

The Commins Story by Emma L M Guy

This story, by Emma L M Guy (nee Commins), was passed on to me by Wendy Myers (nee Redenbach) in January 2005. The last page is a letter written in 1840 by James Lilburn and, as yet, I have not been able to connect it to the main narrative. That may occur on closer reading. Included in the story were some charts indicating the structure of the families concerned. I have extracted them into a separate file called "Commins Charts – Emma Guy".

Richard Peter Rawson (b 25 May 1947)
2 February 2005

On 28 March 2008 I combined all the Commins files into one - the charts referred to above are therefore included in this document.

Richard Peter Rawson

P R E F A C E

I write this short sketch of our family history for my nephews, nieces, and their children.

It struck me that if I did not make some such record, a later generation might ask in vain, there being no one to remember, who, and what were the people from whom they had descended.

Some in the future may care, and some may not, for any reminiscence of their forefathers. Some only take note of the present fruit and flower of a tree and no account of the root from whence it sprang. But those who have gone before us should not be ignored or forgotten they have left us a goodly heritage in unsullied names and respected lives. For the earlier life of our Grandfather Thomas Commins, his own record in M.S. remains to and is quaint and interesting.

Emma L. M. Guy,

Shoebury Villa,

D O V E R.

1895.

GUY, On the 9th. February at
Dover, England, Emma Guy, be-
loved sister of Charles L.
Commins, St. Kilda.

To "Begin at the beginning" and have the setting for the family picture, we must recall the old house at Bodmin which was situated at the upper end of the town and was the last residence of any pretention on the high road leading to the turnpike and Asylum beyond. It was a two storied house with large sitting rooms on each side of the hall, having deep or low window seats and dark wainscoting; oak staircase behind, and beyond large stone kitchens with maids who always appeared busy with saffron cakes, clotted cream, and other plentiful dainties so abounding in the far west in those early days. The kitchens looked on to the paved courtyard with a very old yew tree, and up the hill behind was the garden from which there was an exit on to the "Beacon" that delightful high and breezy hunting ground for all the young, with its distant views half over the county.

To this house my Grandfather - Thomas Commins, who was born 1775. had moved from his native town of Penzance, after the birth of his eldest son. He lived in Bodmin previously during his articles with Mr. Wallis, wooed and won the affections of Lydia, the youngest daughter of Mr. Edyvean who had allowed an engagement, but with only a very distant prospect of marriage. He required a certain good income and settlement from each son-in-law, and there seemed small hope of my --

Grandfather being able to meet his requirements for many years, as he had begun life heavily weighted. Both parents had died and he was left the sole support of five sisters. People in those days had not come to the wise knowledge that women can be bread-winners without ceasing to be ladies, so the poor man had a life-long drag on him, and his sisters an idle profitless spinsterhood in their native town. However Mr. Edyvean dying, soon after the young people married and lived for a year at Penzance, where as I have already said, the eldest son (my Father "Joseph Edyvean ") was born Oct. 24th.1804. The relaxing climate did not suit the young Mother, so my Grandfather determined to settle in her native town of Bodmin, and took the house left vacant by her Father's death, her home before her marriage. He established himself as a solicitor and took a partner, so the firm became -Commins & Goode, and the office was at the tower end of the town opposite the Assize Hall, In 1806. his second son " Thomas " was born and on Dec. 20th. 1807. Lydia Ann the only daughter first saw the light. On this day a most violent storm was raging, and the old nurse predicted a troubled life for the babe. I did not hear what weather the two boys had on their arrival, probably the glass was steady as their lives were, on the whole quiet -

and uneventful.

The trio grew up in happy companionship through their childish years, the little girl, as usual, the willing slave of her brothers and the darling of her Parents, The gentle Mother, never very strong was ever the centre of their joys and sorrows, and at her knee, by the low window seat, they would assemble and pour out whatever had happened to them at school or play, and they knew that on wet half holidays, of which there were plenty, she would have got ready some interesting book or story, - this always gained their rapt attention, especially when it related to her own childhood and her sisters' who had once lived where they did. Often the children would go on the Beacon to fly their kites, On one occasion little Lydia, being left in charge of the fully extended string tied to a gate, thought, after long gazing upwards, what a pity it was the kite should not go up for ever and see the many things she could not, so she untied the string and, rather to her dismay when the deed was done, saw the kite as only a speck, floating away in the direction of Router and Brown Willie mountains bounding the view between - Bodmin and Plymouth, We need not dwell on the return of the boys, but the eldest and more gentle minded of the two, always was protector when punishment was

meted out to the little sister ,

Fishing in the river and tea in the Dunmere woods were frequent delights. At a very early age Lydia had a pony, on which she would accompany her Father, to long distances in the country, Sometimes to St. Anstell taking her little kit with her and being left behind for a few days to stay with an old connection of her Fathers a Mrs. Flammank, a stately dame, living a secluded life in an old fashioned brick house with high walled garden, one strongly imbued with the religious teachings of Wesley who had but lately stirred the hearts of the impressionable Cornish people. Friends in Bodmin, and even her Mother, wondered at the child's happiness and content at these visits, but her young heart was even now ready to receive everything that was earnest and in the walks round the stiff garden hand-in-hand with its mistress, the child drank in eagerly all the old lady had to tell her of the new Prophets stirring appeal. We may be sure there was plenty to pour into the Mother's sympathising ear after such visits as these.

In the roof of the house at Bodmin, was a small lumber room which Lydia converted into a grotto with moss and shells - - - - -

and other treasures; and here the child would pass much of her time in a world of her own , surrounded by her books, thinking, reading and I think praying; it was her favourite sanctum till she actually out-grew it.

Excitable old Bodmin, there seems to have been always something stirring, and I recall many amusing stories of its funny ways. The public entries of the Judges four times a year for the assizes, were of course ever gala occasions. Once, when they went to church in state , a new organist had just been appointed unused to these solemn functions. In haste he looked at the first line of the Psalms as rendered by Tate and Brady, and saw one he felt would be just the thing, as the metre suited a favorite tune -

" Speak oh, ye judges of the earth"

and without further perusal fixed upon it. We transcribe it the better to be able to enter into the feelings of the choir as they proceeded.

Speak, O ye judges of the earth,
 If just your sentence be;
 Or, must not innocence appeal
 To heaven from your decree?
 Your wicked hearts and judgments are
 Alike by malice sway'd;
 Your griping hands, by weighty bribes,
 to violence betray'd.

To virtue strangers from the womb,
 Their infant steps went wrong;

They prattled slander, and in lies
 Employ'd their lipping tongue.
 No serpent of parch'd Afric's breed
 Does ranker poison bear;
 The drowsy adder will as soon
 Unlock his sullen car.

Unmov'd by good advice, and deaf
 As adders they remain;
 From whom the skillful charmer's voice
 Can no attention gain.
 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning rage,
 And timely break their pow'r;
 Disarm these growing lions' jaws
 Ere practis'd to devour.

Let now their insolence, at height,
 Like ebbing tides be spent;
 Their shiver'd darts deceive their aim,
 When they their bow have bent
 Like snails let them dissolve to slime;
 Like hasty births become,
 Unworthy to uphold the sun,
 And dead within the womb.

Ere thorns can make the flesh-pots boil,
 Tempestuous wrath shall come
 From God, and snatch them hence alive
 to their eternal doom,
 The righteous shall rejoice to see
 Their crimes such vengeance meet,
 And saints in persecutor's blood
 Shall dip their harmless feet.

Transgressors then with grief shall see
 Just men rewards obtain ;
 And own a God, whose justice will
 The guilty earth assaign.

Though law was ever present lawlessness seemed
 rife; and when my Grandfather was absent on a winter night
 the frightened women-kind and children heard a great clat -
 tering at the back of the house, and looking out of the -
 upper windows they saw dimly a troupe of horses with big

men armed and laden with kegs, the horses drinking at the trough, the stable door open and the men feeding them with corn. The scene quickly vanished and nothing was seen in the morning to show it had not been a dream but a keg of spirits left by the honest men for the master of the house in payment for the entertainment; I did not hear how far his scruples went or if he used the brandy - but our Grand father was an honest lawyer; he never grew rich but wasted his money on farming of which he understood but little.

Bodmin went quite mad in 1815 after Waterloo. The "people" draped themselves as Cossacks, Prussians and - French, got every available horse in the place, acting - through the streets the flight and pursuit of Bonaparte. Edyvean happened to be "kept in" at the old Grammas School house in the churchyard on that day, locked in and forgotten. I have heard him tell of his rage and excitement, and determination to free himself, which he did at last through an upper window, letting himself down by the thick ivy, with torn clothes and bare feet, and thus he joined the wild procession.

