes and schemes for the future.

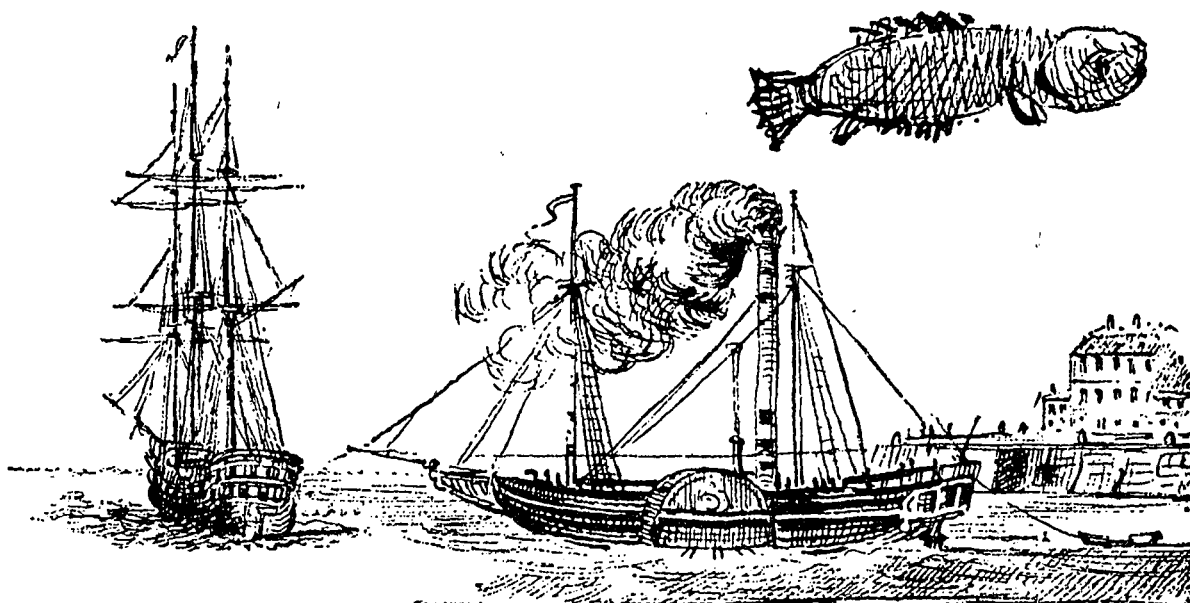
“For several days,” he writes, “I found great delight in visiting the most inaccessible and most romantic regions of this celebrated mountain, and many were the hopes I encouraged, the plans I formed, and the prayers I poured forth for future usefulness on this spot. But short are all human gratifications, even those which are simple, pure and holy. Soon after my establishment in this place I was attacked by an inflammatory eruption in my legs which laid me flat upon three deal boards by day, and prevented my repose at night. With the increasing heat of the weather and attacks of fever, my strength failed, my whole frame began to waste considerably, so that I was rendered utterly incapable of exertion mentally or bodily.”

During the whole of July the invalid remained a close prisoner in the College, unable to move. Suddenly condemned to inaction in the midst of his life of ceaseless activity, he, for the first time, felt the isolation of his existence, and his spirits failed. “I am alone in the wilderness,” he wrote, and he relates how his heart ached when in that remote spot he received letters from his family for the first time since he had left them. From his couch he watched the blue waters of the sea which separated him from those he loved, and the depression consequent upon his physical weakness further sapped his vitality and retarded his recovery. At length it seemed imperative that, at all costs, he should return to France while he had still strength to be moved; and to his bitter disappointment all thought of a journey to Jerusalem had to be abandoned.

“From my window,” he writes pathetically, “I have seen many vessels of various nations pass and repass without a thought that one was soon to carry me from the Land of Promise. . . . But if the College of Antoura or any other in consequence of my arrangements should be

established in Lebanon, that alone will be my recompense. I shall carry to my grave the scars of my scarified and wounded limbs, but if the ordinary soldier is proud of his wounds, I have no reason to be ashamed of those received in the service of a greater Captain. As Luther said of his little knowledge of Hebrew, so I would not change even my limited and Lebanon view of Palestine for a sight of the rest of the world."

And while he fought this bitter disappointment at abandoning his work and renouncing the dream of his life, one thing cheered him ere he went. Wolff arrived from Jerusalem with some American disciples—Wolff with his tireless zeal, his boundless optimism, his superb health; and Lewis realized that the work which he had inaugurated would be carried on by efficient hands.



ALBERT WAY.

CHAPTER XIII

THE MILLENNIUM

ON the 2nd of August, Lewis and his son embarked on board a Genoese boat, and the horrors of the subsequent voyage were great to a man in his condition of supreme weakness. Nearly the whole passage was a constant battle against adverse winds, occasionally increasing to violent storms. And meanwhile comfort there was none, even the bare necessities of existence were difficult to obtain. "We had nothing to eat," Lewis wrote, "but stale bread, common rice and the starved poultry of Syria;" but Albert, writing to his mother, was more explicit.

"My father is much fatigued by the voyage, the tossings and shaking, but I hope he will be recovered by the refreshing sight of you all. Our abode in this moving jail has been a time affording no comfort but the prospect of its termination. 'Plague, Pestilence' and the like evils we have been free from, but 'famine' has been our portion—evil are the stores of Canaan! We have had contrary winds all along, but some hours more calms than storms. N.B.—*Calms* are by no means *calm*, but are most horrible and untold tossings!

I long to see you, dearest mother, sisterhood, and relations to the furthest degree of consanguinity, at home or abroad, with excessive longings. I am your constant advocate pleading that we may be incarcerated at Leghorne where we may look on one another and talk through a grill, and if any kind soul likes to join loving hands through the bars we shall be sure of a companion in prison, and medicament for our weariness."

To add to the sense of desolation, the vessel was manned by a crew who spoke an unintelligible patois, so that the two unhappy passengers seemed shut off into unbroken solitude. They longed to reach the port of Valetta, but again a contrary wind blew the ship from the shore, till finally it effected a landing at Syracuse, where, however, since the plague was still raging in Syria, the quarantine was strict.

Shut off into fresh isolation, the thoughts of the broken and depressed invalid involuntarily flew back to a merry morning long ago when he had visited Exeter Change in company with the bright-eyed Maria Josepha, and had given little sympathy to the unhappy caged animals, shut off from liberty as he was now. He wrote—

“They only who have shared their daily bread with maggots, can know how to estimate a fresh and wholesome loaf, the sight and taste of which was marvellously grateful to our empty stomachs ; but that which refreshed me most was the sound of an English voice and the tidings of modern Europe, which I collected from the English Consul, with whom I was only permitted to converse as outlandish animals are addressed at Exeter Change, through a strong fence and at a distance of several feet, for this is all the intercourse allowed to fresh comers from Syria.”

The same quarantine awaited him at Leghorn, but there his captivity was voluntarily shared by Mrs. Way and two of his daughters ; and upon his release on October 22, the entire family were once more reunited. Their subsequent adventures are graphically related by Mrs. Way ; and her letters bring vividly before us the difference between travelling then and now, the dangers and discomforts then endured for days in accomplishing a journey which now would occupy but a few hours.

Mrs. Way to Mrs. Drewe

NICE

Nov. 8th 1823.

“Here we are safely arrived at one o’clock to-day. . . . In the Lazaretto we had little to complain of as we were

allowed to walk in the outer Courts and fields of the Lazaretto, and to go out in a large boat belonging to the vessel which brought Lewis from Syria, in which, in fine weather, we had a pleasant row of 2 hours daily. . . . However, the place got so full of all nations, sick people, etc., that we were heartily rejoiced to be set at liberty the 25th day and to rejoin the dear Children.

Lewis having had quite enough of sea in seven weeks voyage, and longing to use his Arabian horses which he thought would be very conducive to the recovery of his health and strength, decided to perform his journey here chiefly on horseback, and the time of his vessel having 19 days unexpired after Quarantine, he proposed to me if I liked to go with the children, Whitbys, servants, etc., by sea. This I decided on, and being necessary for Lewis to have a carriage as a resource if the weather should be bad, he wished Kitty and Drusilla to accompany him. On Thursday 28th we embarked at Leghorne on the Brig Anit-cizia, and sailed next morning with a favourable wind, and proceeded prosperously all day, except the whole party wretchedly sick, which was increased by a dead calm all night.

Towards next evening a gale sprang up which increased violently and carried us within 30 miles of Nice, and we were cheered by the hope that we should be here by noon Friday, but alas soon a violent siroc wind arose and drove us back again and a wretched night we had of it, wind, rain, thunder and lightning, and I was alarmed that the children would be thrown out of their beds, as the tossing was so violent I could scarcely keep in my berth. Towards Friday afternoon, the gale being little diminished and appearing to threaten another rough night, the Captain took refuge in a little bay where 10 other vessels in the same plight had anchored. Here he said we might stay probably 3 or 4 days as the siroc winds generally continued so long. The prospect was not agreeable, as all suffered so much, and a new cause of anxiety arose as the great anchor of the ship failed, and a smaller one was the only dependence, which in a little open bay was an anxious prospect with the threatening appearance of the weather.

Some of the party were much alarmed (Mr. Whitby and Miss Wells) and most anxious to land. I consulted the Captain and he gave me his opinion that the winter was begun, and we had much better go by land, as even if the weather enabled him to sail towards Nice the next day, we should probably be driven back again, as the sea is so rough and the wind variable in the Gulf of Genoa.

I felt very unwilling to give up the attempt; however, we determined to land for the night at Vado where we found a wretched little Inn which just accommodated us.

The next day the wind continuing the same, we landed the carriage and proceeded to travel by land—a most formidable and tedious journey. . . .

We spent Sunday quietly at Savona, and Monday Nov. 3d set forth on our journey, rather nervous at the undertaking before us, not having our Courier, who I left to attend Lewis and the Ladies from Leghorne, and John, Mr. Whitby and Albert being our only male attendants; but the dear little man after his travels is quite a host in himself and managed excellently.

Savona is an extremely pretty town in a beautiful bay. On leaving it we passed through a most picturesque country along the winding of a river with beautiful rocks and woody mountains. The road at first good, but soon became extremely rough and hilly. We rested at noon at Millesimo, where, seeking an Inn or House to eat our luncheon, which we always carry for the children's dinner, seeing two neat young women in a clean house, we asked admittance, which was courteously granted, and ascending the stairs we were informed we were in the Palazzo of the Countess of Caretto, who was from home.

Speedily a table was laid, with napkins, plate, fruit, cakes, delicious wines, etc., where we spread our viands and made our repast. We were waited on by the young women, and a respectable Man, apparently Major Domo.

I mention this as an instance of foreign courtesy and difference from English manners.

After our meal, we again set forth and slept at Ceva; next day passed through a beautiful country, dined at Mondova, and slept at Coni or Cuneo, with stupendous

mountains covered with snow before us, which we were to pass, and were thrown into sad alarm for some hours by a report that they were impassable. However, on arriving at Coni, we were rejoiced to hear that the diligence had arrived and the road was yet good. Accordingly by Wednesday we proceeded a short day's journey, to set out early on Thursday for the tremendous passage of the Col de Tende, a most stupendous mountain, the passage of which took 7 hours, and in winter is only passable on sledges, being generally 15 or 20 feet deep in snow. It is most wonderful how easy the ascent and descent of such mountains is made, though at first the road is most terrific, being a succession of Angles with a Precipice at every turning at least 100 in number.

The weather and road were good, and thank God we passed it without any accident. We dined at Tende, a village at the foot of the mountain, and after 3 hours of the most beatific scenery I ever saw—chiefly along the course of a rushing torrent, amidst woody Mountains, and hanging rocks out of which the road is hollowed, we arrived at the beautiful village of Chindola where we slept.