I hope he did not meet his Father as he did when going to the gaol one day with Tom, through the back lanes, in order to be present at an execution - they were quickly turned back and flogged, they did not go next time. He punished their morbid curiosity and disobedience. His horror for the then existing laws for hanging was very

great. One night a calf was stolen from his cow-house he suspected an old servant then living at some distance off, in a cottage on the moors, went there and found his suspicions correct, gave the man and his wife a sum of money that they might leave for America that day, though he knew this was compounding a felony he could not see a man hanged for a calf, as he would otherwise have been.

Lydia, aged seven, was probably like the boys, eagerly watching the Bonaparte procession as it wildly careered up the turnpike road past her house; how little she thought she had any personal interest in the poor fugitive, or that her future husband would be placed as one of the Guard over him at St. Helena - the 59th regiment was there from 1818 to 1822. The little maiden went to school at Mrs. Temple's daily and was never kept at home by the weather and would boast to the end of her life that her good health was owing to the amount of air and exercise she had in her youth. We can fancy the diligent child running off in red cloak and pattens and her Mother watching her from the window. Then came the passionate school-girl friendship with Albertina Walden, who with her Mother had come for a time to Bodmin; they were half foreign and connections of Lord Pelham Clintons, and when Albertina showed delicacy, they left humid Bodmin for his place; here soon after Albertina died. This was Lydia's first sip of the bitter cup of suffering - she

was inconsolable, and in this state of mind, and in the morning, she entered on the next stage of her young life, leaving home for school at Wick.

CHAPTER 11.

Lydia was about fifteen when her Parents after due enquiry fixed on Mrs. Sherwood, who had lately returned from India, as her future preceptress. The school she had established was at Wick near Worcester, and here she took a certain number of girls to educate with her own, assisted in the task by her husband, Captain Sherwood.

Edyvean was at this time leaving school for the University. He had no special advantages at the Grammar school at Bodmin under Mr. Boor. Mr. Boor's daughter was in after years Tom Commins' second wife. Tom had finished his education at Exeter and was afterwards articled to his Father and finally became his partner, living in the house adjoining the old family one, till his family became large when his Father changed residences with him, going himself with his second wife into the smaller house. Tom Commins was a genial man, much addicted to punning.

Edyvean did well at College notwithstanding neglect at School. It was arranged that he should take his sister to Wick on his way to Cambridge. I have often heard him describe their arrival there, and the impression made on him by the family circle and the beauty of the Miss Sherwoods,

The journey in those days was a serious consideration so Lydia completed her two years there without returning home in the interim. Mrs. Sherwood was a strict disciplinarian and struck something like awe and fear at first into the heart of the indulged girl. She related her dismay at the first dinner, well served and abundant, at seeing one girl with bread and water before her and was told that that was always the food of those who did not work. She soon became reconciled to her new life and very happy, looking on her instructress with the deepest veneration, impelled in all she did by a strong desire to give pleasure to her Father and Mother. She worked hard and did her best to make the very most of her advantages.

Lydia undertook before she left the optimal work of a "Stream of Time" a mode of teaching history - adopted by the older girls on a plan talked out between Mrs. Sherwood and Henry Martyn in India; - this is spoken of in the lately published life of the great Missionary. I remember looking at it with wonder and admiration as a child as it hung in the hall of the Vicarage of North Shoebury. No doubt the kind brother had bought it, as he was always a willing purchaser of her drawings, so carefully done and treasured up at school; the work was always minute and painstaking, but

nothing more. One judges of the Mother's feelings at the long separation from her child by an extract from one of her letters to Wick, the last half year Lydia was there. "Nine long weeks before we meet - I must bear it patiently," It has a pathetic sound, coming from the delicate Mother to her only girl. In this same letter are these words - "I think you will hear from Edyvean and I hope you will write to him, I hope you will not fail to give him good advice as to his - companions. I have nothing to complain of in him ; - it will do no harm, and I think anything from you he will attend to - he speaks of you with the greatest affection - he has a sweet disposition".

What was thought of Lydia during her two years at Wick we gather from Mrs. Sherwoods letter to Mrs. Commins when she was leaving; it is dated - - -

Dec. 8th. 1824.

My dear Madam,

It is not without much pain that we part with your blameless and lovely child, indeed, dear Madam, you are blessed in your daughter; she is gentle without being weak for she never allows anything wrong to pass without reproving it; her tenderness to little children is almost beyond equal, in so much so, that my little ---

11.

Sophia and the orphan baby Soffrona hang upon her as upon a tender Mother. I think her generally improved, particularly in French and music, and I have given her very accurate directions respecting what she can do to carry on her improvement, for we must not consider her education finished. Nothing would be so good for her as to have a little pupil, - in this case she would be compelled to go over all the old ground again, and as the early part of her education was not so well arranged as we could wish - here would be a means of grounding her well and thoroughly, without the drudgery of learning lessons. Her chief defect is not a common one with young ladies, but it is a thing to be attended to, - a little want of attention to her dress, hair, &c. I have enforced this as a duty, and you will perhaps think it right to do the same. Vanity is hateful, but neatness desirable, and young people require to be constantly reminded of these things.

I have begged Miss Commins to write to me every half-year and hope that our children may meet again and renew the tender affections which has subsisted ever since they knew each other. I thank God that Miss Commins has invariably enjoyed good health since I was so happy as to know her. I trust that she has been happy under our roof. How much she is loved I cannot say, but perhaps it will give her Parents delight to hear that I never had a pupil whom I thought more worthy of my love and esteem.

I thank you for your kind invitation to my children; it is not possible for them to accept it at present, but I still hope it may be done at some future time.

With best compliments to Mr. Commins,

I remain dear Madam,
Most truly yours,
M.M.Sherwood.

We can imagine what the return of the fondly loved girl was to her Parents. Full and sweet was the satisfaction of the Mother to have her once more by her side, and tender and intimate their intercourse. The brothers also were proud of the tall and stately sister.

but to them her strict views and objections to balls and concerts were great sources of vexation. They found her immovable on this point, and that nothing could induce her to accompany them to any source of gaiety. Her Parents were content to let her follow her own sweet will in this matter, and needed nothing better than that she should be content with her quiet home life and many innocent occupations. Never once through her long life did she waver in the view she took on this point, she believed then and always that worldly gaiety was incompatible with a heart - given to God, and that the renewed mind could find no pleasure in it.

CHAPTER 111.

One day, in an unusual fit of listless dreaming Lydia stood at the window; she looked without special thought on the few passers by, and watched the mail as it dashed past with sounding horn on its way to the west, as she thus stood, a figure passed arresting her gaze - a man of noble bearing and with a face beautiful in expression such as she had never before seen. The girl, all fancy free and with a mind open to receive vivid impressions, felt her heart stirred within her, though she little knew that she had seen her fate, and that the world would be another place to her

from that day forward, I do not think she mentioned the handsome stranger to her Mother, she had her first secret, her first thought apart. She knew she would not long be left in ignorance as to whom the new comer was, - hospitable Bodmin was not slow to make every stranger welcome - and she was soon to hear her Father say he was going to call that afternoon on Mr. Oakley of the XXth. regiment who had come to the town on recruiting business; and so the inevitable came about. Kindred spirits are not long in finding each other, and the young soldier who had already seen much service and was a truly religious man, found there was one in the small circle of his new acquaintance in the place who could enter into his inner world and share his hopes and aspirations. Of course this state of things came about gradually; many walks home from the Parish church on Sundays, lingering about with the brothers who were naturally delighted at the pleasant addition to their society in the young man lately returned from St. Helena and India, books borrowed and returned and the usual many pleasant causes of intimacy.

The two so well suited for each other, were soon engaged and then passed a short halcyon time of uninterrupted happiness. Crab's pool in Dunmere -

resort

woods, the constant/of the lovers, and its romantic scenery fitted well with their feelings. A dark cloud soon, however, rose on their horizon; time slipped on and with it the prospect of Mr. Oakley's return to India to rejoin his regiment. Was it to be alone, or would he be allowed to take his beloved Lydia with him. The appeal to the Father met with decided disapprobation. but Lydia was to decide. The trial for the sensitive and loving girl in having to settle so momentous a question was very great. She often spoke of a night at this time when, being thought asleep, she heard her - Parents, with tears, speak of their grief and the Mother of her failing health and what would be a final parting in her case if Lydia went to India.