Friday we again set out early, having two Mountains of 4 hours each to pass; the first, Monti Broisa, tho' high, after the Col de Tende was nothing, and brought us to Sospello to dinner (having the same horses we were always obliged to rest at that time), after which we set out to cross Monti Broisa, the steepest and most terrific of all. We were 3 hours reaching the summit where we were a whole hour travelling literally in the Clouds; the descent, most steep and full of Precipices, was rendered more terrific by rapidly approaching darkness as we were an hour too late; but we were mercifully preserved from any alarm or accident, and a friendly lanthorn met us at the foot of the mountain and lighted us to Scavena, where we slept last night and arrived here safe at 1 o'clock today. Have we not cause of thankfulness, my dear mother, to have passed such dangers by land and sea and to be brought to our journey's end in health and safety, the dear children all well and ourselves, except fatigue.

Here we find a comfortable house taken for us by our friend Lacrois and prepared for our reception."

Meanwhile Lewis's journey was more peaceable; on December 16 Mrs. Way again wrote to her mother:

"We are all blessed with tolerable health. Lewis's journey on horseback was very beneficial to him. He travelled slowly, spent two days at Pisa, one at Lucca to see our summer abode, and 3 at Genoa where (meeting many friends) it was a very pleasant change, and they then proceeded by the road called the Corniche along the coast, 3 days of which is performed on mules, not possible for carriages. Lewis's beautiful Arabian carried him delightfully, and Drusilla's Bedouin, though she had never carried a lady before, is so tractable and quiet that she mounted her without a fear, and rode the chief part of the journey, and they arrived here quite safe and dear Lewis in much improved looks."

She adds various little items of local gossip:

"There are but two families here who were here last year, so we have a new set of acquaintance to form and my mornings have been much occupied by visits, a most unprofitable and tiresome expenditure of time. There are a few great people, the Marchioness of Bute, Lord and Lady Loudon, Lady Manvers, Lady Effingham etc.

Nice is cheaper since the war with Spain, especially groceries. Beef $2\frac{1}{2}$ per lb, mutton ditto, Veal 3d, butter 6d, wine from $1\frac{1}{2}$ upwards, turkeys $\frac{3}{4}$, Fowls 18d. . . . if our rent was less expensive it would be a very cheap place. We burn orange and olive wood with fir cones, which are sold by the sack and are the best thing for lighting fires or reviving them when almost out. Whenever I return I shall profit by experience and have all our Cones collected. They are so inflammable that they use them as candles and torches to carry in the hand.

How wonderfully is Sir Wm. Knighton ¹ advanced. A

¹ Sir William Knighton, Bt. (1776-1836), Physician to George IV when Prince of Wales; and Keeper of the Privy Purse and private secretary to him when king. He was also employed on confidential missions abroad.

Friend of his told us lately that he has not less at this time than £16000 per annum, £6000 of which is for life. His favour and influence is unbounded and his patronage immense. He has a house in Pall Mall close to the Palace, and his family reside at Horndean.”

II

At Nice, Lewis's health gradually improved; but he never recovered the vigour which had been his in earlier years. Lewis Way was now past fifty, and ever since 1811 he had been living at a high pressure which was bound to sap a constitution never robust. Nature was at last claiming her toll; but other causes combined to retard his recovery.

In these days when the outlook of humanity has changed, and

The thoughts of men are widened
With the progress of the suns,

it is difficult to realize how vital certain dogmas once appeared to those who held them, and with what passionate intensity they clung to what now seems merely theoretical or fantastic. Alike in every religion, doctrine was then sharply defined, and those who deviated by a fraction from the prescribed path were regarded as beyond the pale by those who adhered to it.

It will have been seen that Lewis held strongly defined views on the subject of the Second Advent and the Millennium—views which were shared by most of the Evangelical theologians of his day, by William Wilberforce and the majority of the Clapham Sect, as well as by two such opposite characters as Lady Hester Stanhope and Dr. Joseph Wolff. These, and other dogmas, he had expounded in certain tracts and pamphlets under the name of Basilicus, but the authorship of which was readily conjectured.¹

A branch of the Jewish Society at Gloucester took

¹ *Palingenesia, or the World to Come*, written by the Rev. Lewis Way, of Stansted; and *Thoughts on the Scriptural Expectations of the Christian Church*, by Basilicus (Gloucester, 1823).

exception to these doctrines, and wrote to the parent Society to complain that it was inadvisable to bring them forward as an essential part of the Christian religion. They were too strong meat for babes, and were calculated to alienate fresh converts. Moreover, since they were primarily a matter of individual opinion, it would be more tactful to preach only the simple and essential facts of Christianity, and leave all intricate or controversial matters in abeyance.

When Hawtrey informed Lewis of this he wrote back calmly :

“ Your letter found me in perfect peace and disturbed me not. Having been in peril on the sea, in peril of robbers, in journeyings often, in weariness and painfulness, in watching often and (literally and truly in hunger and thirst) in labour abundant and nigh unto death—it is perhaps only another and a useful trial that I should be in peril by mine own countrymen or in peril among false brethren.

I can only say that when during a night and day I was on the deep, driven by a storm from Malta where I had hoped to anchor and rest, and when I felt I could hardly hold out to another port for lack of food and sleep, though I had many fightings and fears and weakness enough to distress my soul, and though I expected either to go to the bottom, or to be sent home, as I had often anticipated, in one of my long boxes to Stansted, yet I had no misgivings or repentings in regard to Basilican notions ! ”

Lewis, however, wrote to the President of the Society to ask if it was indeed true “ that you wish and even enjoin that the Personal Advent (whether Millennium be added or not is no matter) sh^d be kept out of sight as much as possible ? ” and receiving a reply in the affirmative, he wrote to defend his point of view.

Meanwhile a member of the Society, the Rev. Mr. Gauntlett, published a summary of the doctrine alleged to be promulgated by Basilicus, which runs as follows :

“ At the commencement of the Millennium Christ will

come personally to reign on the earth. He will then raise all the pious dead, change living believers, and destroy all the wicked. A general conflagration will take place at this advent of the Saviour when *this* heaven and *this* earth will be dissolved with fire. This personal reign of Christ on earth will continue a thousand years. During the whole of this millennial period, Christ will be judging the pious whom he has raised from the dead, and will be apportioning his reward to his servants according to their works. At the termination of the thousand years, the wicked will be raised by Satan for the vain purpose of storming by arms the kingdom and people of the Millennium. But the Satanical Army will immediately be destroyed by fire from heaven. The second conflagration will then take place. The presence of the Judge will cause the *new* heavens and the *new* earth to fly away, and the Satanic army, again summoned into existence by the powerful voice of their omniscient Judge, shall *instantly* receive their final doom by the righteous sentence of Christ himself and his glorified millennial saints."

To Basilicus he refers briefly :

"Of the manner in which Basilicus has answered, I shall say nothing ; except that the splendid eloquence which frequently appears in his arguments excited my admiration. To these remarks I cordially add that if he be the person whom report states him to be, his piety, zeal and benevolence in the cause of Religion, justly renders him an object of esteem and gratitude to every Christian Philanthropist ; but as an expositor of the doctrine of the Millennium, to use his own words, I differ from him *in toto*."

In short, to those who had been wont to look forward to the Millennium as a most desirable epoch, when the lion would lie down with the lamb, and happiness be universal upon earth, this predicted period of conflagration and judgment, to be succeeded by bitter conflict, a second conflagration and further judgments, appeared like the nightmare of a diseased imagination. The controversy was prolonged, and was conducted with spirit and erudition

on both sides ; but to Lewis there was only one conclusion possible. "As I cannot act conscientiously in obeying the requisition of our Patron," he wrote, "I have placed myself beyond its reach, and feel myself at liberty to speak, act and write upon the subject as a private Christian." He forthwith resigned his Vice-Presidency, adding, with a somewhat pitiful attempt at his former playfulness :

"There is an abundance of space in the present world for Abraham and Lot, Judah and Ephraim, Paul and Barnabas if they disagree ! . . . Go on then, my friends, in the way you judge most expedient. I will never trouble you by my further interference in the management of your concerns. I have enough to do if my life be spared, and as it was devoted to the cause of Israel before I belonged to your Society, it will be so when that connection has ceased. . . .

My heart, be assured, is still with you, and with your cause and Society. My *head* has perhaps outrun you or itself ; but my conscience is free from ill. While you think you are better without Basilicus, he is content to be laid aside—prove him wrong, as you will, or find him right ! "

None the less, Lewis's private letters to his friends at this juncture sound broken-hearted. "Of all my many, many trials this is the greatest," he wrote to Simeon in bitter grief. "My soul has been deeply, most deeply wounded, like that of my adored Saviour, in the house of my friends." Meanwhile the consternation of the Jewish Society was great. Vainly they wrote to him representing that a way out might be found. Lewis replied firmly :

"I pray God to give me meekness as well as zeal, but I cannot work in *hobbles* or sacrifice my conscience at the call of complacency."

And when his friends wrote suggesting that all differences might be adjusted if only he would come over to England and attend their next meeting, he replied more firmly than before :

“I feel as much as *you* can for the honour of God and the cause in which we have laboured ; and every private feeling has been and still should be readily sacrificed as a holocaust to these two principles.

But I entreat you for God’s sake, and for the Cause sake, and for *my life’s sake* (if that were of any consequence) think not of my coming to your meeting. . . .

Your Society has had my time and property and undivided attention for upwards of 12 years. . . . You have no right *to take my life* which would certainly be endangered by my coming over now as I fully intended.

I have another reason . . . unless you or dear Thomas [Baring] will lend me one or two thousand pounds for a few months, I know not where to get the means of arranging my affairs. . . . At this moment I have neither silver nor gold.

I am riding on the top of many billows, in deep waters, but in the full sense of peace and hope, and with a conscience unsullied by wilful offence to God ; and I will keep that, cost what it may.

I have now promised Mrs. Way to wait for her at Paris, and I have far too often distressed and tried her affection to disappoint her now. . . . The Cause I hope never to leave while I have breath but you have no right to make a slave of me. I love you all and have proved it, but I have studied more than you all certain points, and I cannot act against conscience with consistency and truth. I leave my cause with God and he will not desert me while I cling as I do to him. Pray for me and believe me

Yours ever most truly,

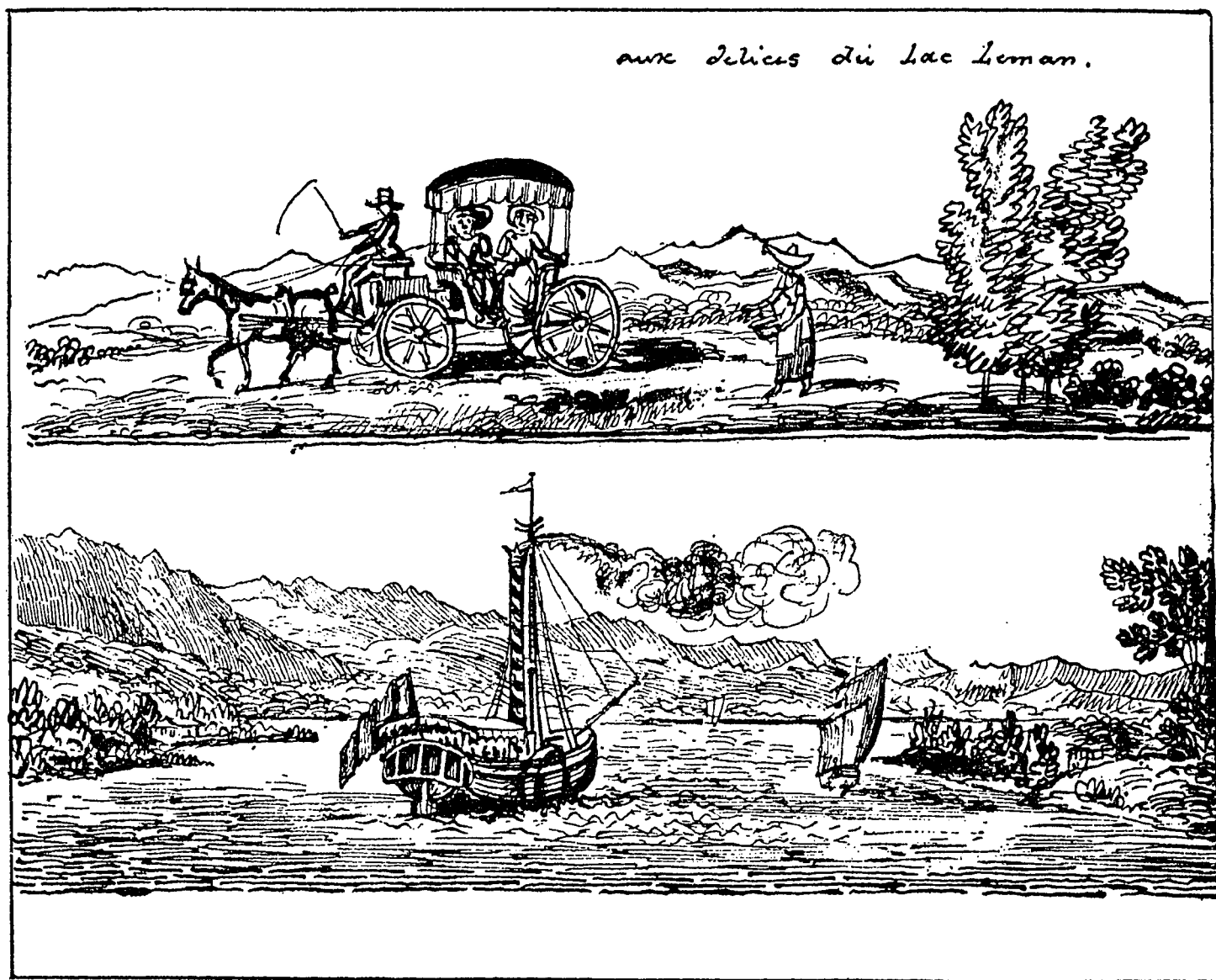
LEWIS WAY.

PARIS, 3d May 1824.”

All his letters at this juncture reveal acute mental and physical suffering, and a pitiful recognition of his wrecked health, vanished fortune and this final cruel severance from his friends. Finally, seeing that he would not come over to England, Hawtrey and Dr. Marsh travelled out to Paris happily confident of over-ruling his decision, but they found him adamant against their representations. The

same determination which had first induced him to join the Society at what he conceived the call of duty, and to devote to it his time, health, fortune, and, if required, his life, now made him immovable when he conceived that conscience demanded his separation from it; and he wrote his final decision :

“Luther once said that six letters *REVOCO* would settle all matters between him and the Pope and the Councils, but he never would write them, neither do I feel bound or inclined to do it for anything I have said or written on the subject in dispute. If they can prove me wrong out of the Bible, I will own my error, but to silence discussion by authority is not the Protestant mode of establishing truth.”



SKETCHED BY ALBERT WAY.

CHAPTER XIV

THE HEBREW COLLEGE

IT mattered nothing to Lewis at this juncture that his decision would inevitably be misunderstood by the world at large, and that those who had jeered at his fanaticism, would now mock at his apparent inconsistency. But to Drusilla, aged twenty, with her youthful worldly wisdom, this aspect of the case was painfully evident. To her brother Albert (Atty) she wrote from the Hotel de Provence, Lyons, May 11, 1824, as follows :

“ By a letter received this morning from our father, it appears that he abideth at Paris still, and our plan is to proceed to Orleans to-morrow and there await his summons to Paris or Tours.

What do you think of his resignation (tho’ I need not ask because he said that Atty and Kit had approved of it). I confess that it was painful to me, because it is so completely cutting all his former acquaintance and pursuits, and will bring such an imputation of fickleness on him from those who will not enter into his real reasons. . . . I think being so near home he might have returned and consulted the Bishops and other friends before sending his *congé* to the Society.”

She continues, however, in a lighter vein, and although she mentions both servants and friends by nicknames to which there is now no key, the flavour of her communication would be lost if these were omitted.

“ We arrived here yesterday at 12, having left Nice the Tuesday preceding. Tidings from our Father determined our proceeding by the straight course. . . .

The road was bad between Avignon and Vienne, and the Scenery more dull and uninteresting than ever. Notwithstanding rain and wind, heat and cold, and other maternal sources of anxiety, I maintained my station in the open carriage all the way, and often thought of its former occupants on the same road. One day we had pouring rain, when we enclosed ourselves in the Hole, as Arminger was wont to designate the interior; and Miss Wells and the Ancient of excessive Worth but equal Bulk were my Co-partners in it; and the surly Mr. Haines and the Self-Sufficient Duke of Puddle-Dock sulked on the box; the Family Heavy, with Mother and the 4 within, and two Maids without, preceding all the way, and the beloved Bergami *habillé en courier*, riding on in the true guise of the Gentlemen of his Profession to order horses, make bargains, quarrel with drivers and abuse Inn-Keepers.

The Heavy has borne jumbling wondrously, not to say *miraculously* and I really think it must be insured against all misadventures. As we arrived at the Post-houses, oftentimes Anna's long neck was seen to project, and the words '*Something is broken in the Heavy*' were vociferated. Nevertheless it continues to rumble-tumble on in perfect security, regardless of inward and outward agitation.

The children have, I believe, comported themselves as usual, with the exception of Length [Anna], who has behaved herself with great rectitude and sagacity. I imagine her character will become quite formed now she looks forward to *settling in life*, for perhaps you do not know that she has formed an attachment for Distractor, which partakes of the nature of 'Your's till Death.' At least, so she professed when at Nice, but I have great fears of the effects of Time and Absence. Flowers, shells, stones, Jerusalem Earth from Pisa, were interchanged with the most guyish superscriptions you can conceive.

for Mr willium grahAm

Georgy shows much more affinity to the S-T-N-C- than the Angelic order, I fear. The Second Day of Travel

she told Mother she would do everything to ‘unplease’ her—a word which savours strongly of ye Great Enemy’s vocabulary and speaks volumes on ye depravity of Man!”

So the family journeyed to Paris where Louis d’Or was welcomed with enthusiasm by the Parisians. He and his handsome wife and pretty daughter attended many functions, both public and private; and Drusilla wrote long years after:

“I remember going to the Ambassador’s reception at Paris; crowds of Élite, male and female. As we edged among them, I holding fast to the Paternal arm, he nudged me and said ‘*Talleyrand!*’, and there he was, lame, but with a head like Saul, above all the rest, and a peculiar one.”

At this juncture, an uncle of Mrs. Way died and left her a considerable property, the residue of which alone represented £25,000; while both to Drusilla and her father he left considerable legacies. With the family exchequer thus replenished, Lewis soon found fresh outlet for labour and expenditure.

At that date there was no English church in Paris:—

“There are,” Lewis wrote, “at the lowest computation 1500 residents and sojourners of our nation in this city. The Ambassador’s room where service is performed cannot hold 300. Servants and tradesmen never go there; and I am told a school of young ladies has been excluded for want of room. . . . A place capable of holding 1000 people is actually engaged for the use of the English, in which I am primarily concerned, if permission could be obtained to open the place by permanent grant of a provisional licence.”

But the difficulties in the way of accomplishing this apparently desirable object appeared insuperable. For two months Lewis lingered in Paris, calling on the Prime Minister, who made evasive promises till finally he announced that if Louis XVIII granted such a request it would give great offence to the Roman Catholic population, and that permission could only be attained if the King of

England were to write direct to the King of France to ask him, as a personal favour, to allow the English to have a place of worship built for them in Paris.

Lewis at once recognized that unless such a letter could be obtained promptly before it could be made a matter of political dispute, the case was hopeless, since the Jesuits would inevitably raise a powerful opposition to the project. He therefore sent Dr. Marsh to Sir William Knighton, who was then all-powerful with George IV, and through his influence a letter was actually written by George IV to Louis XVIII, and the requisite permission obtained. Lewis then purchased the Hotel Marbœuf, in the Rue Chaillot, Champs-Élysées, and at his own expense transformed the large gallery or hall adjoining into a chapel. He and his family next took up their abode in the hotel, which he made his head-quarters in Paris, and, when resident, he acted as Chaplain in the adjoining place of worship while Drusilla undertook the part of organist. When he had occasion to travel, he left an efficient substitute for both offices. In March, 1823, Simeon wrote from Paris: "We went to Mr. Way's chapel. There were nearly 500 people present, many were in an ante-room. Mr. Way preached—he was eloquent and striking. . . . General Macaulay told me he was doing extensive good, and from the numbers who attend, and the reverent way in which they attend, I cannot but think he is more useful here than he would be in any other place on earth." On December 25, 1824, Lady Granville, wife of the newly-appointed British Ambassador,¹ wrote to Lady Morpeth that she had been to hear Lewis preach.

"I went this morning to hear Lewis Wray [*sic*] preach. His sermons are extemporary, he is evangelical, and very

¹ Harriet Countess Granville was the youngest daughter of the 5th Duke of Devonshire, and of Georgina the famous Duchess of Devonshire, friend of Fox.

She married in 1809 Lord Granville Leveson Gower, second son of the Marquis of Stafford. At the age of 31 he was sent as ambassador to Russia, in the beginning of 1824 he was named Ambassador at The Hague, and at the end of that year transferred to Paris where he remained till 1828, when he resigned but returned there in 1830.

striking and impressive. The English flock there. If anyone whispers, he stops and says: '*When Lady such-a-one has done talking, I will proceed.*' His sermon began to-day with a little warning to those delegated by their Sovereign to represent him to take heed of their conduct and conversation!"

In 1825-6 Lewis and his family came to England, and divided their time between London, Brighton and Stansted. Long years afterwards Drusilla wrote: "I recollect in 1826 riding with my Father on Lady Hester Stanhope's Arabian, the *beloved* Metwell, on whom I used to have a Gunter Ice, and ride in ye Park. '*What a beautiful Creature!*' was uttered by a Gentleman, and my Father said: 'Does it mean you or ye horse?'" But alas, when Drusilla was riding in the Park at Stansted, where she had been warned never to canter the beautiful little mare except on the grass, she disobeyed the warning, and Metwell fell and broke her knees.

II

Throughout this period, Lewis was endeavouring to further his cherished project of establishing a Hebrew College at Stansted; and, since he had been accused of acting unjustly towards his family in so doing, it may be well to give his own point of view expressed in a letter to Dr. Marsh at this juncture. This is also of special interest as showing that the practical side of the question in regard to his children had never been lost sight of.

"If you think it best," he wrote, "to apply for an incorporation of the Society, which is *new ground*, I will give up for the purpose the house and park only, *to shew my readiness to take any suggestion from you*; but I shall not be justified in surrendering my estate as an endowment unless I name the trustees, etc., as proposed, and retain the advowson, etc., *in my family*, my next of kin, in full order, being at the head of the Institution; then I am willing to make it a foundation for a Hebrew School for the sons of poor Clergymen, missionaries and others being allowed to go there for instruction.

There can be no plausible objection to making my descendants schoolmasters instead of Squires; and what there can be to a Charter for the conversion of Jews when there is one for the conversion of Negroes who are possibly to be converted by Jews, I am at a loss to conceive.

The London Society is now perfectly competent to such an undertaking, and the first proposal would heal all breaches; *but it was never my intention, nor is it, nor can it be, to turn my family out of doors, and take in a fluctuating and unknown assembly.*

Dean Colet founded St. Paul's School for Greek, and helped on the information of Gentiles; I am willing to found St. Peter's School for Hebrews and give all I can spare towards it at once; but my family must labour, as well as enjoy its benefits—and what nobody else is willing to do, I am—*voilà tout.*”

In endeavouring to promote his object, Lewis appealed to the Government, pointing out that the project would cost them nothing; he applied again to Lord Liverpool, as a private friend; he exerted all the influence available; but without success. The Bishop of St. David's, indeed, obtained an interview on the subject with George IV, and went to Carlton House to lay the scheme before the King; but when he got there he found to his dismay that he had left at home the special Petition which Lewis had prepared, and the gift of a Hebrew Bible which he had intended for his Majesty. The Bishop, considerably non-plussed, explained his errand verbally, and subsequently recounted with complacency “The Princess Augusta was present and was much interested.”