The morning found the daughter calm, and resolved she must remain with her Mother and send away the man she loved for a separation of many - many years, at a time, too, when letters were not the constant source of comfort they are now. She saw before her as was usual with her, not two ways, but one only open to her - to remain and be the support and consolation of her Mother's declining years; and bitter as the parting was there was no wavering in the decision. Her lover again sailed

for India and events soon proved how wisely she had acted. The dear Mother did not live long and was called away on the 22nd day of July, 1827.

Once more on the early Sunday morning the mail dashed by, on this day the horn playing "Vital Spark" the player little dreaming how his bugle notes chimed in with the scene taking place in the house he was passing. She was deeply mourned not only by her affectionate family but by the whole town, having been very greatly beloved and respected. This same year in which this trial fell, Edyvean was ordained to the curacy of Sythney neat Halston and we next hear of Lydia as being with him there and keeping house for him; it was doubtless thought better for her to change the scene and leave Bodmin after all her troubles. So precious a charge did her brother feel her that he never allowed her to go beyond the garden without him. How girls of the present day would laugh at a brother's restrictions but - Lydia had no heart or desire to object, and we can fancy her pacing the garden walks, her heart and mind full of her great loss and fixed now on her hero in the East, little dreaming that his home-coming and her marriage were things of the near future comparatively. Mr. Oakley was made captain in India

1827. In 1830 Eadyvean received the Lord Chancellor's living of North Shoebury, Essex, and his sister accompanied him thither. The same year captain Oakley was sent home on the business of the depot and was quartered at Chatham.

There is an interesting account of his return journey from India, kept by him at the time. I think he was in company of Sir Charles Malcolm and they went in a frigate from Bombay to the Red Sea, landed at the lower part of Egypt and went up the Nile, had sundry adventures and encounters with the Arabs and after several perils made their way to Italy - and came home through Europe. His destination Chatham, brought him once more near to his beloved Lydia and it need not be added, he soon found himself at North Shoebury vicarage.

That must have been a bright spot in these early days, the happy girl with the fulfilment of her most blissful anticipations in the return of her lover. The young vicar, improving and laying out his garden, which work continued his great recreation through life, till he ended in making the little vicarage and its grounds the admiration of all who passed or came to it; making himself known and beloved by the people and, to crown all, finding -

in the adjoining parish of South Shoebury at " The - Cottage ", a pretty residence on the sea-shore, the lady of his choice, to whom in a short time he became engaged; but of her - my own dear Mother -and of the family of Lilburn generally, I will not speak at the end of the chapter, but go back some years in another till I bring them to this point and date, when the names of Commins, and Lilburn became linked together by marriage 1831.

CHAPTER IV

Dover at the beginning of the century was very different from the town it is now. and though always, from its position and historic interest, a well - known and important place, the streets and private residences were few - no parade - no Waterloo Crescent; a rope walk occupying their present position; no Castle Street, no Laureston Place or Maison Dieu Road, fields and country roads coming almost up to the Market Place and Biggin Street.

St. James Street, narrow and winding and picturesque, was the home of the principal inhabitants. - The Fictors, Minnets, Bazelys and amongst others our Grandfather, Captain William Lilburn born 1768. and

to this street No. 53. he brought his wife and here his five children were born, Our Grandmother was a Miss Sarmon, of the Isle of Wight; she was small, pretty and of the gentlest disposition.

I remember her telling me of an amusing incident of her girlhood which showed how small a foot she had. Living at Newport, the man servant was to ride to Cowes to bring her a pair of satin slippers to match her dress for a ball. When he got back near home, his curiosity prompted him to look at what the shoemaker had sent, - and seeing such tiny shoes he thought the man had made a mistake and given a child's pair, so turned his horse's head for another long ride to rectify the mistake. I have heard of her Father once paying them a visit to Dover and the impression left on the children was of a very tall man with a pig-tail who gave them each a sovereign; we have a miniature likeness of him.

Our Grandfather commanded the revenue cutter "Lively " and was held in great fear and dislike by the smuggling population of Dover and Falkestone as he was a brave and active servant of the Government and took many prizes after hard fights.

I quote from a local publication -- .

Lieutenant Lilburn, the commander of a large revenue cutter which cruised off the coast here, had captured a smuggling crew and lodged them in the gaol at Dover. They were not to be tried for a capital offence. It was resolved by Folkestone men to make an attempt to liberate them. The attack on the gaol was discovered, the governor in great alarm despatched a messenger to the Mayor who sent to the castle for troops. The attacking -- party had been augmented by a strong body of Dover men and women and an infuriated mob bent on destruction presented itself to the astonished gaze of the soldiers. They had got on to the roof of the gaol and threw down bricks and tiles on the Mayor and the military. The women charged like furies on the Mayor, snatched the riot Act, which he was about to read, from his hands, tore and scattered it to the winds. Lieutenant Lilburn, urged M'Culloch the officer in command of the military to fire on the mob but he declined, politely telling the revenue cutter officer to give the order himself.

The Mayor ran away' The towns people closed their shops. The rioters succeeded in liberating the prisoners whom they carried off in triumph to the Blacksmith's shop near the Red Cow; here their manacles were removed and they dashed off in full speed in post-chaises to Folkestone, finding hiding places there

A popular ballad of that time well expressed the feelings of the people and the riot it describes was a serious one. St. James street was full of the mob and my Grandmother appearing at her husband's side at the window saved him as -- some of the rioters called out " But for the lady at your side we would shoot you " she was known and beloved for her charity and gentleness.

The Customs Commissioners would often come to dinner at St. James Street, on my Grandfather's

invitation, and there the skill of a professed cook. Mrs. Ratten, whose name shall live in story, was - put in requisition.

Lord George Seymour was the favorite one of the party and he would bring my Grandmother ^{presents} of wide and beautiful Mechlin lace which I regret to say have not survived with legend. What money my Grandfather made he invested in the funds which then - gave five per cent. The three boys, George, James and William, went to Mr. Hartly's school for some time - at the same time with our old friend the Rev. T. T. Bazeley - little Fanny and Deborah to Miss Hovel. I think Fanny was about thirteen when it was arranged that they should go for two years - to a Convent at St. Omer, famous for its instruction. It seemed a strange choice for non-Roman-Catholic Parents to make, but it was often done in those days, when the private schools for girls were in no degree as good, as a rule, as they are now. The feelings of the two little girls can be better imagined than described when the Convent doors were shut upon them on their Mother's departure. They wept for a week and did the same, they told me, - when the time came for them to leave.

They became sincerely attached to the good - nuns, their rule was kindly and equable. The pastimes in the large Convent gardens were very enjoyable to Deborah, who was not so studious as her sister and was easily turned aside from her work by any lively French or Flemish girl who would entice her with the words "Venez" jouez au garignon Deborah " Garignon was what we call in English "Dibs" a very favourite game with them.

The girls were well instructed and all accomplishments taught, even dancing by a French master, a nun sitting the while at a table on which was placed a death's head ; The feeding was good and all made and prepared on their own premises, which also contained a Carpenter's shop and other necessary adjuncts to a large establishment. A favorite article of food, which left a lasting impression on my Mother's mind, was a large round open fruit tart, of which she could usually eat her own portion, and the half of a less hearty companion.

The school report of the girls, which I still have, speaks for itself of the instruction given , The religious bias of the English girls was not supposed to be influenced but impressions made at that early age on the thoughtful ones, were pretty sure

to bear fruit . The seed sown then developed and blossomed into Roman Catholicism in Fanny, in her old age , after long years of yearning and leaning towards it, following each step and all the teaching of Cardinal Newman.

As in the case of Lydia Commins returning to Bodmin, about the same time, after two years absence from home at Mrs. Sherwoods, so must the homecoming of Fanny and Deborah have been to their Parents and brothers; refined and accomplished - Fanny clever and pretty, Deborah tall, aimable - and lively.

Not very long after this episode in their - lives, the Family removed from Dover to Southend, taking the Bow-windowed house at the bottom of the Hill, the cutter " Lively " lying at Gravesend. George and James, passing creditably their various examinations as doctors, they took degrees and - studied both in Italy at Bologna and at Edinburgh; then their M. D. degree at the College of Physicians, London. George married Caroline Cardon, and established himself at 24, Hartley Street, London, Uncle James, became family physician in Lord Cooper's family and travelled about with them, He has told me of young Lady Fanny -

Cooper, taking her pet lamb on the tour with her, and the inconvenience of it in the barouche, Lady Palmerston, was also a great friend of his, and I give a letter from her to him. Uncle James also went to Russia, with Princess Lieven, famous in the political world, and brought back from -- St. Petersburg, for his Father the gold and platinum snuff box which is now in the family; and fur capes for his sisters. Princess Lieven, - used to say 'J' adore se jeune homse ."