None the less, possibly because he would not renounce all personal supervision of the proposed Institution, Lewis failed to obtain the requisite charter; and at length Hawtrey wrote in a letter which is undated, but which evidently belongs to this period:

“I had yesterday an interview with our two Bishops, Lichfield (late Gloucester) and St. David's. I can in consequence send you some information which is of a definite nature. The Bishop of Lichfield first began by stating his

full conviction that the Charter would never be granted by the Privy Council. Some would think it an urgent thing, some a mad thing, and others a Methodistic or Calvinistic thing; *but pass it never would.*"

So little was this decision unexpected that Lewis received it with surprising equanimity; but it led to a conclusion which for some time had seemed to him inevitable. If Stansted could not be used for the purpose for which he had intended it, ought he, in the present depleted state of his income, to retain possession of it? On the other hand, it had been a gift voluntarily and solemnly dedicated to God, and had he any right to withdraw such a gift? He summed up his perplexity as follows:

"When I made the application for this property it was a productive one, and could maintain itself. I had also much other personal and private property. The estate does not now maintain itself, and my personal estate has been very considerably diminished by keeping it up, and expending many, many thousands in public and private charities which I could not have done to a like extent had my plan succeeded. £50,000 will not be too much to be raised to pay off the old mortgage and enable me to maintain my station. I feel that I have followed the spirit of my intention when I could not follow the letter, and that the estate thus circumstanced is now of doubtful advantage, if not a certain detriment to other private and public usefulness.

Still I feel that though I can resign my will to that of Providence, I cannot change my general purpose, or as my own act recall an offering so solemnly, so repeatedly and formally made. . . ."

Unable to decide this question for himself, he begged his friends, Hawtrey, Sir Thomas Baring and the Bishop of St. David's to treat him as "a spiritual bankrupt," and determine which way his duty lay. The verdict was unanimous, Stansted had better be sold. So Lewis and his family prepared to bid a sorrowful farewell to the beautiful home which had been theirs for twenty-two years.

Long years afterwards, Drusilla, for the benefit of a younger generation, summed up the events of 1824-7 with that air of worldly wisdom which sat so prettily upon her alike in youth and age, and—save that the italics are not in the original—explained as follows her father's apparent *volte face* :

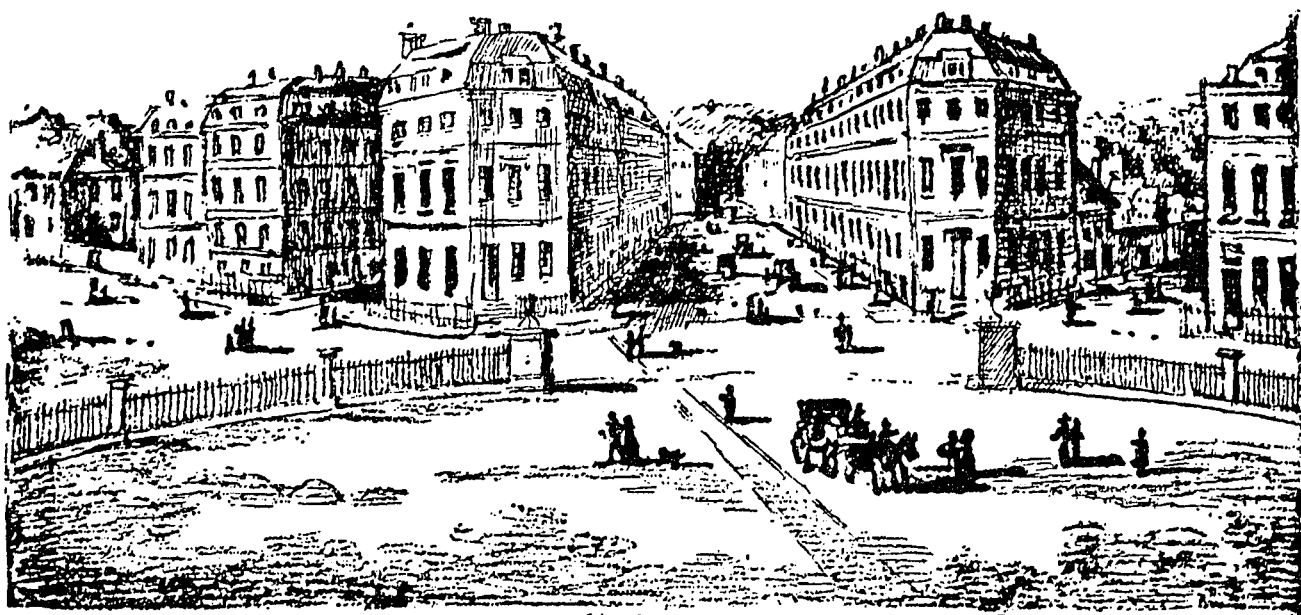
“The great mortification given him by the Jewish Society caused him to withdraw as President, and Marsh and Hawtrey were sent over to plead—in vain—unless they rescinded the Ordinance that the subject of Prophecy and ye Second Advent were to be excluded from the teaching and pages of ye Jewish Exposition. Of course he viewed this as an extinguisher on ye first starting point for Jewish Missions. . . . It wounded him very sore indeed ; set him against returning to England, which was intended, and the motto adopted was ‘Seeing ye put it from you, we turn to the Gentiles.’ *And all success followed ye merciful difficulties against a Stansted Jewish College, which would have ruined us all, and probably failed of success entirely.*”

CHAPTER XV

REST

For when you're really tired, having done your very best—
When the Story's nearly ended, and the Sun sets in the West,
Then you'll lie down very gently, and the weary will find rest—

IN 1826, Lewis and his family returned to Marbœuf, which was now their only home. There Lewis continued to labour unceasingly, while the English flocked in ever-increasing crowds to hear him preach, attracted as much by the magnetism of his personality, as by his vivid eloquence. To those who knew his family history, at times it seemed truly as though the impassioned fervour of his ancestor Benjamin Way of Bristol had been resuscitated in this remote descendant; for there was genius in Lewis's oratory, there was power as well as tenderness in his compelling charm. His house in Paris became the centre of an ever-widening circle of influence, and he was happy in the conviction that he had at last found the sphere of



Bath, from the Sydney Gardens Hotel ..

FROM A SKETCH BY ALBERT WAY.

usefulness for which he had all along been destined ; that the Trust committed to his charge, which for years he had striven blindly to fulfil, was at last being accomplished beyond his most earnest prayers and dreams.

Then his health began to fail. Part of the winter of 1829 he was forced to spend at Aix-les-Bains in a futile endeavour to restore it, while he paid others to continue the work at Marbœuf that he longed to do. Next, Bath was visited ; finally, in 1830, he and his family went to reside permanently at Leamington.

This was then a fashionable Spa, of which the presiding genius in the medical world was Dr. Jephson, whose remedy for all ailments was said to be walking exercise. Still amongst the Way papers are some sarcastic verses entitled *Leamington Peripatetics*, which refer to this treatment and purport to be an answer to an inquiry from a stranger if the doctor indeed advocated this system.

He does, Sir, for all those who Jephson obey
Walk out in all seasons, all hours of the day.
They walk when the north wind blows piercing and bleak
They walk when their mouths are so stiff they can't speak ;
They walk in the mist and cold fogs of November
They walk in the drizzle and damp of December.
They walk when it thaws, and *they walk* when it freezes,
They walk for all causes, to cure all diseases !
They walk when they have not a limb that is sound
They walk when they cannot set foot to the ground ! . . .
They walk after faintings, hysterics and fits,
They walk in their senses and out of their wits. . . .
.
The plethoric walk to make them grow paler
The pallid ones walk to make them grow haler.
The stout and unwieldy they're walking for that
The bony and skinny they walk to grow fat.
If some walk too slowly, they're joined by the Master
Then, surprising to see, they walk faster and faster ! . . .
In short, he makes those walk who ne'er walked before,
And those who have always walked, here walk still more. . . .
etc.

Whether Dr. Jephson tried his sovereign remedy on Lewis Way does not appear ; but the younger members of his family seem to have enjoyed the social life of the

gay Spa, and to have made many friends. They spent their mornings, indeed, in praiseworthy fashion doing some useful sewing, and immediately after breakfast a small table used to be set out, round which the pretty workers gathered, much as in a former generation the pretty sisters at Denham had sat bowed over their embroidery frames. But unfortunately for the good intentions of this younger generation, the morning was the fashionable time for paying calls ; and as they had many youthful friends, the laughter and merry talk which ensued materially interfered with their industry. Thus their grandmother, Mrs. Drewe, who came to stay with them, used to remark reprovingly, at intervals, " My dears, it seems to me you work to little profit ! " In consequence of which the work-table became named " the little Prophet ! " Among their many relations who used to visit them was also Sir Gregory Way, now a pompous elderly General, handsome and well set up, of whom his wife used to remark admiringly, rolling her r's, " Sir Gregorrry is very particular about his c-r-r-r-avats ! "

By 1837, the youngest daughter, Georgiana, was sent to Clifton to a " finishing school " which was then considered the most fashionable and expensive Seminary in England, the fee being about £200 a year—a far larger sum then than to-day, and in striking contrast to the fees of £2 a year and 6*d.* per week paid by Mrs. Lockey for the education of her young relations in an earlier generation. From the fine pointed writing of the refined Miss Sanders, Georgiana's schoolmistress, we learn the satisfaction given by her promising pupil, who had evidently overcome the " Satanic " disposition referred to in her sister Drusilla's letter in 1824. We also learn that her dress was not extravagant. For 19 yards of " Chaly " for a gown and cape for her daughter we find that Mrs. Way paid 1*s.* 2*d.* per yard, while the making cost 5*s.* ; for " turning a bonnet " 4*s.*, and for a black apron, which seemed expensive in proportion, 3*s.* 6*d.* ; but another item was much higher than dress, and was in direct opposition to the teaching of the learned Dr. Jephson, viz., " for Carriage and Donkey-hire " £2 12*s.* in half-a-term.

And here it may be added that among the friends whom the elder sisters made at Leamington during this period was a certain Catherine, of whom we shall hear later. Her maiden name does not appear; but about 1835, before Georgiana Way went to her "finishing" school, Catherine became the wife of the Rev. Stephen Dulworth, then curate at Foggieby, but afterwards promoted to a living in Norfolk.

Catherine Dulworth, who always affectionately termed Drusilla Way her "sister," in due course became the mother of ten children whom she named after two generations of the Ways; and while her little son Albert was a godson of Albert Way, a small Drusilla, Olivia, Anna Mary and Georgiana, of whom we shall hear presently, grew and thrived in a far-away Norfolk vicarage like a rejuvenation of that older family who had been companions of their mother's girlhood.

II

About 1836-7 Lewis Way's old friend, Henry Drummond, believed that he heard supernatural voices predicting the approaching end of the world; and posted down to the Archbishop of York at Nuneham to announce the disquieting tidings. How the intelligence was received by that dignitary is not recorded; but Lewis Way does not seem to have been disturbed by the prospect.

He was then, at the age of 64, a man prematurely old, who was forced to lead a life in striking contrast to his former restless activity. Still, never weary in well-doing, he continued to finance the English church at Paris, he aided the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, while deprecating their methods; he was ever lavish with a generosity which knew neither hesitation nor stint, and which still, at times, threatened to beggar his family. But the fine enthusiasm and generous faith in human nature which had characterized his earlier years was—perhaps inevitably—gone for ever, and in these days of physical weakness his mind seems to have dwelt more upon the wounds than the joys of the past.