"Her Majesty Queen Adelaide was graciously pleased to send for Dr. James Lilburn and express approbation of his skill and attention to her nephew, Duke Bernard of Saxe Meimager Weimar, while laboring under typhus fever in Rome last year (1837) and to present him with a magnificent gold medal, bearing the likeness of His Majesty, William the fourth. "

Letter from Lady Palmerston --

Dear Dr. Lilburn,

Pray accept this small payment for attendance on my family. The many acts of Kindness and friendship I have received from you are not to be repaid, but believe me, I shall ever feel most grateful for them. And while I live I cannot ever forget the help and consolation that you were to my dear husband (Lord Cooper) in his long illness, and to me under the most severe and overwhelming affliction, I shall ever feel the greatest interest in your welfare and a real satisfaction in hearing from you; and though I acknowledge that I feel much regret at your loss here, I do hope and trust the change will be for your advantage, and and that it may turn out all you would wish, and if I can ever be of any use to you in any way, I hope you will not fail to

apply to me and to depend on my good offices. --

Believe me, Yours very sincerely, E. PALMERSTON.

William meanwhile was articled to a Solicitor in London and like his brothers was doing well, and steadily. His Father after his early death, was deeply touched by finding the full expenditure of his allowance duly entered in his account book, even to the price of a bun. This poor youth was drowned on his way from London to Southend with his -- friend John Young; they had a deck boat and by some untoward circumstance he was knocked over by the sail. The body was afterwards found and buried at Gravesend, John Young being, for long after, laid up with brain fever from the shock. This John Young was the eldest of the large family of eight sons and two daughters of Mr. Young of Lloyds, who then lived at St. Helens Place, London, and afterwards at the Grange Highbury, a great friend of our Grandfathers, indeed the friendship, I believe, -- dates backward to a further era at Berwick and Holy Island, and has continued down to the present time of the fifth generation of friends. John Young, afterwards married a Miss Hardy whose parents were people of some mark, the mother a clever French - woman, and from her his children must have inherited

the talent and brilliancy for which they were all in after years conspicuous. When my brother and I grew up they became our most intimate friends. Helene afterwards married the Reverend E.D.Kershaw; Isabella - Arthur Witherby Minnie - Count N. Von-Bothmer - she was the authoress of -"Aut Coesar -- aut Wihil " " Home life in Germany " &c. Emily - married William Jeffreson - and one son - John - Hardy, who married and died young, he was talented in both music and drawing.

Southend in those days was a very small place and when the Lilburns came there to reside they - must have made a welcome addition to the society. The naval Officer commanding the coast guard at the time was a captain Milbourne, and my Grandmother - always said she looked upon him as a "safe" visitor, because he was so much older than her daughters, but the object of his frequent visits were soon - apparent, and his love for Fanny declared. Captain Milbourne was a short but handsome man of whom there is no likeness; his only sister was married in London to Mr. Amedroz, chief clerk of the admiralty, a very clever man and a great linguist, Nelson spoke in commendation of his good

work and management of the affairs of the office; his son - Harry, who entered the admiralty at 15, was also translator to it as his Father had been before him. Charlotte, the only daughter, married captain Suckling R. N. Mrs. Amedroz was my very kind and liberal Godmother, she lived till 1883 and died in her 98th year. Captain Milbourne and Fanny were married at Prittlewell parish church of Southend, she being at the time only in her 17th year; they then lived for some time in the Hamlet. After this happy event the Father being absent in the Cutter, Mrs. Lilburn and Deborah were left alone together for some time - a very loving Mother and daughter.

On our Grandfather's retirement he took Shoebury Cottage as a residence, a pretty place on the sea-shore before you come to Shoeburyness - and as the house was large enough captain Milbourne and Fanny joined them there, he being - still placed in a position to pursue his inspection of the coast which extended as far as Burnham. Sailor-like he delighted in the cultivation of the garden and I have a letter written during an absence from home to his sister-in-law

Deborah with full instructions as to watering, opening glass frames &c; he and his wife had their own sitting-room in which they passed happy hours of study together, and all seems to have gone smoothly in the joint family and house-keeping.

The rector of the parish of South Shoebury was the Rev. Philip Wynne Yorke who drove four horses and was a perfect gentleman of the olden school. My Father and Mother were married by him, in the adjoining parish of North Shoebury. In 1831. a new vicar was appointed who soon became on intimate terms at the "Cottage " this was my Father, and as I told you in the chapter before this, he was soon attracted by Deborah's charm of person and manner, and became in due course her accepted - suitor.

On first becoming Vicar 1830, of Shoebury my Father acted as curate to the adjoining parish of Little Wakering. On the death of the vicar of that place the parishioners sent a memorial to the governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital - the -- patrons of the living - to ask that he might be their vicar and he was appointed to it. The services in his two churches being alternate.

So now I have brought up my family record to this point and all my actors are on the scene, I can return to where I left off before the last chapter. There being now no longer and cause for delay, Lydia Commins and Captain Oakley were married at North Shoebury Church, and theirs was the first wedding ceremony performed in it by the new vicar, -- Deborah Lilburn acting as bridesmaid to her friend. The happy pair went direct to Chatham after the marriage. While still a bride there, Captain Oakley one day brought in a young man - one of his regiment and a great friend to introduce to his wife; his look of surprise as well as pleasure needed explaining which he soon gave. It seemed that a year or two before he had been on the top of the mail nearing Bodmin and that his attention had been arrested and admiration excited by the face and figure of a young lady entering a cottage by the wayside. As he knew the coach -- would stop to change horses &c. in the town, he got off and loitered about in the hopes of another glimpse of the young lady, but none such was granted him as she stayed too long on her errand of mercy. The face was imprinted on his memory, and

he saw it once more as the happy wife of his friend.

A year after their marriage the dear and only son Charles Edward was born, and her Father came up for the baptism from Bodmin. Soon after came orders for India.

The voyage in the "Boyne" to India was all too soon ended for the happy wife and mother, and I have heard her say that, when the rest of the passengers were rejoicing at the sight of land as they approached Bombay, to her it was grief to think the time of ^{un}interrupted companionship with her beloved was coming to an end, as there could be nothing so complete as it had been when other duties and -- friends would come in the way with their many -- claims.

When they reached Belgaum and there was a question of which Bungalow was to be theirs, as they drove into the compound, Lydia pointed out to one of them and said to her husband to his great astonishment, "That is where we shall live; I have seen it in a dream when I was at school at Mrs. Sherwoods, and a little girl flitting past it!" The Bungalow proved the one best fitted to them and in it they lived for three years. A little

Lydia was born there, who grew big enough to ride on her Father's foot and shoulder, play with little Charlie and trot everywhere after her Mother, clasping her fat hand round her two fingers.

One evening Captain Oakley heard a croupy sound from under the table where the children were playing, took up his little girl and tying his silk handkerchief round her chest, carried her off to bed; it was a sudden illness and all was soon over and the little one's short spell on earth was ended March 1835. The poor Mother with her all too great capability of grieving was as one demented, and for many months got no sleep or rest without medical help. The inconsolable, unbridled grief of this time was a bitter cause of self abasement and constant theme of repentance through the whole of her remaining life. She never forgave herself for the pain she caused her husband in this one particular, and the darker, deeper cloud of suffering was already coming towards her when the loss of the dear child would sink into insignificance and be as nothing in comparison to the death of him who was dearer far than life -- itself. Their sojourn at Belgaum had been very

complete happiness till the trial came. She often told me of her pride and delight as she sat apart at times and watched her husband surrounded by friends who hung on his words and how content and more than content she ever was to shine only in his light. They had meetings at their home for the study of the scriptures, and his extended knowledge and broad sympathy made these very helpful and popular. The interleaved bible with its notes was her companion till eyes grew too dim - to read the fine writing that filled it.