Lewis Way, as we have seen, had been of his very

temperament prone to be the prey of the unscrupulous. Apart from the deserving whom he had aided and who had repaid him with a gratitude which was genuine, there had always been men of baser mould ready to batten on his finer susceptibilities, and to exploit these for their own ends. There had been times when, with his gaze fixed upon the stars, he had floundered into a morass ; and in these days of waning strength that recognition was gall to his sensitive soul. The remembrance of the Jews who had deceived and robbed him at the commencement of his work for them ; the defection of Solomon ; the villainy of Giave ; his own enforced severance from the London Society ; the failure of his scheme for a Hebrew College—all haunted him in these days of his physical weakness. Of his attempt to fulfil the mandate of John Way, truly the church at Marbœuf had been crowned with success. But that other scheme of which he had once believed himself to be the divinely-appointed instrument—that work to which he had given his very heart's blood, with all the enthusiasm, the strength, the joy of his manhood—that work for which he had forsaken a life of ease and wealth, and had become a wanderer on the face of the earth—that was surely as void of fulfilment as ever. *The Jews were still far away from the Promised Land !*

The story is too old : no more it thrills.
Pity is dead ; peace is a paltry art.
How can a glory on Judæan hills
Make glad my heart ?

III

There is an intense pathos about the declining years of a man of once abnormal energy ; and still more is this the case when the brave spirit partakes of that bodily disability. Yet reviewing the life-story of Lewis Way such a consummation is scarcely surprising.

A man who, in his early years, had been nurtured in every comfort and accustomed to a quiet and somewhat sedentary existence, in middle age he had suddenly launched into an adventurous career, better suited to one of younger years and more robust physique. His mental and physical

energy had been subsequently taxed to the utmost. He had lived in a state of feverish activity, imbued with a zeal which goaded him to constant effort, haunted by the anxiety inseparable from a hypersensitive nature—by a code of honour which left him no peace. During the years when he might have been enjoying the happy, bucolic life of a wealthy country Squire, cared for by a devoted wife and children, he had been journeying feverishly about Europe, exposing himself to every variety of climate, to the extremes of heat and cold, to perpetual privations, discomforts and loneliness. Even the pamphlets he had written during that period to expound his views, the sermons, the disputations, the lengthy, conscientious reports which he had compiled for the Jewish Society—in the aggregate represent a mental outlay of which it is difficult to gauge the strain. He had thrown himself with a fervour almost dramatic into the rôle he had adopted—with his burning eloquence, his fine simplicity, his writings which were like the inspired prophets of old—whose very mode of expression he had unconsciously emulated. He had faced the jeers of those who failed to appreciate his altruism; he had derived little personal benefit from his great wealth; he had expended his strength, as he had poured forth his money, with a prodigality which counted no cost.

And yet now in his sore physical weakness—haunted by a sense of futility, by the lack of comprehension he had encountered, it seemed, at times, as though the Point in View which he had pursued had been a chimera. This is a phase which enters into the life of every enthusiast, which sears the soul of every man who has raised himself above the dust of which he is constructed. In that moment of supreme agony and mistrust, again and again through the centuries there rings that pitiful cry of poor humanity which has had a vision of the divine—"My God! my God! why has thou forsaken me!"

To Joseph Wolff, at this period far away in his remote Yorkshire village, there came tidings of the declining health and failing spirit of his once brilliant, eager, meteoric friend and benefactor. "Noble soul, Lewis Way!" he

wrote tragically. "Whatever thy disappointments, thy actions—even though over-sanguine—never betrayed one base motive, one ignoble thought!" And, later, he recounts sadly, "But neither the services of Lewis Way, nor his character, were appreciated as they ought to have been, even by his own countrymen; and his fine spirit was chafed by the indifference and ingratitude of common men; and at last the dear man died—broken-hearted!"

Was it so? or was Lewis merely tired with a long strain? He expired very peacefully on January 23, 1840, at the age of 67, attended by his wife and family; and thanking them tenderly for the great love they had borne him.

There is a tale, nineteen hundred years old, of a young man who had great possessions, and who, when asked to renounce them for an ideal, turned sorrowfully away. But Lewis Way had given of his best—his all. Even to those out of sympathy with his aims, the whole-heartedness of his endeavour must make appeal. The sneers of scoffers are hushed before his immense sincerity.

Long years afterwards, at a date not specified, Drusilla, writing from Leamington to a cousin, Charles Way, remarked—

"A friend of mine is staying at Chancellor Raikes' at Chester and ye other day overheard the Bp and Mrs. Raikes and other gentlemen in full conversation about my dear Father; and they said his eloquence and flow of language and ideas was indescribable, he could go on for 9 hours (but I think there must have been a mistake in ye number) without the least difficulty, and his largeness of liberality was so great that several friends came forward to entreat him to settle on his family, and the Bp said his answer was so good and characteristic. . . .

I often wish now that my mind had been more adequately expanded then to take in what he was, but it always seems to me there was a sort of brilliant glow and a captivating richness and noble largeness of generosity unlike any other human being; and in his conversation especially an irresistible charm and influence, that even those who

disagreed with him could hardly resist for ye time, but were carried along like floating substances on ye surface of a strong, rapid stream.

It seems to me so curious to have lived so completely out of his generation and into another; and I often long to know what he would have thought about this one."

And on July 18, 1873, she wrote to a great-niece who had been staying with Albert Way at his house, Wonham, where he kept his father's MS. account of his interviews with Alexander, the Emperor of Russia, who had expired in 1825:

"I fear you did not see the 'Interviews' at Wonham. They are the cream of all the old documents, and every descendant ought to read them as well as to have their minds alive to Jewish Interests.

I have often regretted that it should not come more hitherto before you dear young people. Would that I had strength to tell you more about the interest, and what a *brilliant attraction* there was in your dear grandfather—how noble his mind, how sparkling his wit, how spiritual his thoughts, how deep his love to rich and poor in whom he felt there was the love divine, from a Czar to a beggar. But on these things I cannot dwell. . . ."



[John Downman pinxit.]

THE REV. LEWIS WAY.

From a portrait in the possession of his grandson the Rev. Charles Lewis Kennaway.

BOOK III
L'ENVOI

CHAPTER XVI

L'ENVOI

AT length we must take leave of the Ways of Yesterday, with their dreams and joys, their pangs and sorrows, long since stilled—all that strange sequence of incidents and emotions which makes up the pitiful little tale of human life.

Yet, even so, there comes from another hand an echo of their existence with which we may conclude this history. Catherine Dulworth, once of Leamington, later the mother of ten children all named after her dear friends the Ways, wrote a letter to Drusilla Way, in 1848, which affords a graphic picture of life in that bygone day, and which, in its very triviality, constitutes a little human document at once artless and pathetic.

Mrs. Dulworth to Miss Drusilla Way.

Wetterby Parva, Norfolk,
March 19th, 1848.

“MY DEAREST SISTER,

I am so impatient to thank you for your delicious parcel, w^h has just arrived, and your *kind* thought of your Li, as you used to call me! How can I say enough for the beautiful things for *every one* of my dear children? and how very kind of you to think of the flannel petticoats, w^{ch} you might be sure w^d be *doubly* welcome at this season.

We have not sent regularly to East Dereham lately since the bridge at Wideford was washed away, and so your very kind present has been some days at the Queen's Head, but today our neighbour, Farmer Aldamp, sent over a cart to market with some turnips which they said were grown

quite rotten and unfit to use owing to the incessant rain we have had the last 2 months, and his boy has just brought over your *very* kind remembrance of your *Li*.

I was in the back kitchen myself when it came, as we had killed a bacon hog this morning, and Margaret, who generally saves me the trouble of overlooking, is sadly ill in bed, poor thing, with an intermittent ague, I don't know what I *must* do if it lasts, for she was *everything*, as you know, in *our* little family. You may suppose what a shout there was in the house as soon as the children saw a parcel! I ran out in a great hurry, and the first thing I saw was dear Mary tumbling downstairs, and the dear child cried at first so much, I was afraid she was seriously hurt, but as soon as I could stop her nose bleeding, and she saw that nice *fat* parcel, as Anna used to call it, and read the direction in your *own* dear hand, 'Rev. Stephen Dulworth,' I am *quite* ashamed to say I could not help forgetting poor dear Mary a *little* moment, it did bring up former days *so*. . . .

How *very* kind of dearest Olivia to *think* of sending me those *nice* warm Gloucester boots, pray thank her 1,000 times; they will be such a comfort to me in church as the water stands in our pew, and we have been forced to have stepping stones up as far as the Chancel, ever since the snow went. They are *beautiful*, tell her, and I shall value them the *more* because she has worn them tho' they really *look* quite like new.

But what delighted the children most was the fine *provision* of Chocolate. Even dear little Mary dried her tears, and you would have laughed to see my sweet little Charles who begins to talk quite plain, and his impatience . . . but dearest Aunt's kindness is put by in Papa's Sermon Box, which is the only thing we have that will lock, to be brought out as *rewards* when they are *very* good. . . .

Is not Mamma very anxious to know who is to succeed Mr. Craig, the Bishop of Worcester I mean? Dear Stephen read me his promotion in an old Norwich Paper which our kind old Scotch neighbour Mrs. Macspellit sends up now and then when she has done with it, but you *know* how backward we are for news, and I daresay you will laugh at *my* ignorance.

We have had a most unhealthy season here. I cannot say we can complain ourselves, for since the kind Bishop gave Stephen this Parish we have enjoyed comforts that were unknown to us at Foggieby, when I never knew what a day's health was ; but we always look back with pleasure to our *first* dwelling, it brings back so many recollections, though it was only a curacy and one never looked at it as one's own.

All my dear children have got delightfully through the measles which is the *greatest* comfort, particularly at this time of year. My sweet Drusilla is laid up with the mumps, but dear Stephen has been unusually free from cough this winter, and as the weather grows a little milder, he has recovered the use of his foot enough to visit some of the *nearer* cottages, and hobble down once a day with a stick to the Sunday School. All the rest are better than usual at this season.

Tell dearest Mama I wish she would ask her new Doctor, who I am sure is much more clever than Dr. Jephson was, what is good for an unpleasant feel I have, as if I had eaten a lump of ice and could not quite *swallow* it, half an hour after my meals, whenever anything about the children or anything else makes me *particularly* anxious, and that, you know, dearest D., happens pretty often.

I can hardly say that any signs of winter having left us yet appear in this backward climate ; this room looks on farmer Aldamp's Paddock, and I can just see two daisies and a dandelion, but there is *scarcely* any appearance of green yet ; but little Albert (who I am glad to see takes more and more after his dear Godpapa in his love for insects) brought me just now a *very* large flea, which shews that Nature must be coming forth again ; but I must say the dear child had had a half-holiday, and had spent the greater part of the morning in the hen Coop.

I long to shew you my sweet Baby Louisa. I am very proud of her, she has light brown eyes, and is a much finer child than your dear Godchild was at her age ; but Drusilla was always fretful especially in teething, and did not thrive so quick as my precious Olivia. Tell dearest Mama, with my *best* love, I wish she could spare me one of her Medical Guides, I remember she had 2 or 3 old Editions, and any

one would be *most* precious to me. Since they burned down the Spalding Union in the riots during the Frost, the Parish Doctor has given up coming and we have been almost entirely *without* Medical aid had it not been for Dr. Twidlepill, the Burnham apothecary, who comes round about every 3 weeks, I do not know how we should have got *through* the winter, but we are obliged to borrow the Aldamp's old pony every time we send over for physic, and you know it is a good 18 miles to Burnham even when the waters are not out. I am sure I never felt sufficiently what a comfort it is to be ill like you when one has only to send across the street for all one wants.