In May, 1835. captain Oakley was stricken down with fever, caught, it was thought, on his visit to the falls of Goka. Of course there were fluctuations in the disease and one day when the doctor gave hope and her heart rose in tumultuous joy, she entered his room draped in white with bright ribbon adornments on her - such as he loved and which had not been put on since the child's death. " My Lydia, why so bright to-day " as his eyes lovingly followed her, - flittering about him; and then he saw she had hope which he knew to be vain and he broke it to her - the end was not far off. The night

before she had dreamt that he asked for a cup of tea and soon after was sick and died- and so that night it came to pass as she dreamt - but before the end he lay on her breast, all his words were of " Peace perfect Peace " -- "Nothing in myself " with eyes fixed on her he passed away on the 2nd. of June 1835.

A lately published history of the XXth regiment contains the following ;-

Ensign R. C. Oakley, was gazetted to the XXth on the 7th of March, 1811. He was promoted lieutenant on the 21st October, - 1815. and captain 27th. December, 1827. He was present at the battle of Vittoria, the combat of Roucesvalles, where he was wounded. He served with the regiment in St. Helena, and in India. Captain Oakley died at Belgaum 2nd of June, 1835. He was an officer of great piety whose good influence was felt throughout the regiment. He taught in the Day and Sunday schools, and worked for the spiritual benefit of the men. To show the respect in which he was held by all ranks, a monument was erected to his memory in Bodmin Church by the Officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the regiment.

Also in the annual of the regiment there appeared the following ;-

The late captain R. C. Oakley, during the most important periods of his service in the regiment, kept a daily journal in which he recorded all he conceived to be of more than - passing interest; copies of the journals for the years 1812 - 14, the originals of those of 1821 - 2 (St Helena) and 1828 - 30. together with drawings of Longwood house and

gardens, the grave with Napoleonic and regimental relics were kindly sent in January 1891 to Lieutenant Colonel Glencross for inspection and with permission to make what use he wished of them, by the venerable lady.

Captain Oakley's widow who, notwithstanding her great age and failing sight, wrote explanatory letters to all they sent, saying that "It will at least evince my own great interest not only in the long, long ago but in all since that time touching the regiment of my dear husband " There were letters from Count Montholon and Bertrand Captain Oakley was on intimate terms with the Bertrand family and taught their children, Napoleon and Horteuse, English and Latin, Mrs. Oakley has the English Geography with the name of Horteuse Bertrand, in a child's writing on the cover. The following is captain Oakley's account of the death of the Emperor Napoleon.

On Sunday evening May 8th. 1821 about a quarter before six o'clock, he who had so long been the centre of the political system of Europe, the Ex- Emperor Napoleon breathed his last. The intelligence of this event was officially communicated to the troops on the following morning in general orders; the cordon of piquets round Longwood was withdrawn, and only the usual guard of a subaltern and fifteen men left at the gate. About 9.a.m. (9th) the brigade-major arrived at the camp at Deadwood to inform the commanding officer

(Major Jackson) that the officers of the regiment would be permitted to view the body between the hours of four and six that evening. At the appointed hour, I walked over to Longwood with one or two of my brother officers; the distance from our camp, in a direct line, being perhaps half a mile. On our arrival there, we found the place already thronged with officers of the Army and Navy and respectable inhabitants of the island; some collected in groups in front of the house, others strolling through the little gardens which had been laid out under the immediate direction of the Emperor himself. These had long been the object of my curiosity, and I had often endeavoured to take a view of them by stealth as I planted the sentries round the house on a clear moonlight night, and at the break of day under the pretence of withdrawing them. They were now thrown open to the world, and I entered them with a feeling of awe such as I cannot describe. I walked first into the garden at the back of the house, containing the summer house and aviary. Under the shade of a young oak, which he had taken great pains in removing from a distant part of the grounds, was a small round table, where he occasionally dined; it was situated between the summer-house and the aviary, which was once the home of a few island doves, but now supported a reservoir of a semi-circular form, where there had once been a few gold and silver fish; but these had perished, either from the heat of the sun or from the poisonous properties of the bad lead with which the reservoir was lined. A second reservoir, of a circular form, stood in the centre of the garden, and was ornamented with a small jet, ingeniously contrived by Marchard, the Emperor's principal valet; It was like a huge washing tub and cost the Emperor £90. From this a little stream flowed continuously, in a direct line through a cell cut under a high bank; this bank was covered with sods and formed into steps or terraces which were planted with roses. The sides of the cell were of turf, and the top of wood, painted after the Chinese fashion. Here on a grassy seat the Emperor used to sit for hours together, alone, his eyes fixed on the little stream rippling at his feet. I have seen him there upon occasions superintending the re-

pairs of a sod wall which he had raised as a sort of screen from the Nut's gate, the guard and of the main road.

From Count Montholon

If you come to France, I shall be happy to see you or any officer of the XXth regiment. I cannot express the sense we all have of their kindness - and this was always the feeling of the Emperor.

From Count Bertrand

Present my compliments to the officers of the XXth regiment. Tell them how much I thank them for their kindness. I shall never forget it. I am sorry I could see them so little, you know it was not my fault.

CHAPTER VI.

Events had succeeded each other at Shoebury. The marriage of the vicar with my dear Mother in 1831. - the birth of two children - my brother Charles Lilburn Nov. 12th. 1832. and myself Nov. 1st, 1834. When the latter event happened little Charles was sent down on his donkey to his Grand-parents at the "Cottage" and informed them when asked about my arrival that he thought it was a "little baa-lamb" I suppose I did not cry very vigorously. The year before this poor captain Milbourne died ; he had been godfather to my brother who was called

Charles after him, this sad event no doubt, unsettled and distressed them all so much that my Grandfather determined to leave South Shoe-bury and return to Dover. The houses in -- Laureston Place were being built when he and his daughter Fanny went there to find one and he fixed on No 2 and purchased it, and they finally settled in it in 1835. The following year Mrs. Oakley a stricken widow arrived in England; she had had a bad experience in the voyage down from Poonah to Bombay in the Monsoon, she was accompanied by Col. Wynter whose motherless baby she was going to take to England for him and give over to the relations there. She was received in Bombay by Captain South and Major Jacob till she left in October reaching England 1836. and landing at Deal. Her brother Edyvean met her at Mrs. Rice's at Chatham - a contrast indeed to the setting out from it only three years before .

The crossing from Sheerness to Southend - was another painful point of remembrance, a most violent storm overtook the small boat - in which they were crossing and the poor Ayah's

terror and her brother's blanched face at the peril were not easily to be forgotten by her. The woe-begone looking party were welcomed and comforted by the affectionate sister-in-law at North Shoebury - vicarage, I at the time a lively little being always described as dancing round the " Mummy bush " a play in which I must have acted all the parts alone, my brother being then, and generally, with his grandparents at Dover. Mr. Commins came from Cornwall to see his daughter and was deeply touched at the change which grief had affected in her. She returned with him to Bodmin, and took up her residence in a house adjoining his, which was her own property, and here she lived in close retirement for two - years. One of her first acts in England was to seek out some distant relative of her husband who had been left in poor circumstances and to augment her income for life. She finished the education of her husband's half brother at Sandhurst, and paid all expenses on his entering the army. (he - died soon after) All this out of a limited income, but she was ever ready to spend and be spent as far as possible for any who needed her help.

After two years at Bodmin, she removed to Truro for the sake of the good grammar school there, and

Charles was placed under Dr. Tancock till 1845.

In 1841. uncle James was made Consul of -
Cyprus, I insert a letter of his to my Mother before he reached the island.

24th. Nov. 1841.
H.M. Ship Inconstant, off Canada.