I hope, dearest D., you and *some* of the family will *condescend* to visit us this summer. Catherine and Isabella *always* sleep in the spare bedroom whenever we have no friends, so you may be sure to find it well aired, and a *bearty* welcome, for we have the spring of our little carriage mended and Stephen will at *any* time be so happy to borrow Mr. Aldamp's pony, which he is *very* willing to lend and will meet you at the four cross-ways; and the Bakers cart, which comes every Monday, will be sure to bring your luggage. Dear Albert did promise to make a holiday when the Parliament said the Historical Commission was to be stopped, and come down to us. I do hope he *will* this summer, for tho' no London Coach comes within 40 miles of us at this Season, yet after May, the Marlech Deeping one-horse omnibus passes just the other side of the Wash, and if he walks as much as he used, it will set him down at the Ferry, which is almost the same thing as our door when a person does not mind walking across the Long Moor, and we will send for his things. . . .

Tell Dearest Mama, with my *best* love, that dear little William is just come in with one of her beautiful Crocus Roots in his hand, root and all, which have just come up. What wd she say to our gardening in Norfolk!

Believe me, dearest D., always your most affectionate, and *very* loving Sister

CATHERINE LOUISA DULWORTH.

P.S. Tell dearest Mama the nightcap was *beautiful*, so much prettier than what Starke used to make."

And with that enthusiastic appreciation of her nightcap, the voice of Drusilla's friend dies down into everlasting silence. At that date her eldest child was 13, the youngest but 8 months, little Mary who fell and wept so sorely was but 5, little Drusilla was 2; while Albert, of naturalistic proclivities, was aged 7. Yet that mother of ten small children, with a lame husband, and one young maid-of-all-work incapacitated by ague, writes cheerfully and contentedly of the comforts she enjoys, and this, too, despite that hysterical feeling of having a lump of ice in her throat which she cannot swallow!

Meanwhile the life to which she introduces us grips the imagination. That church on Sunday with the stepping stones up the chancel and the water standing in the Vicar's pew; the *dramatis personae* with their strangely Dickensian names—*Farmer Aldamp*, whose demesne, one fancies, must have corresponded with its owner's nomenclature; *Mrs. Macspellit* with her kindly loan of discarded literature; *Dr. Twidlepill* (surely that would seem conclusively a *nom-de-guerre* if the gravity of the writer did not prohibit the supposition?)—even the name of the worthy Vicar himself, *Mr. Dull-worth*, seems to contain a hint of laughter. Did Drusilla Way know it all?—The field with the two daisies and a dandelion; the old pony which had to run 36 miles to fetch a bottle of medicine; the London coach which did not come nearer than 40 miles off, the one-horsed omnibus which aided the traveller on her way, but left her still with a ferry to cross and the Long Moor to traverse, unless, indeed, the good Vicar brought the little trap with the mended springs and the borrowed pony to meet her. Did she repose in the bed which had been aired by Catherine and Isabella, and await the luggage brought by the carrier who could call but once a week, and that only provided the intervening bridge had not been washed away? . . .

All this no doubt Drusilla did, and was happy with her dear Catherine. And all this was less than a century ago—a picture of the ways of Yesterday!

II

Drusilla, who lived till 1886, never married. Her father's devoted companion, she had firmly refused to leave him during his lifetime although she had many offers of marriage, among others from Lord Barham and Lord Gainsborough. At her father's death, in recognition of her unselfish affection, he left her double the portion that he bequeathed to her sisters. Yet, despite Lewis's prodigality, his pretty little daughters were all well off when they grew up. Besides a fortune from their father, they had money from their mother (who survived her husband for eight years); from their grandmother, Mrs. Drewe; from their uncle, William Way, the Bumble; and from other members of the large family of their grandfather, Benjamin Way of Denham.

"Anna of the long neck" and the "volatile" spirits, married John Ashford Wise, Esquire, of Clayton Hall, M.P. for the Potteries; Olivia, once the plump baby with the black rosette, in 1845 became the wife of the Rev. Charles Kennaway, Rector of Chipping Campden and Canon of Gloucester, a son of Sir John Kennaway, Bt., Aide-de-Camp to Lord Cornwallis. But there is a pretty glimpse of her, before then, going to attend the Coronation of Queen Victoria. For this event she stayed in town with her uncle, William Way, and ere setting off, about 3 a.m., she was sent in to see the old uncle and aunt in bed that they might inspect her appearance. A lovely girl, she was wearing a simple muslin dress, with no ornaments of any description, for Lewis Way never allowed his daughters to wear any jewellery. And as she stood there, charming in her fresh girlish beauty, the bed-curtains were drawn aside, and the old couple peered out at her approvingly. Then the pompous voice of The Bumble pronounced judgment: "Very nice, dear love! *Very* nice. When unadorned, adorned the most!"

Rosy Louisa, "neat and methodical," was married the same year as her sister Olivia, to the Rev. Clarence Pigou, Rector of Wyke Regis, Dorset; while Georgiana, who



[R. Eastman pinxit.]

MRS. LEWIS WAY,
Circa 1842.

From a picture in the possession of her granddaughter Mrs. Metcalfe.

had been so admirably "finished" at the Seminary of Miss Sanders, in 1852 married Captain Henry Daniel Cholmeley of the Priory, Woodchester, third son, by his first wife, of Sir Montague Cholmeley, Bt., of Easton Hall, Co. Lincoln. The latter had married as his second wife the 7th daughter of Benjamin Way of Denham; so that the bridegroom's stepmother was also the bride's aunt. Only two years and four months later, Georgiana died sadly, just ten days after the birth of her second little daughter, Olivia Millicent (Lily), her other daughter, Catherine, being little more than a year old.¹ Drusilla, whose whole life was one long service of love, subsequently acted as mother to her two little nieces. "I do so like your name for Catherine," she once wrote to a cousin, "'a gem of dearness,' which she always was from thirteen months old, when I took her and dear Lil, too, that exquisite Baby who was 'born in my heart,' as she said herself."

One tale in connection with the Cholmeley household may be mentioned here. It will be remembered that each of Lewis Way's children was given a piece of Mortlock china belonging to the famous set in red-and-gold which had travelled with the Ways, packed up in a barrel, on their many expeditions abroad. Captain Cholmeley had an old butler who had been his servant in the army, and who was devoted to the entire family. But at last the old man determined to marry the housemaid because, as he explained, he would like to have someone to look after him and mend his clothes, for this would save him from having to ask these favours of the maids. His somewhat utilitarian romance was not allowed to interfere with the proper discharge of his duties, and on his wedding day he refused to take any holiday but waited at luncheon as usual. He was, however, more agitated than he would admit at his contemplated departure from routine; and to his horror the precious piece of Stansted china which had belonged to Georgiana slipped from his trembling fingers and was broken!

¹ See *Way Pedigree*. Catherine Cholmeley, afterwards Mrs. Metcalfe, and Olivia Millicent Cholmeley, afterwards Mrs. Norton.

Albert Way, M.A., J.P., D.L., F.S.A., the only surviving son of Lewis Way, lived at Wonham Manor, Beckworth; and had a distinguished career. He was Director of the Society of Antiquaries from 1842 to 1846, during which time he compiled a valuable catalogue of the Society's Museum. In 1844 he founded the Royal Archæological Institute and *Archæological Journal*; and made many valuable contributions to Archæological research. He was also fond of genealogies, and some of the pedigrees he compiled, exquisitely illustrated by coats of arms, show that age did not impair his eyesight or diminish the talent for drawing with microscopic exactitude which he had exhibited as a boy.

About four years after his father's death, on April 30, 1844, he married his cousin, the Hon. Emmeline Stanley, youngest surviving daughter of Lady Stanley of Alderley, thus fashioning anew a link between the families of Way and Holroyd. It is said that before her marriage his future wife had been very quiet and depressed from a tragic cause. When she was six years old she saw her baby sister, Elfrida, and two nurses engulfed in the quicksands at Anglesea. Dazed and terrified, the child, as soon as she understood the horror which was happening, ran for help; but her little legs could not carry her fast enough, and the tragedy was completed before assistance could arrive.

Lady Stanley was sitting quietly at home, when suddenly a maidservant burst into the room with the dreadful tidings, and followed unseen by Emmeline, who remained crouched behind the door. "Oh, my lady!" cried the maid, "I have terrible news for you—one of the two children who went out this morning is killed!" Lady Stanley, who had been passionately attached to the baby that had perished, but had never cared for quiet little Emmeline, sprang up and exclaimed, half-distraught, "Oh, if one has been killed, I hope it is Emmeline!" The miserable child hidden behind the door, heard this cruel remark; and, following on the shock she had already sustained, it had a terrible effect on her. Still more, the mother who had never cared for her, subsequently took an active dislike to

her on account of what she considered the child's culpable negligence in not having secured aid in time to avert the death of her baby sister; thus the unfortunate little girl lived always haunted by a sense of guilt, which increased to pitiful terror each year as the anniversary of the fatal occurrence approached.

After her marriage with Albert Way, it is said that her whole disposition changed; under the sunshine of his love and care the nightmare of her childhood appeared to sink into oblivion, and she developed into a clever and charming woman. The shock, however, had been too severe for the sensitive brain of the child, and, all unsuspected, had wrought permanent injury; so that eventually, as a result, she became mentally affected.

As for her mother, Lady Stanley, the once bright-eyed Maria Josepha, she survived till the age of 92, and retained to the last much of her vivacity and charm.

And what of that older generation, the six beautiful sisters who once sat over their embroidery frames in the quiet rooms at Denham and sighed for the gay world so far away? Although their girlhood there had not been happy, yet they always clung in memory to their old home; and one by one, as they passed beyond the Shadow, those who had remained unmarried were brought back to rest beside the old church with the other descendants of Sir Roger.

They did not live to see the day when Denham no longer belonged to the Ways, and when the countryside about their former home was cruelly transformed; when the beautiful elm-avenue beyond their gates was cut down to make space for an ugly arterial road; when the pretty villages of Acton and Uxbridge were linked to London by sordid streets filled with trams and 'buses, with shrieking motor-cars tainting the once flower-scented air. They never saw the vanishing country as it is to-day, with hideous villas obliterating the last trace of rural life, with rows of staring petrol pumps sprung up like some evil growth to replace the flowering hedges, with flaring hoardings blotting out the landscape that once was green and

gold. And wherever there yet remains a space of verdure and waving trees, hard by shows an ominous board which announces the imminent sale of that spot for building sites. . . .

Yet Denham village remains much as it was when their eyes rested upon it—a beautiful little oasis in the hideous flood of modernity. What matter that an occasional motor dashes through the quiet street with an incongruity that is ridiculous? What matter that over it surely broods the hush of coming doom? For London, the monster with the insatiable maw, is approaching with giant strides to fall upon this tranquil spot, and some day—perhaps not far distant—will fling its beauty to the jerry-builder. But for the present, Denham lies dreaming in the sunlight. The spell of the Past still enshrouds it. The mellow red-brick houses jostle each other in placid contentment; in summer, roses and wistaria still climb over their ancient walls; the shining river beyond glides softly through meadows of gold. Almost it seems like a dream world, peopled with dream folk, who should wear the garments of long ago, and speak in the language of another day.

III

And what of those other houses which figured in the strange life-story of Lewis Way?

At Acton, the dwelling on the hill-top, where once lived shrewd old John Way and his placid wife, has long been pulled down. It has been replaced by a row of shops, opposite a tram depôt; and the spreading fields, the leafy woodlands, and the distant prospect which once delighted the eyes of the young barrister upon his first memorable visit there are vanished for ever. But in the old churchyard, half smothered now by surrounding tombs, the grave may still be seen where John Way lies contentedly beneath the coat-of-arms of the Ways of Denham, and where his virtues are still blazoned forth on the tall pinnacle that Lewis erected above him.