My dear Deborah,

If I mistake not this is your birthday. God grant you many happy returns of the day. I am now fairly on my way to my new country and am enjoying my passage very much; the weather is beautiful and everything is pleasant and agreeable. She is a fine ship and Captain Mitchell is a most amiable and agreeable man to live with. He is a native of Totness or has been living there some -- years and there are several West of England men on board. The surgeon is Mr. Wilson who was many years at Bradwell; a perfect scot but a good natured man; his second is an Irishman. We left Malta on the 17th. and have been just a week at sea and have got half-way with the fine breeze we brought out of Malta. We expected to have been at Cyprus yesterday, or at least to-day, but from Sunday noon till last night, we did not make twenty miles. If you see Mary before she leaves England I wish you would teach her how to make the clotted cream, and if you should not see her, if you would write her a full and perfect account of the method of doing it as that is one of the few things it may be worth while attempting, especially if there are cows enough, but I am told that milk is scarce, if so I shall have to import. I was very much impressed with the service on Sunday morning, a very attentive congregation, but they did not venture on either music or singing. I have got the greater part of my household effects with me including tables, chairs, sofa, drawers, beds, - side-board arm-chair &c &c. and if I had had twice as much it would not have been any inconvenience. I am to have some horse-hair sent me from Malta which I believe is to cost me about one half of the Government contract price so that I did not

buy any there as the next sale takes place next Xmas. Tea I paid nearly as dear for as in England, but sugar (best loaf) 5d per lb. I am in hopes from all I hear that Cyprus is a cheap place for what it produces. I was talking to a Pilot (a Greek) about it, and asked him if what it did not produce was not dear - what you want besides it produces, the prevalent idea being that it produces everything. I shall, however, have no difficulty in sending to Malta for what I require and what that island furnished, as I have some acquaintance there besides the merchant who supplies me and am consequently not so likely to be taken in. Friday, 26th. Now. The weather has very much changed since I began this; it is now blowing a fine -- fresh breeze, and we are going at about ten miles an hour and expect to get off Larnica tomorrow. She is rolling a good deal, but I am getting used to the motion and the whole thing. The surgeon is Mr. Wilson who was at Bradwell, - and Captain Mitchell is a most amiable and gentleman-like man. It is quite impossible in my opinion, that I could have been more fortunate than in meeting with him. I expect to find my island, in many respects, better than I at first thought. Our pilot, a Greek tells me that it produces everything; all this is very satisfactory. Mr. Wilson and I have had several long yarns about Southend and the neighborhood. I shall close this letter before we go on shore so that you must not expect to see the "Larnica" post mark on it, if such a thing really does exist. You will probably have heard that I came down the coast of Italy, from Genoa to Naples in a steamer; we had very rough weather till Civita Vecchia where we were detained three days. From Naples I got to Malta in the Achern Government Steamer and found on applying to the Admiral that a passage had been ordered for me which takes me, my servant a Maltee, as Jack calls him and all my goods and chattels, and I now only wish for fine weather to land them and a house to put myself into at first landing. I have not been very sick since Leghorn, but to then I was terribly bad and sleeping on the floor on a mattress. We are an hour and a half before the time at -- Malta, so that you can easily tell on the map -

where we are, calculating four minutes to each degree of longitude. I hope my fellow has learnt how to make a plum-pudding, for dainties are somewhat cheaper than even at Shoebury and wine very dear at 1s. 8d a bottle. I bought some excellent Marsala at Naples that cost me only about 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. a bottle by the cask. She rolls too much to continue writing. God bless you all. Kiss Emma for me and Charley if with you. Believe me

Your affectionate brother,
JAMES LILBURN.

I have sent you, in a small parcel to George a pair of Maltese mittens which I hope will be found to fit you; they tell me there that they are very much admired in England, but for my part, I cannot exactly tell why - perhaps I am not very well versed in these things. The ship is now (Friday night) rolling in Grand style, and I wonder how it is that I have not felt sick. I shall begin to think myself a good sailor after this. Write to me ---- Dr. Lilburn, H. B. Majesty's consul, "Cyprus" under cover to M. Bidwell, Esq., Dowing Street, which letter to him must be post-paid.

Mary Wooldridge, who, like his sisters, had been educated at the convent of St. Omer, was engaged to him for six years; she was taken out to him when he had prepared a home for her, by her brother -- James, and they were married at Alexandria, in 1842. grievous to relate Uncle James died of fever at Larnica the following year, 1843. aged 39; it was thought that the new house was damp. Aunt Mary was greatly startled by seeing him, after death, lying in the verandah in full dress uniform, the custom of the country.

Extract from the "Thistle and Cedar of Lebanon "

by Hebra Risk Allah Effends.

The late Dr. Lilburn has left a name behind him in Cyprus, still revered by the poor and sick inhabitants, his kind urbanity, his charity and attention to the sufferings of the sick, displayed in many extraordinary cases. All these contributed to work out for him a fame which -- would have gradually enlarged itself and penetrated the remotest corners of the island had it pleased the Almighty to spare him yet a while on earth. but he died and we have every hope that his good christian spirit is now reposing in an Eternal harvest of bliss.

Mrs. James Lilburn returned to England and gave birth to her son James; he was educated by his uncle James Wooldridge at Eton and later inherited his property which was considerable; he married early a Spanish lady of noble family, and now lives on his own property at St. Jean de Luz in France , At the time of Uncle James's death his brother George was lying dangerously ill in Harley Street; he had been to see his Father at Dover, and it was thought, that in running to - catch the coach from Laureston Place to the "Red-Cow " he became heated, got chilled on the outside of the coach, abscess of the liver followed and eventually caused his death 15th. March, 1842. two months only after his brother's of whose --

death he was never told; thus in their prime and before their Father had these two fine and rising men been cut off; as had been Captain Milbourne in 1834. and Captain Oakley in 1835. -- After the death of George his widow and little girl Philippa went to live with a bachelor uncle, Mr. Philip Graves in Woburn Place, Russel Square, London.

To return to Shoebury. As I have said my brother was monopolised by his relations at Dover and began his schooling there, at four -- years old , with Miss Morris, I remember my fond admiration and delight when he at last came home, and for the first time in jacket and trousers; we used to play with the yellow nursery chairs as horses; I was only allowed to be the passenger or groom, never to drive them. One day we went for a walk together, and when at - some distance from home, we heard the sound of the hounds ; he could not resist following, and told me to stay where I was till his return; this I most obediently did, for what seemed long hours to me, for in the excitement of the chase he had forgotten me . As it became dusk I felt I must

go home, and ran there in some terror at my unaccustomed loneliness.

I give some account here of our early days, because I think the children in the future of the family in Australia may read them with interest, and like to know something of us, their Grandfather and myself when we have passed away, and because like a " tale that is told " as have the forefathers of whom I have just been writing to you. The picture of the vicarage you are familiar with, the gold and silver fish, the weeping willows and the boat; the pretty slopes with the flowers and shrubs; it was the small centre of the village life, and always the dearest and sweetest home to me. The daffodils or as my Father called them. lent lilies, in the front meadow. and the carpet of violets in the spring, appeared more beautiful and sweet than any flowers have since to me. I nearly met my death in the pond, as a little trot, when running to my dear Mother in the back garden my feet slipped on the bank and I fell, face downwards, into the water; if she had not seen me and come to the rescue, I must have been drowned, suffocated in

the weeds and water lilies which grew at that end of the pond.

My brother and I were very fond of each other always, and through his school days, both at Hadleigh, Brentwood, Shoreham and Tunbridge, he would confide his troubles to me.

One day in the holidays, he started in high -- spirits for a day's coursing in Foulness Island with Mr. Asplin, a rich farmer, and our Father's church-warden at Little Wakering, the pony he was to ride in the island being tied at the back of the cart in which they were driving, on their way through Great Wakering, became detached from it and Mr. Asplin said, " get down my little man and run and catch the pony" Charlie did so and was soon on its bare back, but the silly boy having, before leaving home, fixed a spur to his boot and forgetting it, the pony unaccustomed to it, ran away; Charlie was thrown and his thigh fractured. Mr. Yorke's coachman was driving by at the time and brought him back in a cart to the vicarage, Mr. Asplin arriving first to tell us of the accident. The sight of Charlie's pale face from the agony of the jolting drive, and his attempt

at a smile to reassure us, I shall never forget. I remember hiding my face in my pinafore to shut out the painful sight of his being carried in. The fracture left one leg shorter than the other and a slight limp through life.

I sometimes stayed at Dover in my childhood with my brother, my Grandfather always calling me "his little pigeon" Mead, the man servant, was our great ally and always ready to help us in play or country walks. He was a good and faithful servant to our Grandfather in his declining years and nursed him as tenderly as a son in his last illness. Our chief friends, and children, in Dover were the Glovers, John, the eldest - (who was in later life Sir John Glover of Ashantee fame) was very indulgent to me, I was a sturdy child and heavy, I suppose, for I well remember his saying to me once " now you must sit on the other knee for this one aches " Robert and Broughton were both killed in the same engagement against the Maories in New Zealand - their father was rector of Charlton. Aunt Fanny was always good to children and would give us parties and many like indulgencies. If there was a chance

of my being spoilt by my too idolizing Parents circumstances soon occurred to prevent it.

In September, 1844 my troubles began, I was sent to school to Miss Laver at Southend; she -- was a person greatly extolled and my dear Parents were talked into the move, fearing to overindulge me, but they never liked to speak of or think -- afterwards of all the misery I endured there, still I have to thank this painful experience for much after good, It has made me feel through life for all who suffer from cold and hunger, as only those can, who have had the like experience, and especially thankful, I do believe, for every good meal eaten, and for every kind word spoken to me since and I have abundance of both these good gifts through life. I need not add that my Father and Mother would never have allowed me to remain at that school for two years if they had not been persuaded that I only suffered as every indulged child would on first leaving -- home. My health altogether broke down at last, so kind nature came to the rescue and I was removed.

CHAPTER VII

We were not as children dependent on others for our amusement; for friends we had the Chisholms whose Father was rector of Southchurch - and in our own parish the Poynters a large family of nine girls. Mr. Poynter and Aleck Clark were the church-wardens. About this time we became very intimate with the John Joungs , and there was a frequent inter-change of visits between us, we staying with them at Stoke Newington and Highbury, they spending pleasant summer days with us at Shoebury. In 1844. our Grandfather Lilburn died. Much of my girlhood was afterwards spent in Dover with my -- Grandmother and Aunt Fanny, going as a day -- boarder to school and having masters. When I was about sixteen Sir Benjamin Brodie a celebrated London physician decreed that I was to lie down for two years; to carry this out I returned to my own dear home.

The society of our quiet neighborhood had greatly changed about this time for the better. The barracks at Shoeburyness had been constructed by two engineer officers in succession . --

Captain A. Court Fisher who met his wife for the first time at our house at dinner, Caroline daughter of Mr. Eden, rector of Leigh, who afterwards became bishop of Moray and Ross and then Captain -- Lemprière who afterwards went to the Crimea. His dog "Sandy" went with him and returned decorated with blue ribbon and medal for his behaviour during the campaign. Captain Lemprière took him, by request, to see the Queen and greatly feared she might want to keep him, but she was forbearing or perhaps thought poor old "Sandy" too ugly. The staff quarters were after this always full of those who came for the long course of five years for artillery practice with their families, so there was time to become intimate.

I remember amongst others, Colonel, afterwards Sir Edward Hamley, author of "Lady Lee's widowhood" whose life has lately been written. He being a native of Bodmin had many interests in common with my Father and he would enjoy a quiet dinner at the vicarage and a chat about old -- friends after. General Taylor, Commandant, and his sister Mrs. Morris whose husband was killed in the Balaclava charge, were special friends

and we used to meet celebrities often at their house at lunch. I mention these people incidentally to show what an agreeable change the barracks made in our lives. My Father had found the Essex folks very dull and heavy to entertain after the Cornish, and much enjoyed this new element in the society. My dear Mother was also made happy by this and my return from school.

General Eardly- Wilmot was the last Commendant while we were at Shoebury and of him I think with pain for it was owing to his own persuasion that my dear Father was induced to go to the - Hydropathic Establishment at Matlock for cure, as he was at the time in failing health and suffering. But of this I must speak later on - though I would fain omit the sad account altogether, but if I did my record of chief events in our history would be incomplete.

Trinity Sunday 1850 was a very hot day and my Father seeing two strangers who had formed - part of the congregation in N. Shoebury church, loitering in the church-yard after service, asked them to return to the vicarage for rest and refreshments. They were greatly impressed by

this hospitality to perfect strangers and a lasting friendship began from that day. they were a Mr. and Mrs. Showbridge staying at Southend from London; their daughter Laura became after my most devoted friend.

In 1851. the year of the Great Exhibition Hyde Park, I parted with my dear brother at Dover, when he left England for New Zealand, his name had been entered at Wadham College Oxford, but he felt a freer life would suit him better and he went to Christ's Church in New Zealand and had a taste of rough riding and sheep farming; he lived for some little time with Dr. Hodgkinson who, on his leaving later for Melbourne, gave him an introduction to his sister Mrs. Barker, through her and her husband's influence he obtained the assistant clerkship of the Legislative council in that city which post he continued to fill till his retirement with a pension in 1894. Of his early marriage and many children there is no necessity for me to -- write; you in Australia know better the history of your own family than I do and you have, in this record, the genealogical table I have made out to connect the families in the old and new country.

I must take up the thread of the story for a while about Mrs. Oakley and her son Charles who were, between the years 1845 and 1851, at Rugby where I passed one of my holidays with them. Charles Oakley was under Dr. Tait afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and gained great credit for scholarship; he suffered a good^{deal}/at first from hacking at football and was laid up for some weeks with broken skins, but did creditably at football matches afterwards. I have pleasant recollections of the families of Rhoads, Friars, and Wallaces who all had boys at the school.

Mr. Bradley (now Dean of Westminster) was one of the masters of the school then. Lord Ducie asked him to introduce him to some Oxford man who would read with his sons in the vacations; Mr. Bradley knew of no one, but said a boy of the 6th form at Rugby would be well suited to the task, and so it came about that Charles passed many pleasant holidays with the young Meretons at Tortworth, - Scotland and else where. At the time I was staying with Aunt Lydia in Rugby, Charles returned to school after a vacation spent with them and in all his talks about the boys, descriptions of places

and people, I noted in my own mind that he said little or nothing of Lady Georgina, the eldest daughter. Time proved as I thought it would, that of her he thought most and said the least. At a later date aunt Lydia spent an Oxford vacation with them all at Scotland and saw with some dismay how the two would loiter together in their rides and walks, But the dowager Lady Ducie saw no objection, to her he was an admirable crichton . As soon as he was ordained, Lord Ducie gave him the living of Wickwar, three miles from Tortworth and with the full approval of all parties, he and Lady Georgina were married at the house of Lord Sherborne, the Bride's Grandfather.

I should first have said that Charles Oakley's career at Oxford had been brilliant, being a double first and taking otherwise high honors. As I write the words, I recall many visions in the old University at which I also stayed with them - sparkling conversations - genial society: first Pembroke College, and his friendship with and love for Dr. Jeune (Father of the present - Sir Francis Jeune); then beautiful Magdalen, of

which he was demy, with his rooms looking on the deer park, waiting for his fellowship. His Mother often stayed at Oxford, her rooms being the constant meeting place of his many friends; they saw in her much to account for Oakley's intellect and geniality.

His marriage took place in 1855. I spent some time with them at Wickwar, and saw their happiness. Lady Georgina was clever, and an artist, and simple in her ways - making an ideal clergyman's wife. Charles, caring more for a town life and intellectual society and work, was not sorry to exchange the country for London. In June 1863. he took the living of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, given him by the Duke of Bedford. They had -- seven children. He and his wife took trips together to Norway, Algiers, and in 1864 Charles - went to the Holy land. In 1865 they came to Southend and for once before the end, they were all with us for a long day at the vicarage. It was then being arranged that Charles Oakley should succeed Bishop Perry as Bishop of Melbourne. Then came the summer trip to Rhyl, the house they stayed at there being the coast guard station at

Voryd, afterwards swept away in a gale. From this they could all bathe in the sea from their own door and had a happy time till typhoid fever, contracted while inspecting parish drains in London, showed itself. After a long and sad fight with the disease Charles Oakley was called away to his rest in the 34th. year of his age and buried in the cemetery of Rhyl. This is all soon written but how does it describe the breaking heart of the Mother who thus at a stroke lost the joy and stay of her life since her early widowhood ? Lady Georgina died two years after at Malvern - where she had gone with her children. She left them all to the guardianship of her brother, Lord Ducie, and with him and their kind aunt Lady Ducie they lived till being grown up, they dispersed married and two of them died - Charles a midshipman in the R. N. and Edward a civil engineer.

The remaining years of aunt Lydia's life were spent at Oxford, Marlborough, Dover, and finally at Rhyl; she retired to the last place feeling - the end could not be far off in August 1888 desiring to be buried with her son. No passing -

record such as I have given can convey any idea of her force of character, intensity of purpose, single eye to God's glory and absorbing human affection.

As I have seen the world she stands out in it as a figure altogether unique. I have often -- wondered if the force of her character came by -- heredity, training, or accident, or if it was hard grit from the first and only cut into shape by the many heavy strokes from the hand of the Almighty fashioner. I was the confidante of her inmost thoughts and trials through life. The years between her son's death and her own, were greatly taken up by the comings and goings of her grandchildren, and her absorbing interest in their welfare and careers. My nephew John A. Commins was with her in the first sad years at Rhyl and at -- Marlborough and was, as she often said, her great comfort from his kindly sympathetic ways; she -- thought of him with tenderness on this account, to the last.

After we left Shobury my Mother and I spent the boys' holidays with her, either at Rhyl or -- Marlborough, some of the young Oakleys being also of the party. I give some sketches of the latter

pretty neighborhood.