And Stansted—beautiful Stansted as Lewis Way knew it—is no more. It was burned down in 1900, and only the

blackened shell left standing ; while all the treasures which Lewis Way had known and loved—the old Queen Anne tapestries, the priceless furniture, the Grinling Gibbons carvings, the ancient panelling and fine decorations—were irretrievably destroyed, the loss being estimated at over a million. The Chapel, however, survived, and a new Stansted has arisen on the ashes of the old, though built on a smaller scale and perforce robbed of many of the features of the former building.

Nevertheless, the surroundings of the house Time has left unimpaired. Still the wide park-land laps it about in beauty ; still the vistas of distant scenery enchant the eye, and the adjacent forest may be seen vast and mysterious. Still the scene on which Lewis loved to gaze is of surpassing loveliness, though the traces are almost obliterated of the man who once dreamed there his golden dreams, and there renounced them in the cause of what he deemed his duty. Only in one of the surviving grass-drives may be seen a stone erected by Lewis Way which proclaims that he finished that road on the last day of the reign of George III ; and as one gazes up that green aisle, one can imagine pretty Drusilla cantering along it on the graceful Arab Metwell—that sacred mare which had been intended by poor Lady Hester to figure prominently in the Second Advent, but which, instead, roamed safely over the wild mountains in Syria, journeyed half over Europe on land and sea, bore its graceful rider to Gunter's for an ice, evoked admiration in the Row, and at last broke its knees in Stansted Park !

IV

Finally, at *À la Ronde*, the little scholars in the Vandyke tippets no longer attend the tiny school nor receive improving books on the 6th of November. The modern County Council has decided that the education once provided by the joint caretaker and schoolmistress, who lived contentedly over the main drain, was sadly below the standard of present-day requirements. Yet *À la Ronde* itself, save for the fact that it is no longer thatched and that some minor alterations have been effected, is much as it was when

the eyes of Lewis Way rested on it ; while a letter written to Drusilla the year before she died gives an interesting description of the house and its surroundings at that date.

Charles Way to his cousin Miss Drusilla Way.

May 1, 1885.

“I am sure you will be interested to hear that I have been to à la Ronde, and hope perhaps your head may not suffer in reading about it. I put in a little rough sketch done most hastily.

The oaks are to the right, splendid trees, about six of them, not close together. Scotch firs close to the house. It stands in 16 acres of land like a little park, giving proof, in the rare shrubs, curious gates, unimaginable paths, marvellous arbours and grottos, of the love and care of the Miss Parminters—now alas all but a wilderness. Still a new gardener who took me about, hopes the owner, the Revd. Samuel Reichel,¹ who very seldom comes there, will be tempted to spend a little money. This man has done wonders in the kitchen garden and orangeries, as well as flower garden the other side of the house and the raised plateau in front of it, so things are looking up. He had heard about the oaks and the will, but not of Lewis Way.

Those queer diamonds in the sketch are windows—bedrooms down below. The hall octagonal, certainly 60 feet high up to the lantern ; the rooms dark and queerly decorated with cornices of feathers ; the staircase most curious, very steep, very narrow—it almost did for my poor legs climbing up ; an inside gallery at the top, all decorated with thousands of shells and birds done in feathers, laid on Plaster of Paris.

The view from the lawn and windows over the estuary is very lovely. The little chapel and alms-houses do not belong to the same man ; they are about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile away, higher up. We passed them, but did not go into them for I was too tired.”

¹ A collateral descendant of Miss Jane Parminter.

And to-day the Oaks of À la Ronde are still standing. Despite the Zionist movement, despite Britain's Mandate and Lord Balfour's Declaration respecting that much-promised Land of Palestine—despite the dramatic entry of Allenby into Jerusalem—the hand of man has not been raised against them. They remain—a few isolated trees—once the subject of so many sermons, pamphlets, poems and prayers—the trees which changed the life of Lewis Way, and sent him forth a wanderer upon the face of the earth, a zealot and a martyr to an ideal.

And so we come to what is perhaps the strangest part of a strange story.

Some years since, a member of the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews who was visiting Devonshire thought that it would be of interest to ascertain the exact wording of the famous clause in Miss Jane Parminter's will. On attempting to trace this, what was his surprise to find that the alleged sentence was non-existent! In no testamentary document left by Miss Parminter were there to be found the words attributed to her. The dismay of the worthy man was great, because the Society had based so many appeals for assistance on the picturesque story with its remarkable sequel, that he foresaw blame might subsequently be thrown upon his colleagues for having thus, though inadvertently, employed fiction in the cause of proselytizing. The pamphlets which had been written on this striking tale were therefore hastily withdrawn, and the tradition itself reluctantly consigned to oblivion.

Yet, as before noted, admittedly the mandate attributed to the testator of À la Ronde was in consonance with her known eccentricity and her avowed predilection for the Jewish people, and it is possible that, although not inserted in her will, she had given utterance to it in her lifetime, and thus laid the foundation for the romantic story. But the fact is incontrovertible that the alleged clause in Miss Parminter's will which had such far-reaching effects, and which transformed the life of an earnest man, *never existed*.

The tale was a fabrication, a picturesque legend born of local gossip ! ¹

And so it is in life that Truth often floats upon the wings of error, and that the finest aspirations, the noblest self-sacrifice of Man can be prompted by a Myth.

¹ See Appendix C.

APPENDIX A

STANSTED AND THE HEBREW COLLEGE

(See page 199)

The decision of Mr. Simeon was recorded as follows by Mr. Hawtrey :

“On Thursday evening, December 31st, 1818, a meeting was held at Wm. Wilberforce’s Esquire to deliberate on the means of carrying into execution a plan of the Revd. Lewis Way’s for establishing a Missionary College for Jews and Gentiles at Stansted Park, Sussex, at which I was present.

The Revd. Charles Simeon declared that altho’ the plan was one which required more mature consideration before it was executed, yet now he confessed it appeared to him quite in a new aspect.

That the object itself was excellent, none could deny. With what gratitude did we look back on those who in former times had founded colleges, schools, etc., for religious purposes.

Were there then any peculiar circumstances in this case to render it inexpedient? He thought not.

1. Stansted was not a place in which Mr. Way’s son could live as it now is, in a worldly sense of the word.

2. It is a disgrace to the Christian Church that nothing of this kind has yet been established.

3. *The times* imperiously called for such an institution.

4. It was not a plan hastily taken up by Mr. Way. God had laid it upon his heart many years ago, and now, after much deliberation and patience, instead of wavering he was more desirous than ever of having it realized.

5. Mr. Way’s fortune was not an hereditary one, but was unexpectedly given to him by God, and the person

who left it wished to have it employed in the promoting the glory of God.

6. Mr. Way, as a man of wisdom and piety, might *prefer* that his son should have a *competency* with a *profession* to being an idle gentleman.

7. The Journey which Mr. Way has made and the result of it show that God is blessing him in his work. If he had *only* procured the Protocol it would have been an ample proof of this.

On the whole he professed himself decidedly in favour of the proposed project.

C. S. HAWTREY."

APPENDIX B

THE DEDICATION OF STANSTED

(See page 199)

The following is the document which Lewis Way placed in the charge of his Solicitor.

Stansted Chapel—Consecration.

"I, Lewis Way, of Stansted in the County of Sussex, Clerk, as my oblation on the present Solemnity, do hereby declare my fixed and irrevocable intention (God being my Helper, His Word my Guide and His Spirit my Counsellor, Comforter and Teacher) to make such provision as shall legally and effectually constitute this my House and lands at Stansted and advowsons etc, all thereunto belonging, to be the foundation of a Missionary Institution for training Nations, foreigners and others of pious dispositions, and, if such are to be found, men of faith and prayer, for the purpose of being sent forth to Jew and Gentile, to every Nation, kindred, tongue and people, to declare the glorious Gospel of the Grace of God in Christ Jesus His Son.

"I desire that the above purpose may be put into Execution on the ensuing Holiday of St. John the Baptist; but the Time and the Disposition of the Whole I still leave to the Providence and Will of Almighty God, in whose name (giving Him all the Glory) I hereunto set my hand this 25th day of January 1819."

(Signed) "LEWIS WAY."

APPENDIX C

MISS PARMINTER'S WILL

(*See page 304*)

As doubt has been thrown on the tale of Miss Parminter's will, it may be well to append a written statement by Drusilla Way, Lewis Way's daughter, respecting the facts here related. It may be added that she attested their accuracy, in writing, on more than one occasion.

"It is quite true that my father's first interest in the Jewish subject was excited by a somewhat remarkable circumstance which occurred in the winter of 1811, when he was residing at Exmouth in Devon. A friend with whom he was riding directed his attention to a house called *À la Ronde* whose owner, a Miss Parminter, had lately died leaving a singular clause in her will that certain trees were not to be cut down till the Jews returned to Palestine. . . . This incident was the first seed of all his subsequent deep interest and unwearied efforts in this direction. He made inquiry whether any effort had been made on behalf of the Jews, and found that a small Association had existed for a few years in London with the view of introducing among them the subject of Christianity. But it was struggling under difficulties and was entirely in the hands of Dissenters. The Duke of Kent was its Patron. In 1813 my brother and myself as children were present when H.R.H. laid the first stone of the present Episcopal Jews' Chapel at Bethnal Green, but he shortly after resigned the office of Patron on the ground of not feeling clear as to the duty of Proselytism."

Another version of the mandate of Miss Parminter is told by her successor at *À la Ronde*, the Rev. S. Reichel, in the following letter :

"There were no oaks at *À la Ronde* at the time when Miss Jane Parminter acquired the 5 fields of the demesne lands of Hulham Manor (which went by the name of Great Courtlands), save 5 Pollard oaks, two at the Gate and two in the remains of an old boundary hedge, and one in the middle of the lawn ; i.e. in the year 1796. These 5 are still there. Miss Jane Parminter only planted two—one at each corner of the lawn.

But Mary Parminter planted a row of alternate oaks and Norway firs on the Eastern boundary of the Point Field. It was in reference to these that Mary Parminter expressed the wish that they should not be cut down unless they were wanted for ships to take the Jews back to Palestine.

My Grandfather, Joseph Harlock, was another cousin. Jane Parminter was a much-travelled lady, and a lady of wide sympathies. She lived years at Lisbon, and, on the death of her uncle Richard Parminter and his wife Mary Waldron, acted as guardian to her young cousin Mary, with whom, and 2 other ladies, she travelled through France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy in 1785 and following years ; but that she was entirely free from the violent anti-Romanism prevalent in her day is shewn by her directing a service to be held every year in the Point Chapel on the anniversary of her death.

There has been no alteration in the outward structure of the house since it was built until the year 1902. Then three alterations were made. 1. Tiled, for a thatched roof. 2. The insertion of 8 chimneys in the new roof. 3. The addition of an outside gallery. The chimneys have enabled me to make use of what was previously waste space in the roof.

Professor Delitzsch¹ and Dr. Malan seem to have used Mary Parminter's wishes respecting the oaks of the Point-in-View as a stimulus to obtain sympathy for the Jews' Society. The oaks of Point-in-View (though not those near the house) have been cut down, but the Norway firs are still standing, bereft of their companions."

In the above it will be seen that Mr. Reichel attributes the mandate concerning the oaks (not at *À la Ronde* but at Point-in-View) to Mary Parminter, which seems unlikely, as the alleged wish of Miss Jane (however erroneously supposed to have been inserted in her Will) was told to Lewis Way at the date of her decease, and was then unhesitatingly ascribed by contemporary evidence, to her, and not to Miss Mary.

¹ Professor Frantz Delitzsch, who wrote a pamphlet in German, afterwards translated into English and entitled, *The Oaks of À la Ronde ; Memoirs of a deceased Friend of Israel*. Dr. Malan was the author of another pamphlet on the same subject.

THE PEDIGREE OF THE HILL FAMILY,

Who are described as of Hounston, Spaxton, Yard, Poundsford, Somerset.

1st wife KATHERINE
eld. dau. of Giles
Greene of Alling-
ton, in ye Isle of
Purbeck, Esq.