To our great grief, neither her grandchildren nor myself were able to be with her at the last. I was ill, and they abroad - she was but laid aside for three days with an injured knee and -- bronchitis. Sitting up to take her beef tea at night she said, " Let us say a prayer first " then to the nurse's great astonishment she lay back and breathed her last Jan. 26th. 1893.

CHAPTER VIII.

But to return to a much earlier date, my Grandmother Lilburn died 1854, aged 84, just ten years after her husband.

As my health became re-established, my Parents and I took various trips each year, the first was to the English lakes in 1855 with the Shou-bridges; we used to laugh at the two dear -- Mothers who really got very little comfort out of the carriage drives in that mountainous district; they felt too much for the horses to - ride up the steep hills, and often were too --

frightened of the precipices to ride down. Laura went with us alone for a tour through Belgium in 1858, and she and I had a fine view of the great comet by passing the night on the deck of the steamer when crossing to Antwerp. The people we were to board with lived just outside Antwerp Mrs. Homer had been governess to the John Youngs and to get to their house as we disembarked before dawn, we did not find easy, the cabman only speaking Flemish and my Father expressing great vexation with us not being able to make him understand in German. Laura and I were, of course ready to enjoy everything and found amusement even in hearing Mr. and Mrs Homer wrangle in Flemish and broken English through the partitions of the rooms. We were at that time enthusiastic about art and had a great treat in visiting the old medieval towns so little changed in aspect by modern life.

Then followed trips to Scotland and Switzerland - all very enjoyable and our birthdays spent together in the autumn days at the vicarage. In 1861 Laura married Captain Willoughby-Osborne C.B. He had returned to Richmond after the mutiny a perfect hero of romance, wounded in many fights -

specially in the defence of Rewah of which place he was the "resident" or political agent; they married and went to India. A great diversion to me after the loss of my dearest friend was the arrival in England of my two little nephews Charlie and Johnnie. They reached Gravesend as the Princess Alexandra steamed up the Thames for the marriage with the Prince of Wales 1863. As I have already written, Charles Oakley died 1865 and then I am brought up to the next and saddest year of my life.

My Father and I went to Matlock for him to undergo the water-cure - my dear Mother remaining at home; after little more than a fortnight, we heard that she was ill and he made me return to her, I did so, in great grief at leaving him, but thinking he was gaining benefit and that I should soon be able to return to him. Three days after General Eardly-Wilmot came to break the news to us that he had died while making ready to come home. God knows what suffering it all was; I cannot dwell on it even now. His home-coming was on Easter Eve, he having died on Thursday March 29th, 1866.

Then followed the breaking up of home where - everything animate and inanimate in village and vicarage was dear, being like part of oneself - from life-long use and association. Young Charlie who had been well grounded by our kind opposite - neighbour Mr. Blewitt, was sent to King's school Canterbury, and Johnnie to Mrs. Oakley at Rhyl. My Mother and I went to live with Aunt Fanny at Dover. Then came the disappointment about the navy for Charlie; he had a special colonial nomination from Mr. Childers and aunt Fanny and I went with him to Portsmouth for examination; he was rejected for his near sight. Dr. Guy having warned us that such might be the case. Dr. Mitchinson of King's school Canterbury had prepared him and spoke very highly of his abilities. He then made up his mind to become a solicitor and passed his preliminary examination at Lincoln's Inn and was on board ship for Australia before his 16th. birthday. John also left us after spending some time at St. Thomas' Hospital, to attend which we made him a home with us in London, thus separating from aunt Fanny; she became a Roman Catholic in 1857. Mother and I then

lived alone together my Mother often spoke of as - very sweet and pleasant, my company was I think all she required to make her happy; we were most tenderly attached to each other. A very serious illness when we had been only a few months settled in our new home which we had taken for three years brought Dr Guy down from London to see her. Finding ourselves very suited to each other in our tastes and feelings we eventually became engaged and were - married at Charlton church April 12th. 1882. Mrs. Oakley coming to Dover and taking our house off our hands. I may as well here tell you, as he thus became one of our family, that Dr Guy had seen much foreign service and finished his career as Inspector General of army Hospitals. He had served in Ceylon, the Crimea where he had charge of the Kulake hospital with hundreds of sick and wounded, then Abyssinia, and was head of the ambulance sent out from England during the Franco German war. As you all know, Emma came to England and was married to Frank H. Beall in 1888. her voyages and many - visits to Dover have been matters of great pleasure and interest to us.

Dear aunt Fanny, after gradually failing health, died -

the last day of October 1889, I being with her at the time, My darling Mother lived a year longer; her strength became less and less till at last sinking into unconsciousness, she peacefully passed away July 28th 1890. Her last words were those of loving endearment to me . My dear husband and Katie had been all goodness and kindness in comforting - her latter days and were with me at the last by - her bed-side.

So ends my short chronicle - I hope you may - think it " multum un parvo " and thus worth having. By having glanced at the many lives connected with us in the past, I shall at least have introduced - you to the names of those dear people who have lived and died before us in the family during the last -- hundred years.

42, Duke Street, London,

20th. Aug., 1840

My dear Father,

I am beginning to get all my things collected together and still intend leaving on Sunday Via Rotterdam and the Rhine. I must say that Lord Palmerston has been exceedingly kind to me for he has now increased my salary to £400 and with the 100 annual allowance I have £500 a year, far more than I had the prospect of making in London for many years to come. The more I see of the affairs of this world the more I am convinced that everything, beyond our control, is for the best.

I saw Lord Ashly yesterday, and he very kindly promised to mention me to Lord Palmerston's successor, it is supposed it will be Lord Aberdeen, and he has also promised to give me a letter to some friends of his there, or rather in Syria. - Lady Palmerston also told me that she hoped I would write to her. It is just possible that I shall get a passage from Malta in a ship-of-war which will add very much to the impression of my first arrival. The Wooldridges and Mr. Graves dined in Harley Street, yesterday. Deborah and Commins go down today.

With kindest love to my dear Mother and Fanny, believe me,

Your dutiful son,

JAMES LILBURN.

2nd wife Catherine Plummer
a widow

Thomas Commins - Lydia Edyvean

1775.

Jane - C. Reynolds
Martha - Dr. Brunton
Kate - Tom Commins Junr.

1804 Joseph Edyvean - Deborah Lilburn 1802
1806 Thomas - Catherine Plummer
- Catherine Boor 1807 Lydia Ann
see No 3

1832 Charles L - Annie B Hunter 1834 Emma F.N. - Thomas Guy

Henry died	Edward- K.Reynolds	Catherine R.Edyvean	Charles	Edith - Johnston
	Jessie	Tom	Lennard	

1807
3. Lydia Ann - R. C. Oakley

1831 Charles E. - Lady Georgina Moreton
Lidia
a baby

1857 Georgina Charles Magdalin - Algernon - Herbert -
died H.Railston Winifred Sutton Aimée Gordon Perie.

3 sons

Edward
died Evelyn -
Cave Brown Cave

b 1857	58	1860	1862	1865	1867
Charles A - Ellie Hunter	John A	Percival - Nellie Logan	Emma F.A. - F.H.Beall	Alfred	Harry G
}		}	1892	1895	
Jim, Wanda, Frances, Dorothea, Louisa, Dulcie.			Guy H. Philip L.		
	1886	1888	1889	1891	1893
	Ida	Mona	Nellie	Percival	Harold

b 1868	1871	1873	1875	1876
Claud L - Carlotta Eades	Herbert died	Phillip	Deborah L	Tennison
}				
Charles L., F.M. Caro, John				

William Lilburn - Deborah Sarmon
born 1768

1801) 1803) b 1808
George - Caroline Cardon James - Mary Wooldridge Frances Jane - Charles Milbourne

) b 1839
Frances Philippa
died

)
James G.P.R. - Pelarde Velches

) b 1866)
William , Marie

) 1805) b 1809) b 1804
William Deborah - Joseph Edyvean Commins

) b 1832) b) 1834 b 1819
Charles L - Annie B Hunter Emma F.M. - - T. Guy

b) 1857) b) 1858) 1860) 1862
Charles A John A Percival Emma F. A.
m Ellie Hunter m Nellie Logan m F.H.Beall

1886 1888 1889 1891 1892
Ida) Mona ,Nellie,Percival, Harold

Jim, Wanda, Frances, D

1892) 1895
Guy H. Philipp L

b 1865) 1867) 1868) 1871) 1873) 1875) 1876
Alfred Harry E. Claud L. Herbert Philip L.Deborah Tennison

)
m Carlotta Bades
CHADERS