= ROGER HILL
of Poundsford, co.
Somerset, Serjeant-
at-Law, born at
Coliton, co. Devon,
Dec. 1, 1605. Baron
of the Exchequer;
d. April 21, 1667,
19 Charles II

2nd wife, ABIGAIL
dau. of Brampton Gurdon
of Assington Hall, Suffolk,
ob. Dec. 31, 1658, æt. 47

= 3rd wife, ABIGAIL
dau. and co-heir of Thomas
Barnes, Esq., late of Alborow-
hatch, co. Essex, Esq., late the
wife of Josias Barners of Clerken-
well-close, co. Middlesex, Esq.,
and before the wife of John Lockey
of Holmes Hill, co. Herts, Esq.

ROGER HILL
of the Inner Temple, b. Jan. 19, 1642,
at the signe of the Drake, over against
S. Martin's Out-wich Church in Thread-
needle St., London, m. July 11, 1667.
He was knighted by Charles II in 1668.
Sheriff of Co. Bucks, 1673, built Denham
about 1696 (M.P. for Wendover, Bucks,
D. Dec. 29, 1729, æt. 87

= ABIGAIL
dau. of John Lockey of Holmes
Hill, co. Herts, Esq., and Abigail,
his wife [dau. and co-heir of
Thomas Barnes of Alborow-hatch,
co. Essex, Esq., who was afterwards
the 3rd wife of Roger Hill, Esq.,
Serjeant-at-Law, aforesaid]

LOCKEY HILL
b. Sept. 14,
1671, d. Feb.
6, 1729-30

WILLIAM HILL
b. Aug. 25,
1677, d. leaving
no issue sur-
viving

ROGER HILL
b. July 6, 1685,
m. MARTHA, dau.
of Sir Isaac
Shard. He d.
Dec. 29, 1729,
on same day as
his father, leav-
ing no issue

HESTER (eldest)
b. 1670, d. Feb.
22, 1742, æt. 72,
s.p

= HENRY PROBERT,
of Penalt, co. Mon-
mouth, Esq.

ABIGAIL (youngest)
b. Sept. 26, 1674, she m.
2ndly CHARLES EDWIN
of Lincolns Inn, Esq.,
and d. Mar. 17, 1757,
without issue of 2nd m.

= EDWARD LOCKEY
of the Middle Temple,
Esq., who d. Sept. 13,
1711, æt. 35

LEWIS WAY
of Richmond, Esq.

= ABIGAIL
b. 1708, d. Dec. 10,
1753

BENJAMIN WAY
b. Sept. 18, 1740, m. Nov. 10,
1767. Grand-nephew and de-
visee of Hester Probert of
Denham Place. Date of re-
covery May 13, 1762. D.
Aug. 22, 1808
The first Way to own Denham

= ELIZABETH ANNE
dau. of Rev. Wm. Cooke,
rector of Denham, Dr. in
Divinity, Provost of King's
Coll., Camb., d. Dec. 6
1825

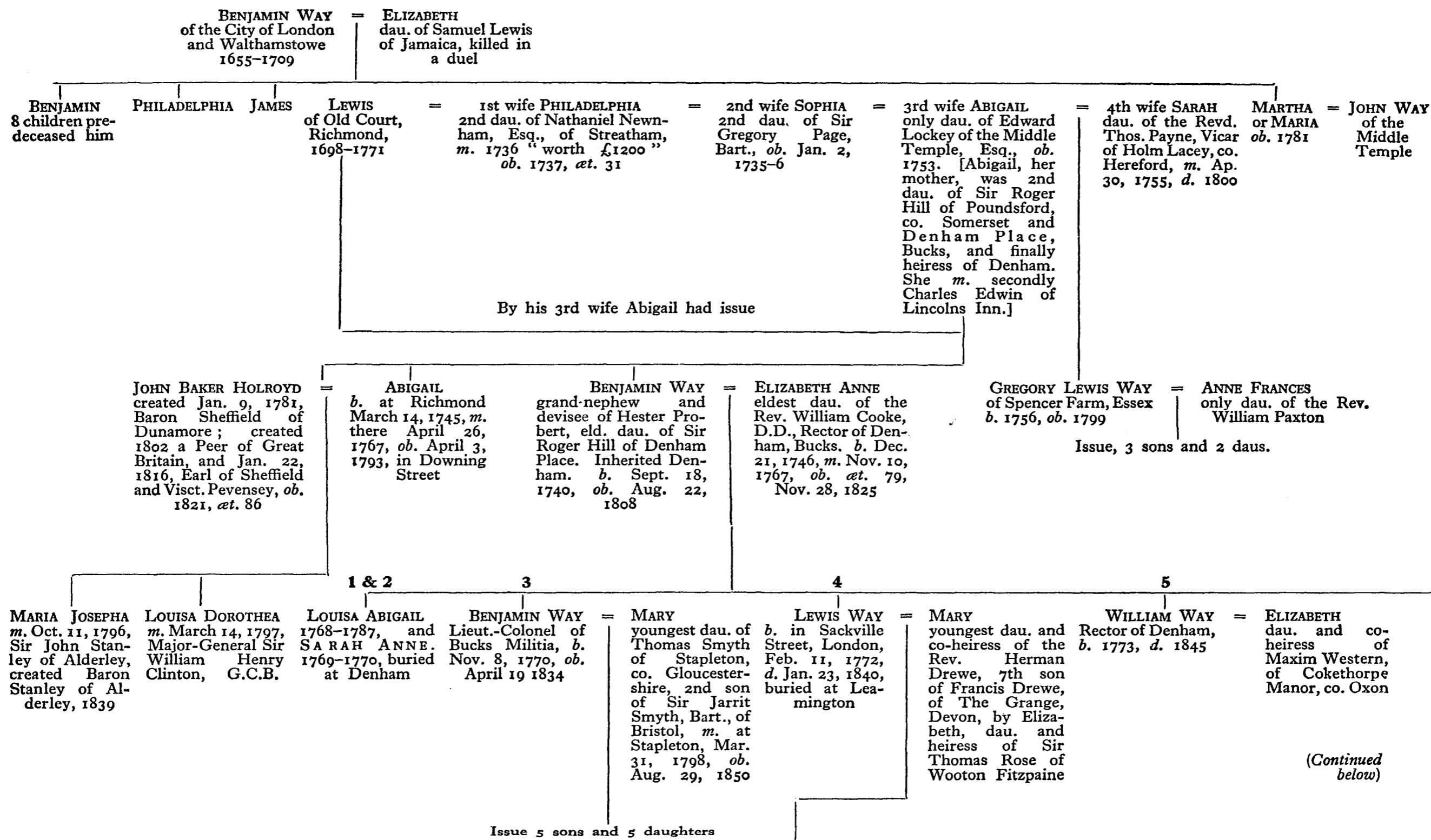
LEWIS
b. March 17, 1742,
d. April 1, 1743

JOHN BAKER HOLROYD
of Grove Hall, Yorkshire,
created Lord Sheffield,
1780

ABIGAIL
b. March 14, 1745, m. at
Richmond, Surrey, d.
April 3, 1793

See Pedigree of the Way Family

PEDIGREE OF THE WAY FAMILY



6	7	8	9	10	11
ISABELLA b. 1774, ob. 1848	HENRY FRANCIS Capt. 22nd Reg. of Foot, 1775- 1794	GREGORY HOLMAN Bromley Way, 1776-1844, Major- General, Comp. of Bath	= MARIANNE dau. of John Wey- land of Wood- eaton, co. Oxford, Esqr., and Wood- rising Hall, Attle- borough, co. Nor- folk, m. May 19, 1815, d. 1853, æt. 75	MARY b. June 19, 1778, d. Sept. 11, 1778, at Denham and buried there	MARY ANN b. Oct. 9, 1779, m. Aug. 7, 1810. d. at Creswell Hall, May 26, 1850, buried at Seigh- ford
				= EDWARD WHITBY eldest surviving son of Rev. Thos. Whitby of Cres- well Hall, co. Staf- ford, by Mabella, youngest dau. of John Turton, of Orgrave Hall, co. Stafford, Esq. d. at Creswell, Mar. 23, 1852. Succd. to the Creswell Estate in 1828	ANNE FRANCES b. June 2, 1781, d. at Henbury, July, 1860

12	13	14	15	16
CATHERINE (2nd wife) b. Oct. 29, 1783, at Denham, m. at All Souls, S. Mary le Bone, March 18, 1826. d. at Easton Feb. 2, 1864, and buried there	= SIR MONTAGUE CHOLMELEY of Easton Hall and Norton Place, co. Lincoln, Bart., created 4 March, 1806. Sheriff, co. Lincoln, 1805. d. at Easton March 10, 1831	BROMLEY SAML. LASCELLES WAY b. July 24, 1782, d. Jan. 23, 1783, at Denham and there buried.	GEORGE WAY b. in Chandos St., Mar. 11, 1786, in Holy Orders, Post Master of Merton, Oxf., d. at Painswick, co. Gloucester, Sept. 9, 1846, and buried in the church- yard there	= SUSANNAH MARY d. of Enos Smith, Esq., m. at Tours in France, Apr. 15, 1820
				CHARLOTTE b. Aug. 11, 1787, d. Oct. 12, 1852, at Upton Park, Slough. Buried at Denham
				HESTER b. Jan. 19, 1789, d. Feb. 16, 1824. Buried at Denham

LEWIS WAY <i>b.</i> Feb., 1803, <i>d.</i> in infancy, Buried at Den- ham.	DRUSILLA <i>b.</i> May 28, 1804	ALBERT WAY <i>b.</i> June 23, 1805, <i>m.</i> Apr. 30, 1844, Emmeline, youngest dau. of John Thomas, 1st Lord Stanley of Alderley. Of Wonham Manor, Surrey. 1846, and Dep.-Lieut. for the co. of Surrey	CHARLOTTE ELIZA <i>b.</i> Apr. 5, 1811, <i>d.</i> Nov., 1813	ANNA MARY <i>b.</i> Oct. 5, 1812, <i>m.</i> July 18, 1848, at Leamington, John Ashford Wise, Esq., of Clayton Hall, New- castle, co. Stafford	HERMAN <i>b.</i> Sept. 22, 1814, <i>d.</i> April 23, 1816	OLIVIA <i>b.</i> May 22, 1816, <i>m.</i> at St. Mar- garet's, Westmin- ster, Dec. 30, 1845, the Rev. Charles Kennaway, R. of Chipping Camp- den, Canon of Gloucester, son of Sir John Kenna- way, Bt., Aide-de- Camp to Lord Cornwallis.	LOUISA CATHERINE <i>b.</i> Feb. 19, 1818, <i>m.</i> at Betchworth, Surrey, Jan. 26, 1854, Rev. Henry Clar- ence Pigou, M.A., Curate of Romsey, Rector of Wyke Regis, Dorset, 1855.	GEORGIANA MILLICENT <i>b.</i> Feb. 29, 1820, <i>m.</i> at Betchworth, Surrey, Feb. 19, 1852, Henry Daniel, young- est son of Sir Montague Cholmeley, Bart., of Easton, Lincolnshire, and late Capt., 27th Regt., of The Priory, Woodchester, co. Gloucester, <i>d.</i> 1855.
		MARY ALITHEA <i>b.</i> at Wonham, Surrey, Aug. 16, 1850.					MARY ELIZA HENRY LEWIS	
						CHARLES LEWIS, <i>b.</i> at Brighton, July 3, 1847.	AGNES OLIVIA <i>b.</i> Aug. 7, 1848	MARIONA Feb. 24, 1850
							CATHERINE MAUDE, <i>b.</i> 1854, <i>m.</i> 1889, Edward Metcalfe, Esq.	OLIVIA MILLICENT <i>b.</i> 1855, <i>m.</i> 1891, Francis Collings Norton (Vicar of Ditchling, Sussex)

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